

Just Browsing

Sarah looked first one way up the city street and then the other. Nobody was paying any attention to her as she stood with her back to the wall, and she saw nobody around who would recognize her. This was hardly surprising, as she knew nobody in this part of the country. She had only to cross the street and slip into the shop, it was that simple.

But it wasn't simple at all: she was so nervous. She passed the shop every day and each time she wondered what it was like inside. Today she had decided to find out. Taking a deep breath, she tried to look casual as she walked across the road, keeping her eyes straight ahead as she quickly entered the door with the sigh above reading, 'What's Your Fetish?'

It took a minute for her to get her bearings; it was larger inside than she had thought. Aisles and shelves stretched away from her just like any other store, but this one was filled with items of leather, rubber, and lace. Sex toys and magazines, DVDs, and things that she had no idea about filled every space. It appeared she was the only customer, in fact, there didn't seem to be anybody else in the shop at all.

'Oh well, I'm here now, I may as well make the most of it,' she thought, and slowly made her way down the rows of adult toys.

Megan watched the young woman make her way around the shop, trying to look casual, and obviously a browser. In Megan's experience there were three kinds of browsers; first there were the friends together; male or female, out for a good time giggling at the sex toys. Second, there were the solos; mostly men trying to inject some excitement into their lives, and third, there were the curious; the ones who would like to try something different, something exciting and kinky but needed a push. This woman was one of the third kind. Self-conscious and naive, she wanted the excitement, but she was embarrassed to admit it.

Walking further into the shop, Sarah jumped when she suddenly heard a voice.

"Hi, I'm Megan."

Looking over toward the counter, she saw a young girl of around twenty years old sitting on a stool watching her. She didn't really want to interact with anyone, but she had been raised to be polite. "Hello, I'm Sarah, Sarah with an H," she replied shyly.

"Well Sarah with an H, if you need any help just shout or pout, and I'll be right there."

"Um, thank you." Sarah turned away to hide the embarrassment she felt at being seen in a fetish store, even though it was only by a stranger. Strolling down the aisle, she pretended to be interested in, and knowledgeable about, the items in front of her. What she saw were magazines with titles such as 'Bound to Please', and 'Hogtied', their covers showing photos of women bound in various situations. She had never seen, or even imagined such things, and as she studied the pictures, she was surprised to find her breathing had quickened, and a tingle had begun between her thighs.

Feeling rather self-conscious, she moved away from the magazines and found herself confronted with a glaringly white mannequin enmeshed in shiny black leather straps. The straps encircled the torso, crisscrossing the impossibly perky breasts, around the waist, and over the shoulders. A strap was even pulled tight through the crotch. They were all linked together by a chrome metal ring at the navel.

The wrists and ankles were cuffed, again in leather, and chained together. But the thing that most fascinated Sarah was the head harness. A large red rubber ball was held against the mannequin's partly open mouth by thin straps that seemed to imprison the bald head. Almost subconsciously, Sarah reached out and lightly ran her fingertips over the strap holding the ball gag.

Pretending to read a magazine, Megan watched the stunning blond inspect the bondage display. What she saw was an incredibly good-looking woman in her late

twenties with rather large breasts on her slim frame. She was tall, with long shapely legs, but it was the eyes that captivated Megan: the large deep blue orbs seemed to draw her in and pull her into another world. She had to mentally shake herself to gain control, and as she studied her, it was clear that Sarah with an H was finding the whole BDSM display fascinating. It was also clear to Megan's experienced eye that the woman had never come across anything quite like this shop before. A smile appeared on her face at the thought that this one was ripe to have some fun with.

The leather felt surprisingly soft as Sarah's fingers moved over the mannequin's face, her hand was shaking as she came into contact with the ball.

"Would you like to try it?"

Sarah jumped again at the sound of the voice, and then blushed when she realized that her mouth was wide open, mimicking what it would be like if the ball gag was between her lips. "Wh...I...I'm sorry?" she stuttered.

"Are you a top, or a bottom?" Megan asked.

Sarah had no idea what the girl was talking about, but she didn't want to appear completely naïve, so she took a stab at an answer. "Um, I'm a top," she replied. Somehow 'top' seemed preferable to 'bottom'.

"Me too," Megan said as she came up and stroked the nearly naked mannequin in a very sensual manner. "It's a shame really; we don't get many subs in here by themselves. Do you have your own sub?"

Sub? What sub? Did she mean a submarine? A sandwich? This was all getting a little too confusing for Sarah. "Um, no, no I don't," she said, hoping her answer was correct.

