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WICKED

India Masters



Captured by India Masters

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By

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Captured

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Dedication

To Julia Devlin for being the best crit partner in the world.
First person, baby — this one's for you!

Chapter One

"My coffee!"

Hot coffee splattered on my sneakered feet.

"Coffee's the least of your problems, princess."

The man's voice rasped close to my ear as a strong arm banded my waist, yanking me off my feet. I was pulled into a nondescript cargo van. The door slid shut, and the vehicle sped away.

Ohshit, ohshit!

What did they say on that freaking episode of Oprah? Never let them take you to a secondary scene. I began to struggle, flailing my arms and legs as I shrieked at the top of my lungs.

"Shut that bitch up," a voice growled from the front of the van.

My abductor wrapped himself around me and clapped a hand over my mouth.

"Shut up and you may get out of this with nothing more than a good fucking." He spoke with a deep, raspy voice that sounded vaguely familiar.

I tried to speak, but the large hand compressing my lips muffled my words. The other hand, the one gripping my breast, I didn't even want to think about.

"You're a pretty little thing," the monster kneading my boob whispered. "I like the way you swish your ass when you walk. It's like you're just asking to have it fucked, and I'm gonna have me some of that ass before we're done."

Oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I was in real trouble here. I'd been abducted right off the street, in broad daylight, and not a single person had seen it happen. And there were two of them. God only knew what they were going to do to me.

I threw my body back against the man holding me, knocking him off balance. His dark laugh sent cold chills down my spine.

"Oh you're gonna pay for that, princess."

He gave my nipple a vicious twist through my shirt.

"I'm gonna enjoy punishing you. I bet that pretty pale skin will turn nice and red beneath my flogger."

A flogger? Something dark and needy twisted inside me and made my pussy clench.

God, how sick was that?

* * * * *

We drove for what seemed like hours. That big hand played with my breasts the whole time, pressing, squeezing, tormenting my nipples with twists and tugs. Just before the van turned off the busy street, my abductor dragged a cloth sack over my head, essentially blinding me. I could hear gravel crackling beneath the tires, and the sound of the interstate in the distance. That had to mean we were a good distance away from town, but still close enough that traffic on the freeway was heavy. If I could get away from them, I could probably find my way easily enough if they didn't go much farther. I was beginning to wish they'd stop and just get it over with.

Until they did.

"I know you're probably trying to think of ways to escape, but you should know that any attempt will be met with unpleasant consequences. Now, put your hands out in front you like a good girl."

I didn't want to do it, probably shouldn't have, but those unpleasant consequences were playing heavily on my mind, so I did what I was told. He patted my cheek just a trifle too hard and looped soft cording around my wrists several times.

"Very good. You do what I tell you, and you'll get rewarded. Disobey, and I'll have to punish you. Is that clear?"

I nodded.

"What's that? I didn't hear you."

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, sir?"

The dark laugh sounded close to my ear. "That'll do for now." The van eased to a stop. "Ah...honey, we're home. Now comes the real fun."

I stiffened as the driver exited the vehicle and came around to slide the door open.

"You need any help getting her inside?" the man asked.

"Nah, I'm cool. She's going to be a good little slave girl, aren't you, pet? You can take off."

Relief washed through me. I didn't like the sound of the driver. Thank God, there wasn't going to be two of them. At least for now. My abductor climbed out first and reached for me. I uttered a startled squeak when he leaned down and hauled me across his shoulder, fondling my ass as he carried me to heaven only knew where.

Where turned out to be a basement, or at least that's what I thought. Anyway, he was carrying me down a set of stairs. The smell of laundry detergent and fabric softener filled my nostrils. Definitely a basement, then, the descent was too long to be anything else. He set me on my feet, switched the silken cord around my wrists with a set of leather cuffs, and attached them to a hook on a wooden support column. He plastered himself against me, took my undershirt in both hands and tore it apart. Pressing my belly against the post, he licked my cheek and laughed softly before stepping away.

"Don't go anywhere," he taunted. His footsteps disappeared up the stairs, and the door slammed behind him. The lock turned with a resounding click.

I was tied up and locked in the basement of a madman.

* * * * *

I strained to hear something, anything, to indicate what he had in mind, but there was nothing, except for the panicked tattoo of my heartbeat as it drummed in my chest. Would anyone hear me if I screamed?

