

Part One: Abduction

Chapter 1

The mall was fairly busy when Rachael strolled in. It was Friday afternoon, and school had just let out for spring break. She wasn't sure what she was shopping for; it just felt good to get away from classes and indulge in a little "me" time. She strolled down the walkway, checking out the various window displays. She didn't notice the figure about 20 yards behind, following her every move.

Rachael was a college freshman; a liberal arts major at the local university. In other words, she hadn't really decided what to do with her life at this point. She lived in a dorm room with another roommate, Cheryl, who had just left for Fort Lauderdale for spring break. Cheryl had invited Rachael to come with her, but Rachael wasn't into the party atmosphere of Spring Break in Fort Lauderdale.

At the age of 19, Rachael was in good shape: long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, blue eyes, perky, size 34B breasts, and long legs. She had a sort of willowy quality: slender, without looking too skinny at five-foot six inches tall. She had dated a few boys since she turned 17, but only a couple had developed into serious relationships. She had had sex about a half-dozen times; but none she could classify as a mind-blowing experience.

Wearing an above the knee skirt and a stylish silky blouse, she was the object of many a man's leering stare as she walked, high heels tapping a brisk cadence, through the mall. One man in particular, however, was watching her much more intently than the rest. He continued to follow her discreetly as she continued down the walkway.

Bradley Huntington III was a freshman at the same college. He was a pre-med student, and had the same English class as Rachael. Brad didn't care much for college; he was just there to assuage his parents so they would stop nagging him to do something with his life. His father was a prominent surgeon, and had amassed a sizeable fortune by inventing and patenting a life-saving medical device. Brad had taken a couple of years off after graduating high school to "find himself" before attending college. He traveled around the world, partying in various cities and getting a different kind of education, visiting numerous adult venues and brothels.

It had been just a delaying tactic, which he eventually found he could no longer employ convincingly with his parents. His father finally issued an ultimatum: either go to college and choose a career or he would be cut off financially.

So, at the age of 20, he enrolled at the university, choosing the career he felt would most impress his father; but more importantly, it would keep the money train going in order to fund his extravagant lifestyle. Brad liked to live on the edge; he had a hot red Ferrari that he loved to take out on the highway and blow past other cars at 120 MPH just for fun. He loved the challenge of outrunning police cars when they chased him; he only got caught once. One night he was screaming down the highway, flashing blue lights becoming a distant image in his rear-view mirror, when all of a sudden, he saw multiple brake lights ahead - traffic was stopped because of a serious accident further down the road. Thinking quickly, he darted to the right, entering the breakdown lane. As he got nearer to the scene of the accident, he saw a State Trooper's car dead ahead, parked in the breakdown lane. Out of options, he screeched to a halt. Within seconds, the pursuing police car pulled up just behind him, boxing him in.

He was arrested and booked at the local police station. Daddy was understandably not happy to come down and bail Brad out of jail. After a long talk, Brad promised to behave himself. His father decided to take the car away, and gave Brad a BMW in its place, figuring it would be safer in the long run.

Rachael wandered into the food court, and decided to get something to eat. After waiting in line, she gave her order at the counter of one of the food vendors. After getting her order, she walked over to an empty table and sat down to eat. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted someone approaching somewhat tentatively, carrying a food tray, as though he was going to speak to her. "Excuse me, don't I know you?" he asked, in a friendly and non-threatening tone. Looking up, she saw a good looking man, well dressed and in fairly good shape, but not anyone she might know. "I'm sorry, but I don't think so" she replied, looking back down at her meal. She figured he was just another guy trying to pick her up.

"I think we have the same English class - Mr. Easton, right?" he replied. She looked up again, studying his face. "Yes, I have that class - you too?" she asked. "Yeah, I was the one who convinced him to delay giving us that big test until after

Spring Break" he said. Thinking about it for a minute, her eyes got wider for a second. "Oh yeah, I remember - that was you?" she asked. "You're welcome," he said with smile and a wink. "Would you like to sit here, or are you with someone else?" she asked, out of politeness, gesturing to an empty seat across from her. "Nope, I'm all alone today, and I appreciate the offer," he said, sliding into the chair. "I'm Brad," he said. "I'm Rachael," she replied.

They continued to chat while they ate. She told him how she was staying in town next week while most of her classmates were headed to Florida to party. "Are you headed out of town, too?" she asked. "Nah, I don't care much for that scene, either," he replied. "Hey, what are you doing tonight? Maybe we could do dinner, or something?" he asked, as they finished their meal.

Rachael paused. He was handsome enough, but there was something a little too slick about him. He was pouring on the charm, and she was a little wary of him. "I appreciate the offer, but I'm seeing someone," she lied. A frown seemed to flicker briefly across his face before he recovered and forced a smile. "Are you sure? I know a nice steak house where the maître d knows me on a first name basis. We can get a nice private table and have a fabulous meal!" he told her.

Sorry, but I'm not interested" she replied, looking him in the eye. Holding his hands up in mock surrender, he said "Ok, no problem, I understand. No harm, no foul. Have a nice evening," he said with a smile. Grabbing his tray, he got up and walked away. Guess it's time for plan B, he thought. He had planned for this eventuality, and was well prepared.

Brad had been spoiled throughout his life, given everything and denied nothing. He wasn't about to let this slut blow him off!

Rachael finished her meal and disposed of her trash. She decided to do a little more shopping before heading back to the dorm. She bought a pair of shoes that she just adored, and found a couple of blouses that would complement her wardrobe. A few minutes' time perusing the books in the bookstore netted her a good novel to curl up with next week. After a couple of hours, her aching feet decided that she'd had enough for one day. Heading out to the parking lot, she found her car and got in.

As she drove out of the mall parking lot, she didn't notice as a blue BMW sedan pulled out behind her.

The mall was located about 10 miles from the university, but Rachael knew a shortcut through a sparsely populated, wooded area. As she drove along, she noticed that the front left corner of the car was riding low, and the handling around corners became sloppy. As she slowed down, she could tell that the front tire was low. She didn't really want to stop, as she could only see woods in both directions. Maybe I can make it a little further until I find a house or gas station, she thought, driving very slowly.

Eventually, she could hear the flapping of the tire and the grinding of the rim as it ground into the asphalt surface. Resignedly, she knew she couldn't go any further and decided to stop. Pulling over to the shoulder, she stopped the car and got out to inspect the damage. Sure enough, the tire was flat as a pancake. Shit, she thought, I've never changed a tire; I don't even know where to start! She opened the trunk and looked around for something that resembled a tire changing tool. Lifting the carpet liner, she spotted the jack and tire wrench and spun the wingnut to remove them.

Who am I kidding; I've got no idea how to do this! she told herself. Reaching into her car, she retrieved her cell phone and turned it on. NO SERVICE, the display read. Just Great - guess I'd better start walking and see if I can get help somewhere, she thought as she closed the trunk. She opened the passenger door and grabbed her keys, locking the doors behind her. Looking both ways, she tried to guess which direction would be a shorter walk to get help. Trying to remember the terrain from her earlier drive to the mall, she thought she remembered a couple of homes just down the road in the direction she had been driving just now.

The sun had gone down recently, and it was now dusk. She began walking at a brisk pace, not wishing to be out alone on a deserted road in the dark. As she was walking, she heard a car approaching from behind. As it got closer, its headlights cast her shadow on the road ahead. The car slowed and came to a stop as it pulled alongside her. The passenger side window rolled down. "Need a lift?" the driver asked. Rachael squinted, peering into the car at the driver. His voice sounded somewhat familiar.

"Rachael? Hey, it's me, Brad! What're you doing out here in the middle of nowhere?" he asked. "Brad? She replied, now recognizing him. "I got a flat tire back there" she replied. "I saw a car back there, and the tire was shredded!" he said. "I'd like to help you change it, but it's getting dark, and I don't have a flashlight. Why don't I give you a ride somewhere? It's a Friday night, and you won't find a service center open right now," he suggested.

Rachael considered her options: continue walking down a dark and deserted road, alone and vulnerable, or hitch a ride with Brad, whom she only knew casually, and could be an axe murderer, for all she knew. She gave him another look; he certainly didn't look like an axe murderer; he was well dressed, well groomed, and had a nice car. Oh well, I guess I'll give it a try, she thought.

"Are you sure you don't mind?" she asked. "Not a problem; I'm headed this way anyway," he said with a smile. Opening the passenger door, she climbed in. "Thank you so much; if you drive a little bit further, I can hopefully get a cell phone signal and call someone," she said. "Nonsense; I can take you anywhere you want to go!" he replied. She settled in to the seat, fastening the seat belt around her.

As the car began to move forward, she jumped when she heard a distinct "click" as the door locks automatically engaged. "That's just the auto door locks, nothing to be alarmed about," he said. Letting out a breath, she relaxed a bit, privately chiding herself for her skittishness. As they drove on, an awkward silence pervaded the vehicle. As they entered a residential area, she checked her cell phone, noting that she now had a weak signal.

"Are you living at the dorm? I can take you there, if you'd like," he asked quickly. "Sure, that would be great," she replied, putting her phone away. "No problem; I just need to swing by the house to let my dog out," he said. "She's been inside all day, and I don't want her to have an accident in the house."

"You live at home?" she asked. "Kind of," he replied, "it's my parent's lake house. I'm staying there while I'm going to school." "What kind of dog do you have?" she asked, conversationally. "Molly's a golden retriever", he answered. "Sweetest dog you ever met." "Would you like to meet her?" he asked. "I guess so," she said a

little worried, "I just don't want to get back to the dorm too late." "No problem; we'll have you back in a jiffy," he said with a smile.

After a couple of turns and a drive through another wooded area, the BMW pulled into a semi-circular driveway, coming to a stop in front of an impressive cabin. It was a log home, and an impressive one, at that. Large arched windows framed by walls lined with a stone veneer. The house was surrounded by woods, and was barely visible from the street. Exiting the car, Brad said "C'mon, I'll introduce you to Molly!" as he closed his door. Rachael grasped the buckle of her seat belt and tried to unfasten it. It wouldn't unlock. As Brad came around to her side of the car, he opened the door when he noticed that she was having trouble with the belt.

"How do you unlock this seatbelt?" she asked. "It won't open!" "That's strange," he replied, I've never had trouble with it before! Here, let me try it." He reached in and tried to unlock the belt, without success. "Wow, it's really stuck or something," he said. He looked up suddenly, as if he suddenly had an idea. "Let me go into the house and get some tools. Maybe I can get it loose," he said as he jogged toward the front door. Rachael tried to remain calm as she waited for Brad to return, trying to reassure herself that this was not a setup; just a mechanical malfunction. Brad came back with a small tool box.

Reaching into the car again, he tried once more to unlock it. "Damn thing's gotta be jammed," he commented, yanking on the buckle a couple of times. "Guess I'll have to unbolt it from the back," he said, opening the rear passenger door. Entering the rear passenger compartment, he set the tool box down on the seat and opened it. Taking a small plastic bottle and a handkerchief out, he squeezed some liquid from the bottle onto the handkerchief. Acting quickly, he reached around each side of the front bucket seat with both arms and clamped the cloth over her nose and mouth.

Taken by surprise, Rachael clawed at the hands pressing her head back against the headrest. A sickly sweet smell entered her nose and mouth. She tried to hold her breath, but with her adrenaline pumping and her frantic struggling, her lungs screamed for oxygen. She scrabbled around with her left hand, trying to find something, anything, to use as a weapon. Brad held on tightly, knowing it was only a matter of a few more seconds.

Ultimately, her lungs won the argument and she sucked in a breath desperately, her struggles subsided, and her vision slowly faded to black. After Rachael slumped in her seat, Brad went back around to her door, reached in with a small metal pin, and inserted it into a small hole in the side of the modified seat buckle, unlocking it.

Chapter 2

Brad had had a few girlfriends in the past; each relationship had only lasted one or two dates. He had a poor attitude toward women; he basically treated them like crap. He figured if he was spending time and money on a woman, that gave him the right to treat her as a possession. He was, at first, charming and affable when talking up a prospective date.

He had taken his last date out for an expensive meal, then out to a club for drinks. After exiting the club, they got into his car. They exchanged a kiss, during which he started to get friendly with his hands. She tried to push his hands away, but he was too strong, and, maintaining a lip lock on her mouth, started to rip open her blouse. She struggled to push him off, but he was relentless. Now, his hand had slipped her bra off and above her right breast, mauling and squeezing it painfully.

She eventually stopped struggling; giving him the impression she had surrendered. She had her hand in her purse, reaching for something. He had just started to pull at the top of her skirt when his world exploded. Her Taser fired an electrical current into his lower back, causing him to arch away from her. She followed up with an elbow to his face, causing his nose to bleed profusely.

She jumped out of the car and ran up to the bouncer at the club, who happened to be an off-duty cop. Brad was arrested and charged with assault and attempted rape. He spent the weekend in jail before Daddy bailed him out. He swore to his father that he had been drunk, and would never behave like that normally. Brad's father gave him a stern lecture about responsibility, and warned him that he now had two strikes; one more and he would be cut off financially.

Brad's father, not wanting the publicity, made a quick settlement offer of ten thousand dollars to the girl in exchange for her silence. She reluctantly accepted,

and recanted her statement to the police. Brad kept a low profile after that, not wanting to risk another arrest. He spent a lot of time on the internet, browsing porn sites. He had developed an interest in BDSM, especially Male dominant/female submissive sites. He spent hours watching female domination videos. As he surfed from site to site, a plan began to take form in his mind.

He came across a website called SlaveMaster.com, which carried a vast assortment of high-end sex toys, restraints, and dungeon furniture. Over time, he ordered enough items to outfit his own dungeon, which he set up in the walk-out basement of the lake house. He had taken up the carpeting and all the furnishings to create his own version of a dungeon. He wasn't worried about his parents finding it. His parents never came out to the lake house anymore; they had essentially given it to Brad, preferring to let him live away from them.

Chapter 3

The veil of darkness lifted slowly from the prone figure. Her body shifted, and as it did, she could feel a rough concrete floor beneath her. It seemed that she could feel the cold concrete along the entire length of her body. It suddenly occurred to her that she was naked. She sat up suddenly, accompanied by the clink of chain.

Opening her eyes, she saw that she was indeed naked, and there seemed to be a weight hanging from her neck. It was a chain, padlocked around her neck. Her eyes followed the chain, some six feet in length, to a support post, where it was wrapped around and padlocked.

Her eyes darted around, trying to ascertain where she was, while her mind tried to make sense of her predicament. Along one wall, she could see floor-to-ceiling windows, and a sliding door. The darkness outside the windows told her it was still night time.

The room was dimly illuminated by a couple of burning candle sconces hung on the opposite wall. It gave a sort of medieval effect to the room. As her eyes became accustomed to the light, she began to make out other items in the room. Along the same wall, various whips and floggers were hung, along with other implements she didn't recognize. There were odd pieces of furniture in the room,

viewed mostly in silhouette. A large "X" shaped cross was mounted on an adjacent wall. A low padded bench of some kind sat nearby. Another piece of furniture looked like a workman's sawhorse. An armoire sat against the opposite wall.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of a match being struck behind her. She whirled around, arms crossing over her breasts and pussy. A lone figure, sitting in a large wooden chair, was lighting a candle and placing it on an adjacent table. "Who are you? Where am I?" she called out. As the candlelight's glow reached his face, she recognized him. "Brad? Is that you? What the fuck is going on?" she demanded, her anger building. She began to yank at the chain, trying to break it free from the post. It all started coming back to her: the stuck seat belt, his hands coming around, the chemical soaked handkerchief...

"LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!" she screamed, tugging on the chain with all her might. Brad sat there, silently observing his captive, letting her vent. She kept on screaming and yanking on the chain for a good ten minutes before she collapsed in exhaustion, weeping. Finally, he spoke, calmly. "My name is no longer Brad to you; it's Master. And you are no longer Rachael; you will now be forever known as "slave". If I ever have to remind you of this, you will be punished," he said matter-of-factly.

She looked up at him through tear-soaked eyes. "Brad, what are you talking about?" In a flash, he was up and strode over to her, slashing down on her thigh with a riding crop. Rachael screamed, grabbing her smarting thigh with her hand. "That was your first correction; any further mistakes will be dealt with much more severely. Understood?" he said sharply. "Yes," she murmured, clearly beaten. Another slash of the crop caught her on the breast. "Yes what?" he demanded. Grasping her breast in pain, it took her addled brain a moment to process what he had asked. "Yes, Master?" she said, warily, cowering in fear. "You got it, bitch! Next time you won't forget, will you?" he asked. "No... Master," she replied, still coming to grips with the situation.

"Your life, as you know it, is over. From now on, you live ONLY to serve and please ME. Understood?" He underscored his remarks by lifting her chin with the end of his crop. "Yes.. Master," she whispered. She still couldn't believe what was happening, but she knew she had to go along for now, until she could find a way

to escape. Thinking quickly, she asked to use a bathroom, thinking he would unchain her from the post.

He took a couple of steps away, and pushed a bucket across the floor toward her with his foot. "This is your bathroom until you earn privileges" he stated. With that, he went over to the candle sconces, blowing them out, then crossed the room to his chair. With a final glance over in her direction, he blew out the remaining candle and walked up the stairs.

Plunged into darkness, Rachael slumped down on the floor in despair. She tried once more to break her chain's hold on the post, with no success. The padlock holding the chain around her neck was equally unbreakable. There was nothing she could do but lie there. She was awake most of the night, sleeping in fits and starts. Eventually, she broke down and used the bucket, holding her nose in disgust.

Dawn eventually arrived, throwing a dim light through the large windows and sliding door leading to the outside. Rachael began to make out the landscape outside the cellar. Just outside the windows sat a circular flagstone patio, about 60 feet in diameter. The circle was surrounded by four foot high stone walls with a pass-through opening on the far side.

In the center of the patio, a rectangular shape sat on the flagstone pavement. It looked to be about four feet long by three feet wide and about four feet tall. It was covered by a tarp. A strange looking structure, similar in size and shape to a fire hydrant (without the hose connectors), stood nearby. As the daylight grew brighter, she could make out what looked to be a cage under the tarp. Beyond the yard, through the opening in the wall, a shining lake was barely visible through a small copse of trees. She watched as the sun rose slowly over the tree line on the far side of the lake.

Chapter 4

Rachael tugged on her chain for the millionth time; it was as solid as the last 999,999 times she had tried it. As she hung her head in despair, she heard footsteps on the stairs. Brad swaggered down the stairs, dressed quite differently

than he had dressed yesterday. He wore a black leather vest over his bare chest, black leather pants, and calf-height lace-up black boots.

"Good morning, slave; today begins your first day of training," he announced, walking over to the wall where all the implements were hung, selecting one. Rachael looked up at him from the floor, thinking that maybe she could reason with him. "Brad, pleas-" CRACK! A shock exploded in her left breast as the cattle prod touched it. Rachael tried to scream, but nothing came out. She curled up into a fetal ball, holding her breast and rocking back and forth. "Apparently you are too stupid to learn, cunt!" he shouted. "That was your FIRST lesson! MASTER! You will call me MASTER! Nothing else!" He punctuated this by threatening her with the prod. She shrank back, cowering in fear.

"What is my name?" he demanded, holding the cattle prod toward her, following her as she crawled away from him until she reached the end of her tether. "M-MASTER! Your name is MASTER!" she cried, not daring to look him in the eye. "Damn right, bitch, and don't you forget it!" he replied. "Now get your ass over here and show your devotion!" he ordered.

Confused, she crawled over to him and stopped when she reached his feet. She noticed his right foot was tapping the floor. "M-Master?" she asked, hesitantly, not knowing what he wanted. "My boots, stupid, clean my boots!" he demanded. Rachael looked fervently around for a cloth or something to polish his boots. "With - your - tongue, slave, with - your - tongue!" he said, through clenched teeth. Rachael started to look up at him, trying to comprehend his order, but she saw the cattle prod hovering near her, and wisely reconsidered. Swallowing, she bent her head down and stuck out her tongue, tentatively touching it to a boot.

Surprisingly, it didn't taste as bad as she'd imagined - actually there was hardly any taste at all. She started to take tiny licks with the tip of her tongue, hoping to minimize contact. Suddenly, she felt the twin points of the cattle prod pressing into her back, but not energized. "I'd better see some enthusiasm here, or I can always provide some encouragement," he warned. Duly motivated, Rachael applied the flat of her tongue and dragged it across the top of his boot where it covered his foot with a renewed fervor. Except for the occasional grit particle or dust, the boot was unsoiled. Thank god it's fairly clean, she thought.

She worked her way around the foot, then started up the calf. When she finished, she switched over to the other boot, giving it the same treatment. When both boots were done, she sat back on her haunches, head down, hoping he was satisfied. Brad stepped over to the support post and turned his back on Rachael. "You missed a spot," he said, sarcastically. Holding on to the post, he raised his right boot, offering the sole to his slave. Rachael looked up at him, aghast. She had just humiliated herself, licking his boots, and now he expected her to lick his filthy soles??

The memory of the pain caused by the cattle prod was still fresh in her mind. She would do anything to avoid another shock like that. She leaned forward and began licking the sole. There was more dirt and grit there, but Rachael pushed back her disgust and kept going. Once the other sole was cleaned to Brad's satisfaction, he lowered his foot and turned around, regarding her. "Your training begins now, slave, and I really hope you fuck up, so I can punish you; not that I need an excuse," he announced. He proceeded to teach her some basic slave positions, like "Attention": standing with legs apart and hands behind the head; "Present": same position as Attention, but kneeling, and "Submit": kneeling with knees apart, bent over, head down and arms extended in front on the floor.

He had switched to the crop for this exercise; he didn't want to shock her into unconsciousness. He used it frequently to move her limbs into proper position or simply to provide a sharp correction. The training lasted for about an hour as he made her practice each position repeatedly until he was satisfied. He had intended to be patient, and stick with "the program," (a general plan he had to slowly condition his slave until she begged him to fuck her) but he had a painful erection trying to burst through his pants. The sight of a naked, chained slave at his feet was too tempting.

"PRESENT!" he commanded. She dutifully got up on her knees, hands behind her head, thinking this was another training exercise. "Take it out!" he ordered, pointing to his crotch. She hesitated only a second, before unbuckling his belt and unzipping his pants with trembling hands. She pulled his pants down to his boots, revealing his boxers. Placing her fingers gingerly under the waistband of his shorts, she slowly pulled them down to join his pants. As the boxers slid down, his erect cock sprang out and almost hit her in the face. It was an average length; about 6 or 7 inches long, but it was fat, at about 2 inches in diameter. The tip was

glistening in pre-cum, and the veined shaft looked menacing, pointing straight at her.

Rachael could guess what was coming next, but she placed her hands back behind her head and resumed the "Present" position, waiting for his order, hoping to stall him for just a few more seconds. "SUCK IT, BITCH!" he snarled, grabbing the back of her head and pulling it toward his waiting cock. She quickly opened her mouth, partly out of shock, as his cock rammed its way in. "If I feel one tooth, I promise you I will stick that cattle prod up your cunt and press the button until either you or the battery goes dead!" he warned. Rachel had given a couple of blowjobs in the past, but only as an obligatory gesture, and she certainly never gave deep throat or swallowed.

At this point, the risk of Brad following through on his threat was enough to motivate her to do whatever it took to please him. Grabbing his hips for support, she wrapped her soft lips around his fat cock and began to bob her head up and down on it, tears streaming down her face. As she continued, she tried to remember what her previous lovers liked, using her tongue on the underside of the head and swirling it around. Brad moaned in pleasure, keeping one hand on the back of her head, controlling the depth and speed of her sucking.

Her chain tether rattled as her head continued to slide up and down on his cock; Brad increasing the speed as he got closer to orgasm. He began to press harder on her head, trying to force it down her throat. Rachael gagged and pushed back, trying to get her mouth off of his cock. Immediately, she felt the sting of his crop on her ass. "I didn't tell you to stop, cunt," he snarled, holding her head in place. Again, she felt him pressing his cock against the entrance of her throat. She couldn't control her gag reflex, and choked as the cock began to force its way in. He relented and allowed her to back off, just enough for her to regain control.

After a few more attempts, he decided she would need more practice before she could take him down her throat. He had already purchased an item that would assist in her training, but that would come later today. He decided that it was time to take her pussy for a test drive. "SUBMIT"! he commanded, allowing her to withdraw from his turgid cock. As Rachael assumed the position, kneeling forward with her ass up in the air, arms in front on the floor, he stepped in between her legs and knelt down. Rachael waited, fearing the worst. She wasn't a virgin, but

she had only had intercourse a few times. She knew better than to refuse; it would be a losing battle.

Her wait lasted only seconds.