"I see, so did you want to try it?" Megan asked again.

"Try it?"

"The harness, would you like to try the harness?" Megan let her hand rest on the shoulder of the mannequin.

"Err, no. It's okay, I'm just browsing really."

"It's quite alright; I can see you like it. We can't expect to get the right reaction from our subs if we don't know what things feel like for them."

'There she goes again, speaking gibberish,' Sarah thought. She looked at Megan as she tried to think of an excuse to leave the shop and saw an incredibly pretty girl dressed completely in black: stockings, heavy boots, a short skirt, and a leather vest. Even her lipstick was black; the only concession to color was her mauve eye shadow and her bright red hair. A gold stud in her nose and silver rings through her bottom lip and eyebrow seemed like an attempt to detract from her lovely face.

As Sarah was about to speak, Megan smiled. The effect was amazing as her whole face seemed to light up, and Sarah thought it would be impossible to be unhappy if you saw that smile.

She was still gazing at Megan as she became aware that she was moving. Megan was holding her arm and leading her through the shop towards a door to the rear. She didn't want to go, but thought to refuse would be rude, so she allowed herself to be guided through the door. And though she didn't want to admit it, even to herself, she was a little excited.

It was clearly a stock room: boxes and packages were stacked everywhere. Megan began searching through the goods and at the same time she chattered to Sarah, "You're not local, are you?"

"Not originally, no. I lived with my father up in the north until he died, I moved here just a couple of weeks ago. I was hoping to find work, but it's as hard down here as where I came from," she replied.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll find something, and I'm sorry about your dad. Don't you have anyone else? A boyfriend? What about brothers or sisters?"

"No, I'm afraid not, just little old me. I was thinking I might meet somebody down here in the big city, but so far..." she shrugged to indicate she had had no luck yet. She didn't want to reveal how she had found David, her boyfriend, with her best friend in her own bed.

Megan turned to her with a large shallow box cradled in her hands. "Right, I think this is what we're looking for," and there was that smile again. She removed the lid from the box and lifted out a web of leather straps and shiny buckles. "Okay, if you'll just take off your jacket."

Sarah was unsure now; this was all getting a bit weird. "Oh, no, look if you don't mind, I really should go."

"Go where? You said you didn't have to work, so why the hurry?"

"I'm sorry, I really don't know if I feel comfortable undressing in front of you," she said as she stood up to leave.

"Oh Christ, don't be silly, you don't have to strip: we can just put this on over your clothes," Megan gave a little laugh and turned the smile up to a million watts.

'How can I not trust someone with that smile?' Sarah thought, as she took a deep breath, dropped her bag on the floor, and removed her jacket.

It took only a few minutes to fit the harness as Sarah stood with her arms away from her body as Megan had instructed her. Once the strap was fastened around her waist, Megan was able to quickly fix all the others. Two straps ran above and below Sarah's breasts, crossing between her tits and separating them. She had large breasts; thirty-six D cup, and had always been self-conscious of them, and now the straps emphasized them even more. Further straps passed over her shoulders and another through her crotch. She tried to stop Megan applying this one in such an intimate place, but the young girl worked with such efficiency that

before she could form any words of protest the buckle was being fastened. With the harness in place, Megan spent some time checking and adjusting the straps.

As Megan fitted the harness Sarah found she was breathing faster and could feel her heart flutter. She was becoming more and more excited with each strap that was placed and pulled tight; it was a surreal situation as she meekly allowed a perfect stranger to bind her in leather. She knew she should stop it, but she couldn't resist the strange emotions coursing through her body.

"We just need some small extras," Megan said as she quickly wrapped matching leather cuffs around Sarah's wrists and ankles. She clipped together the rings attached to the ankle cuffs, holding Sarah's feet tightly together, and then clipped a short chain between her wrists.

Sarah was unsure about this at first, but as her hands were still in front of her body, she felt she should be able to free them if the need arose. She felt her legs growing weak as a collar was fastened snugly around her neck, and then came the best part: she stood meekly and allowed Megan to gag her.

The red rubber ball stretched her jaws, though not enough to hurt. When it was pushed it into her open mouth, Sarah nearly climaxed there and then; the feeling of submissiveness and surrender was almost overwhelming. Gratefully, she sat on the high stool when Megan told her to, and waited, bound, and gagged as an elasticated blindfold was pulled over her eyes.

"I need to check the shop, so I'll leave you to stew for a few minutes. Don't worry, I won't be far," she said, and quickly picked up Sarah's bag as she left. Sarah was suddenly left alone to contemplate her position.