Terror as vivid and pristine as my beloved Colorado mountain air battered every corner of my mind. I berated myself—I should have been more careful. Hadn't Jess just stressed the fact that I needed to be more aware of my surroundings? That I shouldn't be-bop around with my iPod blaring in my ears, paying absolutely no attention to what was happening around me? It was totally my fault I was in this situation, though a fat lot of good it would do to admit that now. Woulda, coulda, shoulda.

The door above opened, and a wave of nausea washed over me. He was coming back. What would he do? Would he hurt me? Possibly kill me? Harsh light filled the room, bright even through the filter of the cloth sack covering my head. There was only a single set of footsteps on the stairs. I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not. Perhaps the other man wanted nothing to do with murder.

Strong hands cupped my hips and spun me around. His grip wasn't biting, but it was powerful enough to prevent me from struggling.

"Miss me, princess?"

I didn't know if I was supposed to answer so I kept my mouth shut.

"Mmm, you look sexy as hell with your shirt ripped to shreds and that pretty, lace bra showing off your breasts. It's a shame to mess it up but—"

I heard a click and felt the cold press of steel against my skin.

Oh god, a knife!

He inserted the blade under the band between the cups. With a flick of his wrist, the bra gaped open. He moved it aside, exposing me.

"Very pretty, but I think those nipples need a little something." He put his warm mouth over a nipple and sucked. "They pucker real nice, but I have just the thing to keep them that way."

I heard the tinkle of bells, then stiffened when something that felt like a rubber-tipped tweezer was attached to one of my nipples. I

whimpered when the pressure tightened to a sharp pinch. It was mildly uncomfortable, but more humiliating than painful. Which was probably the point. He fingered my nipple, and the bell jingled.

"I like it. Sounds like Christmas." He attached a second to my other nipple, then set them both to ringing. "Those will make a real pretty sound when I have you bent over with my dick up your ass. Speaking of which—"

He reached up and took the cuffs off the hook on the post. I stifled a moan as the blood began to rush back into my arms and fingers. When he started to lead me across the room, I tried to pull away.

"Where are you taking me? What are you going to do?"

I yelped when he delivered a stinging smack to my jeans-covered ass, the torturous bells ringing.

"You don't ask questions, got it? I'll ask the questions, and when I do, I expect you to answer. Understood?"

"Y-yes."

Smack! "What was that?"

"Yes, sir! I'm sorry, sir."

His grip on my upper arm tightened as he dragged me deeper into the room. I didn't know what he had in mind, but I was pretty sure it would involve further restraint and, very likely, pain. How much could I endure before I was reduced to begging? I blinked several times to stave off the tears.

He moved me back until I bumped up against something large. I trembled when he reached for my belt buckle, undoing it slowly. I heard the whisper of leather on the soft denim material as he pulled it out of the loops. Then he lifted each foot and pulled off my canvas sneakers. The cement floor felt cool beneath my bare feet. A second later, he was stripping my pants off.

"Step out of them."

Carefully, I raised each leg so he could pull my jeans off. He tossed them aside, and they landed with a thump. I heard the click of the knife again, and it cut through the remains of my undershirt, bra, then the thin strings on my panties. They fell off.

"Sit."

I sat. The chair seat was a small square, and the vinyl was cold against my bare ass. He shoved me against the back support, setting the bells on the breast clamps chiming.

He removed the leather cuffs. "Put your arms on the armrests."

Cold metal clamps closed over my wrists, holding me securely in place. Then my legs were lifted, one at a time, and strapped to padded leg extensions. I heard the scrape of metal against metal, and the leg supports moved, spreading me wide.

Oh god! Was this the part where he started inserting painful objects into my vagina?

"Pretty and pink." He slid a finger inside me. "Mmm, nice and tight. It's good to know you're not some slut with a big, sloppy cunt, but my cock's gonna stretch you some. I bet you'll dig that."

I whimpered, horrified when I felt the first signs of arousal begin to drip from my pussy. His carnal laughter caused my face to heat. Tears leaked from my eyes. He got up and moved around behind me.

"You like this."

It was too horrible to admit. "No, I want to go home. Please, don't do this."

"Too late. It's as good as done, and I'm going to glut myself on your sweet body until I can't take it anymore." He yanked the sack off my head. "Keep your eyes closed, cupcake. If you see my face, I won't be able to let you go."

I squeezed my eyes shut. At least he was thinking about letting me go.

"Now, lean forward. I'm going to replace the sack with a mask, just in case you're tempted to peek."

