

The Island

Chapter 1 - Arrival

As Ashley and I stood on the dock waiting for her friend Carol, I wondered why I was here. Was a two-week vacation on a lonely island in Northern Ontario really what I wanted, or had I let Ashley talk me into it? Had I capitulated to this trip in the hopes our sagging relationship could be saved? I have to say I had been imagining Ashley's beautiful and naked body on its knees devotedly sucking me off like she had in the beginning of our marriage. That hadn't happened recently and I was concerned it would never happen again. Ashley looked as beautiful today as when I first had met her. She was 5'6", 120 lbs., and a perfect body with 34D breasts to die for, brown eyes and brown hair, parted in the middle that usually hung down past her shoulders. With all the gym and beauty salon expenses that I paid each month, she should have been gorgeous and next to my 6' frame and 200 lbs., we made quite the couple, on the surface anyway.

At least it was a relatively warm day and so as we waited Ashley was frolicking on the dock in a pair of her shortest shorts. Baby blue and tighter than hell, these shorts accentuated my wife's legs making them look like they went all the way up to her gorgeous breasts. She was also wearing a tight, white, low-cut T that left nothing to the imagination and showed off her well-earned tan. Not too far away, there were some locals watching us and I knew they noticed the same things I did because their eyes were wide and they occasionally pointed when Ashley did something that looked sensual.

"Here she comes." Ashley called out, referring to her best friend from their university days together.

Looking up, I saw the large powerboat approach the dock and it triggered a thought. Christ, this Carol is loaded. She owns the island, the cottage, and that boat isn't cheap. I guess it's good she's Ashley's best friend. However, as the boat approached the dock, my eyes concentrated less on the machine and more on the extraordinary woman at the wheel. Instead of gawking at her, I should have helped tie up her boat, but I blew it and Ashley was grabbing the lines and tying it up before I realized my mistake. Carol gave me a look, or was it a glare, before she

sprang from the boat and embraced Ashley in a hug, which seemed entirely too filled with passion to be simply between two old college friends. What fantastic eye candy she is, I thought and immediately pictured her kneeling before me and sucking me off. She did have full lips, which would feel perfect on my shaft or against my own lips. God, she was an Amazon, standing at about my height of 6' and she must have weighed 150 lbs of a pure golden tanned body. Sunglasses covered her eyes but I later found them to be brown, her hair was a short dirty blonde that was no longer than the bottom of her ears and her breasts were magnificent. She must have been a 36 and they were as erect as that of a teenager as they were almost visible through the white T-shirt she wore. This vacation was starting to look up especially if there was an opportunity of getting Carol in the sack, I thought. My reaction to all this was to look down at my stomach and pull it in. I made a note to spend more time at the gym next winter.

When the hug finished, Ashley turned to me. "Carol, this is my husband, William."

Once again Carol looked me over, but she seemed unimpressed. "Hello, William, would you mind loading Ashley's stuff. I'd like to start back for the island right away." Her tone was dismissive, as if I was more a servant than Ashley's husband.

With no delay, both Carol and Ashley boarded the powerboat and sat down to continue chatting while I loaded the food, booze, and clothes we had brought.

Once I was finished, Carol took the wheel immediately and the boat kicked to life taking off like a bat out of hell as Carol pushed the throttle all the way forward. As she maneuvered, she and Ashley laughed and talked a blue streak as if I wasn't even there.

As we approached the island the enormous house Carol had built came into view further reinforcing my feeling Ashley's ex-roommate was one rich bitch. I couldn't help the thought, which wandered, into my mind. How close were they in college? Did they share guys? It's every man's fantasy to be in a threesome between two beautiful women and despite my knowledge the thought alone could get me in big trouble with Ashley I couldn't push it out of my mind. How I'd love to be fucking one of them as we both licked the pleasure areas of the other.

Not wanting to miss my opportunity to get noticed, I popped out of the boat to tie down the lines as soon as Carol pulled up to the dock. Unfortunately her response wasn't what I hoped it would be. "William, why don't you be a dear and bring Ashley's stuff up to the cabin. I've got something to show her." Once again, Carol used the same dismissive tone toward me making me feel more like a bellboy than Ashley's husband, but I obeyed. As I watched them meander up the path toward what must have been a half million dollars of cabin, I wondered what Carol wanted to show my wife.

She calls this a cabin! As I entered with the first load of bags, it was clear to me the rustic accents on the outside, which made this place look like a log cabin, were strictly for show. After placing the bags and one cooler on the floor, I briefly looked around the ultra-modern, penthouse interior, but I saw no trace of either Carol or Ashley. When I returned with the larger cooler, Carol and Ashley had reappeared and were putting away the contents of the first cooler.

"Ash, why don't you show William to your bedroom. You two can put away your things and freshen up. Then you can meet me on the deck for drinks." Carol seemed to have no issue with taking charge in any situation and over anyone.

Ashley turned to me and I could tell she was about to drag me upstairs with our suitcases, but I cut her off. "Wait a minute, babe, there's plenty of time to see the bedroom later. I'm beat and I'm not in the mood to hang clothes now. Maybe you can take care of it." I was simply reacting to my somewhat tired state after playing porter with all our luggage, but I could instantly see my words triggered something in Carol.

Carol glared at me and then she looked at Ashley as if she too had broken some rule. When Ashley turned and looked at me there was a confused, deer-in-the-headlights look on her face, which I'd never seen before.

What the hell is her problem? Part of me wanted to challenge Carol about her attitude, but it was the strange look on Ashley's face, which made me back down.

"Come on, Bill, please don't make a scene. You'll embarrass me." Ashley's words were clearly a plea to me to not start something so I relented following her out of the kitchen and into the front room. However part of me felt strongly I had already done something, which embarrassed my wife before her friend.

“Excellent, now when you two are ready, come out onto the deck for drinks. I’ll mix up a jug of Manhattans.” Carol’s voice followed us as we climbed the short stairway to the upper level of the cabin, but I wondered if she really wanted me there.

Mostly silence ensued between Ashley and me as we unpacked, but I sensed her silence might not be the worst of my problems. When I finished, I opened the patio doors to a balcony that looked over a magnificent view of the lake and thought that perhaps this was one great place to spend a few weeks. As I turned to re-enter the room, I noticed that Ashley was naked and just putting on a sexy pair of bikini panties and had already put on the matching low cut bra. That was too much for the moment and I went over to Ashley and took her in my arms and kissed her but she tried to pull away. I was having none of that and grabbing her by the hair, I forced her to her knees keeping hold of her hair.

“Get my pants down and suck my cock now bitch,” I whispered so that Carol would not hear me. As Ashley whimpered and complied, I rammed my cock into her and then let her take over until I exploded into her mouth and left her kneeling on the floor as I went to shower and change.

“There you are.” Carol said with an animated laugh as we came out to the patio. “I thought I might have to drink this whole jug alone. Now sit down, girl, you and I obviously have a lot to catch up on, like what’s been going on with you two over the years.” Carol pointed to the jug of Manhattans on the table.

Surprisingly there was one poured Manhattan and one empty glass beside the jug and I thought Carol’s message to me was clear, but then Ashley reached out and took the empty glass pouring herself a Manhattan. My wife never looked at me as she turned and took her drink over to a bamboo chair beside Carol. As I picked up the poured Manhattan, I saw what I assumed Carol meant me to see. The other two bamboo chairs were located on the opposite side of the deck perhaps twenty feet away from Carol and Ashley. Talk about subtle, manipulating maneuvers; Carol seemed to have no problem making them, but I didn’t let my annoyance show as I crossed the deck and settled into one of the chairs.

Wow, this is strong. She's a prickly bitch, but she mixes a mean drink. For a while I tried to listen for bits and pieces of their conversation as I sipped, but what I got was one-sided as Ashley's replies to Carol's questions were very soft spoken. I would have liked to hear the answers as the questions were mostly about me; what sort of man I was, how I treated her, and the whopper of them all, had I ever cheated on her. Hearing Carol ask such a thing sorta freaked me out, but I didn't dare challenge her.

It didn't take long for the strong drink in my hand, the comfortable chair under me, and the cool breeze off the water, to produce yawning. First one wide-open mouth, then another, and finally I put the drink down and told myself I'd just close my eyes for a few moments. That was when Ashley started to sob loudly and shaking myself awake, I noticed that they were in a shaded area looking down at an iPad and then up at me. The look on Carol's face made me shiver in fear.

"We were just watching how you made Ashley give you a blowjob William. You are such a scumbag; you will pay for that in the next few weeks." Carol said and then cruelly chuckled.

Yah, like that really scares me I thought. I then passed out and I was for all purposes dead to the world.

Chapter 2 - Awakening to my New Life

When I opened my eyes my head instantly hurt with the familiar, but throbbing pain of a hangover. I might have wondered why a hangover on only part of one drink, but there was a more immediate, more alarming issue. I couldn't see. It instantly got worse when I tried to bring my hands up to discover what was covering my eyes and I quickly realized I couldn't. My back felt cool and I thought that perhaps I was lying on some type of metal. My arms were restrained above my head and spread out tightly and although my wrists were free, something firm encompassed my wrists restricting any movement.

Oh fuck, what the hell is going on? I almost panicked over my lack of sight, but somehow I suddenly understood what was going on. I was blindfolded, but why? Then I tried to call out to my wife for help, I heard only indistinguishable sounds coming from my mouth. Then I realized I wasn't just blindfolded, I was also gagged. Who the hell has done this to me?

Wondering who had done this, triggered more concerns. The girls, have they been bound and gagged like this?

Next I tried to move my legs, I found they were also restrained, bound at the ankles as my wrists were, spread apart in a tight uncomfortable position. I quickly discovered there was also a restraint at my waist. These restraints felt like leather so basically I assumed I was strapped down in some bizarre way, but still I wondered why.

After taking a few deep breaths through my nose, I tried to gather my fractured wits about me. The last thing I remember was on the deck where Carol's super strong Manhattan made me fall asleep. Instantly it hit me. Was it strong, or was it drugged? This made me remember how my wife had passed up the poured Manhattan to pour her own from the jug. Had she known that one was drugged?

Was what I was thinking crazy? Maybe so, but it seemed possible. However thinking it was possible launched me into a world of fear and panic. Taking a deep breath through my nose, I suppressed the thought for now for the sake of my sanity. If I allowed myself to believe my wife had betrayed me complete panic would ensue.

I tried to scream and pulled at my restraints as I attempted moving or trying to move from one side to the other and not being able to see started to drive me wild. What the hell is in my mouth? It felt large and long against my tongue and I felt as if I was ready to puke at any moment as I tried to hold off losing control.