In the dark of the blindfold, she imagined herself bound into helplessness. She saw herself at the mercy of her ex-boyfriend, but his face blurred and changed into the Megan's smiling face. She forced the image away; she wasn't a lesbian and had never had any desire for another woman. Instead, she tried to focus on mundane things such as her search for a job, but she couldn't ignore the excitement of not being in control of herself. No! It was more than that; it was the knowledge that

she was being controlled by someone else, of being helpless to prevent them doing whatever they wanted that made it so exciting. And every time she allowed her mind to dwell on her situation, she pictured Megan's face.

As Sarah struggled to come to terms with the new emotions she was feeling, Megan emptied the contents of the bag on the counter. There was the usual collection of mundane things that every woman carried, credit cards, cash, makeup, keys, etc. As she examined these items Megan learned Sarah's full name and temporary address, as well as more personal details such as bank accounts. She felt satisfied with what she had discovered and knew that Sarah would be ideal for what she planned. She picked up her mobile phone and punched in a number from memory.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Dominique, it's Megan." Dominique! What a stupid clichéd name to call yourself, Megan thought, especially when it was common knowledge that her real name was Karen.

"Oh, hello Megan, how's it going?"

"Just fine, listen, this is a business call, I have another one if you're interested?"

"I'm certainly interested, do you have any details?"

"Of course, now let's see, we have Sarah Emily Hudson," she read out from the driving license, "Address, Nottingham, but living in temporary rooms here, looking for work, she has no close family or friends, at least not in this part of the country."

"Have you checked her phone?"

"Yes, call log shows she has no regular contact with anybody, in fact she actually told me she was looking to make some new friends here," Megan reported.

"She sounds ideal; do you need help with her?"

"No, I've got everything secure at this end. There's just one thing though, this one's special, you'll see what I mean when you see her, and I'll expect a bit extra for her."

"Hmmm, we'll see. I'll have to see her first. I must rearrange a few things, but I should be with you in around an hour, will you be okay until then?"

"Oh, I think so, just remember to bring some extra cash with you," Megan closed the phone without saying goodbye. She sometimes wished she didn't have to deal with Dominique, but she certainly liked the money their association brought. Now she had an hour to kill, but at least she had some fun ways to spend the time.

Standing in the doorway of the storeroom, Megan watched her guest. Sarah was unaware of another presence as she attempted to draw in enough air through her nose, every few seconds a faint whimper could be heard from behind the gag. Megan smiled when she looked at Sarah's cuffed hands as they lay in her lap and trembled. She watched, silently, as her captive's fingers pushed against her panty-covered pussy, gently stroking the strap that split her crotch.

Megan quietly entered the room, waiting until she was just a few inches away before whispering, "I'm back."

Sarah visibly jumped with shock and snatched her hands away from her pussy. Her head turned to the sound of the voice as though she could see.

Megan reached out to take hold of the chain attached to the cuffs on Sarah's wrists, raising the hands up and over the woman's head and clipping the chain to the back of the collar. She was pleased to note that she met no resistance. Now that her toy was truly helpless, she could begin to play.

When the blindfold was removed Sarah squinted against the light and automatically tried to lower her arms. A couple of tugs confirmed that she was going to remain as she was until Megan decided otherwise. She was afraid, but it was a nice fear, an exciting fear; the kind one gets when one is about to start a

scary ride at the fairground. She felt she could trust Megan; after all she'd been so nice to her so far, so why shouldn't she trust her?

"I'm going to try a different gag now so that you can compare the effect it will have on your sub," Megan said. She would keep up the pretense only until she had the woman properly silenced. There were gags and there were gags, the ball gag was a wonderful toy, it looked so hot in a slave's mouth and prevented the forming of any coherent words. But for suppressing sound it was useless, so she would need something a bit stricter. It was when they were truly silenced and helpless that captives normally realized that something was wrong. But of course, by then it was too late.

As the ball gag was pulled free, saliva ran from Sarah's mouth. She flexed her jaw and winced, realizing now how painful it could be to be gagged for a long time. She thought she should say something, anything, but she was still in her fantasy world, and speaking without Megan's permission seemed somehow wrong. Instead, she obediently opened her mouth as a new gag was offered up to her lips.

Her heart seemed to race, and she wondered why? Why did being bound and controlled by someone else affect her this way? What had brought her here, anyway? Had it been fate? She'd been looking to meet new friends, did fate make her walk into this shop and meet Megan? Megan, the stranger who made her feel so wonderfully controlled.

