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powerone

**SOLD INTO
SUBMISSION**



Sold into Submission
by Powerone

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Chapter 1. The Depression Takes its Toll

It was already snowing, an early winter making life on the street that much more difficult. Marie barely had time to celebrate graduating from high school before tragedy struck her family. Her father, barely forty, died from black lung disease, his body ravaged by the fast-moving ailment. Too many years underground digging coal in the Appalachian hills had taken its toll on his youthful body, in its prime. The depression had already struck the country, making life very difficult for families with one breadwinner working. Life was now almost impossible for Marie's family. Her mother, Brenda, now a widow, was all alone with her nineteen-year-old daughter Marie.

With the little money they had, Marie and her mother moved to Boston where a relative, Camilla, agreed to provide temporary housing until the women could find jobs. But the bad luck continued, and Brenda was only able to find a part-time menial cleaning job for a rich man in the Bankers Hill part of town. Marie was unable to find even a menial job, as most employers figured she would leave at the first chance of a better job. But they never let her out of sight without first propositioning her, her youthful body a valuable asset to barter for.

Then tragedy struck again. The relatives Marie and her mother were staying with had to leave town when Camilla's mother had a heart attack. Marie and Brenda were left in the small, cramped apartment for the balance of the month. They

were soon evicted, of course, for Brenda's pay was not even sufficient to cover the monthly rent.

They had been on the street for two weeks now, living in one of the Homerville's that were sprouting up all over the cities and towns, places where families could pitch a tent, or build a shanty to keep them somewhat dry from the rain and the snow that was coming. Crime was rampant, your possessions gone before you even realized it. Theft of meager food rations was enough to warrant violent attacks, dangerous enough for a family but more than hazardous for two females alone without protection.

Brenda was off at work one day while Marie napped on the floor of the tent they called home. It was raining outside, the rows of tents looking deserted as those within tried to stay dry and warm. It happened so fast that Marie didn't even have time to scream. The tent flap was thrown back, and Marie was startled from sleep when two men appeared, the look on their faces surprised, since they hadn't expected anyone to be inside. They were quicker than she was. The shorter one quickly jumped on Marie and pinned her to the ground, his dirty hand sealing her mouth before she could scream.

"Shit, I thought you said no one was here." The taller one scrambled inside the tent, closing the flap, tying it tight.

"It was so quiet, I thought both of them were gone. What do you expect me to do, stand out in the fuckin' rain all morning watching? We're leaving this dump today anyway, what's the difference? Let's tie the bitch up and grab everything they have. No one will see us in the goddamn

rain." He was shorter than his partner was, but muscular and wiry, able to move quickly in cramped places, great for robbing homes and tents. His partner was tall, almost too tall, always having to duck even to get through doorways. His size was always a lucky deterrent when they were caught, letting them go a smarter move than trying to subdue a much bigger opponent. They had been robbing tents and shanties for almost a week now, their anonymity gone. If they didn't leave soon, they would be caught, and the thought of jail in this lousy town was not very appealing.

He threw his partner over some rope and a dirty red bandana. "Gag the bitch, don't want her alerting anyone."

"Just calm down and you won't get hurt," he whispered to Marie. "I don't want to hurt you, but I will if I have to. I'm just going to tie you up. Your momma will let you loose when she gets home. I'm going to take my hand off your mouth and put this gag on you. If you make a sound, I'll cut you," a knife suddenly appearing in his hand, glistening in the candlelight in the tent.

Marie was scared. Her mother would not be home for at least four hours. Marie was afraid of what they might do to her, too many cases of rape occurred in the camp already, and no one ever was prosecuted for them. The girls just usually left the camp, too embarrassed to stay, afraid of becoming pregnant. When the knife pricked her neck, Marie's body tensed and went still. She felt the hand remove from her mouth, quickly replaced by the red bandana, the smell and taste of the foul cloth assaulted her senses. She looked

around, the other man throwing their meager belongings into a cloth sack. He turned around, catching her watching him.

"Blindfold her."

Darkness came quickly, another rag thrown over her eyes, the smell of oil filling her nose. The man finally got off her and Marie was able to breathe again. She heard the faint voices of the men whispering, but was not able to make out what they were saying. She found her wrists pulled forward, thick ropes tied around them tightly, binding them together.

"Beneath all that dirt, I think she is good looking. Young too, maybe a virgin," the tall one whispered to the other. "We have time, let's fuck her."

"What the fuck, if we get arrested for these robberies we're going to jail for a long time. It's been a while since I had a whore. Might as well fuck some fresh meat. It's not like she's going to complain much." He began to tie her ankles together.

The ropes were too tight, digging into her flesh, her fingers were already growing numb. Her ankles were next, bound together. At least her thighs were tightly clenched, Marie thought. She hoped they would leave soon. Suddenly she felt her legs being raised up into the air, higher and higher, someone tugging on the ropes that held them tight. Another pair of hands grabbed her wrists, drawing them up into the air. She felt hands fumbling with her wrists and ankles, then felt her body begin to slump down when the hands released her, only to stop quickly after being lowered an inch or two. They had tied her wrists and ankles together, tying them to something high up in the tent, probably the center post. Her

body was bent in two, drawn up high, her rear the only thing on the ground now. She shivered in fear. If they were going to leave, why tie her in such a position? She listened, only hearing faint rustling sounds as they moved about the room.

"MMMMFGGG," she screamed into the gag. Unseen hands began to run up her legs, starting at her buttocks and moving up higher and higher. She felt a sudden rush of cold air on her legs; her long skirt had been pulled aside or down, her legs slowly being made naked, the harsh calloused hands now running over her silky skin unopposed. She tried to wiggle, ineffective except to make her buttocks scrape on the rough floor.

"I told you she would be nice under all that dirt," he said, his hand finding her shapely legs as he slowly stripped the skirt down until it fell back on the ground around Marie, her white panties revealed. He let his hand move lower until he caressed her ass, her jerking around more frantic now that she realized their intentions. It wouldn't do any good, her trussed up body making her available to whatever they wanted to do to her.

The other one undid his trousers, pulling out his cock, hard after seeing her half-naked body slowly exposed. He fisted it, lying on the floor next to her face, his hands touching her cheeks gently. "Stop fighting, Bitch," the knife pressed into her neck again, her body frozen in fear. He moved his cock near her cheek and began to rub it all over her face, leaving a trail of sticky pre-cum along her cheeks.

She didn't understand what he was doing, just afraid of the knife that had pricked her skin. She felt hot flesh pushed

against her cheek, afraid to think of what he was doing. She felt the flesh rubbing along her lips, leaving a trail of wetness, Marie keeping her tongue into her mouth, when the sudden realization that he had taken his penis out and was rubbing it over her face finally hit her. The gag prevented it from entering her mouth but split her lips, leaving them vulnerable. "MMMGGGH," she squirmed as a finger ran between her tightly clenched thighs, moving up to touch her sex, the thick finger applying pressure, pushing her panties between her cheeks and her labia. She squirmed again, the finger more insistent, sliding up and down her tightly clenched slit, pushing her panties deeper between her lips. The hand holding her face pulled her tighter against the pulsating flesh, Marie was now able to feel the entire piece of flesh pressed against her face. It was huge, his hand rubbing it back and forth over her cheeks, over her nose and forehead before bringing it back to her gagged mouth. She panicked when she felt him trying to force it into the corner of her mouth, between the gag and her widely stretched lips.

She had lovely curves. The man reveled at the feel of his hands running over the clenched flesh of her butt, even as she tightened her muscles to resist his fondling hands. She had a great body, a body that he would enjoy. It had been a long time since he had one this young, and he hoped she was a virgin, a nice, tight, hot sheath for his cock. His hands ran all over her flesh, feeling her hips and cheeks before running a finger up and down her inner thighs as she squirmed beneath him. He looked over at his partner, seeing him rubbing his naked cock all over the girl's face. His partner was

trying to force his cock head passed the gag and into her mouth, her wide spread lips forced even wider, his hands holding her head pinned. He let his finger slide along her slit again, this time applying more pressure, feeling her lips suddenly give, her panties pushed between. He could feel the moisture of her hot sex, as he let his finger slide up and down, masturbating her. Her attention was drawn away from him as his partner succeeded in getting the head of his cock inside her lips, the gag pressed out of the way, her lips almost splitting.

She couldn't stop them, four hands exploring her bound body, the hot flesh of a thick penis trying to force its way into her small mouth. Her head felt as if it were exploding, hands on each side pressing in too hard, keeping her from moving away as the penis pushed aside the gag and finally wedged its way between her lips. "MMMGGG," she gagged as the foul taste of the penis entered her mouth, her tongue accidentally running over the flesh. Marie jerked to try to pull away as soon as she felt it. The taste of his organ quickly filled her mouth, and gagging, she tried to keep from vomiting, afraid the gag would make her choke to death on her own vomit if she did. Her lips hurt. The corners of her mouth were stretched too wide She felt the man's penis growing larger in her mouth, as it crushed her lips against her teeth. She whined in pain as it continued its assault.

Her hot mouth straining on his cock head almost made him cum, but he fought the urge, wanting instead to pump his cum into her young, tight sex. He let his cock sit in her mouth, feeling her tongue helplessly brush against it. He let

his hand wander up to her breasts. One large hand easily able to grasp the firm flesh of one breast, and squeezing it tightly as he would fruit, he was rewarded with her moan in the gag as he gripped it too tight.

Yes, she had a nice body beneath the dirty rags she was wearing, his cock throbbing at the thought of stripping her naked. Feeling her nipples pushing against the threadbare material of her dress, he pinched one, to make it swell up. He twisted it, hearing her moan in pain, her chest shaking, as she tried to pull her breast back from his hand. But this only succeeding in exciting him further as her lovely breasts shook beneath her dress. He let his other hand grab her other breast, finding the nipple, pulling them both out now, to make her moan louder with fresh pain as he stretched them.

His partner watched as he mauled the girl's breasts, his hands running up and down her naked flanks. Goose bumps appeared on her alabaster flesh as he snaked his fingers closer to her crotch, her slit outlined by the panties trapped between her lips. He let his hand run along the edge, applying pressure to the white panties, pushing them inward as he moved up and down until some fine, dark pubic hairs began to show. He yanked one, and hearing her muffled yell beneath the gag, yanked another, watching her body jerk in pain each time. He pushed the panties aside until he found her puffy labia, thick, black hair covering her mound, his cock jerking in excitement at the thought of her naked. He pinched her labia tight, compressing the fatty tissue in his fingers, twisting it as she squirmed beneath him. He could do anything he wanted to her and she could not resist. And he

intended to do many things to her, to perform many perverse acts upon her virginal body.

She struggled as best as she could, but the tight bondage allowed no escape. Marie knowing that they would rape her, and there was little she could do to stop them. She had been protecting her virginity, only now to have it snatched away. Maybe she should have done as Amy did. Amy was her best friend. They had so much in common. They both lived on the street and both had fathers who had died or left them alone with their mothers. Amy was pretty like Marie, and men always propositioned her as they did Marie. When Amy could not stand life on the street any longer, she took an offer from one of the pimps on the street. When she had left a week ago, Amy told Marie she wouldn't contact her. She didn't want Marie to find out what she had become. Amy had only said she was desperate and could find no other way to survive in this world. Now, when Marie had avoided every proposition, what she had protected for so long was going to be taken away in a violent act of rape and maybe worse. Maybe they would kill her.

They were surprised when a man appeared in the doorway, pointing a gun at them. With a look, the gunman demanded silence and the men raised up their hands. With a jerk of his gun, the newcomer directed the would-be rapists out of the tent. The two men grabbed their bag of loot and ran out into the rain. The gunman did nothing to stop them.

Bill looked at the trussed-up body, the young girl's half-naked flesh so inviting. Bill had been a pimp for about three years now, always trying to get Marie to go to work for him.

He hadn't been wrong about her, her body was beautiful, so young and firm, just what the older, rich men wanted. Her friend Amy worked for him in Philadelphia. She was making a lot of money, enough to take care of herself and her mother, now. It wasn't such a bad life. Bill made sure that nothing bad that happened to them that wasn't planned.

Some of Bill's clients had eccentric tastes. These men indulged in perverse pleasures and the pimp was paid handsomely for providing his clients with young girls to bind tightly in their beds. Bill enjoyed his work, and he scoured the Homerville's regularly to acquire fresh flesh. Just imagining a virgin bound and spread, with each innocent orifice ready to be probed, made his cock throb. Bill was the city's largest pimp. He appreciated the perversions he catered to and he was paid well for his job.

Bill had one client, Michael, with a more specific request now, a rich man in Bankers Hill. Handsome and powerful, this man could bed and wed the finest girl in Boston. But, that isn't what Michael wanted. No, he was looking for a mail order, bondage bride. He didn't care to wine and dine a girl, he wanted to use a girl for a year or so and then be able to discard her. And he wanted a virgin to toy with. Bill's most important client enjoyed a wealth of perversions. He considered strict bondage of the female form an art, the infliction of humiliating discipline essential. Michael would pay well for an obedient, lovely, young girl to submit to his perverse desires. And he had many, many that an innocent virgin could not even begin to fathom. He would teach his mail-order bride the fine line between pleasure and pain.

Bill could wait no longer, he had to see what Marie looked like under those virginal white panties. She still thought the robbers were here. He would rescue her soon, but first he would explore her body. He moved to the floor, her naked flanks so near. His hands reached out and caressed her skin, moving up and down gently, moving back to her hips, sliding under her buttocks, lifting her cheeks up to accommodate his hand. He squeezed her, enjoying the firm flesh beneath his fingers, her body pushed up as he did. Two hands were under her, pulling her body up, his hands freely exploring her. He clenched her flesh tightly in his hands, feeling her jerk away, one finger sliding between her cheeks when she relaxed, her buttocks suddenly clenching on the finger when she realized where it was. But it was too late, his finger trapped between her cheeks, feeling her pulsating anus, so hot.

When Marie felt the penis pulled from her lips, fearing where it would go next, she was relieved but scared. She felt hands on her flesh again, different, but no less intrusive. They were openly fondling her, strong fingers gripping her flesh. She shuddered, quickly tightening her muscles when she let a finger accidentally slip between her cheeks, jerking as she felt the unfamiliar touch on her anus. *Why would anyone want to touch her there?* But it was unmistakable, the fingertip stayed pushed against her anus, moving slightly as if he was trying to stick it inside her. "MMMGGG," she screamed in the gag, realizing that the hands under her buttocks had gripped her panties and were pulling them down. She squirmed as she felt the panties slowly inching down her cheeks, the thin material the only protection she had. Now they would be gone, his

fingers free to explore her most intimate areas. The hands returned, Marie now able to feel the calloused fingers touching her naked skin, sliding under her cheeks again, unable to stop him as he lifted her bound body up. She could feel her panties pulled to her thighs, knowing he could see her most intimate parts of her body. Her only salvation was that her thighs were tightly clenched together. The hands began to grip her cheeks again, Marie clenching her cheeks together, not wanting to repeat the previous mistake and let him touch her anus.

Bill liked the feel of her skin, the sound of each startled whimper exciting him. His clients would love this one, love spanking and exploring her lovely, innocent body. He moved his hands from her hips, twisting her body towards him, wanting to discover her sex. Her tightly clenched thighs could do little to hide her bush, the dark hair abundant, covering her like a forest. He let his fingers brush across the hairs, feeling her tremble from the touch. He pulled a clump of hair, watching the skin pulling outward, her body following. He released the hairs, her body swinging in, his fingers following, this time digging deeper to grip her labia between his fingers, pulling the puffy lips out. Her muffled screams were louder, her movement more pronounced as she bounced around, a natural reaction to the first touch of her most naked sex. He stroked her sex, running his finger down her slit, sliding inward, surprised to find her so wet. *Could she be enjoying this? Is it the bondage that did it, or just the natural reaction of a virgin to the first touch?* Bill's cock stood out rock hard. It was time to quit or she would no longer be a virgin. She was

much more valuable to him than just a quick fuck. No, he needed her to remain a virgin. He moved back and yelled out. "Get out of here before I shoot you!" He threw a chair into the corner, to simulate a commotion, watching Marie's body shake from the loud, sudden noise. "Now, out of town!"

He went down to the floor next to Marie. Finally, he pulled back the blindfold from her eyes. "Are you alright, Marie? Did they rape you?"

It took a second to get used to the light, finding herself staring at Bill. He was always trying to get Marie to sell her body for him. Strange that it was he that rescued her virginity, the same man that wanted to sell her virginity to the highest bidder. "Thank you, no, they didn't rape me. You came just in time. Thank God." She waited, his eyes staring down, Marie quickly realizing that she was still naked, his eyes seeming to devour her naked flesh. "Can you untie me?"

"Sorry. You are so beautiful. I just can't take my eyes off of your pussy," he said crudely. He let her body down, quickly untying the rope on her wrists and her ankles, but not before he took care of her panties. He stared into her eyes as she lay on the ground on her side, her ankles and wrists still tied together. He slowly reached down for her panties, but not before running his hands over her naked skin. He slowly slid her panties up her thighs, his hands touching her flesh, even brushing across her bush before he pulled them to her waist, seeing the confused look in her eyes as he did. Her body seemed to shudder. When she felt his touch across her dark bush, tiny tremors skipped through her body as the hairs were stimulated.

Marie pulled her skirt down once her wrists were free, embarrassed at the liberties that Bill took, even after she suffered the humiliation of the men that held her. "Why did you let the men go?"

"Even with a gun, you never mess with guys bigger than you or with more men than you. Better to let them go. I'll leave you now, you seem to be okay." He started to get up but was interrupted by Marie.

"No! Don't go." She was surprised she said it, but she didn't want to be alone. She was afraid they would come back and finish what they started. Even Bill was better than no protection. "We, we can talk," she trailed off. We ... we can talk," she trailed off. "Please stay until my mother comes home. It'll be in three hours. Please, I don't want to be alone, I'm afraid," she begged.

Bill thought he might have a chance to convince her to come to work for him. "Okay," he picked up the chair he had thrown into the corner and sat down. He watched Marie sit down. He watched her with a newfound interest after having seen her half-naked. He loved the dark bush and the virgin sex nestled beneath it. He had just the right person for her, the right person who would pay willingly for her body and her innocence.

She was embarrassed at the way his eyes watched her. They were not just watching her, they were devouring her and assessing her. Bill looked at Marie as if he could see right through her clothing. They talked small talk for a while, no mention of what just happened, until Marie's nerves finally settled down, her fear lessening.

"How much longer do you think you and your mother will survive like this, Marie? Before you are raped, or even worse, killed. Your mother is only working part time; you have barely enough to even survive."

Marie hated to admit it, but he was right. The last two weeks were terrible, both of them barely able to sleep at night, fearing for their life. With the attempted rape, it would be even worse. Marie would even fear for her life during the day. "I don't know," she responded with tears in her eyes.

"I could find you a way to make money. A lot of money. You could have enough to find a nice place to live and take care of your mother." He waited, looking into her eyes, seeing the desperation. *He had seen that hundreds of times. Lovely young girls with no choices in life. Their bodies their only asset, the worsening depression giving them no option but to sell their virtue to the highest bidder.* That is where Bill came in.

"I know what you want me to do. You want me to become a prostitute for you. I can't do that. I couldn't sell my body to a long list of strange men each night, pretending to like them as they took me. You'd have me looking old and haggard in a couple of years and I would still not be any better off." She looked at him defiantly.

"You know Amy, don't you? You're both about the same age. She went to work for me last month. Her mother and she are living in the commons. They have a nice apartment in one of the brownstones. A nice safe neighborhood. She dresses well, has plenty of food and her mother doesn't have to work."

So, Amy went to work for Bill. "I still couldn't do that with a bunch of strange men. A life that would never end."

"What if it wasn't like that? What if it was just for a period of time? And only one man?" Bill looked to see if she showed an interest. Her eyes seem to lighten up a bit.

"What do you mean?" She tried not to sound too anxious.

"I have some clients that are looking for a girl. They call them mail-order brides. You wouldn't have to marry them. Just pretend that you are married. It is usually for a year. At the end of that time you would go back to your life."

"I would get paid for this?"

"Very handsomely. You could get enough money if you pick the opportunity. Enough for your mother and you to live nicely."

"The opportunity?"

"Some men are looking for girls who are willing to accommodate their sexual desires. To willingly submit to them. Some men pay well for the privilege."

Marie did not want to think about what they would want her to do. "How well would I be paid?" *Come on Marie, you're not actually entertaining the thought of doing this. You're not a prostitute.*

"I have one particular client in mind. He would love you, if you were willing of course. I could find a nice apartment for your mother to live in and a full time job with a nice family. At the end of a year, you would be paid the sum of \$1,000, a sum of money that could buy a nice house for you and your mother and still have money left over. For college maybe." He wanted her interested.

She never thought of it that way. After a year, free to go with enough money to move away. Maybe go back home and buy a house. To forget all of this and start fresh again. "How would I know you wouldn't go back on the deal?"

Ah, she's interested and still has not asked what would be required of her. "I would deposit the money in trust at a bank, any bank you choose. You would simply have to fulfill the terms of the agreement. During that time, your mother would be living very nicely and, so would you. My client is very wealthy and lives lavishly."

It was raining harder now outside, the top of the tent beginning to leak into one of the metal cans, the drip-drip becoming monotonous. The air was becoming colder, a quick reminder of the winter fast approaching. The rain would soon switch to snow as nightfall approached, the tent quickly freezing. They barely had any blankets now, the thieves stealing most things of any value. Marie looked at Bill. He did not look like a pimp. After all, he did save her. Some of the other women had talked about him, saying that he was the most decent of all of the pimps. At least you got to keep part of the money you made. Not like some that took all the money and kept the girls broke and even on drugs in some cases. The big question was still unanswered, unasked. "What would I have to do?" She was afraid of the answer.

"My client, Michael, wants a mail-order bride for a year. Not a typical girl that he would marry forever. No, he wants someone to submit to him for a year. And he wants a fresh girl with no sexual experience who he can train." He waited,

not wanting to give her too much information at one time. Let her acclimate to it a bit at a time.

"I am a virgin," she blurted out then quickly realized it sounded as if she were applying for the job.

"That would have to be determined at the onset of the agreement. A doctor's examination would have to be performed. A very detailed and intimate exam." Besides the doctor, his client would often invite some of his friends to participate. They enjoyed humiliating a girl. They liked to force her to strip naked and make her hold her own body open in provocative poses while they tested the elasticity of each orifice with a variety of instruments.

God, that would be embarrassing, Marie had never had a gynecological exam before. In fact, she had never been to a doctor since her body blossomed into womanhood. But, that wasn't the worst of it. She would be forced to perform sexually for this client for a year. "Then what?"

"My client, Michael, is extremely wealthy. And he is handsome. He is about 45 and could have his pick of the most eligible females in the city. But Michael doesn't want the typical sexual relationship. He desires more, that is why he has contracted me to find a willing girl."

"More, what could be more?" She almost regretted asking the question, almost afraid of the answer.

"There are many perversities that my client enjoys. Bondage, spanking, oral and anal sex. Michael wants a submissive girl who will cater to his needs. She would have to be willing to let him have his way with her body in any manner that he sees fit." He waited to see her reaction, her

eyes opening wide at the range of perversities, sure that she had never even thought of them before.

"Bondage? You mean he would tie me up? Anal? Oral?"
Why would anyone want to do such things? She thought about being bound again, unable to stop the stripping of her body, unable to stop the person from sexually using her. And her mouth and butt. She already had felt fingers touching her backside, what else would be required?

"Many men have the desire to tie up a girl and force her to submit. It is very erotic to bind a female in an interesting and provocative display, to keep her held open, so she can only struggle as she is fondled at will. Some females find this very stimulating, Marie. A way to experience new sexual experiences without having consent. And very sexually gratifying. The female body can be forced to climax while bound, often numerous times." Bill enjoyed Marie's response. Her eyes going wide as she blushed hard and looked down. He would love to have a chance at her body, to force her to feel orgasm after orgasm.

She couldn't help remembering that she had felt herself getting wet when the robbers bound her. She had become aroused although she was disgusted and scared by what they then tried to do to her, especially when the one forced his penis into her mouth. "My mouth and butt too?" Marie could not look at Bill when she asked. She knew the answer, or figured she did.

"There is nothing more erotic than a woman on her knees, her mouth wrapped around your cock sucking it as her eyes stare up at you, Marie. Or to fuck her mouth as you would a

pussy, pumping your cock in and out. And the intensity of anal sex, the hot, tight back passage, involuntarily clenching as you push your cock deep into the bowels of the girl." Bill was almost ready to cum, just talking to Marie like this made him rock hard. He forced himself to ignore the temptation of her reaction. He heard her innocent, startled gasp but returned to his proposition. "Just, think of the good life your mother would have, Marie. Even you, after a year, you would be free to do as you desire, your mother and yourself well off."

"I would be too embarrassed to face my mother after all of that," she said in a hushed, trembling voice.

At least she was still considering it. "There is another part of the agreement to take care of that. Your mother is still a very attractive woman. Once you have passed the physical examination, you mother would have to submit to my client, submit sexually while you watch. It is difficult to fault the things that you will have done if she has done the same things. She will be bound, stripped naked and her body sexually used by my client. I'm sure Michael will enjoy the added pleasure that your mother will give him. And the humiliation of having to perform in front of her own daughter will be priceless, forever silencing any outrage over your actions. After all, she would be getting a better life because of you; she should also have to give up something in return."

Marie had never thought of her mother in a sexual sort of way, it was just something that never crossed her mind. You never think of your mother having a sexual need or desire. But Brenda was still young, having had Marie at an early age.

And she did have a good body, hard work and lack of food keeping her slim and shapely. *What would it be like to see her mother engaged in sex?* "I don't know if she would consent to that."

"I'll be frank with you, Marie. I don't think you and your mother will survive much longer. Winter is coming quickly and you barely escaped being raped once. I don't think you will be so lucky next time. If you are going to give up your virginity, it might as well be worthwhile. This depression is still getting worse. You at least have your body to barter with. Do it while you still can. You think about it and talk to your mother. But hurry, I will take the first girl that my client is agreeable to. There are many other girls just like you, some more willing to agree."

"What are you doing here?" Marie's mother's voice rocked the small room.

"Hold on, Mom," Marie quickly exclaimed. "He's here because I asked him to stay. We were robbed and Bill came in just in the nick of time. They had me bound and were about to rape me. I was still scared so I asked him to stay until you got home."

Brenda looked around the room, their meager possessions gone, just a few pots and pans and linen left. She rushed over to the box opened on the floor; the last of her jewelry was gone. She rushed over to hug her daughter, feeling her still trembling. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, Momma. Thanks to Bill."

Brenda knew Bill was a pimp, one of the biggest in the town. Marie had told her of his constant propositions to work

for him. Yet she was grateful, at least her daughter was safe. "I'm sorry, thanks for saving my daughter. And for taking care of her until I got home." She turned to Marie. "They took the last of our money. I won't get paid for another week."

"I'll be going now. Good day, Brenda. Hope to hear from you soon, Marie." Bill quickly left, not wanting or expecting an answer. He knew if Marie was going to agree to his offer, it would be soon. Better for him to exit while they were desperate and make the women come to him. And they were the most desperate they could be right now.

"I don't know what we are going to do now, Marie," Brenda was losing all hope.

"I don't want to be by myself, Momma, I'm scared. It was terrible to be bound. They tied my wrists to my ankles and pulled me into the air. One of them was touching my sex; the other was rubbing his thing all over my face. He finally stuck it into my gagged mouth. If Bill didn't come in, they would have raped me. They already had my panties down and were touching my naked sex."

"There is only one thing left to do, Marie. I will talk to Bill tomorrow and see if I can go to work for him. I know you don't want me to, but there is no other way. We are desperate. At least that way I can find you a safe place." Brenda was desperate, desperate enough to sell her body to support her daughter. She was still attractive, sure that Bill would be able to find men willing to pay to have sex with her.

"I think you are right, Momma," Marie agreed, trying to be adult, but scared of what she was about to say and do. "But not you, Momma. Bill wants me."

"What do you mean, he wants you? Is that what he was talking about when he left?"

"Yes, but it is not what you think it is."

"Oh, you mean you wouldn't have to have sex with men for money," Brenda said sarcastically.

"Sort of."

"You can't sort of have sex. You either have it or not. Which is it?"

"Bill has a wealthy client that wants a virgin. A virgin like me. He wants her for a year. During that time, you would have a nice apartment. When the year is up, we would have enough money to do as we please. A thousand dollars. We could leave and go back home. No one would ever know." She looked into her mother's eyes, trying to determine what she was thinking. She saw the desperation, never noticing it before.

"I couldn't let you do that. I would forever see the image in my mind that I made my daughter sell her body."

"It involves you also. You would have to consent to have sex with him first." Now came the hard part, explaining what would be required of them sexually.

"I could do that for my daughter. Maybe I could convince him to take me instead of you." She thought she could stand it. She would just close her eyes and try to block it out of her mind while it was happening.

"There's more, Momma." She took a deep breath. "I told you he wants a virgin. They want you to have sex with him in front of me, so you couldn't ever be ashamed of me. And they

want to have sex with you, while you are bound." She held her breath, waiting for her answer.

She looked at her daughter. *Bondage, she had heard of it, but had never even considered it. It was almost as if it were rape, to be bound and taken advantage of sexually. And in front of Marie, how could she do such a thing? What would they do to her?* "And what is this man going to do to you during that year, Marie?"

"Anything and everything he wants. He will train me to service him sexually."

"And bondage? He would tie you up, too?"

"More, Momma. He would take me in my mouth and up my backside. Probably you also."

Brenda had sucked her husband's cock before, though she didn't enjoy it. She had done it when she was having her period, her mouth used by him to satisfy his lust while she was unavailable. Her husband had cum on her face. She wasn't sure that would happen in this case. *Could she actually take it in her mouth? Let him cum in her mouth while her daughter watched. But up her backside, that was filthy. Why would anyone want to stick his cock up her backside?*

"I don't think I could do that. Could you?"

"I don't think we would have a choice. We would be bound, unable to stop them from doing whatever they wanted to us. Even our backsides. I think that would hurt, but I don't think they would care. They just want to take their pleasure from our bodies." She didn't mention the feelings she had had when she was bound. The sexual feelings. Even though she was being forced, she was somewhat aroused by the

helplessness, unable to do anything as they had their way with her bound body, her feelings able to come out without being responsible for the actions they took with her.

Her daughter had grown up to be a woman. Brenda was almost surprised she had never really noticed it until now. Marie was right, there were no other options. They had to find some safety in their life and now. They couldn't wait. "Are you sure you can do this?" She looked into her daughter's eyes, seeing the relief. Marie had wanted her mother's acceptance.

"Yes, Momma. I can do it. Will you be able to? To do it in front of me?"

Brenda knew she could only hope to be as brave as Marie. She would only have to perform once: Marie would be subject to it for a year. Brenda was sure that they would inflict the most perverse acts upon on her daughter's body in that year, but only after taking her innocence. "I will support your decision and do what is required of me. Even in front of you."

"Tomorrow, Momma. We'll go see Bill in the morning. As soon as possible." Her mother hugged her, drawing her daughter close in an enveloping embrace. Marie felt temporarily secure, falling into an exhausted sleep. It didn't last long. Any little noise woke her in fright, her mother having to comfort her.

Marie kept waking up scared, afraid of the rapists returning. They would, or another rapist would, until her innocence was taken forcefully from her. Brenda hated what she had driven her daughter to do, but she saw no other way. The depression had trapped them. Brenda did not sleep that night either. Between Maria waking up with nightmares and

the thought of the things that lay ahead the next day haunting Brenda, sleep was the last thing on their minds.

Maria woke up in a fit, a nightmare of the rapists taking her virginity, her screams as one of their cocks tore through her hymen as if it were butter. Maria's body rocked back and forth as the one man fucked her for the first time. The other, not content to watch, pinched her nose until she gasped to breathe. A hard cock was then forced into her mouth and the brutal rapists took her front and back.

"I had a terrible nightmare."

"I know you have been having them all night. Do you still want to go through with this?"

"Yes. Anything to be safe. Just one year and we can go home."

"Yes and leave all of this behind, to be forgotten. Since we don't have any food, let's get going. Maybe Bill will give us breakfast."

"And a bath. I feel so dirty."

"Yes, I almost forgot a bath. To be clean again." Brenda had almost forgotten what she would have to do today. Let strangers have sex with her.

They knocked on Bill's door, a young girl opening it up. She was about the same age as Marie. "Please, tell Bill that Marie is here."

She turned and left them in the hallway, her voice fading as she walked away, "I'll tell him, wait there."

Bill came into the hallway, wearing a black silk robe. "To see you this early, I presume you have decided." Bill smiled.

"Yes," Marie said, discarding her last chance to change her mind. "I will accept your offer. But it must be today. We can't go back to that place. And something to eat now would be nice. And a bath."

"Come to the kitchen. I will have the maid fix you something. The bath will be later. I will arrange everything."

Marie and Brenda found the kitchen without difficulty, their hungry bodies led by the smells of great food cooking. They gobbled down the breakfast of eggs, bacon, and toast, even milk.

Bill came back into the room, fully dressed now. "It is all arranged. Marie will have the physical in about two hours. I will drop her off at the doctor's office. She can take a bath before we leave. I will take Brenda to her new home. She will also be working full-time at her present job. The judge she'll be cleaning house for is a close friend of mine and he has agreed. He's even including a raise. She can take a bath at her house and at five o'clock I will pick her up. Then Marie, you'll go directly from the doctor's to my client's house. Then, it will be Brenda's turn to fulfill her part of the bargain. Does everyone agree?" He waited, but he didn't expect an answer.

"The bath is down the hall, Marie. Get good and clean but don't take too long, we are leaving soon." He wanted to see Marie naked again right now, but he would make do with Brenda. Michael, his client, had already agreed to let him participate in Brenda's debauchery. He knew that Brenda did not like him, and that would make it that much more enjoyable. Maybe he would force Brenda to suck his cock in front of Marie. That would befitting.

Chapter 2. The Doctor's Intimate Exam

Bill watched Marie as he drove her to the Doctors. He was one of the fortunate enough to own a car, the girls providing a rich lifestyle for him, making it easy to convince the less unfortunate girls to barter their bodies for the same. He looked over at her as they drove, looking lovely in the dress he had found for her to wear. A navy and white polka dot day dress fit her almost perfectly. Five buttons down the front contained her ample bosom, her lovely breasts pushing out the front ruffle. The back of the dress clung to her ass as if molded to her, his cock jerking in his pants as he walked behind her to the car, the gentle sway of her ass enticing to him, seeing her discomfort in knowing that he was staring at her ass. Michael would take full advantage of her innocence, humiliation an aphrodisiac for him. The dress was long but he did not cover her shapely calves encased in a pair of platform heels, black velvet with a strap that went up the back to encircle the ankle, almost as if it were bound to her, a harbinger of what she might expect in her future. She was a little embarrassed to put them on as they seem to say, "come on and get me" to any man that gets the message.

"You look very beautiful Marie," he complimented her.

She felt herself blushing, "thank you. I've never had anything this nice before or this grown up. I don't look like a whore, do I?"

"No, definitely not. You look very sophisticated, fitting of your new life. Michael and his friends are very educated. You

must learn to fit in with their lifestyle. You don't want to disappoint him. It is important to your agreement that you fulfill his desires, no matter what they might be. Don't forget, it is only a year. Then you and your mother will be set for life."

Bill stopped the car in front of a large brownstone, the streets filled with people. Not the poor, trying to eke out a living, but the rich, busily carrying on a life that was far from what Marie had endured. A life that they didn't even seem to recognize that a depression was happening. She saw the sign on the front of the door.

Dr. Johnston

M.D.

By Appointment Only

"I will pick you up by five; that should give the doctor more than adequate time to ascertain your physical requirements for the position."

"You mean for him to make sure I am a virgin?"

"Yes, and don't forget to be cooperative. Any reluctance on your part will void the agreement. You need the Doctor's blessing to go ahead with the contract. His Attorney will be present to validate the legality of the transaction to Michael. He relies fully on his Attorney's advice. Now hurry up, they'll be waiting," not wanting to give her a chance to change her mind.

Bill watched as she got out of the car, rearranging his cock as she did, her cute ass provoking him. He normally would have gone back to his house and taken one of the girls, but he wanted to save himself for Brenda. He wanted to make

sure that his cock was rock hard when he took her in front of her daughter. He wanted to make her scream in pleasure, if not in pain. He waited until she walked in before leaving; wanting to make sure she obeyed.

She walked in; the small sign saying "enter without knocking." She walked into an elaborate waiting room, more lavish than even Bill's home. There was a receptionist behind the counter, a young girl barely eighteen, a white nurse's outfit clinging to her body.

"You must be Marie. Doctor Johnston is expecting you. Go through that door." She pointed to the large double wooden doors to the left.

"Are you his nurse?" At least she would feel a little less embarrassed with a female nurse present.

"No. Doctor Johnston doesn't have any nurses."

Marie took a deep breath and entered the office, the door heavy, as it swung open. Dr. Johnston sat behind a large wooden desk in the corner of the room, easy to spot by the white coat he wore. He was in his late fifties, grayish-white hair, tall and handsome in an older man sort of way. In front of the desk sat another man, this one dressed in a dark blue suit, white shirt, and impeccably combed hair. He turned to look at her, his face handsome, a small goatee on his face. He was about forty, Marie always having a hard time guessing ages for older men. The Attorney she surmised. She trembled at the thought of the exam. It was bad enough that a male doctor would exam here, never having such an exam before, but with the Attorney present, it would be most humiliating,

forced to present her most intimate parts of her body open for their inspection and probing.

Doctor Johnston eyed the girl that entered his office. He hadn't expected such a lovely child. Her long brown hair hung down lightly covering her breasts, her full hips encased in a tightly fitting dress that clung to her. She swayed so nicely as she walked, his imagination getting the better of him as his mind conjured up images of her ass. Her green eyes were wide open, not sure if in fear or excitement, finding that many young girls that never had a full gynecological exam before would often find themselves wet when he was finished, their bodies probed so intimately by the Doctor that it aroused them to a fever pitch. He even had one young girl last month that couldn't stand it, cumming as his fingers probed her vagina, another finger deeply embedded in her asshole as she bucked on the examining table. The girl was so humiliated, afraid that he would tell that she agreed to kneel before him at his desk and take his cock in her mouth, servicing his throbbing member until he spurted his cum deep into her willing mouth. Her tongue bathed his cock clean as she swallowed the abundant crème that filled her mouth three times.

While he couldn't have this girl in any of her orifices, he was to test her various holes to ascertain fitness for the perversities of Michael. Her mouth would be tested for gag-reflex, Michael loving a girl that choked and gagged on his cock. Her asshole would be tested for elasticity, the ability to take a large cock up her backside of paramount importance to Michael. Naturally, she must be a virgin. Her acceptance to

pain as well as pleasure would be gauged by the Doctor, some girls getting aroused by sexual pain, important to know that since Michael loved to sexually torment his girls, stringent bondage keeping them open and available to whatever he would do to their sexual parts.

Marie almost bolted to the door, it finally dawning on her what would be required of her. The Attorney eyed her body as well as the Doctor, lust in their eyes as she stood before them. *Would she be able to get through this? If this were difficult, what would the next year be like when she would have to allow Michael to take her body in whatever manner he saw fit? It was funny, already calling him Michael as if she knew him, yet she had not even met him yet.* The voice brought her back to reality.

"Step closer to the desk so I may see you better Marie. You are a very lovely girl." Dr. Johnston moved his chair to the side so she could stand next to him.

Marie finally looked around the room, the furniture even more imposing then the men. First there was the exam table, stirrups in both of the bottom corners, leather straps hanging down from the, the holes worn from use, more leather straps laying across the table in the middle and two up near the top. She never thought of being bound while being examined, a strange tingle racing through her body. A mysterious table near by covered with a white cloth hid the instruments that would be used, Marie's imagination getting the best of her as she imagined long, metal probes being inserted in her vagina. Another strange leather contraption, more of a wooden triangle, the top lined with padded leather straps at the front

and the rear legs, both at the far ends. It finally dawned on Marie, this was made for the individual to be bent over, the straps keeping the arms and legs spread wide, the ass up thrust and available. Another short bench was against the wall, a set of leather straps hanging from the wall high up, spread wide, twin straps on the base. She didn't even comprehend the purpose, making it even more fearful. She moved until she was standing next to the Doctor, the Attorney moving his chair to the side so he might observe better.

"Thank you sir," not even sure why she was thanking him for complimenting her.

"Are you ready to begin Marie?"

Taking a deep breath, her chest heaving she blurted it out.
"Yes sir."

"First some questions Marie. Though they may be very intimate, you must answer them honestly. Can you do that?"

"Yes Sir.

"Are you a virgin?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever had oral sex? Either performed on you or you performing it on others?"

"I'm not sure how to answer that Doctor?"

"Why not?"

"I was almost raped yesterday. Two men came into our tent and strung me up by my hands and legs. One of them molested my sex while the other tried to force his penis in my mouth."

The image of Marie trussed up like a chicken, her naked sex hanging down while two men played with her innocent body almost made him cum. "What happened?" He tried to appear detached.

"Bill rescued me. They only touched me and the penis was only on my lips."

"Was that the only incident Marie?"

"Yes Sir. I don't think I could have done such a thing if I wasn't tied up."

You will learn, Michael will train you well to service his cock with your mouth, the Doctor thought to himself. Have you ever been sodomized?" He saw her hesitate.

"They touched me back there. The rapists."

"Did they enter you?"

"No sir."

"Do you masturbate?"

She hesitated, almost afraid to answer. "No," then quickly added. "I don't have much privacy. I'm afraid of getting caught." She almost felt bad that she didn't masturbate, the other girls all telling her of how they came with their own fingers.

"Have you ever masturbated anyone else? Male or female?"

"NO," she quickly shot back. "Especially a female." She had heard some of the other girls talking. They talked about masturbating together, some even touching each other. The thought of doing it to a boy was bad enough; it was unspeakable to think of it with a girl.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen last week."

"Are you in good health?"

"As far as I know. We haven't had any money in a long time, so I haven't seen a doctor as long as I can remember."

"You look healthy, but we will soon ascertain that. Now we are going to start the exam. Are you ready Marie? Just relax, it wouldn't be so bad."

"I'll try Sir, but no boy has ever seen me naked before."

"I'm afraid that will change quickly. We are going to look very intimately at your most private places as well as probe them. It is just best to try to relax and go along with it. It will make it more enjoyable."

"I'll try," she lied. She was sure she would die of humiliation, positive she wouldn't enjoy it.

"Now this is Mr. Ashley. He is counsel to Michael. Would you please face him?"

"How are you Marie? You are certainly a very lovely girl. Michael is going to be very lucky if you pass this examination. Lucky to enjoy such a delicious body such as yours." He smiled at her as he eyed her from the top of her head down to the heels that made her legs so taut.

"Okay Sir. I hope I can please him."

The Doctor got up from the chair and Marie could feel his presence behind her. She took a deep breath, waiting for the first touch on her body.