Suddenly a hand touched me bringing my mind back to my bound reality. Several soft fingers ran from my neck, down my chest and over my belly to my crotch. This brought to me another uncomfortable revelation, which I barely believed I hadn't realized before now. I was stark naked. The roaming fingers lightly touched my penis and then raced back up to where they'd originally made contact. Next I felt a hand gripped my neck and began to push as if to choke me. As the hand squeezed the pressure was at first tolerable, but then it began to restrict my throat and threaten my breathing. When this happened I tried to scream and pull at my bound limbs, but only a low wail came through my gag and the slight movement of my arms and legs did nothing to help.

"Don't panic, William, I'm just exerting control. From now on your life will be about control as in who controls you. Right now I do and soon you will learn to accept control from anyone. It's what slaves like you do best." The calm, female voice was slightly mocking and I recognized it instantly as Carol, which came as no surprise to me.

Of course, I couldn't answer, at least not intelligibly, but Carol didn't seem to be expecting an answer right now. She just rolled on with her dialogue. "What does learning control mean, William? For a male like yourself it means you will be trained, intensively, and for as long as it takes until you know how to serve as a slave to any woman. It's something I had hoped Ashley might have taught you by now, but I guess she doesn't have too much aptitude towards training or perhaps she has felt too intimidated." Carol paused and I felt her take one of my balls into her fingers.

"How will you be trained, slave? No doubt you're wondering. We will use pain, lots of pain, and we will deprive you of things you once thought were your right, and finally we will use humiliation, beyond your capacity to understand now, to modify your male behavior. Let me demonstrate." Carol suddenly began to

squeeze one of my crown jewels until my eyes began to water from the severe pain.

It wasn't until I began to writhe and buck against my leather restraints when Carol finally let go of my ball. However when she did she observed. "See, Ashley, William is quite trainable, just like you were when we first met. I'm quite disappointed you couldn't have taken control of him by yourself, but no worries he'll soon be the perfect slave."

Ashley!!! She's right here, watching this. Now everything was falling into place and I could barely believe it. Ashley and Carol hadn't been simply vanilla lesbians in college. Carol had dominated my wife and now she was going to dominate me training me to be my wife's slave forever. Why hadn't I seen this coming? All those trips every year that Ashley took to visit her old college friend Carol. Well if those two think that I will ever in my lifetime end up being a slave to either of them then they have no idea whom they are dealing with.

"Yes, Mistress, you are of course right, as you always are. I beg your forgiveness for my inadequacy. I wasn't able to . . ." My wife's voice trailed off to nothing and to me she sounded weaker and more submissive than I'd ever heard her sound.

"Spread his legs out further! I want them apart as far as possible. I want him to feel as if he is being split apart. I want him in pain!"

"Yes Mistress Carol."

My right leg moved further away somehow and although it put some pressure on my groin it was not too bad. I guess I can take this, I thought...I'll show that bitch Carol what a man was like. Then my left leg moved further apart... "Argggggg." It felt as if I was doing the splits. The pain was enormous I thought.

"That's perfect Ashley, now remove his waist restraint, I have an idea for later, then continue with the left leg and stretch out the scum...HARD."

I felt my left leg start to move even further and my resistance was unable to stop it. I was stretched out so badly that I thought my body would be pulled apart at my crotch. My shoulders and arms ached and my back was arched which put pressure on my chest.

“Excellent, now perhaps he will feel his position.”

I could hear a person walk by me. Was it Ashley? Then I could feel something or someone brush against my leg. What the hell is going on, I thought as I panted and bit into the thing shoved in my mouth.

“Now Ashley, do you see the rope looped around the bar overhead? The two ends? Good. Take one end, be careful not to pull too hard so that you do not pull the rope off the bar, tie it to the base of his useless balls...tight...then repeat the knot a few times so that it does not loosen.”

I could feel a hand on my sack and what appeared to be an attempt at roping it. Now, I must admit that my cock is of average length and circumference but my sack and balls are smaller than normal so I could understand what was happening and I almost laughed. I would have said Good Luck doing that if I could speak. Then, and I should have known it, I suffered more pain.

“No, no, dear,” Carol said. “Some men are smaller there. Let me show you what has to be done.”

Suddenly, I felt one hand leave my balls and another grasp tightly above them and the pulled down HARD. “Argggggggg,” it felt as if my balls would be pulled off completely. Just wait until I am free, these bitches are going to pay I told myself. “Argggggggggg.”

“Now tie it at the base while I hold it...tighter Ashley...and again. See how they are now a deeper color? See how they stick out! They are yours. Slap them!”

I felt a sharp pain on my balls and let out a soft moan as I tried to move my genital area elsewhere.

“No...a good slap or two,” I heard that bitch Carol say.

Slap, Slap, Slap... "Argggggggggg." Oh God that hurt...so much so that I thought I was going to be sick. I know that there were tears in my eyes but they had nowhere to go.

Slap, Slap, Slap... "Argggggggggg." Oh damn it...that must have been my fucking wife that time... When I get her...

Finally some relief...it went quiet and although I was bound in pain, I started to relax a bit. Slap, Slap, Slap... "Argggggggggg." A hand was back at my face cheeks and the blows were harder this time. I felt my roped balls being pulled up hard and my body tried to rise up to relieve some of the pain but without success.

"I think there's time for a quick first lesson right now. No time like the present to start the breaking process." As soon as Carol said this I felt her begin to unfasten the gag from my mouth.

"Now, I'm going to take the gag out to give you a bit of relief. Scream if you wish but no one will hear you outside this room and no one ever comes close to the island. Remember this slave, screaming will only make things worse for you and perhaps the session will become rougher very quickly. You are not to say anything unless you are ordered to. I will also take off your blindfold so you can see your new surroundings, your new life and your new wife. I'll ease off on your balls for now but they and that ugly cock are now mine or the woman that will control you."

The pressure on my mouth eased slightly and then slowly that thing was removed from my mouth. I started to cough a bit and was just about ready to ask for a drink when I remembered the threat of what would happen to me so I said nothing. I gasped for air, which I had taken through my nose with that thing in my mouth. God that was awful.

"Up on the table, bitch, and squat over his mouth. Don't let him touch you though, not yet." Carol commanded as she began to unfasten my blindfold too.

"Yes, Mistress, as you command." Ashley recited as I felt her climb up and squat over me. Once my eyes adjusted to the light, I saw my wife was naked and wore a rather fancy, light blue leather collar as she squatted over me with her pussy looming just over my face. I looked to my right and saw Carol glaring down at me... she looked fantastic in a black leather corset, black nylons, black leather

boots and gloves. Her breasts were free of the corset and her nipples appeared to be sticking out hard. When I get out of here, I'm going to fuck her to death, I told myself as I glared at her.

"We're going to try a classic first lesson for a male. Classic because it provides all pleasure for the female and none for the male while dispensing all pain for the male and none for the female." As she spoke Carol walked over to a shelf in this darkened room and she picked up something.

To me it looked like a tiny whip of some kind with a dozen or more thin filaments sprouting out of a wooden handle, but it seemed almost comically small. Surely she couldn't hurt me with this tiny thing.

"Pay attention, slave William, you must follow my instructions precisely or you will be sorry. First ask Ashley to allow you to eat her sweet cunt." Carol had no sooner said this when she let loose with a sharp lash to my vulnerable crotch with her little whip.

Oh fuck, that thing hurts. Stings might have been more appropriate, but it was a serious sting. When I failed to speak, Carol snapped off two harder strokes of her tiny tool.

"This is better known as a pussy whip for the stinging effect it has on the female labia and clitoris, but I suspect it may be more effective as a penis whip. Am I correct, slave?" Carol laughed, but then reminded me of her instructions. "Ask her, quickly."

"Please, can I eat your pussy?" I looked up at my wife desperately hoping she would say yes to satisfy Carol.

"No, not acceptable. Who are you asking, slave?" Carol let loose with three more biting strokes of her penis whip.

"Ashley, may I eat your pussy?" I begged, but still my wife seemed unwilling to say yes to me.

"Ashley! Just Ashley, slave? Where is your respect?" Carol laughed with glee as she ripped off a half dozen stinging strokes to my helpless cock and balls.

Now I finally understood what I was doing wrong and why Ashley looked so frightened and unable to answer me. "Mistress Ashley, you slave begs for permission to pleasure your pussy. Please, Mistress." Just as I expected, Ashley looked over to Carol who nodded and then my wife's pussy came down to cover my mouth.

"Eat, slave, because your punishment will increase the longer you take to bring your Mistress off. Ashley says your oral skills are poor, but I think you have great potential for improvement with the right motivation." Carol didn't strike another blow immediately, but I saw her glance at the clock out of the corner of my eye.

"Two minutes, six more strokes." Carol observed and I tried to maintain my concentration on my tongue work as she rained down stinging fire on my balls.

"Are you close, Ashley?" Carol asked.

"Not really, Mistress. As usual, he's doing a lot of lapping, but paying little attention to my clit. I've never been able to get him to focus his attention where I need it." Ashley's tone was one I'd heard before when I'd been in this position trying to give her pleasure.

"Do you know what a clitoris is, slave?" Carol screamed as she gave me before six more painful strokes of her little penis whip.

"Yes, Mistress." I responded with tears in my eyes and for the first time I realized this was real. Neither one of them was playing a game and they would continue to torture me until I got this right.

"Find her clit and pleasure it before I whip your pathetic balls right off you." Carol screamed at me.

I began to apply myself to the task at hand by slowing my clumsy lapping and searching with my tongue for her little sex bud. When I found it I concentrated on rolling my tongue over and around it until I heard my wife gasp.

"That's better, he's getting it." Ashley moaned in between gasps of pleasure.

Another few stinging strokes of the whip fell. "Concentrate, slave, go faster. Work for your Mistress' pleasure and maybe we'll grant you some." Carol offered with a sadistic tone.

I worked, training my neck to push my face hard against Ashley's crotch while I suckled her engorged sex bud until her gasps and moans suddenly became more urgent and immediate.

"Ohhhh, I'm going to cum, Mistress. May I cum?" The tense uncertainty in my wife's voice made it clear to me she was unsure if Carol would allow this which seemed insane to me because the whole point of this was to train me to be more effective at making Ashley climax.

There was no immediate response from Carol, but Ashley's need was apparently extremely urgent. "Please, Mistress, I need to . . ."

"No, you lazy bitch." Carol screamed as she slapped Ashley across the face and pushed her body back away from my face. "You've done nothing with him. Why should I let you be the first to climax on his face? I will be first." Carol climbed up and straddled my face with her legs before grabbing my head and forcing it up into her sex.