I did as I was told, grimacing at the sound of those fucking bells. He buckled a leather mask around my head, blocking out all the light.

"You know, they say the blind's other senses are much more pronounced. We're about to find out if that's true. Lean back."

I inhaled sharply as his hands skimmed gently up my inner thighs. I expected him to be rough, but he was just the opposite, fingers tracing

designs on the delicate skin until I was quivering.

"You're creaming for me, princess, and I haven't even put my mouth on you yet."

And then his hot breath beat against my most intimate parts, his lips barely skimming the sensitive flesh. His big hands curved around my thighs as his thumbs slowly caressed the crease of my legs before moving to stroke my engorged labia.

Ah jeeze. Was he trying to make me come? I was humiliated that he could wrest a response from me. I knew that was the point, but did he really think it would make it all better if he made me come?

"Look at that pussy weeping for me. You're so wet. I can't wait to fuck you."

Gooseflesh broke out all over my body at the husky sound of his voice. He spoke in whispers. Why? To disguise his voice? Was someone I knew doing this to me? And if so, who? I'd never revealed this particular fantasy to anyone, not even Jess, the man I'd been seeing for the past few months. It was too embarrassing, admitting you wanted to be taken, to give up all control.

He lowered his mouth, swiped his tongue across my clit, and I nearly came out of the seat. Or would have, if I wasn't strapped down. No man had ever eaten my pussy like this, sucking on my swollen lips, tugging them with his teeth, licking me everywhere but where I most wanted it, where I needed it.

His voracious mouth nibbled and licked, then moved to the opening of my vagina to sip the copious juices he'd set to flowing. He made pleased, greedy sounds in the back of his throat, almost as though he were purring as he sipped the fruits of his labor. I tried not to pant and moan, tried not to grind myself against his mouth, but I couldn't help myself.

When he pushed two fingers into my traitorous body, I went rigid with the beginning of an intense orgasm. He stood, pressing the head of his cock against my pussy, and drove into me hard. I began to shudder, thrusting with him.

"Oh god, oh god!" Shrieks of merciless culmination were

accompanied by the sound of Christmas bells, yet he gave me no quarter.

I couldn't say how long it went on. He just kept pumping and pumping—harder, faster, deeper—until I lost count of the number of times he forced me to come. Once wasn't enough. His fingers on my clit assured I'd obey.

"Again!" he demanded. And snatched the tinkling nipple clamps off.

"Ohmygod!"

My screams echoing off the cement walls seemed to drive him into a frenzy. I thought I might actually pass out from the brutally intense pleasure.

I heard his final grunt of satisfaction as he drove into me one last time, bellowing his own release. I sobbed in relief that it was finally over. He pulled out slowly and gave me a sharp smack on my inner thigh.

"Man, you came so hard I thought you were gonna break the straps." He left me for a moment, and I heard water running. A soft, warm cloth touched my sensitive flesh, and he began cleaning me. "Gotta keep Miss Puss clean."

That's when it dawned on me he hadn't used a condom. I was a stickler about condoms. Jess and I both got tested before we became sexual and made a commitment of exclusivity for as long as we were seeing one another. I was clean, and there had been no others, but I couldn't say that about my abductor. I would have to tell Jess what had happened to me, and I would have to be tested again. Would he still want me after this? Especially if I told him how this man had forced on me the most intense orgasms of my life?

I felt the heat of a full body flush wash over me at the thought, and he chuckled.

"What do you know, you can still blush." He patted my thigh again. "Don't worry, baby, by the time I'm done with you, you won't have a blush left in you."

Chapter Two

The only recovery time he allowed was the few minutes it took to release the straps that bound me. I was unceremoniously pulled to my feet and led to yet another cunning torture device.

“Bend over.”

Despite the whisper, I knew it was a command I dare not defy. My belly pressed against cool, padded vinyl. He knelt behind me, cuffing my ankles to the legs of the contraption. A shudder of fear rippled down my spine as he ran a finger down the crease of my ass. I’d never experienced anal sex, and I was afraid of what he might do. He hadn’t hurt me yet, but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t.

“Stretch out your arms so I can lock you in place.”

He cuffed my wrists to padded extensions and spread them apart and then...nothing. The silence was almost as terrifying as my fear of an ass fucking. Where the hell was he?

Sound—behind me somewhere. The clinking of metal against metal. Oh Jesus. Then he was behind me again, and something warm and oily dribbled between the cheeks of my ass.