"I want you to lace your fingers behind your neck. Yes, very good. Now let your elbows push out to the side." His hands touched her arms pushing them out to the side, as her

breasts seemed to arch up higher, his hand making her keep her back straight. "Such a good girl."

Mr. Ashley looked up at her, her breasts straining the five buttons on the dress as the Doctor forced her to arch her back, sticking them out even more prominently.

"Now relax, I'm gong to touch your breasts." His hands slid along her sides, feeling her body trembling as she was touched for the first time. He let his hands slide up and down her side, seeing her squirming as he fingers touched the sides of her thrust out breasts. His fingers stopped the next time, resting gently on the side of her breast, pressing in a little deeper, making sure that she felt his touch. He slowly let his fingers slide under her breasts, cupping them gently in his large hands, hefting them up as he felt her push back against him. His hard cock pressed against her backside, throbbing with desire as he touched the firm flesh.

His fingers felt as if they were burning her skin, Marie cringing when they slid along until she felt them touch her breasts. His fingers moved around, cupping her breasts, lifting them up as if he were offering them to Mr. Ashley. She cringed from the touch, her butt pushing back instinctively, suddenly finding herself pressed against hard, throbbing flesh, Marie quickly remembering the rapists cock rubbed on her face. She tried to move away but was quickly scolded by the Doctor.

"Don't move away. It's only a cock. Michael will soon teach you how to stimulate the male organ. For now, slide your ass back against my cock while I palpitae your lovely breasts."

This wasn't like a normal exam. Marie could sense that even with her limited knowledge. These men were taking more liberties with her body than a regular doctor would do. She feared what else they would subject her to. She looked at the clock, only two fifteen. Bill said he would pick her up at five, almost three hours to go. She relented, pushing her butt back against his cock, feeling his hips begin a gentle rubbing against her ass cheeks, his hands squeezing her breasts gently. She could feel her nipples harden beneath the touch, even though he hadn't touched them yet. *Was she being stimulated by his touch? Or was it the surrender to these men, the control they had over her body that was making her aroused.*

"Such firm flesh Mr. Ashley. So resilient," his hands squeezing her breast tighter now. "Very malleable. Michael will enjoy binding them." He spoke to Mr. Ashley as if Marie wasn't even there. His fingers searched out her nipples, finding the harden nubs, two fingers gripping each one in a powerful grip.

"MMMM," she moaned in pain, the fingers feeling like metal pinchers on her flesh.

"Very large nipples. And hard. A nice size for clamps and some weights." He pinched harder, twisting his fingers, feeling her nipples crushed beneath his touch. She moaned in pain, but kept the position, her breasts thrust out for his harsh fondling. He whispered in Marie ear. "Many young girls enjoy a bit of pain, especially ones with large, hard nipples like yours. It is nothing to be ashamed." He saw her turn red in shame.

Her nipples hurt and felt good all at the same time. His fingers twisted the tender flesh, pulling and yanking them as she struggled to keep the position he required of her. *His comment humiliated her, how could she enjoy the pain? Yet she couldn't deny the wetness between her legs, her face turning red from his comment and knowing that he would soon discover her wetness, knowing the truth.*

"Unbutton the top of your dress Marie and pull it to the side." Doctor Johnston waited while she complied; his cock pushed hard against her ass, moving from side to side, his cock jerking in pleasure.

Mr. Ashley eagerly watched as she unbuttoned the buttons of the dress, her trembling hands fumbling with the stubborn buttons until she finally got to the last one. She pulled it to the side, the silky slip doing little to hide the hard nipples that pressed out on the flimsy material. Doctor Johnston helped her, sliding the dress off her shoulders as her hands hung uselessly by her side until it bunched at her waist.

His hands returned, this time only the silky garment in the way, her pointy nipples seeming to burst the material as he let his fingertips slap against the hardened tips. He felt her shiver when his hands went to the shoulder straps of the slip, sliding them down her arms, the top barely staying up. "When I make your breasts naked, I want you to put your arms back up behind your neck and bow your elbows out. It presents your lovely breasts nicely." She nodded her head, resigned to being stripped naked and posed provocatively in front of the men.

She felt the garment slide down in the front, briefly hanging on her pointed nipples, Doctor Johnston pulling it down, her nipples springing harder as the silky fabric rubbed so sensuously over the sensitive tips. She saw Mr. Ashley's eyes staring at her chest, her bosom feeling warm as she felt a blush cover her half-naked body. She had almost forgotten the Doctors orders, quickly getting into the position he required of her, afraid of offending him. Her elbows bowed out, feeling her so humiliated, forced to parade her half-naked body in a provocative pose for their enjoyment. She trembled; waiting for the touch she knew was coming. She felt Dr. Johnston's fingers slide up her naked sides, moving until it ran along the edge of her breasts before his fingers fanned out to engulf her naked breasts in his hands. His fingers covered her nipples, her body shivering as she felt for the first time, a man's touch on her breasts, feeling as if her nipples would burst.

Dr. Johnston was not idle, his hands finding her naked breasts, loving the resilient touch of a young girls breasts, his fingers finding her nipples pushing into his palm as he began to tighten on her breasts. He grasped her firm flesh, his cock jerking against her ass as he began to crush her flesh, feeling her jerk as he held them tighter. He released them, only to return to her nipples, feeling her body shudder as he touched her naked tips for the first time, pinching the rubbery tips before pulling on them, stretching the pink tips until they were almost two inches long.

She had to arch her back, her nipples aching as the Doctor pulled too hard and too far, her sensitive tips yanked out by

his powerful hands as she stood so submissively, Mr. Ashley smiling as her watched her breasts being manipulated by the Doctor.

He released her breasts, watching them spring back, the nipples now a deeper pink, almost red from the abuse. "Michael will love playing with these beauties Marie. Just one more thing to check and then it is time for the more intimate part of the examination. Have a seat," he ordered her.

She sat in the chair, conscious of her nudity, her arms crossed in front of her, Mr. Ashley staring intently at her breasts.

"It's not necessary to cover your breasts Marie. They are much too beautiful to hide. They are to be shown and played with. Now put your hands down." His voice rose as he ordered her to comply.

His command was more demanding. She instantly put her hands at her side, clenching onto the edge of the seat, embarrassed at sitting their so casually, half-naked in front of two strange men. Even one being a Doctor did little to rid the embarrassment; his actions were more of a man that was molesting her then a medical Doctor examining her. *That is what scared her the most. What would he do once he had her naked? Especially when she would be naked and bound to the sterile examining table.* She looked up at him as he stood next to the chair.

His hand went under her chin, lifting up her head, her innocent green eyes staring into his. "Relax now child. Open your mouth real wide." He saw her mouth opening, unprepared for the examination, his fingers quickly finding

the corner of her mouth, entering inside before she knew what was happening. Her mouth started to close. "Keep it open. Real wide while I inspect you." She relented, her mouth opening wide, his fingers sliding in to run over her gums, his hand under her chin holding her tight. He pulled on her tongue, yanking it out of her mouth, holding it until she began to drool. "She salivates well. That will be useful when Michael uses her mouth to service him," he said to Mr. Ashley. He let go of it, her tongue quickly shooting back into her mouth, his finger following, this time going deeper, pushing out her cheeks as he ran the finger in and out.

It felt strange to have someone rummaging around in your mouth, his fingers not having a pleasant taste, not sure where they had been. His fingers were pushing deeper into her mouth, running under her tongue then to the back of her mouth, his hand pulling her chin up higher. Her lips began to hurt, the wide expanse of her mouth beginning to take its toll as she tried to maintain the wide-open position. Another finger joined the first, two fat fingers sliding in and out over her tongue.

"Close your lips over my fingers." He watched as she obeyed, his cock hard as he felt her lips tighten on his fingers, imagining that it was his cock instead. He began to run his fingers in and out her tightly clenched lips, enjoying the look on her face as he took her mouth in a mock fellatio, Marie not even fully understanding what he was doing. He pushed farther into her mouth until he hit her throat, her throat opening wide as she gagged, his finger quickly taking advantage of the situation to shove two fat fingers into her

throat. He gripped her head, keeping her in position as she tried to struggle to escape the probing fingers. "Hold still Marie." She gagged again. "Great gag reaction. Her throat muscles grip my fingers tightly." Mr. Ashley nodded back at him.

Finally, he pulled his fingers from her throat, drool running down her chin, her stomach turning from the gagging and choking that his fingers provoked. She didn't like what he picked up next. It looked like it was carved ivory. The shape bothered her. It was in the shape of a male cock, complete with a helmet on the end and two heavy balls at the other end. It was over seven inches long and an inch wide.

"A dildo Marie. Hold still now." He placed the dildo in front of her mouth. "Use your tongue on it, as if it were the Masters cock."

"I've never done anything like that before. I don't know what to do."

"A virgin mouth, the Master will love that, teaching you the finer points of fellatio. Stick out your tongue and let it run over the head of the dildo." The Doctor watched as she obeyed, his cock jerking in excitement as he thought of her doing that to his cock, her hot breath on the tip as her soft, wet lips slowly engulfed his cock in her hot mouth. "Enough," brought back to the reality that her mouth would be wrapped around Michael's cock, not his.

He let the dildo slip between her lips, seeing her tighten already on it. She learns well, he thought. Michael will delight in training her in the perversities he desired to inflict on her body. He began to fuck her mouth with the fake cock. "Take a

deep breath now Marie then breathe through your nose." He pushed the fake cock deeper into her mouth, his hand on the back of her head as he began to impale her throat with the hard, rigid dildo.

Marie felt it pushing out her cheeks as he pushed it in sideways, in and out her lips curled tightly around it as he used her mouth as if it were her vagina. He was taking deeper strokes with the rigid dildo, one hand moved to the back of her head, holding her firmly, Marie trembling as she realized what he was about to do. He had been testing her throat with his fingers, testing them for the ultimate test, pushing the hard dildo down her throat. *Is that what Michael would do to her? Force her to take his penis deep in her mouth and finally into her throat.* She never even contemplated such a perverse task until her attempted rape yesterday when one of the men tried to force his penis in her gagged mouth. It even surprised her that her mother had performed the task on her father, the thought of her mother having sex never crossing her mind. Her mind quickly went back to the task, her hands gripping the armchair tightly as she felt the Doctor increase the pressure on the dildo, pushing it hard into her mouth. "EEGGHH," her throat opening up as she gagged on the thick helmet of the unyielding piece of ivory, slick with her saliva it began to slide down into her throat. "GGGHHH," fighting back the urge to vomit as she choked and gagged as the thick object speared her throat harshly, feeling her throat muscles contracting on and off the dildo.

"Notice the way her throat muscles tighten and release. She will bring such delight to Michael's cock when he is inside her throat, her muscles massaging his cock as if it were her hands masturbating his rigid member." He pushed the dildo farther in, her eyes wide open, tears falling from her eyes as she gulped again, the carved balls of the dildo resting on her chin. "Very good Maria. You have it all inside you."

Her stomach was turning from the constant gagging and choking, her tender throat beginning to get sore as the hard dildo rubbed it raw, the Doctor thrusting it in and out in mock fornication. Mr. Ashley was watching her intently, Marie noticing his hand resting on the bulge in his pants, unable to control his raging hard-on. She felt so humiliated, sitting half-naked while they used her mouth. Finally she felt him pull the ivory dildo from her throat, able to breathe again. She let her tongue run over the shaft of the dildo, molding her tongue over the helmet as if it were a real cock.

"Very good Marie." He pulled the dildo from her mouth, noticing the way her tongue still played with it as it left. She was a very adapt learner. He let his hands run over her face, gently caressing her cheeks, running a finger around her mouth as he moved close to her, his hard cock pressing out his trousers only inches from her face. He lifted her chin up until she was staring directly at his cock. "Does it excite you that you make my cock hard Marie?"

She looked at him and Mr. Ashley, both of them excited at seeing her perform and strip naked for them, a strange masochistic thrill running through her body as they took liberties with her body that even a doctor wouldn't do. She

actually felt proud that she had such an effect on them, making them desire her, yet at the same time she felt the humiliation of having to submit to their demands, their perverse demands. "No," she lied, looking at the Doctor's face before returning to the large cock pushing against his trousers. "Yes," she finally admitted, the Doctor smiling as he pushed his hips forward until she felt his cock pushed against her face, his hand on the back of her head holding her in place as he sensuously rubbed his hardened cock back and forth over her face. She felt it jerk and throb as it rubbed over her lips, the trouser material rubbing harshly over her silky lips.

"Time to continue Marie." The Doctor pulled away from her. He sat down, pulling his chair to the side of the desk. "Stand in front of me." His hands were already out as she walked over to him, their eyes glued to her breasts as they moved gently as she walked. She couldn't understand it, but her nipples were still hard and sore. They felt like they were ready to burst. The Doctors hands went to her hips, pulling her closer to him, controlling her with his powerful hands. "Hands in the air Marie. Hold them high up," pleased at the way her breasts drew up as she looked like she was stretching to the sky. "Now hold still."

She felt his hands begin to move down her hips, sliding down her legs before moving back up, this time his hands behind her, his fingers pressing in tighter as they moved to the gentle swell of her buttocks. She felt the hands become more urgent, pressing and clenching onto her cheeks,

squeezing her firm flesh as if they were watermelons, testing them for ripeness.

"She has a very firm ass Mr. Ashley." His hands tried to slide between her crease, feeling her muscles tighten up, preventing him from touching. "Good muscles. She will just have to be taught the correct time to clench them. She will bring great pleasure to Michael. He likes a girl that can milk his cock with her insides." His hands began to push on her hips, encouraging her to turn around.

She stood facing Mr. Ashley now, the Doctor behind her, his hands still rubbing sensuously back and forth over her cheeks. She suddenly felt his hands at her waist and the fumbling of his fingers as he began to unbutton her dress, his hands sending shivers through her body when they slipped beneath the material to touch her naked skin. She felt the dress slacken and then slide down, falling into a puddle at her. She looked down, embarrassed as she stood there in only a pair of thin panties, nylons, garter belt and her shoes, Mr. Ashley's hand in his lap, seeing him grip his rigid cock that threatened to burst from his pants.

"Step out of your dress," the Doctor sliding the dress from between her legs and placing it on the desk. He looked at her lovely ass encased in the silk panties; dainty bows the only thing holding them up. "Now spread your legs for me Marie." His hands went to the back of her thighs, feeling her tremble as he touched her naked skin. He slid between her legs, one of his hands sliding between the tiny gap, pushing out on her silky skin. "Spread them," he repeated himself, his hand pushing harder until she relented, seeing her shuffle her feet

to the side. Each time she stopped he would nudge her inner thigh until she move again, finally stopping when her legs were spread at least three feet wide. He moved closer to her sex, inhaling in the scent of her innocence. *How he wish he could just press his face between her legs and lap at the sweet tasting nectar of her virgin pussy.*

She felt so vulnerable and exposed, standing half-naked and spread, Mr. Ashley not even looking into her eyes any longer, his gaze straight ahead at her sex. The Doctors hand began to move again, this time up and down her inside thigh, sliding up until he almost reached the vee of her legs, pausing as she shivered in desire, then move back down, Marie almost disappointed that it left. She felt her pussy getting wet, ashamed that the Doctor would soon learn her secret, not sure what he would do with the knowledge. His other hand began to travel over her ass again, almost feeling as if he was touching her naked skin, the thin panties not affording much protection. She clenched her cheeks each time he moved close to her crack, learning of the fascination for the female ass by men disturbing to her. "EEEEHHH," she quickly moved up onto her toes as she felt the unfamiliar touch between her legs, the Doctor's hand slipping between her legs and gripping her sex from behind suddenly and without warning.

He could feel her throbbing pussy in his hand, her legs trembling as she tried to perch on her toes. He felt the heat, but also the moisture in her silky panties. She might be protesting what was happening to her, but it was unmistakable, she was being aroused by it. He pressed one

finger between her lips, sawing it back and forth until it pushed her panties between the lips; her toes keeping her precariously perched up. "Such a hot pussy," the Doctor proclaimed un-doctorly. He couldn't deny the pleasure he had in inspecting this young lady. To touch her without consequences, to fondle her at will. And she wouldn't protest any of his actions. If only some of his other patients would be so willing, so desirable.

She felt the thick finger slide between her labia, feeling her panties jammed in between her lips. The finger moved back and forth as she rocked on the molesting digit. She wasn't sure if she was trying to avoid it, or to feel its pleasure better. She felt his thumb move back on her butt, pressing between her cheeks as she tightened in protest.

"Relax your cheeks Marie," he ordered her, his finger continuing to slide back and forth between her lips. "I wouldn't tell you again!" She reluctantly relented, his thumb sliding between her ass cheeks, pushing harder, seeking out her anus.

She knew what he was after, only allowing his finger to pursue its goal under threat. She trembled as the finger pushed between her cheeks, Marie fighting the urge to move, to stop him from reaching his goal. "NNNOOO," she exclaimed as she suddenly felt the rude intrusion of his finger on her anus. It pushed hard against the tiny opening.

He could feel her pulse, her anus throbbing back and forth as his thumb covered the tiny hole, pressing hard against it. His other finger continued to move up and down her slit, her hips continued to rock back and forth. "Marie is quite an

amorous girl. I can feel her pussy getting wet, and the way she rocks back and forth I think she is masturbating on my finger, in spite of her revulsion of having my thumb pressed against her dainty asshole." Mr. Ashley joined the Doctor in laughing at her discomfort.

It was hard to deny the truth, especially when she couldn't control her own hips, her body seeking out the gentle masturbation of his finger. Even the revulsion of having her anus probed couldn't shake the strange feeling that the Doctor was dragging from her body. She felt relief when the thumb left her anus, feeling the tiny hole begin to spasm even after it withdrew. His hand slid away from her but only temporarily. It moved between her legs until his wrist was trapped between her thighs, his hand gripping her labia from behind. He squeezed the puffy lips between his fingertips and pulled hard, yanking the flesh from her body.

"She has a full bush." He squeezed again, twisting the flesh rather harshly, seeing her hips move back and forth as he squeezed her sex, yanking on her pubic hair. He squeezed her labia tightly again, feeling her move her hips trying to escape his fingers. "Very sensitive." He let his hand retreat back between her legs, pulling out, leaving her alone.

"Would you like to show us your pussy Marie? Turn sideways so we can both see. Slowly pull those delicate little bows and let your panties drop to the floor. Keep your legs spread; we want to see your delicate flower."

She knew it wasn't even a question, she had no choice. They wanted her completely naked. Then the intimate probing would begin. Testing to make sure that her virginity was

intact. That is what she dreaded the most, the intimate probing of her vagina. She stood facing both of them, her trembling hands at her hips, gripping the tiny bow on the left side first. She released it, the top of the panty falling down, the other side still keeping her sex covered. She moved her hands to the other side, this one would do it, and it would leave her naked.

"Spread your legs farther apart first. It will allow your lovely panties to drop to the floor."

They both stared at her as she shuffled her legs wider and wider until the Doctor nodded his consent. She held her breath and released the bow, not even feeling the tiny panties slide down to the floor, feeling the cool air of the room blowing on her naked sex her only indication. That and the two men's hands went to their cocks and began stroking them through their trousers, not even attempting to hide their lust for her body. She looked down, ashamed at how the garter belt and nylons framed her sex, making her feel even more naked. The shoes, her only remnants of clothes remaining, out of place on a naked body.

"Such an abundant bush," the Doctor commented. "It makes your pussy even more ravishing. Now I want you to pull your labia apart with your fingers. Show us your pink inner pussy. Show us how wet you are."

It was getting worse by the moment. Instead of them examining her, they were forcing her to expose her most intimate cracks and crevices to their lustful stares, openly masturbating their cocks at she exposed her naked charms. She was at least thankful that Michael wanted her innocence

intact; otherwise she was sure that she would have been forced to service their cocks in one manner or another. The Doctor was right; she was wet, feeling her pussy juicing as she openly stripped naked for the two strange men. Her hands went down to her pussy, running through her bush, the strange thrill as the hairs vibrated through her inner self, tingling her sex with a strange but tantalizing feeling. She almost wished she could pull on a few sprigs of hair, pull them painfully out, sure that it would excite her, not sure why the pain was so appealing. She touched her slit, feeling her fingers instantly wet. She was drenched, worse then she had thought. It was almost as if she had wet her panties.

"Open yourself up for us Marie. Show us that lovely pussy." The doctor was getting more adamant, eager to see her humiliate herself in front of them.

She closed her eyes as she gripped her labia, her fingers easily able to grip the puffy lips, but she forgot about the wetness, two fingers suddenly sliding down one lip, escaping from her grasp. "Eeh," she mistakenly said aloud as it slipped free.

"It seems that Marie is so wet she can't even open up her pussy for us. Are you enjoying performing for us Marie? Are you getting wet from stripping naked for us? I have just the solution for you. Once we ascertain that your virginity is intact and the elasticity of your anal passage you are going to have to masturbate for us. I want you to show us that you have the ability to orgasm, what better way then self masturbation."

She suddenly opened her eyes. "NOOO! I can't do that." *She had never even masturbated in the privacy of her own bedroom, never mind in front of two strange men. And to orgasm as they watched. How humiliating.*

"You will if you want to take the position with Michael."

"I've never masturbated before." She blushed when she admitted it. Her eyes lowered to the ground, embarrassed that she didn't even have enough experience in sex, embarrassed that she didn't even know how to have an orgasm.

"Well Michael certainly is getting an innocent. Never even had an orgasm!" It was almost unheard of, smiling at the thought of her first cum. "Fear not Marie, I will teach you how. Just follow my directions and you can learn the joys of a sexual orgasm. To do it in front of us will make it that much more exciting for you. Now back to exposing your inner pussy, grip that wet pussy and show us your pink insides."

Her trembling hands went back to her lips, gripping them tighter, almost painfully, not wanting to expose the truth of how wet she was, willing to accept a little pain to hide the truth. She felt her lips pull back, stopping when she felt the first tug.

"Much more Marie. Pull them open until they begin to ache. I want to almost be able to see inside of you." His hand went down to his cock, gripping the throbbing member, stroking it up and down as she reluctantly obeyed.

She did as he said, pulling wider until she felt the pain of her lips stretching, looking down, suddenly shocked at how exposed she was. She had never even looked at herself this

intimately, now she was exposing herself to them. She could see her juices glistening in the light, her wetness unmistakable.

"Yes, our little virgin is drenched in her juices. She might be inexperienced, but she is not without desires, deep hidden desires. Michael is going to enjoy bringing out the whore in you. Maybe I can convince Michael to allow me to inspect you when the year is up. I would love to test out your new abilities. I'm positive I will find your skills extraordinary. Now hold that position while I check to see that your virginity is intact. Mr. Ashley, you might want to be behind Marie. Maybe you can expose here anus while I am inspecting her vagina. We do have to test the elasticity of her anal passage. Michael does enjoy sodomy and has a very large cock. She will need to be able to accommodate his cock up her backside. Often I am sure. A little bit of lubricant on your finger should suffice when you probe her. I think you will find her very hot and tight, much to Michael's likings."

She felt Mr. Ashley behind her, her legs barely able to hold her up as she waited to feel the strange hands begin probing her most intimate holes. She really feared Mr. Ashley behind her. Not even a Doctor, yet he would be sticking a finger up her backside. She would have to stand there as if it were nothing, submitting to the obscene probing. The Doctor's hands wouldn't be idle, he would be probing her vagina, sticking finger or fingers inside her until he reached her hymen, a process that she was sure wouldn't be painless. She felt the Doctor's fingers between hers, making her keep herself open while he probed her. She felt the unfamiliar

touch running around her tight vagina, the strange touch at her most intimate opening. It moved round and round, feeling him applying pressure to his finger as he did, feeling a strange stretching of her tiny hole as he began to breach the virginal opening. She shuffled her feet, bowing out her legs, anything to relieve the strange feelings between her legs.

Mr. Ashley was not idle, his fingers running over her cheeks, her body jumping as she felt his intimate touch. He let his hand slide down to the crease in her ass, feeling her begin to tighten her cheeks, a sharp pinch on her perineum stopping her clenching, leaving herself open for his inspection.

She muffled the yelp when she felt the pinch between her legs, shuddering at the strange effect the painful pinch had on her. It was less painful and more pleasurable than she could have ever expected. She felt Mr. Ashley's fingers return to her cheeks, Marie reluctantly allowing his inspection, feeling him peeling them apart as one might do to a flower, pulling back the petals. He kept yanking them open until she felt her anus begin to open, a slight burning in her backside. "OOOhhh," she cried out unexpectedly, feeling the hot breath of Mr. Ashley blowing on her exposed anus. *God, it was humiliating that he was that close to her hole, imagining his face only inches from her anus.* She felt a spasm in her anus when she felt a wetness touch it, not sure where it came from. It could have been from his finger, but she felt disgust at the thought of his tongue running over her hole. *How could anyone do such a thing?* The Doctor's fingers began to enter her, Marie reaching up onto her toes as it felt as if a spear was entering

her vagina, his finger slowly entering her. She could feel the finger touching places inside her that were untouched, not even with her own fingers. *One finger felt so big, how would she be able to take a cock inside her.* She had seen the bulges on the trousers of the Doctor and Mr. Ashley, their members must be huge.

The Doctor felt her inner muscles grip his finger tightly, twisting it, sliding easily on the abundant juices she was producing. "Very amours Marie. Your pussy is creaming nicely." He felt her jerk forward, barely able enough time to pull his finger from her vagina before she punctured her own hymen. "Ah, I see Mr. Ashley is busy. How does it feel to have a finger in your backside Marie? Make sure your rub the muscles in her rectum. You can feel how tight her grip will be."

She was suddenly impaled by a thick finger, the slick digit easily slid inside her anal ring, a burning sensation, as her tiny hole was forced wide to accept the probing digit. She gripped it tightly as Mr. Ashley continued with his finger, sliding it inside her until she felt her muscles spasm on the invading digit, trying to force it out. She couldn't even control her own muscles, tightening her cheeks as she fought the sudden urge to have a bowel movement, the finger moving around inside her as if it were a small animal. The Doctors finger returned, sliding easily inside her this time, Marie ashamed at how wet she was, suffering under the duel ravishment of the two men.

"Just as you suspected Doctor," Mr. Ashley finally saying something instead of just nodding. He twisted his finger

inside her asshole, making sure that Marie felt his presence. "Very hot. Very tight. She grips my finger as if she didn't want it to leave. Michael will love sodomizing Marie. All he has to do is fuck inside and let his cock sit deep in her colon. Her muscles will give him a nice ride until he cums deep in her bowels. A very enjoyable cum he will have." He let her feel the power of his finger one last time before he pulled it out, her tiny anal ring staying open for a few seconds before finally closing. He couldn't resist, licking the tart little hole one last time, feeling the hole spasm as his rough, wet tongue lapped the dark, wrinkled opening, feeling her shudder as she realized what he was doing to her.

She felt it this time, the unmistakable touch of a rough tongue, lapping at her backside. At least his finger was gone, an almost emptiness in her backside, the Doctor also pulling from her vagina.

"A very lovely, tight virgin Michael will be getting. But if I know Michael, she wouldn't be a virgin long. All of her holes will soon learn to pleasure his cock. A bit of rope and maybe a whip or paddle to help her accommodate his lust. I think it will only add to the pleasure Marie will experience."

She stood there waiting, half-hoping they had forgotten.

"Now I want you to cum for us." Mr. Ashley moved in front of her again, both of them sitting down, waiting for her final degradation. "I hope you don't mind if we join you Marie. Soon Michael will teach you how to pleasure a cock, but for now we will do it, the sight of you masturbating for us will be more than sufficient to make us cum." He pulled out his cock, Marie turning her head quickly when he pulled it from his

trousers. She looked back again, the Doctor catching her gaze. "Yes Marie, look at how hard you made my cock. Do you like that? Teasing men with your lovely body? Making their cocks hard, yearning to thrust them into your body?"

She looked at his cock. She had never seen anything that large before, quickly wondering if Michael's would be as impressive. She had never seen an adult cock before, memorized as she stared at it. It had to be over eight inches long, as thick as a babies arm, with a head on it, one eye in the center. The head was a dark red, a rim around it where it met the shaft. The shaft was covered with thick veins running up the sides. Marie could only imagine how it would feel inside her. *Would she feel the bumps and the ridges on it when it was inside her? Would it hurt to stretch to take something that large inside of her?* Mr. Ashley took out his cock, his hand stroking the shaft as he stared at her. While not as long and thick as the Doctor's it was more than enough to scare Marie. "I like that I can make you desire me," she blurted out. Even though they had forced her to strip naked for her, it somehow made her feel good that they desired her so much. I guess it is just hard for a nineteen-year-old poor girl. Any attention, even unwanted sexual attention was good. She always knew that men desired her, more than enough unwanted advances were sent her way on job interviews. While they had no job for her, they were more than willing to pay her to spread her legs in their bed.

"Now show us how you can cum for us Marie. Start by sliding a finger up and down your slit. I'm sure you will find that you are more than adequately lubricated. You seem to

crème very easily." He watched as she quickly moved to obey, his hand stroking harder when she started to run her finger up and down, her fat lips pushed out of the way. "Very good Marie. Does that feel good?"

"MMM, yes," she moaned. She spread her legs a bit farther apart, not sure why. *Was she trying to please them or herself?*

"Now rub around your vagina. Feel how tight it is. Imagine a thick cock going inside you. Imagine my cock taking your virginity." He stroked harder, tightening his fist on the head as he stroked his cock up and down, imagining it was Marie's hand that was stroking it, her soft, tiny hand barely able to contain his thick cock.

She pushed one finger against her vagina, just as the Doctor had done. She could feel her muscles fighting the intrusion as she pressed harder with her finger. She imagined the head of cock pushed against her vagina, his legs pushing out her thighs, forcing her to spread her legs wider, forcing her open to take his fat cock inside her. She pushed harder, suddenly her finger popped inside, surprising herself. "EEEH," her finger gripped tight by her vagina. She felt the fullness again, moving her finger around, feeling the tingling that she felt when the Doctor probed her. She began to move her finger in and out in a gentle fucking motion, her hips soon following, unaware of how she looked.

The Doctor was almost ready to cum, but first he wanted Marie to feel her first orgasm. "Take your other hand and move it to the top of your slit. You'll find your pleasure button. It's called your clitoris, or clit for short. Gently now,

it's very sensitive." He wanted her to touch it carefully until she learned how to control her orgasm. Then he was sure that Michael would teach her the finer aspects of abusing a swollen pleasure bud, a clamp pinching tightly would be more than enough to induce a painful, but pleasurable cum.

"Oh God," was the only thing she could say. She instantly felt her vagina drench her finger when she touched the swollen bud. Pleasure button it was for sure, her finger quickly learning what to do to induce the most pleasurable feelings between her legs. She felt a strange feeling running through her body, especially to her nipples. They seemed to be so hard that she thought they would burst. If she only had more hands, she would be pinching the twin peaks. She rubbed her clit harder, her hips moving faster.

"Take your finger out of your vagina. Place it on your anus and press it inside until it is encased in your hot little asshole up to the knuckle." He wanted her to learn that she must also perform for them no matter how much she likes or dislikes the order. She must learn to submit.

"That'll hurt," she whined, wanting the pleasurable feelings, not the pain.

"I wouldn't tell you again. You must learn submission. You are nothing but a sex slave for us, providing us the pleasure from your body, your only purpose is to give us pleasure. If you are good, you will be allowed to experience the pleasure. If not, you will be punished. Punished severely.

She wanted to keep her finger inside her vagina, but she knew that she had to obey if she wanted their acceptance for the deal with Michael. She let her finger slide out, her wet

finger moving back until she placed it against her anus. It felt funny, the tiny hole beginning to flutter as she let her fingernail trace around the wrinkled opening, unable to control the pulsating hole from beginning to spasm uncontrollably.

"Inside Marie. Now!"

She saw her hips jerk forward, a tiny yelp coming from her lips. She had impaled her asshole on her finger.

"It burns." Her other hand began to frig herself faster, moving up and down, two fingers now, hoping to overcome the painful burning in her backside, always returning to run over her aroused clit.

"Good girl Marie. Now fuck it in and out without taking it completely out. Continue until you cum for us."

She stood there masturbating for them, her asshole trying to force her own finger out of her tight, backside. She lightly tapped at her clit with her fingernail, snapping too hard, sending a shiver through her body as she felt the sudden shock of pain hit her clit. She looked at Mr. Ashley's cock, his hand thrusting up and down his rigid member, his face almost having a blank look, startled when his cock shot out a long ropey load of thick, white crème into the air. It landed heavily on the floor in front of him with a loud thud. His hand continued to move up and down, coated with a shiny fluid, the head of his cock shooting out two more ropey loads of cum before he finally slowed down, his hand squeezing the last ounce of pleasure. So that is what it looked like when men came. Her legs went weak, feeling like rubber, a shudder ran from between her legs to race quickly through her body

to her brain, her mind exploding as she came, her fingers suddenly drenched in cum, almost as Mr. Ashley had just done. "GGGGGGOODDD," she cried out loudly, closing her legs quickly, trapping her finger on her clit, the other deeply embedded in her asshole. When she began to cum she plunged her finger deep inside her asshole, all the way into her knuckles were banging against her anus. It burned, but the burning seemed to make her orgasm become stronger, her muscles clenching tightly on the finger. She couldn't stand up any longer, her legs turning to rubber, falling to the floor, quickly rolling up into a ball, her hands trapped tightly between her legs, humping her arm as she came again. She cried out again, then heard the splat, and then felt the hot fluid land on her ass, feeling as if it would burn through her skin. She knew that the Doctor had cum, and came on her, bathing her with his hot cum. "That was incredible," the only thing she could say, her body drained from the orgasm.

"You passed the test Marie. Michael is going to enjoy your lovely body for the next year. You're going to learn many new things, things that will bring you pleasure, things that will bring you pain. You'll learn that there is a fine line between the two and sometimes you wouldn't be able to differentiate between them."

The Doctor and Mr. Ashley carefully put their cocks back in their pants, wiping the cum from their hands. Their cocks were so small now, limp pieces of flesh that didn't look very formidable any longer. Marie could barely get dressed, her body exhausted, her muscles feeling like dough. A knock on the door just in time, Marie finishing dressing as Bill entered

the room. He talked to the Doctor for a minute, then Mr. Ashley, glancing over at Marie and smiling as they talked.

As they walked out the door, he gently put his arm around her, helping her walk. "They were quite impressed with you Marie. Did you enjoy your first cum?"

She looked up at him, not even embarrassed, her body so relaxed. "It was great. I wished someone had taught me sooner."

"You wouldn't have that problem for the next year. Michael will teach you many things. Things that some people will never experience in their lifetime. You must always be open to these new experiences."

She almost felt secure with his arm around her. "Yes sir."

Chapter 3. Mother Is Taught the Finer Aspects of Sex and Bondage

Bill drove Brenda over to her apartment, opening the door for her. He kept the apartment for his girls' rendezvous, but could easily find another for that purpose. It was a brick walk-up, well kept, the street lined with shade trees with a few stores close by.

What surprised Brenda was the lack of homeless people. It was as if the depression did not exist in this part of town. Brenda was surprised how nice the apartment itself was, and worried how she would pay for it. "How much is it?"

"This one is in an extremely nice neighborhood, as you can see. I own the building and I just happen to have this one vacant. The furniture comes with it," he said, wanting to change the subject. He would discuss the rent after she submitted to the sexual exchange. He would give her a low partial rent, but thought about an exchange of sexual favors for the rest. While she was older than the girls he usually used for his own enjoyment were, it would be delightful to make her submit to some of his more perverse interests. He liked the humiliation.

He turned to leave. "I'll be back at five o'clock. Be ready. You can take a nice, leisurely bath. You should find everything you need here. I want you looking good for Michael. He is a very prominent businessman and politician. There are some clothes in the closet, they should fit, you look about the same size." He openly scanned her body up and down not as if

merely judging her fit for a dress, but as if he were seeing her naked. He left with a smile, shutting the door behind him before Brenda could say a word.

Bill scared her. Brenda always felt he looked at her strangely, as if he was checking her out to become one of his prostitutes. Nevertheless, she looked forward to exploring her new place. The apartment was so nice. Brenda had never lived anywhere this nice, even when her husband was alive. Houses back in Pennsylvania were different from these in the city, less opulent, and more practical.

She looked around the apartment, going through the drawers. The kitchen was already partially stocked with food, the bathroom drawers filled with makeup, perfume, and other pretty girl things. Whoever lived here before liked to dress up, the closet holding a huge array of dresses and shoes. Brenda held one garment against her, surprised when it really looked like it would fit. Maybe things were picking up, she thought, almost forgetting that her only daughter would soon be forced to have perverted sex for a year. As she took a hot, luxurious bath, enjoying the perfumed bath suds, the fact that she, herself, would soon be stripped naked, tied up, and forced to have sex, most likely perverted sex, finally dawned on her. The depression had made everything so difficult. Marie and she had to accept a desperate proposition just to survive. They had to bargain with all they had and all they had was their bodies.

Brenda dried off in front of the mirror, gazing at her naked body. She still had a good figure. While her breasts did sag a bit, they were still quite nice and full. She let her fingers play

over her areolas, teasing the dark circles, feeling her nipples begin to harden as she teased around them. It had been a long time since she had last masturbated, living in a tent with a young daughter did not afford much privacy. She let her hand slide down the flat plane of her stomach to run over her bush, thick and black, just like Marie's bush. Brenda had seen her daughter's body naked last week. She knew the girl had a nice, young body, with full, pretty breasts, well-shaped buttocks, and nice legs. No wonder the men desired her so much. Brenda turned to the side, seeing how her own buttocks and thighs still seemed firm. Long hours working had kept them tight and shapely. It had been a long time since she had had sex, a long time since she had had an orgasm. She was almost looking forward tonight as much as she hated to admit it. Since she had no choice, she might as well enjoy it. Still, she did dread both the anal and oral sex. She feared the promise of bondage, too. But, it did excite her a bit. The idea that she had to be tied and forced to submit had a strange effect on her.

She pulled the slip over her head, letting it slide down, feeling the silky material run over her nipples, caressing the hard tips. She slid it down over her hips, covering the pink panties she had found in the drawer. The delicate underwear had lovely pink laces holding the sides together, leaving the creamy, white skin of her hips naked where they tied in little bows. She selected the black dress, a long dress that seemed to cling to her figure before falling to her ankles. It might cover her body completely but she almost felt naked in it. It clung to her breasts, with generous cleavage in between, the

material pulling tight across her breasts. She turned and saw the way it molded to her backside, her hips swaying gently as she walked away from the mirror. A pair of high heels made the curves in her legs tighten, the thrust of her buttocks more pronounced. *God, she thought, I have never looked this good before. The strangest feelings rushed through her as she felt how desirable she looked.* She went into the living room, sitting in the chair next to the door to wait, nervous at how the sexy new clothes had made her respond.

She finally got up, pacing and then passed the time looking around her new apartment. The bedroom was luxurious. A satin coverlet draped the bed over a thick, plush mattress with crimson, satin sheets, and satin pillows. Four thick corner posts reached from the heavy bed frame almost to the ceiling. There was both a headboard and footboard of polished, thick wood. She blushed when Bill's reason for owning such a bed finally occurred to her. She knew he must have used this apartment with some of his girls. She realized Bill had picked this bed because it was made for sex, both the wooden bedposts and the ends of the bed easy anchors for the bondage he enjoyed. She imagined a girl spread out naked on the bed, her arms pulled up high over her head, and her legs spread out with ropes to the bedposts. Brenda knew the girl would feel her sex opened by the position, bound and completely available to the naked man who hovered above her, stroking his cock. *Snap out of it, Brenda. Lack of sex for too long had driven her to this. A desperate need filled her, making her imagine the coming night with thoughts of erotic but frightening daydreams.* She could almost feel the wetness

between her legs, wishing she had been brave enough to masturbate in her sudsy bath.

Even the living room reminded her of sex, the couch long and padded, and a chair with an ottoman, suitable for her to be laid right over. The ottoman would display a girl nicely for a spanking, maybe a whipping, or some other form of punishment. She wished Bill would hurry up and come get her now. She wanted to get it over with, but her mind raced with thoughts of sex. *What would Michael be like? Bill said that he was handsome and rich, in his mid-forties. If you were going to be forced to have sex with someone, he didn't sound bad.*

Brenda hoped her daughter was okay. Marie had never had a gynecological exam. It was bad enough to submit to those exams during pregnancy. To endure the humiliation, knowing it was to please a man's sexual perversions would be unbearable. Few things make a woman more uncomfortable than providing a strange man with the opportunity to probe the most intimate parts of her body, thighs spread wide, and trapped with her feet in the metal stirrups. Still, it would be nothing compared with what Marie would have to submit to in the next year. Brenda was sure Michael would take full advantage of her daughter's young, inexperienced body, forcing her to perform perversities that she could not even fathom. *Damn depression, damn coal mines for taking the life of her husband. What did they do to deserve such a life?* The knock on the door brought her back to reality, and she moved slowly to open it.

"Wow, do you look great," Bill exclaimed when Brenda opened the door. Even he, with his practiced eye, had not

expected her to look this good after the dirty, baggy clothes she had on before. He pushed into the room, closing the door behind him

Brenda beamed at his compliment, knowing she should not, aware of his intentions, but it had been such a long time since anyone had even looked at her as a desirable woman, much less complimented her appearance. It did not matter that he was a pimp. Bill was not bad looking, either. For a pimp. "Thank you. I hope you like the clothes I picked?"

"I do. Your body does them justice." He looked her up and down, from her full breasts, the twin peaks showing the ample cleavage between them, to the fullness of her hips. The swell of her pert buttocks beneath the dress guided his gaze down to a pair of nice legs. His cock thickened at the thought of her underneath him, her legs wrapped around his back as he pumped her full of his cock, moaning in pleasure as he made her cum.

"How will I get back here tonight?" She wanted to break his concentration. Brenda was sure Bill was imagining her in bed with him.

"I'll bring you back when you are finished."

"Are you going to come back to Michael's to pick me up?"

"I guess you don't understand. I'm not going to be leaving. I will be there the whole time. In fact, Michael asked me to help him." He smiled at the shocked look on her face.

"Help him? Help him, how?" *Was he going to be watching her as Michael had his way with her naked body?*

"Michael is more interested in your daughter, Brenda. While they watch, I will train you in some of the more

perverse tasks. And I will enjoy sampling the delights your naked body will afford me." His cock jerked at the thought, the look of humiliation on her face priceless.

She had not even considered that. It was bad enough her daughter would be watching. Now, she realized she would finally have to submit to Bill's sexual advances as Michael and Marie watched the performance.

"Don't worry, I'll tie you up nicely so you can make believe you aren't enjoying it." He winked at her as if it were a private joke. "That way you can cum without regret."

"Never, you will never make me have an orgasm!" She was defiant.

"You'll be surprised what may happen tonight. I think there is a very sexy woman underneath those clothes and I intend to unleash her. To make her enjoy things that she couldn't even imagine. After tonight, we will discuss the rent. I can make the rent very reasonable. All you have to do is provide me some services each month. You'd be surprised. I bet you may actually look forward to that night every month. One night where you can let your inhibitions go and accept the pleasure I can bring you."