I hadn't tasted another woman since my days at university, but Carol wasn't giving me a choice in the matter. She tossed the small whip to Ashley whose face was a canvas of disappointment and denial.

"Whip his balls continuously until I cum." Carol ordered with a smirk.

As Carol rode my face and Ashley whipped my balls, I began to understand the hell I was in for from these two. Eventually Carol rode my face to a massive orgasm, more I think from her efforts than mine, but as she climaxed her cunt discharged a rather large splash of her sex juices on my face, which brought laughter from both women.

“That’s what a dumb cock should look like.” Carol mocked. “Like a drowned rat soaked with girl juice. You will soon be properly trained to become the property of your wife as in general males are useless unless they are trained to serve a woman. As you have no doubt noted, Ashley is my slave, she has been since our days at college, which means while your training you will serve both of us.”

Now we have a few more things to attend to. You saw and felt the shape of the gag I just removed? Did it remind you of something?” Carol taunted me.

Instantly I was worried because the gag that had been in my mouth did remind me of a rather small, stubby penis.

“All those blowjobs you’ve begged poor Ashley for over the years and all those blowjobs you forced on poor Ashley like earlier today. All so you could shoot your load in her mouth and feel like the superior male. Well, let’s say those days are over and you’ll be trained with a new standard in mind.” As Carol explained, Ashley approached with a new gag, which scared me to my very core. It was a larger cock, perhaps four or five inches long.

“This is number two in a series of seven penis training gags. Care to imagine what seven looks like, slave?” Carol smiled, a mocking smile, because she knew the horror my mind was beginning to picture.

“But, why, I don’t understand.” I desperately mumbled.

“Silly males, they never see. They all think they are masters, so sad. Once you’re trained, slave william, your Mistress may want a truly superior male to please her and you will be expected to serve him too. These gags will ensure your mouth and throat are ready, if not willing, to do so. Don’t worry, you will only wear this for few minutes william. It’s just to give you a taste of things to come.” What Carol was telling me was beyond my ability to accept and I tried to close my lips and not take the new penis gag. Unfortunately I was helpless and all it took was a firm squeeze of my nose by Ashley and Carol slipped the latex penis into my mouth and began buckling it tight behind my head.

“Fetch the training device, Ashley, and maybe you’d like to show him how it works. Yes, I think that’s a good idea.” Carol seemed extremely pleased with herself, but one look at Ashley’s pale face showed me she was not at all excited.

However I marveled at how obedient she was. Despite her look of fear, Ashley turned and moved quickly to a wall cabinet where she opened a drawer and removed an object. As she returned to the table where I was bound I examined what she carried. It appeared to be a dog collar with several electronic parts mounted to it. From one of the attachments on the collar a wire of about four feet led to what appeared to be a butt plug with lots of metallic tape covering the inner surface.

“This, slave William, is my special training device designed to help modify any slave’s behaviors. Slave Ashley is quite familiar with it as she wore it to many a class when we were schoolgirls. No doubt the teachers and her friends thought she was just some rebellious punk rock chick wearing a dog collar to class. Had they suspected the real purpose they no doubt would have been shocked just like she was.” Carol broke up laughing at her own joke, but the humour was lost on Ashley and I. Pointing to the device, Carol said, “This end, the plug, will be put in your asshole and the collar will be attached around your neck. The collar has a small microphone at the front and the plug has a fresh battery pack installed which gives off a charge, that you will feel but will not enjoy, in your body. It is not pleasant, as the pain seems to increase the more it happens. Regular breathing will not set it off but your voice will, as will a loud voice from another. So if you make me yell at you...mmmmmmmm.”

“Come on now, slut, I know you remember how to put it on.” Carol stared at Ashley in no uncertain terms and with a grimace on her face Ashley began to buckle the collar around her neck. Once she had the collar on, she bent over and put her right hand to her lips licking it. Next she proceeded to slip her fingers into her asshole, pushing and opening up her rear hole in preparation for inserting the plug. In less than a minute my wife had the plug firmly placed deep in her anal canal and she stood up looking at her Mistress with little or no expression on her face. It was clear to me she didn’t want to be demonstrating this for me.

“Oh, to see you like this, it brings back so many wonderful memories for me. You were such a challenging slut to train. You do remember, don’t you?” Carol turned and strode to the same cabinet Ashley had gone to, but she inserted a key into another drawer and returned with what looked like a television remote control.

“Yes, Mistress, I remember.” Ashley admitted.

“Excellent, how you serviced my harem with dedication giving them all the perverted delights men so desire. Of course they couldn’t get such things from me, a lady, but a slut like you gave them everything. A nice young virgin from the country comes to the big city to go to school, but she gets an education she didn’t expect, but desperately desired.” Carol pressed a button on her remote and Ashley’s face showed the initial effects of pain. “This remote controls the device and may be used with or without a microphone in the collar.”

“Brings back memories no doubt, of deep-throating a black cock while your ass was on fire.” Carol pressed another button and Ashley’s eyes closed but her body was trembling to the pain.

“Why don’t you lick his balls? It will make you feel at home, like a schoolgirl again.” Carol’s words had my wife reacting instantly to lean her head over and begin to lick my well-whipped balls.

“There, you see, slave William, your Mistress is instantly compelled to do anything while wearing my special training device. Do you understand how effective it is?”

Unable to speak, I nodded vigorously hoping she would release Ashley. Of course releasing Ashley meant I would be wearing this devilish thing next, but I felt sorry for my wife being forced to demonstrate this thing for me.

“Well maybe you are impressed already, but for old times I think we need a full demonstration. Do you remember, slut, what the trainer can do when pushed up to full strength?”

“No, please, Mistress, don’t . . .” Ashley’s words morphed into a shrill scream, but she continued to push her face into my balls as if she was still licking them. When her scream died out, I heard what I’m sure Carol wanted me to hear; the splashing sound of Ashley’s pee running down her legs to hit the stone floor. The

pain was apparently great enough to make my wife lose control of her bladder muscles.

Carol quickly moved to support Ashley after she turned the pain off. "Well done, Ashley, very well done. Now take the trainer off and clean up the floor and then we will put it on your new slave but for him we will put it in hot." Carol then slipped her fingers inside Ashley's pussy making my wife moan and look up at her Mistress with a sort of mindless devotion I assumed I would soon feel.

As Ashley went about her business, Carol decided to review her trainer with me.

"Pay attention now slave William, as is my training device to keep slaves, that's you, quiet. This end, the plug, will be put in your asshole and the collar will be attached around your neck. The collar has a small microphone at the front, which is now turned on by the way, and the plug has a fresh battery pack installed which gives off a charge, that you will feel but will not enjoy, in your body. It is not pleasant, as the pain seems to increase the more it happens. Regular breathing will not set it off but your voice will, as will common noise or a loud voice from others. So if you make me yell at you...mmmmmmmm."

"Ashley, put some Icy Hot on the trainer and then get on the table and put it in the slave's hole. Smooth end first, all the way in with only the wire sticking out. No, put more of it on. I want him to feel it real good."

I tried not to watch the rest as the thought scared and sickened me. I felt Ashley's hand on my inner thigh and I forced my ass cheeks together not wanting that thing in me. "Argggggggggg." Carol had taken the rope to my balls again and pulled them high which restricted the entrance to my hole even more. I thought it would help me fight off the entrance of the device but it only made the process even more painful. Then I felt that thing forced into my hole. At first it felt as if I had been torn apart but then a cool soothing sensation took hold within me. This was followed by an unbelievable burning sensation that caused me to struggle fruitlessly with all my might. My colon seemed to be on fire and it would be hours before that sensation left me. Ashley got off and moved to the other side of the platform bringing the wire and collar to the front. She put the collar around my neck so that the wire was at the front and buckled the collar on at the back of my neck. Carol inspected the collar by putting 2 fingers through it and pulling on it.

“Tighter Ashley, I should not be able to even get a fingernail between it and the slut’s neck.”

The collar tightened almost to the point that I could not breath. I looked up at Carol who was standing over me. She had a serious grin on her beautiful face and that grin scared me.

“Yes, that’s better she said after Ashley had adjusted the collar! Slave william...when I remove the tape over the microphone, the equipment is active. Do not make sound and do not make me yell at you.”

She put her hand on the device and removed the tape. I watched her and I tried to kill her with glare of my eyes. I would have strangled her then if my hands were free but I remained quiet as I believed her threat. It was then that she also removed that horrible gag from my mouth. If that was the second size of gag in the series of seven then I had better get the hell out of here as soon as I can because I can’t possibly take anything larger.

“It is time to test the system. Ashley, get up on the table beside him. Now give him two slaps on his balls.”

All of a sudden, Carol pulled on the rope holding my balls but I did not scream aloud. Then Slap, Slap... “Argggggggggggg.” I cried from the pain at my balls. “ARGGGGGGGGGGGG.” a new pain shot from my ass. It was the shock Carol had told me about. Oh, damn, this was awful.

“Great, it works. Now I must go freshen up but while I’m gone I have a job for you Ashley. You will shave slave william so that he has no body hair...only the hair on his head. Not a single hair is to be left and his body must be smooth. All the cream is on the far table and you may loosen his bonds when you have to roll him over.”

“If you do not do a good job Ashley, if you talk or whisper or if you are too soft with him, you will be punished along with your scum slave. This session is being taped, it will continue to be taped and I will check in on your progress from time to time.”

“You have one hour to complete your assignment.” With that, I watched as the bitch left the room.

Chapter 03 - Prepared for slavery

Once I saw that Carol had left and closed the door behind her, I immediately looked back at my left wrist to see what time it was on my watch. Christ, she took that off me as well. I felt the fingers on my hands and realized that all my rings were gone even my wedding ring. That was when I first noticed that what I thought were straps holding my limbs apart were actually a type of woven leather having a ring at the end. This was padlocked to a ring on my wrist cuff. I pulled and tested all four cuffs but escape was not to be. Oh give me some water, please, and a bite to eat, I thought as I lay there. Looking around, I realized that we were in the basement of Carol's house as the walls were made of concrete block and the ceiling was of acoustical tiles.

I watched Ashley coming back towards me carrying two tubes and a plastic spatula Please, please don't come closer Ashley; I don't want to do this anymore. I said to myself trying to plead to her with my eyes but she looked away. For the first time since I found myself in this position, I honestly noticed how beautiful and sexy she looked ... almost naked except for her collar, her tits held high. Wow, I thought and noticed that I was getting an erection even after all the pain I had taken and even with my balls still bound up.