“What—?” I stopped. He’d told me no questions.

“I told you I’d ask the questions, little girl.”

The stinging bite of leather bit into my bare ass. “I’m sorry, sir!” Two more strokes had me shuddering.

“Don’t forget again.”

I moaned as his tongue licked the hot spots left behind by the

flogger. My cheeks clenched, and he chuckled. Would he take all of my secrets from me? His finger was back, spreading the heated oil, teasing my untried anus. It slid inside easily, aided by the scented oil.

"Nice and tight, just like your pussy. Have you ever had a dick up your ass?"

"No, sir." He finger fucked the tender opening. It felt... unexpectedly erotic. Just as I'd imagined.

He quickened his pace. "More?"

I gasped at the sensations coursing through my body. Dark. Erotic. Forbidden. And I wanted it like I'd never wanted anything before.

"Yes!"

He uttered that wicked laugh and gave me another digit, sinking deep.

"I have something special for you, princess. I think you're really going to like it."

His fingers retreated, and moments later, something cool was pressed against the tiny opening. It was long and narrow, gliding into me with no effort at all.

"Now comes the good part." He said it as casually as if we were watching a familiar movie. I heard a hissing sound, and the plug in my butt began to expand. "It's inflatable." He patted one of my cheeks. "Once it's been in for a while, this sweet little ass will be ready to take my dick." Satisfied with the level of expansion, he gave it a little tap. "In the meantime—"

A moment later, his cock tapped against my mouth. "Open up and suck it."

His tone clearly said he'd brook no refusal. I opened my mouth, and he thrust inside, pressing against the back of my throat. I gagged.

"I can see I'm going to have to teach you how to suck cock." His hand fisted in the hair at the back of my head, holding it up. "When you feel me starting to go deep, you swallow. Keep your head up. Got it?"

I couldn't answer with my mouth full of dick, so I nodded. He began again, thrusting gently, giving me time to get used to having such a large cock in my mouth. He went deep, and I swallowed, taking him into

my throat. It felt as though I were strangling, but he withdrew quickly.

"Keep going, that's right." He gave my hair a sharp tug. "Come on, move your head, don't be lazy, suck me."

After a few more tries, I finally adjusted to the rhythm of his thrusting cock, swallowing as he went deep. His breath was coming in sharp bursts, and he moaned. He was going to come, and I knew he'd make me swallow, which was something I'd never done before.

"That's right," he growled. "Suck me. Take that cock deep, gobble it up." He held my head tightly in place and thrust one last time, shouting as he came. "Swallow it, every last drop."

Semen shot down the back of my throat, warm, salty, slightly bitter, and I swallowed every last bit, licking him clean.

"Good girl," he said on a sigh. "Now, let's let you rest for a bit."

I was relieved when he released me from my bonds and led me to a comfortable chair. When he sat me down, the plug lodged in my ass shifted. I gasped. My pussy clenched, and I could feel the cream dampen my thighs. He cuffed my wrists together and attached them to a chain. He left without a word, the lock on the door clicking loudly. He'd take my ass when he came back, and while I was fearful, I knew I wanted it. I shifted in the chair, each move causing the plug to dig into my tender flesh. Whoever he was, he certainly knew what he was doing.

I couldn't wait until he got back.

* * * * *

I must have dozed because I didn't hear the door open or the sound of his footsteps on the stairs. The scrape of a chair being dragged across the cement floor woke me.

"Time to wake up, princess. I brought you some dinner. Gotta keep your strength up."

It smelled heavenly. Rich. Piquant. Tomato based.

"Open up."

I opened my mouth, and he fed me a bite. Lasagna, my favorite. Perfectly textured with melty cheese, spicy pepperoni and sweet Italian

sausage. I didn't even try to hold back a moan of approval as I chewed. I'd never had better lasagna, except for the chef's at Giovanni's, or maybe the time Jess had cooked for me. He used pepperoni and crumbled sweet Italian sausage, too. Behind my mask, my eyes narrowed. Was it possible?

I shook my head. No way. Not Jess. We'd only been seeing one another for a short period of time, and he was definitely not the fantasy-fulfilling type. Besides, last night was the first time we'd made love. Sweet as he was, Jess was strictly vanilla sex. Still, I had a distinct impression I knew my abductor. Dare I take a chance and ask?

"Sir?"

I made my voice sound as meek as possible as he licked a dollop of tomato sauce from my breast. He paused in his ministrations and sighed.