She blushed at the thought of sexually servicing Bill tonight and, once a month, for a year. *Was he right, could she actually enjoy the perversities he would force her to perform? Could she actually have an orgasm from performing them?* She began to doubt her own ability to stop him or to stop herself from enjoying him. "I don't think that will happen," she shot back nervously. *Maybe this was what she deserved. Maybe she was being punished for what she was*

allowing Marie to do to help them survive. Nothing could erase that guilt, and to make it worse Brenda was aroused by what Bill planned to do her. She walked out to the waiting car, feeling the pimp's eyes burn a hole through her, knowing his eyes were staring at her as she walked. However, that did not seem to bother her as much as it should have.

At the doctor's office she waited in the car until Bill walked back with Marie. When he got into the car, he casually draped his arm around Brenda's shoulders as if they were lovers.

Marie got into the car, almost not recognizing her mother all dressed-up, in a dress that flattered her figure. "You look great, Mamma."

"Thank you. And how was the Doctor?"

"Humiliating," she answered quickly. "But exciting," though she hated to admit it.

"Your daughter finally learned to masturbate, Brenda. She masturbated for the pleasure of others and, she experienced her first orgasm. The doctor and Mr. Ashley were quite impressed. Let's hope that you perform tonight as well as your daughter did. We'll see how well you submit." Brenda did not know what to say. Marie was still trying to recover her senses.

Brenda began to worry. *What if she couldn't perform? Perform, a strange word. Instead of a man trying to please her, these men expected her and Marie to expend all their sexual energies to make the experience pleasurable for them only. Humiliation and pain were only a few ways they were expected to submit to these powerful men. It was inconsequential if they achieved pleasure, the overriding goal*

to give the men pleasure at all costs. It was only a few minutes before they pulled up to the house. It looked more like a castle than a house. Brenda had not even realized such places existed in the city. It looked as if it were hundreds of years old, a formidable building of large stones.

"Quite impressive, isn't it? Michael's great-grandfather had it brought over by ship, block by block, over a hundred years ago, and had it assembled. It was their family castle in England. It took twenty years to compete. They used to be royalty, but that was in the old days. While his family became very successful in America, they kept many of the family traditions, their sexual appetites being one of them. In England, they ruled the land. The noblemen ruled the countryside in every manner. When one of the local girls got married, the nobleman had the right to the girl on her honeymoon. She would spend the first three nights of her married life in the bed of the nobleman. He would take her virginity and teach her techniques to please her husband. The girls were taken in all of her orifices. She would learn to please the nobleman with her mouth, swallowing his royal seed. He would be the first in her sex, taking her hymen ruthlessly, sowing his seed in her fertile womb. Often his child would be the couple's first child. She couldn't imagine what he would demand of her next, the act of sodomy often provoking an outburst from the unfortunate girl. She soon learned that he was also the magistrate of the land, the chief judge, juror, and executor." Bill loved to tell this story, seeing the girls he told it to tremble in fear, willing to do anything to avoid the "nobleman's" wrath.

Bill continued, seeing Marie enthralled and fearful. "For those who attempted to defy the nobleman, they would find themselves in the basement of the castle, in the dungeon. Few that survived would ever talk of the experience. The nobleman especially enjoyed the girls in the dungeon. Their cries could be heard throughout the castle as he performed such exquisite torture on their naked and bound bodies, and tormented their exposed sexual parts. The perversions were learned his ways from around the world, passed down to each generation."

"From the Japanese, came the art of rope bondage. Japanese bondage evolved into an extreme form of humiliation for the hapless hostage, who was often tied in lewd, exposed positions. When combined with suspension, the bondage could be very painful. Often, bondage was designed allow the captive to choose between two uncomfortable positions. One position is tolerable but exhausting, the other is very uncomfortable, even painful, but it allows rest. A victim could only alternate between the two positions, grunting from the exertion or moaning in despair, often alone in the background as her captors went about their business."

Bill smiled at the look on Marie's face. He knew she could not begin to fathom what she was getting herself into.

"But, that was the past. This is modern time."

"Yes, Marie, but the dungeon as well as the castle was brought over on ships and was duplicated within the castle. Michael honors his ancestors. As you will soon learn, he still practices his birthright."

She knew that Michael liked to tie up girls, but this was extreme, much more extreme. *Would she be able to handle it? She had already suffered through such humiliation at the doctor's, and it seemed too late to back out now. Marie felt she had no choice and nowhere else to turn.*

"Michael has taught me a lot about Japanese bondage. In fact, I will get to practice on your lovely mother, tonight."

"But, I thought it was Michael who was going to take her?" Marie asked, confused.

"It seems that Michael has given Bill permission to train me and to take liberties with my body, to make me perform perverted acts while you and he watch." Brenda spoke, suddenly so matter-of-factly, it scared Marie. "It's my part of the bargain."

Marie did not say anything. Bill got out of the car and held the door open for her. She got out, taking the first step of her new life, her mother following closely behind, both of them resigned to the fact that they no longer had any control over their bodies or lives. Bill and Michael would force them to do their sexual bidding. The men had complete control to do whatever they desired. For Brenda, only for the night, for Marie it was to be a year. Marie felt like she was being marched off to her own execution.

The front door was massive. It was double-hung, heavy wood with iron panels, and heavy latches. When the door suddenly opened it creaked ominously. Michael stood at the entrance, smiling when he saw them. If Michael was forty-five, Marie thought, he was in good shape. He had a nice build, not at all fat, but not overly muscular. His hair was a

light brown, combed back into a wave. Marie was glad to see he was clean-shaven, since she never liked beards. He had deep, blue eyes that stared not at her, but into her, as if he could see inside her soul. He was elegantly dressed in stylish, dark grey pants and a tailored, crisp, white shirt that did not just drape his chest, but looked like it was custom-made for his body. If she was going to have to sexually submit to someone for a year, at least he was not bad. Sexually submit. It seemed so much more real now standing before him.

"You must be Marie. I've heard a lot about you." He looked at her, his cock already stirring. She had to be one of the best Bill had ever brought him. Michael had already talked to his attorney and Doctor Johnston. And while both men had vouched for the girl's suitability for the position, and the doctor had attested to the primary criteria, that Marie's virginity was intact, neither had mentioned just how attractive the girl really was. She was more beautiful than Bill had said. Her long, brown hair framed a sweet, innocent face, and cascaded down the front of her dress, teasingly hiding her lovely, ripe breasts. Her eyes, regarding him nervously, were a vivid green. Noting how well her dress clung tightly to each sweet curve, his gaze move over her hips and down her legs. He could not wait to see her naked. He especially looked forward to the exposure of her buttocks, one of his favorite female features. "My attorney and my doctor friend did not even come close to fully describing your beauty. You are quite an adorable creature." He ushered her and her mother in, admiring the gentle sway of Marie's hips as she passed, inhaling the sweet smell of her perfume. He studied Brenda

then. "And I see the resemblance here. No wonder your daughter is so beautiful, she gets it from her mother." She did not really look old enough to have had a daughter as old as Marie was. He decided he might have to sample some of the treasures Brenda would have to offer. Bill, following the women in, caught Michael's wink. The men would have fun comparing the females' sexual charms.

Watching Michael with her daughter, Brenda knew, under any other circumstances, she would have found the man perfectly desirable. If only she did not know of his perverted intent for her virgin daughter or for herself. He was a charmer, a handsome, rich charmer. "Thank you," she said, trying to be as pleasant as possible.

The house, or really the castle, astounded Marie. It was just as Bill said, the castle seemingly spirited whole out of England from hundreds of years ago and recreated in the outskirts of Boston, almost as if it had always been there. It was complete with suits of armor standing in alcoves, swords mounted high on the walls, tapestries, and sconces that once held torches now replaced with electric lights. It even had the rich, old-world smell of rock walls and expensive furniture.

Did it really have a dungeon in the basement?

"Bill, why don't you take Brenda into my library? It is all set up for tonight's entertainment. I'd like to spend a few moments alone with this lovely creature and then we will join you. I look forward to seeing what treasures Brenda has to share with us." He put his arm around Marie's waist, almost amused to see her flinch from his first touch. "Don't be afraid of me, child. We are going to spend a lot of time together

getting to know each other quite intimately. And my hands will soon be exploring that lovely virginal body." He whispered into her ear as Brenda and Bill walked down the long hallway to the library.

He sat down in a large leather chair in the living room, not offering Marie a seat. She stood before him, uncomfortable as his eyes moved up and down her body. Long minutes passed with no words said, as his eyes seemed to devour her. Marie almost felt naked as his eyes raped her body, tearing her clothes from her flesh.

"Did you enjoy the Doctor Johnston's examination?"

"No," she quickly shot back. "It was humiliating."

"Yes, I heard that. I wish I were there to see it. I understand you masturbated for the first time. Moreover, had an orgasm. I love that sort of humiliation. It is a better punishment than a whip or belt could ever be. To force a young girl like you to voluntarily undress in front of a group of strange men. To show the most intimate parts of your body, to allow them to probe and touch you. To allow them to place you in lewd and provocative positions. To then make you find and show your own pleasure."

"It was terrible. And degrading."

"I can hardly wait to do it to you again." He smiled. "And to see your mother submit to it tonight. Especially in front of you." He quickly changed the subject. "Turn around, your back to me, and stop. I want to see that lovely ass."

He was blunt. There was no small talk. *So, this was the way it was going to be.* She slowly turned around until her

back was to him. At least she would not have to see his face as he ogled her backside.

"Spread your legs for me, Marie. You must never clench your thighs together. I'm going to enjoy your smooth inner thighs any time I want. Yes, that's a good girl. You keep obeying like this and you can avoid a lot of punishment."

"Can I ask a question?" She had to ask.

"Of course, anything you like."

"Do you really have a dungeon downstairs?"

"Yes. Does that frighten you, Marie?"

"It scares me to death, Michael. May I call you Michael?"

"'Sir' would be appropriate for our arrangement. My dungeon should frighten you, Marie. It is a complete, working dungeon filled with all the toys I enjoy. I'm sure you'll find yourself in my dungeon. Quite often. I don't use it just to punish. I use it because I enjoy playing with girls with nice innocent bodies like yours. Using such evil equipment on them. It makes my cock hard. That is why you are here, Marie. To make my cock hard for a year and, to service my cock with each of your virginal holes. I will teach you how to pleasure me with your body. And I think somewhere along the way you will also learn how to attain pleasure from serving me."

"Will it only be you, Sir?"

"If you mean will I allow others to fuck you, no, I won't. You will be exclusively mine. But, as I said, I do love humiliation. I'm sure you will find yourself in front of a group of my friends performing for them in one way or another. I am looking forward to showing off your lovely, naked body."

It was almost time to see Bill and Brenda. "Come closer, Marie."

She moved close to him as he stood up. She watched his hand move up, knowing it was going to touch her breast. She jumped when he touched her, her hand instantly going up to grip his arm at the wrist, her small hand barely able to encircle it. She felt him touch her breast intimately, squeezing it. She held onto his hand, powerless to stop him from touching her, but unwilling to completely concede defeat.

He loved the feel of her breast, kneading the firm flesh. She tugged at his hand uselessly. "I do love a bit of reluctance in my females. But don't confuse reluctance with defiance. Defiance will get you time in the dungeon. Severe time. He gave her time to digest what he said. "Lovely breasts, I'm going to enjoy them. Get on the floor, Marie. On all fours." It was an order to test her obedience.

It was starting already. She kneeled down, embarrassed to get into the position he required of her. To get into position as a trained animal would do.

"I hope I don't have to repeat myself often, Marie. Do I have to teach you obedience?"

She moved forward, placing her hands out in front of her, bringing her legs back, kneeling on all fours as he ordered. She felt him move close to her, his hand sliding over her back and pressing down. "Arch your back a bit more, Marie." He put a hand underneath her stomach, forcing her hips up. "You have a lovely ass, Marie. Stick it up a bit higher for me." He liked the way she finally began to obey. His hand moved down over the gentle slope of her buttocks, feeling her

muscles tighten when he touched her so intimately. "Now, spread your knees apart a bit more." He watched as she did so, moving behind her to get a good view. *She was a perfect creature.* "That's the position a virgin should be in, getting ready to be mounted by her Master for the first time." He slapped her hard on the backside. "You may get up, now. Bill is probably growing impatient. I'm sure he is dying to abuse your mother's lovely body. And I am also. I think your Mother will teach you a lot tonight on how to submit."

He then helped her up as if he were a gentleman. *But, he was the one who had just placed her in such a humiliating position. The one who casually had just run his hands over her body so intimately, as if he owned her.* Marie realized that he did own her, at least for a year. When he slid his hand gently around her waist, guiding her out of the room, Marie almost felt comfortable with him. The unknown scared her the most.

* * * *

Brenda walked with Bill while Michael was alone for the first time with her daughter. At least he had not said he was taking her to the dungeon, though she was not sure this was much better. Brenda looked around the room. The first thing she noticed was the abundance of rope and places for ropes to be tied. There were posts all about the room, pulleys and huge hooks hanging from the ceiling, and large, metal rings bolted to the floor. All to hold a victim secure. A female victim, she was sure. The scent of leather filled the room. Of the things Brenda could recognize, there were leather straps,

leather ankle and wrist cuffs, and thick leather belts neatly folded or coiled on racks. All well worn from long service holding females in position to be defiled. Then there was the furniture. Except for the large couch and table, the rest of the furniture was clearly all designed to hold a bound female in uncompromising positions. There were short, narrow tables, thick, heavy wooden chairs, benches, stools, and padded bars, each complete with the necessary leather belts and cuffs to easily hold the limbs of the errant female spread and available.

"Lovely place, isn't it, Brenda," Bill said to her as she took in the vast array of bondage equipment and toys. "And all for you. To put your lovely body in an interesting array of provocative positions. Positions that will give me access to the most intimate parts of your body. This will please Michael and edify your beautifully innocent daughter. Marie is going to see a part of her mother that she never knew existed."

That is what she feared the most. Marie seeing her so vulnerable and exposed. Stripped naked and taken by Bill and Michael sexually. If that was not bad enough, she feared that they might make her have an orgasm. An orgasm in front of her own daughter while being bound and taken unwillingly. Bill was eyeing her without saying anything else, his gaze moving from her breasts to her legs. She tensed when he moved close to her.

"Kiss me and, make sure you kiss me back. It would not be advisable to anger me so soon." He moved in close, letting his tongue slip out of his mouth, gently caressing her lips. He felt her open her lips, allowing him access to her waiting

mouth. "Your tongue," he ordered her. He let his tongue touch hers, feeling her hesitate and start to back away before reluctantly returning the touch, her tongue again touching his. With the smallest sigh of surrender, this time she did not recoil from his touch.

It startled Brenda when her tongue touched his. She was expecting something dreadful, instead she felt a delicious shock run across her tongue, the sudden feeling making her try to pull back. She had not kissed anyone for a long time. Bill's mouth moved over hers, his lips barely touching hers, so softly that it scared her. This was the person that was going to tie her up and have sex with her. Now, he was kissing her almost sweetly, as only a lover would do. He pressed his lips harder against hers, this time his tongue slipping into her open mouth. She felt him search out her tongue, allowing the intimate kiss as she let her tongue taste his. His hands held her close against him. Brenda felt his rock-hard cock pressed against her sex, his hand moving behind her, gripping her tightly, and forcing her against him. His cock felt so big, Brenda wondered if she would be able to take such a formidable weapon inside her. Especially when he had talked of taking her mouth, and of course her anus. She was sure he would tear her if he shoved it up her backside. Her husband had not had such a large member and even he would not have thought to commit such a despicable act.

She became quite passionate, returning his kiss with an ardor that surprised him. He would enjoy making her fully aroused, even while bound and humiliated. That would make

it even more embarrassing when she was forced to cum in front of her own daughter.

The first thing Marie saw was her mother kissing Bill. Kissing him quite passionately. The next was how menacing the room was. *Was this the dungeon, or was there worse?* They stopped kissing as soon as the door opened. Her mother looked almost startled, as if she had just been caught making out. Michael ushered Marie over to the couch, sitting down next to her, eyeing her legs as the hem of her dress rose slightly when she sat down.

It was good to have the lovely, young Marie right next to him while Bill and Brenda entertained him. It would give him a chance to observe the girl's reaction to the various sex acts her mother would have to perform. Also, a chance to touch her body. Michael planned to take it slowly with her. He enjoyed the embarrassment and humiliation of a girl being forced to submit. He would make it last, make it as humiliating as possible for Marie before he finally took her virginity.

Bill did not need to be told to begin. His cock was ready to burst. "Turn around, Brenda, and face Michael." He stepped behind her, grabbing some rope. He used thick hemp rope, very rough. It could almost induce an orgasm when it was rubbed over some of the more intimate parts of a girl's body, the rough rope harshly stroking her aroused organs. "Put your hands behind you, cross your wrists, and hold onto the opposite elbow. Higher up now, Brenda, in the small of your back. Yes, that's much better."

It was too late to change her mind, feeling the rope wrapped around each wrist, a tingle running up her spine as she felt the thick, rough rope tighten on her skin. Bill was quite adept, pinning one wrist to the opposite elbow, the rope wrapped tightly, before he moved to the other side. Soon he had completed tying, Brenda tugging on her arms, unable to move. Her arms were up high, making her bend over as she strained. He had just started and already it was uncomfortable.

"Stand up," he made her pull up, seeing her strain as she had to straighten out her back. He looked over her shoulder, watching as her breasts began to pull up as she was forced to arch her back. "Yes, it makes those lovely tits stand out so nicely." He let his hands move around her sides, Brenda twisting to try to avoid his grasp.

She could not stop him, the rope holding her firmly, his body pressed up against her, his hard cock throbbing against her backside. His hands moved up beneath her breasts until his large palms cupped her breasts almost gently. She looked at Marie, seeing the look on her face as if she wanted to help but could not. Michael was eyeing both of them, not sure which girl would get his first attentions. Brenda blushed when she saw Michael's cock tenting the front of his trousers. She felt bad for Marie. Michael's cock seemed huge, much bigger than Bill's cock already pressed against her buttocks. Brenda squirmed as Bill's hands began to close around her breasts. Both hands gripped her full breasts to squeeze them tightly. It had been a while since someone had touched her sexually, and the thought of being bound and fondled in public made

her more excited than she wanted to be. Especially when it was her own daughter who was watching, and watching she was. Marie was enthralled as Bill began to take liberties with her mother's body.

Such firm breasts, his hands clenched on the lovely flesh beneath the dress. He could feel her nipples push out the thin layer of fabric that hid them from view, but it could not hide the shape of them as they pressed hard against the material. Bill began to play with Brenda's breasts, thumbing her hardened nipples as his palm and fingers lavished attention over her flesh. "Are you getting excited from having your tits played with in public?" He teased her, his mouth close to her ear so he could whisper in her ear. "I bet you've never had your tits tied up before." He could see the shocked look on her face when he said it. "Yes, rope around them pinning them tightly together. And your nipples will feel as if they are ready to explode, hard and so tender that just a light touch will make you cum for me."

She felt him move away, seeing him pick up some more rope before he moved back behind her. He circled the first length of rope under her breasts, casually lifting up her breasts to pin the rope tightly beneath them, going around her arms. Three more times he circled her, each time pulling the rope tight, Brenda's breathing almost constricted from the tight rope. She felt him move higher now, hypnotized as the rope circled her breasts, this time high up on her bosom, the thick rope pressing into her flesh as he tightened the loops in back before circling again. She squirmed, her breasts trapped by the rope, fearing what he would do next, knowing that he

would not be happy until her tender flesh was severely bound by the ropes.

Bill moved in front of her, more rope in his hand. His other hand grasped one of her breasts, already tightly rounded out by the rope, so much more to go before he finished with them. His fingers kneaded the girl's bound flesh, squeezing it firmly, enjoying her small whimper. "Now for a bit tighter, Brenda." He saw her watching his hand, her face etched in fear as he continued to bind her breasts. He also noticed that her hips and legs were moving slightly as if she were trying to rub herself, as if she were already becoming aroused by the tight bondage. He found many girls, while verbally protesting being bound, once they were, found a new release in their sexuality. Unable to protest the perverse acts committed on their bodies, they gave in to their basic sexual urges and found that they enjoyed them more than they cared to admit. He decided Brenda was like that, and he and Michael both suspected that Marie would be that way also once her virgin sexuality was unleashed. Bill's hands were busy, taking small bits of rope and tying the top ropes to the bottom ropes, pulling it tighter each time he went from the top to the bottom, pulling the ropes closer and closer together. He did this on both sides, pleased as the flesh of her breasts condensed into a tighter and tighter area between the ropes, the flesh having no alternative but to expand outward towards the nipple, the blood pushed to the hard tip. Soon, Brenda's breasts and nipples would be ultra-sensitive. That would be when he would really get to work on the naked flesh, clothespins, and other objects effectively drawing out

the most intense sensations from her body, pleasure and pain.

"Please, that hurts," she cried out, her nipples felt as if they would burst, aching as her proud breasts contorted into cones when Bill continued to pinch them cruelly between the ropes. He still was not finished, a new rope pressed into her cleavage, drawing the two ropes together in the center, new pressure on her breasts as each separate breast was trapped by the unyielding ropes on all four sides. He yanked them together tightly, pulling the upper ropes together to the bottom ropes, her breasts crushed painfully together. "EEEEhhh," she moaned in pain, Bill's smile showing his pleasure at her suffering.

Bill took the length of center rope and threw it over the beam above her head, amused as her eyes followed the rope, knowing she could not still fully understanding what he was about to do. He pulled the rope down until it was taut. "Now you have a choice, Brenda. I'm going to pull this rope tight. Either you can stand on your toes to relieve some of the pressure on your lovely tits, or you can struggle, only able to watch as the binding tightens, and experience the intense pressure on your flesh. Either way, I will enjoy you."

She felt him pulling on the rope, her bound breasts having no alternative but to pull upward, the ropes tightening, constricting her sensitive breasts between them, tighter and tighter. Her nipples felt as if they were going to pop as the blood had no place to go. The pounding in her tips felt as if her heart had moved to her nipples. The ache began to increase to pain as her flesh was crushed between the

continuing tightening of the ropes. She began to arch up onto her toes, higher and higher, Bill continuing to pull on the ropes as she moved up to relieve the pressure. He finally stopped, tying the rope into double knots. She was trapped. If she got off her toes, she would pinch her own breasts tighter. She was already feeling the pain in her toes as she arched up unnaturally. She did not know how long she could keep the pose. "GGGGGODDDDD," his hands touching her breasts sent such shivers through her body, tormenting her sensitive flesh. She shuddered, feeling her sex drenching as soon as two fingers gripped her nipples, the touch so intense. He was right, she almost came when he touched her, though she was ashamed of what he was forcing her to feel. Brenda almost forgot the audience that was watching her, looking down to see the amazement on Marie's face at how she was reacting. Michael was leaning over her daughter, pulling her closer to him, his hand reaching out to touch Marie's breasts.

Michael pulled Marie over to him. "How would you like to have your tits bound like that, Marie? You have such a lovely pair, I'm going to enjoy playing harshly with them." He saw the stunned look on her face when she noticed the way her mother reacted to Bill's attention to her breasts. "Yes, they get so sensitive when bound and constricted. Can you imagine a whip running across them while bound?" His hand drew her into him, cradling her body next to his, his hand reaching down and touching her breast. His touch shocked her, so intensely watching her mother's bondage that she forgot he was here. He gripped her tender breast in one hand and lightly caressed it with the other. He would touch her

softly for now, teasing her. "So lovely and firm. I can't wait to get them naked for me, but for now we shall tend to your mother."

It did not feel bad, his touch. Just strange and unfamiliar. She was not very experienced with men, paying more attention to just trying to survive day to day. *It was just strange to allow a complete stranger to touch her so intimately. This was just the beginning, knowing that soon he would take her virginity from her, all of them. Would he tie her up as Bill was doing to her mother?* She had felt a strange tingle when the burglars tied her up and began to strip her naked, their hands touching her body so intimately while she could only struggle. She had finally surrendered, letting them have their way with her until Bill rescued her. *But what did he rescue her from and to what? Was this going to be much better?*

Bill stepped back and watched Brenda hanging from the rope, her breasts compressed tightly, her legs already tiring, straining to stay on her toes. He knew she would not last much longer, the ropes tightening even more. Then it would be time to make them naked. He liked the way her body hung from the rope, her feet dancing to keep from her from dangling. He moved closer, his hands moving to her hips, stroking down over each flank and back up over her ass. "How do your tits feel, Brenda?" He let his hand roam over her buttocks, feeling her struggle to move away from his touch.

His hand ran over her body at will now. With her arms bound, the ropes tightening on her breasts, her toes

beginning to cramp, it was difficult to keep the position. "AAAGGH," finally one toe cramping terribly, letting her feet fall flat on the floor, a relief to her toes but her breasts paid the price. She looked down, her breasts compressed into tight cones between the ropes, harsh pain shooting through them as they felt as if they were going to burst. She squirmed, but could not stand back up on her toes. "Please, you're crushing them."

Bill was pleased the way the ropes bit into her tender flesh. It was time to uncover the twin beauties. He squeezed her breasts, hearing her groan in pain as the sensitive flesh reacted to the harsh attention of his hands. "So hard now, it is time to uncover them." His hands moved quickly to her dress, her eyes following his fingers as he started with the top button, slowly unbuttoning it, then moving down to the next. He pushed the ropes out of the way to get at some of the buttons, each time his cock jerking in pleasure when she moaned in pain. He finally stopped at her waist. Moving back up to the top, pushing the dress out to the sides and sliding it out from under the ropes, he yanked it harshly. Her face burned in embarrassment when the fabric tore, the ripping of her garment of little consequence, the dress would soon be a rag on the floor. He uncovered her lovely slip, smiling at her breasts straining the silky material, pleased with the glimpse of two nicely swollen tips pushing against the slip. He moved behind her, wanting everyone see her humiliation as her breasts were bared. He first cut the delicate straps with a small knife, and then yanked the slip down, pulling the flimsy material down under the ropes, and finally uncovered her

breasts, her cleavage cut harshly by the ropes. He cut a small tear in the top of the slip at its center and began to pull it to the sides, the sound of the material ripping adding to her humiliation as her naked, white skin was slowly revealed. He was glad to see how constricted her breasts were by the ropes, bound in a perfect, tight embrace surrounding the firm flesh.

Brenda looked down, her breasts now bare, her clothes torn from her body as he stripped her to the waist. She looked up, Michael's gaze focused on her exposed breasts, his hands fondling her young daughter's breasts, knowing her degradation was exciting Michael, as he touched Marie so casually. Marie was snuggled under Michael's arm, watching his hands on her own breasts, but equally focused on her mother's ordeal.

"Time to make them naked, Brenda. Soon I will have you completely naked and will spread your body out lewdly for everyone to see." He taunted her as his hands slowly ran over the naked skin so far revealed. He moved down to the top of the slip and began to tear it farther, yanking it to the sides as her breasts suddenly popped free of the constraining garment.

Her breasts throbbed terribly when they bounced free. She looked down, surprised at how red and round they were. Her nipples were huge, the pink tips now an angry red, swollen and engorged. The ropes cut harshly into her naked skin now, completely encircling her naked breasts, the rough rope separating splitting them up the middle and pulling them forcefully to the sides. She finally managed to get back on her

toes, easing some of the intense pain in her breasts, her feet unsteady as she hung there, strung up by her breasts.

"What a lovely set of tits, Brenda. I hope your daughter inherited your assets." Michael gripped Marie's breast tighter, and the girl clenched her fingers into a fist as she made herself endure his fondling.

"OOOHHH, GOD," Brenda felt Bill's fingers touch her nipples suddenly, but so lightly, his fingertips wetted by his tongue. Yet, even the slightest touch felt like sharp knives on her flesh, as her nipples had become so sensitive. They ached and throbbed from the pain. She knew it would only be a matter of time before he pinched the engorged tips, sure that she would scream in pain when he did. His fingers barely touching her nipples, still, just lightly ran over the very ends, back and forth. Brenda felt her nipples growing as if almost seeking out his touch. A sharp cramp in her toes sent her feet back onto the floor, and the ropes tightened again on her breasts, as if they were in a vise. "Hurts!" She cried out in pain, seeing her breasts turn a deep red, almost purple, as the ropes further compressed her tender flesh.

Bill was waiting patiently until her toes gave out again, his hands gripping her flesh, her breasts almost hard now. He squeezed then, squeezed hard, the squirming of her hips pushed back against him as she yelped in pain. Her flesh felt so hot, her nipples so sharp they stuck into his palm as he held her breasts firmly. "Such exquisite pain, Brenda." He enjoyed every whimper and squeal from the abuse her breasts were receiving. "Now the nipples. Don't cum yet," he warned her.

She watched two fingers of each of his hands move towards her nipples, tensing every muscle in her body, to get ready to accept the pain she knew the touch would inflict. She was not disappointed, her nipples very sensitive now, and Bill's touch as harsh as she had expected. "EEEEYYYYEE," she could not stop from crying out in pain. Tears ran down her cheeks, as the pain shot through her bound breasts and up to her brain. His fingers squeezed her nipples and did not let go, pinching her tormented flesh beneath his powerful grip.

He could feel her pulse in her swollen nipples, pinching harder as she shuddered in pain, pushing his cock against her, his cock jerking in pleasure as she screamed.

She had never felt anything like it. Her breasts were so sensitive, her nipples never so swollen as they were now. "No," she protested when she felt one of his hands slide down her naked stomach, squirming as it moved lower. She knew where he was going and she did not want him there. To find out her secret. All her moving did was push her right back on his cock, feeling its jump of pleasure as the thick cock pushed unmistakably into her hindquarters. His hand continued down, sliding over her abdomen, and she was unable to stop him as he made his way down to her sex. He began to pull up her dress with one hand, Brenda feeling the material climbing up her leg, feeling the cool air on her legs it rode up higher and higher. Suddenly, she was shocked to feel his hand on her naked flesh, touching the top of her thigh, knowing that her dress was yanked up high, seeing Marie's and Michael's staring, and knowing where they were looking.

Bill stroked his hand across Brenda's panties between her legs and chuckled, realizing why she had objected almost more to his hand stroking down her body than tormenting her breasts. Her panties were wet. More like drenched. He let his hand return to her breasts, plucking at one hard nipple, feeling her tremble as his other hand gripped her sex, pinching it tightly between two fingers. "Your pussy is drenched, Brenda. I think you like bondage." He made sure that he said it loud enough for everyone to hear, seeing her face turn red in shame. He let his finger run up and down her slit, pushing the wet panties deeper between her lips, her hips jerking back and forth as he masturbated her, her cries of pain now turning into moans of pleasure.

"It seems your mother likes to be tied up, Marie. I wonder if you have the same tendencies. We will soon find out. I love the female figure when bound, it is so erotic. You will find yourself in many awkward and unusual positions, often your body will be exposed lewdly. I think your mother is about to cum." Michael continued squeezing Marie's breast, making sure he found the nipple, easy to do as it pushed out her dress so obviously. He pinched it, squeezing harder until he got the moan he wanted from her lips.

Bill stroked Brenda's sex up and down, bringing his fingers to the top of her slit, one finger running over her clit. He squeezed her harshly bound breasts with his other hand, making her squirm and moan. In spite of the pain in her breasts, Brenda's body betrayed her and her buttocks rubbed helplessly back and forth over Bill's cock as her body began to respond to the gentle masturbation.

How humiliating, her breasts bound obscenely, his hands causing further pain to them. Yet, his other hand softly masturbated her, masturbated her until she began to cum. "GGGGGODDDD," her hips driving forward to feel the maximum pleasure from his fingers as she exploded, unable to stand, her legs giving out, her body pulling down, her breasts suddenly squeezed so tight she thought they would pop her nipples. The intense pain mixed with the pleasure of his masturbation and Brenda soaked his finger as her body shook in pleasure. She felt him squeeze her nipples hard, his finger pressing harder against her clit, extracting exquisite pleasure from the pain, as she came again. Her legs felt like rubber and she was unable to support herself, only still standing because of the bondage to her breasts and Bill's hand gripping her sex between her legs. One thick finger still stroking her slit, still rubbed gently, as she came down from her orgasms. When she started to recover and looked around the room, she saw her daughter's shocked stare. She could not look into Marie's eyes, humiliated at how she had just reacted.

Bill finally let Brenda's dress fall back down, untying her, her breasts still pinned between the ropes. He led her over to a small table, helping her get up onto it, and sat down in front of her. Her breathing was erratic, Bill watching her breasts rise and fall as she tried to catch her breath. Her body was overwhelmed by the orgasm, but shame set in now that the ecstasy was wearing off. The bondage had become more than uncomfortable. Brenda saw her daughter watching her.

"My breasts hurt, can you untie them?"

Bill let his hands move up to grip her breasts again, seeing her cringe as he clenched the firm flesh. While they were not as constricted as before, they were still compressed quite firmly between the ropes. "Not yet, I have so much more to do to them. First, I think Michael and your lovely daughter would like to see you fully naked and spread. Would you like that, your legs spread wide and your pussy exposed?" He did not wait for an answer. "Stand up."

She pushed herself off the table until she was standing again in front of him, her arms still aching from the bondage that held them pulled up high and tight on her back. She looked down, her nipples already hard again with just the simple touch of his hands on her breasts. She was unable to understand why she came from such harsh and humiliating treatment, ashamed that her body kept betraying her. She had little time to contemplate it, Bill's hands already ran over her hips, sliding up and down before moving to squeeze her buttocks and pull her up against him. Brenda felt his hard cock jutting out through the front of his pants. She knew that she would not be spared him this time, she would be forced to service his cock in some manner or another and that is what scared her the most. *Where would he put his cock? Between her legs, in her sex, or would he force her into a more perverse act, taking his cock in her mouth or the ultimate degradation, sodomizing her in front of her virgin daughter?*

"Can you feel my cock, Brenda? It's going inside you this time. Deep inside you. Now walk in front of the couch. I want your daughter to see you stripped naked." Bill pushed her

forward until she was standing in front of Michael and Marie. At least Michael had stopped fondling her daughter. When she noticed the bulge in his pants, she realized she had almost forgotten that she would have to satisfy his lust along with Bill's lust. A perverse thought entered her mind. *Would they both take her at one time? The thought of two cocks entering her, one in her pussy, the other in her mouth or worse up her backside disgusted her, yet at the same time she felt the familiar tingling between her legs. Bound, she could not stop them, her body used for their pleasure only, their cocks extracting the perverse pleasure from her body as she was forced to pleasure them. Almost as if she were a sex slave, she thought, a humiliating thrill running through her body.*

She watched as Bill again took out his knife and sliced through the material of her dress, splitting it from the hem all the way up until it fell to the side, still pinned in places by the binding ropes. He tugged and pulled the material from underneath the rope until it fell on the floor, a useless pile of ripped cloth. Her slip was next, his hands powerful enough to tear it, and Brenda shivered feeling the material pull from her body. The weak resistance of the delicate garment straining finally ripped with a loud noise, and the material joined the dress on the floor. She looked down, now clad only in the pair of pink panties, little bows holding them in place at the sides. She wished she had thought to pick something less revealing, seeing how the silky, sheer fabric molded to her sex. She kept her thighs clenched tightly together.

"Very beautiful body, Brenda," Michael commented to her. He pulled Marie over closer to him again. His hand rested on

her leg, seeing her thighs tighten in response to his hand boldly touching her leg. "Relax, Marie." He let his hand slide up and down her leg casually, to get accustomed to his intimate touch. "I think your mother is enjoying this. You'd be surprised how sexually arousing it is to be humiliated. I think that is what is making your mother cum. Soon, you will experience it as well. I am going to have a few of my close friends over later. Then, I will unveil you for them."

"Unveil me?" She was almost afraid to ask.

"Yes, they will not be allowed to touch you, for your body is only for my pleasure. Nevertheless, you will strip naked for them and reveal the most intimate parts of your body for their visual inspection. And for the finale, you will masturbate for them until your nice, little body cums." He squeezed the top of her leg, not hiding his amusement at the shocked look on her face.

It was bad enough that Michael was going to see her naked and take her virginity. Now, he was talking about forcing her to perform in front of a group of other men, all of them wishing they could be Michael and force their organs into her body. *Could she actually do it, strip the clothes from her body until she was naked in front of a group of strange men? To be made to masturbate in front of them?* At least when she had been forced to masturbate in front of Doctor Johnston and Michael's attorney, it was because they had been assessing her for Michael's specifications. To be made to masturbate to entertain other men would be the ultimate humiliation. She could only nod her head, sorry she had even asked the question. It would have been better not to know.

"You are too beautiful not to share with my friends, and though I will not share you more intimately, I will certainly share the visual experience with them. Even the taking of your virginity will be with others present to witness your loss of innocence. It will please me to have others see the look on your face as I take you, from the busting of your hymen, to teaching you how to perform fellatio for the first time, to the first time you are sodomized. I think you will be like your mother, Marie. I imagine you will be helplessly aroused when you are forced to enjoy humiliation, forced to cum while being taken in front of others."

"Never," she could only blurt out, but she was not even sure herself. It scared her when she remembered how she got wet while bound by the burglars, even though they were going to rape her. *How perverted was she really?*

Bill turned the coffee table around so the longest side was facing the couch. "Lay down on the table, your feet facing the couch." He guided Brenda over, sitting her down on the table. He untied her wrists from behind her, and Brenda was relieved to be able to move her arms, as her upper arms had started cramping from the tight bondage. He kept the rope around her breasts, though. He still had much more to do to them first. "Lie down now, all the way back." He pulled her arms behind her as she lay flat on the table, her legs tightly together, hiding her treasures from them.

She shivered from the cold table on her spine as she laid back, Bill pulling her wrists up over her head. She felt the rope re-wrapped around her wrists, this time pinning them both together. She could feel his hands moving her arms, but

it was not until he released her wrists and she tried to move that she discovered her arms were bound somehow to the table, stretching her body out tightly. She feared that her legs would soon be bound, afraid of how, sure her panties would be the next to go, leaving her naked and vulnerable. She lifted up her head, craning her neck to see them looking at her half-naked body, Marie and Michael watching as Bill moved around to her side. She lay her head back down, resigned to the fact that she could not do anything to stop him, her arms pinning her to the table. She shivered nervously when his hands moved over her naked stomach, feeling them lightly rubbing in a circle, then moving lower onto her abdomen, her thin panties the only thing between his hand and her naked flesh.

Bill felt her bush, an abundant bush that pushed up her panties. He let his hand slide back up to the top of her panties to slip them down until her pubic hairs peeked out of her panties. He ran his fingers through the dark curls of her pubic hair, yanking out hairs carelessly when his fingers caught the tiny strands. He felt her jerk each time from the intense pain as each hair was ripped from its follicle. "Such dense foliage," he teased her. "Maybe I should shave your pussy naked, like a little girl's." He saw her turn red in shame. He let his fingers play with her bush for a moment then slid her panties back up again, not ready to denude her yet. First, he wanted to tease just outside her panties. He let his hand move back down, seeing her thighs clenched tightly together as he moved to the edge of her panties, sliding one finger up and down the crease, plucking errant hairs as he moved up and down. He

felt the taut muscles in her thighs trying to protect her sex as she fought his teasing finger, sliding in deeper, his nail running up her tender inner skin.

If she had not been bound and being watched, she probably would have enjoyed his touch. She was afraid of opening her legs, knowing that there would be no turning back, her sex open to Bill, displayed to Marie and Michael. "God," she groaned, as Bill's fingers tugged at her sex. Two strong fingers gripped her lips between them and he began to pull on them, all the while sliding his fingers up and down her slit, her lips trapped in between. No one had ever done such a thing to her before. He pulled harder, Brenda feeling her lips stretch wide, feeling as if he were trying to yank them from her body. She felt a few stray hairs tear loose. It hurt and felt good at the same time. Her husband had always been so tender in their lovemaking, almost too tender. Bill and Michael were completely different, taking their pleasure from women with no regard to their pain or pleasure. In fact, she thought it was more pleasurable to them the more painful it was to her. Each time Bill had elicited a scream from her, she had felt his cock jerk in pleasure, and she was sure Michael had the same sadistic tendencies. Bill's fingers became more insistent, pulling harder, gripping her sex in his palm and squeezing tightly.

"Open your legs for me, Brenda or I'll tear you pussy lips off," he warned her, yanking hard on one lip, yanking it harshly to one side as his other hand spanked a warning to her slit.

"OOOOWWW," she cried out in pain, his fingers hurting the tender area he chose to strike, although it was only lightly. *How cruel could he be, hitting a girl and on her most tender part?* In shock, she surrendered, her legs spreading slightly.

When Bill felt her muscles relax and her legs open, he slid his large hand between her thighs and pushed out one leg, knowing that she would not open up herself sufficiently enough for him. No, he would take care to see that she was fully open and available, at all times.

She felt her thighs ripped apart, Bill pushing down on one inner thigh, Brenda forced to bow her leg out or Bill would have surely bruised her tender inner thigh with his powerful hand. She could not see, but she knew she must be exposed. His hand returned between her legs, this time with her sex completely open. She felt one finger slide up and down her slit, pushing her panties between her lips as the finger continued to apply pressure. Up and down his finger went, feeling her sex begin to juice. Bill was an expert at arousing girls, even when they fought the urge. Her hips rose up instantly, high off the table, at least a foot up. Bill had run his finger up and down inside her panties, compressing the flesh and yanking the panty up high between her lips and the crease of her buttocks, the silky, soft fabric now feeling harsh and thick.

Marie almost screamed as Bill yanked her mother's panties through her sex, almost feeling her pain as she imagined the harshness of the act. Again, like the spank, the man abused her sex, the most intimate part of her body, and abused it harshly. Marie could see her mother's body arched up high off

the table, Bill pulling harder until Brenda moved up higher, then lowering her down, but only temporarily, making the fabric rub her tender inner lips harshly.

Bill pushed the panties back down. This time the fabric was trapped between her lips, her sex almost completely naked. His fingers ran over her mound again, this time moving lower, between her legs to rub right over her slit. His fingers pressed hard into her sex, touching her in places that only her fingers had touched in years. She could feel her sex getting wet again, ashamed that he would soon find out that she was enjoying his cruel attention. He pushed her leg up and out, forcing her to bend her ankle, her sex opened obscenely now. She could see him staring down at her, his fingers continuing to manipulate her sex, touching her all over. She felt his fingers slip beneath her panties, the sudden shock of his calloused fingers on her naked, unprotected sex sending shivers through her body. They did not rest long, moving out and gripping the bows at each side of her panties, jerking the delicate ties to release them, and slowly pulling the pink panties away from her heated flesh.

Brenda cooperated, nothing else to do but let him have his way. She shut her eyes, not wanting to see their eyes as she was stripped completely naked. She lifted her hips up, her panties pulled off her body, the little pink bows dangling uselessly. She felt Bill's hands gripping her ankles tightly as Brenda held her breath, waiting to see how Bill would position her body for his inspection and use of her sex.

"I can't wait to see your mother's naked pussy. It's as if she's been teasing me, teasing me with what I'll get when I

strip her naked." He did not have to wait long. Bill took hold of her ankles, bending back her legs and spreading them wide, Brenda's sex opening up, her wet, pouty lips gaping as Bill pushed her legs down and back.