Ashley started to squeeze some of the cream from a tube onto the spatula and then starting mid-thigh on my right leg, she plastered it on as if I were a piece of wallboard. She continued right down to my foot and even put some on the tops of my toes. Once the right leg was done to her satisfaction, she looked up at me and I noticed a small devilish smile that came over her face as she saw that my cock grown hard but back she went to her duties. It was a strain on my neck as I brought my head up to watch as she used the spatula to scrape off the cream and none too gently. Fuck that burns and look how red my leg is. I dared not cry out with the pain as I remembered the device in my ass, which was causing enough pain as it was not to mention the IcyHot, which had been used as a lubricant.

Christ, how am I ever going to explain this to the guys at the fitness center? I won't be able to show up like this with all my body hair gone, I thought.

Suddenly a loud scream broke the silence and I feared that it might set off the control device within me. It had come from outside the room and after looking at the exit door; I looked over at Ashley quizzically. She chuckled and softly said, "I guess you're not the only one in a difficult position Bill. That's just one of Carol's playthings who is also here for a week or two."

"Psssst...Ashley." I called out softly so not as to activate the device. "Pssst Ashley...help me. I'll do whatever you want. I'll change, I promise."

Slap...she hit me on my balls, which were still tied. "Argggggggg." The slap made enough noise to set off the trainer and then my scream set it off again. Oh shit that hurt, I told myself but I noticed that my cock was just as hard as before this latest invasion of pain.

Ashley looked hard at me and shook her head no to indicate that I was not to make a sound. Then she looked down and saw my erect cock and I could see her tongue on her lips, as a look of lust seemed to come over her which in hindsight was not surprising as she had not been permitted by Carol earlier to have me give her an orgasm.

Oh not now bitch, I thought, just get me out of here please.

She set the tube of cream and the spatula down on the floor. Then she got on to the rack that I was lying on and began to mount me, looking at me with an evil smile as my cock started its penetration into her hot, moist cunt.

I shook my head no...trying to get her off but all she did was grab the rope attached around my balls and pull it up hard. Then she slammed her body down onto mine.

"Argggggg....ARGGGGGGGGGGGGGG..." I yelled and screamed from the pain on my balls and from the pain in my ass.

"Mmmmmmm...aghhhhhhhhhhhh...Yesssss." she moaned as she rode and fucked my cock.

"ARGGGGGGGGGGGGGG..." the noise of her moaning set off the electric charge in my body and I found myself biting my lip. Oh God she has never been this hot before and I wondered when this change had come over her. It felt as if steam

was escaping from her and encompassing my cock. As she started to ride me faster, she reached down with both hands and started to play with my nipples.

Suddenly, the door flew open. I lifted my head to the noise just as Ashley turned her head to it as well and then Carol charged in! She was dressed as before and carried a mean looking single tail whip in her right hand, which she angrily snapped beside her as she came to our location. In her left hand she held a leash, which was attached to the collar of a tall, naked female who I guessed, must have been the source of the scream a few minutes ago. This female had to be over 6 feet tall, blond hair done up in a ponytail, on the thin side with relatively small breasts. She looked athletic, in shape and was absolutely beautiful. As she entered, I saw her look up at my situation which seem to startle her at first but then I saw the tip of her tongue slowly circle her lips. Oh God, another horny female.

“What the fuck is going on here? I was watching the two of you on camera but I don’t believe it. Ashley! Get off the slut and get on your knees at my feet NOW! And you slave william, you had better holster your cock now! If it is not soft and small in one second, you will be put into real pain that you have not had before.”

“But I didn’t do...Argggggggggggggg.” I was going to explain and forgot about the noise trainer in my ass. Slap... “ARGGGGGGGGGG... ARGGGGGGGGGGG.” I screamed from the blow of the whip across my chest and from the attack in my body then I bit down hard on my lip again. My cock fell over and almost sought shelter within my body.

“Shut your hole slut and not another sound from you” Carol barked “And you Ashley... Wipe yourself off and be quick about it. You will finish your task under my direct guidance and then I will give you your reward for your failure to obey as your prick of a husband watches. Pick up that cream and continue slut. Finish his legs, his chest and then his arms.”

“Yes Mistress, I’m sorry Mistress,” Ashley replied softly as she knelt beside Carol.

Before picking up the hair remover, Ashley softly caressed Carol’s thigh and then her hand move closer to Carol’s pussy gently brushing against her smooth mound. It appeared as if she was looking at Carol with lust and awe in her eyes. Was that a smile on her lips? She must like that sort of thing, I thought but that can’t be true. How could I have missed it all these years?

It seemed to me that the new slave looked at Ashley with both jealousy and lust.

“Slave william, this is slave Jay. She will be with us during your entire stay and I’m certain that you will both get to know each other rather well.” Carol said as she took Jay to the nearest wall and attached her leash to a hook on the wall. Her arms and legs were free from any type of bondage and from this I assumed that she must be trained or at least partially trained as a slave.

Ashley quickly went about her work as Carol circled the rack watching both of us. At times, especially when my chest hairs were being shaved, it felt as if my skin were on fire and I would bite down on my lip to deflect the pain and discomfort. Once when it happened, I glanced over at my captor, Carol. She had her hand on pressing on her crotch and there was a smile on her face but both quickly disappeared when she saw me looking.

“Now, before we role him over, I want the slut’s pubic hair, balls and upper reaches of his asshole done. Totally clean and smooth Ashley. I want him to feel like the slave he is and will be.

Here, I’ll get his balls out of the way! Do the part between them and his hole!”

“Yes, Mistress”

Carol pulled on the rope and pulled my aching and now blackening balls higher. “Eggggggggggggg....” A small sound escaped my lips as a pain shot through my body internally. With tears in my eyes, I watched my sack and balls pulled high and was amazed that they were not torn off.

Without a word, Carol’s free hand was on my neck squeezing it hard. “Had enough of my trainer boy? Would you like me to get it out of your ass now?”

“ARGGGGGGGGGG,” her loud voice had set it off. She had done it deliberately. I nodded to the affirmative.

“I can’t hear you boy!” she stated loudly.

“ARGGGGGGGGGGGGGG... Yes please...Argggggggg.”

“That’s not it! Yes please, what boy?”

“ARGGGGGGGGGGGGGG...Yes please, Carol...Argggggggg.”

“Nope...Say it! ... Yes please, what boy?”

“ARGGGGGGGGGGGGGG” ... Oh God ...“Yes please MISTRESS...Argggggggg.”

“You are learning boy” and with that and another moan from me she pulled out the device from my asshole and removed the collar. The pain from the device and the so-called lubricant had my colon on fire it seemed.

After that I lay there with my eyes closed trying to wish away my predicament and the embarrassment of having called her Mistress. I paid no attention to the rope being released from around my balls and my limbs being slackened or being moved to one side or the other as my body hair was shaved off. I felt beaten and did not notice a lull when there was hardly any noise. As my eyes focused down to the opposite end of the rack, I saw them both standing there embracing and kissing each other. I looked away and closed my eyes not wanting any part of witnessing that scene either.

Then I felt Carol run her hand over my entire body, not missing a spot. Shoving me over onto my sides or pulling on my skin, she checked my entire shaved area. Her hand felt soft on my shaved body except for my genital area, which was extremely sore from the cream.

“Slave Ashley you’ve done a great job and now we must prepare this slut for movement. Hobble his ankles and put the cock and ball rings on him! NOW girl not tomorrow!”

That seemed to get my attention and I raised my head to watch my wife run off to the side and quickly return with several items one of which was a chain.

“Put the rings on him immediately so that he feels like the slave that he is!”

Ashley leaned over me and I watch her take what looked like a hose clamp... opened it, pulled hard on my sack and then the clamp was around the top of my balls and the base of my penis...but that wasn't good enough, I guess, as she then picked up a screwdriver and tightened it until I almost screamed. I didn't want to do that and incur the wrath of that fucking Amazon, Carol. Then another clamp... A funny looking thing, actually a double ring, went around my cock and also the base of my balls...this was also screwed on tight. Damn it, I thought if this is just the start of my vacation, I'd be lucky to be alive in 2 weeks.

"Mistress, I need the keys to release his ankle cuffs from the rack's straps. May I have them please?"

"No, I'll get those Ashley. Hold his right leg as I unlock the padlock and relock the hobble chain to his cuffs."

One end of a 12" chain was locked to my right ankle cuff. Then Carol unlocked the left cuff and my left leg was free from the rack. Carol then brought the other end of the chain and the left ankle together.

This was the first time that my legs were together since my ordeal began and I brought them back towards my ass as Carol was trying to get the padlock closed. Just as she snapped it closed, I panicked and thought I must try and get out of there. With both feet pulled back, I lashed out at my captor and was able to hit her hard on her left shoulder causing her to stumble. She fell over trying to regain her balance, hitting her head on the side of the rack and then she fell to the floor where she lay still. I heard a scream and a commotion from Jay but paid no attention to it.

YES! I did it! I did it.

"Ashley, get the keys and get my hands free!"

"Oh my god...what have you done? What have you done, William?"

"Hurry Ashley get the keys and get me out of here. Let's get off this damn Island...NOW! Do it NOW!"

She must have been in a slave mode as she reacted to my command, quickly moving to the fallen Carol and picking up the key that had fallen beside the bitch's still body and she then rushed to the other end of the rack and inserted the key into the padlock on my right wrist.

"Hurry Ash, hurry," I said.

"The key...it doesn't fit...it doesn't fit!"

"Try it on the left one...hurry!"

"That doesn't fit eith..." then she and I both saw Carol standing at the other end of the rack holding up a ring of keys.... she seemed unsteady and was trying to shake off the blow from her fall and was being held up by Jay who had rushed to her side.

"Is this what you are looking for slaves?" she spoke calmly and quietly.

"Now you will both be punished severely for your fucking stupidity. Slave Ashley! Come with me!"

Sheepishly, Ashley put down the key and then with head bowed and taking tiny steps she almost ran to Carol. I was watching this and just as soon as she got to her, Carol grabbed her by the hair and bent her over until her face was at Carol's thigh. Immediately, she was hustled to a table and forced over it so that she lay on her chest. Her arms were roughly put behind her back and locked with a pair of metal handcuffs. Then she was held by her hair and forced to another section of the room where a control box hung from a cable. Jay had followed and grabbing the box on Carol's orders, appeared to press a button that activated a motor. A chain with a hook on the end came down from down the ceiling until it reached Ashley's waist. The hook was attached to the handcuffs and eventually the chain rose pulling Ashley's arms up behind her until she was bent over and on tiptoe. Moaning, she started to sob softly.

"That will do you no good now slave. What did you think you were doing? I thought you wanted to break him to be your slave?"