The ring gag settled nicely behind Sarah's teeth just as it was designed to do. With the straps around and over her head it was there to stay. Before she fitted the rest of the gag, Megan buckled a strap over Sarah's thighs, securing her to the stool. Even though she was hobbled, Sarah could still cause a problem if she got it into her head to jump up when she realized what was really happening.

The large blue eyes looked at her with curiosity and Megan stopped still for a moment to study the face. 'God, she's so fucking gorgeous,' she thought. But she had a job to do so she pushed the rubber bag through the ring into Sarah's mouth and smoothed down the Velcro lined pad to hold it in place. A few pumps on the

bulb and Sarah's cheeks were pushed out like a hamster storing food. Still no panic showed in Sarah's eyes, so Megan decided to up the ante.

It was awkward to slide the pad between Sarah's thighs while her legs were strapped to the stool, but she finally managed to push it into place despite the squirming of her prisoner. It appeared that Sarah might at last be thinking things weren't quite right.

The butterfly vibrator was held against Sarah's pussy by the crotch strap. It was positioned to give her some beautiful vibrations, but far enough away from her clit to make it maddeningly frustrating. Megan knew from experience how hard it was to achieve an orgasm in this situation, and as she pressed the button on the remote, Sarah visibly jumped as the vibrations started. She squirmed and groaned, and Megan smiled in satisfaction when all she heard were faint sounds through the gag.

Sarah appeared to be in a world of her own, and Megan could no longer resist the lure of those magnificent breasts. She gently cupped one tit and was surprised when Sarah closed her eyes and seemed to sag in her bonds, her breast settling nicely into Megan's hand. Despite her bra and white sweater, her nipples were clearly defined, and Megan rubbed her thumb over the protruding bud before pinching it gently between her thumb and forefinger. She increased the pressure and rolled the nipple back and forth watching Sarah's face all the time. Megan began twisting both nipples at once and Sarah started writhing on the stool. After just a few seconds her body appeared to stiffen and strain against the straps, her eyes snapped open, and her eyeballs rolled up to leave just the whites showing. A low animal groan was faintly heard as Sarah's legs shook. Megan realized her prisoner was having an enormous orgasm.

'My God, she is just so perfect!' Megan thought, rather than teasing her and keeping her excited but frustrated, the vibrator coupled with being in a helpless position and used as a toy had caused Sarah to climax. She was such a natural submissive that Megan wished she could keep Sarah for herself. But this was business, and money was money. She was glad, though, that Sarah had enjoyed herself since it might be the last time that anything nice ever happened to her.

Sarah slumped on the stool and appeared to be trying to say something. Megan guessed that now that she had calmed down, she wanted to be freed, but that wasn't going to happen no matter how much she pleaded with those lovely blue eyes.

"Humph?!"

It was hopeless, Sarah couldn't make herself understood, and she wanted to go now. She felt embarrassed and ashamed. How could she have possibly allowed herself to respond in that way? And to do it in front of a stranger! Whatever must Megan think? She should never have entered this shop, much less let herself be tied up.

'I just have to make Megan realize that it was all a mistake and get her to release me.' As she struggled to communicate, a loud knocking on a door behind her startled her. If somebody entered now and saw her like this she would just die!

She again looked at Megan, 'Please let me go, and please remove this damn vibrator! It's driving me crazy!' she wanted to say. Megan looked at the door, then back at Sarah. She shrugged, and quietly said, "I'm sorry."

Although Sarah had never met Dominique, she disliked her instantly. She was arrogant, and rude, and Sarah soon discovered she was also a sadistic bitch. She was tall and very slim; her black hair was cut short and combed flat to her head. Though she wasn't unattractive she had a hard face with thin lips, and a long sharp nose. When she smiled it never seemed to reach her eyes. Dressed entirely in brown leather; her trousers, waistcoat, and ankle length coat made Sarah think of some kind of Fascist dictator.

Walking round the captured woman, Dominique inspected her next acquisition. Megan had been correct; this one was special. She quickly and expertly unbuckled and removed the body harness. Sarah's pulse quickened in the hope she was being released, instead, Dominique nonchalantly held out her hand as she studied Sarah. Megan slapped the handles of a large pair of scissors into the waiting palm. Within

a couple of minutes Sarah was naked and her clothes were a tattered pile on the floor. She was even more magnificent naked, Dominique thought, as she cupped Sarah's large breasts and kneaded the soft flesh.