Suddenly, he thrust into her, not caring if she was lubricated or not. She gasped in pain as he bottomed out against her ass. He began pistoning in and out, eliciting grunts from his slave. He began to pick up speed as he got closer and closer to orgasm. Grabbing her neck chain and wrapping it around his right hand, he pulled back on it, forcing her head back and hauling her up on all fours, arching her back. Grabbing her hip with his free hand, he rode her like a stallion, crying out as he shot his seed deep into her pussy. The chain bit into Rachael's neck as she tried to hold her position without choking.

Chapter 5

Once his spasms subsided, he collapsed on top of her, wrapping his arms around her torso, cupping her breasts, moaning. In all the times he had masturbated, thinking about a scenario like this, he had never come this hard as he had just now. It was fucking fantastic. Pulling out of her at last, he ordered her to turn around. When she complied, he ordered her to clean him off. "Take it into your mouth, and clean it good, bitch," he ordered. At this point, defeated and fatigued, Rachael just wanted to get this over with and hopefully be allowed to rest. She placed her lips around his half-hard cock and began to suck and slide down the shaft.

"Get my balls, too, cunt," he said. With his instruction, she began to lick his hairy balls, then gently sucked each one into her mouth to assure a thorough job. When he was satisfied, he issued the "Present" command, standing in front of her as she knelt upright, arms behind her head. "You are probably thirsty by now, slave. Beg me for a drink," he ordered. Ignoring her annoyance at having to beg for even a simple drink of water, she asked, "Please Master, may I have something to drink?" He stepped forward, and pressed her lips once again to his cock. "Take it in your mouth, slave," he commanded. Eyeing him warily, Rachael sucked his now flaccid cock into her mouth, keeping her hands behind her head, not wanting to believe what seemed to be happening. It took him a few seconds, but all of a sudden a

shot of hot piss entered her mouth. She jumped, startled, but managed to keep her lips locked around his cock.

"Spill one drop of this, and you'll go thirsty for the rest of the day," he warned. Rachael fought to keep from gagging, and managed to swallow the first shot. As he relaxed, the flow began again, a little faster this time. She struggled to keep up, swallowing as fast as she could, pushing back her revulsion, tears once again streaming down her cheeks. A couple of drops escaped past her lips and dribbled down her chin, but he decided to ignore it. "You already missed breakfast today, when I shot it into your cunt instead of down your throat," he commented, smirking.

She shuddered in revulsion at the mental image.

When he was finished, he withdrew from her mouth, staying close to her face, and shook off the last few drops, landing on her face and breasts. Looking down at her pussy, he noticed some of his cum leaking out. "Well, looks like you won't go completely hungry after all," he commented, pointing. "Clean yourself up." Rachael looked down at the dribble on her leg, trying not to gag at the thought. "Please Master, I'm not hungry, can I please have a towel to clean it off?" She wheedled, trying to avoid the inevitable. "If you don't eat that, you'll go hungry for the next week, understand, slave?" he warned. "Yes, Master," she said, dejectedly. His eyes told her that he could easily carry out that threat. She knew she had to keep up her strength if she had any hope of escaping from this lunatic. Reaching down, she scooped up some of the leaking cum with her fingers and brought it to her lips. Sighing, she knew she couldn't delay any longer, she opened her mouth and licked the cum off of her fingers. It was slimy, and had kind of a bleachy taste, mixed with the taste of her own juices.

Once again, she pushed back the revulsion and completed her task. He considered having her lick his ass for dessert, then decided to save it for another time. When she finished, he pulled up his shorts and pants, fastening them, and walked over to the stairs and was gone without a word. Rachael collapsed onto the floor, still in a state of shock from the past twelve hours. Determined to escape, she tugged on the chain again and again, refusing to accept the fact that she was a prisoner.

Chapter 6

The day passed slowly. She watched as the sun rose over the lake, and slowly drifted overhead. She was tired, hungry, and depressed, but mostly thirsty. Finally, as the sun was setting, he came downstairs once again. He walked over to her and stood there, arms crossed in front, regarding her. "Whenever I enter your presence, slave, you are to adopt the "Present" position, understood?" he asked, sternly. Rachael scrambled up onto her knees, hands behind her head. "That's better, slave. Perhaps you can be trained after all." he told her.

Rachael opened her mouth to ask him a question, but thought better of it and closed her mouth again.

"What is it, slave?" he asked. Hesitantly, she asked, "Please, Master, I'm so thirsty, may I please have some water?" Knowing what the answer probably was, she asked anyway, desperate for a drink. "Slaves aren't allowed to ask for anything. However, they may beg to please me, and in return, I might give them a small reward," he answered. Adopting the "Submit" position, kneeling with arms outstretched on the floor in front, head down, she begged humbly, "Please Master, how may I please you?" A smirk appeared on his face as he unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. "I think you know what I want, slave. I want to see some devoted service."

She rose up until she was kneeling upright, then moved into position in front of him. Without hesitation, she grabbed onto his hips and engulfed his cock with her mouth. Withdrawing, she licked along the length of it, then licked his ball sack. He put his hand on the back of her head and guided his cock back into her mouth. He began pushing deeper into her mouth, pressing at the entrance to her throat. She willed herself to keep going, and tried not to gag. Suddenly, on one of her downthrusts, he pressed hard and popped it into her throat! Tears streaming down her cheeks, she gagged a little, but tried mightily to suppress it. It hurt like hell, but she had done it! She was deep throating a cock!

He held her there with his cock down her throat for about twenty seconds, until she began to panic, pushing back at his body, fighting for air. He withdrew, let her take a few gasping breaths, then plunged down into her throat again. It was a little easier this time, but still hurt. She smiled inwardly, not ever thinking she

could ever accomplish such a feat. She chided herself mentally for feeling a sense of accomplishment at the hands of this sadist, but she knew she had to do this to survive. She definitely wasn't enjoying it, but she felt that if she turned him on quickly, it would be over that much sooner.

Sure enough, a few minutes later, he tensed up, withdrew his cock until only the head was past her lips, and told her to finish him with her hand, while collecting the cum in her mouth. She did as she was told, rubbed his shaft with her hand, and was rewarded with a few spurts of cum in her mouth. "Don't swallow until I tell you," he ordered. He finally withdrew, and told her to open her mouth. She complied, showing a mouthful of slimy cum. "I want you to swish it around in your mouth and gargle with it. Then you can swallow," he ordered. Again, suppressing her revulsion, she obeyed, swishing it around in her mouth, gargling, and finally, swallowing. The cum coated the entire inside of her mouth and throat.

He walked over to a small mini-fridge (located out of her reach) and pulled out a bottle of water. He handed it to her and told her to take a few swallows to rinse out the cum, then clean him up. After taking a few swigs, she bent to her cleanup task, licking his cock and balls clean. This time, the taste wasn't as strong, as it didn't have her juices comingled with the cum. "There you go, slave, dinner and a drink!" he joked sarcastically as he put his cock away. With that, he turned on his heel and went back upstairs, leaving Rachael to the approaching darkness again.

Chapter 7

Rachael spent another dark, cold and lonely night on the concrete floor of the lake house basement. She managed to get a few hours of sleep here and there, but was mostly restless on the cold hard concrete floor. The heavy chain around her neck was starting to chafe the skin.

Sometime after sunrise, Brad came strolling down the stairs to check on his prisoner. He was dressed a little more casually today, wearing shorts, a tee shirt and sandals. He was carrying a serving tray containing a plate of store-bought jumbo size glazed doughnuts and a cup of coffee. Rachael's stomach rumbled at the sight of food, not having eaten anything since the steak dinner two days ago, except for all the cum she had ingested. He set the tray down on the table next to

the chair he had occupied the first night. Sitting down, he leisurely picked up a doughnut and started eating it slowly. Rachael lay there and tried not to stare, but her stomach was aching at the thought of food. He sipped his coffee, watching her reactions intently.

All of a sudden, she remembered the protocol: adopt the "Present" position when Master enters. Hurriedly, she scrambled into the prescribed position, kneeling upright with her hands behind her head.

"I was beginning to think you would need some remedial training," he commented, sipping his coffee, glancing at the cattle prod, hanging on the wall. "I'm sorry, Master, it's just that I'm so hungry, I forgot my place for a moment," she said, apologetically, trying to appease him, thrusting her boobs out. Anticipating this scenario, he was pleased to see that she was playing right into his hand. "So I suppose you would like a doughnut?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Yes, Master, if you would be so kind," she said, trying to stay on his good side. "What would you be willing to do for a doughnut?" he asked, dangerously. Rachael used all of her willpower to mask her frustration with him. "Anything Master wants," she replied, shyly, already dreading his answer. "Anything?" he asked with a smirk, "Well, let's put that to the test, right now!" He got up, and dropped his shorts and underwear, stepping out of them. He pulled off his tee shirt over his head, leaving him naked. He actually looked fairly good naked; clearly he worked out on a regular basis.

He picked up one of the doughnuts and placed it around his erect cock, sliding it down to the base. "If you can get me off in the next ten minutes WITHOUT breaking this doughnut, it's yours." Rachael gasped. This was the ultimate torment! To get so close to a doughnut, and not be able to taste it, was pure torture! She had to succeed; she was so hungry. She immediately assumed a position directly in front of Brad. Gingerly, she wrapped her lips around his shaft and began to work her way down. At least this time, she didn't have to worry about deep throating him, although she realized that this could be a handicap; it was one less tool at her disposal.

She got a feel for the depth she could safely go without touching the doughnut, and started to work up and down the shaft. She withdrew for a minute to lick his

balls, careful not to disturb the doughnut. As she licked his balls, her tongue would inadvertently slide over the doughnut's surface, getting a brief taste of the sweet icing. Brad looked at his watch. "Five minutes to go, cunt; I don't think you're gonna make it!" he said with a chuckle. Rachael plunged back onto his cock, sucking and bobbing for all she was worth. It was a cruel dilemma; the doughnut was so close, and yet so far.

It got to the nine minutes and thirty-second mark, and Brad was getting close. He tried to hold off, but at 9:55 he exploded, grabbing the back of her head and thrusting forward further into Rachael's mouth. She happened to be on a down stroke when he pushed forward, and the doughnut was crushed between her face and his crotch, falling in pieces to the floor.

"Aww, so close! Oh well, better luck next time," he said with a smirk, having planned this outcome. Rachael looked in tears at the broken doughnut pieces on the floor, resisting the temptation to bend down and scoop them up into her mouth. "Please, Master, may I eat them off the floor?" she begged, desperate. "Hey, a deal is a deal. You lost," he replied, coldly. He walked over to a closet, and retrieved a dust pan and brush, carrying it back to her. "Here, sweep up every last crumb and I will dispose of it," he ordered.

Tears in her eyes, Rachael obeyed, sweeping up her only chance of sustenance and throwing it away. She handed the dustpan and brush back to Brad, who strode over to a wastebasket and made a show of dumping the doughnut pieces into it. Walking back over to her, he stood there with hands on his hips and stared at her, as if lost in thought. "Tell you what, would you like another chance?" he asked. Knowing that she was probably going to suffer a new indignity; nevertheless, she said softly, "yes, Master." "OK, here's the plan: you will get five minutes to eat a doughnut. Do you think you can do that?" he asked. Knowing that it could not be that simple or straightforward, she still answered, "yes, Master."

Brad walked back over to the table where the rest of the doughnuts were left. He picked up one, and placed it in the center of the chair seat. He proceeded to sit on it, grinding it into his ass crack. When he was satisfied, he got up, holding his ass cheeks together, and walked over to Rachael. He turned around, facing away from her. Bending over, he looked at Rachael and announced "Ready, set, go!!!"

"And you'd better get each and every crumb, or this will be your last meal for a week!" he told her.

Steeling herself, Rachael dove into his ass crack, licking and chewing as fast as she could. She licked his hairy ass cheeks, getting every crumb and morsel she could find. Once again, she bit back her revulsion, promising herself that she would get even with this sonofabitch someday. When she thought she was finished, Brad said, "I think some crumbs got into my asshole. Stick your tongue in there and find them."

Please God, help me through this, she thought. There seems to be no end to this jerkoff's depravity! She pointed her tongue, and closing her eyes, stuck it back into his crack, feeling around for his asshole. Finding it, she choked back a gag and stuck it in. It tasted of musk and sweat. She speared her tongue in and out a few times, working it around the rim. Finally, he was satisfied, and got up. Turning around, he held out his cock and said with a sneer, "Here, something to wash it down!" Groaning inwardly, Rachael pulled herself up dutifully and sealed her lips around his cock. It only took a few seconds, and a hot stream of piss entered her mouth. She swallowed as quickly as she could, trying not to lose any, fearing punishment, tears streaming down her face.

Chapter 8

Brad left her alone for the rest of the morning, for which Rachael was grateful. She began to wonder if this was going to be her daily routine for the foreseeable future. Sometime around mid-afternoon, he came back downstairs. Remembering this time, Rachael assumed the "Present" position. "Very good slave, I guess you can be trained after all," he commented snarkily. He had what looked like a circular ring of chrome tubing about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick and 7 inches in diameter in his hand. "How would you like to be free of that chain?" He asked.

Wary, but knowing she had a better chance of escaping without the chain, she said "Yes, Master," enthusiastically. "We are going to trade your chain for this elegant slave collar," he told her. She held her position as he opened the circular piece of chrome into two halves, and placed it around her neck. It locked together with a distinct "click". It had three "D" rings attached at the front and sides. She

also noticed two spring-loaded probes that protruded from the inside of the collar and rested against either side of her throat. The collar was snug, but not choking.

Only then did he unlock the chain and remove it from around her neck. Rachael felt so relieved to be rid of her tether, she said, "Thank you, Master." "You are now free to go wherever you like," he said, nonchalantly. "Really, Master?" Rachael asked, warily. "Yes, slave, you may go," he answered with a sweep of his hand. She didn't need to be told twice; she walked, then ran toward the sliding glass door by the patio. As she got within six feet of the door, she began to feel a tingling in her neck. Three feet from the door, the tingling became a shock. As her inertia carried her the rest of the way, she bounced off the door and fell to the floor, curling up and clawing at her collar as the shocking continued at a high level.

"M-make it s-s-stop, M-Master," she pleaded, rolling around on the floor. "You only need to move away from the door," he answered matter-of-factly. With great effort, body shaking, she crawled away from the door, back toward Brad. Slowly, the shocking diminished, until she was over six feet away from the door. She collapsed on the floor, exhausted. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, the collar is WI-FI connected. There are sensors built in to every doorway in this house, as well as several located outside. A central computer tracks your every move, and I can program it to keep you in or out of any room in this house," he said, smirking.

She looked at him, first in astonishment, then in anger, before she caught herself. The realization hit her; she was as much his prisoner now, as before when she was chained to the post. Subconsciously, she tugged at her new collar, testing its security. It didn't as much as budge, but she felt a tingle in her neck. "Go ahead, try and remove it. Any serious attempt to remove it will result in a shock so strong, it may kill you," he told her. "It can only be opened with this key," he said, showing her a key on a chain around his neck.

Chapter 9

He added a new position to her protocols: "Fours". A simple position: get down on all fours. She only needed to practice it once. As she remained in her "Fours" position, he took a leash out of his pocket and clipped it to the "D" ring on the

front of her collar. "Heel," he ordered sharply. He led her on all fours toward the sliding door. As they got closer, Rachael stopped in her tracks, not wanting to get any closer to the door where she would get shocked again.

"Please, Master, I don't want to get shocked again," she pleaded. He took a small remote out of his pocket and pointed it at the sensor over the door. "I've disabled this sensor temporarily. It will reset in sixty seconds, so we'd better hurry along," he warned. He tugged at the leash, and when he did, she got a small shock. "FYI, this collar is also useful for obedience training," he added.

He opened the sliding door, and led her out onto the patio. He held the leash smartly, not allowing any real slack. If she tried to go anywhere but where he wanted, she would get shocked. Her knees began to bruise as she walked on all fours across the flagstones. They continued across the patio to the opening in the stone wall, walking out onto the lawn. The soft grass was a relief to Rachael, after the concrete and the flagstone floors. He walked her as one would walk a dog. "Do you have to relieve yourself? I know you have been avoiding using the bucket as much as possible," he pointed out.

The last thing Rachael wanted to do was relieve herself in front of Brad. It would be the ultimate humiliation. "No, Master, I don't have to go," she lied.

"I think you do, and if I were you, I'd do it now, because there will be no bucket in your new home, understand?" he warned. Torn, Rachael knew she was beaten again, and would probably suffer greatly if she didn't go along with this. "Yes, Master," she answered, defeated. Spreading her legs in a wide stance, she squatted down, close to the ground. It took her a minute or two to overcome the humiliating feelings of shame. Finally, a few drops trickled out, followed by a steady stream.

She closed her eyes, trying to imagine she was anywhere but here. The stream seemed to go on forever. Finally, she finished, and resumed her "Fours" position. "What about 'number two'? Surely you have to go 'number two'?" he asked, facetiously. It was an order, not a request. Groaning, Rachael squatted again, squeezing her eyes shut and concentrating. After a few seconds, a soft brown stool emerged from her backside, followed closely by another, making a squeaking sound as it came out.

Rachael hung her head, turning red, totally embarrassed. "Are we finished?" he asked, pleasantly. Not knowing when she might have another chance, Rachael held her breath and pushed, and finally, another one emerged as she let out a long grunt. She heard a small noise, and looked up at the source. He was holding a cell phone; recording a video of her entire performance.

"Good girl," he praised, patting her on the head as one would a dog. She had never been so humiliated in her entire life. He had witnessed every intimate act she could ever do, and recorded it on video. She wanted to jump up and smash his face, kick him in the balls, and rub his nose in her mess. As if he could read her thoughts, he tugged a little on the leash, resulting in a little shock. It stopped her in her tracks, and pushed her murderous thoughts to the back of her mind.

Chapter 10

"Let's get you settled in to your new home," he said, excitedly. He led her back (on all fours) to the patio, over to the tarp-covered cage. "Ta-Da," he exclaimed, pulling off the tarp. It was as she imagined, a rectangular cage, just big enough to contain a human. At four feet high and four feet long, she would be not able to stand, nor stretch out completely. At three feet wide, she would barely be able to turn around, once inside. It was constructed of chromed steel grating, similar to a dog cage.

There was a realistic looking cock-and-balls dildo, mounted to the far wall of the cage, pointing inward. It was hanging down, resembling a flaccid penis. It looked to be on some sort of vertical track, which would presumably allow it to be moved up or down. There was what appeared to be an umbilical line protruding from the back end of the dildo, trailing off into a small tower-like plastic encased structure a few feet away, facing the side of the cage.

The structure, resembling a fire hydrant in size, was about a foot in diameter, four feet high, and seemed to be mounted securely to the ground. There was a conduit, presumably containing power lines, emerging from the ground running into one side, presumably from the house. There was a small antenna mounted on the top of what looked like a security camera dome. There was also a perforated grill in the front, presumably for a speaker. "This is an STB, or Slave

Training Bot. You will follow its orders as if they were coming from me. If you don't obey, you will be punished," Brad told her.

The bottom of the cage was lined with a soft plastic pad, filled with a gel like material, providing some measure of comfort, but also waterproof.

The door to at the other end of the cage had a round opening in the center, just big enough for someone to fit their head through. Brad was anxious to try out his new customized slave training cage from SlaveMaster.com, which he had ordered with all the available accessories. It was computer controlled by a program that he was able to customize to his own preferences.

He reached into the cage and pulled out what looked like a couple of leather mittens, but missing the thumbs. She noticed that they had leather straps around the openings. He issued the "Present" command, making her kneel upright. He told her to hold her hands out in front. He took each leather mitten and slipped it over one of her hands. As the mitten slipped over her hand, she felt a leather pad inside as her fingers went in. This forced her hand into a ball, rendering it useless. He fastened the straps snugly around her wrists, snapping a small padlock through the buckle of each. She was now helpless to do anything with her hands.

He ushered her inside the cage, making her crawl in backwards, not unsnapping the leash until she was fully inside. As he closed the cage door, the catch clicked shut, locking her within. "This is your new home, for the foreseeable future. It will take care of all your needs during your training. As I said, I would advise you to follow directions carefully to avoid more punishments," he told her, before walking off. "Wait, where are you going, Master?" she cried, suddenly feeling even more trapped than when she was chained in the cellar. "I've got some business to attend to, shouldn't be more than a few days," he said nonchalantly, as he strolled toward the house.

In actuality, he would be monitoring her closely from inside the house using a multitude of cameras placed strategically around the property. His plan was to let the cage "train" her for a few days, since he was too lazy to do it himself.

A few days?? she thought to herself. How am I going to survive a few days locked in here? All of a sudden, the plastic "Bot" came to life. A computerized male voice

crackled out of the speaker. "Attention, slave, until your Master intervenes, I am your Master. You will obey every command without question or hesitation to avoid punishments like this - " Suddenly, her collar turned on, shocking her at a high level, for about five seconds. She lay on the floor of the cage, and quivering in fear and shock.

"If you understand and agree to obey, assume the Fours position immediately." Shaking herself out of her daze, she scrambled to her Fours position. As she did, the wall-mounted dildo began moving down with a mechanized sound to the level of her head. She turned around, startled. "You will now suck on the dildo. If your technique is judged acceptable, you will be rewarded with hydration. Begin."

Rachael couldn't believe what she was seeing and hearing. This machine was dictating her every move, and punishing her if she didn't obey?? As she pondered this, she felt a slight tingling in her neck, a warning.

She rushed over to the flaccid dildo and began sucking. It was silicone, and felt fairly lifelike. As she sucked, the dildo began to expand and grow, as if it was being turned on. There was a hole at the end of the dildo, just like a real penis. She expected something to come out the hole, most likely water. When nothing came out after a couple of minutes, she gave up and withdrew. Immediately, a mild shock reminded her that she did not call the shots here. She plunged her mouth back over the dildo, and the shocking stopped.

"Your blowjob technique is below acceptable levels. You will continue to practice until you are given hydration," the Bot told her. How does it know what I'm doing? she thought. Then it hit her - there must be sensors imbedded in the dildo. She doubled her efforts now, plunging deeper and deeper onto the dildo. Eventually, the dildo grew to be about the same girth and shape as Brad's, although it seemed to be at least an inch or two longer.

She was finally able to push the dildo past the entrance to her throat, hurting almost as much as the first time she did this. She held it for a few seconds, then backed off. A trickle of water emerged from the dildo. She sucked greedily on the dildo for the water she needed so badly and was rewarded with a few swallows. "You must now hold the dildo in your throat and touch the sensors at the bottom for at least thirty seconds to receive sustenance," the Bot announced. Thirty

seconds? Is it nuts?? she thought. She tried again, but began struggling for air at the twenty second mark and withdrew, gasping for air.

"You will keep trying until you achieve your goal, slave," the Bot said. At that point, Rachael lost it. She knew in the back of her mind that this was a mistake, but she couldn't help it. She pulled off of the dildo and tried to rip it off the wall with her leather-bound hands. She couldn't get a purchase on it, and began pounding at it with her fists, screaming. The shock that hit her was stronger than ever before, and it kept going for about fifteen seconds. She lost control of her bladder and collapsed on the cage floor, momentarily rendered unconscious.

She woke up with a start, and every muscle in her body felt like she had just run a marathon. There were muscle cramps all over her body. She just lay there, weeping. "You have just received punishment level 8. There are two more levels above this, if you continue to disobey. First, you have only five minutes to clean up your mess, then you will go back to your task," the Bot ordered. Clean up what mess? she thought, then she felt the wet urine beneath her. Oh no, she thought, there's probably only one way I can do that -

"What -" she only got first word out before another mild shock hit her. "You have also been placed in Silent Mode. You will not speak until Silent Mode is disabled," the Bot announced. Just great, she thought. Now I can't even speak. She picked herself up onto all fours, then lowered her head to the cage floor. Tentatively, she extended her tongue, and licked up the small puddle of piss off the floor, not wanting to waste any time and risk another punishment. Fortunately for her, she had just relieved herself a few minutes before, and there wasn't much to clean up, but it was still deeply humiliating.

How did the Bot know I wet myself? she pondered. Then she realized that Brad must be watching her remotely through the camera, and programming the Bot to issue orders accordingly. How am I ever going to survive, and come out of this in one piece mentally? she wondered, as she approached the dildo. She resumed sucking on it, going deeper each time, until it breached the entrance to her throat. This time, she reached the bottom and stayed there. Ten seconds, fifteen, twenty seconds. Her lungs began screaming for air, but she held on, determined to make her goal.

At twenty-five seconds, the Bot began beeping the last five second countdown, with a louder beep at the thirty second mark. "Congratulations, slave, you have completed your first goal. Withdraw to the end of the dildo and hold your mouth open to receive your sustenance." the Bot announced. Immediately, Rachael slid back along the dildo, until her lips were hovering around the head, taking in huge gulps of air. Within a few seconds, a liquid with a thick consistency began to squirt out of the dildo in spurts, mimicking a cock spewing cum.