"I am truly sorry Mistress... I just got caught up in the moment... Please Mistress, let me punish the slut. I will not fail you ever again."

“In time girl but first you must work off your errors of today. Both you and your stupid slave husband will now feel true punishment. I had hoped that you would be ready to assume the role of Mistress to the cock but it will take some time yet and we have two weeks to train both of you. Now, I will have to transport that pig over here as well and I will have to do it with slave Jay’s help.”

I watched and listened in amazement to the situation that was taking place and was getting more pissed off by the second. I was to be made Ashley’s slave? No fucking way I thought.

Carol headed back towards me with a smile on her face. One that scared me because I knew that I would have to pay for what I did to her and I knew it would be hell. There was a red mark beside her left shoulder and bump on the right side of her forehead. Thank God she hadn’t cut herself in the fall or she would probably have needed stitches. I also thought she would head directly to me and punch my face or balls or something, and I drew my legs up to protect myself and started to struggle, but she went to the opposite end of the rack and bent over. When she arose I knew I was in trouble as she had gone for the whip and was now slapping it on her left palm.

Chapter 4 - Punishment

Swoosh, smack...swoosh, smack...swoosh, smack. I had closed my eyes as she approached and had known that something like this was going to happen. She had held that single-tailed whip of woven leather that looked like a small bullwhip. Her lashes landed hard on my thighs and at the base of my cock and balls. If I tried to protect my cock by putting my legs in a crouched position, she would whip my balls and my legs would drop down to protect them. This seemed to go on and on forever and for some reason I thought of my dentist and how it would be easier to have a tooth pulled than this.

“Argggggggg,” I screamed, for the pain was intense and I was not getting accustomed to it. I never would!

“Shut up pig...NOW!”

“Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” I moaned, for the pain seemed to last forever. Swoosh, smack...swoosh, smack...swoosh, smack. This time the blows landed on my chest and this time I watched as she did it. Her eyes looked mean and the strength of the lashes from the whip seemed to come harder and harder with each stroke. I bit down on my teeth trying not to make a sound; not certain whether trying to kick out at her again would be worth the pain I knew would follow. But what the hell, I thought. She’s just going to beat the crap out of me anyway.

I saw Carol looking down at me and then as if she had read my mind, she turned to the other slave in the room.

“Jay, get some rope and tie the boy’s feet together. Then pull it down and tie it to the end of the rack.” Carol commanded to the slave I had forgotten was there.

“Yes Mistress Carol.” Jay replied immediately and ran to her task.

My body ached from all the abuse I had taken both inside and out. As I lay there, I felt the burn from the hair removal cream, the pain from the last few lashes that Carol had given me, the tightness of the cock rings and my asshole burned like hell from the Icy Hot.

I raised my head as best I could to get a look at Jay and her beautiful tall, slim body and gorgeous face. When she grabbed my ankles and tied them together I offered no resistance. Perhaps it was the fear of Carol's whip or that Jay's beauty had mesmerized me.

"Do you not recognize your fellow slave?" Carol asked. "She was the star player on our National volleyball team that played in the last Olympics."

Unless she played in a strip joint, I wouldn't have known her from Adam but I did feel her hand run up my leg after tying them down. Just another horny female, I thought. That's all they are good for, sucking and fucking.

Snap. Carol snapped her fingers together and as I turned to the sound, I noticed Carol looking at Jay and pointing to my crotch. Then I looked at Jay as she climbed onto the rack and started to crawl towards me like a sleek wild cat. She was smiling and licking her lips and she looked oh so sexy. Snap. Then quickly she was at my side holding my limp penis in her hand as her head bent down to encompass it. Oh God yes, I knew she was a sucker and the scent of her perfume smelled like heaven. Then she bit down hard on the head of my cock as I screamed for all that I was worth.

Snap. Again Carol snapped her fingers and Jay released me from the agony as she straddled my body and looked down into my eyes with that same evil smile. Snap. Jay bent over and started to suck on each of my nipples. First the left then the right. Snap. That snap came as she was at my right nipple and she immediately bit down hard onto it and I thought for a second that she would bite it off as I screamed again, louder than ever. Snap. She stopped and sat up looking at Carol but still straddling me.

"Did you enjoy that slave? Now you scum! You will pay for what you did to me and you will be paid a hundred fold. There will be no escape so don't even try it again or the next time you may be watching your cock being cut off just before you are sent to the bottom of the lake. Understood slave? I made certain that no one knows you are here other than a few locals seeing you, your wife and slave Jay. Do you understand me you worthless piece of shit?"

"YES!" I shouted at her knowing that I was in trouble as she was right in what she said about no one knowing that I was here.

Swoosh, smack as another landed on my chest. "Yes what slut?"

Oh no, I thought... "Yes, Mistress."

"What are you? What is your name?"

I was confused... "It's William, you know that."

Swoosh, smack...swoosh, smack...two on my thighs...what did I do wrong now? I bit down on my teeth and moaned as quietly as possible while the reaction of my arms tried to cover my thighs causing a rattling of the padlocks at my wrist cuffs.

"You are a slave...your name is slave william and you are mine for 2 weeks. After that you will become Ashley's slave and painlut. Do you understand? NOW... What are you? What is your name?"

Oh no, "I am a slave. I am slave william." I said.

"Again!"

"I am a slave. I am slave william."

I heard a clicking and felt the leather cords to my wrists slackening off even more but only to the point that my hands were no closer than a foot from my body.

"Get up into a sitting position slave william!"

My back ached as did my neck and head and I slowly struggled to a sitting position and was helped by Jay who grabbed my hair and pulled me up. She then got off me and waited for Carol's commands as she knelt beside me on the rack.

I felt light headed and slightly dizzy, from the pain I guessed. ZAP...ZAP...shocks exploded through my body and my arms pulled at the cords still holding me in place. ZAP. "Oh fuck," I yelled, "You bitch." I turned to see her holding a 3-foot rod with a double prong on the end...a cattle prod, what else is there? I glanced at my wife who was staring at me with her head hung down... briefly I wondered what was in store for her.

“When I give you an order, slave william, you will carry it out immediately and for swearing you will receive a special reward. Have I made myself clear slave?”

“Yes...Mistress,” but I had no idea what she meant by reward. Then she put down the prod and went about the room filling a box with various items, which I could not make out. She returned and stood behind me as I sat upright on the rack. I think the box was placed on the floor.

“Raise your chin up slave william! Look straight ahead!”

I quickly obeyed and saw part of the black leather object being placed around my neck. It was an extremely heavy leather collar about 4” wide and an inch thick. There were heavy D rings at the front, back and sides. I could feel her buckling it tight. I moaned and started to choke when I found that it was hard to breath, which scared the hell out of me. WHAP...a slap across the top of my head but not a word from the Amazon. I heard the snap of a padlock at the rear of my neck and knew then that the collar would be on for some time. Next, was a similar item...it must have been a matching set... a belt of the same thickness and width but one with twice as many D rings was put around my waist. “Inhale slut!” ... I brought in my stomach and stuck out my chest... WHAP again... “I said inhale not breath in...harder this time!” I tried again and this time she buckled it on and locked it with a padlock also. It was difficult to breath as a result of the tightness of both of these items and she knew it giving a chuckle after she had watched me panic a bit.

“Now william, put your arms to your sides, just back a bit and do not lean on them.”

I obeyed and felt her enclose each arm, just above the elbow, with another cuff, which was made of metal. There were 2 screws on each cuff to tighten them just like a hose clamp and there was one heavy D ring on each clamp as well. When she tightened them, she used a power screwdriver and I almost screamed each time, they were that tight. I noticed that she also checked the screws on the wrist cuffs but they were as tight as possible.

She took a chain hanging from each side of the rack that I now sat up on and locked it to a D ring on my belt harness.... "That's just so you cannot get away while I lock your arms in place.... And the key for those locks are well out of reach so don't try any of your heroics again."

With Ashley locked in place and now myself, I saw the futility in trying to overpower her and resigned myself to the fact that I was at her mercy. She then started to provide even more slack to the chains attached to my wrists.

"Move your arms as far out and straight behind your back as possible and hold that position slut!" she commanded.

I did as ordered but found it difficult due to all my early years spend a playing sport ...my shoulder muscles had built up...that's not to say that I'm anywhere near being fit now. I felt and heard her snap something metallic to the D ring on the left arm cuff. Then she knelt on the rack at my left side and pushed my left arm to the middle of my back as Jay pulled my right arm to the middle as well. I let out a loud moan and then heard another snap. Then she let go and got back to the floor. But my arms did not get any relief as my elbows were bound together behind me and I thought that they must be close to touching each other. What next, I thought. What else could the bitch do?

Quickly she attached handcuffs to each wrist cuff, removed the padlocks and attached the other end of each handcuff to a D ring on my belt or transport harness. The only thing I could do now would be to sit on her if I got the chance and have her slave disappear as I was once again trying to think of ways to escape this hellhole.

"Open wide bitch," she said. "Here comes a favorite of yours."

I noticed something being put over my head...it was that fucking cock gag... well there was no way that is going into my mouth I thought and kept my mouth closed tight as Carol tried to force it in. For a moment I thought I'd lose my front teeth and struggled hard as she held me by the hair on my head. Then she seemed to back off and I thought that maybe she had given up when suddenly she held the nostrils of my nose tight together and the pressure of the cock on my mouth started again. I don't know how long I held out, it seemed longer than it was I'm sure but eventually I sought a breath and as I gasped for air, she rammed

the prick into my mouth and quickly secured it as I gagged on the thing. Damn her, I thought.

“Do you notice the difference in the gag, William? It is number three in that series of seven that I mentioned before. You don’t seem too distressed wearing it. That’s good. Perhaps you will be trained faster than I had anticipated.”

She then covered my sight with a leather blindfold... securing it very tight ...probably thinking that the tightness of it would make me feel more of a slave to her. I felt her at my waist as she removed the chains attached to the harness and then sat there in the darkness of the blindfold.

I could hear Carol moving about close by at first then she seemed some distance away and then I could not tell where she was afterwards. Then, a hand, I assume it was slave Jay, was in my hair grabbing me at the top of my head and pulling me to the right as I tried to resist with my body by forcing it in the opposite direction only the result was that I was eventually pulled off the rack and landed on my knees on the floor. Damn that hurt, I thought as now both women were pulling at my hair forcing me up. I was able to get to my feet but they had me bent over as Carol had done with Ashley and they pulled me along in hobbled feet. My movement was slow because of the chain attached at my feet and the blindfold that had taken my sight away.