"UGGGH," she groaned as her legs were held unnaturally spread apart, Bill applying pressure that brought them down almost to the surface of the table. She could feel her sex stretched wide by the obscene position, knowing everybody would be able to see almost right inside of her.

"What a lovely pussy, Brenda. Look at this dark hole, wet and waiting for a hard cock to take it ruthlessly. I'm going to enjoy fucking you, but first let's play with your pussy a bit. Doesn't she have a lovely cunt, Marie?" Bill worked hard to embarrass both mother and daughter, knowing even calling Brenda's sex a cunt, a term most women detested, would humiliate her.

"Well, Marie, it's impolite not to answer him. Maybe if you spread it a bit more, Bill, then Marie could see better." Michael joined in.

Bill reached down, his fingers peeling back the tender lips of Brenda's sex, stretching them to the sides, her pink insides glistening, clearly visible in the bright lights of the room. "And look at this clit. It's almost like a miniature cock, so hard and erect." He teased back her clit hood, revealing her clit, the bud hard and swollen. He decided to make her cum for him again. Bill moved to the foot of the table, catching the heady scent of Brenda's arousal, his tongue eager to taste her nectar. He moved between her legs and licked her inner thigh.

She tried to close her legs, his powerful hands holding her thighs spread wide open. *No, he could not be trying to do what she thought he was. She could not let him lick her there. She was horrified she would cum again in front of them. Even her husband had never licked her down there, the thought of a tongue lapping at her juices embarrassing her horribly.* She felt his tongue licking her inner thighs, so close to her sex that she could feel his hot breath on her. His fingers moved up to her lips, yanking them back, leaving her wide open and vulnerable to his oral assault. "EEEEHHH," she cried out when his tongue licked from the top of her slit all the way down, stopping just long enough at her sex to circle the hole, teasing it open. His tongue moved back up, finding her hips moving, unable to control her own body as the teasing of his tongue sent such pleasures through her body. She felt his fingers on the side of her clit, pushing it up, holding it in place as his tongue slowly and sensuously moved up to attack the hard bud. "GGGGODDD, that feels...." She could not even finish the sentence, her breath taken away as his lips sucked her clit into his mouth, his tongue attacking it vigorously. He flicked forcefully over the little bud as her body bounced around on the table in helpless ecstasy.

Marie could not believe the passion in her mother. As soon as Bill started licking her sex she seemed to go out of her mind in lust, her body thrashing around on the table as Bill's head stayed buried between her legs, holding her open for his invading tongue.

"Have you ever had anyone eat your pussy, Marie?"

"NNNO," she protested. "Never."

"Not even a girlfriend?"

"WWWHHAAT? A girlfriend?" The thought of another girl licking her so intimately was more than she could fathom.

Michael was pleased with her reaction. "Maybe I will let you and another girl cater to my sexual desires one day. I would love to see you with her, your bodies rubbing together for my pleasure. Maybe your tongue on her slit as I slide my cock in and out. That would be quite enjoyable."

Marie tried to put the image out of her mind, looking back at her mother being orally serviced by Bill. He had stuck two fingers into her mother's sex while his tongue lashed at her, moving all over her drenched flesh. Brenda was starting to thrash her hips as the heat of his mouth made her juices flow.

Brenda could not believe the feelings that Bill's tongue was provoking in her body. An act she found revolting was bringing her untold pleasure, her body racked in spasms as he worked on her clit, lashing out at her love bud, his fingers screwing into her helpless sex. She wished her hands were free, free to push Bill's head harder between her legs. Suddenly he stopped, his head popping up, his mouth and chin covered in a sheen of her juices, his tongue moving out of his mouth to lick his lips.

"What an enjoyable tasting pussy, Brenda." He saw the look of disappointment in her face, smelled the unfulfilled lust between her legs. "Don't worry, Brenda, I'm just changing your position." He pulled her up, flipping her over onto her stomach, her hands still tied to the front of the table. He slapped her on the rear. "On your knees." He pulled her up, Brenda moving reluctantly as she realized the position he

wanted her in. Doggy style, her hips high, wagging her butt back and forth.

She felt humiliated, having to stick her backside high up in the air, but she wanted his tongue back. She wanted him to make her cum. His hands pressed between her legs, pushing out on her thighs, forcing her to spread her legs wider and wider until she was almost in a split. She knew how exposed she was. Her head was down on the table, one hand under her abdomen, forcing her up, the other hand on her back forcing it down.

"Arch your back, but keep your ass up in the air. Yes, that's good," slapping her ass again. "Would you like a spanking to warm you up, first?" He slapped her four times on each cheek, the white skin of her buttocks turning pink from the strokes of his powerful hands on her tender flesh.

She did not even mind the spanking, anything to feel the pleasure that his tongue had extracted from her body. Suddenly she felt his hot breath blowing on her from behind, a whisper of air blowing up from her sex all the way up to her anus. *No, he wouldn't do that. Would he? That's so filthy. Surely, he wouldn't do it.*

Bill's hands went to her cheeks, fingers on each side of her crack, peeling her open like a clam, her buttocks reluctantly parting, fighting his fingers until a sharp slap to one cheek warned her of the consequences of refusal.

His fingers were so close to her anus, pulling on the skin, stretching her open without actually touching her anus. He massaged her cheeks, each time his fingers returning to her anus, each time the fingers playing around the gentle ridge of

her anus, his fingers making her jerk the first time he touched her intimate hole. She felt the clenching of her anus, unable to control her own muscles as his finger played around the hole, teasing it, applying pressure to the hole. Her muscles spasmed as they tried to fight off the rude intrusion of his fingers. "NOOO, not there," she cried out in protest as she felt his tongue lash out at her anus, his fingers keeping her hole spread open and defenseless. She felt his hard tongue pushing on her anus, as if it were a tiny, hard cock, trying to breach her hole, running around it, and rimming her.

Bill loved her heavenly scent. He always loved orally assaulting a female's anus. He appreciated the struggles of revulsion when he first started, turning then to squirms of lust. The helpless eagerness incited in a girl after he had rimmed her for long minutes, his tongue finally entering her anus, made him hard. He felt her muscles fight his tongue, and he pushed harder, lapping at her portal until he won, his tongue slipping into her rectum. A gasp broke from her lips as she suddenly felt the intimate touch of his tongue deep inside her. He jabbed his tongue in and out, fucking her anus with his tongue, her anal ring spasming, forced to fully accept the oral assault.

She groaned as his tongue lapped at her backside, a gasp as she felt his tongue press inside her. *How could he do such a thing? Is this what it would feel like when he sodomized her?* His tongue felt so hard, pushing in and out, her anal ring forced to accept the wet tongue, forced to stretch wide, clinging to it as it moved in and out. *How could his tongue be that long?* It felt as if it were a foot long, pushing deep inside

her, almost tickling as it moved. She was ashamed when she saw the astonished look on Marie's face and then she realized that she was shamelessly moving her hips in an urgent circle, as if encouraging Bill's oral assault.

Bill moved back down to her sex, his tongue lapping up and down her slit, tasting the abundant crème of her excitement, as her lust took over. She was wiggling her hips back and forth, as she encouraged his tongue to move all over her spread sex. Bill chuckled at her sudden groan of dismay as his tongue left her, seeing her turn her head quickly. It was time to fuck her.

He stopped, just when it was feeling so good. Not even the embarrassment of her daughter watching her could diminish the pleasure Bill was making her feel. *Could it be because Marie was watching that she was feeling more aroused?* She saw Bill standing up behind her, his large cock jutting out, knowing that it would soon be inside her. Her husband's had not been that big, but she did not care, she just needed something to replace the tongue that left her so unfulfilled. "Please. Put it inside me. I need you," she begged Bill, seeing his hand stroking his cock, watching as it seemed to grow bigger.

Bill needed no further encouragement as his cock raged with its need for relief. He moved into place, pushing out on her inner thighs, forcing her to spread her legs wider, pleased with the groan that escaped from her lips as he kept her legs spread wide. Her sex split apart, her soaked inner lips begged for his cock. He gripped the large head of his member in one hand and moved it into position.

"GGGGODDD," she moaned in pleasure when she felt the heat of his organ on her sex, feeling the hard flesh seeking entrance inside her. She did not need any encouragement, screwing her hips around in a circle, feeling his cock spreading her opening. She felt her lips spreading wide, slowly engulfing his thick cock as she skewered her hips back onto his waiting organ. She felt her sex slowly swallowing his cock inside her, her insides slick with her juices, eager to take the thick member inside.

Marie could not believe her mother. She was actually screwing herself onto Bill's cock. *How could she take such a large member inside her without pain?* As hard as it was to believe, her mother actually was driving herself back onto his cock, slowly taking his thickness inside her with ease. Brenda moved her hips back and forth, as each time another inch of hard cock split her more open, each time another inch of cock entered her slick sex. She was actually enjoying it, Bill doing nothing more than stand behind her while her mother did all the work, screwing his cock into her.

Michael was not idle, watching Marie, seeing how enthralled she was with her mother's demise. He let his hand slide up under her skirt, Marie almost oblivious to the fondling of her leg until she felt his hand on her naked inner thigh. A surprised look crossed her face as she realized how easily she had been exposed by his hand. She looked at him, but did nothing to stop him, his hand moving to her other leg, pushing out on her inner thigh. "Spread your legs open for me, Marie." He watched as she obeyed, her gaze returning to her mother's ravishment, her legs automatically parting until

Michael's hand signaled that he was satisfied. Her legs were now bowed out, and he was almost able to see her panties, his hands enjoying the silky skin of her tender inner thighs. He looked over at Bill and Brenda, the lust on Brenda's face as her sex swallowed the cock deep inside her. Michael studied the look on her face, knowing that she was concentrating on gripping Bill's cock with her inner muscles, Bill delighting in her pleasurable clamping.

Bill could not believe the lust in Brenda. It seemed he had unleashed something deep inside her. He was going to enjoy his monthly rent collecting visits with her, eager to test her limits. While her clenching was enjoyable, he wanted the full pleasure of her sex, wanting to fuck his cock back and forth inside her. He began to pull out, feeling her tighten her muscles, her wet heat clinging to his cock so tight it was almost difficult to pull out. He watched her lips clinging to his thick shaft, clinging to it as he withdrew, and pulled his cock almost all the way out until the head just began to pull free. Brenda's sex stretched almost painfully to accept the large helmet. He tensed his muscles and shoved hard right back in, burying his cock deep within her slippery passage in one powerful, sudden thrust. Bill gripped her hips tightly not allowing her to escape, his fingers digging into her flesh as he held her in place.

She clung to the cock as it began to withdraw, not wanting to lose the fullness it brought to her sex. It had been a long time since she had anyone inside her, too long, not wanting to lose the pleasure Bill was giving her. She clenched tightly on the cock then felt the powerful thrust inside her, his hands

keeping her pinned tightly to him as he skewered her ruthlessly onto his rampaging member. It seemed to drive through her, pounding painfully against her cervix as he drove his cock inside her with such a powerful thrust that it drew a groan of pain from her lips. She went from empty to full in a second, her sex stretching wide to take the thick shaft inside her, gripping it tightly as it plugged her. Bill began a rhythm of slow withdrawals, followed by sharp powerful thrusts that rocked her body back and forth. Brenda felt the lewd swing of her breasts back and forth beneath her embarrassing her. But, her body was betraying her and she could not deny the lust that his cock woke in her body. Her sex was drenched with desire. Still, she was unbearably humiliated to be taken like this from behind, while she knew Michael and her own daughter watched her debasement.

Bill continued to pummel her body for ten minutes, the only sound in the room their groans and the slap of naked flesh meeting. His hands forced her hips back up to take his powerful thrusts repeatedly, Brenda arching her body up in submission. His hand slipped underneath her, yanking apart her sex, then holding her lips wrapped tightly around his cock, as he fucked her hard and fast. He pinched her clit when he drove inside her, forcing her to arch back, forcing his cock even deeper inside her. He made her dance on his cock as he took his pleasure from her body. But, it was time to cum, time to cum inside her. "I'm going to bathe your pussy with my cum, Brenda."

"No, please, not inside me." She did not want to become pregnant, her hips fighting his hands as he pulled her

helplessly back onto his rampaging cock. He gave her jack hammer thrusts, punching his cock in and out in short, powerful strokes that rocked her body. Suddenly she felt his body tense up, driving his cock deep inside her, smashing inside her so deep that she thought his cock would come out her mouth. He stopped, his cock shuddering inside her. Then she felt it, his cum. It shot out as if from a fire hose, shooting with such a powerful force. His fingers were not idle, playing with her clit until she could not contain her own lust anymore. She came as his cock blasted another load of hot cum deep inside her, mixing with the juices that bathed her insides. He pulled his cock out until the head was gripped by her clenching hole then plunged back inside again, spraying her with a third load of cum as he slid deep within her drenched, trembling sex. She could feel their juices running down her inner thighs, Brenda arching up submissively as they came together. She had never cum so hard, nor been taken so forcefully, so full of hard cock, and her body shuddered in pleasure, sweat glistening on her body as Bill used her ruthlessly. She finally felt his cock slowly slipping out, her muscles reluctantly squeezing out his shrinking member. It was only then that she remembered she had an audience, humiliated as she turned to see her daughter watching her. Marie's innocent, green eyes were wide open in amazement as the girl saw her mother cum while being taken against her will. Brenda slumped down on the table as Bill's cock slipped from her sex, feeling the abundant cum running out, a puddle beneath her testament to the hard fucking she had received.

Bill strode over to Marie, seeing Michael casually fondling her inner thighs, the same thighs Bill had secretly touched after rescuing her from the robbers only yesterday. He smiled at the display of her sweet sex hiding beneath the white panties. "I hope you are as good as your mother, Marie. It felt as if her pussy was going to skin my cock." He stood in front of her, still naked, his cum-slick member only inches from her face and laughed as Marie tried to avoid looking at him and his cock

"Maybe you should see if Brenda can make your cock hard again, Bill. With her mouth. Marie could learn some of the finer points of cock-sucking from her mother." Michael stopped rubbing Marie's thighs, and she pushed her dress down, nervously covering her legs again.

"What a lovely idea. She can make it hard for her ass. My tongue enjoyed her tight asshole, my cock will love it even more." Bill sat down on the couch, but not before he untied Brenda. He wanted her hands free to use on his cock. "Get down on your knees in front of the couch, Marie. With your mother." He leaned back, stroking his cock, already feeling it come alive again, the thought of Brenda's mouth wrapped tightly around his cock making it hard.

"Do it, Marie," Michael ordered her, watching as she jumped at the order but moved to kneel reluctantly down in front of Bill.

Brenda moved closer to Marie, and knelt down, embarrassed to be on the floor so submissively in front of Bill as she got ready to perform oral sex on him. She looked at his cock, a slick coat of cum covering it, knowing that she

would soon have the taste of his cum in her mouth. She was sure she would have more than just a small taste when he came in her and forced her to swallow his seed. She looked to her own daughter, Marie, kneeling next to her, catching the strange look on the girl's face.

Marie was almost as afraid of having a man's organ in her mouth as she was of being sodomized. She thought when the time came she would not have had much of a chance to protest, sure that she would have been bound and forced. This was different. She was afraid of what she would have to do.

"Have you sucked cock before, Brenda?" Bill wanted to know how much he would have to teach her.

"Yes," she said, ashamed at having to admit it in front of Marie. "Her father made me take it in my mouth when it was the wrong time of the month. But he never came in my mouth," she quickly added. "He came rather quickly."

"I'm going to enjoy your mouth, Brenda, a nice slow mouth fuck. Since I just came, it will take me a while until I am ready again. And yes, you will drink my cum. Move closer now, use your hands on my cock. And don't forget my balls." He leaned back, spreading his legs, his heavy ball sac hanging down, his cock already swelling in pleasure at the thought of her touch.

His cock felt so hot when she touched it, her other hand moving down to gently cup his balls, her small hand barely able to contain the two large balls. She hefted them up, squeezing cautiously until she heard a moan of pleasure from Bill's lips. Her other hand circled the thick shaft, two fingers

curled around, barely able to meet. She began to stroke it up and down slowly, tightening her grip when she passed over the head. She could feel it begin to swell, pleased that her hands could work such magic. She released his balls so she could play with the tip, running one finger over the hole. She pushed a fingernail into the slit, then rubbed back and forth over it, her fingertip covered in the pre-cum he already had begun to leak.

"Lick your fingers."

She obeyed, bringing her hand to her mouth, two fingers pushing into her mouth, her lips closing over them, her tongue already lapping at the slick fingers. She could taste the thick, salty taste of his cum. It was not as bad as she thought it would be. She was just not sure that she would be able to take in large amounts of his cum. She moved her hand back down to his cock, stroking it up and down, catching Marie's gaze on her hand out of the corner of her eye.

"Lick it, Brenda. Tell Marie how to suck cock."

She wet her lips and then turned towards Marie. "Make sure your lips are wet." She bent down her head, her hand gripping his hardening cock and bringing it up towards her lips. She blew on it, tightening her grip as she felt it shudder in her hand. She blew on it again, pleased that he had responded so well.

"I love your hot breath on my cock. I can't wait to feel your tongue and lips." Bill shoved his hips up higher, up towards her waiting tongue.

She stuck her tongue out, seeing Marie unconsciously doing the same thing, mesmerized as she watched. Brenda moved her tongue until it touched the tip of Bill's cock, her hand gripping it tight as she felt it jump and swell in her hand. She looked down, a shiny drop of cum leaking out. She touched the tip again, lapping up the pre-cum, drawing it into her mouth, and savoring the pungent taste. She moved her tongue back down, this time bathing a wide swath over his cock's head, licking around the thick helmet, up under the edge, feeling it jerk and shudder in pleasure. It kept growing in her hand, her fingers barely able to grip the thick shaft. "MMMMM," she inadvertently let it out of her mouth, the strange thrill she felt as she controlled the pleasure to his cock distracting her. It was turning her on. "Lick his cock with your tongue. All over the head," she instructed when she remembered she was supposed to be teaching Marie. It was humiliating to be forced to show her own daughter how to suck a cock. Worse, to know Marie would be using her new skills on Michael's cock all too soon.

"Now wrap those sweet lips around it, Brenda. Suck it into the hot confines of your lovely mouth." Bill was eager to feel her sucking his cock. He did not have to wait long. In spite of her humiliation, Brenda was still more than eager enough to suck his cock. Almost too eager.

"Make sure you press your lips over your teeth. You don't want his cock to scratch across your teeth. You have to suck it gently," Brenda instructed. She licked her lips, "make sure your lips are wet. It will slide smoother." She opened her mouth into a wide oval, moving down to let her lips slowly

slide over the cock head. Bill's head was so big she could barely open her mouth wide enough to take it in, glad when her lips could close down over the head. She let her tongue lap at the trapped cock in her mouth, her hand holding the shaft, feeling it jerk in her hand as her tongue lapped at its thickness. She saw Michael stand up, pull something out of his pocket, and move behind her. She tried to watch him and still suck Bill's cock.

"I think Brenda is a little too eager." Michael moved behind her, pulling her hands behind her back. He pulled them up high, pleased as Brenda gasped, and she was forced down, the thick cocking spearing her lips sliding farther into the hot confines of her mouth. He snapped the cold metal handcuffs on her, pinning her wrists behind her back. He then produced a thick, black collar and latched it around her neck, taking a small metal chain running down to the handcuffs, and connecting it to the handcuffs to pull her arms up high on her back.

Brenda found herself bound tightly, the metal cuffs digging into her slim wrists, the collar around her neck making her stretch her neck up, straining at the position as her mouth was full of hard, pulsating cock. Michael pushed her forward, forcing her to take the cock deeper into her mouth, until she felt it push against the back of her mouth, right at the breach of her throat.

"Marie, help your mother." He pulled Marie up to stand behind her mother. He took her hands and placed them on the sides of Brenda's head. "Now push her face up and down on Bill's cock. Make her take it inside her mouth. Bill will tell

you how deep. Just obey him as you would me." Michael sat back down, taking in the perfectly anguished look on Brenda's face, the stunned look on Marie's.

Things had changed completely. Before Brenda was willingly, almost looking forward to sucking Bill's cock. Now she felt a sense of dread, bound with her hands behind her back, her daughter forced to make her service Bill's cock as if she was one of his whores. She was afraid of how far Bill would make her take his cock. *Would he try to fuck her throat? She didn't think she would survive that.*

"Up and down, Marie. Move your mother's mouth up and down his cock. As if it was her pussy pleasuring his cock. Make her take it until she gags." Michael's cock jerked in pleasure at the thought of doing the same thing to Marie, teaching her the fine art of fellatio while bound.

Marie did not want to do it, but she knew she had no choice. She knew she would be punished for disobeying Michael and that she would suffer similar fates in the future, or worse. She began to move her mother's head up and down, feeling her fight at the beginning but eventually surrendering. Brenda let her own daughter guide her head up and down on Bill's cock. Marie pushed down harder until she heard the muffled gagging, quickly pulling Brenda's head back up, to hear her suck in air, terrified as her mother struggled to breathe.

Brenda sucked and licked Bill's cock, eager now just to please him and get it over with. It was much worse now, bound and forced to service his cock, her own daughter forced to participate in her degradation. She felt the thick

cock spearing her lips, tightening as much as she could on the shaft as it slid in and out. Each time Marie would push until Bill's cock pushed to the back of her mouth, each time a gag forced from her mouth before Marie would pull her back up.

"Hold her head still and tight, Marie. I'm going to pump her with my cock." Bill moved forward on the couch, his hips jerking forward, Marie readying her mother's head. He felt his cock hit the back of her throat, Brenda gagging as the thick helmet punched against the tight opening, and held his cock there while she struggled to breathe. She gagged again, Bill waiting for the chance, and her throat opening as she did, Bill shoved his cock in deeper. Brenda's eyes went wide in panic as she felt his cock begin the descent into her tight throat, Marie still holding her head in place.

It felt as if a baseball bat was being forced down her throat, and she continuously gagged and choked as the hard cock slowly forced its way into her. She choked, her stomach turning as she felt Bill's member swelling in her throat, plugging her tight. She could only breathe heavily through her nose to survive.

"Please, let me release her," Marie begged Michael.

"Nonsense, Marie. She'll learn to pleasure Bill's cock with her throat, just as you will. Hold her tight while Bill plugs her deeper.

Bill thrust his hips forward until his abdomen was smashed against her nose, her face in the tangle of his pubic hair, his cock jammed down her throat. Her eyes flowed with tears as she struggled to breathe. He groaned with the exquisite pleasure of her throat massaging his cock, her gagging

bringing such joy to his throbbing member. "Hold her tight until I tell you," he warned Marie, his cock getting ready to spew.

Brenda could not wait for it to end, even if it meant drinking his cum. She struggled to breathe, her arms aching from the bondage, her neck stretched high by the collar, his cock threatening to burst inside her. She could not do anything to increase his pleasure, nothing to make him cum sooner, her tongue pinned down by the thick shaft that filled her mouth. Suddenly she felt relief, Bill pulling his cock back, her throat suddenly empty, and only her mouth filled with hard, pulsating cock. She felt him tense up, rigid, rigid as his cock. She waited, rewarded with a blast of hot cum that filled her cheeks, her mouth filling with his abundant crème. She felt him pull his cock from her lips, barely able to wonder why before she suddenly felt the splatter of hot cum spraying her face, the thick crème hitting her skin, his cum feeling as if it was burning her flesh. His fingers pressed the corner of her mouth, forcing her to open wide again, his cock again entering her mouth. She ran her tongue over the head just in time to receive his last load of cum, coating her tongue.

Bill had an incredible orgasm, Brenda's tortured throat massaging his cock until he was fully ready. When he felt the tingling surge that began in his heavy balls, racing up the shaft to spray out the end, Bill quickly pulled his cock out of her throat to fill her waiting mouth with his cum. Her mouth eagerly began to take the load of cum, trying hard to swallow as he continued to pump her full. He pulled his cock out, his hand reaching down to pump his cock twice before another

load shot out, spraying her face with a cum facial. Bill watched as his thick crème slowly ran down her face. He forced her mouth open and, shoved his cock back inside, finally drained with a final burst onto her tongue. He filled her waiting mouth, her cheeks bulging out as he filled her. "Swallow all of it," he ordered. Her tongue bathed his cock clean as her head bobbed up and down, swallowing submissively to fill her belly with his semen. Her lips almost refused to release his cock, gripping it tightly as he pulled it from her lips, his cum left glistening on her lips and chin.

"I hope you learned well, Marie. You will soon take my cock and make me cum with your sweet, innocent mouth. I think Bill might need some time before he can cum again, but I am in need of some relief. I'm sure your mother won't mind. And I'll have you help me." He moved over to Brenda. Michael took the handcuffs off her, finally removing the collar around her neck. "Over to the table." He helped her up from the floor, led her over to a table, and made her bend over it, pushing down on her back with his hand until her breasts pressed into the cold surface. Bill approached the table from the other side.

"Give me your hands, Brenda." Gripping her wrists, Bill stretched her down across the hard table, the edge of the table digging into her hips, forcing her buttocks up into the air.

In this position, she was sure she knew what Michael was going to do, having dreaded it the most. Brenda felt that above all things sodomy was the most despicable act. She was sure it would hurt and she knew her screams of pain

would only incite Bill and Michael's lust. She knew it would only make Michael's cock harder. She felt his hands on her inner thighs, his feet nudging her ankles, forcing her to spread her legs wider and wider, her body slipping down as she spread her legs obscenely for him.

"Put the cuffs on her ankles, Marie. Spread them to the table legs." Marie picked up the metal cuffs, moving to one side, Michael's foot keeping Brenda's leg still as Marie bent down, the metal click securing the cuff to her mother's ankle. He pushed out with his foot, forcing Brenda to spread wider until Marie reached the table leg, snapping it shut. She moved to the other side, repeating the process until Brenda was secured.

Brenda's crotch already ached, her legs spread too wide, but she knew it could not help her to complain. She felt the cool air rush between her legs, knowing that she was spread brazenly, the lips of her sex pulled wide open. But, what scared her most was the exposure of her anus. Her cheeks were pulled apart, and her tiny hole was so vulnerable. She felt Bill tighten his grip on her hands, stretching her out until she had to rise up on her toes, her buttocks thrust submissively up into the air as if she were offering up her virgin backside for Michael's cock.

"Take out my cock," he ordered Marie. "It is time you felt my weapon." Michael felt the girl's little hands slowly draw open his trousers, her hand unbuckling his belt, pulling aside his pants. She reached inside his shorts, her hand finding his cock rock hard, hesitantly touching the naked flesh.

He thought he would cum when her small hands touched his naked cock, feeling it jerk in pleasure, drops of cum leaking from the head as she gripped it so unfamiliarly. Soon she would learn. "Pull it out." He could not wait much longer, eager to press his cock into Brenda's buttery insides. With her body spread and bound, Brenda would not be able to do much except bounce around on his cock, bringing such pleasure with her struggles to his cock.

Michael's cock was huge, much bigger than Marie had expected, her tiny hand unable to close around the hot flesh. *How would her mother take it up her backside? Surely, that would split her open.* She looked down at it, the head almost purple, a thick ridge running down from under the head, a thick, bulging vein running up the side. Her hands fished in his shorts until she found his balls, her hand slowly engulfing the heavy sac, feeling the twin balls inside and squeezing gently. She was mesmerized to feel his cock jerk, and hear the answering moan from his lips.

He was surprised when she cupped his balls tenderly, almost as if she were weighing them. His cock jerked as he felt the pleasure of the girl's smooth hand. Her fingers sliding up his shaft until she gripped it, tightening her hand around the thick cock. She waited, not sure what was required of her.

Michael picked up the bottle of oil, and took off the top. He poured oil over his cock, over her fingers. "Rub it in, it will make it easier for you mother when I plug her asshole." He moaned in pleasure as she obeyed him, her hand sliding easily up and down his shaft in the thick oil, masturbating his

cock as if she had always known how. "Now place it against your mother's asshole."

Marie kept hold of Michael's cock as he moved directly behind her mother, aiming his cock at her tiny anus. It was so small, just a dent between her cheeks, barely big enough for a finger, never mind a thick cock. "It's too small," she said meekly, casting him a worried look.

"Nonsense. Once her anal ring spreads wide and accepts my cock head, the rest will be easy, seven inches of my hard shaft slid deep into asshole. Now place it on the hole." He could not wait any longer, the perverted prospect of fucking Brenda in her most forbidden hole combined with the nice stroking of Marie's hand had proved far too stimulating.

Brenda wiggled when she felt the hot, pulsating head of his cock placed against her anus. She could almost feel his pulse through his cock as it jerked in pleasure against her tiny hole. She felt her anus begin to spasm, his hips drawing forward, pushing her anal ring to get inside her, her hole stretching. She felt him pull his cock back, then back in again, this time knowing Marie's hand was holding his cock firm, pressed tightly against her hole. "No, please no," she begged when she felt his hips press forward. She felt a burning sensation as her anus began to stretch wide to take his cock, feeling like a giant steel bar was being shoved into her tiny backside. She felt Michael tense as he pushed with his hips, forcing steadily into her anus.

Marie could not believe that her mother could take such a massive weapon up her backside, her hole just too small to accept the thick cock. But, Michael was not to be deterred. He

pressed his cock harder against her mother's anus, while Marie was forced to hold his slick member rigid as he strove to shove it deep inside her. Marie flinched as her mother groaned in pain, her mother's body stretched tightly up over the table, her buttocks offered up in submission.

"EEEEHHH," the scream almost inhuman as Brenda felt her tight anal ring stretch wide, the thick mushroom head of Michael's cock suddenly impaling her, her own daughter's fingers brushing against her anus adding to her humiliation. "Pleaaaassee," she begged, "don't move." She might be able to endure the painful stretching if he did not move. She whimpered, almost unable to breathe, as his cock jerked deep inside her rectum, her muscles clenching uncontrollably on the invading thickness.

Michael paused to get her used to having something so large inside her asshole. He slowly rubbed his hands over her hips, pleased with the way her muscles clenched on his cock when he pulled her cheeks farther apart. Her tiny hole stretched so tightly around his cock, trapping the mushroom head inside, that her ring felt like a tight rope wrapped around his cock head. He made his cock jerk, seeing the surprised look on Marie's face as she realized how much control he had on the huge weapon. He jerked again, a soft groan heard from Brenda as her body jumped.

"NNNOO," she cried out when she felt his body tense, his hips moving forward, and his thick cock slowly entering her anal tube. Her anal ring pulled tight as it clung to the thick shaft that slowly entered her. She felt a horrifying fullness in her belly as she was slowly impaled on the thick cock. A

cramp twisted her insides as the cock began the slow ascent into her colon, touching places that were not meant to be touched, entering a hole that was not meant to be breached in such a perverted manner. The thought of what he was doing was humiliating, her daughter watching her being taken in this brutal sodomy making it worse.

Michael could not believe the tightness. Her tiny ring slid up and down his shaft as he began to fuck her in short punches. Each time his cock got deeper in her bowels, each time a grunt pushed from her lips as Brenda's tight anus was slowly forced open by his thick cock. Her inner muscles clenched so firmly, almost painfully on his cock, he was glad he had had Marie lubricate his cock. "How do you like having a thick cock up your ass for the first time, Brenda?" His hands rubbed her buttocks as he pressed forward, leaning right between her straining, struggling legs bound helplessly to the table legs, the cuffs holding her spread and secure. Bill yanked harder on Brenda's arms, pulling her forward, her hips arching up higher, until her anus seemed to suck Michael's cock deeper into her bowels.

"It hurts," she cried out, another cramp twisting deep in her stomach, as it seemed the long cock was going to push out her mouth. It continued to push in and out of her anus, and Brenda whimpered, her tiny hole clenching on the thick cock in reaction to the pain it was inflicting as she was stretched unnaturally wide to accommodate it.

Marie's fingers fluttered over her mother's anus, holding Michael's cock as it slowly entered her mother from behind. She could not believe it, but three quarters of his cock had

already entered, the rest pushing forward, trapping her hand between his abdomen and her mother's painfully stretched anal ring.

"Move your hand, Marie. Your mother's sodomy has just begun. It's time I get down to business." Michael pushed sharply with his hips, driving his cock the remaining length into Brenda's tight anus. It could offer no resistance as his cock bore deeply into her bowels, her hot, buttery, back passage bringing such joy to his cock. He loved the act of sodomy. Few things were more pleasurable to him than the uncontrollable tightening of a girl's anus masturbating his cock. Brenda was helpless to do anything but submit to the taking of the most intimate part of her body. Marie took a step back to watch, both hands covering her own mouth in shock.

"GGGGODDDD, it's too big, too long." Brenda cried out as she was suddenly impaled by the hard cock, the rigid member thrust into her backside. She was unable to stop the deep penetration of her inner bowels, her stomach cramping as it bore into her like a drill. She felt him stop, jerking his cock deep inside her. She fought the urge to pee, the cock pressing on her internal organs. Brenda tightened her muscles to stop the involuntary urge, succeeding only in drawing a satisfied groan from the man sodomizing her as she more fully pleased his cock. She felt her anus spasm on the cock shaft, the burning pain continuing as she felt her anal ring stretched nearly to the breaking point, afraid he would tear her if he continued.

Michael pulled his cock from her anus, slowly drawing his shaft out her clenched passage, her insides gripping it as if she did not want him to withdraw. He watched the way her anal ring gripped the slippery shaft, sliding along it as he drew it back. He pulled out until her anus just gripped the head of his cock, the big head straining her anal ring. "What a nice, tight ass, Brenda." He pushed his cock back in, hearing the rush of air forced from her lungs as she went from empty to full in just a few short seconds.

She felt the cock go back up inside her, battering away at her sphincter, sliding effortlessly inside her with one powerful thrust deep into her bowels, bottoming out in a place not meant to receive such intimate probing. His hands guided her hips, forcing them in a circle, her insides forced to massage his thick cock as Michael began to fuck her hard. Each time he withdrew, she held her breath until the cock was shoved back inside her, her muscles spasming on the thick flesh invading her bowels. She gasped and squirmed as he easily fought her anus trying to prevent his attack. Her legs ached from the wide spread, her toes cramping from balancing so precariously on them as Michael used her for his pleasure, reaming out her intimate hole. He began to pick up speed, slamming his cock deep inside her, pulling back, until it felt like he was sucking her insides out with every withdrawal, her body buffeted on the hard table as he buggered her.

Michael skewered her anus on his cock, burying himself deep in her bowels. Her twisting, clenching body was so pleasurable, massaging his cock, her groans of pain only increasing his lust. He pumped her hard, his abdomen

slapping hard against her up-thrust buttocks, the sound of naked flesh meeting naked flesh ringing out in the room. He could not wait much longer, he needed to cum inside her. He slapped her ass, rewarded with a delicious clenching of her sphincter on his cock. "Yes, tighten up for me, Brenda. Make me cum."

Her cheeks stung from the slap, as she felt her muscles involuntarily grip his cock. *How could he want it any tighter? His cock already felt like it was rubbing her raw inside as he fucked her so hard and fast.* Another slap and Brenda had no choice but to accommodate him, Bill still holding her firmly stretched, pressing back on Michael's withdrawal, tightening as he plunged back inside her. Through the torment, her only conscious thought was to bring him to orgasm, to end the painful sodomy. She suddenly felt a strange masochistic thrill run through her body as she unconsciously submitted to his lust. Her anus massaging his cock, even the struggles of her body, and the cries from her lips, gave him the pleasure he sought from her untrained body. This unfamiliar submission began to give her a tingle between her legs, a deepening lust that was only beginning. It was almost as if she, not Marie, was submitting to Michael. His thick cock hurting her tender anus gave her a constant reminder of her purpose, to make him cum, cum deep inside her bowels.

Michael began to feel a shudder run through Brenda's body, sensing a new found urgency to please him, her anus giving his cock such a delicious ride. He only hoped that Marie would get the same spirit. He thrust into her one last time, driving his cock so deep inside that a yelp was forced from

her lips as his cock bore more deeply into her than ever before. Her muscles clenched on his cock as ripples of cramps raced through her body. He waited for a second and then let go, the cum racing up from his balls to shoot out his cock, filling her hot, tight bowels with his crème. He could not stop, four loads of cum spraying her insides with his seed, each time he thought he was finished, her body seemed to draw one more load from inside his balls.

She felt his cock stretch her open wider as it sat deep inside her, jerking in its pleasure. She knew he was going to cum, and gripped his cock hard with her inner muscles, wanting to end the degrading act, her backside burning and cramping from the constant fucking. It felt as if a fire hose started blasting her insides, shooting deep in her colon, when shot after shot of crème filled her, her anus clenching on the thick cock in response to each blast. She thought he would never stop, her belly filling with his burning semen, his cock surging, emptying itself deep inside her bowels.

Michael slowly let his cock withdraw, her muscles pushing out against the rude intrusion, his softening cock no match for her strong inner muscles. He pulled his cock out of her with a humiliating pop, her anus squeezing the last drops of cum from his cock. He watched as her hole stayed open for a moment, gaping with a glimpse of the black abyss inside, the hole now red and abused as it slowly shrank back to size.

"Take off her cuffs, Marie."

Marie quickly stepped forward to remove her mother's cuffs, her green eyes going wide to see the abused, swollen anus, dripping white, milky fluid as it continued to spasm.

Brenda could barely pull her legs together, her entire body aching. Bill released her hands as she tried to stand. Marie helped her mother to the couch, where Brenda collapsed in exhaustion.

"You may go to your room now, Marie. I will be away on business for two days, but you will have the free rein of the house. You might try my library. I have an extensive collection of erotica, especially BDSM. And the dungeon is in the basement, a place where you will find yourself often. Feel free to explore. Bill and I will finish with your mother. I think she will enjoy having two cocks inside her at once."

Marie left the room, already seeing Bill move near her mother, his hands already fondling her body as the two men readied her for the dual ravishment. *Two cocks at once. Where would they put them? Would Michael allow that to happen to her?*

Chapter 4. Marie's Cumming Out Party

Marie took Michael's suggestion and explored the house while he was gone. She met the servants and butler who kept the house efficiently run and clean, and found out that they left at six o'clock every day unless Michael requested them for a party or late dinner guests. They worked either Saturday or Sunday, alternating between them so the house was always cared for. They seemed to like him or at least were afraid of saying anything bad about him, not sure of her relationship to him. Jobs were scarce and they dare not jeopardize a good one.

She loved her bedroom, though she did have a sense of dread every time she looked at the furniture, her mind conjuring up various ways she could be bound to it, not sure if it excited her or not. A large bed was the centerpiece of the room, giant posts in each corner, an ornate carving gracing the tops that had to be at least ten feet tall. She could only imagine her naked body stretched wide in an "X" as Michael looked at her from between her legs, his hard cock out ready to penetrate her.

At the end of the bed was a red, cushioned bench with large, heavy, metal legs on four corners, and the seat big enough for a girl to be bound and spread in either direction. A small sitting area was in the corner, a leather couch and chair, all with heavy wooden arms and a wooden table that lay low to the floor. Even the closets brought visions of debasement to her, the mirror doors reflecting perfectly the

bed and any occupant who would be on it. A few things in the room, Marie could not even begin to fathom their purpose, still a virgin in most sexual matters. There was a low, padded table, perhaps a bench, standing about waist high but only about four inches wide, secured by four legs that fanned out from the top to spread wide, securing it and seemingly designed to keep it from tipping over. It almost looked like a workbench or saw horse, but odd as it was made of fine wood and leather.

The closets and an armoire were already filled with clothes, and Marie spent half of the day trying them on, never having imagined she would get to wear such things. They all seemed to fit her perfectly, realizing Michael knew exactly her size. The intimate undergarments were scandalous and exciting at the same time. There were bustiers that took her rather smallish breasts, pushed them up, and separated them until they looked huge. There were silk camisoles that slid sensuously over her flesh and made her nipples hard as soon as they touched her skin. Some of the undergarments were tight fitting, almost too snug. Either Michael misjudged her size or he did it on purpose, Marie figured, sure the man had an ulterior motive for the tightness. She loved the silky fabric, reveling at the caress on her skin as his hand might do, as she slipped them on. She found stockings and a variety of garter belts, and took over two hours trying them on and discovering the idiosyncrasies of all the different strap combinations. Posing before the mirror in a pair of high heels, she loved the look of her figure, turning this way and that to

see her half-naked body reflected back to her, hardly recognizing herself in the fine, new lingerie.

The bathroom was elegant, with a large bathtub that filled the room, candles lining the edge, scented perfumes in bottles throughout the bathroom. There were stacks of towels even softer than her new clothes.

Marie ate alone in the dining room, sitting at the long table as the butler served her a meal of steak and potatoes, with the meat so tender she did not even need a knife. There was even a slice of apple pie for desert. She retired early, after taking a luxurious bath and slipping into a negligee that stroked the curves of her naked body. She stood in front of the mirror before getting into bed, her nipples hard and pointed, pressing out against the thin material. Her dark areolas were almost visible beneath the almost see-through garment, her black bush highlighted between her legs. She slipped into bed, sliding under the satin sheets. She turned off the light, letting her hand slip beneath the sheet, running her fingers over her nipples as she imagined it was Michael taking liberties with her body as she lay there for him, his hands fondling her virgin body at will. Her hands slid the edge of her negligee up over her hips, baring her sex, her eyes closed tight, imagining the look on Michael's face as he saw her naked for the first time. Hands touched her sex, sliding up and down her slit as she felt her juices begin to flow. She imagined Michael standing over her bed, watching her masturbate, until her body was racked by an orgasm that soaked her fingers, her legs tightly together as she came. She fell into a deep sleep, sexually content.

In the morning, she visited the library first, scanning the vast array of books that filled the room in floor-to-ceiling bookcases, ladders on each wall allowing for access to the books that rimmed the upper shelves. The scent of old books, the bound leather, the fragile paper, mixed with that of expensive cigars, sumptuous leather furniture, and alcohol. Animal trophies graced the walls in silent, powerful testament to the hunter's prowess. Marie could easily imagine girls displayed on the various couches and chairs in the room, their skirts hiked up as Michael had his way with them, taken as formidably as he had done with the animals on the wall. The library contained all the classics that she learned about in school, realizing as she took down a book from the shelf that it was a first edition, rare and valuable. She moved towards the back shelves, finding in the far corner, one bookcase containing large, illustrated books. She did not know what she would find, but she had to look.

She climbed the ladder, moving up to the highest shelf, quickly scanning the large volumes. The titles scared her. *The Illustrated Book of BDSM, Making Her Submit, Japanese Rope Bondage, Marquis De Sade Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom*, and so on. The books each seemed to involve some variation of the same themes, bondage, S&M, and sex. Marie knew what bondage was, or at least she thought she did, but S&M, she was not sure at all even what it stood for. She grabbed three large books, two on S&M, one on rope bondage, and then climbed down the ladder. She moved to the couch, putting the books down beside to her. She was almost afraid to open them. She looked at the rope bondage

book first, but it was not what she had expected. The girls that were bound almost had a look of satisfaction on their face as ropes wrapped tightly around their naked bodies. She was surprised to see breasts tied tightly, the tender flesh bulging out between harsh ropes, nipples covered with rough rope, hands and legs tied together or apart, spread wide apart. What were worse were the ropes that split their sex, two, sometimes three ropes pinching their labia tightly between the rough ropes. Yet, many of the girls seemed deep in the throes of passion. One chapter was entitled "Japanese Rope Cunt Torture." In vivid detail, it described a classic, Japanese, rope torture of binding a girl with the precise placement of a large, knobby knot on the clit, labia, or anus. The inevitable struggles of the victim would cause any slight movement of the knots to rub over the girl's most tender parts. Marie quickly put the book down, afraid of picking up the others, but her curiosity overwhelmed her.