She kept her mouth open and swallowed as the dildo kept squirting, all while still trying to catch her breath. It didn't taste very good, but she guessed it had all the nutrients she needed to survive. After a couple of minutes, the flow ceased. "You may now rest for a period of thirty minutes," the Bot announced mechanically. Thirty minutes? What then? More blowjob practice? she thought.

Exhausted, she collapsed onto the floor of the cage and tried to sleep. She felt even more vulnerable and exposed out here.

Chapter 11

Rachael awoke about twenty minutes later, by the sound of a motorboat. Desperately, she rose up on her knees and leaned against the side of the cage. She caught a glimpse of a boat going by on the lake. "HEL -" was all she managed to scream out before she was hit with another shock, severe enough to cause her to lose consciousness. In her desperation, she had forgotten about Silent Mode, and paid the penalty. She awoke to the sound of the Bot's voice: "You have been given a level 9 punishment for speaking without permission while in Silent Mode. You have five minutes to clean up any mess you have made, then proceed to the dildo and wait in Fours position for further training."

Her body protested when she tried to move, muscles aching and cramping. She lay there, wondering if she could get a severe enough punishment to get a shock that would kill her and end her misery. "You now have three minutes and thirty seconds to finish your cleanup task," the Bot announced. Rachael, scared, dazed and shocked into submission, couldn't bear to get another punishment. She got up and looked at the pad under her. Sure enough, there was another small puddle

of piss. She bent to her task and lapped up the smelly puddle of piss, then crawled over to the dildo, awaiting further orders.

At the five minute mark, the Bot spoke again. "The next exercise addresses Oral Technique. You will lick and suck the dildo per my instructions until you are rewarded with your Master's cum. Begin by licking the balls," the Bot ordered. Sticking her tongue out, Rachael began licking the ball sack, which felt strangely realistic. "Suck each ball in carefully, one at a time, and lick around it with your tongue," the Bot ordered. Obediently, she complied. The dildo, which was again in a flaccid state, began to grow.

Over the next fifteen minutes, Rachael licked, sucked and deep throated the dildo per the Bot's instructions. Finally, she felt the dildo stiffen and expand slightly. "I am about to cum, slave, right down your throat. Slide all the way down my cock and accept my reward," the Bot ordered. Her throat was still raw, but it seemed to get a little easier each time to get the cock down her throat. She obeyed the order, bottoming out on the dildo and waiting. Immediately, the cock began to pulse, shooting it's cum mixture down her throat. When the cock finished pulsing, Rachael backed off and sat back, catching her breath. "This exercise is completed. You now have a thirty minute rest period," the Bot told her.

Once more she collapsed, exhaustion overtaking her.

Chapter 12

Exactly thirty minutes later, a loud beeping from the Bot woke her from a sound sleep. "From now on, you will assume the "Fours" position whenever you are addressed by me," the Bot announced. Still half asleep, Rachael lay there, hoping for another few seconds of rest before getting up. A short warning burst from her shock collar woke her up in a hurry. She scrambled to the Fours position and waited. "It is now time for physical exercise," the Bot announced. "You will be allowed to leave the cage in order to exercise. Any deviation from these instructions will result in immediate punishment."

As if on cue, the door latch clicked, and the door swung open. Rachael couldn't believe it - she was being released from the cage! She crawled out onto the patio. Tentatively, she stood up and looked around. She didn't see any sign of Brad,

either outside or behind any of the rear facing windows. It was now or never, she thought. Gathering up her courage, she took off, sprinting away from the house toward the lake.

She got as far as the opening in the stone walls before the shock hit her. She stumbled and fell forward, falling face first into the grass. Her body continued to spasm and convulse for several seconds before she went limp. She lay unconscious for several seconds. A tingle at her neck brought Rachael slowly back to consciousness. It took her a few seconds to remember where she was and what had just happened. "Slave, you have thirty seconds to assume the "Attention" position by the entrance of your cage," the Bot ordered.

Rachael, in shock, running mostly on autopilot, scrambled back to the cage and stood, legs apart, hands behind her head. "Slave, you were warned about deviating from my instructions. You received a level 10 penalty. You will now follow directions precisely to avoid further punishment," the Bot announced. Rachael remembered that Brad had told her that there were sensors placed in various locations outdoors and well as indoors. She was still a prisoner anywhere on the grounds of this lake house. "You will now commence physical exercise," the Bot ordered. "You will jog 20 laps around the inside perimeter of this patio," it said. Are you kidding me? she thought.

As her collar began to tingle, she took off toward the nearest wall, then began to follow it around, jogging. The flagstones were hard under her feet. Her breasts flopped up and down, painfully. She held her leather-bound hands against the sides of her breasts to minimize the movement. She began to pant, taking shallow breaths. At this rate, she knew she wouldn't finish. Realizing that the Bot would punish her if she did not complete the exercise, she slowed her breathing down, taking deeper breaths.

As she completed the 20 laps, the Bot told her to slow down to a walk for a couple more laps to cool down. As she completed her task, she walked back to the center of the patio, collapsing in a heap by her cage, her breasts heaving from the exertion. "Your exercise period is completed. You may now go to the lawn and relieve yourself," the Bot ordered. Shocked by the intimacy of the command, Rachael nevertheless needed to go. She got up and walked out to the lawn. This time, she was not shocked. Curious, she walked out a little further, testing the

limits of her captivity. Sure enough, as she reached a few yards past the stone wall, the collar gave her a warning tingle.

She walked a little closer to the wall, and the collar stopped. With a deep sigh, knowing that there was only one way she was going to accomplish this, she squatted down, releasing a yellow stream into the grass. Having no other way to clean herself, and feeling totally degraded, she dragged her cunt across the grass. She felt like she had won a small victory, though, since she was out of range of the Bot's camera. As she got up, however, she noticed another camera mounted atop the entrance to the stone wall, pointed directly at her.

She glanced around quickly, looking for something, anything, that might help her escape. The tingling of her collar prodded her to return to the patio. Walking back to the cage, she adopted the "Fours" position next to it. "You may enter the cage," the Bot announced. Rachael crawled into the cage. The door swung shut behind her, locking with a distinct click. "You may suck on the dildo for hydration," the Bot said. She crawled over to the dildo and wrapped her lips around the head. This time, the water flowed without Rachael having to work for it. She swallowed greedily, knowing that she needed every drop.

"You are now allowed a two hour rest period," the Bot told her. Rachael did not need to be told twice; her eyes were closed before she collapsed on the cage floor.

Chapter 13 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

Two hours later, she was awoken by the beeping of the Bot. She had dropped into a deep sleep, the deepest she had had since her abduction. Hazily, she reached out, looking for the snooze button. When her hand encountered the steel grate of the cage, her eyes flew open. Suddenly, she remembered where she was, and scrambled up into the "Fours" position. "Rest period is now over, slave. It is time for your next exercise," the Bot told her. *Oh god, what now?* she thought.

"This exercise will help you develop your vaginal and anal muscles," the Bot announced. "Back up to the far end of the cage," came the order. Vaginal and *what?* she thought, eyes wide. She had never had anal sex before, and was

horrified by the thought of sticking something like that cock up her ass. Fearing another shock for hesitating, Rachael complied, turning around and backing up. As she did, she noticed a six inch high opening at the bottom of the cage, allowing room for her feet and lower legs to protrude past the wall. The dildo became engorged, growing in size and length. Once it was fully erect, the dildo began to lower itself until it was even with her pussy. It took on a glistening appearance as it excreted a lubricant along its length.

"You will now back up until the dildo is fully seated in your cunt," the Bot ordered. She complied, backing onto the engorged phallus, her feet exiting through the six inch opening at the bottom of the cage. She gasped as it entered her pussy. She continued until her ass pressed against the cage. Suddenly, she could feel a change in the dildo as dozens of small nubs protruded along the length and circumference of the shaft. "You will now clamp down on the cock and attempt to pull it away from the wall," the Bot ordered.

WTF?? she thought to herself. Conditioned by now to obey instantly, she bore down on the cock and started to pull forward. The dildo started to slip out of her pussy, inch by inch. "Inadequate; back up fully and try again," she was ordered. Sighing, she backed up to the wall and made another attempt. Again, the dildo started to pull out. When four inches of dildo was showing, her collar gave her a warning tingle. "You will continue this exercise until you can produce at least 20 foot-pounds of pulling force for ten seconds," her electronic Master ordered.

Gritting her teeth, Rachael backed up once again and clamped down on the cock with all her strength. Gradually, she began to pull forward, slipping about a half an inch before gaining purchase. She pulled with as much force as she dared to without losing her grip on the dildo and counted to ten. "Congratulations, slave, you have achieved your first goal. You may now fuck yourself on the dildo for two minutes, but you may not cum without permission." Rachael couldn't believe what it was telling her to do; she was being "rewarded" by allowing her to fuck herself?

Once again, she obeyed instantly, afraid of the consequences of not complying. She began sliding back and forth on the cock, simulating a sex act. Suddenly, the cock began to vibrate. It started to feel really good. Rachael decided she might as well enjoy herself, even at the expense of her dignity. She started to build up

speed, getting into it now. She could feel a climax building, and thrusting even harder. As she reached the peak, just about to ride over the cliff of a major orgasm, she clamped down on the cock. That's when the shock hit her. Not from her collar; this shock came from the dildo, and it shot her right off the end of the cock.

Curling into a fetal position, Rachael plunged both leather covered hands between her legs, rocking and moaning from the spasms in her pussy. "You were warned about cumming without permission," the Bot lectured. "You will resume your position and insert the dildo into your ass," the Bot ordered. "You have five minutes to have it fully seated." With tears streaming down her cheeks, Rachael got into position and backed up toward the dildo. As it came into contact with her ass cheek, she moved around until she felt it at the rim of her asshole.

Closing her eyes and holding her breath, she pushed against the stiff shaft. There was resistance at first, but eventually the cock head entered her anus. Gasping, she paused, the pain knifing through her. As if to provide motivation, a clock's ticking sound emanated from the Bot's speaker. Rachael pushed on, sliding further down the dildo's length, feeling each nub as it entered her anus. At last, she felt the balls of the cock press against her cunt.

"You will now repeat the previous exercise, using your anus to pull on the cock." the Bot ordered. *Shit, I don't think I have the same strength in my asshole*, she thought. Grunting, she squeezed her asshole tight around the cock and started to pull forward. Immediately, she started to slide off the dildo. Without being told, she backed up and tried again. It took several tries, but she managed to find a balance between her clamping force and her pulling force. Not knowing if it was enough, she held on for ten seconds, hoping it would satisfy the Bot. "Your performance was inadequate; you must produce at least 10 foot-pounds of pulling force for ten seconds," was her answer.

Knowing that she could not rest until she satisfied the Bot, she backed up and made one more attempt. Squeezing her legs together and gritting her teeth, she pulled on the dildo, her sphincter cramping in the process. She ignored the pain and soldiered on, holding onto the cock for the required ten seconds. Finally, the Bot announced that she had met her goal. She was ordered to fuck herself in the ass for five minutes. Again, conditioned to obey immediately, Rachael began to

fuck herself in the ass, which was sore and tender. Once again, the dildo began to vibrate, adding to her discomfort.

This time, she didn't feel any pleasure, only pain. She went through the motions, going as slowly as she dared. At the end of the five minutes, the Bot announced that she could withdraw. As soon as she complied, she was ordered to turn around for hydration and sustenance. "You must keep deep throating the dildo for five minutes, then withdraw, holding your mouth open. Begin," she was ordered.

"B-But -" she began to protest, forgetting about the silent mode. The shock from her collar knocked her back. She certainly didn't want to place her mouth on a dildo that had just been in her asshole! "SILENCE! YOU WILL OBEY, SLAVE!!" the Bot boomed. Resignedly, Rachael got back up and crawled to the dildo. Tentatively, she placed her lips around the head and pushed forward. Surprisingly, the taste wasn't as bad as she feared; it was mostly the taste of the lubricant. The nubs had thankfully retracted; the shaft was as smooth as before.

Her lips finally made their way to the base of the dildo, and began the upstroke. She repeated this exercise, occasionally withdrawing momentarily for air. Once the five minutes was up, the Bot beeped. Rachael withdrew, opening her mouth and keeping it centered over the head of the cock. Immediately, the cock began to spew, first water, then the cum mixture. When it was finished, Rachael was ordered to leave the cage to relieve herself. This time, she did so without incident, and returned to the cage. Once inside, she was directed to back up to the engorged cock, and insert it into her cunt.

She sighed; expecting another round of cock pulling with her tired cunt. She complied, impaling herself on the stiff phallus. This time, a small panel opened in the floor beneath her chest, and a strange looking apparatus rose out of the opening. There were two clear plastic cups, about the size and shape of a wine glass, mounted to a rack. Clear plastic tubes trailed into the floor below the cups.

"Your last exercise of the day consists of lactation training," the Bot announced. *What?* she thought, *you gotta be kidding... he wants to milk me???* The rack continued to rise until the cups embraced her breasts. She heard a hissing noise, and her breasts were sucked firmly into the cups. Panicking, Rachael tried to dislodge the cups, but the combination of the cage wall, the dildo and the breast

cups kept her contained.

"You will maintain position while the breast cups stimulate your mammary glands. You will do this for a period of twenty minutes, three times daily." the Bot ordered. Rachael couldn't believe it - she was being turned into a human cow! She had heard that female breasts could be induced to begin producing milk by daily stimulation. She felt her nipples being pulled further into the device, as it sucked and massaged them. There was nothing she could do but keep in position and wait it out. She had a mental image of a cow, hooked up to a milking machine.

"During this exercise, your cunt muscles will be stimulated by a low current to strengthen them. You are not required to exert yourself manually," the Bot announced. Suddenly, Rachael felt a tingle in her pussy, followed by a mild current, which caused her cunt muscles to clamp down. The current pulsed on and off at a steady cadence, causing her cunt muscles to follow in kind, while the breast pumps alternated their sucking cycles - left, right, left, right...

Trapped as she was, Rachael had no choice but to ride it out. She tried to just maintain position and endure it, when suddenly the cock started vibrating again. "This exercise will also test your self-control," the Bot announced. "You will *not* come without permission," it said. Rachael was overwhelmed by sensations: her cunt spasming from the current, the vibrations from the dildo, and the tugging and sucking of the breast pumps on her nipples. She could feel her arousal rising; she knew she would not be able to hold out indefinitely!

She tried to think of something, anything to distract her from the mechanical rape, but the assault was relentless. She knew from experience the price of disobedience, but she was helpless to resist. Slowly, inexorably, Rachael was pushed further and further toward the brink. Trapped between the breast cups and the dildo, she could move little except to toss her head back and forth. She broke out in a sweat, subconsciously sliding back and forth slightly on the dildo. At six minutes into the exercise, she was so close now; her cunt clamping down on the dildo of its own accord. Just as she was about to go over the peak, a quick shock shot through her cunt, breaking her concentration and stopping her orgasm cold.

She surged forward, stopped short by the breast cups. She screamed, setting off

her shock collar, before she was able to compose herself. "You have been punished for attempted orgasm. You will try again," came the order. Groaning, Rachael steeled herself for the torture to continue. The pulsing current resumed, her cunt clamping and unclamping to the beat. After another four minutes, she could feel the stirrings of another orgasm approaching. Desperately, she fought the feelings, but she felt helpless to resist. She would do anything right now to avoid another shock to her sensitive cunt. Suddenly, she had an inspiration. "YAHH!" she shouted, resulting in a shock from her collar. It was a desperate move, and still resulted in a shock, but she found it was easier to tolerate a shock to the neck than one to the pussy.

Her strategy worked; the shock cut her orgasm short, and dropped her arousal back to a more manageable level. Twice more she employed that trick to avoid the cunt shock. Finally, the twenty minute period was over; the clamping current ceased, and the breast cups disengaged her tits with a 'pop' and receded into the floor. Rachael collapsed into a heap, horny and exhausted. Her breasts and nipples were tender, but with her leather mittens, she couldn't comfort them. *How the hell will I survive doing this three times a day??* she thought. "You have completed the last exercise of the day. You may exit briefly to relieve yourself, then return immediately to the cage." the Bot announced.

Rachael did as she was told; she relieved herself then returned to the cage. The cage door closed and locked behind her as she crawled in.

Chapter 14 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

"Your extended rest period begins now." the Bot said. Exhausted, Rachael lay down in the cage. Still horny, she reached between her legs with her right hand, but with the leather covering, she couldn't satisfy the itch within. After a few minutes, she gave up with a sigh and closed her eyes. She had only been asleep for a few minutes when a quick shock from her collar woke her up, making her jump.

Looking up through slitted eyes, she saw Brad standing outside the door to her cage. *So, he's still here - the bastard's probably been watching me the whole time* - she thought. "Assume your position, bitch, or do I have to start your training all

over again?" he snarled. Wearily, she scrambled up into the Fours position. "Whenever I am standing here, you will crawl over and stick your head through this opening, got it cunt?" he asked.

Rachael, still in Silent Mode, couldn't reply, even to say Yes, Master, so she complied and crawled over to the cage door and stuck her head through the circular opening. As she did, Brad flipped a release lever at the top of the door, and a narrow section of cage slid down until it touched the back of Rachael's neck, trapping her head. He flipped the lever again, locking the section in place.

Rachael instinctively tried to back out, without success. She was stuck there until Brad decided to release her. "Let's see what you've learned today," he said. He dropped his shorts, revealing his turgid shaft. Stepping up to the cage, he waved it at her, slapping her in the face a couple of times. Instinctively, Rachael opened her mouth, knowing what was expected of her. Without preamble, Brad surged into her mouth, hitting the back of her throat. He pistoned in and out, slowly at first, then building up speed. Rachael kept her lips wrapped firmly around his cock, knowing that he would be done sooner if she applied herself to his pleasure.

Finally, he thrust his cock all the way in and down her throat, making Rachael gag at the sudden intrusion, tears flowing. He stopped for a few seconds to savor the feeling. Slowly, he withdrew till he was at the entrance to her throat, then thrust in again. He repeated the cycle several times, reveling in Rachael's discomfort. On the last downthrust, he paused, waiting to see how long she would last. Rachael wasn't prepared, and hadn't had a chance to take a deep breath. Her head was trapped between Brad's crotch and the cage door. Within a few seconds, her lungs began to scream for oxygen. She began to thrash her arms, pushing against the door, but couldn't free her trapped head.

Brad watched her struggles with amusement, making his cock even harder. Eventually, her struggles diminished, and she began to turn blue. Reluctantly, he pulled out, just as she began to faint. When she didn't react, her head hanging down, he slapped her hard across the face, following up with a backhanded strike. Her head came up, eyes wide, and she began to take in huge gasps of air. "Wake up, cunt, you're not finished!" he snapped. Half dazed, Rachael opened her mouth as he pressed his cock against her lips. He resumed pumping his cock in and out, with no regard for Rachael's comfort or oxygen intake.

Finally, approaching orgasm, he sawed in and out of her throat, then pulled out. "Open up, cunt! Here's your dinner!" he ordered with a smirk. Grabbing her by the hair, he pulled her head back while he pumped his cock with his other hand. Rachael, trapped, closed her eyes, which was about the only movement she could make. "Open your eyes, bitch!" he snapped. Holding his cock about six inches away from her face, Brad groaned and spewed his first two shots of jism into Rachael's mouth, then laid a few ropes of cum across her face, making sure to plaster her right eye shut.

When he was finished, he ordered her to clean him. Squinting, with one eye closed, she opened her mouth to suck his cock clean. When he was satisfied, he had her lick his balls. Once her task was completed, Brad flipped the release lever and raised the narrow cage section to its original position, locking it in place, freeing Rachael's head. Without comment, Brad turned and walked away, leaving Rachael, cum on her face, on all fours, with her head sticking out of the cage door. When he disappeared into the house, Rachael pulled her head back through the cage door hole and collapsed onto the floor.

She tried to wipe the cum off her face with her leather-bound right hand, but only succeeded in smearing it around. She needed a water source, both for drinking and cleaning herself. Sighing, she crawled over to the dildo and placed her lips around it. Taking a deep breath, she slid her lips down the length of the shaft, not knowing if the fake cock would give her water on demand, or only when the Bot ordered her to suck it. She reached the bottom and held on. After about ten seconds, she could detect water flowing out of the dildo. Backing off, she sucked and swallowed greedily as the water continued to stream out. After a few swallows, she withdrew completely and held her face close to the cock, hoping to flush the cum out of her eye. She would have liked to swallow more water, but didn't know how long the water flow would last.

Using her right hand, she managed to work the water into her eye and wash the cum away. She continued to use her hand to clean most of the cum off the rest of her face. As the water flow subsided, she quickly placed her lips back on the dildo and deep throat it, hoping to get a few more swallows, but the water had stopped and did not come back on. Dejectedly, she lay down, hoping to get some much needed rest. Daylight was fading, and she was exhausted. She couldn't

believe that a whole day had passed, as she fell asleep.

Chapter 15 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

Dawn broke over the lake, signaling the start of another day. Rachael could hear small animals scurrying around in the woods. Birds flew overhead, calling out to one another. She was starting to lose track of the days. Was this Sunday or Monday?

The night had passed slowly for Rachael. She had initially slept for a few hours, but awoke with a slight chill around midnight. She felt terribly vulnerable, locked in this cage outdoors in the dark. She jumped at the slightest noise, her arms wrapped around her body.

She had needed a way to warm up, but with limited space in the cage, there was no way to exercise. Looking around in the semi-darkness, she spotted the dildo, hanging limp on its mounting. A crazy thought entered her mind - *I wonder... if I suck on the dildo, will the sensors activate and make it become erect? If I can do that, I can suck and fuck on it, generating body heat!*

As humiliating as that thought was, Rachael was determined to survive and get revenge on that bastard. She crawled over to the dildo and began to lick the head. After a couple of minutes, she thought she detected some movement. She wrapped her soft lips around the cock and began to suck. Slowly, the cock began to respond, growing and becoming engorged. At last, it became stiff and horizontal. *It must be an automated response to the sensors*, she thought. Suppressing a victory cry, she spit on it a few times and spread it around with her tongue to ensure adequate lubrication.

She turned around quickly and impaled herself onto the cock, sticking her legs out of the six inch opening in the cage. When she was fully seated against the wall, she began to slide back and forth on the dildo. It actually felt pretty good, and she began to speed up. Her sexual frustration was still rampant. She smiled, enjoying her dirty little secret. Suddenly, she felt something touch her breasts. Before she could respond, the breast cups had risen out of their compartment in the floor and latched onto her breasts! She was trapped again between the dildo and the breast cups!

"Activating lactation training and cunt muscle stimulation exercise," the Bot announced. "NOOO -" her protest was cut short by a shock from her collar. *Oh god, what have I done?* she thought. *I must have accidentally activated an exercise cycle!*

Brad sat at his computer, watching Rachael's image via the infrared camera. He had been playing with the cage control program, tweaking it, when he inadvertently changed the exercise program from Scheduled to Automatic Activation. "Damn it!" he exclaimed. "Oh well, it won't hurt her to have an extra session," he said to himself. "During this exercise, your cunt muscles will be stimulated by a low current to strengthen them. You are not required to exert yourself manually," the Bot announced. "You will maintain position while the breast cups stimulate your mammary glands."

Sure enough, she felt a low current surge through her pussy. Simultaneously, the breast cups began their inexorable sucking on her nipples. "This exercise will also test your self-control," the Bot announced. "You will not come without permission," it said. *Shit, I have to go through THIS again, NOW?* she thought. Worse yet, if she moved back and forth on the shaft as she had originally planned to generate body heat, she'd surely have an orgasm! Rachael hung her head and resigned herself to twenty minutes of torture, her only consolation being the fact that this exercise would get her blood going, and warm her up.

She endured the combined stimulation of her cunt and nipples for a few minutes before the first orgasm began to rise within her. Using the same strategy, she let out a short "Yaah!", just enough to elicit a quick burst from her collar. Rachael had to quell three more orgasms before the twenty minute period was over. When she was finally released, she collapsed onto the floor, shaking from the exertion. Exhausted, she fell asleep once again. The rest of the day was a copy of the previous day, with various exercises interspersed with sustenance and rest periods.

Chapter 16 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

Brad drove along the wooded road where he had picked up Rachael, looking for

her car. He had decided to set her car on fire to remove any possible evidence that could link him to her disappearance. As he reached the area where she had left her car, it was nowhere to be seen. Panicking, he drove a little further, thinking that he might have the wrong location. A few miles further down the road, he spotted a wrecker, with Rachael's car on the flat bed. "Shit shit shit!!" he exclaimed, hitting the steering wheel with his fist. There wasn't much he could do about it now; if he tried to stop the truck, it could tie him to the crime. He had been careful when he put the lag screw in her tire; he didn't think he had touched anything. Still, he was pissed that he had lost the opportunity.

Fuming, he turned around, tires squealing, and headed back to the lake house.