After a short distance that seemed to last forever, they stopped and pulled me erect. I felt something being attached to the D ring at my collar and suddenly they were gone. I struggled and had just begun to move away...anywhere...then the chain to my neck tightened and I was drawn up straight. Stop, stop, I shouted into the gag but the tension increased until I was on tiptoe. I was being hung. She was going to kill me. I panicked and started to kick out at anything or anyone and then it stopped. I stood on tiptoe trying to balance myself and relieve the pressure on my neck. WHAP...a slap on my balls put me into a pain level that I had not experienced before ...WHAP ...WHAP ... not a word was said by Carol who must have pleased in my pain as I moaned into the gag.

“Well my lovely Ashley, we have been ignoring you but now dear it is time for some fun. I will take those cuffs off you for now so that your pain and pleasure can begin” I heard Carol say. “Now kneel before me Ashley!”

“Yes Mistress,” she replied.

I heard footsteps approach and soon the blindfold was removed from me as I gazed down and saw Ashley kneeling, a smile on her face as she looked at me.

“Watch and learn slave william for soon you will be in her position,” Carol whispered as she removed the blindfold.

Carol walked back to stand before Ashley and I watched intently. Carol was beautiful and she was now naked except for her boots and gloves. How wonderful she looked with the most beautiful set of jugs that I had ever seen.

She grabbed Ashley by the hair and pulled her close. “Pleasure me bitch and be quick about it...mmmmmmmm...all this action has me hot”. Carol spread her legs slightly and pulled Ashley to her. Immediately my wife started to please her orally.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm”...I tried to yell into the gag telling her to get away from my wife but all Carol did was look at me and laugh. At the same time, my cock started to come to life and stood out fully erect, as a fantasy of mine was to participate with two women. Problem was that I could only watch and struggle.

I watched in amazement and then finally. “YES...YES...YES...lick it faster bitch...FASTER....” and she held Ashley to her as the orgasm pounded into her for what seemed minutes. Then she held Ashley’s head back and allowed herself to catch her breath. She looked over at me and smiled. “Your wife is great at oral slave william as you well know. I’d forgotten how good she really was and you slave william will never know it again... ha, ha, ha.”

She took Ashley by the arm and walked passed me...turning me around to face a suspended bar hanging from a chain...a spreader bar that she immediately cuffed Ashley’s wrists to so that her arms were spread wide apart. Then Carol left for a second and I looked Ashley in the eye. She smiled and ran a tongue over her lips and laughed quietly at me. The bitch, the fucking bitch I felt sorry for her a minute ago and now she’s laughing at me. Damn you, I thought, as she was the reason I was in this mess.

Carol was watching this and as she walked by, gave my cock a hard slap and chuckled out loud.

She had another spreader bar, which she took to Ashley. "Legs apart bitch...NO wider." as she bent down and attached the cuffs to Ashley's ankles. Then she arose and left again. She returned with Jay who carried 2 clamps attached to a chain, which were attached to Ashley's nipples immediately. Not a sound came out of my wife even though I had watched Jay put a significant amount of effort into tightening them. "One or two more turns of the screw should do it Jay," Carol laughed. This time there was a moan from Ashley that was followed by screams as Jay tightened them that last turn.

"Oh what's the matter dear," Carol said as she patted the spread woman on the head. "You used to love that Ashley, as a matter of fact, didn't you give me those clamps as a gift in University? You just need to be acquainted with them again dear." With that, she roughly made Ashley, who was just up on tiptoes, turn around so that her back faced me.

"Now william, for your reward, Do you know what it is?"

I shook my head no.

"Well boy, this will be the last time in your lifetime that you are rewarded this way. You will be given the honour of whipping Mistress Ashley as her punishment!"

"NO! NO! I thought that we were training the pig to be my slave. Let me whip HIM Mistress...Please!" Ashley cried out.

I'm going to make this so fucking good, I thought to myself. If it was indeed my last opportunity, she was going to pay the price for doing this to me.

Carol walked to Ashley and said to her. "Do you have a problem with that Ashley?"

"But you promised that he would be made into my slave for life."

I watched as Carol put her lips close to Ashley's and ran her tongue over my wife's lips. "But first my dear you must learn to obey ONLY me," she commanded softly as she then kissed Ashley full on the lips. Their mouths opened and the kiss continued with my wife forcing her mouth onto Carol's like nothing she had ever done for me. I glanced over at Jay who was not pleased with the act from the look on her face.

"Mmmmmm," my wife moaned as they continued to kiss with Ashley rubbing her bound body into Carol's. She especially had her cunt on a search for Carol's thigh and once found started to rub into it. What a horny bitch, I thought. She was never like that with me even on our Wedding day.

I could not look down because of the collar choking me but from the pain I felt and the excitement from watching Ashley and Carol, I knew that my cock was hard and erect. Christ my balls must be deep purple by now, I thought to myself.

"Aghhhhhhhhh," Ashley screamed as Carol pulled on her nipple clamps. Then Carol's hand went down, found her crotch and started to rub it hard, as Ashley appeared to meet her with her and flung her bound body and cunt at Carol's hand. Carol leaned down and they both continued their open mouthed, tongue seeking and sucking kisses all the while rubbing Ashley's clit and pulling on her nipple clamps. Then as Ashley appeared to be nearing a climax, Carol stopped and backed off.

"Your turn william...it's all up to you now," she said.

"No, no Mistress...Make me cum...please make me cum."

Carol came to me and moved to my back, she pulled my elbows together and released the chain between them to allow me some movement. Then she pulled my head back and spoke to me in a loud and blunt voice, "slave william, I am going to release your right hand from the cuffs to allow you to whip your wife. Do remember that you are locked in place and cannot escape so try nothing stupid. If you make the slightest movement to free yourself, Jay will raise you off your feet and you can hang by your collar until you pass out. Do you understand me slave?"

I nodded that I did understand hoping for the chance to whip my wife.

“No, No, Noooo... don't let him do it...Let me whip the prick, you promised Carol”, Ashley shouted out.

Carol immediately left to gather more of her supplies and I saw her pick out a whip and a gag... That gag can't be for me, I thought as I already had a damn gag stuck down my throat. She went to Ashley and held a red ball gag. “Oh no, please...” Ashley moaned but Carol held it up to her mouth and popped it in ... then she buckled it tight at the back of her head.

“You're lucky that I haven't given you to slave Jay or to him tomorrow as well girl. Now keep your mouth shut and stay quiet.”

Carol picked up the cattle prod then came to me holding out the whip, which he let me take in my right hand. It was made of soft black leather and had a dozen or so strands that were about 12” long beyond the handle.

“Slave william, you will whip Mistress Ashley based my commands to you. Any failure and you will be punished. Do you understand slave?”

I again nodded that I did understand.

“Good...let's begin...Start off by giving the slave 5 light lashes on her back”

I brought the whip back but being on tiptoe, hung by the neck and only having one arm free, I lost my balance and ended up swinging wildly and missing Ashley completely. ZAP... I felt the charge from the prod shoot through my body making me writhe in pain.

“You will try that again slave william...Proceed!”

This time I brought the whip back and waited that fraction of a second to plant my toes and then I brought the whip forward onto Ashley's back. There was a slight flinch by her but it was a light lash as had been ordered. The next four were carried out as ordered with the same result as the first.

“Now five on her ass slave...make them light ones as well!”

Screw that, I thought. If I was going to go through 2 weeks of hell, the bitch was going to pay for it. I brought the whip back and got myself balanced...then SWOOSH ...SMACK... I landed a hard lash onto her ass...SWOOSH...SMACK ... another and harder. Ashley reacted to the lashings by trying to get away from me but she was on tiptoe as well and was being held in place by Carol who had her arm on the spreader bar.

SWOOSH... SMACK... SWOOSH...SMACK ... I could hear Ashley screaming into her gag...SWOOSH...SMACK ...I was beginning to like this. Then, and I even saw it coming ZAP... ZAP... 2 jolts from her cattle prod had me dancing on the chain to my collar. I struggled in agony from the electricity. Bring it on but let me at the bitch, I thought.

Carol turned Ashley around to face me and I saw the look of hatred in my wife's eyes. It was later that I realized that my whipping of Ashley was exactly what Carol had wanted as it turned my wife against me from that point on. She would never do as I said again and I was to be her slave forever. Strangely, I started to get excited again as soon as I saw Ashley's tits with the nipple clamps on her and with her body all spread out like that. And I was never into this sort of thing before, bondage and whipping.

"Now slave william, 5 hard lashes to her breasts," Carol commanded

I brought the whip back and had myself balanced but had to wait as Ashley struggled and tried to get away while Carol held her in place. Once Carol had control of the bar with my wife still struggling, she nodded at me to continue. SWOOSH...SMACK ...Ashley struggled harder after that lash and glared into my eyes ...if looks could kill, I would have been dead right then and there. SWOOSH...SMACK... then I followed that by three more... all the while Ashley never took her eyes off me.

Carol watched her and you could see the lust in her eyes for this woman. I knew what they would be doing after this punishment session was over. "Let's now finish this up with 5 on her cunt william...light lashes." Ashley quickly looked at Carol and tried to plead with her by shaking her head and moaning into the gag but Carol simply looked away.

Again, I brought the whip back and balanced myself but thought screw it, she gets what she deserves and I lashed out with all my weight. SWOOSH...SMACK...a bull's-eye...right on her cunt...and before Carol could react ...SWOOSH...SMACK...an even harder one hit and I saw Ashley struggle and saw the tears running down her face. ZAP...ZAP... Carol held the prod against me and even though my body reacted to it, I kept on... SWOOSH...SMACK... SWOOSH...SMACK... SWOOSH...SMACK and then I felt tension on my neck as I was raised off my feet. I lashed out in all directions but hit nothing. It only caused me to spin around while hung there...I did get a glimpse of Ashley hanging by her wrists and then ZAP...ZAP...that's all I remember as my world darkened and I passed out.

Chapter 5 - Rules and Surroundings

I found myself lying on the cement floor in a room no larger than 4-feet by 8-feet; naked, ankles and wrists in heavy steel cuffs, which I believe I had on before. I was chained wrist to wrist with about 12” of a very heavy chain padlocked to each wrist cuff. I also noticed a heavy chain around my waist and a heavy collar around my neck. The collar was about 3-inches wide and 1-inch thick with D rings on the front and sides and welded to the chain at my lower back was some type of metal pouch. It felt like it was 1-inch thick and about 4-inches by 4 –inches in size. Shortly after I first stirred and then rose to a sitting position on the cool concrete floor, I was knocked over by a bolt of electricity that shot through my body. Oh fuck, I think I’m dead, I thought as the pain ripped through me.