"You want to ask me a question, pet?"

"If it's allowed, sir."

He pushed my legs apart and slid two fingers into my glove-tight pussy. Despite the slickness there, it was a tight fit. The inflated plug in my ass would make anything a tight fit, and I hoped he didn't intend to put his mammoth cock in my pussy while I was so full. He finger fucked me slowly, making me wait for his answer.

"You've been an obedient little slave so I'll allow you one question."

He unhooked the chain from my cuffs and pulled me to my feet. "You can ask while I prepare you for the next session."

I almost asked, "Next session?" but caught myself and concentrated on not tripping as he led me to the next device. Chains rattled, and I heard a creaking sound. Was he going to lock me in a cage? Another bolt of fear shot through me. I couldn't tolerate confined spaces. It was why I lived in a converted loft in the warehouse district.

"There's a box in front of you. Step up onto it."

A box? What in God's name was he going to do to me?

I found out soon enough as my cuffed hands were pulled out and up, attached to something over my head. Next came a wide, padded leather strap around my back. This too was attached to chains on either end, cupping my back. I was shaking now. I knew what he was doing,

had see a similar device in a BDSM themed movie.

He wrapped a similar strap around one of my thighs, lifting it high. Soon, I would be suspended in the air, and he would fuck me, swinging me back and forth on his cock. I didn't bother to ask if he'd remove the plug. I knew damn well he wouldn't.

"Ask your question, princess, because the fuckin's about to start, and I can't promise I'll be able to answer once I get inside this tight pussy."

He attached the strap to my other thigh, and I was hanging, arms raised, thighs spread wide. I heard the sound of a chair rolling across the floor, and my heart thumped in anticipation. He was going to eat my pussy before he fucked me.

"D-do I know you, sir?"

He chuckled, his breath warm against my exposed cunt. He licked me from perineum to clit.

"I'm sure you think you do but, trust me, you don't have a clue about who I am."

As I pondered that non-answer, his lips closed over my clit and began to suck. The feeling was so intense, I tried to swing away from him.

"You don't pull away from me," he growled. "Ever."

"Owww!" I howled, as his palm connected with my bare ass.

He stood, his foot connecting with the chair. It rolled away, crashing against the wall. Over and over, his hand landed on my bottom, heating my tender flesh. The more I thrashed and cried, the faster he spanked me. I was creaming hard, wishing he'd fuck me—just ram that big old cock into my cunt and fuck me until I screamed.

He did.

He might have entered me gently, giving me an inch at a time, allowing me to adjust to the fullness, but I'd tried to evade the strong suckling of my clit, so he took me in one hard, deep thrust.

Jesus, it was like being fucked for the very first time. Pleasure mixed with pain as his meaty cock speared me, forcing the heat-slicked walls of my vagina to accept him. It burned, but it felt so damn good.

What the hell was wrong with me?

"Oooh!" I sobbed, I writhed, I begged for more.

I was yowling like a cat in heat as his cock shuttled in and out of my ultra tight pussy. His fingers bit into my hips as he held me, swinging me back and forth, withdrawing, then driving deep again. He never said a word, just kept pumping, grunting as he slammed into me with no satisfaction in mind but his own.

But that didn't matter. My body had a mind of its own. The familiar heat of impending orgasm began to build. My pussy clenched as the carnal torment of that big dick continued to pound me, and our voices mingled in agonizing rapture. The plug in my ass rocked with every thrust, sending jolts of piercing ecstasy straight to my grasping cunt.

"Don't you come," he growled. "Don't you do it, princess."

What? Was he nuts? I was going to come and hard, and there was nothing either of us could do about it. I was too far-gone.

"Hold it back. Count down from twenty and you can come."

Count down?

"Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen—"

It was sheer torture, but the power and pace of his thrusts had me ready to go up like the space shuttle. I forced myself to count, screaming out the numbers, even as he held his own release, continuing to drive that steely cock into my cunt.

"Ooone!" I screamed, and he buried himself deep. His cock leaped, filling me with semem as he ground against my clit. I screamed again, bucking against him as I came so hard I thought the top of my head was going to come off.

"Good girl."

His whispered voice soothed me as he eased out of me and left me hanging there. He would wash me now, as he had before.

My legs didn't want to hold me when he let me down, so he picked me up and put me down on a soft bed.

"Rest for a few minutes, then I'm gonna take that sweet ass of yours."