Back in her cage, Rachael had just finished her jogging exercise and was enjoying a brief rest period when Brad strode into the patio, clearly somewhat agitated. He pulled out his remote and pressed a button. "Get out here, cunt," he said gruffly, as the cage door unlatched and swung open. Warily, Rachael crawled out of the cage and remained in the Fours position. She kept her eyes averted, trying to avoid upsetting Brad further. Glancing forward at his legs, she noticed he was wearing shorts and was barefoot. One foot was tapping the ground impatiently.

It took her a minute to comprehend what he wanted. Tentatively, she bent down, stuck her tongue out and began to lick his other foot. "Took you long enough, bitch. Lucky for you it didn't take any longer," he warned. She laved the entire top of his foot, then began to work on the toes. "Make sure you get in between the toes," he warned. He made no effort to raise his foot as Rachael worked her tongue between his toes, picking up some grit along with the taste of his feet. After he was satisfied, he pulled his foot back and replaced it with the other one, offering it to Rachael.

She obediently repeated her cleaning task on the second foot, making sure to lick in between each toe. When she finished, she resumed the Fours position as ordered. Taking out a leash, he clipped it to Rachael's collar and led her into the basement. Removing the leash, he guided her back up against the cross which was mounted on the wall. He placed her feet on the built-in foot pads and raised her arms above her head, cuffing them to the arms of the cross. He proceeded to use the built-in leather straps to bind her at the elbows, waist, thighs, and ankles.

When he was finished, he produced a leather blindfold, which he placed over her eyes and buckled it securely behind her head. Taking a step back, he examined his slave, running his hands over her body, making her shiver at his touch. His hands found her breasts, kneading and squeezing them, eliciting a gasp from his captive.

Brad pulled the remote from his pocket and pressed a button. "There. Your Silent Mode has been turned off temporarily. I want to hear you scream," he told her, cruelly. She shivered at the thought of what might come next. Brad tweaked and pulled at her nipples, feeling them grow and stiffen beneath his fingers. Placing his lips over her right nipple, he licked, sucked and nipped at it until it was standing out at attention. Rachael strained at her bonds, ineffectively, tossing her head back and forth. He switched to the other nipple, giving it equal attention.

When he was satisfied, he opened the armoire and pulled out two alligator-style nipple clips, with a six-inch length of string attached to each, out of a drawer. He squeezed one clip open and placed the jaws against a nipple. Rachael screamed as he relaxed his grip. He repeated this on the other nipple, causing Rachael to scream even louder. Her nipples were on fire. "Take it off! Take it off!" Rachael screamed, thrashing in her bondage.

Ignoring her cries, reaching into the drawer again, he pulled out a couple of pyramid shaped fishing weights. He tied one to the end of each string. Rachael's nipples were pulled downward, making her gasp. "Please Brad, er, Master, don't do this - let me go now and I won't tell anyone," she pleaded, panting from the pain. As she spoke, she felt the slash of a crop across her left breast, making the fishing weight bounce up and down. "I said I wanted to hear you scream, not talk, you stupid cunt!" he screamed at her.

Summoning all of her inner strength, Rachael took deep breaths and tried to remain silent. She hung there in her agony, waiting for the next torture. The blindfold made things even worse, depriving her of seeing what Brad was doing. Her wait was short; suddenly she felt a dozen stinging slashes across her belly. The flogging continued on her thighs, calves, arms, and breasts. Brad got his wish; Rachael kept screaming from the pain. He stepped back for a minute; regarding her. Her breasts were heaving as she took gasping breaths. Presently, she realized the beating had stopped. Holding her breath, she listened intently, swiveling her head left and right, as if she could "see" him through the blindfold. The pain in her

nipples had diminished to a dull throb.

Brad walked over to the wall and swapped one implement for another. He reached over, flipped a switch on the wall, and adjusted a dial. Suddenly, the cross began to rotate slowly. "What? Noooo!" she cried as her body began to turn upside down. As her body rotated, so did the weights on the nipple clamps, pulling her breasts in an arc, exacerbating the pain in her nipples. Brad watched her as she suffered through a couple of revolutions, then walked over and took up a stance about eight feet away from the cross.

He took aim, drew back and threw the singletail whip. It snapped against her left hip, making her scream again. He continued to take target practice, leaving red welts all over Rachael's body. He even managed to connect a couple of times with her pussy. Tears were flowing out of the blindfold, dripping in varying directions as her bound body continued to spin.

Finally, she called out. "Please, Master, I'm begging you, please have mercy! I can't take any more," she sobbed. "I'll do anything you want - please - let me suck your cock, fuck my ass, anything!" she begged.

Brad walked over to the wall switch and turned it off, leaving Rachael in an upside-down position. He walked over to her and knelt down, getting face-to-face with her, regardless of the fact that she couldn't see anything. "Get this straight, slave," he said emphatically, "you will do anything I want, whatever I want, WHENEVER I want, UNDERSTAND?" he shouted, grabbing her clamped nipples.

"YES, MASTER!" she gasped in pain, "ANYTHING, ANYTHING!"

"Good," he said, "and right now I want this!" he exclaimed, pulling out his cock, shoving it into her open mouth. He plunged into her mouth, stabbing his cock into her throat, making her choke and gag. Rachael did her best to ignore the fire in her nipples and give Brad the best blowjob she could, hoping to put an end to her torture as soon as possible.

She kept her lips firmly sealed around his shaft as he thrust repeatedly into her mouth and throat, gasping for air whenever she could. Finally, he groaned and sped up, spewing his seed deep into her throat. He seemed to hold that position

forever, making Rachael's lungs begin to convulse. Just as she was about to lose consciousness, he pulled out, leaving her hanging there, upside down, gasping.

After he put his cock away, he went over to the wall switch and turned it on, long enough for Rachael to become upright once again. She was a mess, tear streaks marking her face in all directions, her breasts heaving with the effort to restore her oxygen level.

He strode over to her and began to unstrap her from the cross. He purposely left her wrists and ankles bound to the cross. When the other straps were unbuckled, he removed the blindfold, revealing her tear-soaked eyes. "Please, Master, my nipples," she gasped.

"Who are you?" he asked. Momentarily confused, she answered "Your slave, Master."

"What is your purpose?" he asked further. "To serve my Master, and please Him in any way he desires," Rachael answered, shaking from her prior exertions.

"Good answer, slave," he told her. Reaching out, he squeezed the handles of both clamps and removed them quickly from her nipples. She screamed, thrashing against her bonds. "FUCK FUCK FUCK THAT HURTS!" she blurted out, as the blood began to return to her tortured nipples, causing a searing pain that almost caused her to faint. A stream of urine splashed down between her legs and onto the floor.

Ignoring the piss for the moment, Brad pinched both nipples between thumb and forefingers. "What was that, slave?"

"I'm so sorry, Master, it hurts so bad," she wailed. "NEVER speak to me that way again. Understood?" he emphasized with a twist of her nipples. "YES MASTER, NEVER AGAIN, NEVER AGAIN!" she howled.

He let go of her nipples and released her from the cross. She started to collapse from shock and exhaustion as she was guided off of the cross, but Brad caught her. Guiding her to the floor, he issued the "Fours" command. Shakily, on unsteady hands and knees, she assumed the position. "Now, clean up your mess,"

he ordered sternly. Lowering her upper body, Rachael began to feverishly lick up the puddle she had created on the concrete floor.

Once he was satisfied, he snapped a leash on her collar, led her back out to the patio and locked her in her cage. Without looking back, he walked back into the house, pressing the "Silent Mode" on his remote. Collapsing onto the floor, Rachael curled into a fetal ball, sobbing, cradling her tortured breasts.

Chapter 17 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

Karla Roberts was a police detective in the same city as the University that Rachael and Brad attended. At the age of 26, she had been on the force for three years, first as a beat cop, then recently promoted to detective. She had long brown hair, 36D breasts, and stood at a full six feet. She kept fit, and it showed, running five miles three times weekly.

She was at work, sitting at her desk, typing out a report, when her cell phone rang. "Hello?" "Karla honey, it's Aunt Jenny. How are you?" said the voice on the phone. "Hi, Aunt Jenny, I'm good - how about you?" Karla answered. "I'm fine, honey, but I'm a little concerned - I haven't heard from Rachael in a few days, and she usually calls me almost daily, even if it's just to say hello," Rachael's mother said.

"Well, it is Spring Break this week; are you sure she didn't take off for a little vacation?" "She told me that she was invited to go down to Florida this week, but she had declined," answered Jenny. "She said she was going to hang around the dorm this week and catch up on her studies." "Did you check with the college? Maybe they would be able to locate her." said Karla. "I already did; I spoke with college security, and they sent someone to her dorm, and no one has seen her since Friday. Karla, I'm worried - Rachael always has her phone with her, and always answers. Could you do me a big favor and look into this?"

Sighing inwardly, Karla spoke to Jenny. "Tell you what, Aunt Jenny, I'll do a little private investigation. So far, there is no solid proof that Jenny is actually missing, so I can't open an official case file. But I will do a little checking on my own and let you know what I find out." "Oh, thank you honey, that means a lot to me. Please call me if you come across any information." "I will, and you're welcome. I'll be in

touch." Karla said as she ended the call. She wasn't convinced that Rachael had met with foul play, but she had promised to look into it.

She decided to make a call to a friend on the Campus Security force. A quick call confirmed that Campus Police had, in fact, done a cursory search for the girl, checking her dorm room and canvassing the surrounding dorms. Karla decided that the investigating done by the Campus Police was sufficient, for now. She would follow up on that later, if she felt it necessary. She started by calling Rachael's cell, resulting in an outgoing message from Rachael: "Hey, you've got Rachael; I can't talk right now, so leave a message, and I'll get back to you!" She hung up and decided to submit a request for Rachael's phone records and locations.

Next, Karla searched the online DMV database for Rachael's registration. Once she retrieved it, she ran a search on the law enforcement database for any hits on that number. A few seconds later, the display showed a hit. Rachael's car had been declared abandoned and towed to the city impound lot. Karla scanned the screen for the reporting officer, making note of his name. She decided to look him up at the end-of-shift.

Rachael was constantly tired and hungry now; it seemed like she never got enough food or sleep. Worse yet, the meager rations she received had to be earned by deep throating the dildo. At each successive feeding, the Bot added five more seconds to her minimum deep throat time. Her mind had retreated into itself; she obeyed without thinking anymore. One day ran into the next; she began to lose hope that she would ever escape this sadist. Each day was a virtual repeat of the last; exercises, feeding and rest periods. Brad always managed to visit at least once or twice daily, to get his rocks off in one or more of Rachael's available holes.

Chapter 18 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

It was now end-of-shift, and Karla kept a lookout for the officer who had filed a report on Rachael's car. Finally, she spotted him walking into the precinct. "Hey Joe, you got a second?" Karla said as he walked by. "Sure, Karla, what's up?" he responded. "You handled an 11-24 yesterday, out on River Road. A red Toyota. What can you tell me about it?" she asked.

"Oh yeah, a passing motorist called it in. Seems like it had been sitting there for a couple of days. I rode over and checked it out. Looks like the tire blew. It looked pretty shredded, like the driver had continued driving on it even after it went flat," Joe responded. "I called in an 11-85, and waited there until the wrecker arrived. That's about all I can tell you about it," he said.

"Ok, thanks, Joe, much appreciated," Karla told him. She decided to drive over to the Impound lot and check out the car. Arriving at the lot, Karla spoke to the attendant and told him why she was there. The attendant told her where to find the car, and she walked over to it. Remnants of the tire were still hanging on the rim. Bending down, Karla took a closer look at the tire. Picking up a section of tread, a metallic flash caught her eye. She grabbed it with her fingers and pulled on it. It appeared to be a screw head, and resisted her attempts to remove it. She turned it over in her hand, and looked at the inside face of the tread.

Sure enough, the pointed end of a screw was protruding from the inside face. This was most likely the culprit in causing the flat, but was it placed there intentionally? Or did she pick it up on the road? Karla wondered. It was still circumstantial, but things were starting to look suspicious. Pulling out her cell phone, Karla dialed a friend at the crime lab. "Hey Bob, how's it going?" she asked when he picked up. "Just great, Karla, and you?" he responded.

"I need a favor, Bob. There's a red Toyota down here at the impound lot. I need to have it processed ASAP. Possible crime scene. I would like to keep this private, at least for now." she told him. "Is this personal?" Bob asked. "Yeah, my cousin may have gone missing, and I want to look into this myself before I declare this an official Missing Persons case." Karla replied. "OK, Karla, but you owe me one," he said. "Thanks, Bob, much appreciated," She said, giving him the registration number.

Chapter 19 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

It was late afternoon when Brad made another appearance at her cage. Obediently, she crawled over to the cage door and stuck her head through the circular opening. Instead of trapping her head in the opening, he unlocked and

opened the cage door. Snapping a leash on her collar, he led her into the basement. "Present!" he ordered. She rose up on her knees, placing her hands behind her head. He opened the armoire and pulled out an armbinder. Pulling her arms behind her, he proceeded to slip the armbinder over them until it nearly reached her shoulders.

Methodically, he began tightening the lacings, beginning at her wrists and working his way up her arms, until her elbows touched painfully, pulling her shoulders back and causing her breasts to stand out. He proceeded to run the leather straps diagonally across her chest, buckling them snugly to keep the armbinder in place. Pulling out the leather blindfold, he fastened it snugly around her head, cutting off her vision. Next, he produced a ring gag, which he strapped into place behind her teeth.

She knelt there, trembling at the anticipation of more torture. "Today, slave, I have decided to give you a break," he said, smirking. "All you have to do is suck my cock. You will remain on your knees and search until you find it," he directed. She knew it would be too good to be true; nothing was ever that simple with Brad. He was still finding a way to torture her; it was just in a different form. Drool began to drip down her chin and onto her breasts. She could hear him moving across the floor, unzipping his pants.

"Begin," he ordered. Rachael began to shuffle forward blindly on her knees, her mouth held agape by the ring gag, searching for his cock. She crawled in the direction she thought she had heard him go, scraping her knees on the concrete floor. As she proceeded across the floor, a sudden crack of a crop on her left breast made her turn to the right. She guessed correctly that he was directing her with the crop. She shuffled a few more yards, trying in vain to find him. Another snap caught her on her right breast, causing her to turn left.

"Stop!" Brad ordered as she came to a halt, "I don't think you're putting enough effort into this. I think you need a little motivation," he said, facetiously. He walked over to the armoire and pulled out a roll of plastic wrap. He unrolled a two foot length and tore it off. Walking back over to her, he stretched it out and wrapped it around her face, sealing the ends to each other in the back, completely covering her face, cutting off her air. Immediately, Rachael began to panic, pulling at her bonds, bending down and rubbing her mouth across her

knees, trying to find a way to remove the plastic wrap.

"Yes, I think you're properly motivated now," he said, chuckling. "The only way you can breathe is if you can find my hard cock and pierce the plastic through the ring gag. Now, I think you'll do this as if your life depended on it, which it does!" he said with a laugh. Desperately, Rachael lunged forward, blindly searching for Brad. As she shuffled frantically about, she tried vainly to breathe, her lungs burning with oxygen starvation. As her oxygen level began to plummet, she thrashed about blindly, breasts heaving, desperate for air. As she stumbled forward, she ran into the support post in the middle of the room, bouncing off and falling over. Momentarily stunned, she shook her head and found a way to scramble to her knees and continue her search.

Ultimately, she began to fade out, her skin turning blue. As she stopped moving forward, she began to fall over. Moving quickly, Brad grabbed her by the ponytail and jammed his cock into her mouth, piercing the plastic wrap. He didn't stop until he was touching the back of her throat, just to underscore his dominance, before pulling out to allow her to take a breath.

She took deep, gasping breaths, the tattered remains of the plastic wrap fluttering in and out of the ring gag. He gave her about ten seconds to recover, then plunged his cock into her mouth and down her throat, causing tears to stream down her cheeks. Rachael, dazed, did her best to endure the oral rape. Brad continued to thrust in and out, speeding up as he approached orgasm. Finally, he jammed his cock down the throat as far as he could, groaning as he spasmed, spewing his jism down her throat.

Pulling out, he wiped his cock off on her face and hair. Still reeling from her ordeal, Rachael bent over and retched. "If you spill a drop, you'll lick it up off the floor," Brad warned. Rachael straightened up, struggling to compose herself. Finally, she calmed down, kneeling quietly, her breathing slowing down. She hoped that her torture was over for today. He loosened the armbinder laces and unbuckled the leather straps. Once it was removed, her arms fell to her sides, stiff and numb. She rolled her aching shoulders around, trying to loosen them up. Brad removed the ring gag, then ordered her to resume the "Present" position.

She obeyed, placing her hands behind her head, the blindfold still in place. "You

will hold position, no matter what," he ordered. Rachael heard him pull something off the wall. She tensed, waiting for something to strike her body. He stood there, regarding her, not moving. The wait was its own kind of torture. At last, she heard him approach and gritted her teeth in anticipation. Suddenly, a line of pain flashed across her left nipple, as a red stripe appeared across the middle of her breast, making her drop her hips and bend forward, reflexively. "PRESENT! MAINTAIN POSITION!" he roared. "We will do this until we get it right!" he snarled, fingering the slender bamboo cane in his hand. Wearily, she resumed position, steeling herself for the torture to come. Once again, he made her wait, trembling in anticipation.

SNAP! Her other nipple exploded in pain. Gasping, she flinched, but quickly resumed position. Brad took out his remote and pressed a button. "Silent Mode is now off," he told her. "Now, you will beg me to beat you," he ordered. Rachael looked up through the blindfold, incredulous. "What, Master?" she asked. "To demonstrate your total devotion to me, you will pick a body part and beg me to hit you there," he said. It took her a moment to process this. She was being ordered to participate in her own torture. If she refused, the beating could be worse. On the other hand, it was a mental torture to be forced to dictate her own pain.

"Don't make me wait, slut; your punishment will just get worse," he warned. Thinking quickly, she spoke. "Th-thighs, Master?" He complied, slashing a red stripe on each thigh. "Next," he ordered. "Ass," was her response, her breathing quickening. Presently, twin welts appeared on her ass. "Next," he said. "Trying to avoid her more sensitive areas, she chose thighs again. "NO REPEATS!" he growled, adding a second stripe to her ass. "NEXT!" he ordered, becoming more impatient. This time, she chose her back. He obliged, striping her back.

"NEXT!" he ordered. Thinking fast, she blurted, "Stomach!" Soon, a red welt appeared across her stomach. Throughout the beating, she managed to maintain position, with minimal flinching. "Next," he prodded, impatiently, tapping the cane against his palm. "Calves!" she cried, flinching in advance. He swung down, hitting both, as she struggled to maintain her composure. Rachael, running out of options, made her next choice. "F-FEET!" she whimpered, howling as he rained a blow down on each sole. "NEXT!" he shouted, knowing she was running out of relatively safe places, leaving only the most sensitive areas available.

"B-breasts?" she blubbered. "NO REPEATS! NEXT!" he barked. "WELL?" he asked, when she didn't reply immediately. "Arms?" she asked, hesitantly. "No, too close to your face," he replied. "Wouldn't want to damage my property." Her dilemma was evident; there was only one other place to pick, but she couldn't bring herself to say it. "Say it, or I will whip your nipples off," Brad warned, knowing fully why she was stalling.

"P-P-Pussy?" she sobbed, trembling. Her legs closed subconsciously. "OPEN THOSE LEGS AND HOLD POSITION!" he snarled, slashing the cane across her ass. Weeping, she opened her wobbly legs and held position, quivering. He stood there, making her wait, drawing out the torture. Finally, he swung the cane upward, slicing between her pussy lips. She slammed her legs together, falling over onto the floor, howling in pain. "GET YOUR ASS BACK IN POSITION, SLAVE!" he snapped, "I CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT!" giving her another slice on her back with the cane.

Wearily, she got back on her knees, tears streaming out of her blindfold. "If you can hold position, this will be your last hit," he told her, "but you must beg me to hit your pussy, and thank me afterward." Rachael paused, clearly in a quandary. "WELL?" he asked.

"P-P-Please Master, h-h-hit m-my p-p-pussy?" she sobbed in an anguished voice. "Why, I'd be happy to," he said, jovially. Rachael tensed, waiting. Once again, he took his time, prolonging her torture. Suddenly, he swung the cane, catching her right between her cunt lips. She shrieked, using every ounce of self-control to hold her position, trembling in pain. He waited a couple of minutes. "WELL?" he asked again. It took Rachael a few seconds for her addled brain to regain cognitive thought. "T-Thank you Master," she whimpered. "Thanks for what?" he asked, toying with her. "T-Thank you for b-beating my p-pussy," she stammered. "A slave thanks her Master properly by worshipping his feet," he replied.

She bent down immediately and began feverishly licking his feet, hoping to avoid any further beating. Once she was finished, he had her clean his cock and balls, before leading her back to her cage.

Chapter 20 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

Rachael had just completed her second exercise of the day, getting her cunt muscles stimulated while the breast cups sucked on her tits. She lay on her pad, dazed and depressed. She was slowly giving up any hope of rescue or escape, resigned to a life of torture and abuse. Brad came out around noontime, wearing shorts and shirtless, and walked up to the cage. Rachael crawled over to the cage door and stuck her head through, per Brad's standing orders. He slid the cage section down to lock her head in place, as usual.

He opened his pants and pulled out his growing cock, and without ceremony, shoved it into her mouth. After it reached full erection, he plunged it down her throat. After thrusting in and out for a couple of minutes, he pulled out completely. Rachael, confused, gave him a questioning look. "That was just an appetizer, slut. I have something much more entertaining in mind, at least for me," he said, grinning.

With that, he released her head and opened the cage door. Leading her out on a leash, they went back into the basement. Once inside, Rachael noticed a new piece of furniture. It was a large black wooden table with steel eye bolts protruding about every three inches along the edges. Brad ordered her to get up on the table and lie down on her back.

He retrieved a blindfold and buckled it around her head. Rachael shivered as she tried to imagine what tortures lay in store. Suddenly, she felt a pinching on her right nipple as Brad attached a nipple clamp. Instinctively, she began to raise her hands to protect herself, before Brad grabbed them and forced them back down to the table. "Leave your hands by your sides, cunt, before I tie them down," he warned.

He placed another clamp on her left nipple. These clamps felt different to Rachael. They didn't seem to bite like the first clamps he had used on her. She was right; Brad was using rubber-tipped clamps, the kind that can be pulled off safely without tearing the skin. They still hurt, especially when pulled off, but they would leave her nipples intact.

Next, Rachael felt something being applied to her crotch and pubic hair area. It was warm. Suddenly, she realized what it must be - hair removal wax! She had a

short blonde trimmed bush, but she had never shaved or waxed before. Submissively, she lay quiet while he worked on her. Next, she felt the pressure of two strips of wax removal tape being applied vertically to the waxed area. She tensed, waiting for the sharp pain of the tape as it was yanked off. A couple of minutes passed. She wondered why it was taking so long, wanting to get it over with.

All of a sudden, she felt her nipples being pulled upward. She began to sit up to ease the pressure on them, her arms supporting her from behind. Next, the tape on her genitals was being pulled up slowly. She raised her pelvis off the table to counteract the discomfort. The pressure on both areas kept increasing until Rachael was up on all fours, facing the ceiling. Once her torso was horizontal, Brad tied off the strings which ran up through a pulley suspended from the ceiling, and down to the nipple clamps and the top end of the tape.

Rachael was trapped; she couldn't ease her body down without significant pain, and she couldn't raise her hands (which were still uselessly bound in leather) to do anything to affect her situation. She realized that she was completely helpless, without a single rope or shackle binding her to the table. Her pulse and breathing quickened as she waited helplessly, muscles straining to maintain her position.

Presently, she heard what sounded like a match being struck. *He's lighting something; probably another candle*, she thought. Suddenly, without warning, a drop of molten wax exploded on her belly. She recoiled, pulling her torso down reflexively, in an attempt to escape the assault. As she did so, her nipples and crotch were pulled painfully upward, reminding her of her limited range of movement.

Another drop of hot wax landed on her chest, between her breasts. She flinched, bringing even more pain to her nipples. It began to dawn on her - the lesson here was to maintain position, no matter what was being done to her. Steeling herself, she managed to maintain position, gasping as hot wax was dripped on her breasts, thighs, and stomach. When Brad saw that she had managed to tolerate the wax, he switched to the quirt, removing the wax from her body as he slashed those same areas.

It was getting harder to maintain position; Rachael's muscles were quivering from

the strain. Her arms were near exhaustion, her legs were shaking. As her upper body began its inexorable descent, her nipples were stretched further upward. Ultimately, the nipple clamps began to slide off her nipples, creating more pain as they pinched skin closer to the tips. Finally, first the right, then the left nipple clamp came off with a quick snap, eliciting a squeal from their victim, as she dropped to her elbows. Punished by a shock from her collar, Rachael fought to maintain her new position, her pelvis still held up in the air by the wax removal tape.