The bound woman tried to shrink away from the woman's touch, but only succeeded in almost toppling over. She squealed into the gag when Dominique pinched her nipple, turning her head, she looked at Megan in hatred. She had trusted her; she had even thought they might become friends. And all the time she was preparing her for this evil woman.

Gripping Sarah's chin, Dominique forced her to look into her own eyes. "Never mind her, look at me," she ordered. "You are mine now, at least until somebody buys you. I'm the one you should pay attention to, I'm the one who can make the rest of your life either hard, or a complete nightmare."

Sarah pulled her chin away in defiance and cried out when Dominique slapped her hard across the face. Tears sprang from her eyes while Dominique looked almost bored as she slapped her again and then again. With her eyes streaming and her head ringing Sarah got the message: she must do what this woman says.

"There are ways to attach nipple clamps and ways not to." Dominique was speaking quietly as she held the vicious looking clamp in front of Sarah's face. "If I clip it at the base of the nipple it will hurt just a bit," she explained, as she allowed the clamp to bite on Sarah's left nipple. Sarah screwed up her eyes in pain.

"But it will also feel nice in an erotic kind of way," she continued pulling and twisting the clip. "But what if I clip them right on the end of the nipple?" A muffled scream was heard from behind Sarah's gag. "You see how much more it hurts? And what a beautiful response it brings," she said with just a bit of sadistic glee. She clipped the other clamp in place and spent a few minutes playing with the pain wracked nipples, feeling herself becoming wet as she watched Sarah's reaction.

After a while she decided to rebind her new slave. "Help me here," she ordered Megan. Together, the two women released Sarah's hands and cuffed them behind her back. She tried to fight, but they were too strong for a timid female with numb

arms. She grimaced as Dominique pulled a strap tight around her upper arms forcing her elbows to touch. It helped that Sarah was naturally supple, but she suspected that Dominique wouldn't have cared anyway. With her arms tied, Sarah's chest was thrust out, causing the clamps to feel as though they were biting even tighter. Through bleary eyes she watched Dominique move confidently about the room, she dare not take her eyes off the woman for fear of being slapped again.

"Ah yes these are perfect!" Dominique said, pulling something from the shelf. She held two black leather collars with small, pointed chrome studs embedded along their length and handed one to Megan. The other she placed around the base of Sarah's left breast with the studs facing inward. She slipped the end through the buckle and pulled it as tight as she could.

The reaction from Sarah was immediate: she screamed uselessly into her gag and her body bucked in a futile attempt to escape the sudden pain engulfing her. By the time Dominique had repeated the process on the other breast Sarah had become a blubbering wreck. Tears streamed from her eyes as she sobbed, her nose became blocked, and she sniffed and snorted trying to get air into her lungs.

Dominique noticed how her plaything was struggling to breath but chose to ignore the girls discomfort as she played with the pain-wracked breasts. They were certainly beautiful, even more so because of the clamps and straps. She ran her hands over the swollen flesh, fascinated by the sight and feel, trying to imagine the pain this slut was in. For the thousandth time, she wondered what it would feel like to be on the receiving end, but again dismissed the thought: she was only interested in causing the suffering of others.

Sarah's breasts were already a dark red as Dominique held onto the clamps and tugged them. She was delighted with the guttural moaning coming from the stricken slave.

Dominique held Sarah's chin and forced her to focus on her as she said, "I'm going to remove your gag now so you can breathe. You can cry and moan as much as you want, but if you scream or say one word I'll punish you, do you understand?"

Sarah didn't know how she could be punished any more than she already had been, but she wasn't going to take the chance. She nodded her head, and even felt grateful when the inflatable gag was removed. She still wore the ring gag, but she could at least now manage to draw in huge gasps of air. She barely paid any attention to the saliva running from her stretched mouth and down her chin.

She didn't dare speak, so apart from the crying and the odd moan, she suffered the pain in silence. She tried to think of a way out of the situation she found herself in but could only come up with questions. 'Why is this happening to me? Why would someone so enjoy inflicting pain? What do they have planned for me? When will they let me go?' She had no way of knowing the answers but knew she would have to obey whatever orders they gave her and hope she could avoid more punishment.

"Fetch me some shoes, will you?" Dominique asked Megan. Knowing exactly what was required; Megan hurried into the shop and returned a minute later with a box. Dominique had removed the cuffs from her slave's ankles and the two women took a leg each and fitted the ballet boots onto Sarah's feet, not caring that they were a size too small and forcing them into the harshly unnatural posture that would become almost unbearably painful after just a short time.