I curled up on the bed, resting my head on a soft down pillow. And that's when I smelled it. Damn it, I recognized the scent! But I couldn't

remember where. At Macys? It was definitely a man's scent. From someone I dated? Perhaps a walk-by spritzing at the mall? It couldn't be Jess because he always smelled fresh and clean, like soap and evergreen needles. This scent was similar but with more musk.

My concentration was so focused on trying to identify the mysterious cologne that I didn't feel the mattress dip, and I yelped when he grasped my ankles and spread my legs apart.

"You know, you really do have a beautiful body, princess."

He sat between my legs and ran his hands over me, caressing my breasts, leaning down for a brief suckle. His fingers traced the contour of my body, and I shuddered at the slight tickle caused by this gentle handling.

"Nice, trim waist, curvy hips."

He stroked my inner thighs, then drew the outline of a heart around my pussy.

"Mmm, but your pussy...I love this pussy. It starts out this shell pink, and when you get aroused it starts to swell—just like my cock—and the color darkens to a deep rose pink."

He touched the entrance to my vagina, dipped inside, then touched that finger to my clit.

"So sensitive for such a tiny thing. Now, bend your knees, feet flat on the mattress."

My breath caught in my throat with his order, and he chuckled. It hadn't taken him long to learn what I liked.

"You might wanna grab on to the headboard, princess, because this one's gonna take a lot out of you."

He kissed my inner thigh, licking gently. Goose flesh rose on my skin as I anticipated his next move. It was to brush his lips against my slit, rubbing with the softest of touches until I was bucking up to meet him. That amazing tongue parted my pussy lips, running up and down, teasing, tasting, dipping into me, tongue fucking me until I thought I might go mad from the wanting...more, I wanted more. He lifted his mouth from me.

"Mmm, what a sweet pussy. It's talking to me. You wanna know

what it's saying? It's saying, eat me. Lick my clit, suck it. I want you to say that to me, princess." He lowered his mouth back to my cunt, and his tongue flicked at my clit.

I moaned. "Please...e-eat my pussy. Lick my clit, suck it...sir."

His chuckle vibrated against my clit, and he gave me what I wanted, sucking it between those soft, perfect lips. With each pull of his lips, the pressure increased, driving me up and up until I was soaring once more. My breath puffed from me in short gasps.

"Ah...ah...ah. Please, may I come, sir?"

"Sorry, pet, but you'll have to wait," he said, and stopped.

No, no, no! I shrieked in my head.

I felt his fingers probe my ass. He grasped the base of the plug and pulled it from my ass. The sensation brought a shudder of pleasure, but it was short-lived. Surely, he wasn't going to leave me like this.

The mattress dipped when he climbed off. He lifted me up, one thick arm between my legs, the other behind my shoulders.

"That's quite the juicy little cunt, princess, but I want that sweet little ass."

He shifted me in his arms and laid me face down on another piece of bondage furniture. I was kneeling on two separate kneepads with nylon straps tightened over my calves. The leather cuffs he removed in favor of individual padded cuffs. There was another over my back and a final one over my hips, effectively restricting torso movement. I was completely cinched down, unable to move, unable to shift away from the huge cock he would soon introduce into my ass... but I tried anyway and got a stinging smack on my butt for my trouble.

"That is one world class ass, I'll give you that." His hand soothed the sting of his blow. "I can understand why you're hesitant. My cock is a little bigger than average. I suppose we could stop now, and I could let you go...but I'm a greedy bastard, and I've been dreaming about shoving my cock up your ass since the first time I saw you."

It was sheer torture. He was walking around the table, touching me here, lightly pinching there, sliding a finger into my cunt to make sure I was still wet.

Finally, he eased his hip against mine, idly stroking my ass. "You've had a good time today, haven't you, pet? Lots of orgasms, a tiny spanking or two, a nice big cock in your pussy."

He leaned down, spreading my ass cheeks. "Another pretty, pink little hole, and it's all for me."

He licked across one taut cheek, stroking my pussy from vagina to anus. His index finger penetrated my ass, and I moaned. This man definitely knew what he was doing. He continued to lick, his index finger fucking gently while his other fingers cunningly aroused my cunt.

"Ah, your clit has decided to come out and play." He caressed it, gently circling that sensitive nub. "I'm gonna make you so hot for it, you'll be begging me to take your ass."