Just when she thought she could take no more, she felt a rope being tied around her left ankle, then over to the right ankle, with about a foot of length between. She wasn't sure why he would do that; it didn't make it any harder for her to hold her pelvis up. Then, she felt a tugging on the rope, as if Brad was tying another rope to the center of the ankle rope.

She felt a sudden yank on the ankle rope, pulling on her legs toward the far end of the table, causing her hips to drop a fraction of an inch, before she stopped the motion with a mighty effort from her hamstring muscles. The surface of the table was polished, however, and it was difficult to keep her feet from sliding. She managed to jerk them back in a little.

Brad picked up the gallon milk jug that was filled with water and set it back on the edge of the table. It was tied to the rope that was tied to the middle of Rachael's ankle rope. With a flick of his finger, it fell off the table and plummeted down toward the floor, before jerking to a stop at the end of its tether. Once again, Rachael's ankles were jerked forward another inch. She winced as a tuft of pussy hair was yanked out by the tape. Beads of sweat began to form on Rachael's body; she was rapidly using up her last reserves to avoid hanging literally by her cunt hair.

Desperate, Rachael tried to inch her way down toward the end of the table, but the string tied to the tape held fast, and she only succeeded in pulling another clump of hair out by the roots. Once more, Brad picked up the jug and placed it on the table, only to push it off, sending it plunging down. This time, Rachael heard it slide off the table and was prepared for the jerk on her ankle rope.

She hung there in her agony, sweat dripping off her body, waiting. Thirty seconds,

sixty seconds...she turned her head blindly, trying to listen for any clue to what Brad was up to now.

SLAP!!! Suddenly, his leather strap struck both breasts, right across the nipples. Shrieking, Rachael lost her concentration and relaxed her legs, resulting in the jug pulling her feet out from under her. Jolted by her shocking collar, she was now hanging by her pubes. The pain was incredible, as she hung there for a couple of seconds. As she scrambled to try and get her feet back under her, the tape started to pull away, taking her hair with it. Suddenly there was a tearing sound, much like the sound of Velcro being separated, as the tape came completely off, taking all of Rachael's pubic hair with it.

As she fell to the table, she curled into a fetal ball, crying, rocking, hands between her legs, holding her now denuded cunt in pain. "YOU BASTARD!" she screamed, ignoring the shock from the collar. Losing it, she rolled sideways off the table, pushed the blindfold up and off, and started to run toward the door.

She forgot about the ankle rope, which now became a hobble, not to mention the milk jug still trailing behind. She made it about three feet before she fell to the floor, sobbing.

Swiftly, Brad grabbed her by the collar and dragged her over to the post, where the chain still lay. Locking it to her collar, he walked away and went over to the piece of equipment that resembled a sawhorse, picking it up and carrying it outside. Returning, he picked up a tripod stand of some sort and carried that outside as well. She was frightened; she could tell he was in a dark mood - too angry to even speak.

Chapter 21 *(added: 2015/09/20)*

He spent the next ten minutes fussing with something outside, then came in and unlocked her from the chain. He had decided to set this up outside, as the table was currently in the way in the basement. The bitch was about to learn a lesson about what happens when you disobey your Master. He came back and removed the hobble before attaching a leash.

Leading her out on all fours by the leash, he brought her over to the sawhorse. It had a padded top, and eyebolts at the bottom of each leg. He had her lay down along the length of it on her belly, then used wrist and ankle cuffs to bind her to it, along with a leather strap around her lower back. He also produced some clover style nipple clamps, which were connected by an eighteen inch chain. He clamped one over her sore, tortured left nipple, then ran the chain down under the sawhorse beam, then up to the other nipple. The chain barely stretched around the beam. These clamps were devious; if the chain was pulled, they clamped tighter on the nipple. If she attempted to move more than an inch or two, her nipples would pay the price.

There was a stand directly in front of her, with a dildo mounted on an arm, pointed directly at her head. He walked around to the front and moved the stand closer until the dildo was almost touching her face. "OPEN UP!" he barked, pulling her head back by her hair. As she opened her mouth, he loosened a thumbscrew on the side of the arm and slid the dildo forward into her mouth. When it was almost to the entrance of her throat, he stopped and tightened the thumbscrew. She was now trapped in this position, not being able to back off of the dildo. If the dildo went any farther into her throat, she would likely suffocate.

He walked back into the cellar and emerged with a single tail whip. Standing a few feet away, he drew back and threw it, landing with a sharp CRACK! on her buttocks. Reflexively, Rachael surged forward, gagging on the dildo, feeling the clamps biting down on her nipples as the chain grew taut. Forcing herself to relax, she pulled back as far as she could. CRACK! Another stroke hit her on the back of her thigh. Again, she pitched forward, choking on the dildo, her nipples on fire. She forced herself to hold back, enduring the next few blows with a minimum of flinching.

Still angry, Brad threw down the whip and strode up to the sawhorse. Dropping his pants and pulling out his cock, he jammed it into her pussy, making her gasp at the pain. He slammed into her repeatedly, causing her to impale her throat on the dildo with each stab of his cock. Desperately, she began pushing back on his cock with each thrust to avoid choking. She knew that that was what he probably wanted, but she had no other options.

Karla was sitting in Interview One, questioning a carjacking suspect, when her cell phone vibrated. She didn't want to interrupt the interview, so she let it go to

voicemail. When she got back to her desk, she checked the message. "Hey Karla, this is Bob. I processed the Toyota as you requested. Didn't find anything, 'til I dusted the driver's side front fender, right above the wheel well. Got a good palm print and index and middle fingerprints. He must have leaned on the fender as he bent down to sabotage the tire. Ran it through IAFIS and got a hit: one Bradley Huntington. Lives at 245 Lakewood Drive, which is within five miles of River Road, where her car was abandoned. Call me if you have any questions. You owe me a six-pack!" he said, kiddingly.

Typing the name into the criminal database, she pulled up his rap sheet and mug shot.

Huntington, Bradley III, Male, DOB 04May95 6', 182 lbs.

Last known address: 245 Lakewood Drive

13Nov12 Offense: Aggravated sexual assault

16Nov12 Dismissed; complainant elected not to press charges.

02Jun14 Offense: Speeding, Disobedience to Flashing Signals, Improper Lane Use, Evading Police Officer.

Fine: \$1500

Karla entered the address into her phone, then dashed out to her unmarked car. She drove straight out to the address, passing by the house slowly, looking for anything suspicious. She parked a couple hundred feet down the road, and got out of the car. She had her Glock sidearm on her hip, as well as a police-issue Taser. Making her way through the trees, she approached the front of the lake house and peered surreptitiously through a window into the living room. Nothing looked out of place, and no one could be seen. She started making her way around the side of the house, when she heard a crack, like the sound of a whip.

Chapter 22: Rachael's Revenge *(added: 2015/10/19)*

Brad was slamming his cock violently into Rachael's pussy, and as he did, the sawhorse was inching forward by a fraction of an inch during each thrust. The dildo was now in her throat, and she no longer had enough slack to withdraw and take a breath. She pushed back with all her might, ignoring the pain from the

nipple clamps. Tears came to her eyes as she realized that she wasn't going to live through this.

Brad continued his brutal rape, but the bitch seemed to be enjoying it, pushing back and all. He decided to step it up. He pulled out, grabbed his cock, and aimed for her asshole. He took a half a step back, lining up the shot, and prepared to lunge forward, spearing her asshole in one thrust. As he stepped back, his ass exploded in pain, as the twin barbs of Karla's Taser shot into his ass cheeks, causing him to jerk upright, then fall down, shaking and twitching. She kept the juice running for a few seconds, just to make sure the bastard was down for the count.

She was on him in an instant, whipping out her handcuffs and shackling his wrists behind his back. "Freeze, asshole, you're under arrest!" she shouted. It was then that she looked up and saw her cousin, struggling to keep from gagging on the dildo. She rushed over to the tripod stand, and carefully pulled it back, withdrawing it from Rachael's mouth. Rachael looked up at her in shock like she had seen a ghost.

K-Karla? She whispered, and jerked, as she got shocked, before she passed out. Karla looked Rachael over. There were red welts all over her body. She was filthy, and smelled of urine. She hurriedly unbound her cousin from the sawhorse, tenderly removing the nipple clamps, and carried her to a nearby lounge chair, where she laid her down. Slowly, Rachael regained consciousness. Karla spoke: "Rachael? It's alright; it's over. I got the bastard." Rachael looked up and saw her cousin's worried gaze.

Rachael, still in disbelief that her ordeal was over, broke out in tears. She reached out with her arms and gave Karla a hug, a hug that lasted a few minutes, while Karla patted her back and whispered in Rachael's ear. "Rachael, speak to me. Are you alright?" Karla asked, concerned. Breaking off the hug, Rachael touched her collar with her leather-bound hand and shook her head. She looked past Karla for the first time and saw Brad, still lying on the ground.

She got up, and half crawled, half limped over to him, still weak and in shock. Karla followed, and when she got there, Rachael was pointing to a chain hanging around Brad's neck. There were a few keys dangling from a key ring on the chain.

Karla understood, and ripped the chain from around Brad's neck. She examined the keys, and Rachael's collar, and identified the one that looked like it would fit the lock. Turning the key in the lock, the collar opened up and fell away from Rachael's neck.

"Karla! Thank God! How did you find me?" Rachael rasped. "It's a long story; I'll tell you when we have a little more time. Give me your hands," Karla said as she used another key from the ring to unlock and remove the leather mittens. "First, we need to take care of this asshole." Karla replied. Rachael's hands looked like claws; after days being held in that position, she had trouble uncurling her fingers. Her feet, however, were working just fine. She stood up, turned and faced a still prone Brad, who was beginning to come around.

Her first kick connected with his stomach, causing him to gasp and exhale sharply. The next blow landed a little further south, scoring a direct hit on his balls. "YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE! I SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT HERE!" she screamed, tears flowing, grabbing for Karla's gun. Karla reacted quickly, though, and grabbed Rachael's wrist before she could pull the gun out of its holster. "Rachael! Stop it! He's not worth it!" she shouted. Rachael just continued to kick Brad, sobbing, venting several days' worth of rage.

With his hands cuffed behind his back, Brad was helpless to defend himself, except to curl up into a fetal ball, wheezing, cursing painfully. "You stupid bitch! When I get out of this, I'm going to kill *YOU!*" he spat, clearly not realizing the seriousness of his situation.

Suddenly, Rachael had an inspiration. Picking up the collar, she bent down and encircled his neck with it, closing it with a definitive click. She removed his pants from around his ankles and slid her hand into one of the pockets. With a cry of triumph, she pulled out the remote to the collar. It had a bank of two rows of buttons, numbered 1 to 10. Without hesitation, she pushed the "10" button and held it down. Brad's mouth opened to scream, but nothing came out, as he shook violently and thrashed around like a fish out of water.

"YOU WERE SAYING, MOTHERFUCKER?" she shouted at him. "GO AHEAD, THREATEN ME AGAIN!" she barked. Looking over the remote's controls, she found the Silent Mode button and pressed it. The remote's display read Silent Mode.

She stood there, waiting for the dumbass to say something.

"I said -" that was as far as he got before getting jolted by the collar. "You stup-" he tried again, before another shock jolted him. "Wow - what a stupid slave; guess you need some remedial training," Rachael said, her voice dripping with irony. "What did you call him?" Karla asked. "I was just throwing some of his words back at him," Rachael replied. "You called him a slave," Karla said. "That gives me an idea - I was just trying to figure out what to do with this slimeball. Does he live here alone?"

"As far as I know; I haven't seen anyone here since Friday - what day is it, by the way?" Rachael said. "It's Wednesday," Karla answered. "Wow - I'd lost count." said Rachael. "What did you have in mind?" she continued. "Let's go over there and talk," Karla said. They walked over to the doorway of the cellar, still able to see Brad, but out of earshot.

They talked for a few minutes, glancing over at him now and then. Finally, they seemed to come to an agreement. They walked back over to Brad, still lying where they had left him. They picked up the leather mittens and forced his handcuffed hands into them, locking them around his wrists, before removing the handcuffs. Resisting the urge to zap him one more time, Karla removed the taser barbs which were still imbedded in his ass, eliciting a yelp from their prisoner.

Rachael stood up, remote in hand. She gestured to the open cage door. "Up, slave, Fours Position, NOW!" she snapped. When he hesitated, she pushed a shock button again, experiencing immense gratification in giving him payback.

He finally got up on all fours, revealing for the first time, a look of fear. "Into your cage, slave," Rachael ordered. When the realization hit him, he panicked, and began to stand up and bolt from the patio. He made it about three steps, before Rachael took him down with the "10" button. He dropped like a stone; this time, he was out cold for a few seconds. When he came to, he moaned and lay there on the concrete in a daze. Suddenly, a sharp CRACK! sounded, a second before a searing pain erupted on his ass.

He screamed involuntarily, setting off the shock collar again. Looking up, he saw Karla off to the side, holding the single tail whip. "Get your ass in that cage, before

I literally tear you a new one!" Karla barked.

Quickly, he jumped up onto all fours, eyes wide. Without any further resistance, head hung down, Brad crawled over and entered the cage. He hesitated about halfway in, giving a last pleading look at Rachael. She responded with a swift boot to his ass with her heel, sending him sprawling into the cage.

She quickly swung the cage door closed, using her foot to slam it with a resounding clatter. The electronic lock engaged automatically. Brad turned around and got up on his knees, leaning against the cage door with his leather-bound hands, looking out at Rachael with pleading eyes, afraid to speak.

"I've got some business to attend to, shouldn't be more than a few days," she said sarcastically, with a smirk, as she and Karla strolled toward the house. Brad, looking around inside the cage, realized that the Slave Training Program was still active. How was he going to survive? Just then, the Bot spoke. "It is time for your next exercise," the Bot told him. *Oh god, no!* he thought.

"This exercise will help you develop your vaginal and anal muscles," the Bot announced. "You will now back up until the dildo is fully seated in your cunt," the Bot ordered.

Chapter 23

Desperately, Brad pushed against the cage door, but it held fast. He felt a warning tingle from the collar. Panicking, he threw himself at the door, frantically trying to escape, but the SlaveMaster cage was sturdily built. "You have 30 seconds to comply," the Bot warned. His mind was spinning; he couldn't think of a way out of this. The dildo had engaged, and was excreting lubricant along its length.

Briefly, he thought about putting his lips on it; maybe he could fool it into thinking he was complying. Then he remembered that the built-in cage sensors would recognize that his collar was too close to the dildo and punish him. Realizing that he was out of options, he backed up, backing his feet out of the six inch high opening beneath the dildo. He moved his ass up and down, lining up the dildo with his puckered asshole.

Holding his breath, he pushed against the dildo, trying to get it past his tight anal ring. "You now have ten seconds to have it fully seated in your cunt," the Bot announced. A sound like a clock's ticking emanated from the Bot's speaker. In a panic, frantic, he pushed with all his might, and the cock breached his sphincter, leaving him gasping in pain, panting. At the zero mark, the collar began to shock him, motivating him to shove his ass all the way back until he was fully impaled, gasping and panting in pain.

Suddenly, he could feel a change in the dildo as dozens of small nubs protruded along the length and circumference of the shaft. "You will now clamp down on the cock and attempt to pull it away from the wall," the Bot ordered. *Shit!* he thought. It was bad enough that he was trapped and at the mercy of the girls; but here he was, hoisted on his own petard, in a somewhat literal sense.

Having no choice in the matter, he clamped down on the cock and pulled on it. As he began to slide off, the collar gave him a warning tingle. "You will continue this exercise until you can produce at least 20 foot-pounds of pulling force for ten seconds," the Bot ordered. Now he was scared, not knowing if he could meet the requirements. Plus, he knew this was just the first part of this exercise. The Bot's programming was set up for a female; it assumed that a cunt was currently on the dildo; the second part would order him to stick it up his asshole, again! *Shit!*

Grunting, he backed up and tried again. Squeezing his sphincter muscle as hard as he could, he tried once again to complete the task. A sheen of sweat emerged as he began to pull forward, while maintaining a tight grip on the cock. At the ten second mark, the Bot spoke again: "Congratulations, slave, you have achieved your first goal. You may now fuck yourself on the dildo for two minutes, but you may not cum without permission."

Shit shit shit!!! this day was getting worse by the minute. He knew he would be punished for disobedience, so he began to slide back and forth on the dildo. Suddenly, the cock began to vibrate. To his complete surprise, his cock began to get hard. He wasn't sure why, but it actually started to feel good, albeit in a strange kind of way. He picked up the pace a little, hoping to get the relief that was denied him earlier when he had been about to fuck Rachael in the ass.

When the two minutes was up, he hadn't cum, but it had still felt surprisingly

good. He pulled off the dildo and lay on the floor.

"You will resume your position and insert the dildo into your ass," the Bot ordered. "You have five minutes to have it fully seated." *Fuck! I can't do this again*, he thought. Then he realized that it might give him enough time to actually climax, so he got up again and positioned his asshole at the tip of the dildo.

Meanwhile, Rachael and Karla had gone inside the lake house and were looking around. Rachael showed Karla the bondage equipment in the basement and gave her a brief description of how it had been used on her. As they looked over the Bondage table, Rachael remembered her recent torture and glanced down at her denuded pussy. Her entire crotch was still very red and sore from her violent depilation.

Checking out the armoire, they found Rachael's clothes stuffed into a drawer, which she quickly put on, grateful to be clothed once again for the first time in nearly a week. Her purse and cell phone, which had been turned off, were in the same drawer.

They climbed upstairs, exploring the first floor. The tall picture windows in the living room gave a spectacular view of the lake below. The room was tastefully decorated with comfortable furniture, arranged about a huge stone fireplace. The large room included a set of stairs, leading to a second floor loft, overlooking the living room.

Continuing up to the second floor loft, they found a collection of bedrooms, including one that looked like Brad's; the bedclothes were askew, and dirty clothes littered the floor. Moving on, they came across nook area containing a desk with a computer and four flat screen monitors, showing live views of the cage, each from a different angle. They watched with amusement at Brad, on all fours, fucking himself in the ass on the dildo inside the cage.

Rachael, intrigued, sat down in the desk chair and touched a key on the keyboard. A message appeared on one of the monitors, requesting a password. "Rachael, what are you doing?" Karla asked. "This is probably the computer that has been controlling me for the past few days," Rachael said. Karla looked at her, confused. "That thing sitting outside the cage is called a Slave Training Bot. It gives

commands and uses the shocking collar to punish if the wearer doesn't obey. It has a preprogrammed schedule of exercises, like the one Brad is doing right now. It also provides water and nutrients through a hole in the end of the dildo."

"Ohmigod, you've been in the cage all week?" "Most of the time, except when it let me out to exercise and to relieve myself on the lawn," she said bitterly, as Karla's eyes widened. "The only other time I was let out was by Brad himself, whenever he felt like torturing me." She tried typing a couple of words, but was unsuccessful in guessing the password.

"That's alright, sweetie, a day or two in the cage with this program running will soften him up enough to give us the password, or anything else we want!" Karla said. "So we're really going to keep him here as a slave?" Rachael asked. "It's up to you, honey. I figure you've got two options: one, I arrest him and take him in, meaning that you would have to re-live all the shit he's done to you, and tell it to investigators. Eventually, you would have to testify in court, re-living it again in minute detail. The media would have a field day with this story, and everyone you know, plus a few million people would read about it online and in the newspapers."

"Option two: we keep him here, as a slave. As I understand it, he lives here alone, and is estranged from his parents. I think we could keep this under wraps, without any problems. I can stay here, at least through the end of this week, to keep an eye on him. I'm sure I can get a few close friends of mine on the force to help out. You can go back to the dorm, and visit from time to time. From what you have told me, the cage system is pretty self-sufficient. Once we get the password, I'm sure we can customize the program to personalize it even more for him."

Karla bent down on one knee, turning the desk chair so she could look Rachael in the eye. "So, what do you want to do? Do you want to see him jailed for the next fifteen to twenty years, or are you ready for some payback?"

Rachael thought it over for about five seconds. "PAYBACK!" she cried. "Jail would be too cushy for that bastard! He's gotta pay for what he did to me!" "That's all I needed to hear," said Karla, "I'll set it up." Rachael thought for a moment. "I'm still on Spring Break this week, so I could stay here too until next Monday," she said.

Chapter 24

Karla decided to explain to Rachael how she found her. "Rache, your mother called me a couple of days ago, asking for help in locating you. I started investigating, and found your car at the impound lot with a shredded tire. I had a friend on the force do a CSI number on it and turned up a hand print, which happened to belong to Brad. I got his address, and drove over here as fast as I could." "That son of a bitch! He set me up right from the beginning!" Rachael exclaimed.

"Anyway, we need to call her and let her know that you're alright. I don't think we should tell her the truth, especially if we're going to keep this asshole for a while. Why don't you tell her that you met a guy, and ended up staying with him at his lake house for a few days. Tell her that your phone went dead, and you forgot to bring your charger with you." That way you are sort of telling her the truth, just a modified version of it!"

"That's perfect!" Rachael said, dialing her mother's number. "Mom! It's me! Yeah, I know, I'm sorry I didn't call sooner. Let me tell you why," Rachael told her mom. She proceeded to tell the story as Karla had suggested, embellishing a little here and there. "His name is... Brad, and he's a student at the University. Sure, you can meet him the next time I come home," she lied. "Yeah, I already spoke with Karla; she said she had been looking for me ever since you called. Sorry to have caused so much trouble."

"OK mom, I have to go now; Brad's waiting! Love ya, bye!" she said as she hung up, rolling her eyes. "God, that was tough, but I think she bought it!" Rachael said. "Nice work, Rache, very smooth!" Karla commented.

They continued to watch Brad's torment on the monitor, as he was forced to impale himself on the dildo a second time. His anguished facial expression revealed the torture he was enduring. Gritting his teeth, he could be seen pulling on the dildo with his asshole. He was clearly near the end of his rope - he kept sliding forward off the dildo, and, shocked by his collar, pushed his ass back and tried again. He made one last supreme effort, and counted to ten.

"Congratulations, slave, you have met your goal. You may now fuck yourself in the ass for five minutes, but you may not cum." The Bot announced. Wearily, Brad started sliding back and forth on the dildo, knowing the penalty for ignoring the order, just wanting to collapse on the floor and rest. After a couple of minutes, it started to feel good again. His erection was clearly visible on the monitors. "Oh my god, he's enjoying this!" Karla exclaimed. "Just wait," said Rachael.

He began to speed up, fucking himself in earnest now. His expression had changed from anguish to lust. His prostate was being massaged, and was responding. As he neared what felt like an orgasm, he began to clamp down with his anal muscles. His sphincter began to spasm, pumping out a rope of semen, yet it wasn't accompanied by the usual feelings of cumming.

Suddenly, a severe shock seared into his ass, propelling him off the dildo and causing him to crash against the cage door. He collapsed onto the floor, shaking and moaning, his leather bound hands reaching back, trying to console his burning, spasming asshole.

"You were warned about cumming without permission," the Bot said. Rachael and Karla watched with amusement. Suddenly, Rachael had an idea. "I'll be right back!" she exclaimed. Running downstairs and out onto the patio, she held the collar remote in her hand. Brad was still lying on the cage floor, recovering from the shock to his asshole. Suddenly, he got a moderate shock from his collar. Looking up, he saw Rachael standing nearby, with her finger on the remote.

"You have five minutes to clean up your mess, <slave i="">," she spat. Momentarily confused, he looked down and noticed the remnants of his semen on the cage floor. Realizing what she wanted, he gave her a dirty look, refusing to move. "Fine. So, how many days do you want to spend in this cage?" she asked, folding her arms across her chest.

Closing his eyes, looking defeated, he got up with a sigh and lowered his head down to the floor. Disgusted, he stuck his tongue out, but hesitated. "Four minutes left; tick tock, tick tock," she warned. Realizing that he was beaten, he began to drag his tongue slowly across the floor, gagging on the slimy cum. She

gave him a little warning shock, just for fun. "Better hurry up, slave, time's almost up!" Moving faster, he bent to his task, licking up the remaining semen.</slave>

When he finished, he looked up; she was gone. He thought about all the torture he had put her through while she was imprisoned in this cage; now he was about to experience that firsthand. He would have to find a way out of this; and when he did, both those bitches would pay dearly. He envisioned gaining control of them both; making Rachael shove a nightstick up that cop bitch's ass, while he shoved his cock down her piggy throat.

He began looking at the cage door latch mechanism, trying to figure out how he could get it open.

Rachael had gone back inside and upstairs to rejoin Karla. "Nice work, Rachael, we'll make a Mistress out of you yet!" Karla exclaimed, still watching the monitors. "Mistress? Isn't that a woman who has an affair with a married man?" Rachael asked. "No hon, in this case, it's the female equivalent of a slave Master," said Karla. She decided it was time to let Rachael in on a little secret.