She found a description of S&M. Sadism and Masochism. She read that a sadist derived sexual pleasure from inflicting pain on others, while a masochist received sexual pleasure in receiving the pain. It was not just pain, the book explained, but also the interaction of dominance and submission that drove the process. Marie learned that the pain inflicted enforced the submission of the girl, while enhancing the dominant's pleasure, and was typically sexual in nature. She quickly paged through one volume, stunned by illustrations of naked girls tied to large posts, their bodies spread open and vulnerable, and a man holding a whip over them. Her eyes went wide to see somewhere the girl's body was already

marked where the whip had visited, her breasts stripped, her tender inner thighs showing where marks had moved higher and higher to the girl's open sex.

Marie felt that same tingle running through her as on the day she was bound by the robbers and almost raped. She closed the books and put them away, not wanting to read any further. Though oddly aroused she was frightened and found the information and pictures in the books more frightening than what she had only imagined before. To know that the man she had agreed to submit to owned such books made the reality overwhelming. She refused to go into the dungeon, afraid she would run away if she went down there on her own, to see what she was going to have to endure. She busied herself looking around the rest of the house, anxiously awaiting Michael's return. Late in the day he arrived, smiling as he saw her waiting for him.

"You look lovely today, Marie. Have you explored the house while I was gone?"

"Yes," her answer short, not wanting to divulge what she found.

"We are having company tonight. Four of my friends are coming over to meet you. You will find that I often will show you off to my friends. They appreciate the young beauty that you possess. I will lay out the clothes for you tonight. Do not wear anything except what I provide. I want you on your best behavior tonight. I'll be testing you to see how well you can obey. It is important that I have your obedience. Any display of disobedience will be dealt with harshly and severely. You will learn that I will punish your disobedience severely."

Just the sound of his voice talking like this about punishment made her scared, the visions from the S&M books still haunting her. "Yes, Sir." She did not want to disobey him.

"Eight o'clock in the last room of the big hallway. You can ask one of the servants before they leave where it is. I expect punctuality. Now, since the servants will be off, I will expect you to serve drinks to my friends. You will do everything I ask you to without question, is that understood?"

She nodded her head, "yes, Sir." *What would he ask her to do?*

She ate a quick dinner, just a sandwich from the kitchen, as the thought of what lay ahead for tonight and the unknown took away most of her appetite. She took a long bath, trying to delay the inevitable. However, when she got out, drying her naked body with the soft towel, she found her fingers lingering over her mound more than necessary. Closing her eyes, she rubbed up and down her own slit, imagining herself naked and exposed in front of Michael and his friends, their eyes devouring her virgin body for the first time. She pulled her fingers away, her excitement growing, and wrapped the towel around her, catching the time on the clock. Time to get ready. Michael said he did not like tardiness, and she did not want to give him any reason for punishing her, somehow knowing that he would find more than enough reasons when he wanted to.

Michael must have entered her room while she was taking a bath. She had not closed the bathroom door. *Did he see her naked in the bath?* The clothes were lined up on the bed, and Marie quickly padded over to see what he had picked out for

her. There was a pair of black stockings, a dark seam running up the back of them. A black garter belt was next to them, and Marie was glad she had practiced putting one on. She picked up the underwear, a pair of black, silk panties, twin bows on each side securing them that would leave her hips naked. She picked up a brassiere next. She had heard about them, but her mother had not ever been able to afford such a thing. She had not noticed this in the closet, figuring Michael must have just purchased it. It was also black, with the twin cups lined with something hard, either whalebone or wire. It fastened in the back with four delicate metal clasps. It looked rather low-cut, and Marie was sure that Michael bought it to enhance her cleavage. There was a white, silk blouse, rather sheer, that was sure to do nothing to prevent the black bra from showing through it. It buttoned up the front, but Marie noticed that the buttons stopped rather low down, leaving the top open to expose her bosom. She was surprised at the skirt. Long, slim skirts were in style, clinging to the figure, highlighting the hips and buttocks. However, this skirt was short, shorter than any she had ever seen. It was almost scandalous. It had to stop at her knees, leaving a large portion of her legs naked. The shoes seem to be out of place with the rest of the outfit, rather plain, strapped shoes, with low heels, strangely soft-soled. They seemed more to pad than to enhance.

Marie began to dress in the clothes Michael had selected, slipping into the panties first, feeling them cling to her body as she tied the ribbons on each side. She could almost make out the outline of her sex. Turning around and looking in the

mirror, she saw how they material clung to her buttocks. She put on the brassiere, slipping her breasts into the cups, reaching behind to do the snaps, and strained to get it tight. The brassiere felt almost too confining, though she did like the way it enhanced her breasts, lifting them, her cleavage more than ample now. The brassiere also left a large part of her bosom naked, the cups being very low. She noticed a small chain on the bed, gold with a cross dangling from the end and placed it around her neck, blushing at the cross dangling deep in her exposed cleavage

She sat on the bed to put on the garter belt and stockings, her hands smoothing them up her legs and thighs, making sure the seams were straight in the back, securing them to the garter belt. She stood up again, looking in the mirror, feeling her sex begin to get wet as she saw how sexy she looked. She looked so much older than her nineteen years, so sophisticated. She put on the blouse, loving the way it felt as it glided over her naked skin. She buttoned it up, looking in the mirror, the black bra prominently showing brazenly beneath the blouse. The skirt was last, slid up over her hips, Marie tucking the blouse into it before buttoning it tight around her waist. She looked in the mirror, again. The skirt clung snugly to the curves of her buttocks and hips, but then seemed to flow open. She put on the strange shoes, stood back up, and studied her reflection in the full-length mirror. *God, she couldn't believe how beautiful and sexy she was, though a bit embarrassed at the risqué ensemble.* It was time to leave. She hurriedly moved to the door and down the hall, the soft patter of the shoes barely audible.

She moved through the large house, empty now, the sounds of male voices in the distance drawing her to the room that the butler had shown her. It was down the end of a long hall that Marie had not visited while she was exploring the house. She knew this hallway also led to the dungeon beneath the house, and hoped the location of tonight's encounter was not a harbinger of things to come for the night. The men's voices became louder as she approached the door, the smell of cigars already permeating the air. Her hand hesitating for a moment on the doorknob, she took a deep breath and opened the door.

She caught a quick glimpse of Michael and four other men across the room, standing around a group of chairs and tables. Her attention was quickly pulled away from them by the bright reflections coming off the floor, her gaze instantly drawn downward. Now, she understood the soft soles and heels on her shoes. The floor was mirrored from wall to wall, large squares of reflecting mirrors tiling the entire surface. Marie stepped gingerly into the room, onto the floor as if she might break it and then realized its purpose. She looked down, her reflection shining back at her. She could see up her own skirt, the black panties highlighted against her alabaster skin. Even as she stood before the men fully clothed, her intimate undergarments would be revealed to their eyes. She blushed.

"Come in, Marie. My friends can't wait to set their eyes on you." Michael enjoyed the way she blushed. If this was humiliating, he had much more in store for her tonight. Her lovely body would be slowly stripped naked for him and his

friends, and the thought of her body red in shame made his cock jump in excitement. Michael moved towards her, knowing his friends would be watching. He put his arm around her waist, whispering into her ear. "You look ravishing, Marie. Now, remember my instructions. You must never clench your thighs together. You are too beautiful to hide from our eyes." He turned to his friends who watched as they moved forward. "Gentlemen, this is Marie."

"What a lovely lass," one of them complimented. His eyes looked down at the floor, catching a glimpse of white thighs as she walked, the black panel of her panties nestled tightly between her legs, snuggling up against a lovely sex he hoped to see exposed tonight. "You have such good taste in girls."

"I can hardly take my eyes off her, such lovely features. Lovely, half-naked breasts that seem to shimmer as she walks. And those lovely legs," a second man said watching her reflection. He enjoyed the way her skirt clung to her full hips and taut buttocks, yet still seemed to sway provocatively as she walked. He wished he could see her walking from behind, sure each twitch of her shapely buttocks would be hypnotizing.

"Have you had her pleasure yet, Michael?"

"No, Marie is still a virgin. A complete virgin, untouched and inexperienced. I have not even seen her naked yet."

"Do we get to taste this delightful creature also?" Michael's friend knew he would love to lick the girl's virgin sex or have his cock snuggled tightly in her hot.

"No, she is mine only, but you may enjoy her visually. And afterwards, Bill has arranged for some lovely girls to entertain you."

Marie glanced at Michael, his hand feeling so secure on her waist. At least he meant to keep her for himself, she would not be shared with his friends, though she did have some apprehension as to what he meant by "enjoy her visually." She had a feeling that she would soon be stripped naked for the men's further enjoyment if the mirrors on the floor were any indication of Michael's intent. The experience with the doctor and his lawyer had been bad enough. Marie felt strange when each man shook hands with her, some of them clinging to her hand longer than others did, and their eyes looking from her breasts down to the view on the floor. She remembered Michael's instructions, spreading her legs a bit wider as she stood there, suddenly aware of the dampness between her legs. *Could she be getting aroused at such an obscene display? She felt a strange tingling at the thought of how much she was arousing the men, including Michael. Strong, powerful men who seemed to desire her.* Michael's hand slid down a bit to sit on her hip, moving slowly, almost sensuously over her flesh as they all watched him with her, jealous of his possession of her.

"Will you get us all a drink, Marie? Brandies. The bottle is on the bar along with the glasses."

Five sets of eyes seemed to burn through her flesh, when she turned to obey although she could not see them. She could feel her hips swaying seductively, not even how she was doing it; they just seemed to know exactly how to entice.

Maybe it was the clothes, making her feel so sexy, feeling that she had also to act that way. Even the swish of her stockings seemed to sound sexy, as her thighs rubbed sensuously together as she walked. She made the drinks, smiling as she did. It felt so odd, to have been a nineteen-year-old, homeless girl only days ago, to now have this strange influence over powerful men. Marie started to enjoy provoking the arousal in the men. It was a very powerful feeling and extremely erotic. She put the glasses on a tray and slowly walked back, her hips moving in a sweet seduction. She paused before each man, waiting as he took his drink, waiting quietly before Michael to offer him the last one, and then set the tray aside on the table.

For the next few minutes there was small, intimate chatter among them, each of the men so intent on learning what they could about Michael's new acquisition, their eyes always roving back and forth over her half-exposed body. Marie waited, standing at Michael's side. She spread her legs a bit wider, teasing his friends, sure they all could probably see the damp spot between her legs in the mirrored tiles. *God, she wished she had masturbated before she left the room. Her whole body was tingling with desire. She couldn't believe how aroused she had become at being on display, and was almost eager to continue.*

She fetched another round of drinks, this time returning to find them all sitting down, their chairs facing forward, each watching her expectantly. She had to bend down to hand them their drinks, each of them pausing before taking the drink from her hand. Marie looked down and saw their gazes

fixed on her generous cleavage, the plunge of the blouse's neckline falling to show the large expanse of her naked breasts revealed between the brief cups of the racy bra. She found herself bending farther each time, enjoying the attention. When she bent to offer Michael his drink, she was sure her breasts would spill right out of the bra if she bent over any farther. Michael took the brandy, but not before his finger casually ran up and down her well-displayed cleavage. Marie felt the goose bumps pop up on her chest as his finger dragged out a strange feeling in her nipples, the tips growing as if she had been touched there by him. *Could he arouse her without even touching her nipples?*

"Such lovely tits, Marie. Stand up over there." He pointed to what looked like a stage of some sorts that Marie had not noticed before.

She moved over towards it, turning around to face them. The floor was different, this time it was raised slightly from the back to the front, the mirror on an angle. This would give them an even greater reflection from beneath her. They would be able to sit in front of her, yet still look up between her legs, and possibly even see her buttocks from behind. Marie found it difficult, looking down herself, to gauge the view of the reflection from where the men would be.

"You have such a lovely, young body, Marie. We would like to see more of it. Would you like to show it to us?"

It was not that she had a choice, that was what she was paid for, but it was still humiliating being asked as if she had a choice, when she was forced to perform for them. Her thoughts racing, Marie was not sure what Michael would

require of her when she finished posing over the mirrors, sure that her virginity would not last very long. "Yes, Sir," she answered. She heard a click and looked down to see a bright light illuminate the mirror beneath her, shining up from behind, almost feeling the heat as it shone up between her legs.

"Spread your legs a bit wider, Marie. You have such lovely creamy thighs."

She did as she was told, her legs moving wider, moving them about three feet wide, when Michael asked for more. She stopped at about four feet, her thighs aching, sure she provided an unobstructed view of her innocent sex between her legs.

"I love those lovely black panties. They seem to mold to her sex," one of them commented.

"I bought them a bit tight," Michael responded. "I like to see her lips pressed tightly by them. It makes it so much more tantalizing. You will notice her lovely breasts. I don't think she really needed the bra, but I do love to tease. Notice the cross cutting into her cleavage. Imagine ropes doing the same thing. Please unbutton your blouse, Marie, and push it to the side for us."

Her hands went down to the buttons, her fingers trembling as she fumbled with the first button, all eyes glued to her as she finally succeeded in undoing the first one, pushing it aside to work on the next. It seemed like five minutes before she finished, but no one complained. She finally pulled the blouse from her skirt and pushed it to the sides, exposing the black bra and her chest to their hungry eyes.

"Lace your fingers behind your head and bow out your elbows to the side. It will enhance your lovely breasts for us."

It would also make it more humiliating, forced to pose her body provocatively as she slowly stripped naked for them. She already felt naked, her bra exposed, her legs spread obscenely, the lighted mirror sending back reflections of her spread thighs and panty-clad under her skirt.

"Now bend at the waist, your hands still behind your head, your head held up high. Show us that lovely naked cleavage."

She was sure her breasts would spill from the bra, and was surprised when they did not. She held her head up, feeling her muscles strain as she afforded them the best possible view of her dangling breasts. Her bosom was red from the humiliation of stripping for the men.

"Such lovely alabaster skin. I can't wait to see her nipples and areolas.

Dark and big, I hope," one of them commented.

She knew it would not be long, Michael moving along quickly now. She was getting a little dizzy from bending over, and distracted from the initial power of arousal she had felt at the display of her body now that Michael had taken control. She quickly realized in the bent over position, her short skirt was riding high up her hips. Normally, with the men in front of her, that would not embarrass her, but with the slanted mirrors on the floor, she was sure they had an unobstructed view of her panty-covered cheeks.

"Very lovely, Marie. Now stand up again and take off your bra. Show us those lovely tits." Even Michael was growing impatient.

Marie reached behind her back, fumbling with the multiple hooks for the bra, her hands shaking as she realized that she was going to bare her breasts in public to a bunch of strange, older men. She could see the men moving up to the edges of their chairs, all waiting to see her naked from the waist up. She felt the pressure release as the last hook popped free, her other hand moving up to keep her breasts in the dangling cups. She let one strap fall down her arm, pulling it out before moving on to the other, her hand now pressing the bra against her breasts. Once she let go of the bra, she would be naked.

"Drop it, Marie," Michael's voice showing his impatience.

She could not hold out any longer without openly defying Michael, a task she was not up to. She let the bra drop to the floor, keeping one arm folded across her breasts, hiding them from view.

Michael smiled at her embarrassment, her head hung down, one hand crushing her breasts, hiding them from view. He waited, letting her feel the growing doubt in her mind as her half-naked body trembled in front of them. "We can't wait any longer, Marie. Put your hands to your sides."

She kept her head down in shame, her hands slowly lowering to her sides, feeling the cool air of the room rush over her nipples, feeling them harden in response. It felt as if her whole chest was flushed in embarrassment as she trembled before them, standing there half-naked, feeling their eyes feasting on her naked flesh.

"What a magnificent pair of tits," one of them exclaimed.

"Look at her nipples growing hard. She must like showing us her naked body."

"I'd love to suck those big, fat nipples. Look at how dark her areolas are. As big as a half-dollar. They make her pink nipples stick out even bigger."

"Put your hands behind your head, Marie. Not that those lovely breasts need to stand any higher. Very pert and firm. Not a bit of sag in them." Michael was going to love playing with them, rope clamping them tight, clamps pinching her lovely nipples. He watched as she complied. "Look at us, Marie. No need to be ashamed. You should be proud of your breasts. Such young, firm flesh."

She was forced to look at them, their eyes glued to her chest, looking down, seeing how long her nipples had grown. *What is it the cold in the room? Or was it something else? Was stripping naked for them making her aroused? How could she be aroused and humiliated at the same time?* She arched her back, her elbows thrust to the side, feeling her breasts rising up even higher, thrust out obscenely for all of them to ogle. She posed for them for over five minutes, the time dragging on as she stood half-naked in front of the men. Finally, Michael's voice broke the silence.

"Get us another round of drinks."

She started to bend down to pick up her bra and blouse but Michael interrupted her.

"You won't need those. We want to see the lovely tits bounce as you walk."

She moved over to the bar, blushing hard at the obscene jiggle of her naked breasts as they bounced up and down.

"I love the gentle way your breasts bounce as you walk. A glass of ice for me, also, Marie."

She brought the drinks back, all eyes staring at her breasts as she walked, Marie feeling even more self-conscious than usual. She handed out the drinks, Michael's last. He took both glasses, putting down the one with the brandy. He stood up in front of her, the glass of ice in his hand. His hand reached out to her breast and Marie's eyes followed it as if it were moving in slow motion. Her body tensed as she waited for the first touch of a man's hand on her bare breast. It felt as if she were struck by lightening, the heat of his hand shocking her as it gently cradled one of her breasts, cupping it as his thumb played lightly around her areola. It felt as if her nipple would burst if he did not touch it, the pink tip over two inches long, throbbing in desire. Her legs began to tremble, until she was afraid she would fall down. His large hand was easily able to grasp her bare flesh, his calloused palm rubbing harshly over her silky flesh.

"Such lovely breasts, Marie. Too lovely to hide them." He moved behind her, his hands moving around to come under her breasts, pinning her arms to her sides. His hands grasped her twin globes and lifted them up, Marie moving up on her toes as he pressed them higher. He loved the feel of firm, young flesh, his cock jerking against her buttocks as he casually fondled her flesh. He was sure that this was the first time anyone had ever touched her naked breasts like this before, sure that she had never bared them to a group of older men to ogle so brazenly.

She waited, almost aching for him to touch her nipples. She was ashamed by the need of her desire but the hard tips felt like they would burst if not touched soon. His thumb played so close to the edges, rubbing around her areolas, Marie looking down as she watched her naked breasts being openly fondled. She tried to arch her back to push her nipples into his fingers but he teased her, moving back each time. She felt his cock pressing into her buttocks. It felt huge, jerking against her. She finally broke down. "Please."

"What do you want, Marie? Tell me."

"My nipples, they're going to explode if you don't touch them. Please," she begged. She felt him move in front of her again. *Wasn't he going to touch her?* She needed it so bad. She was not even paying attention to the stares of the other men, her need to be touched so overpowering.

"Of course, I wouldn't want those lovely tips to feel neglected." He smiled and stood in front of her, picking up the glass of ice. "Hold very still, Marie. I'll make you feel good." Michael picked up a piece of ice in one hand, his other hand gripping one of her globes, squeezing it around the base until it bulged out, as the blood rushed to the nipple.

"No, please, not the ice." She could see the look in his eyes, knowing he would not be denied the pleasure of seeing her squirm as he pressed the frozen ice against her tender nipple. She knew it would hurt, and she was scared but had no idea how painful it would be. Yet, she did not want to anger this man. Tensing her body, forcing herself not to move away, she could already feel the cold as Michael held the ice a mere inch from her nipple. Dying for his touch, her pink tip

felt like it was stretching to try to reach out to the ice. "EEEEHHH," she cried out in pain, when it touched her. It was even worse than she could have imagined. The ice seemed to burn her flesh, her nipple going from cold to painful in only seconds. Michael rubbed the ice around her nipple, not losing his hold on her breast, and teased the tip as goose bumps sprung up on her flesh. Marie sucked in her breath as the ice melted, sending cold, wet drops sliding down her stomach. He held her breast in his palm tightly as he kept her close to the ice.

He loved the look on her face as he pressed the ice against her sensitive nipple, her body shuddering, goose bumps appearing on her body as she stood so submissively and let him have his way with her. He pulled the ice back, throwing the melted cube in the glass but taking out a new one. He watched her eyes as he pressed it against her other nipple, a loud moan escaping from her lips as he froze her sensitive nipple.

Both of her nipples throbbed in pain, the chilled hard tips aching and seeming to grow with each passing minute. She finally felt relieved when he put the second ice cube down, grateful for the touch of his fingers on each nipple, two fingers gripping each one, pulling and twisting. Although, Michael was a bit rough in his handling of her sensitized flesh, she welcomed the touch of warm fingers, since anything was better than the ice.

"Very good, Marie. You obey well. Now hold still. I have one more thing for your lovely nipples." He pulled out two small bells. He slipped the ring at the end of the bell around

one of her nipples, stretching out the tip as he slid it down until it was trapped tightly behind the nipple. He turned the miniature screw, his large fingers having trouble until he heard her gasp, knowing he had it tight enough. He released his hold on the ornament and let it hang.

She felt the bell tug on her nipple, pulling it down as the tip throbbed, the ring trapping the blood at the end, the blood pushed to the nipple pounding. He worked on the other, repeating the procedure until she found both of her nipples sporting the tiny bells, her young, resilient breasts now sure to sound the bells nicely with each bounce.

"Now, get us another drink, Marie."

She slowly backed away and turned to obey him. Each step she took made her breasts bounce, the small bells feeling as if they were five-pound weights tugging on her sensitive tips. She made little ringing sounds as she walked, each bob of her breasts pinching her nipples in the metal bands, a reminder of how her nipples were trapped in the ingenious decorations. She forced herself to focus on bringing the drinks back, each step of her feet highlighted by the ringing of the bells as she walked. When she stood in front of Michael, he moved his fingers up and snapped at the bells, causing them to send vibrations deep into the nerve endings of her nipples, the smallest movement feeling so powerful.

She felt so self-conscious as she stood there, half-naked, her breasts sporting a pair of little bells. She looked down, seeing her shapely breasts pulled down very slightly by the bells. She was in a daze, still not really believing that she was standing half-naked like this in front of these men.

"You're doing very well, Marie. Do you like me playing with your lovely tits?" He whispered in her ear as he stood near her.

She was afraid to answer. While it was humiliating to be like this, it was also a bit exciting, seeing how her young, naked body made the men aroused. She had never thought of herself as sexy, but they obviously did. Including Michael. "A little," she whispered back.

Michael sat down in one of the chairs, all of the men's eyes feasting on her naked flesh. "Stand in front of us, Marie, and lift your skirt up. Let us see those lovely panties. They look very enticing from the reflection off the floor, but we want to see more, much more."

She almost forgot the mirror on the floor, her legs just learning to naturally part. She looked down, seeing the reflection under her skirt shooting back at her. She could feel the dampness between her legs. *Would they notice it?* She hesitated, afraid of lifting up her skirt. A girl shouldn't do that in public, not with a group of men watching her every move. Her hands trembled as she slowly bent forward a bit to grip the end of her short skirt, feeling the bells tug on her nipples, hearing the soft chimes of the bells. She heard the men gasp as she pulled it up higher, revealing her naked thighs and the top of her stockings, the garter belt revealed.

"I love a pretty girl in a garter belt and stockings, Michael. It was so nice of you to dress her like that for us."

"I can't wait to see her naked pussy. The garter belt will frame it deliciously. A virgin you say she is?"

"Yes," Michael answered. "A nice, hot, tight virgin my doctor guarantees. In all of her holes. Isn't that correct, Marie?"

She could only stammer in embarrassment as she held the skirt up higher. She knew they could see the edge of her panties now, remembering how snug they were, sure they would be able to see every bit of her mound. "Yes, Sir." She added. "All for your pleasure, Sir."

Michael smiled. He liked that in her. She knew her place and what was required of her. At least she thought she did, but she was so naïve as to the perversions he would ply on her virgin body. "Now higher, Marie. We want to see all of your treasures. High above your waist."

She slowly pulled the skirt higher; at least she could straighten her back, the tugging on her nipples lessened. She looked down, humiliated as she pulled her skirt above her waist, her legs slightly parted, and her nipples hard and pointed. She hated the bells yet at the same time they stimulated her nipples, making them so hard she thought they would burst. *How could she enjoy having her delicate nipples tortured in such a terrible way? Yet she wished she could touch them, knowing that she would cum if she did.*

Michael gazed for the first time at her sex, the panties tightly shaping her mound. He could see her fleshy labia pushing out on the thin silk, the sharp groove of her slit highlighted as the material pressed between her lips. He could almost make out the wetness on her panties. *Could she be enjoying this, in spite of her verbal protests and gasps?* He could tell that she had a full bush, in spite of her age, just as

her mother did. He would enjoy that, plucking out individual hairs on her spread legs as she yelped in pain. "Spread you legs a bit wider, Marie."

She gasped but obeyed, her legs parting, daring not to look into their eyes as they gazed at her panty covered mound, her hands trembling as she held her skirt submissively up high. A young girl shouldn't have to go through such humiliation.

"What a lovely cunt. You are such a lucky man Michael."

"Don't worry; I'm having Bill bring over some lovely girls to satisfy your desires later. While they wouldn't be virgins, Bill assures me that they will give your cocks lovely rides on their tight pussies. Or you may choose to afford yourself of their other orifices." Michael knew that Bill had the best trained girls in the state, young girls trained to use their bodies to pleasure the men that would be tightly encased inside them.

"Thank you Michael. My wife would hate for me to come home with such a raging hard-on. She's not as accommodating as Bill's girls." They all laughed, relieved that Michael had made plans for them.

"Now turn around, Marie and show us that lovely ass. Keep your skirt up high and your legs spread." Michael was an ass-man, delighting in the pleasure of a hot, tight asshole, cheeks tightening as he took his pleasure in a hole not designed for that purpose. It was the gasps of shock that thrilled him as he violated them in their ass, his cock taking such pleasures from their uncontrollable clenching on his hard cock as he entered their rectum. The final pleasure came as he filled

them with his cum, the girl's cries as she felt her bowels invaded by his hot crème, filling her as if she was receiving an enema. The final degradation as her unwilling muscles squeezed his softening cock out of her anus with a loud pop, his white cum dripping down between her spread legs, ravished and abused for his pleasure.

She remembered seeing her mother sodomized by Michael, Marie reluctantly forced to aid in the ravishment, holding Michael's cock rigid as he breached her Mother's reluctant anus. She remembered her groans of pain as Michael's cock shafted her deep with each powerful stroke until she was forced to masturbate his cock with her inner muscles, dragging them cum from his balls until he emptied deep in her bowels. She dreaded the time when Michael would do the same to her, sure that his large cock would tear her painfully. She turned, pulling her skirt up higher, spreading her legs, looking down to see how brazenly she was opened up to the mirrors beneath her. She turned around, at least she would not have to see their eyes ogling her half-naked body. She spread her legs, pulling her skirt up higher, knowing that her panty covered cheeks were clearing visible.

"What a nice tight ass."

"Look at that lovely crease. Her panties are almost pushed up her asshole."

"You can see her pussy pouch peeking out from behind."

The men were excited at the sight of her lovely rear. Her full hips framed the taut flesh of her buttocks, tightly encased in the black panties, highlighting the white skin of her tender inner thighs. Best of all was the way the panties pushed her

cheeks apart to enter the crease that ran up her delicious backside. They were so tight you could almost make out the pad of her anus, or at least you thought you could.

"Tighten and relax your cheeks for us, Marie. Tempt us with those muscles that would delight a hard cock inside you." Michael could almost feel her hot, buttery insides squeezing his cock already, his throbbing member jerking in lust in his trousers.

They wanted her to perform for them, showing them how well she would pleasure their thick organs in her body. She had no choice but to obey, her hands tightly clenched at her sides as she grunted when she tightened her cheeks. It felt strange, the panties so tight that they seemed to be entering her backside, pressed hard against her virgin opening. Her anus fluttered when she released her cheeks to the pleasure of the men watching her every degrading movement.

"Again," Michael ordered her.

"I wish it were my cock inside her asshole as she squeezed," one man exclaimed, his hand rubbing his hard cock through his pants.

"What a delightful ass-fuck she will be."

Michael made her do it ten times, each time she groaned, her anus fluttering open and closed, Marie unable to control her own body. Finally she stopped, standing with her legs spread, her sex now wet. Her clenching cheeks also tightened her sex. It was as if she were masturbating without using her hands, her inner muscles doing the same job her hand would. She only hoped that she would be able to leave soon, wanting

to go back to her room and masturbate, the humiliation only driving her lust higher.

"Drop the skirt; I don't think you will need it any longer." Michael watched as she took off the skirt and put it on the couch, standing back in front of them.

"Another drink for us, Marie. We want to watch your lovely ass as you walk."

She moved to the bar, self-conscious of every step she took, the bells jingling to the sway of her hips. When she got behind the bar, one hand slid down between her legs, feeling her body shudder as her finger found her sex wet. *God, her pussy was tingling with desire. If only Michael would touch her, not even caring if they saw her. She just needed to cum.*

"Hurry with the drinks, Marie."

She took her hand away, quickly filling the glasses, moving back to the men, bending over to hand each man their drink, their eyes on her nipples and breasts as they pulled down to almost push in front of their face. She handed Michael the last drink, putting down the tray, awaiting his next command.

"Move closer," he ordered her.

She eagerly moved in front of him, eager to feel his touch on her body. She didn't have to wait long, watching as his hand moved towards her, her body shivering in lust as his hands touched her naked hips, pulling her closer.

"Spread your legs wider, Marie. I'm going to touch your lovely pussy. Would you like that?"

"No," she lied, but she knew that he could see it in her eyes.

He looked at the front of her panties, her slit clearly visible now, the panties almost buried between the puffy lips that framed her opening. The only way they could be in that deep was if fingers pushed them in. He knew she was lying, the black panties already stained with her juices. "I think your pussy is too wet for you to deny it, Marie. I think you want me to feel up your lovely virgin pussy." He couldn't wait any longer, his hand moving out to touch her. He even noticed that her legs parted wider, giving him access to her sex.

She gave him a look of disgust as he touched her but she secretly couldn't wait. Her sex was burning up in lust at the thought of his hand touching the most intimate part of her body while she stood submissively before him. "EEEEHHH," she tried to contain her ardor but his hand touching her shocked her senses. She felt her sex get drenched as his fingers slipped on both sides of her labia, gripping the flesh between his powerful fingers. She had expected his touch to be gentler, but then that wasn't what he was paying for. He wanted to use and abuse her, sure that often it would be painful and perverted.

"Such a lovely pussy," Michael said bringing his fingers up and down her sex, sliding his fingers along her slit, gripping her labia. He saw her panties getting wetter, knowing that she was secretly enjoying his rude fondling of her body. He let one finger move to her slit, pushing her panties deeper into the wet crevice as he stroked her up and down. "How do you like my fingers touching your pussy?"

"I hate it," she lied, her legs trembling, barely able to stand. She had never felt anything like it before, strange

hands fondling her sex so causally as the other men watched. She felt him pull her lips, a strange yearning in her loins as he pulled on them, stretching them out. She had to arch her back and force her hips forward, sure he would rip them from her body. She looked down, her body looking as if she was offering up her sex to his probing fingers.

"I think she likes it. Look at the way she pushes her pussy into your fingers."

Michael released her sex but not before he pressed her panties deep into her slit. "Turn around, Marie. I want to play with that lovely ass."

She didn't want to obey, his fingers on her sex were bad enough, but she hated it when her anus was touched. It was obscene the way the men were fascinated with anuses. It was so perverted; maybe that is what drove their desires, the desire to force them to submit to such perverse acts as sodomy. She hesitantly turned her back to them, not wanting his fingers to leave her sex, her lust unfulfilled. She felt his hands between her legs, pushing out on her tender inner thighs with his rough hands, Marie having no choice but to spread her legs wider until Michael was happy. His hand returned, moving up her silky inner thighs until he teased her sex along the edge of her panties, riding his finger up and down between the crevices of her legs. She yelped once when he snagged an errant pubic hair, yanking it out painfully, Marie quickly turning around to see him smiling at her.

Michael cupped her sex from behind, his large fingers easily able to wrap between her legs, one thick finger sliding along her slit. She arched up on her toes as he manipulated

her sex so easily. He moved back to her buttocks, gripping her taut cheeks, yanking them apart as she struggled to stay in position, her legs spread wide. He loved the way she fought his fingers, her cheeks trying so hard to keep his probing fingers away from the treasures that were buried between her cheeks. His finger fought her muscles until she finally relented, her cheeks relaxing, Michael now able to explore her freely. He stopped at the top of her crack, pushing his finger between the cheeks, pushing hard as he moved up and down her crack, a tiny gasp from Marie each time his fingertip trailed over her anus. He could feel the raised pad as he slid up and down her crack. He pulled her panties to the center, pushing them into her crack until her twin cheeks were naked, his hands roaming freely over her silky flesh.

She felt as if she were naked, her panties pushed into her crack, very little left to the imagination. His hands freely roamed over her buttocks, his fingers gripping tightly each cheek almost pushing her forward as his powerful fingers clenched on her flesh. She hated it when his finger so rudely ran over her anus, a strange shudder running through her body each time. She felt Michael stand up behind her, turning her around so he was behind her, his hands moving down between her legs. He gripped the top of her panties, creasing the silky cloth and pushing it between her lips, her hairy pubic mound now clearly visible to the men. Michael ran his fingers through her bush, his fingers stimulating the nerve endings in each hair. Her eyes started to tear as he casually began to pluck errant pubic hairs from her body, her yelps of pain only encouraging more.

"How do you like your pussy be played with, Marie?" He whispered in her ears as one hand moved to her naked breast, two fingers searching out a hard, erect nipple and pinching it. His other hand went between her legs, gripping her sex, one finger sliding between the lips of her sex, sawing back and forth her wet slit. He felt her push back as his fingers played with her half-naked sex, his hard cock greeting her buttocks.

God, it felt good, his finger slowly masturbating her, her body rippling in pleasure. She refused to show her ardor, trying to hide the pleasure his fingers were bringing to her. Her hips began a gentle rolling motion, unable to control her emotions any longer. She was disappointed when his fingers left her sex, but not before he yanked up her panties. Her soft, silky panties were turned into a sharp rope that dragged painfully between her lips, almost yanking her up by her crotch. She bowed out her legs, anything to relieve the terrible pressure between her legs. "Please," she begged. "It hurts."

"Of course, Marie. Why don't you sit down on the chair and take your panties off for us." One of the men had moved a chair facing theirs.

This was what she dreaded. Finally stripping off the last garment hiding her body from their gaze. With her panties gone she would be naked and vulnerable, sure that Michael had planned to make her nakedness as humiliating as possible. She had no other choice, her panties feeling as if they were driving a knife between her legs, still bunched up tightly between her delicate lips. She moved over to the

chair, sitting down, her thighs clenched tightly together. She let her buttocks rise up from the chair, two hands slowly sliding down the panties, seeing their eyes feasting on her naked flesh as she was slowly revealed to them. She bent over, the bells ringing as she kicked the panties off, sitting back in the chair, her legs clenched tightly together in her last vestige of modesty.

Michael looked at her, her stocking and garter belt making her look even more naked than she was. "You have lovely legs, Marie, but that is not what we want to see. Spread your legs for us. Show us that lovely virgin pussy."

They all moved forward in their chairs, eager to see her treasures revealed. Marie slowly let her legs part, looking down as she saw her sex gradually being revealed. She spread her legs to the edge of the chair, stopping when they were about a foot and half wide. Her body was red in embarrassment, seeing how exposed she was. Her lips were tightly together, a groove separating the two.

"I think they need to be farther apart. Let your legs hang over the edges of the chair arms. Let us see all of your charms."

"No, please no," not wanting to suffer the ultimate humiliation of the pose he wanted her in. He looked at her, Marie realizing that he would not be happy until they had inspected every intimate nook and cranny in her body. She placed one leg up over the arm, letting it dangle uselessly down the other side. Her other leg was next, feeling the muscles in her widely spaced thighs begin to ache.

"Look how her flower opens up. So pink on the inside." Her lips had pulled back, revealing her pink inner skin.

"Have you ever masturbated, Marie?"

She hated to admit it, but she knew she couldn't lie. Lately it had been impossible to masturbate, sleeping with her mother in the same room. "Yes," she whispered softly.

"I didn't hear you, Marie. Do you play with your cunt?"

"Yes," she blurted aloud.

"Take your fingers and open up the lovely pussy for us. Pull your lips back real far until it hurts a bit."

Her hands slid down over the flat plane of her stomach to slide through her bush, feeling the excitement as her fingers excited the hair follicles. She gripped her labia, two fingers having to grip hard to hold the slippery lips and began to pull them open. "Mmmmm," she softly moaned as the cool air rushed over her super-heated sex.

Her slit pulled back revealing the deep expanse of pink flesh, her juices glistening in the light. Her dark, forbidding vaginal opening came into view, Michael almost making out her little clitoris, hidden by its soft, pink hood. He looked down lower, almost able to see the little anus snuggled between her cheeks.

"Such a lovely pussy, so pink."

"Make her masturbate for us."

"Yes, I want to see her masturbate."

"You heard them, Marie. Show us how you make yourself cum. Masturbate for us." Michael wouldn't let her cum yet. First she would learn to service his cock with her hands and

ultimately her mouth. Only then would he masturbate her and force her to cum.

Marie hesitated, but her fingers slid down between her legs and began to stroke her lips. She looked at how obscenely she was spread open, her lips pulled back, revealing all of her treasures so brazenly to the men that were watching her. It was so humiliating to be forced to masturbate in front of them, the bright lights shining on her intimate body as she slowly aroused her virgin flesh. Yet at the same time, it helped to arouse her, knowing that her body was doing such things to them, that they desired her body so much. She could feel her juices on her fingers as two fingers slid up and down between her slit, pushing aside her outer lips. She shuddered each time her fingers moved over her vaginal opening, knowing that soon it would have to open to received Michael's cock. She even pulled on her pubic hairs, the sharp pain as they were pulled out by the roots bringing a deep tingling between her legs. She lay back farther in the chair, her legs moving up higher as she grew accustom to the gentle masturbation of her fingers, almost ignoring the men in the room.

"Play with your clit."

The men's voices, ordering her in shaken voices brought her back to the reality of the situation, each time Marie quickly obeying their demanding orders. She let two fingers pull back her clit hood, letting the men stare at her swollen clit, the organ red and enlarged. Her fingertip gently rubbed over the tip, her body feeling as if she would cum, her legs shaking as she massaged her love button. She could feel her

juices running down between her legs, knowing they could see how wet she had become.

"Put a finger in your pussy, Marie."

"Yes, Marie, let your virgin pussy feel what it will be like to be fucked. Put a finger in, but not too deep. I still want your hymen when I fuck you. I want to see it in your eyes when I take your innocence with my cock."

Marie let her fingers move down, down to the forbidden hole. She rubbed her finger all around it, applying more pressure each time, her juices making it easy to slide inward each time. She could feel her flower open, her finger suddenly sliding in, her vaginal opening gripping her finger so tight. *God, how would she take Michael's large cock inside her tiny hole? Even one finger hurt a bit.* And then to take a thick cock inside, sure that it would bust through into her stomach if he did. She pushed a little deeper, her finger in up to the first digit, her legs bowing out submissively, trying to relieve some of the pressure between her legs. In and out her finger moved, a gentle finger fucking as her hips seem to respond by themselves, each time moving up as her finger withdrew, trying to draw it back in.

"I think she likes it."

"Look at the way her pussy sucks her fingers in deeper."

"She's going to be a great fuck Michael. You're such a lucky man."

"Two fingers now, Marie. Let your vagina stretch a bit. It'll hurt, but my cock will be much worse."

She moved a second slick finger against her vagina, one finger still embedded inside. She pressed deep. She could feel

her opening stretching, the other finger slowly pressing in along the edge of the first until her vagina slipped tightly around both of the digit. She had gotten them in with only minor pain, but she felt so full, full of fingers. She hesitated and grew accustomed to having them inside before she pressed forward again, feeling her hot sex suck them within her. She felt them slide effortlessly into her drenched sex until they banged painfully against her hymen, her body jumping at the unexpected pain.

"Don't bust your cherry, Marie. That is for me," Michael warned her. He watched her as she began to finger fuck herself in front of the men, almost oblivious to their presence as she began to pleasure herself. She was going to be an enjoyable girl, sure that she would be very accommodating. Two fingers were moving in and out in a gentle masturbation, one finger rubbing her swollen clit, her hips in a gentle fucking motion. Even her breathing had become erratic, her fingers bringing such pleasure to her. It was time to stop her, more important things needed to be attended to before she came. He wanted her on edge, eager to please. She had his cock to take care of. With her hand and her mouth, his cock already jerked in pleasure as he imagined her lovely lips wrapped around the thick girth of his cock as it slid in and out of her pretty face.

"Stop, Marie."

The loud voice of Michael broke her concentration, her eyes opening to stare at him. She wanted to cum so bad, not even caring any longer if the men watched her. In fact it

seemed to make it better, the brash exhibitionism of her masturbation eliciting such a thrill through her body.

"Why?" she begged.

"You have my cock to attend to. When you have serviced my cock, then you may cum."

Would he control her body so much that she wouldn't be able to have an orgasm without his permission? She wanted so much to cum and she was so close, just a few minutes more. She even thought of begging him, her pride finally getting the best of her. She had already been forced to hold his cock for his mother's sodomy, never having touched one before. She wasn't sure how big they were supposed to be, but his was rather big compared to her small hand. "I don't know what to do," she meekly exclaimed, almost embarrassed on not knowing what would be required of her.

"I will teach you. If you are anything like your mother, you will be a natural," he laughed.

"How about her ass?"

"Yes, have her show us her asshole first."

They were clearly not going to be denied the sight of a beautiful virgin anus. Michael relented, there would be time for his pleasure soon enough. They brought over a large overstuffed chair, placing it in front of theirs. Michael understood what they wanted.

"Marie. Get on the chair, on your knees, your back to us." She got up quickly and moved over to the chair, kneeling up on it, her back to the men. She knew she was affording them quite a spectacle, but anything was better than the task of satisfying Michael's cock. She knew from her mother's ordeal,

it wouldn't be just her hand that would be used to masturbate him. She had seen her mother forced to take Bill's cock inside her mouth, her own hands forcing her mother's throat onto his cock, hearing her gagging and choking as she swallowed his thick cock. She dreaded that, taking the dirty cock in her mouth, sure that he would spew his semen into her mouth.