* * * * *

It was true, every word. This...criminal... had rocked my world. He'd taken me to heights I'd only ever imagined. I'd climbed the sexual equivalent of Mt. Everest in the few hours he'd held me captive. And as shameful as it was to admit, once I got over the fear that he was actually going to hurt me, I'd loved every minute of it. I was a slut. The worst human being to walk the face of the earth.

The mother of all whores.

I would have to tell Jess. Be completely honest with him about what had transpired here today because I don't think I could ever go back to vanilla sex after experiencing all the things I've written about in my fantasy journal. He would break up with me, of course, and I wouldn't blame him. Who wanted a slut for a girlfriend? A sharp smack to my backside snapped me out of my mental recriminations, and once again, there was a clenching deep inside me.

"That's better." He soothed the sting with his tongue. "You're my good little slut, aren't you, princess?"

"Yes, sir."

Two fingers in me, curling, stroking, and I'm panting, mewling, so close to coming again that I think I'll die if he stops. So, of course he does.

"No, no, no!"

I wail it to him this time, consequences be damned. I wait for the palm of his hand on my ass, or the tentacles of his flogger, but nothing comes. Especially me. He is silent, whatever he's doing. There is the tearing of a condom packet, then the oil dribbles between my cheeks.

He's behind me now, hands on my butt, spreading my cheeks. His thumbs stroke the swollen folds of my pussy. Thank god for opposable thumbs. It's building again, not as strong as before, but I still feel hot and needy, and the head of his cock presses against the delicate star of my anus.

"Ready or not, here I come."

I expect a full-on thrust, but once again, he is gentle, easing into me. The instinct of my body is to try to expel him, so I push out, and he eases in farther.

"Gaah, jeeze, it hurts!"

That dark, soft laugh is back. "Of course it does, pet. Keep pushing, I'm only half way in there."

Oh god. It feels like there's a branding iron up my ass. I push harder, and he's all the way in, at last.

"Now, you're gonna like this," he whispers close to my ear.

He straightens and pulls back. The strangled, half-moan is mine. I have no words to describe this feeling. It's unlike any other. It's a dark, unnatural kind of pleasure, or so I'd been told. Good girls weren't supposed to like having a dick up their asses, but as he withdrew and eased back in, each stroke getting stronger, I knew I wasn't a good girl. Not anymore. I liked having a dick up my ass, especially this one.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, yes."

"Do you want more?"

"Yes, more."

He was brutal, absolutely merciless, never letting up, never tiring. As full as I felt, it seemed impossible that he would be able to continue gliding out, ramming deep, stretching and burning my battered ass as I panted and gasped. Begged.

"Yes—yes! Please fuck me. Please make me come. I need to come!"

He rammed his cock deep, grinding his hips against my butt, and reached around to invade my pussy. Two fingers went deep, and I screamed.

"Oh yeah, you're gonna come, princess." He found my clit, swollen to nearly bursting, and tormented the hard pearl until I was howling once again.

"Now," he growled. "Now you come."

He withdrew and lunged back, reaming me hard and fast. I would hurt tomorrow, but I was beyond caring now. My orgasm was building again; I could feel my empty vagina clench and release, clench and release. My breath sawed in and out of my lungs with a "heh-heh-heh" rasp.

"Do you wanna see who's fucking you, princess?" he said between clenched teeth. He lunged deep, groaning.

"Yes...oooh...god, I'm coming."

He could have threatened me with dismemberment and I couldn't have held back. He thrust twice more as I shuddered and quaked and bellowed out his own release, his cock twitching deep within the tight confines of my ass. He leaned over and unbuckled the mask, tossing it on the floor.

Blinking against the brightness of the light, I focused on the mirror in front of the submission bench. The man behind me was tall and extremely fit. His honey-colored hair stood in stark contrast to my inky black as he nuzzled my cheek.

"Jess?"

"Happy birthday, baby."

His hazel eyes sparkled as he gave me a wolfish smile with no vanilla sweetness about it whatsoever. How could I ever have thought he was too tame for my taste?

"That's fantasy number one taken care of. Which one do you wanna do next?"

I grinned. "Whichever one you prefer, sir."

"I love you, Julianne."

"I love you, Jess."

Captured by India Masters

As our eyes met in the mirror's reflection, I knew I'd found my fantasy ending.

The End

Author Bio

India Masters resides in the Sunshine State. She is the proud mom of a beautiful, grown daughter who she says is a true human being. India is currently two classes away from a Master's in Psychology, which she hopes to use in the teaching and research fields.