

THE SLAVE GIRLS TRILOGY

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SHARAE AND MELISSA



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Sharae and Melissa [The Slave Girls Trilogy 1]

by Rod Harden and Alison McKenna

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Book I

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By

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A Sizzler/B&D Edition

CHAPTER 1

Sharae Stevens sat back and rubbed her neck. It was eleven o'clock at night and she was tired after working late to finish a report for the next day. Shaking her head, she thought about her boss, Keith Cunningham. She could never figure out why Keith was in management. He always made his employees do his work, while he reaped all the glory—and she was the one who got stuck doing most of it. She should be the manager of the department, not him.

Of course, she was stupid enough to actually do his work. No wonder he took advantage of her all the time. Sharae sighed and finished the report, then quickly emailed it to Keith and logged off her computer. She stood up and stretched her five foot five willowy frame.

At twenty-six, Sharae still hadn't married, although she'd been engaged twice. She had blonde hair to the middle of her back, which she usually wore pinned back with barrettes. Her green eyes sparkled like emeralds and her lips were full and sensuous.

After packing up her briefcase, she headed for the elevator, punched the down button and waited. When the doors opened, she stepped into the small cubicle, humming. Halfway down, the elevator slowed and came to a stop on the fifth floor. She chuckled to herself. She wasn't the only one working late.

The doors slid open and she looked up to see a man dressed in black step into the car. The sack he carried over his shoulder moved and writhed, twisting against his back. To her horror, Sharae realized there was a person in there!

“Shit!” the man cried. “I thought the fucking building was empty.” He dropped the sack to the floor, and Sharae heard a muffled cry of pain.

“What are you do—” she started to ask, but before she could finish, the man slapped her viciously across the face. Stumbling back, reeling in pain and confusion, she lifted her hands to fend off more blows. Quickly the man grabbed her wrists, twisting her around violently and forcing her arms behind her back.

More muted moans and whimpers emanated from the sack. Sharae tried to pull her arms free, but the man held them tightly pinned with one of his large burly hands. He seemed to be searching his pockets for something. The elevator door slid closed and the car continued on its way.

“Please,” she cried. “You can take my money. Just let me go. Don't hurt me.”

“Shut up, bitch!” His grip grew tighter around her slender wrists. She heard a metallic clink and felt cold steel against her skin.

Despite the man's threatening tone, she continued to try talking her way out of the sudden attack. “You don't have to handcuff me. I won't give you any trouble. Please—” She was cut short when he grabbed her hair and threw her against the wall.

“I said shut up!”

Tears streamed down her face as she cowered in the corner, watching her attacker. He pointed a warning finger at her, then bent down to the sack. He unzipped it, and fished around for something. Sharae caught glimpses of writhing flesh and bands of silver, which she realized was duct tape, as the man pulled out a roll and started toward her.

The elevator came to another stop, this time on the parking garage level. As the doors slid open, Sharae saw it was deserted except for three vehicles. A red Ford Taurus, her own teal Pontiac Grand Prix, and a black Dodge van with tinted windows.

Her eyes darted looking for a way to escape, but there wasn't any. The man's body blocked the way.

“Please,” she whispered. “I won't say anything about this.”

The man's cold sinister laugh made Sharae cringe. “I know you won't. ‘Cause you won't be able to.”

The person in the sack whined again and the man delivered a kick to the midsection. “Shut the fuck up! I didn't

forget you."

Sharae knew she had to make a run for it. She couldn't just stand there and let this ... brute kidnap her without a fight. While he was crouched at the sack, she darted to the door, hoping he had slow reflexes.

She almost made it, when he managed to grab her ankle, sending her to her knees. Sharae tried to shimmy away from him, but he was on top of her, wrestling her, trying to pin her down. Despite her useless cuffed hands, she kicked out savagely. Her heel caught him hard in the gut. When he doubled over in pain, she squirmed away and tried to get to her feet again.

Using the wall for support, she managed to stand. Her attacker was up as well and his face was contorted with pain and anger. "You're gonna pay for that, bitch!" he shouted as he rushed at her.

This time, he fended off her kicks and slammed her against the wall. She huffed loudly in pain, as she heard him tear off a piece of tape. She opened her mouth to scream, but found it filled with a foul tasting rag. She tried to spit it out, only to have her lips sealed with the tape. Two more strips were added.

"Mmpphh!" she shouted.

"Go ahead, bitch, shout all you want." He smacked her across the face again, and punched her in the stomach. She gasped and doubled over. Before she could catch her breath her legs were tightly bound together at the ankles and knees.

He picked her up and carried her to the sack. Whoever was trapped inside had managed to wiggle it several feet away. The man set Sharae down and gave the sack another kick. He looked Sharae up and down. "It'll be snug, but you'll fit," he said, half to himself.

"Mmpphhh!" she protested again, pulling on the steel cuffs. She looked at the sack fearfully. He intended to put her in there, and she was powerless to stop him.

* * * *

Chuckling to himself, Preston, slaver for hire, pulled the blonde over and forced her into the sack along with his first victim. As he zipped it closed, he grinned at the fear he saw in her sexy green eyes. He watched his two victims struggle within the constricting sack, then grabbed one end and dragged it over to his van. He opened the doors, and hefted the sack into the back of the van.

Hearing the moans of pain, he briefly felt sympathy for the blonde, but it didn't last long. It was her fault for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Despite that, she was definitely an unexpected bonus.

CHAPTER 2

Sharae lay staring into the darkness of the sack. *What kind of madness have I stumbled into?* She tugged in vain at the cuffs around her wrists and shifted her weight, trying to find some degree of comfort.

Her movements provoked a sharp yelp of pain from her companion. She tried to mumble an apology through her gag, but couldn't tell if the other woman understood.