"Spread your legs to the edge, Marie. Real far, we want to see all your treasures, including that tiny asshole."

She was afraid of sodomy as much as oral sex. The thought of having something as large as Michael's cock forced into her tiny hole sounded painful, never mind disgusting. To take an organ in her backside, a place not built to accommodate anything that large sounded so forbidden. *Why would they want to put theirs inside of her vagina? She didn't understand them.*

"Hang your head over the back of the chair and arch your ass up in the air. That's a good girl," watching as she posed for them. Her legs were spread wide, her cheeks already parting, exposing her tiny anus. It was just a tiny bump between her cheeks, a dark brown star nestled so snugly. He couldn't wait until he would slip a finger or two in her tight asshole. "Now reach back and spread your cheeks farther apart. Really wide, I want to hear you moan in pain. Fingers real close to your lovely little hole. I want to see it flutter open."

She let her hands slide over her cheeks until they reached her crack, sliding down until they moved in towards her anus. She felt her fingers move in the crack until she accidentally touched her anus, a strange pulsating coming from the tiny

hole. She let her fingers sit along the edge of her anus, never having touched herself there before. She could feel a tiny spasm in her anus, the tiny hole opening and closing quickly.

"Did you see that?"

"I think it opened?"

"Yes it did. I could almost see inside her."

"Make her do it again. Make her asshole pucker open and close."

"Push out on your asshole, Marie. Show us how it will pucker open." Michael wanted to see if she would perform the degrading task, testing her for even more in the future.

She turned towards Michael, her eyes pleading with him. "No, don't make me do that." *How could they want her to do such a humiliating thing?* "OOOOWW," Michael's hand suddenly and painfully striking her right cheek, the skin of her buttocks instantly set on fire by the powerful spank.

"I won't tell you again. Girls that don't obey get a spanking. Would you like that, Marie? Your naked ass over my lap while I spank it." He hoped she would refuse, always enjoying a good spanking, followed by a hard probing of all her available openings.

"No, please don't spank me." Her cheek still burned as if he set it on fire.

"Then make your asshole pucker. Push out."

She hung her head in shame, her fingers moving close to her anus again, straining as if she were having a bowel movement. She could feel her anus begin to open, a small groan escaping from her lips as she struggled to push out, but not far enough to have an accident, mortified that she might

accidentally fart loudly. She felt the cool air of the room rush into her anus, knowing it must have been opening.

"Hold it, Marie."

"Look at the deep, forbidden hole."

"So beautiful, you see how she strains. My cock aches to be inside."

Marie could not hold out any longer, feeling her tiny hole shrink back down again, relieved that she got it over without an accident.

"Again, make it pucker again."

"Damn, I wish it was my cock that was going to be encased in that hot, tight hole. It looks like she'd skin it alive with her asshole."

"Do it five times, Marie. Make it pucker for it. You're going to have to learn to pleasure me with your asshole." Michael's cock throbbed with desire at the sight of her asshole opening and closing. He could imagine her anal ring sliding up and down his thick shaft as her rode her ass hard.

"Mmmmm," moaned Marie straining as she tried to do it again, her fingers pushing in until she felt her hole, feeling it begin to open. It felt strange, her fingers seem to touch nerve endings around her anus that she never even realized that she had, sending a tingling that started in her sex and went all the way into her bowels. She held her breath as her pucker opened, waiting until she couldn't hold it any longer, feel the sharp intake of her hole as it rapidly shrunk back down to size again. She groaned four more times, each time the men gasped in pleasure at the way she was being forced

to perform. She finally did it the last time, her hole opening wider this time, Marie straining longer to keep it open.

"What a deep, forbidden hole. So dark and tight."

"She's going to bring so much pleasure to Michael. You're such a lucky man."

"Very good, Marie, You performed well."

Marie actually felt a sense of accomplishment, proud that she had done what Michael had wanted her to, no matter how degrading it was. *Was this what it was going to be for a year?* Being forced to perform for him and his friends, her body used for their pleasure.

Michael stood up, slipping his trousers and shorts down, before sitting back in the chair. The others moved their chairs so they could see better, wanting to get a good view as Marie was taught the finer aspects of masturbating and sucking a cock. "Over here, Marie. Kneel between my legs." He spread his legs, his heavy balls resting on the chair seat, his cock hard and erect, sticking up in the air, waiting for the touch of Marie's hands.

She got up from the chair, her naked body walking over to Michael's chair, her nipples still with a dull ache as the bells danced to her steps, tugging on her sensitive nipples. It felt like days they had been hard and erect, the pinching band of metal forcing them into a permanent state of hardness, the bells vibrating sending tingles through her breasts as she moved. She saw his cock standing up so hard. It had to be at least seven or eight inches, three inches in girth with a thick dark red helmet on it that was two inches long. His balls hung down below his cock, looking heavy and swollen, Marie

realizing that they were full of his cum, waiting for her to extract it with her hands and mouth. She could already see a film of sticky fluid on the head of his cock, shuddering at the thought of taking it inside her mouth, letting his cum bask her taste buds in the foul tasting fluid. *How could he expect her to take his cum in her mouth? Would he make her swallow it as Bill did with her mother?* She kneeled submissively between his legs, his thighs trapping her in place. Her face was only inches from his throbbing cock, seeing it jerk. *How did he make it move like that?*

"I want you to feel my cock and balls. Run your fingers over them. Get used to it. Your hands will be getting me hard many times. "MMMM," was the only thing he could say when one hand meekly moved to his cock, her tiny hand encircling his thick shaft.

She did not think it would feel this hot and hard, only briefly touching it before, more enthralled with her mother taking it inside her anus then inspecting his cock. It jerked and shuddered when her fingers encircled it, Marie afraid she was making him cum, fearing that he would be mad for making her cum so quickly. Her hand hesitantly moved up and down the shaft, tightening her grip on his cock as it moved in a gentle motion. Her other hand went below and cupped his balls, feeling the hot balls in his sack, lifting them up surprised at how heavy they felt. *Could he have that much cum in there?*

Her hands instinctively moved up and down his cock, masturbating his thick member as if she had done it for years, her fingers gripping it tightly for the friction, but not

tight enough to make it difficult to stroke it, Marie knowing just the right amount of pressure. Michael felt as if his balls would explode, her hands so tenderly touching them as if she knew they were sensitive. He was going to enjoy this one.

It seemed to come alive in her hand, twitching and jerking as she gingerly stroked it. It grew in her hand, not believing it could become longer and thicker, but it did, her fingers no longer able to get around the thick shaft. She squeezed his balls, testing them, his hips rising up gently, his cock jerking in pleasure.

"Do you like that, Marie? Do you like jerking off my cock?"

She looked up at him, seeing the smile on his face as he noticed her enthusiasm in stroking his cock. She felt a sense of accomplishment, with her inexperienced fingers making his cock grow in her hands, his moans of pleasure as she pleased him. She didn't say anything, her hands continuing the gentle masturbation of his cock.

"Why don't you give it a little kiss?"

She looked up at him, seeing the smug look on his face. She knew it would only be a matter of time, a short time before he would require her to take it in her mouth, a thought that she didn't consider very pleasing. Maybe she could get him to cum quickly, her hand squeezing his balls tighter, her fingers gripping his cock tighter as she stroked him. Her fingers moved up to the head of his cock, one finger scratching right below the edge of the rim that surrounded the mushroom shaped head, feeling his cock jerk in pleasure, a drop of glistening cum leaking from the head.

"Stop trying to make me cum so quickly and do what I told you. Kiss the tip of it."

She stopped stroking the cock, moving her head closer to the tip, her hot breath blowing on it.

"I didn't tell you to stop jerking off my cock." He loved the feel of her breath on his cock. He couldn't wait until he felt her lips wrapped tightly around it and her tongue would begin to lap it.

Her hand moved up and down again, one hand on the bottom, gripping it tightly, not wanting it to get away when she was forced to kiss it. She didn't want him shoving it in her mouth.

Michael's hand went to her head, his fingers winding into her hair, pulling her closer to his cock. He shuddered as he saw her tongue slowly move from inside her mouth, licking her lips before extending out.

She touched his cock with her lips, pulling back suddenly as if it burned her lips. She saw it leak again, the thick crème sitting on the end. The next time she kissed it, she would be forced to take the thick crème in her mouth.

"Again, kiss it again, this time longer. No need to be afraid of it, Marie. My cock is going to spend a lot of time in your mouth."

His hand in her hair urged her forward again, this time she planted her lips firmly on the head of his cock, her tongue accidentally slipping out and touching the tip. She pulled it back in her mouth, but it was too late, the bitter, salty taste of his cum already on her taste buds. It seemed to spread quickly in her mouth, just a tiny drop permeating all of her

mouth. *God, what would it be like if he came in her mouth?* It looked like gallons of cum filling her mother.

"Good girl. Now open your mouth very wide and take the head of my cock inside. I want to feel your lips wrapped tightly around my cock." He yanked up on her hair, pulling her head up. "I want to watch your eyes as you suck my cock."

Her scalp hurt each time he yanked her head, tears forming in her eyes as he used her hair to control her mouth, Marie afraid of what he would do once his cock was inside her mouth. *Would he force her to swallow his cock as he made her do to her mother? She didn't know if she could stand the choking and gagging. Even the Doctor had stuck his fingers in her mouth until she gagged, enjoying her reflexes, mentioning that Michael enjoyed forcing girls to choke on his cock while he took them in their mouth.* She had to open her mouth wide to get around the large mushroom shaped head, trying not to touch it as she placed her lips around it, waiting for the last minute when she would have to slip it in her mouth. She felt Michael push with his hips, his thick cock sliding along her lips, feeling wetness where it had been, knowing that he had leaked some crème on her lips.

He enjoyed her hot breath on his cock as it sat inside her mouth, but he wanted more. "Close your lips on my cock," he ordered her, watching her eyes as he felt her silky lips slowly engulf the head of his member "GGGGODDD," that feels good," He moaned as her lips were so tight around his cock, her lips secured just beneath the head. "Keep stroking my cock with your hand," Marie instantly obeying, the gentle

masturbation of her head delighting his throbbing member. He let his hips move his cock about an inch back and forth through her lips, feeling the delightful sensation of her silky lips dragging back and forth over the head.

Her lips hurt as she stretched as wide as she could, making room in her virgin mouth for his cock. She saw the pleasure in his eyes as she slowly closed her lips around it, the heat of his cock feeling as if they were burning her tender lips. She could feel it pulsating in her mouth, tasting his cum that was leaking out, the unmistakable salty taste spreading throughout her mouth. He began to push it in and out, just like he was fucking her, but he was using her mouth instead. It wasn't as bad as she thought it would be. She knew it was degrading to be used this way, his hand yanking her face back and forth over his cock, making her take it in her mouth while the other men watched, wishing they were Michael. It just wasn't as distasteful as she suspected it to be. The cum that leaked out was thick and salty, but after a few minutes she got used to it, still not sure how she would take an abundant supply of it in her mouth at one time. Though she didn't think, she was going to be able to stop it from happening. She might have been inexperienced, but Michael's moans of pleasure told her that she was doing something right.

"Just like your mother, a born cocksucker," Michael commented. "Now I want you to use your tongue now. Run it over the end and suck on my cock. Take it deeper into your mouth. Move your head back and forth and I will let go of your hair."

She began to energetically run her mouth on and off his cock, anything to have him let her hair loose, feeling as if he was going to tear them out of her head. Her tongue lapped at the end of his cock, rewarded with a drop of precum, her tongue relishing the fluid this time. She placed her tongue on the tip of his cock and tried to coax out another drop, succeeding as his cock jerked in pleasure. She could feel his cock going farther into the confines of her mouth, afraid of it going to far, her hand always on root of his cock, preventing it from entering her throat.

"Look at her go"

"It looks like she is going to suck it inside her."

"Play with my balls with your other hand. And keep your hand jerking my cock. God, your tongue is fantastic. You certainly are an adept student. I'm going to blow my load of cum into your mouth soon Marie. You're going to have to drink it all." He didn't know how much longer he could take the skillful sucking. She had over half of his cock in her mouth each time, not expecting her to deep throat him yet. That would be another time, a time when she would be bound and forced to take it. He began to feel the familiar tingle in his balls as he watched her innocent face taking his cock between her pretty lips, her cheeks bulging out, her tongue energetically lapping his cock. She was running her tongue up and down the shaft, tickling the shaft as she did.

She was actually proud of herself. He was enjoying her first attempt and it wasn't too bad for her either. She wished she could play with her sex, as she would have loved to finger herself to an orgasm when he came. Maybe it would make

taking his thick crème in her mouth more palatable. He wanted her hands playing with his cock and balls and she obeyed. He put his hand under her chin, lifting up her head, their eyes met, his thick cock splitting her lips.

He grabbed her head, hands on each side of it, squeezing her ears, pushing her down on his cock as his body tensed up in pleasure. He could see it in her eyes when his cock hardened and began to spasm, her eyes opening up wide as her virgin mouth was suddenly filled with a rush of cum, her cheeks bulging out as he dumped his first load of cum in her waiting mouth.

Her mouth went from empty to full in seconds, his cock spewing out a never ending blast of thick cum that shot to the back of her mouth, almost going down her throat. She choked, Michael unconcerned for her welfare, only wanting to satisfy his own perverted lust, shoving his cock deeper in her mouth. She could feel it begin to run out of the corner of her mouth, unable to contain all of it.

"Swallow his cum," one of the men yelled out.

"Look at her throat fluttering. She's going to have a belly full of cum."

Michael held her head tight as he poured a second and finally a third load of cum in her mouth. *Where did it all come from?* It was so hot and thick, choking each time as she tried to swallow the abundant crème. She squeezed his balls harder, wanting to get it over with. She could feel him shuddering as he came, his balls emptying the last of his lust into the confines of her mouth.

He left his shrinking cock in her mouth, Marie sitting there so submissively, as she waited to see what would happen next, not attempting to spit his cock out.

"Use your tongue to clean my cock."

Marie felt his cock getting soft, surprised that it could do that so quickly. She let his cock fall from her lips, her hand still holding the softening cock, his weapon not so fearful anymore. She let her tongue lick up and down the shaft, paying special attention to the head, her tongue instantly meeting the thick crème still spread over it. She finally let it slump down, Michael having a look of sexual content on his face. She licked her lips, drawing in the last of his cum, relishing the flavor of his seed.

Michael got up, pulling up his trousers, putting his cock back in his pants. "Well Gentlemen, I hope you enjoyed the show that Marie put on for you. I know you are all ready for some sexual pleasure, so Bill is outside to take you to one of his houses where he has some lovely girls that will fulfill all of your wishes. No matter how perverted."

"Marie, grab your clothes. You wouldn't need to put them on, as I love how you look naked."

Michael moved closer to her, his fingers fumbling with her breasts, squeezing her nipples to hard, but managing to get the bells off her tits without too much pain.

"Thank you, Sir," Marie said, her fingers moving to her pinched nipples, trying to get the feeling back into them. When he released the rings the blood rushed to the tips, the pain increasing ten fold. It finally died down to a dull ache, the tips still throbbing. She felt him put his hand around her

waist, whispering in her ear. "Don't worry, I didn't forget you. I'll make you cum before the nights over.

Marie knew the night wasn't over, as Michael still had plans for her. She looked down, seeing his cock beginning to push out the front of his trousers again. "Thank you."

Chapter 5. Bound and Taught

"Where are we going?"

"To your bedroom. Have you ever been bound?" Michael was sure that she had not, otherwise she probably would not be a virgin, as the man lucky enough to bind her would have taken her innocence while she was so vulnerable.

"NNNO," Marie stuttered. "Are you going to tie me up?"

"Yes. Would you like that?"

"I don't know. Why do you want to tie me up?"

"I like the control, just like you love the lack of control."

"What are you going to do to me?" She was nervous, afraid of losing control.

"Anything I want. But I will make you cum. I promise you that."

She could feel her sex getting wet again, and the thought of Michael masturbating her while bound was exciting. She only hoped reality was as good as fantasy. "Thank you, Sir," she quietly murmured. She felt funny walking the hallway naked, Michael just in front of her, not even noticing her. She knew no one was around, but she still jumped at every sound. Michael opened the door to her room, waiting for her to enter, his eyes following her body as she moved.

"You have lovely tits, Marie. They bounce so gently as you walk."

She blushed, not sure why she was embarrassed at that. After all, she was naked. She could feel his gaze on her

backside as she walked in, her hips swaying as she moved.
Could he see the dampness between her legs?

Michael went to the closet, unlocking it and opening up the door. Inside was a vast array of bondage equipment and toys. Everything from rope to whips to dildos

"I was wondering what was in there. I'm glad I did not look." The things scared her, especially the whips and dildos. She had never seen anything like them before. The dildos looked as if they were carved out of ivory, all in the shape of a man's cock, all the way down to a pair of balls at the bottom to the mushroom head at the top. There were all sizes, from small all the way up to massive cocks, as big as her arm. Even worse were the whips and paddles, the thought of being bound and whipped never even crossing her mind. By the looks of the selection, it looked as if Michael had a fondness for whipping and paddling, Marie having a new fear to worry about.

Michael picked up three piles of rope, looking over at Marie. "Where shall we begin?" It was a rhetoric question, pondering what he was going to do to her first. He was not going to take her virginity tonight, having already taken her mouth. No, her hymen would be tomorrow. Maybe down in the dungeon. A virgin should always be violated while bound. Losing your innocence is an important point in your life, a time that she would always remember. He wanted her to remember her innocence snatched from her forcibly, bound and unable to protest his ravishment of her virgin body. "Let's start on the bed, Marie. Lay down with your hands over your head."

She shivered in fear, but obeyed, sliding into the center of the bed, always aware of her nakedness, her thighs closely together as she did as if he had not already seen between her legs. Her arms stretched out over her head, her breasts rising up, and her nipples hard. She couldn't understand how she could be so continuously aroused at the things Michael was doing to her, but she could not deny the wetness between her legs. She felt his hands on her wrists, losing the sight of him, her hands in a fist as she felt the first touch of the rough rope on her slim wrists. Michael was tying the ropes tight, each time he yanked them hard, her juices ran from her sex. Her wrists were tied together, the rope tightening as he secured her to the massive headboard that was made so conveniently for bondage. He pulled tighter, her arms stretching out until they were pulled taut. She spread her legs slightly, afraid that Michael would notice.

He liked the way her firm breasts rose up as he tightly bound her to the bed. He noticed her body shifting, her legs parting slightly, her thighs no longer clenched tightly together. He loved her thick, black bush. It made her sex that much more provocative, her thick bush hiding her sex from his probing eyes, teasing him as to the treasures that lay beneath the thick growth. "Open your eyes."

She obeyed and was instantly confronted with her own image in the ceiling mirror, her bound body, her breasts rising and falling, her legs slightly parted, her juices glistening on her inner thighs. *God, how she wanted to cum, wishing she could plunge her fingers inside herself.* She saw Michael standing next to her, a pair of panties in his hands. She didn't

understand, but obeyed as he slowly slipped them over her feet and slid them up her legs. She had to bow her legs out slightly to allow him to pull them over her sex, raising her buttocks up off the bed as he pulled them on, feeling the normally silky material begin to tighten between her legs. She could feel the material slide between her cheeks, Michael still pulling until the material also pierced her labia, glancing up into the mirror to see how pronounced her slit was in the panties. She also noticed that the material was already stained with her wetness.

"Now that looks lovely, Marie, so sexy." His fingers went to her sex, seeing her body jerk from his initial touch. He felt her wetness. He put two fingers together, pinching her labia between them, tugging the puffy lips together until they puffed out. He felt her buttocks rise up from the bed as if she were offering herself to his touch, knowing that she was highly aroused. First he wanted to tease her more. Yes, she would cum, but only after he had aroused her to a fever pitch, introducing her to the pleasures that pain could bring. His pinching fingers pushed up and down her slit, pressing her lips together as she moaned from his rough handling.

His touch almost made her cum, tugging on her wrists, the ropes tightening, her juices flowing freely as she struggled under his bondage. She could not believe how the helplessness of her situation had made it so much more exciting. Knowing that Michael could do anything to her body, undoubtedly he would, and she could not do anything to stop him, no matter how perverse the act would be. Her rear arched up higher as she felt one of his thick fingers pressing

at her silk panties between her lips, his finger slowly running up and down her slit, his other fingers wrapping her lips around the masturbating finger. "Oh, yes," she moaned, unable to contain her arousal.

"Not yet, Marie, I have so much more to do to you before you cum." He saw her ass fall down on the bed as his hands deserted her sex, her legs spreading out further, her panties drenched in her juices. Her eyes watched his hands as he picked up two long pieces of string, moving them up to her breasts. Her nipples were hard, but his fingers moved to the tips and pinched them.

His powerful fingers touched her nipples, her back arching up, sticking her breasts into his hands. Her nipples swelled to the touch, his fingers grasping her just below the nipple and squeezing the blood to the end, the pink buttons turning red as they swelled. He took one of the strings, tying a large noose and slowly lowered it, his fingers pushing it so it slipped to the bottom of her enlarged nipple, slowly pulling it tight until it gripped the hard tip. He yanked harder, seeing the string sink into the tender flesh, a low moan coming from Marie's lips. He moved to the other nipple, Marie still watching him as he completed the task, both nipples now trapped in the string.

She felt the pressure as the strings gripped her nipples, digging into her flesh, pushing the blood to the tips. It felt as if her nipples would burst, the end so swollen with blood, sensitive to even the gentle breeze in the room. *What would it feel like when he touched them?* She saw him gripping the other ends of the strings, slowly pulling them up into the air,

looking down at her chest, and seeing her nipples rising up as the strings began to stiffen. She felt the noose tighten, the string almost invisible as it buried itself deep into her flesh. She arched her back to loosen some of the tension, Michael responding equally to pulling the cord higher. She could see her nipples bent slightly, the string yanking the captured tips until they were stretched at least three inches long. She had never seen them so long or hard.

Michael began to tie the strings to the piece of wood so conveniently located on the headboard for that purpose, leaving her nipples trapped tightly. Marie was forced to keep her back arched or suffer the fate of having her nipples ripped from her body. He let a finger glide over the one of her nipples.

"EEEEH." It felt as if a red hot poker touched her nipple, the tip so sensitive. She struggled to keep the position, not wanting her precious tips to be stretched any further. His fingers only made it worse, they seemed to be able to make her nipples harder, and causing the string that encased them even tighter. His other hand moved to her other nipple, extracting the same pain from her body. His fingernails slapped across the ends, sending an explosion of pain into her breasts. "EEEEHHH," she screamed out, her back arched up high.

Michael pulled the strings a bit tighter, seeing her breasts stretching out into the shape of a cone. "Imagine when I start using rope on these lovely tits. Nothing more beautiful than a pair of lovely tits bound in rope, being pinched tightly, its roughness squeezing the firm flesh."

She watched as he picked up a long piece of rope. It was dark brown, rough, not smooth like most rope.

He saw her look. "It's hemp rope. Very rough."

She was afraid to ask. "Are you going to tie up my breasts?"

"No, this is for between your legs. Deep in that lovely slit. That is why you have the panties. I will use a smoother rope on your naked slit."

She felt him tying the rope around her waist, her back already arched up, his hands easily manipulating her body. He tied the knot in front, the pictures in the book of Japanese Rope Cunt Torture popping back into her mind. *Would he do the same, placing thick knots at strategic points?* He pulled the rope around behind her, his hand sliding under her buttocks, raising her up as she felt his other hand slide easily between her thighs from the front, forcing her legs to spread. His hand pulled the rope up between her legs, drawing it straight up into the air until it was taut. She could already feel it pushing hard against her crack, tightening her cheeks to prevent it from pushing inside.

He saw her feeble attempt to stop the rope from slipping between her cheeks, letting her exert all of the energy while he waited patiently. He released the tension in the string yanking her nipples up, letting her backrest on the bed again. He wanted her to concentrate all her efforts between her legs. He yanked on the rope, dragging it between her legs, seeing her legs part slightly, attempting to relieve some of the pressure, but only succeeding in letting the rope slip between her cheeks. Her buttocks rose up from the bed, the harsh

rope yanking her up, her cheeks molding tightly around the rope's thickness.

She couldn't stop it, the rope forcing between her cheeks, uncomfortably slipping in her crack, pushing her panties tightly against her anus. She tried to squirm, but all that did was force the rope to move about, grinding on her anus. She spread her legs, the rope now snugly between her cheeks.

Michael grabbed two more pieces of rope, tying them in back again, drawing them between her legs again, this time Marie spreading her legs wider to accommodate them. He slipped them farther out, to the edges of her crack but back between her legs. With the three ropes, he began to pull them up between her slit. The middle one was drawn between her sex, pushing deep into her slit, pushing the panties deep inside her lips. The other two were placed on the outside of her labia, one on each side, trapping her puffy lips between the harsh ropes. He began to pull the ropes tighter.

God, she felt as if she were being split up the middle by a sharp knife. One rope dragged through her cheeks and now through her lips, drawn harshly against the tender parts of her body. The other two ropes were drawn around her labia, Michael's fingers fumbling until her labia was pinched tight, Marie seeing her lips bulging out from between the ropes. She spread her legs. Her hips began moving as she tried to relieve the pressure, moving back and forth as Michael yanked on the rope, pulling it back and forth, her buttocks rising up and down on the bed. Her legs spread wide, almost to the edge of the bed, anything to stop the terrible ropes that split her. Michael jerked on the rope, feeling it sliding up and down her

between her cheeks and through her lips, sawing her most intimate parts of her body.

Michael enjoyed the way she seemed to be riding the rope, her hips moving as if she were fucking herself on its roughness. He watched as she obscenely spread her legs wider, the rope digging in deeper as he pulled it back and forth. He twisted the two ropes, seeing the ropes contract as they moved closer and closer to her labia. He yanked hard, her buttocks rising up at least a foot off the bed, her bound arms over her head preventing any protest of his rude handling of her body. He twisted the rope more, the rope pinching her labia harder, pinning the puffy skin between the strands of rope.

"God, it hurts," she moaned in pain. She had never felt such pain between her legs, Michael enjoying the way the ropes made her body dance. She couldn't help it, trying anything to stop the pain, obscenely spreading her legs out and back together, the rope always trapped deep in her body. She could only imagine how it would feel if the ropes had knots, sure that Michael would soon make her experience it.

Michael made her fuck the rope, yanking it up hard, watching as the center rope slid up and down between her slit, her legs spreading wider, almost to the edge of the bed. She could do little to stop him, the harsh rope sliding up and down her slit, rubbing her anus and sex raw. Her hips moved in and out as the rope cut her up the middle, her labia compressed between the twin ropes, pinching the tender lips tightly together. *Now, time to teach her about pain and pleasure.* He moved the rope up and down her slit, one hand

in back, one hand in front, sliding it up and down her slit. He was gentler now, the rough rope sliding back and forth over her drenched panties, her labia still pinched by the other two ropes. She bowed her legs out, her body sideways as she struggled to stop the constant masturbation of the harsh rope. Up and down he continued, seeing the look on her face change from pain to pleasure, her hips gently riding the rope that split her up the middle.

Michael seemed to become gentler, the rope not so harsh, Marie not sure if it was her imagination or was she just become conditioned to the sexual pain that Michael forced on her body. She still bounced around on the bed, seeing her image in the mirror, ashamed as it looked as if she were fucking the rope instead of trying to avoid it. Her hips seemed to have a mind of their own, moving up and down, feeling her muscles gripping tight almost as if she were squeezing a lover. The rope moved higher, Michael yanking it up until it slid over her panty covered clit, the hard rope easily pushing aside her hood until her clit was exposed to the harsh rubbing of the rope. Her clit felt as if it were a boulder, the rope moving back and forth over it, teasing it harder, making it an easy target. Her whole sex was ablaze in pain and pleasure, Michael making sure the rope touched all parts of her sex. From her slit, her anus to her clit, the masturbating rope rubbed back and forth in a monotonous rhythm that left her body so aroused. She almost wished Michael would take her virginity and teach her the pleasures of having something inside her, something alive and hard.

The rope was wet with her juices, her panties barely visible as they were pushed so deep in her slit. He tugged the strings on her nipples, stretching them tight again, tying them to the headboard as her beautiful breasts were pulled into long cones, the pink nipples now red and elongated, the strings tightened deep into the tender flesh. Her back arched again to try to relieve part of the strain, her hips moving up into the air in response. He tugged the rope again, dragging her hips high off the bed, her body arched up in submission to his bondage of her body, delighting in the way she was performing. Her naked skin glistened from the sweat, her body twisting back and forth as she rode the sting and rope as if she was a marionette and he was the puppeteer. She was close, close to cumming.

Her body was sexually exhausted, her muscles aching from the constant motion that Michael was forcing upon her. Her nipples ached all the way deep into her breasts, the string forever tugging on the tips, keeping them in a constant state of erection. But it was between her legs where her pleasure was centered, the rope sliding up and down just as if her hand would do, touching places that drove her body to the state of arousal that she was in. She looked at herself in the mirror, Michael smiling as he masturbated her naked and bound body, ashamed at how obscenely she had her legs spread, accommodating the ropes that split her up the middle. Michael gave the rope a hard pull, pushing the thick, hard rope onto her clit. That was all she needed, her legs closing tightly, trapping the rope between her slit, the rope continuing to slide up and down her crack as she came. She

felt the pounding in her heart as the shivers raced to her brain, squeezing her muscles as tight as she could. She had never felt such an explosive orgasm, feeling the pleasure ripple through her body, her pinched nipples exploding in pain as they swelled in pleasure. The rope continued to masturbate her, the tightly clenched thighs ineffective in stopping the constant friction of the rope on her anus and sex. She screamed in pleasure, unable to control her own emotions, sweat pouring from her body, her sex drenching the rope between her legs. She came repeatedly, Michael relentless with the rope, each time she felt her orgasm ending he would yank the rope harder, sending another delicious shiver through her body. He finally relented, letting her body slump to the bed, exhausted and spent, but not before letting the rope slip through her slit and crack one last time, Michael untying the other end until it finally slipped from her body.

"You do cum very nicely, Marie." He pulled the string from her nipples, enjoying the screams he extracted from her lips as he tugged them from her one at a time, the string slowly pulling off painfully. He touched the tips, feeling her body jerk as his rough fingers touched the sensitive flesh. "You have very sensitive nipples Marie. There are so many things I'm going to do to them. Such lovely pain I can inflict on them." He slipped the panties from her body, having to dig them out of her slit and crack, pulling them down her legs until he pulled them from her feet. He showed them to her. "Look. They're drenched. Spread you legs now."

She turned red in shame, the panties barely had a dry spot on them, feeling the moisture between her legs. She opened

her legs, Michael's hand guiding them wider and wider until he was satisfied. She glanced into the mirror, her sex red from the rope, glistening in the light from her wetness. "OOOHH," she moaned in pleasure and pain as Michael rode a finger up and down her slit.

Michael stood up and removed his clothes, Marie watching his every movement, especially when he lowered his shorts, his cock rock hard popping out. "It's time to accommodate me Marie. Such lovely tits, I think a nice titty fuck would be nice."

"What do you mean?" *How was he going to fuck her breasts?*

Michael placed a pillow under her upper back, forcing her chest out farther. Another pillow behind her head placed her into the right position for her mouth to receive his cock on the outthrusts of his cock. e He kneeled on the bed, moving until he placed one knee on each side of her body, sliding forward until he was above her breasts.

She understood now, his hands cradling her breasts gently as his hips rode forward, his buttocks settling down on her stomach. She watched as his thick cock pushed in her cleavage, his hot flesh feeling as if it was burning her. His hands pushed her breasts around his cock, almost as if they were a blanket cradling a baby. A touch of baby oil on his cock, Marie feeling the cool liquid flowing between her breasts was all he needed for lubrication. His fingers gripped her nipples, pulling them inward, her breasts enveloping his hard cock, her nipples still sore from the stretching. She looked between her breasts, seeing his hips move forward, the tip of

his cock peeking out from between her white breasts. She understood the pillow that straightened her head. He would require her mouth to receive his cock with each thrust, sure that when he was ready to cum, her mouth would also have to accommodate his semen.

Michael could see she understood what was required of her, beginning the slow fucking of her breasts. He squeezed her luscious tits together, feeling his cock sliding back and forth between the silky flesh, riding on the thin layer of baby oil. His balls slid along her stomach as he began to fuck her adding to his pleasure. "Open your mouth, Marie. Lick my cock as it passes inside your lips. Close your lips on it as it draws out. Give me a nice titty fuck." He watched as her lips opened wide into an oval, waiting for his cock. He could even see her tongue fluttering. She learned quickly to submit.

She watched as the thick cock pierced her breasts, the red helmet peeking out like a one eyed snake. She licked her lips and opened her mouth wide, ready to accept his hot pulsating member. She didn't have to wait long, the hot flesh running over her lips, leaving a trail of baby oil as her tongue licked the head as it passed inside her mouth. Her lips closed tightly onto the thick shaft, gripping it tightly as it slid in and began its descent, her tongue lathering it as it slid out, Marie sucking, trying to draw it back in as Michael pulled it out. It finally slipped out of her mouth with a loud pop. Her mouth was left with the taste of baby oil and cum.

Michael slid back into her waiting mouth, her tongue doing such exquisite things to his hard cock. Her tongue moved fast to lash out at the head of his cock as it passed into the hot

confines of her mouth. Her lips gripped his cock as if it were her hot, tight sex. She had already learned how to suck, literally suck, dragging his cock deep into her mouth while he fought to pull it out. *Would she be so willing when he would fuck her throat?* "Deeper, Marie. You have to learn to take my cock deeper into your mouth. I want to hear you gag on it."

She knew what he wanted; he wanted to stick his cock down her throat, Marie not quite ready for that yet. She tried to accommodate his request, taking the thick cock deeper into her mouth, feeling the hot flesh fill her oral cavity, bulging out her cheeks when he slid in on an angle. After three more strokes she could feel it almost hit the back of her mouth, his hips taking longer, deeper strokes with his cock, her tongue bathing his cock, hoping to induce an orgasm in him before she would choke. She felt him slide forward on her stomach, his heavy balls sliding along her flesh, knowing he was moving forward so he could push his cock into her mouth deeper. She couldn't do anything to stop him, his cock plunging through her breasts and into her mouth, this time not stopping until it banged painfully against the back of her mouth. She managed not to choke, but her eyes began to water.

Michael began to take longer stokes, his hips pushing forward as he sought the hot confines deep into her mouth. He was ready to cum, but not before he made her choke on his cock. His next drive pushed his cock deep into her mouth, her eyes opening up wide in terror as he breached her throat, his cockhead sliding all the way to the back of her mouth. He hesitated for a second, making her choke, her throat opening

up, and his cock taking the opportunity to plunge inside. It felt like a glove slipping over his cock, her throat so tight. He felt her throat muscles attempting to force the rude intrusion out, her hips more powerful, and her muscles rippling along the shaft as he embedded the head of his cock in her throat. He could see the tears flow from her eyes, her throat bulging as he stuffed her with his rigid cock. Her relief was temporary as he withdrew, only to thrust back in again, this time not hesitating, her throat opening up under the oral assault, his cockhead wedged deep inside as she struggled beneath him.

She swallowed hard, the thick cock violating her throat as she choked and gagged. She felt stuffed, her mouth used for his pleasure, forcing her to extract his cum from his balls to her mouth. She fought the urge to vomit as his cock slipped into her throat, gagging as he kept it wedged inside, knowing that the involuntary clenching of her throat muscles was giving him such great pleasure. Her only hope was to make him cum, cum soon, her lips and tongue working hard to that goal, sucking and licking his cock for all she was worth. His cock continued to plunge into her throat each time, her mouth filled with saliva as she gagged. He was pumping harder, knowing he was ready to cum, wishing she could use her hands to make it happen sooner, resigned to using her tongue and lips to suck the cum from his balls.

His balls began to tingle, driving his cock down her throat one last time, watching as she struggled, his cock blocking her throat, forcing her to breathe heavily through her nose. He pulled his cock out of her throat, keeping it in her willing

mouth while she tongue bathed the tip, drawing the first blast of cum.

She was surprised when the first shot of cum filled her mouth quickly. *Where does it all come from?* He had only cum a short time ago, yet he was filling her mouth until her cheeks bulged with the copious fluid. The now familiar taste of his cum filled her mouth, the thick, salty crème permeating every corner of her mouth. She gulped down the first load of cum, his cock still nestled tightly between her lips as she felt it jerk and shudder again, his body rising up as he came again.

She was becoming very good at making him cum. It felt so good that he did not pull his cock out, letting her lips and tongue bring another pleasurable cum from his balls. He felt it jet out his tip, hearing her choke as it shot to the back of her throat. It did little to lessen her enthusiasm, her tongue licking the slick head back and forth. Her lips so tight that he couldn't even pull his cock out if he wanted to.

Three times he filled her mouth, and three times she swallowed his cum, feeling the thick crème settle in her stomach. She couldn't believe how much cum he had made her swallow tonight, her stomach full yet she had not eaten. She felt his cock begin to shrink in her mouth, licking at the salty cock, licking the leftover cum from it as he slowly pulled it from her lips. She kept her lips tight as his cock slowly dragged out, her lips wet with saliva and cum as it finally popped out onto her chin.

He looked down at her, her lips glistening with his cum, her tits slick with oil, her nipples hard again. His cock was

content, her mouth bringing so much pleasure to him. "Very good, Marie. You suck cock like a pro. Almost as good as your mother," he teased her. "But we will work on making you better with plenty of practice."

At least he was finished, for the night. She felt him releasing her wrists, rubbing them, seeing the red marks where the rope had bound her.

"You may go to bed now, Marie. I have a nice day planned for tomorrow, a tour of my dungeon. I think I will have you hang around it for a while, literally hang around," he laughed as he said it. "I will see you after lunch tomorrow. Get plenty of rest. You may masturbate but you cannot cum unless I tell you to. Do you understand?"

She nodded. "Yes, Sir." She left the room without dressing, picking up her clothes as she left. She went to her room and took a long, hot bath, washing the cum and sweat from her body. She could not understand why she was still aroused, even after cumming. Her fingers lightly touched her sex, still tender from the rope. She obeyed him, finally falling asleep, with her hands in her panties.

Chapter 6. Introduction to the Dungeon

Marie put on the clothes that mysteriously were laid out for her when she woke up. *Was it Michael that was in her bedroom last night or was it someone else?* She had been instructed to sleep nude, Michael wanting her body available to him at all times, especially at night. She slipped into the sweater, a blue button down that felt so soft. *Could this really be cashmere?* She wore nothing underneath it per Michael's instructions. She looked down, her nipples already poking out the front. The skirt was next, a light blue wrap around that clung to her butt as if it were molded to her exact proportions. It was short, ending above her knees. She was given underwear, a lacy dark blue panty with ribbons on it, cut rather high up leaving a generous portion of her butt naked as well as highlighting her sex. The color contrasted with her pale white skin.

A pair of heels was last, hard to walk in, Marie never having shoes with such high heels. A small pair of white lace socks almost seemed out of place. She looked in the mirror, not sure what she looked like. She looked so virginal, except for the lace socks and her hard nipples. They seemed to scream whore. After last night she wasn't sure any longer. In only one day she was stripped naked, forced to cum with a rope up her slit while bound and had already sucked Michael's cock like a street whore, swallowing his cum like a pro, not once, but three times.

She went down to the dining room, following the smell of breakfast. She suddenly realized that the house was full of people, forgetting that it must take a number of maids and servants to maintain such a large house. She saw some of the servants, young boys in their teens staring at her as she walked by, almost forgetting that she wasn't wearing a bra and her breasts were probably bouncing as she walked, her nipples rubbing so sensuously back and forth over the soft sweater. She blushed next time one of them passed, he didn't even see her face, staring only her half-naked breasts.

"Good morning, Marie," Michael enjoying the sight of her as she walked in. His cock was already hard as he started at the way her breasts seem to dance beneath the sweater. "You look lovely today."

"Thank you, Sir," she blushed as she saw where his gaze was.

"She certainly is Master Michael," a new voice bursting in.

Marie turned to see the butler holding a breakfast plate, putting it down on the table next to Michael. He was about mid thirties, dark black hair, a pencil mustache and very muscular body. Her heart quickened at the sight of him. *Stop acting like a whore, Marie thought. You're bought and paid for by Michael for a year.*

"This is James. He is in my butler and is in charge of the household and the staff. You are to follow his orders at all times as if they came from me. He has my explicit trust and confidence. And you will soon see that he also helps me some times."

She was afraid to ask what he helped him in, sure she would find out sooner than she really wanted to know. "Yes, Sir," the only thing she could reply. She saw the smirk on James face, his eyes watching her half-naked legs as she sat down.

"Have some breakfast, Marie. I have some work to do in my library this morning. You might explore the house or maybe the grounds. It is a beautiful day outside. After lunch I want you to join me downstairs. In the dungeon."

He said it so matter of factly that it scared her. As if he did it every day. She was deathly afraid of what he would do to her down there. Even afraid of seeing what was down there.

"You might join us James. I can use your help."

"Of course, Sir. Marie is a very attractive girl and I would love to see more of her. Much more. I have already prepared the dungeon per your instructions"

How long had Michael planned it? The thought of being stripped naked in front of James made her blush. Michael seemed to enjoy humiliating her, succeeding very easily. *Would Michael take her virginity today in front of James? Of course he would. He had bought and paid for her for a year.*

She started breakfast, trying to get her mind off this afternoon, as difficult as it was. It wasn't every day you lose your virginity, and in front of others, sure that she would be bound while Michael took her innocence. She was at least thankful that Michael had told her no one else would get her body, she was exclusively his.

Michael's mind kept going back to last night every time she put food in her mouth, remembering the way her lips had

engulfed his cock. He wished he had time to indulge again, but wanted to save himself for this afternoon. He wanted his cock rock hard when he took her virginity. He wanted her to forever remember the cock that broke her hymen so ruthlessly.

Marie felt a bit more comfortable as Michael chatted with her at breakfast as if she were one of his closest friends, not as if she were a sex slave. *A sex slave, a thought that would have never crossed her mind only days ago.*

The morning seemed to fly by, faster than Marie wanted it to. She explored the grounds, finding that it extended far beyond what one person could walk in a day, mostly private, a place where one could be alone and not be disturbed. She headed back to the house, not wanting to be late.

"Good afternoon, Marie," James said, smiling as he watched her walk in. He loved the way her firm breasts swayed so gently. Soon he would see her naked. "It's good to see you again."

She sat down, teasing him, letting her skirt ride up high on her thighs. It's not as if he wasn't going to see her soon enough. "Afternoon James," she responded.

"Michael is having his lunch in the library with a business acquaintance. I think you know him already. His lawyer."

"Yes, we met." James brought lunch, Marie still enjoying the lavish food, still not satisfying herself after such a long period of hunger. James brought her dessert, Marie thinking it was almost as if it were a last meal. She sat back from the table when she finished.

"Are you finished, Marie?" James was ready.

"Yes," she begrudgingly said. "Where should I go?"

"With me, Marie. Michael wants me to get your prepared before he will be down.

"Prepared?" It was almost as if she were the main course. Maybe she was.

"Follow me, Marie," ignoring her last question.