“Get up you worthless piece of shit and stand up straight with your arms behind your head and legs wide apart.” A voice yelled out to me from a ceiling speaker, which was Ashley’s friend Carol I thought.

I lifted myself up to my knees slowly when the shock hit me again. “Oh fuck.” I yelled out

“When I give you an order slave I expect it to be carried out immediately. Do you understand slave william?”

“Yes...yes Mistress, I understand,” I blurted out as I quickly got to my knees, then stood as directed.

“I told you I wanted your legs wide apart, now do it slave!”

Obedying immediately, I spread my legs as far apart as I could, almost losing my balance and feeling as if I was going to split apart. The pain in my balls started as soon as I spread out.

“How do you feel after your first day on my island william?”

One day! Only 13 more to go! God I will never be able to last that long at this, I thought, trying not to let a blistering headache cloud my thoughts.

“Please, I wish to leave. I will not bother either you or Ashley again. I will give you all the money I have and promise never to say anything about my visit here or anything else. I promise that I will not tell anyone. Honest.”

A jolt of pain knocked me over and I landed on my right elbow. As I struggled to get up in defense of another blow, I noticed my elbow was scrapped and bleeding slightly. It did not stop me from getting back into position. It was then that I realized that I had not eaten in over 24 hours and pangs of hunger immediately attacked my stomach and I also found my mouth very dry. Christ, I need to relieve myself as well, I thought. What the fuck do I do now?

“Well william, either you have become our little painlut already and you are enjoying this or you are a complete fucking moron. Do I need to remind you how to address a superior woman?”

“I am sorry Mistress but I have not eaten for some time and I need to relieve myself and please Mistress, I would like to leave now. I have a really bad headache”

“Sorry william but you are ours until we decide to dispose of you. You pushed Ashley too far when you brought that woman home and fucked her in your basement while your wife was upstairs in the bedroom. From this point on you will obey our friends, and us whether female or male, and you will be used as it pleases us, not you asshole. Do you understand?”

“Yes I understand Mistress,” I answered quickly. I have to get out of here and away from that crazy woman and my crazy wife. That is what I truly understand. It seems as if they have gone mad but they will pay for what they have done I thought as I ground my teeth together and waited for what would happen next. Nothing happened! I stood there being inspected for what must have been 5 minutes until finally I had to rub my wounded cock and balls, as they were sore and in pain. There were marks on them from being lashed and they still had a reddish colour to them, probably from when my balls had been tied. I noticed a small shower head in one corner of the room with a chemical toilet in the same area but there was no soap or shampoo and no bathroom tissue.

“We don’t believe you william and who gave you permission to touch yourself? Were you trying to give yourself pleasure slut?”

“No Mistress. Sorry Mistress. It’s just that they ache and I do have to relieve myself.”

“Very well william we will take care of your needs and your disobedience all at the same time. On the wall to you left is a penis gag. You will gag yourself with it and you will put it on very tight. Failure to do so will result in further punishment. Next, on the floor between the door and your bed are 2 chains with a metal snap hook attached to each loose end, which are locked to a ring in the concrete. You will attach a hook to the ring on your ankle cuff. One for each cuff.”

As Carol is telling me this, a cable starts to lower from the ceiling that has a large snap hook at its end. I didn’t need a lawyer to tell me what that was for and Carol did not mention that the chain between my wrists would soon be put over this hook.

What have I done to deserve all this? I’ve gotta get the fuck out of here. I must tell the police exactly what they have done to me. Was I that rotten a husband? Ashley could have left at any time but she chose to stay and yes we did argue a lot but she always seemed so cold and sexless and my needs for sex always caused an argument.

“ Prepare yourself quickly slave!”

I move quickly to the wall holding the gag and noticed that there was a 3 on it to indicate its size or number in the series. Christ, that’s all I need right now, a rubber cock to shove down my throat. After taking some effort and pain to get it set in my mouth, I checked it in a small mirror hanging on the wall to see if it was on properly. That was when I noticed that the hair on my head was cut down to about a quarter of an inch. As I ran a hand over my head, Carol’s voice came over the speaker warning that I would be penalized for delays. What else could they do?

The gag was then buckled tight at the rear of my head, which was a task by itself, with my wrists locked together in chains. I immediately went to the chain on the floor and locked the ends of the chain, one to each D ring of my ankle cuffs with the snap hook. I stood up and without even being told put the chain into the cable's snap hook and as did so the cable slowly winched back up until my arms were tight above my head and my feet were almost on tiptoe. God damn, those cuffs hurt, I thought as the steel dug into my wrists.

After hanging suspended there for a few minutes, a door to the room started to open and I thought it weird that I had not noticed it before but then saw that there was no doorknob on the inside of the room. Immediately my captor and her slave walked into the room and they both looked so fucking hot. Carol wearing black leather boots that went well above the knee, a small black leather thong or whatever it was and a black leather corset that buckled into her body so tightly it seemed that her breasts were well enhanced yet still covered by the corset. What the hell, was this the camp uniform I chuckled to myself? Slave Jay was naked and wore nothing more than make-up and I could swear that she was smiling and licking her lips when she looked at me. And then I did something stupid. I thought to myself how I would like to be on top of both those bitches right then and be fucking their brains out.

"Your wife is recovering from the beating you gave her yesterday william and that is the last time you will ever hurt any woman. She should be able to join us tomorrow but Ashley will not join us as your wife but rather as your Mistress. After what you did william, you had better prepare yourself for a life as a pain Slut," Carol said.

"Ha, ha, ha, I told you he would do that," Carol said as both she and Jay watched my cock grow and harden from the excitement of seeing them. I also looked down in amazement trying to get it to stop but it just went to full erection as it did most mornings.

"Ah, Ashley's slut is like a rabbit with every woman but her it seems. What an asshole he is, what a fool. Get the cage Jay and that will ensure that it will be some time before this pig has another erection or is able to play with himself. You fool william, as it will be some time before you have an orgasm again."

As Jay left the room, Carol came to me and tried to grab my privates, which I dodged by moving back and to the left. Not a smart move on my part.

“Stand still slut!” she yelled as she grabbed my sack at the base of my penis and while pulling hard, slapped my balls 3 times. “Well it looks like that took care of your erection problems, william. Oh, and by the way, that may be the last one you will ever have without a Mistress authorizing one.”

A moment later Jay returned carrying a few articles of which one was a roll of toilet paper, and the rest I didn't know.

“Ah good girl. It looks like you've taken care of everything. Bring the cage over here and let's show it to your fellow slave.” Carol calmly said.

Jay walked over to me and held up a shiny metal device. It was made of stainless steel rings welded to stainless rods that were slightly bent over and it looked to be just over 3 inches in length. “This is what you will wear from now on Billy boy but be careful when you pee so as not to get it all over the place or you will have to lick it up.” Jay said chuckling. She then busied herself removing the cock rings that had been screwed on to me earlier.

“While she is doing that william, let me list out a few rules for you that will apply during your stay and I suggest that you pay attention to this boy.” Carol said firmly. “First, when the lights go on, you will get off the cot and stand for inspection with hands behind your head and legs wide apart. Five minutes to lights out there will be a warning and you must be lying in your cot when the lights do go out. You will be told when to relieve yourself when the lights are on and you will do it in toilet beside the shower. If you pee in the shower, you will be cock whipped.”

I looked up from what Jay was doing with my privates and saw that she had placed the roll of toilet paper on the floor beside the toilet. That was where I was supposed to do it all? Out in the open so they can see? No privacy? The sooner I can get out of here the better off I'll be. I looked down and saw that Jay had the old rings off and started to place the new ones on. I hate being humiliated like this, I thought. I will take care of all 3 of these fucking bitches.

“After you relieve yourself,” Carol continued, “you will be told when to shower. There is now soap and a hand towel on the soap dish, which you may use to dry yourself off with. Do not drink the water from the shower as it is water directly from the lake and has not been sanitized. You will be told when you can eat. A plate will be put through the door at the bottom and there will also be a water bottle placed in a rack from the other side of the door from which you may drink. An amount of toothpaste will also be put on the plate for you to use to clean your mouth off with. You must do all this immediately. Do you understand william?”

I nodded to indicate my understanding as I watched Jay stuff my limp cock into the cage without giving any consideration to my feelings or for the pain she was causing. The bitch deliberately used her fingernails on my cock to shove it into the cage rather than just her fingers. Why didn't she let me do it?

“Click”, the lock from the cage to the cock rings snapped shut.

“Now boy, Ashley will be the one in the family who does the fucking and it will be when she pleases.” Jay spoke quietly as she stood up. All I could do was glare at her and it was then I felt the weight from the cage pulling at my genitals and there was something at the rear of my balls. It all felt as if it weighed a ton. What do you people want from me?

Jay then unlocked the chain from my waist that contained the metal pouch that had caused the jolts of electricity through my body and I felt like I at least had a chance now to break out of this place. That was until Jay picked up a small black remote and pressing a button set my balls and caged cock into a dance of death.

“That was just to let you know not to get any wild ideas william. Understood?” Jay asked.

I nodded yes and glared at Jay who knew from my eyes that if I ever got my hands on her, she would be dead meat. So what did that get me? She held up the remote with a smile and as I started to shake my head NO and as I pulled on the chains, she repeatedly pressed the button that caused my cock and balls to explode in pain and my body to struggle harder than before in my restraints.

Both Carol and slave Jay laughed at my performance as I hung from my wrists barely able to keep my balance. Then Carol came up to me and grabbing me by the hair, looked into my eyes with hatred.

“Slave william, your day now begins as all future days here on the island will begin. You will told exactly what to do and when. You will obey all orders that you are given and you will be punished severely when you fail or disobey. You are male scum and I will break you,” Carol hissed into my face. Her spittle hitting my face several times and I knew I was in serious trouble.

The 2 women then left the room and shortly the overhead cable lowered until I removed my wrist chain from the hook and fell to the floor not knowing whether to cry out into my gagged mouth or lie still until I recovered from the pain.

Chapter 6 - The Exit

'Ah, that's it, just look at the juices starting to flow out of it and the smell, the smell is fantastic especially with the onions becoming golden beside it. It's time to flip it. Careful, careful, don't let it break apart. This will be the best hamburger ever. Now for the cheese, a nice slice of old cheddar should do it. Oh, I hope there is a cold beer to go along with this burger. Careful, don't let it burn or.....'