"I have never told you before, but I have played in the BDSM world for a few years, now. I have a man who worships my boots; one who is proud to call himself my slave." Rachael's eyes widened. "You mean - " she hesitated.

"Yes, Rachael, I am a Mistress," Karla announced. "It's all very consensual; he has a normal vanilla life, but when he's with me, he becomes my submissive slave, willing to do anything to please me. Jim has been with me for the past two years. I have learned a lot from training him, and I can't wait to try some of those training exercises on that bastard!" she said, pointing at the monitor.

Brad was curled up on the cage floor, trying to get some rest. He had given up, at least temporarily, on defeating the cage door lock mechanism. All of a sudden, the Bot spoke. "You will now suck on the dildo for hydration and sustenance. You will not receive anything until you have deep throated the dildo for five minutes. Begin," he was ordered.

The realization hit him now, what Rachael had felt when she was ordered to suck the dildo after it had been in her ass. He knew there was no avoiding it; he would have to suck it up, literally. He tentatively placed his lips on the flaccid head,

slowly sliding down the length of the cock. It didn't taste as bad as he'd imagined, but the thought of where it had just been made him gag.

Meanwhile, Karla turned her attentions to her cousin. She drew a hot bath and helped Rachael out of her clothes. "Here you go, hon, relax for a while and recuperate." Gratefully, Rachael lowered herself into the tub, wincing as her scalped pussy hit the hot water. Finally, she lay back, sighing as she felt the tension leaving her body.

Leaving Rachael to her bath, Karla left the bathroom and returned to the computer desk. As she watched Brad on the monitors, sucking on the dildo in the cage, she pulled out her cell phone and dialed a number. "Jackie? Hey, it's Karla. I need a favor." Karla proceeded to give her friend a brief scenario.

Jackie was a skilled I.T. contractor whom Karla knew from the local BDSM club. They were fellow Dommies who often ran into each other there and were good friends. Jackie was black, six feet tall, 38DD breasts, and two-hundred and twenty pounds. You wouldn't call her fat (and most people wouldn't dare anyway); the word that best described her was "curvy".

Karla gave her the address. "You need to keep this to yourself," Karla told her. "No problem - I can be there in about half an hour," Jackie told her.

Brad had his lips around the dildo, sliding back and forth, but stopping short of deep-throating the cock. "Your blowjob technique is below acceptable levels. You will continue to practice until you are given hydration," the Bot told him. He increased his efforts, but still couldn't bring himself to deep throat the dildo.

A warning tingle from the collar motivated him to try a little harder. He slid his lips down the dildo until it touched the back of his throat. Taking a deep breath, he pushed forward, gagging and choking, gradually impaling his throat painfully on the cock. Tears flowed down his cheeks. He backed off for a couple of seconds, regrouping. "You have thirty seconds to reach the bottom of the dildo," the Bot announced. Taking a deep breath, Brad pushed forward desperately, gagging, until the dildo slid down his throat. He kept going until his chin touched the fake balls underneath, struggling to keep from vomiting.

"You must now hold the dildo in your throat and touch the sensors at the bottom for at least ninety seconds to receive sustenance," the Bot announced. *Ninety seconds?? What the fuck??* he thought. He had forgotten about the programming directive he had entered to add five seconds during each successive exercise.

He backed off, took another deep breath, and pushed his lips down the stiff cock. This time, it entered his throat a little easier, but it still hurt like hell. He pushed on, reaching the bottom. He didn't know how long he could hold his breath, but he knew he didn't have a choice.

At forty-five seconds, his lungs began to revolt, trying to suck in precious oxygen. Backing off, he took a couple of gasping breaths, then plunged back down on the cock. This time, he lasted about sixty seconds before backing off. "You will keep trying until you achieve your goal, slave," the Bot said.

Sobbing, gasping for air, Brad collapsed on the cage floor. A sudden shock jolted him, causing him to jump up and try again.

Karla opened the front door to let Jackie in. "Hey Jackie, thanks for coming," Karla greeted. "Are you kidding? Hell, I wouldn't miss this for the world! Is this for real?" Jackie asked. "Follow me, and I'll show you," Karla said, leading her upstairs to the computer desk and the monitors. "Holy shit, you weren't kidding!" Jackie exclaimed, watching Brad desperately trying to deep throat the dildo for the prescribed ninety seconds, and getting shocked for failure.

"So he's being controlled by this computer, and a shocking collar?" Jackie asked. "That's what Rachael tells me," Karla said. "We just don't know the password yet, but I bet he'd be willing to share that with us about now." "That would be great; it would save me a little time, here," Jackie answered.

Karla grabbed the collar remote and walked downstairs and out to the back patio. She strolled over to the cage and stood there for a couple of minutes, watching Brad's desperate struggle with the dildo.

Finally, she spoke. "Looks like you're really getting attached to your new toy," Karla joked. Brad jumped, gagging on the dildo. He was so focused on his task, he hadn't noticed her standing there. "Shall I leave the two of you alone?" she asked,

sarcastically. He pulled off the cock and pressed himself against the side of the cage, looking at her with tear-stained cheeks, frantically pointing to his collar with his leather mitten.

Momentarily confused, Karla looked at the remote and noticed the "Silent Mode" display. She pressed the "Cancel" button. "You may speak," Karla announced.

"Please, let me out of this; it keeps shocking me and I can't hold my breath for ninety seconds," Brad panted desperately. "Please WHAT?" Karla demanded. ""Please....Mistress?" he asked.

"First of all, you're not getting out of that cage anytime soon. I *might* be persuaded to modify or shut off the training program, but I don't have the password," Karla said, teasingly.

Suddenly, Brad jumped as another shock hit him. "You will keep trying until you achieve your goal, slave," the Bot said. Eyes wide, Brad pushed away from the cage wall and practically threw himself toward the back. Taking a deep breath, he plunged his lips back down over the dildo. She watched as he forced his lips to go all the way down to the base and stay there. Curious, she glanced at the second hand on her watch, waiting to see how long he could hold his breath.

She could tell that he was straining to hold position; it was probably the only way to avoid the punishing shock collar. At the sixty second mark, he started to squirm. At seventy seconds, he was visibly straining to breathe. Finally, at seventy-five seconds, he pulled off the cock, panting and gasping for air.

"Well?" Karla asked, tapping her foot. Dazed, it took Brad a moment to remember what Karla wanted. A moment later, another shock goaded him back to his task. "MasterBlaster! MasterBlaster!" he wheezed, before swallowing the dildo once again. Karla pressed the Silent Mode button again before she walked back to the house.

Chapter 25

Jackie watched the whole spectacle on the monitors, enjoying every second. She

logged onto his computer, using the password MasterBlaster. It took a few tries; she didn't know if it was a one-word password or two, or what letters were capitalized. From there, it was a simple task to find the SlaveMaster software program, still running in the background. She took a few minutes to familiarize herself with the program's construction and menus. Karla had come back upstairs and joined her at the computer.

"What do you think?" Karla asked. "About the program, or the asshole in the cage?" Jackie asked, smiling. "Either one," Karla answered with a laugh. "I think that we are going to have a hell of a lot of fun with this one. Can we keep him?" Jackie asked facetiously. "Indefinitely, as far as I'm concerned," Karla said. "Realistically, I think we can keep him for a few months, just long enough to re-train him. When we're done with him, he won't even be able to look a woman in the eye, let alone stalk one."

"What do you want to do about this Slave Training program? I can tweak it any way you want," Jackie said. They watched on the monitors as Brad tried once more to hold the cock down his throat for the required ninety seconds, but failing again. He looked haggard and exhausted. "Let's pause it for the moment. I don't want him to collapse completely just yet," Karla said. "We can always re-start it at any time; that way we can keep him off-balance," Jackie said.

Karla went back to the bathroom to check on Rachael, who was just emerging from the tub. "How are you feeling, hon?" Karla asked. "Much better, thanks," Rachael said. "The bath did wonders for me, both physically and mentally."

Karla explained to Rachael about Jackie, and why she had called her. "Jackie is a good friend of mine, as well as a fellow Mistress," Karla said. "She will be a great asset to us as we re-train this asshole. Once you've dried off and dressed, I'll introduce you to her."

"OK, great. Is there anything to eat around here? I've been on his disgusting liquid rations and his cum for the past few days, and I'm starving," Rachael said. "Tell you what, Rachael, there's a little pizza shop about fifteen minutes from here. Once you're ready, the three of us can go there and you can chow down to your heart's content. OK?" said Karla. "Sounds great; I can be ready in about ten minutes," said Rachael.

Karla went back to talk with Jackie. "Rachael's almost done in the bathroom. When she's ready, I thought we could head down to Luigi's Pizza. She hasn't had any solid food in days." "Sounds good to me," Jackie said. "This asshole's not going anywhere," she said, pointing to the monitors. Rachael appeared a few minutes later, and was introduced to Jackie. Jackie greeted her warmly, giving her a sympathetic hug.

"It sounds like you've been through the ringer this week, thanks to him," Jackie commented. "Yeah, I guess you could say that," said Rachael, "but I think I'm gonna enjoy the next few days - you know what they say: Payback's a bitch!" "And we're just the bitches to do it!" Karla added, making them all laugh. "OK, let's get going; Rachael's starving. We'll leave butthead in his cage."

They climbed into Karla's car and headed down the road. Karla made a call to her precinct to let them know she was taking some vacation time, and would be out the rest of the week. During the drive, Rachael began to tell them all the things that Brad had done to her. They were aghast at her descriptions of the savage treatment she had endured. By the time they had reached the pizza place, Karla and Jackie were each envisioning fiendish ways to extract payback from this asshole. Jackie thought that even hanging him by his balls would be too good for him.

Entering the restaurant, they selected a secluded corner booth where they could continue their conversation in relative privacy. Once the pizza arrived, Rachael proceeded to wolf down three or four slices in about ten minutes. It seemed to her that food had never tasted so good.

Meanwhile, Brad was sitting in his cage, still trying to figure a way out. He tried chewing the leather wrist straps on his mittens, to no avail. He tried launching himself at the cage door, only succeeding in bruising his shoulder. As he was thinking of other options, he felt a water drop on his head. Looking up, another drop hit him in the eye. *Shit!* It was starting to rain. He hadn't considered that when he set up the cage outside. Before the bitches had captured him, he could have thrown the tarp over the cage. Now, he had to sit there and take it. He had no idea if anyone was watching him via the monitors, or if anyone was even in the house. He thought he had heard a car drive away about an hour ago. He tried shouting to get someone's attention, only to be punished by the shock collar.

Exhausted, wet and shivering, he knelt, bent over, forehead touching the floor, mittened hands covering his head.

Chapter 26

About an hour later, the girls arrived back at the lake house. Fortunately for Brad, the rain had amounted to not much more than a passing sprinkle, and the sun was shining again. They had swung by the dorm and Karla's apartment so they could pick up a few clothes and personal items. The girls headed upstairs, looking for a decent bedroom where Rachael could bunk for a few nights. They had decided that at least one person would stay at the house each night. Inasmuch as they wanted him to suffer, they didn't want him to get injured or die.

Jackie went back to the monitors to check on their prisoner. He was curled up on his side, not moving. There were remnants of rain drops on the cage floor, but he seemed to be dry. Karla came over to the desk. "I'm going to help Rachael get moved in. In the meantime, why don't you go down and get acquainted with him?" Karla said, handing her the collar remote.

"Can't wait," Jackie replied. She walked downstairs and out onto the patio. She was wearing a short black leather skirt, a black leather sleeveless top that was zipped two-thirds up the front, and black 4 inch open-toed high-heeled sandals.

She strolled over to the cage and stood there, regarding the prisoner. Brad was curled into a fetal position, sleeping. Instead of pressing the remote shocker, she kicked the side of the cage, rattling it and making Brad jump. "Wake up, slave, and bow to your superior!" she barked. Brad's eyes flew open. He had never heard this voice before. It wasn't the cop bitch's and it certainly wasn't Rachael's. She turned off the Silent Mode on the remote control. "You may speak, slave," she told him.

When he got an eyeful of this black amazon, he sat up. "Who the fuck are you?" he said, momentarily forgetting his precarious position. "I am one of your new Mistresses," she shot back, hitting the number five shock button. "Aughhh! You

bitch!" he shouted. "I ain't no slave, especially not to no nigger cunt like YOU!" he shouted. She pressed the number eight button. "Aughh! Alright! Enough!" he cried, panting.

This time, she pressed the number ten shock button. He collapsed, shaking and writhing on the cage floor, losing control of his bladder. "THAT was for extreme disrespect of a superior," she spat. "Why don't you try that again?"

"I-I'm sorry... *Mistress*," he whined, clearly beaten. "Look what you did! Clean up that mess, you filthy pig!" she barked. Gathering himself up on all fours, he lowered his head and began lapping up the piss.

"Hurry it up, boy, I don't have all day to watch your sorry ass," she ordered. He sped up as ordered, and had the cage floor clean in about five minutes. Meanwhile, Jackie had walked around to the back wall of the cage. Sticking one of her feet through the six inch opening at the bottom of the wall, she ordered him to show his devotion by cleaning her toes. When he hesitated, she said calmly, "At the moment, the Slave training program is paused. I can go upstairs right now and start it back up, or I can change the program so you will be deep-throating and ass-fucking that cock all fucking day."

Brad scrambled over to her foot and began to lick it, trying to suppress his distaste and gag reflex. "You'd better get each and every toe, and every crevice in between, if you value your ass," she warned. He doubled his efforts, sticking his tongue in between each toe, picking up a grain of sand or dirt here and there.

When he finished to her satisfaction, she switched feet. It was too bad that the narrow cage opening didn't allow for raising her foot so he could lick the soles. He finished her other foot and sat up, waiting for further instructions. Spotting the head sized opening in the door of the cage, she walked around to stand by it. Inspecting the mechanism of the sliding section above the opening, she figured out its purpose.

"Get your ass over here, slave, and stick your head out," she ordered. Dreading this, but knowing he didn't have a choice, he crawled over and stuck his head through the cage opening. Jackie released the sliding section and lowered it down until it rested against the back of Brad's neck, locking it down. "Now that you've

had your appetizer, here's the second course!" she announced, turning around and lifting her skirt. She wasn't wearing any underwear. She backed up, sticking her ass right in his face.

Brad tried to retreat, but his head was securely trapped in the cage door opening. He tried turning his head, but Jackie grabbed his hair and forced him to face forward as she planted her ass up against his face. His head was trapped between her massive ass and the cage door. He could barely breathe. "I'd better feel some serious ass-licking, or you can stay like this all night!" Knowing he had no choice, he stuck his tongue out and began to lick Jackie's sweaty ass crack.

He struggled to keep his gagging under control as he continued to drag his tongue up and down her crack. "Make sure my asshole is clean, too, slave," Jackie ordered. Choking back the urge to vomit, Brad pointed his tongue and forced it into her anus. He moved it in and out, and swirled it around, producing a moan of pleasure from Jackie. He kept it up for a couple of minutes, until Jackie pulled away. Turning around, she mashed her pussy into his face. "Here's your dessert, boy, and you'd better make it a big finish!" she warned.

Helpless to refuse, Brad began licking her pussy, doing his best to please her. He alternated between shoving his tongue into her vagina and swirling it around her clit. Gasping with pleasure, she grabbed the top of the cage with her left hand for support, and used her right hand to grab his hair tightly and guide his head.

As her orgasm built, Jackie began forcing Brad's face up and down, rubbing against her clit. She pressed her body harder against him as she peaked, completely smothering him, crushing his face. She cried out as she came, squirting her fluids into his mouth. He swallowed, having no other options.

As she came back down from her orgasm, she backed away from the cage, leaving him with his head stuck in the cage door opening, gasping for air. She started to walk away toward the house, then stopped and turned around. "Are you thirsty, slave?" she asked. When he hesitated, she said "I can always turn the Slave Training program back on, and you can suck it out of the dildo -" "No, please...Mistress, please give me some water," Brad asked, still panting from his last task.

"I didn't say you were getting water," she said, as she approached him. Seeing what was coming, Brad tried to pull his head back through the cage opening, but he was still stuck. Jackie stuck her pussy back in his face, grabbed his hair, and yanked his head up and back. "Drink up, slave, and if you spill one drop, I can make that dildo your new best friend!" she warned.

She pressed up against his face until his head was forced back against the cage door, and let it fly. Broken, Brad held his mouth open and tried to keep up as he swallowed the torrent of piss rushing into his mouth. She had held it in for a while, saving it up especially for this moment.

When she finished, she made him clean her pussy thoroughly with his tongue. Finally, she stepped back, regarding him. "What is my name, slave?" she asked, hands on her hips, testing him. "...Mistress, your name is Mistress," he gasped, clearly beaten.

"Damn straight, and don't you forget it," she said, slapping him so hard, his head bounced against the cage door. Grabbing his hair, she yanked his head up and bent down, her face inches from his, looking him squarely in the eye. "From now on, any female you meet is to be called Mistress, got it?" she told him. "Y-Yes, Mistress," he said, miserably, stars swimming across his vision.

As she walked away, he realized that she hadn't released his head from the cage door. "M-Mistress?" he called, getting a shock from the collar. He realized too late that she had enabled Silent Mode.

Ignoring him, she strode into the house, closing the door behind her with a definitive click, leaving Brad with his head stuck through the cage door opening, her bodily fluids dripping off his face.

Chapter 27

As Jackie ascended the stairs to the loft, she was greeted by a standing ovation by Rachael and Karla, who had witnessed the whole scene on the monitors. When she reached them, Karla gave her a mock bow with arms extended out in front. "Jackie! I knew you were a Domme, but I had no idea how evil you were!" she

exclaimed, laughing.

"Shit, after what he did to Rachael, he's lucky he still has his balls!" Jackie answered with a smile. "I figured it was best to start out right; show him who's boss. I softened him up a little; anyone should be able to handle him now," she said; "but Rachael, don't ever take him for granted; he may act docile, but he's most likely waiting for a chance to escape."

"Don't worry, Jackie, he won't get any slack from me," said Rachael. "Are we going to leave him like that all night?" she asked, looking at him on the monitors. "Nah, let's let him stew for a couple of hours; thinking that he *might* get left like that all night," said Karla.

"Meanwhile, let's see what else we can find on his computer," said Jackie, as she sat at the desk. Logging on, she opened Google Chrome from a shortcut on the Taskbar. Opening the bookmarks folder, she scrolled down through a long list of porn sites. When she came across a website called SlaveMaster.com, she clicked on the bookmark.

It opened to a slickly rendered website, displaying a catalog of BDSM toys and furniture. "Welcome, Brad!" was displayed at the top of the home page. With Rachael and Karla looking over her shoulder, Jackie clicked on the "Furniture" tab. Several illustrated links appeared, displaying different types of dungeon furniture. She clicked on "Cages".

A page appeared, displaying cages of various shapes and sizes. Scanning the page, Rachael suddenly pointed at one image and said "There it is! That's my - er, his cage!" The cage offered several accessories which Rachael recognized, having become intimately familiar with them. Scrolling down, they came across SlaveBot, the programmable Slave training device. It came with various accessories, like the training dildo. The SlaveBot page also offered training devices specifically for male slaves.

They proceeded to peruse several other catalog pages, coming across other items of interest. They decided to order a few items and charge it to Brad's online account, which was surprisingly easy, as his credit card number was stored on the website. They selected "Overnight Shipping".

While they were at the computer, Jackie brought up the SlaveMaster program and showed Karla and Rachael how to control and program it. They decided to enter a new schedule of selected exercises. They decided that the Hydration and sustenance exercise was necessary (Karla actually took pity on Brad and changed the deep-throat requirements to sixty seconds max), as well as allowing him to relieve himself on the lawn. They removed the anal and vaginal exercise and inserted a strictly anal exercise, and retained the blowjob and the jogging exercises.

When they had finished tweaking the SlaveMaster training schedule, Jackie opened the Building Security Options page. It displayed a floor plan of the house, indicating the various sensor zones which could tell the viewer where the wearer of the slave collar was in real time. Jackie set all of the zones to Deny Access, which would shock the slave if he/she attempted entry. If Brad somehow escaped from the cage, he wouldn't be able to enter the house without being shocked.

Bringing up the Property layout, she could see that Brad had spared no expense in outfitting the back yard and surrounding woods with sensors. Per Rachael's recommendation, she programmed them to allow him to reach only a few feet beyond the stone walls to allow him to relieve himself.

Exploring the program a little further, Jackie discovered that everything that had happened to Rachael since she was abducted had been recorded digitally on video. There were folders with dates and times going back to last Friday. The system was still recording, which would make for some great blackmail footage of Brad if it was ever needed. Jackie made a note to bring an external hard drive next time to transfer the files for safekeeping.

As the day wound down, Jackie said she had to get home, but could come back tomorrow, if that was ok. Karla said she was going to stay the night with Rachael, and they both enthusiastically agreed that Jackie was welcome here anytime. After exchanging cell phone numbers with Rachael, Jackie said goodbye and left.

Karla had chosen a bedroom with two twin beds so she could sleep in the same room with Rachael. She wanted to stay close in case Rachael had any nightmares or flashbacks during the night. Rachael got undressed and changed into her nightgown. Karla changed into a tee shirt and shorts. "Thanks again for saving my

ass, *literally*," Rachael said gratefully. "Hey, no problem, Rache, what are cousins for?" Karla answered with a warm smile, as they settled in to their beds for the night.

All of a sudden, Rachael shot up with a start. "Oh shit, we forgot about Brad! He's still stuck in the cage door!" she exclaimed. Karla, at first thinking Rachael was having a nightmare, relaxed when she realized what the problem was. "Let me handle it," Karla said, getting up and slipping into her flip-flops, she grabbed the remote, walked out of the room and down the stairs.

Brad, meanwhile, was suffering silently, head hanging down. His neck was raw from constant rubbing against the cage door opening. His face was dry and crusted from Jackie's body fluids which had since dried there. His arms were shaking from the effort of holding himself on all fours for several hours. Any time he tried to relax his arms, he would begin to strangle from the pressure on his throat.

Suddenly, the door opened and Karla walked out onto the patio. He raised his head, turning in her direction. She decided to use this situation to her advantage, not wanting him to think that this had been an oversight.

She came to a stop a few feet in front of him. Disabling Silent Mode, she asked, "Well slave, do you have anything to say?" Blinking, Brad kept his eyes downward, trying to think of something to say. "I'm sorry, Mistress," he whispered. "Please, Mistress, can I go back in my cage now?" he asked, desperately.

Karla stood there, regarding him, acting as though she was pondering her answer. When she didn't answer immediately, prolonging his torture, he begged. "Please Mistress, I will do anything; I will lick your ass, I can pleasure your pussy; just PLEASE let my head go," he pleaded, miserably.

"Anything?" Karla teased. "Anything, Mistress, I'll even drink your piss," he replied, weakly. Karla lowered and stepped out of her shorts. "Open wide, and keep it that way," she ordered, approaching him. Obediently, Brad opened his mouth, expectantly. Suddenly, she turned around and jammed her ass in his face. Afraid of what was coming, Brad nevertheless kept his mouth open, more afraid of the consequences of disobedience.

Karla grunted, pretending to push, testing Brad's obedience. She stayed in that position for a couple of minutes, but Brad never moved. Finally, she moved away. "Good boy; maybe there's hope for you after all," she told him. Brad let out a sigh of relief, grateful for small favors, and was even more relieved when Karla unlocked the cage door section and raised it, releasing his head. "Thank you, Mistress," he gasped, "thank you," as he collapsed on the cage floor.

Putting her pants back on, Karla turned and walked back into the house without another word, making sure the collar was switched back to Silent Mode.

Chapter 28

Karla woke up as dawn broke over the lake, sunlight streaming through the bedroom windows. She was accustomed to waking up early, going out and jogging a few miles a few times a week. This morning, however, she got out of bed quietly and tiptoed out of the bedroom, careful not to wake Rachael.

Strolling over to the computer station, she checked the monitors to make sure Brad was ok. He was lying, curled up on his side in the cage, apparently asleep. She went into the bathroom and took a shower. When she was finished, she put on some shorts, a tee shirt and flip-flops and went downstairs.

Walking out to the patio, she noticed that the sawhorse bench was still standing near the cage, along with the dildo stand. As she looked over the equipment, she got an idea and went back into the basement. Walking over to the wall with various implements hanging, she selected a leash.

As she walked back out to the patio, she pulled out the remote, and pressed the level "8" shock button. Brad was shocked awake, banging his head against the side of the cage as he reacted to the rude awakening. "OWWW-" he started to shout, before getting punished by the collar for speaking.

"Good morning, slave, I hope you slept well," Karla said sarcastically. Brad could only reply with a glare. "Did we relieve ourselves yet this morning?" she asked, as if talking to a dog. Tempted to give a smartass answer, but unable to, Brad hung

his head and shook "no". Approaching the cage, she pressed the "Cage Door Release" button on the remote. As the door swung open, she was careful to keep her finger poised above the level "10" shock button.