They walked to the other side of the house, Marie not even realizing it was that big. James had his hand around her waist almost casually, his hand sliding a bit lower the longer they walked, boldly sliding down to sit on the gentle swell of one buttock.

He loved the way her butt swayed back and forth, almost as if she were following the music of her steps on the hard floors. He enjoyed the swell of her buttocks, eager to feel the firm flesh that was encased in the tight skirt. He hoped Michael would take his time, eager to explore her body before he arrived. Michael allowed him to explore the girls, as long as he didn't take them sexually in their mouth, anus or sex. He stopped when they got to the end of the long hallway. He pressed a candleholder glued to the wall and suddenly an invisible panel slid open, a dark stairway down revealed. It instantly illuminated when the panel reached the end. "Careful of the steps, Marie." He let his hand press lower, gripping her cheek in his hand. He squeezed gently. "Very nice," he commented. "Have you ever been spanked?"

His hand touched her intimately, Marie standing still while he fondled one cheek. "No," she stammered, the thought of a spanking never crossing her mind, but James didn't seem to think that way. His hand fondled her cheek as if he was

testing the firmness of her flesh for a spanking. "Very arousing. For both parties," he added.

He led her down the stairs, at least forty steps before they reached the bottom. He opened a massive wooden door, framed in iron. It creaked as it opened the light already on in the room. It was illuminated by torches and candles, giving the room a more ominous presence as if it came out of medieval times.

"Quite impressive, isn't it, Marie? Michael had it recreated just as his ancestors had. Even the furniture and instruments are centuries old. Old but still quite effective as you will soon find out. Over there are the cells." He pointed to three cells, all with bars from floor to ceiling, beds neatly made in each cell.

She shivered in fear as she saw the strange furniture made of heavy wood or iron, unable to comprehend most of their uses, but sure that they were made to hold a body in the most provocative positions. All around the room were chains hangings from the walls and ceiling, each topped off with metal or leather cuffs.

Even the beds in the cells had leather cuffs in each corner, with large thick leather belts running around the edges, all with the express purpose of binding a female spread eagle, unable to move an inch. The instruments were even worse, whips, paddles, metal pinchers, leather helmets. The most hideous was the collection of fake penises, made from leather, ivory, wood, even iron. All shapes and sizes, some gigantic, built to split a female open if inserted inside their most intimate openings. Some were built for pleasure, but

many were built for pain, lined with studs, ridges, bumps and even sharp pins sticking out, made to render the flesh.

He always enjoyed the looks on their faces the first time, when they would finally comprehend as to what might happen to them down there. They couldn't even imagine what Michael would do to them, their innocence unable to fathom the depths of depravity that Michael would inflict on their bodies. "Over here, Marie," ushering her over in front of a group of chairs. "Stand here," he ordered her.

Marie looked up and saw the chains hanging from the ceiling, each with a thick leather cuff, worn from many decades of use. Even the floor was studded with metal rings at varying lengths, Marie already figuring that the rings would be used to secure her legs, each successive ring made to spread her legs wider and wider. A clanging brought her back to reality, seeing James lowering two chains down, Marie looking up as they slowly descended. They stopped when they were almost at her waist.

"They are for you, Marie. Michael enjoys presenting you while bound." He took one of her wrists and began to wrap the thick leather cuff around her wrist, astonished at how small her wrist was. He pulled it tight, seeing Marie cringe as it bit into her flesh.

She felt a tremor rush through her body when he touched her with the leather, Marie not sure if it was fear or pleasure. The thought of being bound again almost exciting her, except for the large selection of torture instruments, the thought of losing her virginity no longer paramount in her mind. James moved to the other side, making short work of securing her

other wrist. She tried to move, the chains clanging noisily, almost too heavy to lift her wrists up.

James began to pull up the chains, watching as Marie at first fought the chains rising up, quickly succumbing to the powerful pulley that slowly pulled her arms above her head. Higher and higher he pulled, watching her lovely breasts rise up in the sweater, her nipples seemed to be longer and more pointed. *Could she be enjoying the bondage?* He would soon find out, his hands would soon find their way into her panties. Many girls that Michael brought to the dungeon succumbed to the pleasures of being helpless and bound, unable to stop the vilest perversions from being inflicted on their bodies. He pulled her arms up until she was on her toes, her lean body stretched out so nicely.

She couldn't believe how stretched she was, Marie knowing it would do no good to protest to James. Her toes already began to ache, sure they would soon cramp up, the longer she hung, the more painful it would become.

"Comfortable, Marie," he teased her. He was disappointed when he heard Michael's footsteps, wanting to touch her body before he arrived.

"I arrived just in time James. Her body is so nicely presented. Look at the way her muscles are taut." He moved in front of Marie. "So beautiful, Marie. I love girls when they are bound. So soft and vulnerable." His hand moved to her chin, lifting her head up, pressing his lips to hers.

He had never kissed her before, not sure what to think of it. His touch was so tender, a contradiction to a person that is bound tightly by the same person. His tongue moved into her

mouth, urging her to respond. She let her tongue tentatively touch his, feeling a shock run through her body as his lips meshed with hers. Not even the hand that cradled one of her breasts could break the tenderness of the kiss, his hand caressing, not groping. She didn't know what to think. She felt her nipples spring to attention as his hand fondled her near naked breast, gently squeezing the firm flesh, a fingertip running back and forth over the ever-swelling tip. She felt him press up against her, his hard cock unmistakable as he gently moved his hips from side to side, feeling it jerk in pleasure as it rubbed so sensuously against her. She pushed out her hips to greet the hard flesh, feeling her sex begin to grind on it.

He loved the way she responded to his touch, her body beginning to be aroused. She was very sexual, pain and pleasure equally bringing about her passion. He would play her emotions over the next year, driving her back and forth between both until she could no longer distinguish the two, accepting them both as equal. He let his hand move to her ass, sliding down over her firm buttocks to grip them tight, pulling her onto his hard cock, Marie unable to stop him from having his way with her. Her kiss became more passionate, her mouth sucking his tongue in deep, her tongue lashing out at his as their lips continued to mesh. He heard her moan as he pulled her onto his hard cock. He moved his lips from her mouth, gently nibbling her neck, his hands still freely exploring her body as her head threw back, and her eyes closed, her neck vulnerable to his kisses.

She could barely breathe as his lips finally withdrew, her sex wet with desire as he played with her body as if it were a finely tuned instrument, his hands knowing exactly where to touch her. His mouth sucked on her neck, one hand trailing lightly along her neck as his other hand drew her onto the hard cock pushed against her sex. *God, she wanted him so bad, wanted that hard cock inside her.* She wanted to feel the pleasure of having something that alive and hard inside her virgin sex. She didn't even care that James was nearby, watching. In fact, it almost made it more thrilling, the thought of being watched while making love exciting her. *Did her mother feel the same way when Michael and Bill had taken her in front of her? Would she have been able to do the same thing, the thought of two men taking her at once sending goose bumps over her body?*

His lips went lower, trailing down her neck, one hand slowly unbuttoning the top two buttons of her sweater, baring the wide expanse of her naked bosom, his cock jerking at the sight of the cleavage that split her lovely breasts. His hands pushed up her breasts, his tongue slowly lapping the abundant flesh exposed by her opened sweater, her hips moving back and forth of their own accord as she ground her sex as his throbbing cock.

It felt strange to have someone making gentle love to her while at the same time her arms were bound high above her head, her body stretched tightly for his pleasure. *Would he take her virginity the same way?* Bound and unable to embrace him with her arms, his hard cock pressed deep inside her. It was strange and exciting at the same time. She

wished she could press her breasts into his mouth, wanting to feel his lips wrapped tightly around her nipple, drawing the hard tip deep into his mouth as his tongue lashed at it. She opened her eyes, feeling Michael leaving her, her aroused body wanting so desperately for him to return. *What had she done wrong?* "Please," she begged, her eyes searching his.

"Soon, Marie, but first I want James to show me your naked treasures. You want that, don't you?" Michael sat down in the chair in front of her, rearranging his cock as he sat down, the thick member pushed out the front of his trousers so obviously. He watched her, her eyes gazing down, her tongue licking her lips as if she desired to take his cock in her mouth again, the images of her lips wrapped around his cock in his head.

She would do anything for him, her body aroused to a fever pitch, her panties drenched with desire. Even James stripping her naked would fail to quench her passion. The sight of Michael's hard cock straining in his trousers gave her such a thrill, knowing that her body could do such a thing to a man as powerful as Michael. She had this sudden desire to do anything to please him, anything. The thought of James' strong hands on her body, slowly stripping her naked, two virile men desiring her sent shivers through her body.

James moved behind Marie again, pushing his hips forward until he ground his hard cock in her backside. One of the maids would have to service his cock before the day was over, Michael unwilling to share Marie with him. There was the new girl, Florence, a young girl who was more than willing to do anything to secure her job. He would test her

willingness today to see how far she would go to keep her job. "Can you feel my cock against her lovely ass, Marie?" He whispered into her ear, his hands moving around to grip her waist, pulling her hips back onto his hard cock. He let his hand slip underneath her sweater, a sharp intake of her breath as his hand touched her naked skin.

God, his hands touching her naked flesh sent shudders through her body, her heart stopping as his hands gently touched her naked stomach, knowing that they were only inches from her breasts. They moved in ever widening circles, moving higher and higher until they brushed underneath her breasts, one finger running back and forth. One hand slipped out of the sweater, his finger moving to the bottom button and slowly began to unbutton them, slowly unbuttoning one at a time. She wished he would tear it from her body, eager to have his hands on her naked breasts, eager to have him present them to Michael. She looked down, only one button holding the sweater over her firm breasts, a wide expanse of naked flesh exposed. "Please, take it off," she begged. "Touch them."

James didn't need any further encouragement, his hand almost yanking the last button off, the sweater pulling back, her breasts revealed. He pulled the sweater open wider, leaving her almost naked from the waist up, teasing her, her nipples hard and pointed, aching for his fingers.

"Such lovely tits, Marie. Hard pointed nipples just begging to be touched. Please accommodate her James before she cums in her panties." He remembered the way her tits

masturbated his cock last night, his cock riding up and down between her cleavage until he came in her mouth.

Marie arched her back, pressing her breasts into James waiting hands, his large powerful hands gripping each breast, her nipples pushing hard into his palms. "GGGGGOOODD," she moaned, her nipples feeling as if they were going to explode in his hands. Still sensitive from yesterday, his touch felt so electric on her tender breasts.

James let his hands slip lower, cradling her breasts, offering them up to Michael, two fingers playing back and forth over the nipples, feeling like hard pebbles. His cock jerked in pleasure as Marie pressed her breasts forward, arching her back painfully as she struggled to stay on her toes. He pinched the tips, gently at first, applying pressure as she arched her back more exaggerated now, James pulling her nipples out, stretching the pink tips out over two inches.

Marie didn't even care that his touch was becoming harsher, only wanting the stimulation that his hands could provide. Her nipples seemed to swell as he yanked them, his powerful hands squeezing them so tight they felt as if they were in a steel vise. He released them, the tips springing back, his large hands engulfing each breast as he squeezed them tight, compressing the tender flesh. She looked down when he released them, red marks highlighted on the otherwise white flesh from the grip of his hands. Her nipples stood out as if they were beckoning his fingers again. His hands slid down her flanks, smoothing over her hips, pausing temporarily to pull her back onto his cock, feeling it jerk in pleasure at the touch of her buttocks.

James delighted in the touch and feel of her body, his cock needing release soon. He let his hands continue down her hips until he felt her naked legs, feeling her shudder when he touched her. He moved his hands around to the front of her legs, enjoying the touch of her silky skin. He let his hands move up again, this time under her skirt, pulling the tight skirt up her legs slowly and sensuously. Higher and higher he went, slowly revealing her to Michael, James wishing he had the view that Michael did.

She could feel her legs being slowly revealed, the cool air of the room blowing on her naked flesh. She saw Michael's eyes staring intently between her legs. She spread her legs slightly even though it strained her body, wanting to please Michael, wanting to arouse him enough to take her virginity. She felt James's hands sliding up her naked leg, moving closer and closer to her sex, his fingertips grazing lightly her inner thighs. He tapped her thighs, urging her to spread her legs wider, Marie obeying even as she strained to keep on her toes, her ankles beginning to cramp. *She didn't know how much longer she could keep this position, but she wanted to please Michael.*

James pulled her skirt up higher, sliding it over her hips. His fingers glided along the edge of her panties, feeling her body shake as he lightly caressed so close to her sex. He could almost smell her arousal, sure that her panties were drenched in her juices. He tucked her skirt into the waistband, leaving her clad only in the silky panties that covered her sex.

She pushed back hard against his cock when James's hand unexpectedly touched her sex, his large hand sliding in the vee of her legs, his fingers gripping her sex tightly. God, she thought she would cum when he touched her there, eager to feel the touch of fingers masturbating her. She pushed her sex into his hand, feeling one fat finger slide between her lips, her labia seemed to spread around it, trapping it tightly inside. She could feel a pulse in his finger, feeling it throbbing against her inner sex. *Did she really feel it or was she imagining it?* She spread her legs wider, almost raising them off the ground, allowing his hand to grip her better, his fingers fanning out to grasp the most intimate part of her body so obscenely.

Michael enjoyed the way she responded to James, allowing her body to open up to his touch, her legs dangling uselessly above the ground, her body supported by James' grasp of her sex. "Is she wet, James?" He already knew the answer, he just wanted to humiliate her further.

"Soaked, Master. You'd think she'd have already cum," he joked.

She blushed with their comments, but she knew they were right. She was enjoying the stripping of her body more than she cared to admit. The humiliation and helplessness of being bound and openly fondled against her will was more exciting than she would have ever imagined. She gripped his hand with her muscles, clenching her thighs on his hand. She tightened her sex, feeling her anus clench tight when she did.

"She's gripping my hand with her pussy. She's going to be an enjoyable fuck, Sir." He let his finger slide slowly up and

down her slit, one finger slipping back between her cheeks. "Don't tighten your cheeks on me," he ordered her. He felt her relent, his finger sliding back until it rested on her anal pad, feeling the heat of her anus. He curled his finger on the hole, feeling her panties slowly pushed into the resisting hole as she struggled to prevent the violation of her backside.

She couldn't believe his finger was on her anus, pushing on her hole relentlessly until she felt it begin to expand to allow the entrance into her backside, her panties pushed dryly up her straining anus. She humped up and down on the hand that gripped her so obscenely, looking as if she was trying to get added stimulation, not trying to stop him from breaching her backside.

"Take off her panties James. I want to see that lovely, naked pussy. Then maybe you can spread her legs for me. Show me that virgin hole."

She was almost disappointed when his hand moved if it were not for the finger that was no longer on her anus. She didn't like that, a strange burning feeling that bore into her. *Would Michael try to do the same thing to her? Would he take her in the butt as they did with her mother?*

James walked around in front of her, imaging the sight of her half-naked body. His hands went to the side of her skirt, making quick work of stripping it from her body, letting it fall to the floor beneath her. "Now for the panties," seeing her thighs clenched tightly together in one last futile attempt to stop her body from being stripped naked. He moved around behind her again, kneeling down so Michael would have an unobstructed view of her body. Her panties slowly slipped

down, James taking his time, his eyes rewarded with a lovely, naked moon revealed as he stripped her. Lower and lower her panties went until he could push them off her feet. His face was only inches from her lovely buttocks, her crack squeezed tightly together as she clenched her cheeks. He blew on her crack, hearing the sharp outtake of her breath as she realized how close his face was to her most intimate hole. He let his tongue snake out of his mouth until it touched her cheek, slipping just inside her crack. You'd think he'd touched her with electricity, her body jumping from the unexpected touch of his tongue. He wished Michael would let him eat her, knowing that his tongue would bring about such an explosive orgasm within her, even when she would object to his tongue rimming her anus.

Michael enjoyed the dark, thick bush that tried to hide her pussy from him, just like her Mother. He loved her slit, still slightly pink from the rope that split it yesterday. He was hoping she was still a bit sore, her cries as he took her with his hard cock would be that much more enjoyable.

She stood bound and naked, a hot, wet tongue licking her buttocks, her body trembling, torn between fear and arousal. She felt James get up from behind her, relieved that he was not staring into her anus any longer, fearing his tongue and where he would put it. She felt him fumbling with a rope on her upper thigh, pulling her leg out to the side to give him room to wrap the thick rope around her tender skin. She felt him pull it tight, feeling the rope digging into her flesh. He lowered the chains holding her hands, her foot now able to be flat on the ground, but fearing what was next.

"Pull it back and high up. I want her open and exposed." Michael eagerly waited to see her treasures again, this time the bondage revealing the most intimate parts of her body.

"MMMGGG," she groaned in pain as James gripped her thigh and began to pull her leg backwards. It felt as if he were trying to split her up the middle, her legs parting at an unnatural angle, one leg drawn up and back, James yanking it up until it was almost higher than her head. It felt as if her back was breaking, her head pushed forward, but her arms keeping her upright. She could only imagine how she must look, but the ache in her loins was her immediate concern. James tied her thigh up high, another rope gripping her ankle, keeping her in the desired position.

"Look how lovely her pussy opens up to the bondage. Her petals are pulled back and her pink insides clearly visible. You can almost see inside her dark vagina." Michael was pleased with her presentation.

James turned her around, her back to Michael, his hand casually caressing her buttocks. "Look how her cheeks part so nicely. And her tiny asshole even opens up under the spread of her legs. Such a dark, forbidden hole. It's going to bring you such joy when you are encased in the tight, hot hole." He let his finger run over her anus, her body jumping at the rude intrusion of his finger. She was so sensitive on her anus, James teasing her by running his finger around the dark brown hole, seeing it clench in response to the touch of his finger.

She couldn't believe the sensations she felt in her anus. It seemed as if all her feeling were centered on the forbidden

hole, a place she never even considered sexual. James's finger seeming to find places that sent shivers through her body as he ran his finger over her opening, applying pressure to it, Marie feeling her anus fighting the intrusion. She could only imagine what it would feel like to have something as huge as a cock pushed inside, not even able to comprehend one in her sex, never mind up her backside. She was sure it would tear her to pieces, her hole just too small to take such a massive weapon inside her.

James's hand slid down her stomach, one finger sliding through her slit to slide effortlessly over her slick insides. She was drenched. He placed a finger on her vagina, easily able to slide it inside until he came to her hymen, feeling her insides clench on his finger. She was so tight, and she would make for an enjoyable fuck for Michael. Her insides would cling to his cock as a masturbating hand would do. Her body jerked when he put his finger inside her.

She felt the finger enter her, feeling so large as it moved around inside her like a tiny animal nibbling at her insides. It seemed to be everywhere, moving around as it tried to stretch her open, open for more fingers. His other finger returned to her anus, Marie struggling as she was fingered back and front. It felt like one giant finger that ran through her body, moving in her vagina and out her anus. Luckily she was so wet that it didn't hurt, even the finger in her anus, sure that James had lubricated it with her own juices. She saw Michael standing up, his cock clearly visible from the bulge in his trousers. He moved towards her.

"It's time for me to find out how hot and tight Marie is. You can stay and watch if you like James." He knew he would, James never missing a chance to see him bust a virgin. If a man was lucky, he would bust a virgin when he was young, usually a high school sweetheart. But after that they became scarcer and scarcer. Michael was lucky, able to buy a new young virgin each year, James relegated to watching his conquests. Michael moved next to Marie, letting his hands wander over her naked body, plucking her nipples before moving down between her legs, her hips seemingly humping his fingers as he felt how tight she was. He was going to enjoy busting her open with his cock. He enjoyed the looks on their faces and the tiny scream that burst from their lips the first time he shafted them with his cock hard enough to bust their hymen. It was almost as good as taking a girl's anus for the first time. The shocked look on their faces as they figured out what he was trying to do, that it was not a mistake and he intended to sodomize them.

She felt the familiar fingers of Michael on her, his fingers parting the petal of her sex to rub her vagina, circling the small hole, widening it for his cock. He pushed in, her insides clenching on the large digit. "No," she stammered as she felt his hand move to her butt, sliding along her sweaty crack to touch her on her anus, just as James had done. Her protest did not do any good, his finger running around her anal pad, touching the sensitive spots, her anal ring clenching and unclenching uncontrollably as he fingered her back passage. "EEEEHHH," she screamed as Michael suddenly impaled her on the tip of his finger, Marie feeling the strange burning as

his finger pressed into her rectum, fighting the muscles that tried to drive it back out.

"Don't fight it, Marie. It will go much easier if you try to accommodate it." He let his finger rest inside her rectum, feeling her hot insides uncontrollably clenching on his finger. He waited until she grew accustomed to it and then he began to move it around.

"I can't," she replied with panic in her voice, unable to control her own muscles as she was so intimately impaled on his finger. She felt her hole stretching, his finger bending, opening her up inside, the uncomfortable feeling as if she were having a bowel movement, fighting the urge by tightening up, only making it worse. She was relieved when he pulled his finger out, her anal ring still open as if his finger did not leave, the burning continuing. She felt Michael untying her, first her spread leg, able to put both legs on the ground again.

He untied her arms, having to put his arms around her to keep her from falling, her legs almost giving out under her weight. The bondage did that. "On the bed," he ordered her.

"Are you going to take my virginity?" She knew the answer but she had to ask.

"Yes, I'm going to make you a woman. You'll feel what it is like to take a hard cock inside you until I cum. I'm going to fill your belly with my semen."

She was afraid of becoming pregnant but was even more afraid of confronting Michael.

She lay back on the bed, Michael pulling her hands over her head, a pair of leather wrist cuffs conveniently located for

the purpose. Before she could even protest her arms were thrust over her head, her naked body now open and available, Marie unable to stop him from any perversities he cared to inflict on her body.

Michael sat on the bed beside her. His hands moved to her breasts, cupping them, fingers playing over the nipples until they turned hard as a rock. He bent down, pressing his lips over one nipple, gently drawing it into his mouth, his tongue quickly slapping back and forth over the hard tip. She arched her back, straining to shove her breast deeper into her mouth, her legs opening and closing as she sought to extinguish the lust between her loins.

The hot mouth and wet tongue brought a new excitement to her body. He sucked her nipple into his mouth, Marie feeling it stretch farther and farther, almost as if his fingers were doing it. *How could he suck it that deep into his mouth?* "GGGGODDD," she moaned as she arched her back higher, Michael's teeth gently nibbling on the aroused bud, his teeth grinding back and forth behind the pink tip.

Michael moved to the other nipple, his finger keeping the hard, wet one stimulated while his mouth worked its magic on the other, drawing it deep into his mouth as she moaned in pleasure. He squeezed her breast, pushing the blood to the tip, then sucked as hard as he could, stretching her nipple until he knew it was painful for her. But she didn't protest, already learning that a bit of pain is needed to obtain the pleasure she desired. He ground his teeth just behind the nipple, feeling her body jerk in pain, his other finger rubbing back and forth over the hard tip. He pulled his mouth from

the tip, the white skin now covered with red marks and bites, especially around her hard, aroused nipples. "Spread your legs for me, Marie."

She did not hesitate, letting her legs part, wanting to feel his touch on her virgin sex. She didn't even care that James was watching her ravishment, in fact it was more thrilling with him sitting, watching her naked body as Michael had his way with her.

Michael let his hand slide down her stomach, feeling her suck in her gut as he passed through her bush. He stopped, gripping her abundant bush and pulled, seeing her hips rise up from the bed as he yanked hard on her pubic hair. He could feel some of the hairs tearing from her body, tiny yelps from her mouth as they ripped painfully at the roots. He moved lower, feeling her ass settle back down on the bed, his hand finding her slit, moving inside her puffy lips, sliding along her wet inner lips. He felt her shudder in lust as he let his finger travel up and down her inner lips, touching her intimately in places never touched by a male before. He explored every inch of her inner lips, rubbing both sides with his finger, sliding effortlessly on her slick juices. He tapped her inner thigh. "Wider, Marie. Spread you legs very wide. Let me see your treasures."

She let her legs part wider, feeling Michael bend her knees, drawing her legs up and then out, her legs bowed out obscenely, the plane of her sex grossly exposed. She could feel the cool air blow on her super-heated wet sex. His fingers felt so good, rubbing her, his fingers exploring her sex almost clinically. She felt him licking down her stomach, moving

towards her sex. *Is he really going to do that? Was he going to lick her down there?* She struggled, but not too hard, a token protest to an act that she wasn't sure she even wanted to stop. *What would it feel like to have a tongue lick down there?*

Michael moved between her legs, pushing her legs out wider, seeing her crotch split open, the darkness of her vagina hiding where his cock would soon go. Her sex was so pink and wet. He licked her inner thigh, moving from one side to the other, moving up higher, her hips rising up from the bed, her eyes clenched tight, and her lips tightly together. He inhaled her aroma, the smell of virgin sex, the unmistakable smell of lust. He couldn't wait to taste her nectar, to drink her virgin juices. He placed his tongue at the juncture of her legs and began to move up, his fingers pulling apart her moist opening, his tongue moving inside her, lapping at her juices. His cock jerked in pleasure at the taste of her nectar, the slightly salty taste filling his mouth, his lips shiny with her juices.

"PPPLLEEASSSE," she begged him, her hips arching up, her legs splayed wide, opening up herself to his probing tongue. *God, it felt so good, his tongue making her juices flow freely.* She felt the hot flesh of his tongue move between her lips, his fingers gripping her labia tightly, pulling back the delicate lips to expose her insides to his probing tongue. He lapped at her insides, moving up and down until he stopped at her vagina. She felt him place two fingers on each side of her opening, pushing in and then pulling open. "MMMM," she moaned in pain as he stretched her hole open. "EEEEHH,"

she screamed as his finger probed her opening, piercing the virgin hole until she felt her insides clenching on his tongue, a strange feeling that was arousing her. She felt his tongue move around inside her, lapping at her juices as his fingers spread her painfully open to his oral assault.

She tasted so good, as his fingers and tongue assaulted her naked body. He could feel her tight sex gripping his tongue as if it were a tiny cock. He let his fingers tug on her labia, yanking it wide apart, hearing her groan as he pulled it open too wide, his tongue lashing out at her sex making her quickly forget the pain. He pulled his tongue from her vagina, moving it up her slit again. His fingers moved up, pressing down on the side of her clit, pushing the clit hood out of the way, squeezing the swollen bud between his fingers.

She felt her sex gush in pleasure when he touched her there. On her pleasure button, Marie learning early on that the secret of a good masturbatory orgasm is playing with her clit. She learned how to squeeze it to make it hard, how to slap at the end, the pain mixing with pleasure to stimulate her. But nothing could have prepared her for this. His tongue touched her as if it were a hot iron, her body jerking up into the air, the breath torn from her lungs. He was sucking her clit in his mouth, just as he did with her nipples. She felt it stretching, stretching farther than it had ever been. Marie never even thought of pulling on it. It had always been sufficient to rub the tip to achieve the orgasm she wanted. She almost came when his tongue lashed out on the trapped bud, his lips gripping it tightly, biting it when it started to slip

from his lips. "Please, please make me cum," she screamed out.

Michael enjoyed the way her body bounced around on the bed, her hips moving up and down as if she was fucking his mouth. His face was covered with her juices, her nectar filled his mouth with her taste. If he ate her sex much longer she would cum and he did not want her to do that yet. No, she could cum after he took her innocence. He just had one more place to visit with his tongue. He gripped her legs and pulled them up into the air, bending her legs back up over her head, bowing them out until they were pushed down along the side of her head. He saw the frightened look in her eyes as she saw her sex so grossly exposed over her head, her back bent deeply, her legs spread wide.

It was the most humiliating position she had ever seen or been placed in. She was bent in two, her sex pointing up into the air, open and vulnerable, her legs almost pinned to her ears. She felt his tongue returning to lap at her moving up and down her slit, licking her clit as it passed by. "NNNNO," she exclaimed in protest when she felt his tongue on her perineum. *Would he really lick her back there? It was so dirty, how could he even fathom such a vile task?* She felt the wet tongue move back, his fingers prying her clenched cheeks apart, and the wide expanse of her legs allowing little room to stop him from having his way with her. Suddenly it touched her, touched her anus, the shock of his tongue making her moan. If she thought the fingers touching her was stimulating, his tongue drove her crazy. It found places around her tiny hole with nerve endings that shocked her

system. She couldn't control her muscles, her buttocks clenching and unclenching. When she clenched her cheeks she felt his tongue trapped between them, only when her body relaxed would it begin its oral assault again.

He liked the slightly tart and murky taste of her anus. He also enjoyed the way she initially protested the rimming of her hole and then accepted the oral assault, even aided in it, allowing him access to push his tongue into her tight hole. It seemed to unfold to his tongue, feeling her straining to allow the hot, wet tongue to enter into the tight confines of her rectum. Her moans of pleasure excited him, wondering how willingly she would accept it when he sodomized her, the ultimate unnatural act. He had to push hard to keep his tongue inside her, her muscles tightening up on his tongue as she uncontrollably tried to push it out. He enjoyed her squirming body but it was time for the ultimate sexual release that he so desperately sought out and in Marie's case, paid for. He pulled his tongue out but not before he let it play around her tiny hole, enjoying the spasms of her clenching hole.

She'd never felt anything quite like that before. It felt good and bad at the same time. She had to fight the urges that ran through her body, afraid she would actually have a bowel movement while his tongue was inside her, yet somehow still allow him the access his tongue sought, sometimes unable to control her own muscles, the spasms running through her anal tract. She was excited and at the same time humiliated, her body bent in two as he stuck his tongue deep into her backside while James watched her naked body thrash about

the bed. Michael let her legs go back down, but pushed them out to the sides again, bent out and back, her crotch so obscenely exposed. She looked down, her sex drenched, glistening with her juices, her lips pulled back as if beckoning his cock to slip between them. She watched as Michael slowly stripped off his clothes, his hard cock popping out of his underwear. He kneeled between her legs, his hand fisting his thick cock, moving it closer and closer to her vagina. She knew it was time, time to feel the thrust of a cock deep in the recesses of her virgin body. She was sure it would hurt, but Michael showed her that sometimes pain was not so bad, feeling her body get aroused by the feelings.

Michael moved between her legs, taking his cock in one hand and gently began rubbing it up and down her slit, lubricating the thick cockhead with her juices until it glistened in the light. He bent over her naked and spread body, placing the head of his cock against her tiny hole, her lips spreading around his giant member. He began to settle down on her body, his cock slowly piercing her, feeling her tight hole gradually forced open as his hips gently pressed forward.

She felt his body on hers, his hands fumbling between them until she felt the unmistakable presence of his hard cock at the entrance of her vagina. It felt so hard, the thick cock almost pulsating as she felt him press it into her. She bowed her legs out painfully, anything to relieve the constant pressure between her legs as he continued to push inside her. She felt her vagina stretching to accept the thick cock, her tiny hole never having anything that large inside her, even his fingers were small compared to the hard cock seeking

entrance. Her body tightened as she prepared herself for the inevitable pain. She almost wished she could wrap her arms around him, wanting him to plunge inside her quickly and take her innocence.

Michael took his time, enjoying the way her body trembled beneath his, her hot insides gripping his cock until he felt her hymen, stopping as she lay panting beneath him. He pressed forward slowly, a soft moan from her lips as he felt her stretching. He looked into her eyes, seeing her surrender to him, waiting for the moment when he would claim her virginity forever.

"Please, hurry. Do it quickly." She begged him, fearing the suspense was worse than the actual act. She pressed her rear up from the bed, impaling her vagina on his cock. "MMMM," she moaned in pain as the stretching got worse, knowing her hymen would soon break. She felt his lips on her, his tongue searching out hers, splitting her lips and entering the hot confines of her mouth to dance around in her mouth. The tongue quickly retreated as she felt his body tense up. "EEEEHHHH," she screamed into his mouth as she felt the sudden thrust of his hips, his hard cock pressing deep into her vagina, tearing her hymen as if it were butter, shredding her innocence.

He felt her body jerk in pain, her scream making his cock jump in pleasure. He tore into her virgin body with a powerful thrust that drove his cock through her hymen and filled her sex with three inches of rock-hard cock until her tight passage gripped it so firmly that he could not move forward any longer. His hands went to her hips, his cock retreating

until only the head was gripped by her tight sex, and paused temporarily. He thrust back in again, a gasp drawn from her lips as he impaled her on over five inches of rock hard cock, sending it driving deep into her virgin body, his hands holding her tightly, pinning her to his cock. She felt so good, her insides clenching on his cock like a glove, enveloping his thick cock, her muscles rippling along the shaft. He could feel her wetness as he pulled back, then thrust back in again, each time making her take more of his hard cock.

After the initial pain, his thrusts were beginning to incite a deep arousal inside her in places that had never been touched before. She felt so full, her spread legs allowing his to push his cock inside her, the strange feeling of having something so thick and alive inside her sending shivers up her spine. His powerful hands guided her hips, making her take the deep thrusts of his cock, feeling like it was trying to push out her mouth. *How far would he put his cock inside her? Would she be able to take all of it?* It was so big, already stretching her insides painfully each time he thrust inside her. Yet at the same time she felt the wetness between her legs, not sure if it were blood from the tearing of her hymen or the juices of her arousal. At least it lubricated his cock, making the powerful thrusts inside her less painful. She found her hips unconsciously moving in a small circle, forcing her sex to cling to his cock as he began to fuck her in earnest now. He was taking deeper and deeper strokes inside her, his thick cockhead pulling her insides out each time he withdrew, and then shoving back in until he met resistance. Each time he drove deeper, his cock found places that were untouched,

each time the brutal thrusts shoved all her resistance aside as he took her for his own.

He slammed into her, his hipbones banging against hers, his cock fully embedded in her once virgin passage, throbbing in desire as her insides clung to his cock. It felt as if she were squeezing his cock so tight, milking his cock each time he pulled out, only to plunge back in, beating apart any resistance as he pinned her body to the bed with his cock. She was panting heavily now, each thrust driving a fresh yelp from her lips, his cock boring deep in her heaving body. She might yelp in pain but at the same time she seemed to relish the taking of her body, her hips making a gentle rolling motion that made her insides cling to his cock as he plunged in and out of her. He rested inside her, making his cock jerk back in and forth in her deep insides.

It felt strange to feel it jerk inside her, strange that something that big and powerful was inside her. She tightened up her muscles, felt it jerk again. *God, was she making it do that?* "Please, fuck me," she begged him.

"I would gladly do that young lady. Give me a good ride and I will fill you with my hot cum." He gripped her hips and yanked his cock out of her until only the head was gripped by her hot, tight sex. He plunged back in, yanking her hips up to meet his thrust, sending his cock flying into her in a brutal plunged that made his cockhead bang painfully against her cervix. He heard her cry out, but she clung to him as he began to ride her. Ride her hard. He felt the tingling in his balls, knowing that he would not last much longer. He needed to cum and cum soon. His hips became a blur as he fucked

her, making her take the full measure of his cock in each stroke, feeling her insides spreading out as his rampaging cock took her brutally.

He was plunging in her so fast now, his cock moving in and out with powerful thrusts that drove the air from her lungs each time he took her. Her insides felt as if they were being dragged out when he withdrew, only to send his cock back in with such veracity that she could barely do anything but whimper. His abdomen slammed into her with each thrust, her clit smashed by his body, his cock dragging along it with each thrust. She had never felt anything like this before, his cock sending so much pleasure and pain through her body at the same time, unable to comprehend or separate the two, unwilling to let them diminish her pleasure. His cock jerked and twitched inside her, somehow knowing that he was ready to cum soon, tightening up her muscles on the thick cock, her insides knowing what was required to give him the pleasure he was looking for. After all, she had given up her innocence for his pleasure. She saw him taking his middle finger and put it in his mouth, pulling it out glistening with spit. He moved his hand down, pushing up on Marie's body until her rear rose up from the bed, driving his cock deeper into her sex. "NO!" She tried to protest but he was too quick. He quickly found her unprotected anus and plunged inside her so swiftly that it drove her sex onto his cock, impaling her so deep that it felt as if he would breach her womb. She felt the burning sensation as her anus spread wide to accommodate the fat finger, the spit doing little to lubricate her back passage. It felt like sand paper rubbing her insides raw as his finger

massaged her muscles that fought the rude intrusion. Now she had two things to contend with, his hard cock and his thick finger, both of them threatened to split her up the middle.

He made her move with his finger in her anus, forcing her hips up to accept his powerful strokes, her cheeks tightening up on his finger, making her sex clench on his cock as he rode her. He was ready. "Squeeze my cock with your tight pussy. Make me cum." He fucked her hard and deep, feeling her body moving with his. He felt his balls shudder, felt his cum shooting up from deep inside, blasting out his cock to bathe her hot, tight insides, filling her virgin sex with its first load of cum.

It felt as if a fire hose was inside her, the force of his cum shooting out almost painful as it blasted her insides with the hot crème. She twisted her hips round and round, rubbing her clit on his plunging cock as he came inside her.

"GGGGGODDDD," she screamed out as she came. Her body broke out into a sweat, the pleasure racing through her veins to shoot into her brain as her sex clenched his cock so tight he could not pull out. She felt him continually shooting his cum inside her, the strange feeling of being hosed from the inside driving the pleasure through her body. Her clit felt as if it were as big as a baseball, rubbing back and forth over his hot flesh as she came like a twenty-five cent whore. Even the finger in her anus drew pleasure from her, massaging the muscles deep in her rectum as she came. She had never felt so full before, her insides speared by the twin flesh that took her so ruthlessly. She felt her cum flood his cock, hearing the

slapping of wet flesh as their cum mixed, feeling the wetness drip down between her legs, his finger catching some of the wetness, the burning in her anus sated as her anal ring clung to his lubricated finger.

He blew three loads of cum inside her, bathing her virgin insides with his powerful seed. He felt her cumming with him. His finger and cock kept her cumming. She went from one orgasm to a second and finally to a third, with his finger plunged so deep inside her anus that her hips drove up over a foot from the bed, his cock digging deep into her body. He pulled his body up from her, giving her a chance to breathe, her insides pushing out his slowly deflating cock. He let his finger stay inside her hole, enjoying the way he controlled her body with only one finger. She lay exhausted beneath him, unable to protest his finger, succumbing to the orgasm that ripped through her body.

She pushed with her sex until she felt his cock plop out noisily, feeling the cum drip between her legs, sated and exhausted by her first fuck. She was now a woman. She was relieved when his finger pulled from her anus, feeling the burning returning even after his finger left. Her tiny hole felt so much larger now, a strange feeling deep inside her, almost as if his finger was still embedded in her rectum.

James stood up, clapping as Michael pulled from her. "A wonderful job Master," he complimented Michael. "She came from her first fuck. Such a great accomplishment."

Michael smiled as he looked down at Marie. No longer an innocent virgin but a spent woman, cum dripping her slightly inflamed vagina, her legs spread obscenely. "A very amorous

girl. She will bring such pleasure to me in the next year. You may go to your room now and clean up now Marie. I will send for you tonight to service my cock with your mouth after dinner," he said so nonchalantly that it scared Marie.

They left her alone in the dungeon, the cold room chilling her as she lay naked on the bed, too exhausted to even get up and go to her room. She finally gained back her strength, wobbling slightly as she stood up, an ache between her legs from the cock that took her so ruthlessly. She managed to throw on her clothes, escaping to her room and a nice hot bath.

Chapter 7. Marie's New Life

She walked into the room, Michael already in the chair next to the fireplace, Marie noticing that he was only wearing a robe. The fire was roaring, a small light the only other illumination in the room, the flames shadows flickering off the walls. She had on a negligee that was left on her bed, naked underneath it, a pair of slippers on her feet. He looked over at her when she walked in, smiling when he saw her.

She was so lovely in the negligee, her naked breasts gently bouncing as she walked her nipples hard from rubbing on the material. "Stand in front of the fire." He watched as the fire outlined her figure beneath the thin material. "Spread your legs." She obeyed instantly, his cock throbbing as her naked body was silhouetted by the fire.

She stood there while he looked at her, knowing that she would have to service him sexually soon, probably with her mouth. His voice broke up the quiet of the room.

"Kneel next to my chair," he ordered her, sitting forward in the chair. She kneeled at his feet, his hand lifting up her chin until she was staring at him, his cock jerking when he saw her mouth, the thought of her lips wrapping tightly around his cock making him harder. "Open my robe and fondle my cock. You're going to suck my cock." His hands went to the negligee, letting the thin straps slide down her arms until her breasts were naked. His hands went down and cupped them, his fingers finding the hard nipples. "Mmmm" he moaned as

her silky hands pulled back his robe and one hand gripped the shaft of his cock while the other gently cupped his balls.

Her hand automatically began the gentle masturbation of his cock, sliding up and down the shaft as she found one of his balls and gently squeezed it, his hips rising up from the chair. She moved forward, licking her lips as she moved her mouth towards the hard cock that she held up with her hand. He moaned as her tongue moved out and licked the tip, lapping lightly at the head, then sliding it around the thick helmet, her mouth already tasting the saltiness of his semen. She knew that before she was done she would have to swallow his load of cum. He moaned when her lips wrapped around his cock, her tongue circling the head before she took it deeper into her mouth. She began the oral masturbation, her lips clenched tightly around the thick shaft as she moved her head back and forth, making sure that her tongue continued to run around the shaft. She could feel every lump and vein in his cock as her tongue continued its oral assault. His hands were not idle, rubbing her breasts and nipples with his large hands, Marie taking him deeper and deeper into her mouth.

The only noise in the room was the sound of Marie sucking his cock, Michael settling back in the chair as she performed on his member, sucking it as if she had been doing it for ages. He watched her intently as her head moved back and forth, her lips so tight around his shaft. He held off as long as he could, Marie sucking him for over ten minutes before he gripped her head.

She knew he was ready when she felt his hands on her head. Her mouth was tired from sucking him that long and was thankful that it would be over soon. He guided her head up and down, making her take it deeper, making her gag as he pulled her too far onto his cock, breaching her throat until he pulled her off again. Her hands went to his balls, cupping them, feeling the heavy-laden balls ready to unload their cum into her mouth. Her head hurt as he pulled her onto his cock, holding her while she felt him jerk and shudder in her mouth. She waited, rewarded with the first blast of cum, his hot crème filling her mouth quickly. She swallowed the first load just in time to receive the next load. Three times he filled her mouth, three times Marie let the thick crème run down her throat and fill her belly with his cum. She felt his cock begin to shrink in his mouth, her tongue licking it, cleaning his cum from it as he drew it from her mouth.

"Very good, Marie I will see you tomorrow," dismissing her, his lust sated again. He watched as she left the room, seeing the gentle swing of her buttocks as she left.

* * * *

She smelled the coffee, rested after a good nights sleep. There was no one in the kitchen, breakfast long over, Marie sleeping late, sexually exhausted. She poured herself a cup, adding a little bit of cream to cool it off without taking away the flavor. It felt different not being a virgin any longer. She had masturbated last night after sucking Michael's cock, finding one of the ivory dildos and carefully pushing it inside her. Even with the soreness of losing her virginity, it didn't

take long until it felt good, stroking the white slick dildo in and out until she came, her finger playing across her clit. She even put the dildo in her mouth, her tongue tasting her own juices, cleaning it as Michael would make her do with his cock. She leaned over the counter, sipping her coffee, lost in her thoughts.