Dominique released the strap holding Sarah to the stool and, with Megan's help, lifted Sarah onto her feet. Towering over her tormentors in the seven-inch heels, she found it impossible to balance and had to be guided into position bending over the stool. Megan refastened the strap securing her face down with her bottom presented perfectly for a spanking.

"I need something that won't mark her too much, but will still cause pain," Dominique said as she squatted and forced Sarah's ass cheeks apart. "Also, we need to fill these holes with something."

Megan searched through some boxes and handed Dominique a large paddle. "This will hurt like a bitch and shouldn't leave too many marks. What marks it does make

should fade quite quickly anyway. I have some butt plugs in the shop; I'll be back in a moment."

Sarah couldn't believe what she was hearing! 'Oh God, they're going to hurt me even more.' She was shaking with fear, and unable to see anything because of her tears. She had been determined to stay quiet, but she couldn't stop herself begging "Eeze, eeze onne oo iss? Eeze et ee o? I onne ell anyne owww," she squealed, this last as her head was pulled back hard by her hair.

Dominique smiled into her slave's face. She loved the power she held over this woman: the power to free her or sentence her to a life of suffering. Of course, there was only one option she would consider.

"You were told not to speak!" she growled. "You'll be punished for that later, in the meantime I'm going to have some fun with you, but I'm afraid you won't like it because it's going to hurt, a lot. Later you'll be sedated and packed away. I'll be paid a lot of money for you and have no idea where you'll end up or who will own you, and frankly I don't care. But I can guarantee that you'll spend the rest of your life in pain and misery."

Dominique smiled genuinely for the first time. She hadn't told Sarah what she planned out of any need to warn or prepare her; she simply loved to see the despair in a new slave's face when they realized how hopeless their situation was.

Sarah's head dropped back down, and she choked with the fear and knowledge of what these evil bitches planned. Suddenly her head shot back up, her back arching, her stretched mouth was silent but she was screaming in her head as pain exploded in her ass. The sound of the paddle striking flesh seemed to come a second later. Then more pain, and this time she found her voice and screamed loud and long. The pain seemed to engulf her entire body, and she couldn't believe anything could hurt so much, knowing that she couldn't stand this horrible pain. In her befuddled state she didn't understand why she couldn't stop the hurt or stand up, she tried to say something, but there was loud screaming, and she couldn't think of what to say.

Then her head seemed to clear, and she realized that it was her own screaming and she couldn't stop, and the pain was continuing and getting worse and, 'please, please make it stop! I can't stand it!!'

Dominique swung the paddle with all her might. She had warned Sarah not to scream, but the slut's cries were beautiful and better than any music she had ever heard. She didn't count the spanks, she didn't care what the total was, she was just so happy watching the proffered ass turning such a deep shade of red. There were even a few gorgeous bruises already forming.

In the back of her mind, she knew that marking her merchandise would possibly bring a lower price, but she was having too much fun to worry about that. Besides, how often did she get the opportunity to torture such a beautiful creature as this? She wanted, no! More than wanted, she needed to feel the burning flesh under her hand. Dropping the paddle, she began slapping Sarah's ass with her hand, first one cheek then the other, over, and over, working from the woman's waist and gradually down to the back of her knees.

Dominique appeared to be in a trance as she slapped with a rhythm, covering every inch of flesh, loving the way she was turning the white skin into an angry red. Sarah's screams had stopped to be replaced by a constant, agonized, moan. She lay quite still, not flinching at all, as the slaps landed, all resistance now gone.

The torture only stopped when Dominique's arm grew too tired to spank anymore, and her palm hurt too much. She cradled her stinging hand to her chest and, with a maniacal grin, caressed the burning ass with her left hand, cruelly dragging her sharp nails up the back of the slave's punished thighs. She felt her pussy tingle as Sarah groaned at this new torment.

Usually Dominique had excellent self-control, but there was something about this girl that had her emotions ruling her brain. She had never been so turned on just by a simple punishment session and decided she would use Sarah just a bit more, just to satisfy the maddening itch she had caused. She opened her phone and pushed the speed dial. "When you get here wait in the van, we'll call you in when we're ready." She hung up and turned her attention back to the object of her lust.

The scream dropped to a guttural moan, and Dominique waited until Sarah's ass began to grow accustomed to the large butt plug that was just starting to be pressed into her. The large head of the plug had already begun to stretch Sarah's sphincter, causing her to start her struggling and screaming anew. When she was sure that the pain had receded somewhat, Dominique forced the plug inward a little more and licked her lips with malicious glee on hearing the new screams of agony. There was still another five or six inches left on the ever widening plug, and pushing it into the slut's un-lubricated ass a half-inch at a time would provide twenty to thirty minutes of exquisite suffering. Her free hand slowly rubbed at her pussy, and she so wanted to have the slut's mouth on her but forced herself to wait until the butt plug was fully inserted. Besides, she knew she would be more excited if she waited.