"Come out of the cage and assume the "Fours" position here, slave," Karla ordered, pointing to a spot just outside of the cage. Brad complied, knowing that she could zap him in an instant before he could reach her. When he reached the spot, Karla snapped the leash on his collar. "Heel," Karla said, walking briskly toward the lawn beyond the stone wall. As the leash became taut, it pulled on the "D" ring of the collar, sending another shock to its wearer.

Brad jumped forward on all fours, trying to keep up with Karla. As they reached the lawn, he squatted, getting ready to pee. "No!" Karla exclaimed, jerking the leash. "Male dogs don't pee like that," she announced. "Over here!" she led him toward a tree. As they approached the tree, his collar began to give off a warning tingle, telling him he was exceeding the security perimeter maintained by the SlaveMaster program.

He tried to pull back, but the shock from Karla's firm tug on the leash told him she wasn't going to give in. "Get your ass over to that tree and piss," Karla barked. He was doomed to be shocked no matter what he did. As he reached the tree, the collar shock level increased to a "5", causing Brad's body to shake from the current. "Lift your leg, slave! Piss like a dog!" Karla ordered sternly.

Knowing that the sooner he complied, the sooner he could get back inside the security perimeter, he quickly assumed a four-legged stance adjacent to the tree and lifted his shaking right leg. He didn't know if he could go like this, but he had to try. Desperately, he concentrated, trying to will the pee out. Finally, a short burst emerged, followed shortly by a continuous stream. Deeply humiliated, Brad hung his head, waiting for this to end.

When he was finished, she led a subdued Brad back over near the stone wall. She had figured out what happened - why he was getting shocked near the tree, but had decided that he could suffer a little. "Need to do anything else while we're here?" Karla asked him. Knowing he might not be able to hold it until the next time, he reluctantly assumed a squatting position, closing his eyes and hanging his head once again in abject humiliation as he shit on the lawn. Just when he

thought it couldn't get any worse, she made him drag his ass across the grass a few times to clean up.

Chapter 29

Entering the patio, Karla led Brad over to the sawhorse bench. When he realized her intent, he balked, stopping in his tracks. A sharp tug on the leash convinced him to move ahead. With her finger still hovering over the level "10" button on the remote, Karla ordered him to climb up on the bench and assume the position. Reluctantly, he complied. She quickly buckled him down, starting with the waist belt, followed by the ankle and wrist straps.

Once he was securely bound, she walked over to the dildo stand and moved it so that the dildo was right in his face. "Open wide," Karla said cheerily. Steadfast, Brad clamped his mouth shut, knowing all too well what she wanted to do. Calmly, Karla loosened the thumbscrew on the dildo arm. Suddenly, she reached over, grabbed his hair and yanked his head back, causing him to open his mouth. Quickly, she slid the dildo arm forward, shoving the dildo into his surprised mouth.

Karla kept pushing until the dildo hit the back of his throat, making him gag. She backed it off just a little until he seemed to get it under control. As she tightened the thumbscrew, she happened to look down and noticed the discarded clover clamps on the ground. She picked them up, and, with an evil grin, proceeded attach them to Brad's nipples, eliciting a groan from him.

Finished, she stepped back to regard the scene. Brad was trying unsuccessfully to back his mouth off of the dildo. She stepped over and gave him a hard smack on his ass, causing him to surge forward momentarily and gag on the dildo, moaning from the pain in his nipples.

Satisfied, she left him and walked back into the house. Heading upstairs, she noticed that Rachael was up, making coffee in the kitchen. "Morning, Rache," Karla greeted. "Morning!" came the reply. "Did you sleep well?" asked Karla. "Are you kidding? After spending the last few nights either sleeping on a concrete floor, or a cage, last night was heaven!" said Rachael.

"So you've been outside already?" Rachael asked. "Yeah, just walking the dog," Karla chuckled, prompting a giggle from her cousin. "A *dog*?" Rachael snickered. "Actually, I *like* that!" she exclaimed. "Let's make him into a dog! We can train him to fetch, roll over, play dead - " they broke into a fit of laughter.

"I don't know about you, but I'm starving," Karla exclaimed. "Is there anything to eat around here?" "I checked the 'fridge, there's a few eggs and some bacon; I think I can whip up some breakfast!" Rachael answered. The two girls worked together to make breakfast, then sat down at the table to eat.

Shortly after they finished eating and cleaned up the kitchen, Karla told Rachael that she had a surprise for her, outside. Rachael changed into some shorts and a tee shirt and followed Karla downstairs and out to the patio. Karla was carrying a gym bag she had brought from home. She gasped as she took in the scene. Brad was strapped to the sawhorse bench, his lips still wrapped around the dildo mounted on a stand. He tried to turn his head to look in their direction, but the dildo kept his head pointing straight ahead. He was moaning and was obviously in pain, whether from the nipple clamps or the dildo keeping his jaw distended, it was difficult to tell.

"Surprise!" Karla exclaimed. She reached into her bag and pulled out a leather strap, handing it to Rachael. "Here, get him warmed up," Karla told her. Rachael hesitated for a moment, looking at the strap in her hands. "Go ahead, hon, this is payback!" Karla said. Rachael looked up at Karla, thought it over for a moment, then turned to Brad with a determined look on her face. "Turn off his Silent Mode, I want to hear him scream!" she said, coldly. Karla pulled out the remote and complied.

Brad tensed, anticipating the worst. SMACK! The first blow landed across the middle of his ass, striking both cheeks. He surged forward, gagging on the dildo, moaning. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Three blows in quick succession, all in the same area. Rachael began to vary the location of the strikes, hitting his thighs and back. Brad held out as long as he could, not wanting to give them the satisfaction, but the pain became intense. He screamed around the dildo in his mouth.

As she got into the rhythm, her anger rose, and her blows became stronger and

more vicious. Dark red welts began to appear all over Brad's body as his muffled screams became louder, interspersed with intermittent gagging. As Rachael raised her arm to deliver yet another blow, Karla stepped in and gently grabbed her arm. "Easy, cousin, let's not break our toy already! I've got something else here that I think you'll like!"

Rachael dropped her arm, breathing heavily, and watched as Karla reached into her bag and withdrew some sort of harness with a large dildo attached. "This is what's known as a strap-on," Karla explained. "You put it on around your waist and, well, I think you get the picture," she said as she held it around her hips. Rachael's eyes widened as she broke out in a smile. "You mean - " "Yes," Karla answered, "You can put this on and fuck the shit out of him, literally!"

Brad, hearing this, began to struggle in his bondage, trying desperately to escape. Karla helped Rachael step into and adjust the harness straps until the dildo was jutting out proudly from her crotch. Karla stepped up and spit on the end of the dildo, spreading it around the surface. "Don't want to tear his ass up too badly," she said.

Rachael stepped up to the sawhorse bench, rubbing the tip of the dildo up and down across his anus, teasing him. He tried to push away, but began to gag on the dildo in his mouth as the dildo behind him pressed insistently at his asshole. She reached out and grabbed his balls tightly and pulled back on them, eliciting a gasp of pain from their owner. Immediately, he obeyed, anything to avoid more pain. Rachael maintained her grip on his balls, lined up her shot, and jammed the dildo into his asshole. Reflexively, he surged forward, feeling the combined pain in his throat, nipples, balls, and asshole. Groaning, with sweat beading on his forehead, he pushed himself backward as much as his bonds would allow. After bottoming out, Rachael pulled back slowly, withdrawing until the tip emerged, then plunged back in again.

She did that a few times, drawing out his torture. She stopped momentarily, watching him. "Beg me to fuck you! Beg me to fuck your ass! Beg me to fuck you hard!" she ordered, squeezing his balls painfully. "Puaa Huuk Ma afff!" he cried, trying to say "Please fuck my ass" with a cock in his mouth. "What was that? I didn't hear you, slave!" she taunted. He repeated himself, but not any clearer the second time.

"Please fuck my ass, WHAT?" she barked, smacking him hard on the ass. He thought for a moment, then remembered, "Puaa Huuk Ma afff!, Miffsskriss" "That's more like it, slave," she told him, "My name is Mistress, and don't you fucking forget it!" she punctuated that with another smack. "Now, beg me to fuck you hard," she ordered, still squeezing his balls.

"Puaa Huuk Ma Haaak, Miffsskriss" he sobbed. "Happy to oblige, slave!" she exclaimed, jamming it all the way home. She continued to plow into him, picking up speed, producing a series of pained grunts from her victim, as he gagged on the dildo hitting his throat. Tiring, she finally slowed down, working up a sweat. She pushed in all the way one more time, rotating her hips around for maximum effect.

It was then that Karla noticed that the bench had inched forward, forcing the dildo down Brad's throat, cutting off his air. She rushed over to the dildo stand and pulled it back as Brad began to turn blue. As the dildo left his mouth, he gasped, sucking in precious air.

"T-thank you, Mistress," he croaked, wheezing. Rachael pulled out of Brad's ass and came around to check on him. It took him a couple of minutes to catch his breath. "P-please, M-Mistress, n-no more," he gasped. "I'm sorry," he cried, tears running down his cheeks.

"You don't *know* sorry yet, but you will," Karla said angrily, slapping his face. "Now shut the fuck up and clean this cock, slave," she ordered, pushing Rachael over to present the strap-on dildo to his mouth. He opened his mouth to accept the dildo, desperately trying to appease his captors. Rachael pulled the dildo back a little, just out of his reach.

He pushed himself forward as much as his bondage would allow, nipples painfully straining at the pull of the clover clamps. She teased him with it, brushing it playfully across his lips. "P-please, Mistress," he pleaded. Obliging him, she plunged into his mouth, forcing it down his throat. "Suck it, slave!" Rachael barked. She slid the dildo in and out, making sure he cleaned it thoroughly.

Once she was satisfied, she pulled it out, watching as his head dropped down, panting, clearly exhausted. Karla began to release him from the bench, starting

with the nipple clamps, producing a scream from Brad as the blood rushed back into his nipples. Once he was free of the bondage, she ordered him to get down and assume the "Fours" position.

Once he complied, Karla grabbed him by the hair and pulled his head up painfully, looking him in the eye. "Here's the deal, asshole. You have two choices," she lied, already knowing what his answer would be. "One; I arrest your sorry ass and take you in. You'll face a trial, and what with all the videos you took, your conviction is a cinch. You'll probably do 15 to 20, as some big black man's bitch. Two; you will remain here, as our slave, for an indeterminate amount of time, until we feel that you've been adequately rehabilitated. You have ten seconds to decide."

She let go of his hair, waiting for his answer. Brad was conflicted; on one hand, he didn't like the idea of being a slave to these women; but being some big black guy's prison bitch scared the shit out of him. "Well?" Karla demanded. Suddenly, he bent down and pressed his lips against Karla's foot. "Please let me stay here and serve you, Mistresses," he sobbed.

Karla gave Rachael a knowing glance, and Rachael nodded a reply. Not only did they have themselves a slave, he had just begged them for the privilege!

Part Two: Revenge

Chapter 1

Brad couldn't believe what a turnaround his life had taken in the past 24 hours: yesterday, he was a slave master; today, he was an owned slave! He just knew that he couldn't survive being locked up with who knows who for a cellmate; constantly at risk for a beating or rape. At least with these two, they might be inclined to go easy on him, or even forgive him after he demonstrated repentance. Also, he had a much better chance of escaping here than if he were in prison.

After he kissed Karla's feet, she made him kiss Rachael's as well. Karla was about to order him back to his cage, when Rachael suddenly slipped out of her shorts and underwear. "Up here, slave!" she barked, pointing to her crotch. "Show your Mistress your devotion!" Karla watched in bemusement as Brad knelt and raised his head up to begin licking Rachael's crotch. He raised his mittened hands up to rest against Rachael's thighs, but she batted them away in disgust. "All I want to feel from you is your tongue, slave. Keep your filthy hands on the ground!" she ordered.

He continued to lick and suck on her pussy for at least ten minutes, during which time she came twice, spurting her juices into his mouth, as she gripped his head by the hair. When she was satisfied, she offered his services to Karla. "Thanks, hon, but I'm good for now. If you're finished with him, he can go back in his cage for now," Karla replied.

He looked up pleadingly at them. "Please Mistress, do I have to stay in the cage?" he begged. "How long did Rachael have to stay in that cage?" Karla asked him, darkly. Resignedly, hanging his head, he crawled back into the cage, as the door was closed and locked behind him. Karla pressed the Silent Mode button, stressing to Rachael the importance of keeping him mute while outside, so he would be unable to call out for help.

It was just about noon when the girls went back into the house. Jackie showed up a little bit later, carrying a gym bag. After greeting the girls, she opened her bag

and removed a few electronic devices, including an external hard drive. She proceeded to hook it up to Brad's computer and initiated a complete system backup to copy all of his files.

She rejoined the girls in the kitchen as they made sandwiches for lunch. Sitting around the table, enjoying their meal, the girls caught Jackie up on all that had happened since she left yesterday. "Wow, I wish I had seen that," Jackie exclaimed, when Karla told her

how Rachael not only beat and ass-fucked Brad this morning, she made him give her head afterwards. "Sounds like you're a natural as a Mistress," she commented. "Yeah, well, I had a lot of pent-up anger to vent on that asshole," Rachael said.

They began to sketch out a plan for Brad's training. Karla had taken a Behavioral Psychology course while studying for her degree, which gave her some inventive ideas. They discussed training him as a dog, which delighted Rachael. "That's right - that's the reason he gave to bring me over here last Friday - to meet his dog!" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess I'll finally get to meet him," she commented, to their giggles.

Karla spoke: "Inasmuch as he seems broken and submissive, I think he's just acting the part, waiting for his chance to escape. I think he needs some intensive conditioning to truly "break" him. Until that happens, we need to keep him under strict security."

"That's absolutely right, Karla," Jackie agreed, "and I have a few ideas for his 'conditioning'," she said.

Chapter 2

Around mid-afternoon, the sky became overcast. There were dark clouds approaching on the horizon, and the wind began to pick up, suggesting a definite threat of a storm. Brad, huddled in his cage, worried about the approaching thunderstorm. He had nowhere to go, unless a Mistress freed him from the cage. He worried about not only getting soaked, but the metal cage presented a

definite invitation for a lightning strike, not to mention the possibility of hail!

Presently, Jackie opened the basement door and strode toward the cage. She carried the collar remote in one hand and a leash in the other. Realizing that he'd better be on his best behavior if he had any hope of a release from the cage, he assumed the "Fours" position, head down.

Wishing to draw this out, she walked to the back of the cage and stuck a bare foot through the lower cage opening. Without hesitation, Brad bent down and began feverishly licking her toes. Jackie said nothing, letting him continue. When she was satisfied, she removed her foot and stuck her other foot in for similar treatment.

When he was finished, she sauntered around to the front section of the cage and waited wordlessly. Brad crawled over to the cage door and stuck his head through the opening. Jackie decided to test his obedience and left the locking section of the cage up. She backed up to within a couple of inches of his face, lifting her skirt, offering her ass.

He considered backing up into the cage; after all, she hadn't locked his head in this time. Inasmuch as he had done this before, it was still repulsive to him, even more so because she was a black woman.

A distant clap of thunder helped him make his decision. He lunged forward until his shoulders hit the cage door, straining his neck to reach her ass with his tongue. "Please, Mistress," he whispered, trying not to set off the shocking collar. "Please let me lick your ass," he pleaded.

She backed up a little more, until he could just barely touch her crack with his tongue. He stretched his tongue out as far as he could, grazing her asshole in desperation. As he continued to lick, she gradually backed up until her ass was firmly pressed against his face. Struggling to breathe, Brad resolutely licked at her asshole, plunging it inside and swirling it around.

A few large drops of rain began to hit the patio. Desperate, Brad stuck his tongue into her asshole as far as it would go and waggled it around. Jackie looked up to the sky and held her hand out, testing the rainfall. She pulled away from Brad and

turned to face him, disabling Silent Mode. "Tell you what, slave, would you like to continue this in the house? You would have to promise to be on your best behavior, or its back out to the cage for the indefinite future," she told him.

"Yes Mistress, please, I will do anything you ask," Brad pleaded. "You only get one chance at this, better make it count," she told him, unlocking the cage door. He crawled out and waited for her to attach the leash. The rain had started to pick up, and the wind was now blowing steadily.

Chapter 3

As they entered the cellar, Brad was now wet and shivering, still on all fours. Jackie led him over to a support beam and tied his leash off. "Now don't go anywhere, I'll be right back," she told him sarcastically as she climbed the stairs. Planning ahead, she had already turned off the property sensors temporarily until Brad was relocated to a room in the house. She visited the bathroom to dry off and freshen up. Now knowing when he would return to the cage, she went over to the computer and paused the Slave Training program.

When she came back downstairs, she carried a bath towel, which she used to dry him off. "Don't want you dragging your wet, nasty ass through the house, now, do we?" she told him as she dried him off.

When he was dry, she had an idea. She untied his leash and led him over to the cross. When he saw her intent, he balked. Without hesitation, she turned abruptly and began to lead him back to the door to the patio. "Let's go, slave, you had one chance, and you blew it," she barked. Immediately realizing his mistake, he dove to the floor and pressed his lips against her bare foot. "Please Mistress, I beg you, don't make me go out there again," he begged. "I will obey you," he sobbed.

"But you disobeyed, which has earned you a punishment," she told him evenly. "The severity of the punishment depends upon how fast you can get your ass against that cross," she said. Immediately, he crawled over to the cross and, standing, turned around and backed himself up against it, raising his arms and placing his feet on the built-in pedestals.

Wasting no time, Jackie stepped forward and began strapping the slave tightly against the cross. When she was done, she walked over to the wall switch and flipped it on. The cross began to rotate slowly. Fascinated, she let it go through a couple of cycles before she shut it off in mid-cycle, with Brad hanging upside down. Stepping over to the cross, she lined up her pussy with Brad's face. "Now, you can continue your devotion," she ordered.

When he didn't obey quick enough, she grabbed his balls, which were conveniently hanging right in front of her face. "I said LICK!" she barked, squeezing his ball sack. Swiftly, he leaned his head forward and began to lick vigorously between her pussy lips, as the blood rushed to his head.

As her orgasm approached, she clamped her thighs around his head, trapping him and cutting off his air. Desperately, he licked and sucked with everything he had, hoping she would cum soon and allow him some precious air.

Finally, she began to buck and moan, dragging her pussy up and down against his face, holding the back of his head. With a guttural cry, she came, flooding his face with her cum. Releasing his head, she backed away, allowing him to take some gasping breaths. His face was smeared with her juices.

She decided to go upstairs and get the girls, knowing they would get a kick out of this. As she walked toward the stairs, she went over to the wall and flipped the switch on again, just for fun. She climbed the stairs, watching as he continued to spin helplessly on the cross.

Chapter 4

As she reached the loft, she saw Karla and Rachael hunched over Brad's computer. The system backup had finished its task already. As Jackie walked over, she could see that they were browsing through various pictures of naked women, most of them bound and/or tortured in one fashion or another. "We were just looking at butthead's porn collection," Karla said. "He's got quite a collection - over 10,000 pictures and videos."

Karla used the mouse to display a folder called PICS. "Check this out, Jackie - he not only collected porn, but he organized and categorized it." Jackie saw that there were dozens of subfolders, with names like Blowjob, Anal, Bondage, Tit Torture, Milking, etc.

Disgusted, she highlighted all the folders and right-clicked, selecting Delete. A popup message appeared, stating "Are you sure you want to move these 86 items to the recycle bin?"

She was just about to choose "Yes" when she had an idea. "You know - I think these could be useful to us!" "How so?" Jackie queried. "We can use these pictures against him - make it part of his conditioning. I think this will come in very handy to use with the devices we ordered from SlaveMaster yesterday." She chose "No" and dismissed Windows Explorer. "I'll explain more when our order arrives," she said.

As they got up, Jackie asked them to follow her downstairs; she wanted to show them something. When they followed her down to the basement, they saw Brad, still spinning slowly on the cross. "Omigod," Rachael exclaimed. The sight brought back memories of her own torture on this device.

"Please make it stop, Mistress," Brad sobbed. Inspired, Rachael opened the armoire and retrieved the alligator-style nipple clips with weights attached by a six-inch string that Brad had used on her previously. Reaching over to the wall, she flipped the switch to "OFF". The cross came to a halt with Brad in an upside-down position. "Thank you Mistress," Brad gasped, not seeing what she had in her hands.

Approaching him, she reached out and grabbed his scrotum. Pinching one of the clips open, she attached it to one side of his ball sack. Brad thrashed against his bonds, screaming. "PLEASE MISTRESS, TAKE IT OFF! PLEASE TAKE IT OFF!" he panted, clearly in serious pain. Ignoring him, Rachael attached the other clip to the other side of his scrotum. Suddenly, she let go of both, watching the weights fall simultaneously before coming to an abrupt halt as they reached the end of their tether.

Now he was screaming incoherently. Swifly, Jackie pulled a penis gag off the wall

and shoved it into his mouth, reducing the screaming to a muffled groaning. She buckled it securely behind his head. Once Jackie was finished, Rachael reached over the flipped the wall switch back to "ON".

The cross began to rotate slowly again, and as it did, the weights began a slow rotation of their own, pulling his scrotum in a painful, unending arc. Brad had stopped his thrashing; learning quickly that any extra movement on his part was rewarded with more pain to his testicles. As Brad continued his painful rotation, Rachael perused the whipping implements on the wall. Choosing a flogger, she swung it onto her forearm, testing the weight and sting.

Satisfied, she took a stance in front of and slightly to the left of the cross. As the cross reached its upright position, she swung the flogger, connecting with his stomach. Brad screamed, which was significantly muffled by the penis gag. Spittle emerged from the sides of the gag and drifted down his body toward the floor. Rachael drew back and let fly with another strike, catching his thigh as it rotated up toward the ceiling.

Brad's breaths were coming in short huffs and puffs now, as he tried to deal with the combined pain of the alligator clamps and the flogging. He started to feel queasy, suffering from motion sickness as the cross continued its rotation. He knew he had to control an urge to vomit, as he would likely choke to death with the penis gag blocking his mouth. He began to dry heave, as the urge began to grow stronger.

Karla saw this and rushed over to the wall switch and stopped the cross' rotation as Brad thankfully came to an upright position. Jackie stepped over and removed the penis gag. As much as they wanted him to suffer, they didn't want to have to deal with an injury (or worse) which could involve the authorities.

Brad seemed to recover somewhat, but still looked a little green around the gills. "Please Mistress, I feel sick," he pleaded. Jackie had an idea. She reached down and squeezed the alligator clips open, eliciting a scream from Brad. She removed the clips and set them aside. "I'm gonna release you now, slave, and you'd better be on your best behavior," she ordered.

Chapter 5

Once Brad was released from the cross, he was led to the basement bathroom. Jackie made him sit on the floor, facing the toilet. He was made to scooch forward until his legs were lying on either side of the toilet and his chest was up against the rim. Using a couple pair of shackles, she used one pair to connect his wrists together behind the toilet bowl, and the other to connect his ankles, making it look like he was hugging the toilet. She left the lid up and the seat down.

Gradually, Brad began to recover. He wondered how long he would be forced to sit there. Eventually, he felt fine, but realized that he was thirsty. The hours dragged on as he sat, forced to stare at the toilet. He pulled at his shackles occasionally, mostly in frustration. As he gazed into the toilet, he stared longingly at the water, so close, and yet so far. As much as he would ordinarily be repulsed at the thought of drinking toilet water, right now, it looked like a bowl of the finest sparkling water.

Eventually, Karla walked in. Without a word, she pulled her pants and underwear off and lifted her leg over the toilet, straddling it, facing Brad. Sitting down, she let loose, the stream falling within inches of Brad's face. "Mistress -" Brad began, but silenced immediately by Karla holding her finger to her lips. "Shhhhh..." she shushed him, while she finished urinating. Pushing her hips forward, she presented her pussy to his face. "Clean me," she ordered.

Wearily, he leaned forward, extending his tongue. Obediently, he began to lick the loose droplets from her pussy. When she was satisfied, she got off the toilet, dressed, and walked out without saying another word. Since she hadn't flushed, he now had that to deal with.

A short while later, Jackie came in, relieving herself in much the same way as Karla. Like Karla, she scooted forward on the seat. She said nothing; she just sat there and waited. Catching on, Brad leaned forward and began to clean Jackie's pussy. Like Karla, when Brad was finished, she got up and left without a word.

A few hours later, it was Rachael's turn. As she sat down, Brad spoke. "Please Mistress, I need something to drink," he begged. "Coming right up," Rachael said, as she pushed her butt forward, pressing his face into her crotch with her hand.

"And don't you DARE spill a drop," she ordered.