No, no damn it no, please no. The lights suddenly came on again killing the hungry thoughts that had filled my dreams. It seems like days if not weeks that I have been made to endure this strict regimen ordered no doubt by Carol and my wife Ashley. It's almost the same every time. The lights come on, then I am told to use the toilet, and then I must shower and try to dry myself with a hand towel. The shower uses water from the lake, which seems to get colder every day. I cannot urinate like a man with this thing on my penis and it seems heavier all the time. No clothing has been given to me and my 2 meals a day consist of 2 pieces of toast after my shower with a glass of water followed in the evening with a small green salad, no dressing, a dry piece of bread and a glass of water. Before I may even relieve myself, I must stand at inspection for the bitches with legs wide apart and hands behind my head and eyes down. They are watching and if I do not please them, they send a jolt of electricity through my privates from the attached device. They have brought tears to my eyes since my confinement started and I fear that they may have broken me.

Yesterday, they had me spend time on my knees for what seemed like hours. I was not allowed to keep my legs together, which would have taken the weight off my genitals, and had to keep them as far apart as possible as my hands rested on my thighs palms with palms up. This was followed by having to repeat a mantra over and over and over. 'I am a slave and painlut. I will obey my wife, Mistress Ashley.' I repeated it so many times that I started to get hoarse as Carol had warned me not to say it softly. For this, I was rewarded with a half glass of water and I was also allowed time to shave off the growth on my face with an electric razor. I was then ordered to run the razor over the rest of my body from the neck down as I was told that I must keep my body smooth for all women.

I staggered to my feet, spread my legs wide apart which caused me to sway a bit as my strength was sapped from my starvation diet and struggled to get my chained hands behind my head as quickly as possible.

“Who and what are you?” I recognized the voice as my wife’s, Ashley.

“I am slave william and I am Mistress Ashley’s slave and painlut,” I replied immediately hoping that this was what they wanted to hear.

“Very good william,” came the reply. “You have 10 minutes to relieve yourself and shower, then you will return and kneel in the proper slave position.”

The proper slave position I had found out was on my knees, legs apart and palms up, I had learned over the last few days. I quickly used the toilet and then showered drying myself off as best I could with the facecloth and then I returned beside my bed and knelt as a slave still shivering from the effects from showering in cold lake water. Soon after, the door opened and Jay entered carrying a tray. She was nude except for a black leather thong and I stared at her fantastic body as it came towards me.

“Well slut it seems that you have earned a treat today of a hot breakfast and a hot cup of coffee. Do you want it or shall I throw it out?”

“Oh please Ma’am, please let me have that breakfast, please.” Damn how I hated giving that bitch any type of respect but it had been drilled into me painfully that I was to treat all women as superiors even this one. When she put the tray down in front of me, I looked at the plate and thought that I had died and gone to heaven. Scrambled eggs and bacon and hot coffee! I ate it as slowly as the hunger pains in my stomach allowed and did not leave even a trace of the bacon grease on the plate.

Slave Jay had watched as I ate and took the tray away while I knelt there savoring the last of the flavor in my mouth. “Thank you, Ma’am, that was delicious.”

“Today william you will be taken outside as there are chores to be done by the Island’s slaves. That’s you and I asshole! I will return shortly with the necessary adjustments. Return to the proper slave position and do not move.”

I obeyed immediately and watched her beautiful ass leave the room. It must have been ten minutes later when Jay returned still wearing the black thong but now she had on a white tee shirt, sunglasses that sat atop her head and black sandals with straps up to her knees. She carried a pail of items and walked over towards me.

“Stand up slave and put your arms straight out in front of you. Your Mistress is watching and any attempt to escape or any attempt by you to harm me and you will be given a jolt. Understood?”

I nodded yes and obeyed her command to put my arms straight out which was not an easy thing as the cuffs and chain weighed on my weakened condition. From the pail, she took out a length of chain, about 12 inches, which she locked as a hobble to my ankle cuffs. Next she added a heavy leather belt around my waist, which she buckled and locked. It had a number of D rings on it, front and sides and I imagine on the back as well but I couldn't tell. Then she took out a red garment, which was a simple loincloth with material about 6 inches wide. As she attached the rope section of it around my waist, I noticed that it had material front and back that hung down to the length of my knees and felt light and smooth like silk. It provided some modesty but a simple breeze would blow it aside to reveal my cock or ass. When that was done, she ordered me to lower my hands and grabbing the chain holding them, first locked my left wrist cuff to a D ring on the leather belt. Then she unlocked the chains and locked my right cuff to the right side of the belt.

“There, we're almost done,” she whispered and then walked to the wall holding the penis gag, removed it and returned to stand behind me.

“Oh not that please Ma'am.”

“Open wide asshole!” she commanded in a stern voice and I found myself obeying immediately which shocked me as I didn't even think about it. She seemed to take great pleasure in securing it as tight as possible and all I could think was thank god that it was not the next size up. The last item was a heavy chain link leash attached to my collar that she grabbed at the section closest to my neck and pulled me down to her waist level.

“Off we go william. You will be in great shape by the time you leave here.”

Then she led me out of the room as I wondered in a complaining way why I had not been given some covering for my feet as well.

When she opened the door to the outside, the glare from the sun was blinding for a few seconds and Jay did stop and give me time to adjust to the light. It was a hot August day and the heat, even though it was still mid-morning, felt great after the days spent in that damp cell. As she led me about, I turned my head slightly and noticed Ashley and Carol getting into the boat, starting it up and then pulling away from the dock.

“The ladies have left me in charge william so you had better behave. Do you understand william? Do you slave?” The bitch was taking pleasure in this as she jerked on that short end of the leash she held.

I grunted an affirmative reply as best I could and we continued to the front of the house to an awaiting lawnmower and a half-acre of lawn. Down the middle of the lawn and attached to 2 trees at either end of the lawn ran a cable about 8 feet off the ground and from it hung a chain that Jay now attached to my collar. I looked up at it and realized that it was a dog run and I was the fucking dog.

“Slave position,” she barked and I fell to my knees with palms up and legs apart without a thought. “Do not move an inch william. Do you understand?”

I nodded and heard her walk away. When she left, I glanced over at the lawnmower. ‘Christ, it’s a push mower. They want me to cut all this with that thing?’ It was about then that the total local mosquito population must have heard about me and seemed to descend on me all at once and with just instinct, I tried to struggle them off of me. That was when I received the first jolt of the day from bitch Jay which knocked me over onto the ground.

“Stand up slave,” she commanded. “Afraid of a few bugs are you? What a little suck you are william. Stand still as I have some sunscreen to put on you. It seems your wife was concerned for your well being and did not want you burnt to a crisp.”

I stood there as she rubbed the lotion onto my skin, slowly, especially when she was at my breasts and ass cheeks. Then her hand went to my crotch and she rubbed hard against the steel constraint that my cock was in. Just the thought of a woman next to me, and one rubbing me all over, had me excited and moaning into my gag. That cage however did not allow me to show her my sexual excitement.

“Would you like me to take this off slave?” she said as she grabbed the cage and yanked down on it.” Ha. Ha, you poor boy. Do I good job on the lawn and I just may give it a few minutes of relief.” Once she had put the sunscreen on me, she took a can of insect repellent and sprayed it all over me. “That should keep those bugs away,” she whispered and then slapped my ass hard. “ I am now going to unlock your hands and then I’m going to watch you mow the lawn as I sit on the patio with the remote watching you complete your chores. Understood?”

I nodded yes and once my arms went free, I went to the lawnmower and looked around to determine how best to do this quickly confined by this chain attached to the dog run. For the next 30 minutes, I worked my ass off and was almost finished when I found myself gasping for air as the exhaustion and my sweat had me gasping for air through that damn gag. My body exploded from the jolt as I heard the bitch yelling at me. Then another jolt that knocked me over onto the lawn and I just lay still as I could hardly breathe. I felt her beside me unlocking the gag, which had me wanting to puke as she took it out. I got on all fours and gasped for breath until finally I seemed ok. “I’m sorry Ma’am but I couldn’t breathe. Please forgive me.” I blurted out knowing that I would never have done that a few days ago.

She knelt beside me running her hands over my body and I could feel her heat and smell her sex as she did so. “Come here boy. I found the key to that cage while you were cutting the lawn and I think now is a good time to give it a few minutes of freedom.”

Removing the device was much easier than having it put on and it felt so good. Once it was off, she rolled me onto my back and lying beside me, she softly started to stroke it and bring it back to life. It felt so good and soon she had her lips on my shaft then her mouth as it blossomed to a hard erection. I reached

down and pulled her up to me and our mouths found each other and our tongues fought until I was sucking on hers. We rolled over and quickly my cock found her honey hole, which I entered slowly and then with strokes back and forth we increased the speed at which our bodies met. We were both moaning with pleasure as our sweat mixed together when all of a sudden..."

"What the hell are you doing Jay?" barked Carol. "And you William, you are pathetic."

Then Ashley spoke up as she stood beside us with Jay wiggling away from me. "You are hopeless William! This was our last chance at saving the marriage and living as a couple. I want you out of my life now!"

"Mistress Carol, I want him out. I can't live with him anymore but I do love you and wish to remain here." Then Ashley broke into tears and started to kick out at me as I backed off.

Carol took her by the shoulders and whispered attempts to calm her down, which seemed to work. Then Carol looked at me and said, "William, please go to the bedroom that you went to when you first arrived and wait there. Jay will bring you your clothes and bags."

I rose and walked towards the patio knowing that I would finally be out of this hole and as I entered the door to the house, I looked back to see Ashley and Carol in a strong embrace. Once my eyes adjusted to the dimmer light, I was in shock to see that I was not alone in the living room. There were 3 males and 2 females kneeling beside each other, each gagged, arms cuffed behind their backs and all wearing black thongs. It didn't look as if I would be missed for too long if at all as this latest delivery off the boat meant a wild party. 'So that was where the 2 of them went earlier,' I thought.

Smiling I went to the bedroom and showered immediately, then I shaved once my bags were brought in by Jay. We just smiled at each other and when she shrugged her shoulders, I thanked her for the best sex that I'd had in years. I told her to look me up if she ever left the island and I would gladly serve her as a slave.

Carol and Ashley entered the room as I finished dressing and we had an open discussion of what was to take place. I agreed that I would not go to the police as who would believe what had happened anyway. Ashley wanted a divorce, which I

agreed to along with giving her the house and the total funds in our joint bank account. I would keep the car and all my own investments. We both agreed and I packed and left for the dock with Carol as an escort off the property. She had arranged for the local water taxi to pick me up.

Once I was on board and away, the taxi owner asked if I had a good time with the Lady and all I said was, "It was a blast."

I watched the Island grow smaller as the boat speed to freedom and I knew that I would never be the same. I knew that from now on, I would always be 'slave william'.