Michael smelled her perfume even before he saw her. The thought of her kneeling on the floor, her sweet lips wrapped around his cock inflaming his lust, his cock already hard in anticipation of taking her body again. His cock always seemed to be hard in the morning, the thought of Marie always being available to him making him smile. She was bent over the counter, her cute ass pushed out. She was wearing a black skirt that clung to her cheeks, almost able to discern the slight crack. A white blouse highlighted her dark skirt, and her pair of nylons, with a black seam running up the back, almost pointing the direction his hands wanted to go. Her legs were slightly parted almost as if in anticipation. Michael didn't want to disappoint her. He walked quietly into the room, Marie almost in a trance in thought, Michael hoping it was an erotic dream.

"EEEh," Marie brought back to reality by the gentle touch of a pair of hands on her side. She started to push up straight, but one hand pushed down on her back, pushing her down onto the counter. She felt the warm body pushed against her butt, feeling the outline of a hard cock rubbing against her cheeks. "Good morning, Sir," she answered without even seeing his face. She knew it was him by the feel of the cock that had taken her innocence on her cheeks.

"You are a breathtaking sight so early in the morning," his hands gently gliding her hips from side to side, the swishing of their garments rubbing against each other the only other sound in the room.

She put her head on the counter, turning her head sideways, parting her legs slightly for him. *Could she actually be getting wet from him rubbing against her?* "You're too kind." Her hips began to move on their own, pushing back to rub harder on his cock. She stretched out her arms on the counter when she felt his hands sliding up her sides, giving him unobstructed access to her breasts. She instantly felt his hands grasp her hanging breasts, the silk camisole doing little to hide the hard tips beneath his fingers. His fingers found them and pinched the hardened nubs. "MMMM," she moaned in pleasure. Her nipples seemed so sensitive, even when he pinched too hard the pleasure spread to between her legs. His hands cupped her breasts, squeezing the flesh between his powerful fingers. She pushed her buttocks back harder onto his cock.

How he loved the feel of her breasts as they hung down, only the thin blouse and camisole stopping his fingers from touching her naked flesh. But, that would not be for long, her buttocks rubbing so sensuously against his cock. His fingers went to her blouse, slowly unbuttoning each button down the front, Marie pulling up a bit from the counter so he could undo the last button and pull it from her skirt.

"What if someone comes in?" She looked towards the door, expecting someone to burst into the room at any time. She

knew it wouldn't be long before Michael would be fucking her and probably in the same position she was in now.

"Don't worry, when they see me they will leave. But I'm sure they will admire your lovely body first." Michael didn't mind anyone seeing Marie naked, as long as he was the only one that possessed her. His hands returned to her breasts, feeling her nipples thrust out the camisole, his fingers gripping the twin peaks and pulling on them, tightening his fingertips as he held onto the flesh beneath the silk. The tips seemed to come alive under his fingers, the blood pounding, the flesh feeling as if it were growing as he began to twist the tender nipples. She twisted her upper body as if she wanted the rough treatment.

She couldn't wait for his touch on her naked breasts, his fingers taking such liberties with her flesh. She even seemed to enjoy the roughness, almost craving the harshness that his powerful hands could inflict on her body, unable to stop him from doing anything to her, even if she wanted to stop him. She felt his hands slide down her stomach, finding the bottom of the camisole and slipping underneath. His hands gave her goose bumps as they touched her warm skin, slowly moving up, Marie arching up to give him access to her naked breasts. She didn't have to wait long, Michael as anxious as she was, his hands cradling her twin globes, hefting them up. She sucked in her breath when she felt his touch on her firm flesh. *God, it felt so good.*

Michael let his hands fondle her naked tits, moving a finger up to each tip and letting it circle the tip, teasing the hard nipple as he ran around the areola, feeling the tiny goose

bumps on the flesh. He felt her squirming, trying to push her nipples into his fingers, but he teased her, slapping at the tip but moving away quickly.

"Please," she begged. "Touch them. Harder." She wanted to feel his touch on her nipples, his fingers always teasing the naked flesh but dashing off to run sensuously around the hard tip. She thought they would burst if he didn't touch them, the blood pounding in the aroused tips.

Michael didn't want to tease her any longer, his finger gripping the swollen nipples and squeezed them. He twisted them hearing the soft moan from her lips as he abused her swollen nipples. He pulled them, yanking them downwards, until they touched the cold countertop.

It felt like a hot knife touching her nipples when they met the cold counter, his fingers yanking them down harshly. His hand gripped her firm breasts, squeezing the resilient flesh as she shivered in lust. His cock pushed harder into her buttocks, her hips moving back and forth, feeling it jerk and quiver against her silky butt. She was disappointed when he moved his hands from her breasts, feeling them slide down her sides, giving her goose bumps as they tickled her naked flesh.

He let his hands slide down to her skirt, quickly finding the button, feeling the skirt slide to the floor with just a swish. He pulled back so he could see her, her panty covered ass thrust out, her dark nylons highlighting her white flesh. A pair of garter belts held them up, framing her silky thighs. He let his hand slide down over her cheeks, seeing her thrust her buttocks up higher as he did. His fingers went between her

legs, finding the silk panties soaked with her desires. "Spread your legs for me. Your pussy is soaked," he teased her. She complied willingly, her legs parting, giving him greater access to her wet sex.

She arched up on her toes when he touched her between the legs, feeling his fingers gripping her sex almost harshly. His hand closed on her sex, one fat finger easily finding its way between her lips, pushing her panties between her labia. "God, yes," she moaned loudly. His hand squeezed her tightly, pulling her up by her sex, forcing her higher up on her toes as her legs strained to get into the position he required of her. His finger began to move between her lips, sliding up and down as he gripped her.

Her hot sex clenched his digit as if it did not want him to pull it from her. It seemed to envelope his fat finger. He began to move it up and down, her legs spreading wider, giving him greater access. His other hand moved to the fragile laces that held the side of her panties together. All of her panties were like this. Michael was able to get them out of the way easily and swiftly with just a flick of his finger, the bows opening easily and the tiny garment only a wisp of fabric on the floor between her legs. His hand returned to her hot sex, a loud moan from her lips as their flesh met, his finger searching out her slit, two fingers slipping between them. His fingers became wet with her juices, Michael taking advantage of her natural lubrication to slide one finger into her vagina.

"Mmmm." His finger slid into her almost naturally as if it belonged there. She felt it spread her open just as the ivory

dildo had last night, but this one pressed into her, touching her in places she didn't even know existed. Her legs automatically spread wider, almost aching from the wide expanse. She arched her hips up higher, begging for the hard cock to return, this time on her naked flesh.

Michael could not wait any longer, her naked body bent over the counter, her legs spread obscenely, her buttocks arched up in servitude, waiting for his cock. He pushed two fingers into her sex, feeling her insides stretch to take the fat fingers. He pulled them out, taking his cock and moving it up and down her slit. He felt her wetness lubricating his cock as he pushed it against her vagina. He pushed forward, slowly, deliberately, feeling her hot insides surround the head of his cock as if it were a glove. She felt so tight, gripping the head of his cock just below the helmet, trapping it inside her hot, tight sex.

His cock was so much bigger than the ivory dildo she used last night. He let her grow accustomed to the head of his cock, feeling it jerk inside her as she tightened on the hard cock that lay poised inside her. She pushed back on the thick cock, slowly impaling herself on the thick shaft that split her apart. She was so wet that his cock slid easily in and out, each time going deeper.

He felt her tight sex wrap around his cock as he began to stroke her, taking her with full strokes, pulling out until her sex gripped the head. He gave her the full measure of his cock, rocking her body as he drove deep inside her, her buttocks pushed back as she took his powerful strokes. He pumped her four times hard and fast, feeling her breasts

dance as her body was rocked by his powerful fuck. He began to slow down, enjoying the way her sex gripped his cock as he pulled out, looking down at her exposed body. His cock jerked in excitement, her tiny anus peeking out from her wide spread cheeks as his cock slid back and forth inside her as he fucked her deep with each stroke.

God did it feel good. His cock felt as if it were trying to bore through her body, impaling her on the thick cock. She spread her legs even wider, giving him complete access to her body, unsuspecting of where his gaze was focused on. His hands slid underneath her body, gripping her sex from the front, almost lifting her up as his cock slid in and out of her sex. She turned towards the door, hearing the sounds of footsteps. "Take it out," she cried out. "Someone is coming."

"Hopefully it will be you soon." He slapped her hard on the rear. "Hold still." He kept her pinned by his cock as James walked in the door.

"Good morning Master." He looked at Marie as if it were a normal occurrence to see her naked being fucked. "Good morning, Mistress Marie." I see you've already had your coffee," the empty cup next to her face. "And Master, you're enjoying her tight pussy. Anything I can get you Master Michael." He poured himself a cup of coffee, watching Marie's tits sway back and forth as Michael's stomach slapped noisily against her naked buttocks as he fucked her hard and fast.

"Some butter please." He watched as James casually went to the icebox and brought out a stick of butter, placing it next to Marie's face.

James could see the lust in her face as her lips tightened, knowing that she was squeezing Michael's cock with her sex, James could only imagine how hot and tight she was.

Marie was afraid of the butter, knowing what he wanted it for, his finger already having found her anus, impaling her as he took her virginity. With the position she was in, her anus was helplessly exposed. At least James had left the room, not having to feel the humiliation of him seeing her orgasm as Michael so causally fucked her. She felt the cold butter on Michael's fingertip as he lightly touched the rim of her anus, his finger circling her anal pad as he slowly lubricated her tight opening. She felt the finger touch the center of her hole and the pressure begin as he started the impalement of her anus.

The tiny, wrinkled hole seemed to wink at him as her muscles squeezed his cock, Marie learning quickly how to please him. He let his finger run around the dark hole, seeing tiny goose bumps as he lubricated her anus. He pushed his finger on her anus, the thickness completely covering the tiny opening. He began to push as he fucked her hard, the breath torn from her lungs as his cock tried to drive through her cervix. His other hand grabbed her hip and pulled her back onto his driving cock, arching her up as his finger slowly stretched her anal ring until he heard the tiny yelp from her lips.

"EEEEGGG," she screamed as his finger entered her rectum, her anal ring forced wide to accept the thick digit, burning as the finger bore into her. She couldn't even control her muscles as her rectum tried to force out the unnatural

intrusion His cock kept pounding her as his finger seemed to bore into her soul as it twisted and turned as it drove deeper into her rectum. She could feel the thick knuckles rubbing places inside her that were never meant to be touched from the outside, gripping the finger as she fought the urge to have a bowel movement. She tightened on the finger in her hole, feeling his cock jerk in her sex as she involuntarily squeezed his cock. She felt his knuckles bang against her anus, knowing his finger was in as deep as he could go, Marie feeling as if it was a foot long, the finger never idle, always twisting and turning inside her. At least his finger was lubricated as he began to fuck her anus, timing the strokes with his cock, impaling both of her holes at once. *Was this what it was like when her Mother was double fucked by Bill and Michael?* She was sure that she would soon be sodomized, James and Michael so intrigued with her anus, each time they fingered her tight back hole.

Her anus was so hot and tight, his finger enjoying the pleasure that her clenching muscles brought to it. His cock continued to fuck her hard, the sound of naked flesh slapping against each other ringing out in the room. He let his other hand slip underneath her until he found his cock sliding in and out of her sex. He moved his finger up until he found her clit, pressing downward until the hardened bud was exposed, his fingers moving over it, stimulating it.

She jerked back on the cock inside her when he touched her clit, impaling her anus on the finger inside her at the same time. She felt so full, both of her holes filled with hot flesh. She knew she couldn't last much longer, his cock

bringing such pleasure to her, his fingers exciting her. Even the finger in her rear sent such forbidden pleasures to her body. She squeezed his cock as he pulled out, gripping it as tight as she could. She was rewarded with a sharp pinch of her clit, driving his cock deeper into her body.

"Cum with me, Marie." His cock drove deep into her body, feeling it slam hard against her cervix, burying it as deep as he could, holding it inside her as her muscles milked his cock. He twisted his finger in her anus, and yanked hard on her clit as he shot the first load of cum inside her, bathing her once virgin passage with his hot crème.

She came when she felt his cock hose her insides, her muscles clenching on his cock as it spewed its thick crème inside her. His finger on her clit dragged back and forth over the tip as she shuddered, her cum spilling over his cock as he began to pump her again. He would plunge back in again, shooting another load of cum in her body before fucking her with a powerful stroke again, his cock swollen in pleasure. Luckily she was supported by the counter, her knees going weak, her legs trembling as she came repeatedly under the powerful strokes of his cock. His finger in her anus kept her impaled, forcing her to take the mastery of her naked body. She finally felt his cock shrinking, his cum running down the inside of her thighs as he slowly pulled out. He let his finger slowly slide out of her hole.

It felt as if her anus was trying to stop him from withdrawing his finger, gripping the thick digit as he slowly pulled it from her hole. He saw her hole, open and red from his abuse, the tiny anal ring fluttering as it slowly closed to

hide the dark back passage. He let his finger play over the hole, teasing it before he stood up, seeing Marie naked and spent over the counter. He put his cock back in his trousers, Marie still not moving. "Have a good day, Marie. I will send for you if I desire you later," he said casually upon leaving the room.

Marie slowly got dressed, her body weak from the orgasms that ripped through her body. She grabbed another cup of coffee and returned to her room, a hot bath erasing all signs of the brief sexual encounter of this morning.

* * * *

Michael was absent from the house for the next two days, James's only explanation was that it was business, but he would be returning tomorrow. Marie continued to masturbate, finding the ivory dildo not as satisfactory as Michael's cock, but adequate. Her mind would conjure up the image of him taking her virginity, James watching as his cock ripped through her innocence. She even touched her anus while she was masturbating, pulling away when her finger began to burn as she pressed it in. Each time she would clean the dildo with her mouth, as Michael would make her do, almost enjoying the taste of her juices, reliving the taste of Michael's cock when he came in her mouth.

"Master Michael wants you in the dungeon tonight at seven. Your clothes will be ready for you." James said it almost matter of fact, as if it were the most natural request. Michael was anxious to enjoy his latest sex slave, ready to

treat her to the more perverse acts. James was sure that Marie's body would be marked and sore after tonight.

"Yes James." Marie was filled with expectation but also dread, not sure what Michael was planning for her, only hoping that she would again feel the power of his cock inside her. She heard the door opening and closing while she was taking a bath, knowing her clothes were laid out on the bed for her, hoping they would give her some clue as to what would be done to her. *What would be done to her? What a strange thought, having to submit to whatever act Michael cared to inflict on her body, whatever perverse act he desire? What had her life become?* She dried out slowly and went into the bedroom, finding the clothes on the bed. It was a schoolgirl outfit, clothes the girls wore to Catholic School. There was a prim white blouse, buttons all the way to the neck, a blue plaid skirt that wrapped around but was halfway between her knees and ankles. A pair of blue knee-high socks and a pair of black Mary Jane's were for her feet. The panties were a plain white cotton panty. There was no bra provided. Marie slowly got into the clothes, putting her hair into twin pigtails. She looked into the mirror. She looked so young that it almost scared her.

She walked slowly to the dungeon, the shoes noisy on the hard floors. The door opened slowly, Marie walking down the stairs into the flickering light coming from below. As she entered the large room, she instantly saw Michael sitting behind a desk, dressed in a sports coat and tie, the cashmere brown blazer with patches on the elbows similar to what a Professor might wear. Even the desk was covered with piles

of folders. It still seemed out of place, the rest of the room filled with furniture built to hold a female in tight bondage, her body spread for Michael's enjoyment.

"You certainly were a naughty girl while I was gone. Masturbating, and without my permission." He looked at her, his cock almost busting out of his trousers at the site of her in the schoolgirl outfit.

"I'm sorry, Headmaster. I won't do it again." Marie played along with the game. She gave him a sweet, innocent smile.

"That's not good enough. You will have to be punished."

"Yes, Sir. I will accept whatever punishment you think is appropriate." She could feel her sex getting wet at the thought of Michael punishing her. *What would he do?*

"Come over here, closer to my desk." He pulled his chair from the desk, turning to the side as she moved closer. "Turn, with your back to me."

She turned away from him, backing up until she felt his hand on her hip stopping her.

"Lift your skirt up," he ordered her.

"Please, Sir, not that," she begged.

"I won't tell you again. You must obey my every command or the punishment will be much worse. Now lift up your skirt. I've seen many young girls' bottoms before and punished all of them."

He liked the way her cotton panties clung to her rear. "Very good, keep it up high." He picked up a two-foot wooden ruler, slapping it hard on the desk, seeing Marie jump from the unexpected sound.

It didn't look like a game any longer, the wooden ruler looking very formidable. He intended to use it on her buttocks, her own hands aiding him by pulling her skirt out of the way, the cotton panties scant protection.

"Spread your legs and hold very still. It will be twenty with the ruler. If you move, I will start all over again."

She let her legs part, feeling the wetness in her sex as the spread of her legs pulled her wet lips apart. She braced herself for the first hit of the ruler but she couldn't even anticipate what it actually would feel like. Her right cheek bore the brunt of the first hit, over half of the ruler hitting her almost naked cheek. The pain suddenly rushed to her brain, a sharp stinging following. "YYYYEEEEH," she screamed, hopping on one foot as her cheek bore the brunt of the strike. She could not image the pain that raced through her flesh.

"I said, hold still," the ruler hitting her other cheek as she screamed out in pain. "That's two. Eighteen, left to go."

He began to alternate hitting each cheek, the sharp slap of the wooden ruler on her flesh ringing out in the room, bouncing off the stone walls. He moved from the top of her cheeks all the way to the tops of her thighs, no part of her sensitive skin escaping the cruel slap of the wooden ruler. He watched as her hands trembled, holding up her skirt, her body jerking each time he hit her, tiny gasps from her lips as she suffered the stinging slaps of the ruler. He liked the way her upper thighs were turning red, paying special attention to the naked skin, and watching it turn from a pink to a deep red as he struck the same spot. "Twenty." The final slap of the

ruler was the hardest, a loud yelp from her lips as he slapped her close to her sex.

"Turn around. Keep your skirt up." He watched as she complied, seeing the tears in her eyes, one tear falling slowly down her cheek. "Did that hurt, Marie?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm sorry I was naughty."

"We're not finished yet, Marie. You have so much more to suffer before you are taught your lesson." He let the ruler move between her legs, rubbing her sex with the edge of the ruler, sliding her panties in her slit. "Are you wet?"

"Yes, Headmaster," she said, embarrassed. At first it was a game, but the spanking with the wooden ruler was painful. Much more painful than she had expected. She felt the ruler sawing back and forth over her slit, Michael tapping her inside thighs until she spread her legs wider. He began to slap the inside of her thighs, the stinging of the wooden ruler on her tender skin increasing as he moved up and down her thighs, Marie trembling as he got close to her sex. *Would he hit her there, on her sex?* He went back to pushing the ruler back and forth through her sex, her legs spreading wider to give him the access he desired.

"Over here, Marie. Lie down on the table." He led her over to a hard wooden table pushed close to the wall. He helped her onto the table, watching her legs as the skirt rode up high on her legs.

The table was hard as she laid back, Michael taking her wrists and pulling them over her head and began to pull them down towards the floor. She had to arch her back to maintain the position, her breasts thrusting out obscenely for him, the

buttons on the blouse straining. She felt the rope tied around each of her wrists, circling each one three times before he pulled them together, another twist to keep them secured. She felt him tug down, felt the rope go taut as he secured it to something, her arms securely over her head. She pressed her legs together as she lay on the table waiting for Michael's next move.

He liked the way her breasts arched up, the naked tits beneath the blouse pushing out the material. He couldn't wait to get them naked, eager to abuse them. First he had to secure her legs. He went to the other end of the table, looking down at her, her lovely body bound for his pleasure. This is the way he liked them, bound and unable to stop him from having his perverse way with their bodies.

She felt his hands on her ankles, almost gently rubbing them. Then she felt it, the rope that he began to loop around her ankles, surprised that he kept her legs together, sure that he would spread her wide, obscenely wide. Her ankles were tied tightly together, Marie looking down to see a long expanse of rope hanging from the knots. Michael moved towards her head again, the other end of the rope in his hand. She looked over her head as he threaded the end of the rope through a ring on the wall over her head, Michael beginning to pull the end of the rope. She felt the rope tighten, her ankles slowly being pulled up into the air. Higher and higher her legs went, her skirt falling back, uncovering her as her legs were slowly hauled into the air as if she were a piece of meat being displayed.

The skirt fell uselessly to the side as her legs moved higher, her naked legs looking so much sexier with the blue knee socks. He yanked the rope again, her buttocks almost rising from the table as her legs were pulled back over her head. The skirt fell away revealing the white cotton panties, her luscious ass so snugly encased in the panties. He could make out her crease as well as her sex from behind, the panties pulled tightly into her sex.

It was obscene to be hung like this, her legs almost touching the wall behind her, only her panties and socks covering her body from the waist down. She watched as Michael tied the rope, Marie yanking her legs, finding them securely bound in the obscene position he had placed her in. Her rear was not even on the table any longer, her lower back supporting her weight as she hung by her ankles.

Michael moved next to her, his hands quickly unbuttoning her blouse, her naked breasts slowly revealed as he pushed it to the side. "Such, lovely tits, Marie." His hands reached out and plucked at her nipples, pulling the hard tips until they were almost stretched out two inches. He twisted them to the right, then to the left, seeing her lips clench tight as he abused the tips. He opened the drawer next to the table and pulled out a pile of wooden clothespins, laying them down next to Marie's face so she could see what he was going to use on her.

She watched Michael's hand almost as if she were in a trance. One of his hands prepared her breast, bringing the nipple to hardness, the other taking one of the wooden clothespin, opening it wide so Marie saw the powerful spring

that would soon bite into her tender flesh. She couldn't say anything as Michael moved it close to her nipple and let it snap to the right of the tip, pinching part of the areola with the powerful clothespin. "EEEEHH," she moaned in pain as the sharp bite was followed by a dull ache, Michael's hands busy with the next one. She suffered under his hand as he slipped four clothespins around each nipple, Marie looking down to see how obscene it looked. Her nipple was trapped between them all, swollen and hard, her areola crushed beneath the strong grasp of the clothespin. Michael's fingers returned to her nipple, yanking it out painfully, his other hand holding the opened clothespin. She held her breathe and waited for the initial pain as the wooden clothespin bit into her sensitive nipple. "GGGGODDDD, that hurts," she moaned louder in pain as her breasts received the painful treatment, five clothespins on each breasts biting into her youthful flesh painfully. She moaned in agony with each clothespin, her breasts severely throbbing when he finished.

Michael liked how the clothespins looked, pinching her tender flesh so harshly. He slapped his hand against each group of clothespins, making them shake and jiggle, tearing a scream from Marie's lips as he ignited the sharp pain.

She couldn't believe the pain as he slapped at first her right breast, then she held her breath as she waited for the other, Michael not disappointing her, the sharp bite of the clothespins returning. Michael began to rub her legs up and down, almost caressing her again, Marie trembling in fear. She was never sure what to expect next, the pleasure or the pain, Michael moving quickly back and forth between them,

Marie's senses on overload. He slid her socks down, her legs naked, from her shoes to her panties, her white skin so openly exposed, and his hands casually exploring the naked flesh.

He slapped her buttocks hard, feeling her jerk, the bondage keeping her securely pinned. He rubbed the flesh, already feeling it grow warm, with her naked upper thighs still red from the spanking with the ruler. He let his fingers run up and down her crease, letting the panty slide between her cheeks, moving down to her sex. He loved the way a girl looked from behind, her tightly closed labia hiding her treasures from his eyes. Soon he would have her spread open, but for now he loved the look of her bound legs. He began to pull her panties down, or in this case, up since her legs were pulled into the air, up, slowly revealing her naked cheeks. Finally, her sex peeked out as he yanked her panties up, his powerful hands ripping the cotton, the wispy garment thrown to the floor. His hands returned, this time finding naked flesh to caress, running up and down her naked flanks before spanking her naked buttocks, each cheek receiving a powerful spank with his open hand. Her body shuddered in her tight bondage as her flesh turned red.

She could not do anything as he stung her buttocks with his spanking, her naked flesh open for anything he desired. His hand returned to caressing her, a sharp slap to her rear reminding her to keep her cheeks loose. He wanted complete access to her sex as well as her anus, the position she was bound in leaving her anus so vulnerable and open. Her

breasts still ached and now her buttocks stung from the spanking. *What else would he do to her?*

Michael let his hands wander up and down her tightly clenched thighs, forcing their way between her bound legs to caress the tender skin until he reached her sex. With her legs pulled up, her labia were exposed from the back, the puffy lips closed tightly together. He rubbed his finger up and down her slit, feeling her juices leak out. He pushed deeper, inserting his finger between the smooth, silky inner lips, sleek with juices, his finger still able to slide up and down in spite of her tightly clenched thighs. He moved up to touch her clit, her body jumping as if touched by fire. He flicked the hard bud, letting his fingernail rub harshly over the sensitive tip as she jerked about. He saw her squirming as he kept up the masturbation of her swollen clit, hearing her moans of pleasure, her rapid breathing. She would cum soon if he didn't stop, and he didn't want that to happen. He had so much more to do to her first.

She didn't know what it was, his hand that was surprisingly gentle in masturbating her or the thoughts and feelings of having her naked body bound, tightly at his mercy as he took liberties with her body. Either way her body was at a fever pitch, his hand ready to extract an orgasm from her body. Suddenly he stopped, his fingers withdrawn, her body aching for the release she so desperately sought. "Please, don't stop. Make me cum." She begged him to finish her off, but the grin on his face told her that he wanted her to suffer.

"Soon, Marie, Soon I will make you cum, but not before you finish your punishment." He let her legs down slowly until

she was flat on her back again. He fumbled with the rope, untying her ankles. He circled one ankle with the rope, pulling the end of the rope over to a ring farther on the right side of her, threading it through the metal circle. He tied her other ankle with a new piece of rope, tying the knot tight before bringing the end of the rope to a ring similar to the other, but this one far on her left. He pulled up the slack on the rope.

She knew what he was doing, looking up to see the ropes looped through the rings on both sides of her, waiting for the moment when he would pull her legs up. This time they would not be together. This time he would spread her legs and by the gap between the rings, spread wide, he would make sure that she would be open more than she had ever been, left fearful of where she would be punished. She felt her legs pulled up and out, feeling her crotch begin to split open. She couldn't do anything but lie there as he slowly and methodically spread her legs, pulling on one leg, then going to the other, her legs moving higher and higher, Marie watching as her sex slowly spread open. Her labia began to separate, the lips pulling apart to reveal the pink insides as her legs went higher and higher. They were now almost over her head, her buttocks pulled up from the table again before Michael stopped, tying the ropes securely, Marie tugging with her legs, testing how secure they were. She couldn't move at all, hung up like a piece of meat on display, her sex split open and vulnerable.

Michael liked the way she was presented, her vagina almost open, the darkness inside beckoning his cock to enter her. Best of all was her anus, the tiny hole now slightly

agape, the forbidden hole spread wide by the expanse of her legs. He let his hands explore her open crotch, sliding along her inner thighs to touch her sex lightly. He found her drenched in her own juices, his fingers finding her inner lips slippery as he pushed apart the tender lips and explored the smooth, silky inner flesh. Her hips began to move as he placed a finger at the entrance of the tight hole and pushed inside, slick with her juices, as her sex seemed to draw his finger in. Her muscles gripped it tightly as he began to finger her.

She thought she would cum when he entered her, the helplessness of the bondage making her aroused, his finger entering her, giving her the fullness she desired. One finger became two, his knuckles rubbing her insides as he fucked her sex, sliding in and out, her juices making it easy. Even with the stretch of her legs, three fingers felt huge. A moan broke from her lips as his fingers forced her to stretch to accept them. Michael plunged them in and out, making her take them in hard thrusts that seem to drive his fingertips deep, her sex stretching to take the knuckles.

Michael enjoyed the way her sex gripped his fingers, clenching on the fat digits as he plunged them in and out of her tight hole. He pulled them from her sex, seeing the look of disappointment on her face as he left her unfulfilled.

She watched him as he brought over a large, glass syringe, not the type that a Doctor would give an injection with, no, this one was over six inches long and about two inches around. The tip was long and pointed, expanding from the tip until it was at least an inch wide. A large black plunger

on the end was used to force the liquid out of the tube, into the unwilling person. Michael slowly placed the end of the syringe in the glass container, pulling back on the plunger. Marie watching as it quickly extracted the liquid into the cylinder. "WWWhhat is that for?" She almost hated to know the answer.

"It's a lubricant. It's for your asshole. It also has a mild irritant in it. It will produce such wonderful clenching of your muscles which I will enjoy, though I doubt you will have such a favorable reaction to it."

"Please don't," she begged, but she knew it would do no good. Michael moved closer between her widely spaced legs, placing the cold end of the syringe against her anus. She could already feel the liquid dripping out the end, making her tiny hole slick.

"Relax and it will go much easier." He began to press the tip into her anus, watching her anal ring slowly slide over the tip, Michael pushing the plunger slightly, releasing some of the lubricant to aid the insertion. He watched her anal ring slowly grip the ever expanding tip, opening wider as he pressed the syringe inside her. Her lips were clenched tightly as she endured the unnatural probing over her anus, the irritant already affecting her.

She felt her muscles tighten up on the syringe, gripping it as Michael continued to pressure the tip farther inside her. The burning continued as her anal ring stretched wider and wider, the tip growing in size as it continued to bore into her very soul. She felt Michael twisting the syringe, making her feel every inch of the tip as it slowly spread her open. Her

anal ring began to burn from the stretching as the tip grew in dimensions, opening her up. It felt like a pole was being shoved up her backside, Michael relentless as he continued to push the syringe inside her.

He had over three inches of tip inside her, watching as her anal ring stretched over the tip, her tiny hole spreading tightly over it. He saw her take a deep breath as his hand went to the plunger. He pushed, the liquid forced from the tube into the depths of her colon.

"EEEEHHH," she cried out as she felt the rush of the cold liquid shooting inside her, bathing her bowels. She instantly felt the fiery irritant, her muscles clenching from the unnatural burning deep inside her. He finally emptied the contents inside her, Marie feeling an unfamiliar fullness inside her.

Michael watched as her anal ring gripped the tip as he slowly pulled it from her, finally popping out, her tiny hole still agape, opening and closing as her muscles clenched uncontrollably. He would love to sodomize her now, the clenching of her anus would give his cock such an enjoyable ride, but that would come later. He would train her to service his cock with her hole, putting his cock deep inside her and let her muscles massage his cock until he finally came deep in her guts.

She felt the finger on her anus, quickly impaled on it as he plunged it in her lubricated backside, his knuckles twisting and turning inside her until he banged against her hole, his finger as deep as it could go. It felt strange, the unnatural probing of his finger, feeling it move around inside her, Marie

unable to control her muscles as her rectum tried to force it out. The irritant burned, her muscles clenching and unclenching Marie almost fearing she would have an accident. "AAAGGHH," she cried out when a second finger joined the first, her anal ring stretched wide around the probing fingers as they both sought the depths of her bowels.

She was so hot and tight, her muscles gripping his fingers so tight. If it weren't for the lubricant, he would have never got so deep inside her so easily. He twisted his fingers, feeling her muscles fight his every movement. He moved his other hand to her sex, suddenly thrust three fingers inside her. He could feel his fingers in her anus, the twin passages lying next to each other.

"GGGGGODDD," she cried out, as she'd never felt so full, his fingers ravishing both her holes at one time. *Is this what it would feel like to be taken by two men at once, what her mother had succumbed to?* Michael's fingers moved inside her, first one hole impaled while he pulled the others out, her body filled at all times. Then he changed, taking her breath away when his fingers plunged into her dual holes at one time, five fat fingers spreading her wide as they plunged deep into her body, filling her, stretching her wide. She felt her sex gushing on his hand, the thought of being taken by two cocks at one time exciting her, forced to take two thick cocks lying side by side inside her.

"NOO!!! NOOTTT AGAIN!" She cried out when he pulled his fingers from her again, just when she was about to cum. Her body shook as she felt so empty, her senses brought to a

feverish pitch by his fingers ravaging her body only to be left unfulfilled.

Michael smiled, seeing her bound body covered in sweat, her sex and anus glistening with her juices, her hips still trying to move to get back his fingers that left her so empty. He went to the cabinet and pulled out a slapper, showing it to Marie, her eyes opening wide in fear. "It's called a three ply slapper," showing her the black leather slapper. "As you can see, it has three leather slappers, one on top of each other, all with varying lengths. The smallest is about 9 inches, the next 11 inches and the final one 13 inches. As you will soon feel, it allows for three separate contact points, each with varying intensity. I am told that it has an excellent bite."

"WWWWHHEre are you going to use it?"

"I'm going to start with your luscious ass cheeks, then move to those delicious white thighs."

"That's all?" She was sure he wouldn't be finished there.

"Very perceptive, Marie, No, I'm going to end up using it on your pussy and your asshole. But, have no fear, Marie, I fully expect you to cum while I whip your pussy. I think you will find the delicious bite of the whip will finally give you the orgasm you have been wanting so badly today."

Before she had a chance to say anything, his hand reached out and slapped her hard between her legs, his large palm slapping loudly on her labia. You could almost hear the splat, his hand hitting her wet sex. "OOOHHHHH," she cried out, not sure if in pain or pleasure, his hand smashing into her labia harshly. *How could he do such a thing? Hit a girl on her most delicate and intimate part of her body.* She had little time to

think about it before he did it again, this time higher up, smashing her swollen clit into her pubic bone. Her body jerked in pain, another scream tore from her lips.

"EEEEEEHHH". She felt him rubbing her sex, almost caressing it again, after spanking it harshly twice.

Michael could feel her trying to push her sex into his hand as he rubbed her again, his fingers gripping her labia tightly, yanking up on the puffy lips before slipping two fingers between them. "Still wet, Marie, I think the naughty girl likes to have her pussy spanked."

"OOOOWWW." She cried out in pain. Michael had reached up to the clothespins on her breasts and began to yank them slowly off, one at a time. She thought she would feel relief from the dull pain, instead the blood rushed to the skin, instantly igniting a terrible pain that shot through her spine. "NNNOOO, more! Leave them on." Anything was better than taking them off, but Michael refused to listen, slowly plucking the clothespins off one at a time, letting her feel the rush of pain before he moved onto the next one. He finally finished, all except the last two, the two on her nipples.

Michael watched her pleading with her eyes, his fingers poised on the last of the clothespin. "Intense, isn't it. The blood rushes back in, igniting that sharp pain that goes right up to your brain. Imagine how it will feel when I take them off your nipples. The pink tips, crushed beneath the powerful wood clothespin." He let her wait, his finger tapping the end of the clothespin, making her feel them move, not knowing whether he would pull it off or not.

"AAGGGHHH," she yelled out, her scream screeching in the room. It felt as if her nipple was going to burst in pain, the blood rushing to the tip, the pain quickly following it. Michael's fingers actually felt good when he gripped it tight between two fingers and twisted it; at least Marie knew she still had feeling in it. "EEEEEGGGG," the second one just as painful as the first. She thought they would be ruined, the pain so intense. "That hurt so bad," she cried, tears falling from her eyes.

He picked up the slapper, moving between her legs, not even giving her time to catch her breath. He caught her on her buttocks, the longest finger of the slapper hitting on her crease, her tightly clenched cheeks preventing it from reaching her anus. Her body jerked with the loud crack of the slapper, Michael pulling it away, seeing the white skin turn pink. Another slap fell this time on the other cheek. Marie's body jumped with the sudden bite of the leather on her tender flesh.

She was sobbing now, Michael working on her cheeks before he moved to her inner thighs. The slapper started at her knees and moved towards her sex, alternating between each leg, her bound and spread legs unable to prevent Michael from having his way. In between the pain that seared through her body, she felt the leather slapper creeping closer and closer to the split of her legs, feeling the longest leather strand reaching out to her sex. The closer he got the less intense the pain, the thought of the leather striking her sex racing through her mind. *She couldn't understand it. How could her body betray her in such a manner?* Craving the

harsh touch on her sex, first with his palm, now her arousal increasing as the slapper moved methodically towards her sex. Her mind raced to imagine how it would feel, the harsh leather slapping her unprotected sex.

It almost seemed as if she were in a trance, her body moving about as he slapped her tender flesh, the skin turning red as he continued the assault with the slapper, the three strands inflicting the maximum pain. The next slap touched her sex, the longest strand reaching out to slap her perineum, so close to her sex. Her body jerked, Michael taking aim and the next slap hitting her on the bottom of her sex, two strands slapping hard on her labia, one of the strands pushing harshly between her lips, forcefully pushing them aside to assault her pink insides. You would have thought that a poker was run through her eye, the scream that was torn from her lips, her body jerking uncontrollably in the tight bondage.

She couldn't believe the pain as the leather tore between her labia and assailed her tender insides. It felt as if it were a branding iron touching her. She could not even catch her breath when she watched the slapper come down yet again. This time all three strands hit her sex vertically, from the top of her slit to the bottom, the harsh bite of the leather sending shooting pains through her body. She couldn't catch her breath as the pain intensified as Michael worked methodically, the three leather strands moving up and down her slit, finally slapping hard on her unprotected anus. It felt like her hole was ripped open, the leather strand feeling as if it were trying to enter her backside.

Michael would stop hitting her sex with the slapper, his hand then caressing her hot flesh, sending mixed signals through Marie's body, Marie never knowing what was next, keeping her on edge. He would masturbate her, then take the slapper in the other hand so she would have no warning, his hand suddenly pulling away, replaced with the harsh slap of the three-stranded slapper splitting her down the middle. Her body would jerk and shake in pain, his hand returning to masturbate her, slipping her into an uneasy silence as she waited for the intense pain to return, Michael rewarding her with another bite of the slapper.

It seemed like hours, Michael moving quickly from masturbation to whipping her body, her emotions so over the edge that she had trouble discerning the two, the pleasure and pain mixing.

He pulled back her clit hood with one hand, carefully keeping his hand clear, before he brought down the slapper, the longest strand reaching out and finding its target. Her clit received the sharp bite of the leather, smashing the swollen bud, against her body.

It was more than she could comprehend; Michael's hand masturbating her, at the same time the whip visited the same spots, this time harsher. The two collided, her body shaking as the orgasm took her. It was nothing she had ever felt before; her body wracked with pleasure, and pain. Her body responded the same to both. She tugged on the ropes that bound her so obscenely, feeling them dig into her wrists and ankles, only igniting the deep feelings that shook her body. She came on the leather slapper as Michael continued to slap

her spread sex, soaking the leather with her juices. Then she came again as his fingers tugged on her beaten clit, bringing about another orgasm, his fingers plunging ruthlessly in her sex and anus, digging deep inside her. Her muscles contracted on his fat fingers in her ecstasy.

Michael had never seen a girl cum so much. It did not matter what he did to her, she kept cumming. Even the slapper failed to dull her orgasm; in fact, the slap of the leather on her sex seemed to drive her higher. Her sex and anus seemed to swallow up his fingers, sliding deep inside her slick walls, clenching on them as he plunged them in and out. She finally slumped down, her body wracked with tremors, his fingers still buried deep inside her. Michael untied her, Marie unable to move upon her release. She was no good to him any longer tonight. He carried her up to her bed and put her under the covers, naked. He slipped under the covers with her, naked; cradling her, his hard cock against her buttocks as she quickly fell into a deep sleep. He rubbed slowly on her buttocks, his cock failing to go down. He turned her over onto her stomach, spreading her legs wide. He knelt between her, fisting his cock and placing it against her sex from behind, slowly settling down on her, his cock sliding easily inside her. She didn't even move as he began to pump inside her, his hips rising up and down on the bed as he took her with his powerful thrusts. She made small moaning noises, but did not stir, Michael finding her sex so tight that he came in a few minutes, filling her with a load of cum. He rolled off her, staying in her bed, falling asleep.

Marie woke up, surprised to find Michael next to her. She could feel the dried cum on her thighs, knowing that Michael must have used her after she had the explosive orgasm. She couldn't even describe what he had done to her, her body so drained that she hadn't even felt Michael fucking her later that night. She looked over, smiling at Michael. She slid down the bed until her head was on his abdomen, her hand gently reaching out for his cock. She could feel it stir under her fingertips, getting harder as she wrapped her hand around it and started to slide up and down, feeling his monster stir in her hands. Her tongue reached out for the tip, lapping at the head, tasting the dried cum on the end, a mixture of his and hers, slowly opening her mouth until she engulfed the head. She began to move her head up and down, her other hand cradling his balls as she began to milk him. She felt him stirring, a hand on her head, pushing her down the only sign that he was awake. That and his cock had grown, pushing to the back of her throat, the hand more urgent now, forcing her down on the throbbing cock. She didn't even mind when his cock choked her, eager to please him for last night.

What a way to wake up to, a hot mouth sucking your cock, silky hands slowly running over your cock and balls. He gripped her head, pushing her down on his cock, Marie not resisting as she was slowly forced to take his cock in her throat, his cock jumping as she choked, her throat opening to allow his hard member deep inside her throat. He fucked her mouth, using her until he shot his cum inside her waiting mouth, Marie gulping furiously to swallow the copious fluids that filled her cheeks. She pulled off his cock after bathing it

with her tongue, smiling up at Michael, her lips shiny with his cum.

"Thank you for last night."

"Thank you for this morning. I have so many more things to teach you. Many more things for you to experience." He got up and went to his room, taking a shower, a business meeting this morning.

Marie went back to sleep, finally waking up when it was almost noon, her body sticky with cum, her mouth filled with the taste of Michael.

* * * *

One Month Later

Michael had taken her more frequently now, even after a month. There was hardly a day that she didn't find herself in the dungeon, Marie almost looking forward to it, yearning for the pleasure and the pain. Her mother had come to visit, the condition of visiting that she had to perform for Michael.

Michael enjoyed the mother and daughter fighting over his cock, both of them using all their talents to make him cum. He closed his eyes while they took turns, their mouths extracting so much pleasure from him, four hands running over his cock and balls. He was surprised when Marie pushed a slick finger in his asshole and massaged his prostrate as her mother sucked his cock, sucking it deep in her throat as she choked and gagged on the thick member. He had so much more to teach Marie. She was still an anal virgin, but that would be remedied soon. He planned to tie her up this

weekend and sodomize her, knowing that she liked the helplessness that bondage afforded her.

Brenda looked forward to Bill's monthly visits. The first month he brought two friends, the three of them taking Brenda at one time, her mouth, sex and anus filled with pulsating flesh, her body wracked with orgasms as they flooded her with their cum. She enjoyed fighting her own daughter for the chance to suck Michael's cock.

Marie looked forward to each time Michael took her, never knowing what to expect, Michael always surprising her with his perversities, using her body in ways that she couldn't even fathom. But each time she responded, her body exploded with orgasms, her sex and mouth taking his cum inside. He explored her anus with his fingers, but his cock still had not entered her there yet. This weekend, he threatened. She almost welcomed the experience, Michael never failing to arouse her.

THE END

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