Helpless to object, he opened his mouth and pressed his lips firmly against her recently denuded labia. She let go, releasing a stream into Brad's waiting mouth. He swallowed rapidly, gulping it down as quickly as possible. Ultimately, a few drops dribbled out of his lips, falling on the toilet seat. SMACK! His face exploded in pain as she slapped him. "PIG! Look what you did to the seat! Clean it up, NOW!" she barked, gripping his hair and forcing his face down to the seat.

Obediently, he dragged his tongue along the seat, cleaning it. When he was finished, she got up. "Please, Mistress, I have to pee," he pleaded. "Go right ahead; no one's stopping you," she replied, walking out and turning off the light.

The minutes dragged on, and the pain in his bladder became unbearable. Finally, he couldn't hold it any longer. As he relaxed his bladder, a pool of urine began to expand on the floor around him. He hung his head in despair, now forced to sit in his own piss.

Chapter 6

It was a long night for Brad, as he continued to sit on the bathroom floor, hugging the toilet. His ass was raw from sitting in his urine all night. He was afraid he would be made to lick it up, if and when he was released from his current position.

The girls were just getting up, yawning and stretching as the sun rose high above the tree line of the lake. Jackie had spent the night, bunking in another bedroom. They gathered in the kitchen, conversing with one another while Karla and Rachael made breakfast. Jackie excused herself and went downstairs to check on Brad.

As she entered the basement bathroom, she flipped the light switch on and almost gasped at what she saw. Brad was still in the same position, hugging the toilet, sitting in a puddle of his own urine. His head was bowed, and he looked like he was sleeping. Her nose wrinkled at the smells of urine on the floor and in the toilet.

As the bright light came on, his head snapped up suddenly, as he awoke with a start. He looked miserable, partly from lack of sleep, but mostly from sitting in his own waste. He looked up feebly at Jackie. "Please Mistress," he croaked, not knowing what else to say.

Stepping out for a moment, she returned, holding the remote. Pulling a set of keys from her pocket, she released him from the wrist and ankle shackles, careful to avoid stepping in the puddle. "You have five minutes to clean this mess. If this floor isn't clean when I get back, you can spend another night hugging your new friend here," she warned, pointing to the toilet.

She walked out and closed the door, knowing that he would have difficulty opening it. Even if he was successful, the security system would not let him get very far.

Shuddering at the thought of spending any more time with his arms and legs locked around the toilet, Brad knew he had no other options. He tried to pull off a length of toilet paper by batting the roll with his mittened hand. The roll spun around, but the end of the paper clung stubbornly to its neighbors underneath.

Finally, he stretched his upper body up until he could touch the roll with his mouth. Pressing his lips to the roll to steady it, he extended his tongue and tried to dislodge the end of the paper. This only succeeded in getting the paper wet, but not any closer to freeing the end.

He briefly considered pulling a towel off the rack with his teeth, but he knew he would probably be punished for dirtying a towel. Dejectedly, he lowered his head toward the floor and started to lick up the mess. He was about half-way finished when he thought he heard footsteps approaching. Desperately, he picked up the pace and tried to finish before one of his Mistresses came back, hoping to avoid further punishment.

After a couple of minutes, he realized that he had been mistaken, but he hurried to finish anyway. Finally, he completed his task. His ass was still damp, but there was nothing he could do about that. He remained on all fours so as not to further dirty the floor. He was still thirsty, even after licking up his mess.

Rising up onto his knees, he turned on the cold water tap at the sink, but couldn't get his head under the faucet, due to the small size of the sink. He gazed into the toilet again, knowing that this could be his only chance to get water for who knows how long. He pressed the flush lever to clear the bowl and add fresh water. When it had filled again, he bent over the edge and dipped his head down into the bowl. Due to the small space in the bowl, he could not quite reach the water with his lips. Instead, he was forced to lap up the water like a dog. The irony was not lost on him.

Presently, the bathroom door opened and Jackie walked in. Looking around, she saw that he had obeyed her orders. She chuckled at the sight of Brad leaning bent over with his head in the toilet.

"Time for walkies," she told him sarcastically, clipping a leash onto his collar. Brad began to move his stiff arms and legs around to adopt a "Fours" position. After enabling Silent Mode and disabling the interior sensors remotely, she led him on all fours through the basement and out onto the patio. Once they reached the grass, she stopped and waited, watching him. Knowing what she wanted, Brad, sighing, crawled over to the nearest tree, feeling the warning buzz of the shocking collar. Quickly, he lifted his shaking leg near the tree and urinated.

"Good boy!" Jackie exclaimed, patting him on the head like a pet. She led him back onto the patio, where she tied off the leash to a corner of the cage. Leaving him there, she walked over to the house, where a faucet and garden hose was installed. Picking up the nozzle at the end of the hose, she turned the valve handle, feeling the hose pressurize. Walking back over to Brad, she pulled the trigger of the nozzle, unleashing a high pressure spray, which hit him on the ass, making him jump from the shock.

She hosed him down thoroughly, making sure he was clean and free of urine. He shivered from the cold spray. Once she was finished, she untied his leash from the cage and began to lead him back toward the house. "I'm giving you a choice, slave; you can go back to the bathroom and resume the position, or you can go back in your cage," she announced.

It didn't take long for Brad to choose; he couldn't bear to stand another minute in

that bathroom in that position. Since he couldn't speak, he gestured with his head toward the cage. Jackie obliged, opening the cage door and unclipping his leash. Slowly, head down, Brad crawled back into the cage, as Jackie closed the door behind him. Once the door was closed and locked, she stood in front of it, hands on hips, looking at him expectantly.

Confused, Brad stared at her for a moment, before realizing what she wanted. Obediently, he stuck his head out through the cage door opening. Jackie lowered the adjustable section of the cage door and locked it behind Brad's neck. Raising her skirt, it was plain to see that she wasn't wearing underwear. She pressed her pussy against Brad's face, wordlessly. He began to lick, assuming that she wanted him to bring her off.

He applied himself to his task, and about five minutes later, she began to buck and rub her pussy up and down against his face. Once her spasms faded, she held her position against his face, from which he took to mean that she wanted another orgasm. He continued to lick, not having been ordered to stop. Suddenly, a hot stream erupted from her pussy, landing in his open mouth.

At first, he thought she was cumming again, then, he realized, from the taste, she was relieving herself. He choked and gagged before regaining control, and began to swallow as fast as he could, trying to keep up with the flow. When she finished, she rubbed her pussy up and down across his face, then ordered him to finish cleaning her with his tongue.

When she was satisfied, she released his head by raising the cage section, and walked back into the house without another word. Brad lay down in his cage, wondering what tortures the coming day would bring.

Chapter 7

As the girls ate their breakfast, Karla outlined her proposed training program for Brad. "We need to break him down mentally; keeping him off balance. Knock him down to the lowest status possible; make him a dog, for example. I say give him a couple of weeks as a dog, and he'll be more than happy to become and do

anything we want. Some of the items we've ordered will come in handy for his training."

"How do we make him into a dog?" Rachael asked. "Don't worry, hon," Karla said, "When we're done with him, he won't have much of a choice. Let's hope that our order arrives today; I can't wait to get started!" "You know, I did some more digging into the options in the SlaveMaster program, and found an interesting mode that we haven't tried yet. I think it would be perfect for this!" Jackie exclaimed.

Brad lay in his cage, still wondering what had gone so wrong to land him on the wrong side of his fantasy. He couldn't figure out how Karla had managed to track down her cousin and rescue her from his clutches. All he knew was that he had better play along for now; watching and waiting for an opportunity to escape. He wasn't even thinking of revenge now; he just wanted out of this nightmare.

Presently, the basement door opened, and out walked all three girls. Jackie was carrying a gym bag, Rachael carried a cattle prod, and Karla held a leash and the collar remote. As they reached the cage, Brad got up on all fours and dutifully stuck his head out through the cage door opening.

Instead of locking his head in place, Karla opened the cage door and gestured for him to crawl out. As he did, she clipped the leash onto his collar. Without a word, she led him over to the sawhorse bench. He began to balk, afraid of what might happen to him once he was bound to it. Suddenly, he felt the twin prongs of the cattle prod against his ass. Without further hesitation, he climbed up onto the bench and waited to be bound.

Once he was securely fastened, Karla spoke. "You will not be hurt this time, if you obey. You will follow our instructions immediately or you will be punished," she told him. She held up the remote and disabled Silent Mode. Pressing a scrolling arrow, she selected Voice Recognition Record Mode. The digital display showed a "Record" arrow.

"OK, slave, I want you to bark like a dog. If you are not convincing enough, you will be punished. Ready - go!" she ordered as she pushed the "Record" button. Somewhat confused, Brad let out a "bark!" Karla looked at him sternly. "Try again, slave boy. You get one more chance!"

"BARK!" he shouted. Karla gave Rachael a nod. Rachael pressed the cattle prod against his ass and pulled the trigger. Brad screamed as the high voltage radiated throughout his body. "Have you ever heard a dog say the word 'bark'?" she asked him. I want to hear a bark like a real dog does it!" she ordered. "Now let's try it again, shall we?" she asked, facetiously.

As she pressed the "Record" button again, he gave it another try. "RRRRUUFFFF!" he barked. "Good boy, that's the way!" she praised, patting his head. "Now, I want you to whine like a dog who's begging for a treat!" He complied, doing it well enough to avoid another shock. She had him do another bark; one for barking when someone's at the door.

"Okay, that should do it. Don't go away now!" she joked, as the girls went back into the house. Jackie sat at the computer while Karla and Rachael stood on either side, watching. "Okay, I've reset the collar to recognize only the barks we recorded. Anything else out of his mouth will trigger a shock."

Chapter 8

Meanwhile, Brad remained bound on the sawhorse bench, waiting for the girls to return. He thought that he hadn't seen Karla enable Silent Mode again. He wondered if he could call for help while they were out of earshot. "HELP! HELP!" he cried. He listened, trying to hear if anyone was perhaps nearby on a boat. Hearing nothing, he decided to try again. "HELP - " ZAP! He was suddenly shocked. Shit, he thought, she must have turned it back on.

As he lay there helplessly, the girls re-emerged from the house. They approached without a word, and began to unbuckle his ankles from the bench. Jackie opened her gym bag and removed several rolls of black colored Vet Wrap. "This is great stuff," Jackie explained to Rachael. It has no sticky adhesive, yet it sticks to itself and won't come apart without help.

Karla bent Brad's left leg back on itself as Jackie began to apply the tape, wrapping it around his leg from his knee to his crotch. They repeated the procedure on his right leg, taping it up securely. When they were finished with his

legs, they released his arms and began to tape them up in a similar fashion.

When they were done, they lifted him up off the bench and set him down on his folded limbs, resting on his elbows and knees. He looked up at them, confused. "Listen up slave. For the foreseeable future, you are now a dog. Your collar is programmed to punish all non-dog sounds. Observe," she instructed as she bent down and placed her hand around his balls, squeezing. "AAAHHH!" Brad screamed, cut short as the collar shocked him.

"Now, bark once for me if you understand," Karla ordered. "RUFF!" Brad barked, dejectedly. "Good boy," Karla praised. "Let's take another walk, shall we?" she said, pulling on his leash. Awkwardly at first, he began to walk on his folded limbs. The hard flagstones hurt his knees and elbows. She took him out to the grass, which was mercifully softer on his limbs.

"Your security perimeter has been expanded slightly to include the nearest trees," she told him. "You will use the trees every time you have to pee, understand?" He nodded, and was rewarded with a fierce tug on the leash, eliciting another shock. "I expect a verbal answer when I ask you a question, UNDERSTAND?" she snapped. "RRRRUFFFF!" Brad answered, miserably. She led him over to a tree and waited. Awkwardly, he tried lifting a leg, only to tumble over. Getting up, he tried again, lifting his leg while bracing himself with an outstretched elbow.

This time, he remained upright, as he tried to concentrate on urinating. Finally, he let loose with a stream, splashing against the tree. Inasmuch as he had done this before, it was no less humiliating, especially now that he was designated as a dog by his Mistresses. When he was finished, he shook off the remaining droplets as ordered.

"Now, back in your kennel," she ordered, as she led him back to the cage.

Chapter 9

Brad lay in his cage, contemplating his latest humiliation. He examined the Vet Wrap, looking for an end that he could grab with his teeth, but the girls had done their job well. There was no end within his reach. His leather-mittened hands lay

uselessly against his shoulders. Worse than that, he had been reduced to dog-like sounds.

It was early afternoon, and things were fairly quiet around the lake house patio. Brad was lying on his side, half asleep. Suddenly, his ears perked up. He could hear what sounded like a truck pulling into the driveway. Realizing that this could be his opportunity for rescue, he began to shout. "HEL-" he was cut short by a shock from the collar. He had forgotten about the "dog sounds only" restriction.

With no other options, he began to bark, hoping that he could attract the visitor's attention. "RUFF! RUFF! RUFF!" Jackie was sitting at the computer, tweaking the SlaveMaster program. When she heard Brad's commotion, she immediately switched the collar to Silent Mode. "Ru-" ZAP! Brad's barking was cut short by the shocking collar. Shit, he thought, now I can't even bark!

Hearing the doorbell, Karla went to the door. Opening it, she saw a UPS delivery driver standing there, holding a couple of large boxes. "Delivery for a Brad Huntington?" the driver inquired. "That's right, I'll take them," Karla answered. She told him to leave the boxes on the porch; she would retrieve them later. As he put the boxes down, he noticed that Brad's barking had suddenly stopped.

"Is your dog alright? He seemed pretty agitated," the UPS man observed. "Oh, he always gets that way when we get a visitor," Karla said, smiling. "His training collar keeps him from continuous barking," she told him. She signed the electronic pad, and the UPS man was on his way.

"Thanks Jackie," Karla said, "I figured that was you who shut him up!" "Yeah, thank goodness for Silent Mode! Although, it sounds like the barking actually fooled the UPS man!" Jackie chuckled. "I think this definitely calls for a punishment," she continued. "I think I'll give him an hour of ass-fucking and deep-throating!"

She typed in a couple of lines and used the mouse to click on an option. "Wait 'till you hear the new voice I programmed into the SlaveBot!" she exclaimed. She turned up the volume on the computer speakers.

"Attention, slave! This is your Mistress! You will adopt the "Fours" position

whenever you hear My voice. Failure to obey immediately will result in punishment!" The voice coming out of the speaker sounded uncannily like Jackie's! Brad looked up in surprise, not expecting a female voice.

"Jackie, that's fantastic!" Karla exclaimed. "That fits in perfectly with my conditioning program!" "Just wait - there's more!" Jackie told her.

"You will also kiss My cock each time as a sign of submission to Me," the Bot announced. Reluctantly, Brad got up on all fours and leaned forward to kiss the dildo. "You will now resume your asshole training, followed by deep throat training. You have exactly two minutes to get that cock fully seated up your ass." The Bot ordered, as Brad groaned.

"I love it!" Karla exclaimed, clapping her hands. They watched on the monitor as Brad wearily positioned his ass by the dildo and started to push against it. He noticed that the dildo wasn't excreting the lubricant as it had in the past. Quickly, he turned around and spit on the end of it, then spreading it along its length with his lips wrapped around the shaft.

"One minute left, slave, better get on it!" the Bot cracked; the double entendre unappreciated by Brad. He turned around and pressed his anus against the dildo. Screwing up his face, he impaled himself with a grunt.

Meanwhile, the girls had brought the boxes in from the porch and had begun opening them. Rachael had just gotten up from a catnap and was curious to check it out. She watched as Karla and Jackie unpacked the boxes. "Wow, looks like we ordered half the catalogue," she joked. "Just the male slave accessories half," Jackie replied with a chuckle.

Rachael marveled at the various items as they were removed from the box, like the strap-on harness, various dildos, butt plugs, leather hood and other items she couldn't identify. The girls laid out all the items on the dining room table, anxious to play with their new toys. Rachael picked up a strange-looking device that looked like a penis cage with a three inch ring at the base, with a small box attached to the ring. "What's this?" she inquired.

"That, my dear, is the cornerstone of our slave training regimen," Jackie

answered. "It's a combination male chastity device and pain/pleasure torture device. Once this is installed on our slave, we will have infinite ways of controlling, training and torturing him. It will be wirelessly linked to the shocking collar. It can be programmed to shock to punish, or vibrate to tease." Rachael changed her grip on the device to just two fingers. "Don't worry, hon, it won't bite," Karla laughed.

The second box yielded a few pieces of electronic equipment: a wireless Bluetooth tablet, and two four inch square by one inch high sensor pads, one colored green; the other red. "What are these for?" Rachael asked. "It's part of our slave conditioning program. You'll understand more once it's set up," Karla told her.

"Once I get these devices installed on the computer, we can integrate them into the SlaveMaster training program," Jackie said as she began to type. The sensor pads and tablet were Bluetooth enabled, so it was a simple task to sync them with the computer.

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go out and play with our new toys!" Rachel exclaimed.

Chapter 10

Brad was in the middle of an ass-fucking cycle, wearily pushing back and forth on the dildo in his cage, as the girls walked out onto the patio. His knees and elbows were rubbed raw from their unnatural use as feet (or paws). He hesitated, unsure whether or not to stop and crawl over and stick his head through the cage door opening. There was a possibility of getting shocked either way if he made the wrong choice.

Jackie pressed a button on the remote to pause the SlaveMaster training program. "Come forward, slave," she ordered. He gingerly pulled himself off the dildo and crawled over to the cage door opening, obediently sticking his head through. "Stay," Rachael ordered as she opened the slave door. She reached down and clipped a leash onto his collar.

She led Brad out of the cage and over to the SlaveBot, where she fastened the leash to a hook. It was then that he noticed that Rachael was carrying a cardboard

box, which she placed on the ground. She opened the box and began unpacking it.

Jackie took the tablet and carried it over to the cage, where she hung it on a bracket near the inside bottom of the door, facing into the interior. After making sure the tablet was installed securely, she pressed the power button. The screen flashed to life, displaying the SlaveMaster logo. Satisfied, she picked up the sensor pads and placed them inside the cage at each corner by the entrance. Meanwhile, Karla ordered Brad to "roll over". Once he was on his back, Rachael placed her hands on his shoulders to keep him still.

Karla pulled the SlaveMaster cock cage out of the box and approached Brad. Once he saw what she was carrying, he began to struggle. Rachael merely moved around and knelt on his chest, pinning him down. Unable to move his body, he began to thrash his stumped arms and legs. Calmly, Karla grabbed his balls and squeezed. Brad's flailing ceased immediately. "I'd stay very still right now, if I were you," she warned. She proceeded to slip the cock cage over his cock and locked the ring snugly behind his balls. The small box hung down from the ring behind his balls. Rachael looked down at Brad's cock, imprisoned in the cock cage, and had a thought.

"Hold on, there's something missing here; take it off of him. I'll be right back," she told Karla. She ran back into the house while Karla removed the cock cage. "I wonder what she's doing," Karla said. A couple of minutes later, Rachael emerged from the house carrying something in her hands. As she reached the cage, Karla could see that Rachael was carrying some twine and a small bowl.

She knelt down and removed two pieces of pre-heated wax tape from the bowl, which she applied to either side of Brad's cock and balls, making sure to cover all of his pubic hair. When she was done, she tied a length of twine to the top end of each strip, near his navel. Brad, becoming aware of what Rachael was doing, began to tremble and whine. He recognized the strips of wax hair removal tape like the kind he had used on her previously.

Rachael looked at him with an evil glint in her eyes. "Payback's a bitch, baby!" she said coldly. Karla and Jackie were still unsure of Rachael's plan, but waited to see what she would do. "FOURS!" Rachel barked. Still whimpering, Brad struggled to his "feet". "CAGE!" Rachael ordered. Brad hung his head as he made his way back

into the cage.

"You have thirty seconds to get your ass on that dildo!" Rachael ordered. Looking up at her with a pleading look, Brad whined again, sounding like a hurt dog. Joining in, Jackie held up the remote, ready to shock him. "Fifteen seconds, slave!" Jackie snapped. Reluctantly, Brad backed up to the dildo, still wet from his recent ass-fucking.

"Ten, nine, eight.." the girls began to count down together. Desperately, Brad backed his asshole onto the dildo. Rachael walked around to the back of the cage and reached in through the six inch high opening and grabbed the ends of the twine, which she fed through the cage bars near the top of the opening. Pulling them taut, she tied them off.

"Jackie, can I have the remote?" Rachael asked. Jackie handed her the remote, bemused at the scene unfolding before them. Rachael selected the dildo shock button and pressed it for a split second, just enough to give him a quick jolt. Immediately, the dildo began to shock Brad, causing him to jump.

Shocked into motion, Brad surged forward, only to be caught up short by the tape, pulling at his pubic hair. He pushed himself back further on the dildo, desperate to relieve the tension on his pubes. Once again, Rachael tapped the dildo shock button, forcing him to push forward again. He was caught in a vicious cycle, moving back and forth about an inch along the dildo, the tape barely peeling off at the top end.

Rachael watched Brad fuck himself desperately back and forth for a few minutes, enjoying every second. Finally, she pressed the button and held it, delivering a continuous shock through the dildo. Panicking, Brad began heaving himself forward, urgently trying to get away from the shock. The tape began to peel back a little more.

Finally, Brad gave a mighty heave, throwing himself off of the dildo and onto the cage floor, as a loud ripping noise filled the air. His blood-curdling scream was cut short by the shocking collar. The tapes swung slowly by their tether at the back of the cage, containing clumps of Brad's pubic hair. He was curled up in a fetal ball, moaning, his mittened hands holding his denuded crotch.

Karla and Jackie stared wordlessly at Rachael for a moment, then broke out in applause. "Brilliant!" Jackie exclaimed, "I loved it!" Rachael bent down to the top of the cage and gave Brad a triumphant look. He looked up at her, tears in his eyes. "As I said, payback's a bitch, and I'm the BITCH!" she spat.

Chapter 11

Brad was given a minute to regain his composure, then he was ordered out of the cage. A very submissive Brad crawled out of the cage, his teary eyes lowered to the ground. He was now completely broken; all thoughts of resistance gone. He was placed on his back again while Rachael sat on his chest and Karla re-installed his cock cage.

Once Karla was finished, she told Rachael to give it a test. With a grin, Rachael pressed the "five" button. Brad screamed, his body thrashing so violently, he almost threw Rachael off, as he was shocked by his collar and the cock cage.

The scream triggered the shocking collar, which in turn activated the cock cage, shocking his balls. This resulted in yet another scream, setting the whole shocking sequence off again. The girls all but collapsed in laughter at the spectacle.

Eventually, Brad was able to calm down, panting heavily. Getting up, Rachael ordered Brad to the "Fours" position. Gingerly, Brad began to roll over, careful not to crush his now protruding and tightly restrained balls. As he "stood" on his knees and elbows, Rachael grabbed his leash and held it tightly, keeping Brad under tight control.

Karla pulled the next item out of the box. It looked like a furry dog's tail, about two feet long, which was attached to a butt plug. Once again, Brad began to back up when he spotted the butt plug, but was pulled up short by the leash, earning him another shock. "STAY!" Rachael ordered.

Still constrained by the collar's speech restrictions, he began to whine in a dog-like manner. "Shh, shh, It's ok, boy, easy," Rachael cooed, patting his head. Feeling a little bit merciful, Karla approached Brad, holding the butt plug near his

face. "We can do this two ways: the easy way, or the hard way," she told him.

"This is going up your ass, one way or another. If you want it the easy way, open your mouth and make it nice and wet. Otherwise..." she let the implied threat hang in the air. Defeated once again, he opened his mouth and allowed Karla to insert the butt plug. "Suck it nice, slave," she instructed. He closed his lips around the plug and let Karla swirl it around. She made sure to shove it back against his throat a couple of times for effect, making him gag.

Once she was satisfied, she removed the plug and walked around to his back side. Brad screwed his eyes shut, bracing himself for the inevitable. Kneeling down, Karla lined up the plug with Brad's asshole and, without ceremony, pushed it in, using a slight back and forth screwing motion, until it was fully seated, producing a grunt from its recipient. The plug narrowed at the bottom end before terminating in a wide flange, ensuring that it could not be removed without assistance.

The flange had a clip on its underside which attached to a ring on the underside of the cock cage ring, thus allowing the tail to be oriented in the "up" position, curved upward and forward in a semi-circle. Once the clip was attached, Karla stepped back to admire her handiwork.

"Perfect!" Jackie exclaimed. Brad hung his head, blushing in humiliation. "C'mon, boy, show us how happy you are with your new tail!" Jackie told him, grinning. "Ruff! Ruff!" Brad barked, sadly. "No, numbnuts, wag your freakin' tail!" Jackie snapped.

His face turning even redder, Brad moved his hips side to side, feeling the weight of the tail following his movements, wagging above him as the butt plug wiggled around inside his ass. Rachael squealed, clapping her hands and jumping up and down. "Cool! I've always wanted a dog! Can we keep him?" she asked facetiously, grinning. "Sure, hon, he's all yours!" Karla replied, half-jokingly.