Megan's fingers mirrored Dominique's. She didn't normally enjoy the amount of abuse her partner in crime was inflicting, but there was something about Sarah that made tormenting her so exciting. She concluded it must be the combination of submissiveness, beauty, naivety, innocence, and downright sexiness. Whatever it was, Sarah's agony was having the same effect on both women. It appeared that she was created for this, and Megan was lucky enough to be there at the right time.

'Oh God, please let me die!' The pain was total now, and Sarah knew she would go insane if it didn't stop. Terrified at the thought, tears flowed down her cheeks as she realized she really wanted to die, anything to stop the agony she was in. But there was no let up, and no way for her to stop the agonizing abuse. She was sure her insides had been ripped apart. The buttplug felt as though it was filling her whole body, crushing her from the inside out. Her ass and legs were on fire, she imagined the skin to be ripped and bleeding. Her feet were cramped and growing more painful by the minute, her jaw ached unbelievably, and her breasts and nipples were a throbbing mass of pain.

Looking through the fog of her tear-filled eyes; she slowly realized that she was being lifted up from her bent over position. She didn't have the strength to support herself and suddenly found she was lying on the floor. She was wondering how she

had gotten there when she found herself pulled up onto her knees. Her brain slowly began to function as she found that she was kneeling, and Megan was fixing some sort of stocks to her ankles as Dominique held her upright. The shoes had been removed, though her feet still hurt as if they were still laced in place. She thought she could hear voices and then her head was rocked as a hand slapped her face twice.

"Listen to me slut. Pay attention. Your punishment for disobedience starts now. Megan is going to whip the soles of your feet, and I can tell you it will fucking hurt like a bastard, and she'll keep whipping until you make me come, understand?"

Sarah didn't understand, but Dominique gave her no time to dwell on it as her head was pulled down until she was laying on her front. She moaned in pain as her bound tits were crushed beneath her body. Her head was pulled back by the hair, and her face rested on something soft and warm. The ring gag was pulled from her mouth, and she groaned as her jaws were allowed to painfully close. Something pushed against her open mouth that was furry and smelt horrible. She tried to turn her head away, but the hand holding her hair forced her face harder into the wet smelly place.

New pain shot up her right leg but the hand pushing her face down into what she now knew was somebody's crotch muffled her scream. The pain seemed to bring her to her senses, and she realized that Megan had tied the stocks to something, holding her feet in the air so she could whip her soles. This pain now overrode all the other hurt in her tortured body, but it dawned on her what she must do. She felt physically sick but pushed her mouth to the wet pussy and licked as another bolt exploded in her left foot.

Sarah licked and sucked for all she was worth, the cane landing at regular intervals. Dominique would have climaxed long ago, but she cruelly pulled the questing mouth away every time she neared orgasm. Sarah felt as though her feet had been thrust into a fire, but she fought the pain trying to concentrate on making her Mistress come. With all the pain she was experiencing, thinking of the evil woman as her Mistress barely registered in her tortured brain.

Suddenly she jerked, as she attempted to lick Dominique's clit, something was pushed into her pussy. Amid all the pain it actually felt nice. The object was being moved in and out, and then it started to vibrate. She tried not to but couldn't stop her hips moving in response to the intruder. She forced her tongue deep inside the pussy and clamped her lips onto the woman's clit, sucking hard; she flicked the sensitive bud with the tip of her tongue. The pain in her feet was spreading, an ache moving up her legs penetrating her belly, but a warm ache was filling her pussy combining with the vibrations, and the feeling of being filled. Her hips were rocking to the thrusts of Megan's vibrator, with each stroke from the cane she jerked; not from pain now, but from the spasm that shot through her pussy. Subconsciously she was moving her chest, scraping her clamped nipples over the floor, adding to the pain that was bringing her to orgasm.

Dominique arched her back as she came, her juices flooding into Sarah's mouth. The bound woman swallowed eagerly and pushed her face hard against the cruel woman. Megan continued to work the large vibrating dildo in and out of the slave's pussy. She had stopped whipping her and grinned in amazement that Sarah was now getting off on the abuse they were inflicting on her. Dominique fell back, feeling exhausted as Sarah's tongue was now uncomfortable on her over sensitive clit. She tried to push the head away from her pussy, but Sarah was in another place and clamped her lips hard to the wet slit. In a slight panic, Dominique pulled Sarah's hair and slapped her head trying to make her stop. This was the final straw for the slave and she bit down hard as she jerked wildly in the strongest orgasm she had ever had.

It was time to prepare Sarah for her journey. She sat docile on the floor as the boots were laced onto her tortured feet again. She was resigned to whatever was going to happen to her and knew there was no escape. She felt sad, sad for the things that she would no longer be able to do; a girl's night in with a sappy film, a drink in a noisy wine bar, eating ice cream from the tub, the simple things in life that everyone takes for granted. It seemed unreal now, as though it was all a huge joke, and she waited for Dominique to release her, and they would laugh together. But then she recalled the pain, the pain that she could still feel and, to her shame, how she had climaxed when the pain was at its worst. No, it was no joke, she was a slave now and there was nothing she could do or say to prevent it.

With her arms already bound, it was easy to tie Sarah up into a neat package. Dominique re-strapped her legs at the ankles and knees and added some cord to tie the toes of the boots together. Before continuing, she took revenge for Sarah biting her pussy by roughly pulling off the nipple clamps, loving the way Sarah writhed and moaned as the blood rushed back to the tortured buds, causing more pain than when they were originally clipped in place. When she was sure that the pain had subsided, she unbuckled the studded straps on the punished breasts and pulled them free eliciting a similar response. Satisfied, Dominique decided to leave the vibrator and buttplug in place. There was no point in spoiling the slut after all, and using a short strap, affixed Sarah's collar to her knees. Another strap ran from her wrists to her ankles, and so, Sarah was secured into a neat ball of trussed up feminine flesh.

As a finishing touch, Dominique pushed her discarded panties into the unresisting mouth and wrapped three turns of two-inch wide adhesive tape around Sarah's head to completely gag her. She was grinning in triumph into Sarah's face as she held out her hand to Megan. "Pass me the sedative, will you?" she asked her partner.

Megan looked at the hypodermic needle in her hand; she crouched down beside Dominique as she knelt before Sarah's bound form. Dominique's attention was focused on her slave as Sarah stared wide-eyed with fear at the needle.

Later a white van drove through the commercial district. It was early evening and there were very few people about as it pulled into the only open unit and stopped the engine. The shutters rolled down behind him as he climbed from the vehicle. Two men, both wearing jeans and black T-shirts, met him, while another man in a suit watched from the back of the small warehouse. Opening the rear doors of the van, the driver climbed inside and pulled a large brown leather packing case from the back of the van. With the help of the two bruisers, they carried the case to a point before the suited man. He nodded slowly and rested his hand on the case. The driver climbed back into the van and reversed from the building. Not one word had been spoken but he didn't mind: he was paid a nice sum of cash each time he delivered one of the cases. He didn't know what was inside, and he didn't want to

know. He had no doubt the whole thing was illegal, but ignorance was bliss, or so they said.

While the van was leaving the warehouse, Megan was pulling into her drive. She stopped her car and studied the cottage. 'Not many girls of twenty owned their own house and a brand new 4 x4,' she thought. She pushed down on the accelerator and crept into the open garage. Inside the house she called out, "Cassie, Cassie are you here?" A rumble of footsteps sounded from above and a slim woman with flowing blond hair came bounding down the stairs, her cotton summer dress floating behind her. She threw herself at Megan, wrapping herself around the redhead, and pressing her lips to Megan's mouth. They kissed passionately for half a minute, and then the blond spoke breathlessly, "You're late."

"I know, I'm sorry, but I've brought us a present."

"Ooh, I like presents," Cassie purred.

Megan took her lover's hand and led her into the garage. They stood behind the car and Megan lifted the tailgate, and then reached inside and pulled free the blanket covering her surprise. She smiled in pleasure at the rapt expression on Cassie's face. Reaching down, she cupped Sarah's breast, thumbing the nipple. She loved the way it grew erect regardless of the situation its owner was in. She wondered briefly where that bitch, Dominique was right now. Her dislike of the woman had grown to hatred in the past few months, and now she was finally rid of her. Where would she end up and what would she think when she woke up to find she was about to be sold to the highest bidder? She smiled again; delighted that she would no longer have to work with her and what became of her was no longer her concern. Pushing the thought from her mind, she looked into the big blue eyes and the bemused expression on Sarah's face. She leant into her partner and kissed her cheek fondly. "The three of us are going to have so much fun!"

The End