They were both doubled over within the confines of the sack, with one's head at the other's feet. *The Yin-Yang girls*, Sharae thought bitterly, as the other woman twisted herself, giving Sharae a facefull of shoe. Sharae squeaked in alarm and tried to pull away. *Good thing she's not wearing stiletto heels.*

The other woman mumbled what sounded like an apology. Sharae knew they had to remain still or they'd kill each other. Aloud, she called out, "Try not to move!" It sounded more like, "Hi offa ooff." She wondered if the other woman would understand.

"Oh hay," came the muted reply.

Sharae assumed that meant “okay.” She groaned as the van hit a particularly deep pothole, and prayed the trip would be a short one.

The trip, in fact, lasted longer than Sharae thought she could endure. The other woman had been sobbing and moaning for the last half hour—or was it a full hour?

She thought of her boyfriend. He'd know something was wrong when she didn't come home. He'd alert the police and they would investigate. They'd see this nimrod's van on the surveillance tapes, trace it, then they'd hunt him down. She and the other woman would be saved!

Sharae felt a little calmer. All she had to do was wait for the police to arrive. She wouldn't have to endure the whims of this madman for long.

* * * *

Angel watched out the picture window as cars drove by below. The house was set on a hill and had a long driveway, hidden from the main road. She loved the house. It was so perfect for Master Preston and her.

He was out that evening on business. She was supposed to be tying herself up for him, but she figured she still had plenty of time.

When headlights suddenly shone in the driveway, she jumped. He was home!

“Shit!” she cried and sprinted to the toy box. She grabbed several lengths of white cotton rope and tossed them on the floor. Using one of them, she quickly bound her ankles together. She was just starting on her wrists when she heard the garage door open.

Angel heard footsteps and muffled moans in the hall. She tied off her wrists the best she could before realizing she'd forgotten her gag. She panicked knowing she had no time to get it. Master Preston was not going to be happy.

The door swung open quickly and Preston entered the room, dragging his heavy, writhing sack. From her position, kneeling by his favorite chair, Angel looked up fearfully. She held her loosely bound hands up as though praying her Master wouldn't notice the lack of a gag.

Preston dropped the end of the sack, and stood shaking his head. “Waited until the last minute again, didn't you, my angel?”

She lowered her head. “Yes, Master.”

“Not even a gag ... Well, I'll deal with your punishment later. Fortunately for you, I'm in a very forgiving mood right now. I managed to snare two birds with one stone.” He laughed and Angel looked up with the beginnings of a hopeful smile on her lips. He motioned with his head. “Come and see.”

She stood and shuffled across the room. As she did, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror on the opposite wall. She liked the way her red bustier almost matched the color of her hair. She also liked how it lifted her breasts as if in offering to the man who had collared her.

As Angel approached, Preston opened the sack, and shook it from the closed end. The contents tumbled out onto the floor. Angel gasped when she realized he'd meant the “two birds” comment literally. There, sprawled out on the carpet, were two beautiful, bound women.

CHAPTER 3

Angel cooed in delight as she appraised the two women. One was slender and curvy, blonde with fiery green eyes. The other was a buxom brunette with eyes of chocolate brown. Both were cuffed and taped, and stared back at her. The brunette's large breasts mesmerized Angel. *Surely those can't be real*, she thought.

Angel knew the brunette. It was Melissa Brentwood, whom Angel referred to as ‘that bitch’, ever since she had

snubbed Preston at Club 27. If Melissa was unhappy now, it was her own fault for being such a bitch then.

Club 27 was one of the most happening spots in town, and where Preston had found Angel. She had been with her then fiancée, Joe, at the time. They had gotten into a fight and Angel literally plowed into Preston while running from the dance floor. She'd had a few too many drinks and ended up going home with Preston, only to wake up the next morning spread-eagled and gagged on his bed.

She had resisted him at first, but discovered that his taking total control of her was exactly what she craved. It wasn't long before she'd given herself to Preston, mind, body and soul. She became Slave Angel and her former existence as Angela Carlisle was forgotten.

Melissa stared fearfully at Angel for a moment. She moaned and pleaded with her eyes. Angel laughed, knowing what Melissa was hoping.

"I'm not here to let you go, sweetie. Oh, no. In fact, I get to have my own fun with you." Angel looked at Preston, who nodded his approval. Melissa moaned in despair and began another frantic but futile attempt at freedom.

Angel turned her attention to the blonde who recoiled in fear. "What about her, Master? Who is she?"

Preston shrugged his broad muscular shoulders. "I have no idea. Just some dumb blonde who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Angel smiled greedily. "Do we keep her then?"

"For a while, or until we tire of her. Although..." He looked the blonde over, his eyes exploring every inch of her body. "We might not tire of her." The blonde glared at him and shook her head, growling angrily behind her gag.

Angel nodded. "I know what you mean, Master. She's cute, but I think she needs an attitude adjustment."

Preston chuckled. "Don't they all?"

"May I, Master?" Angel asked. Her eyes implored Preston for the first shot at the blonde.

Preston wagged his finger at Angel. "I don't think so, slave. You've been a naughty girl."

Angel bowed her head. She'd forgotten about her failure to complete his bidding. Now she had to face her punishment. She suppressed a smile, as she looked forward to it.

"I'd better make sure these two can't get into any mischief while I'm dealing with you." Preston grabbed his roll of duct tape, then quickly and efficiently sealed the girls' fingers together. It looked as if they were wearing silver mittens. He pulled each girl roughly across the floor to opposite ends of the room. Joining ankles to wrists, he taped them into strict hogties, then he used short chains to leash them to eyebolts set low in the walls.

Angel watched eagerly as Preston secured their guests before turning his attention to her. He picked her up over his shoulder, and carried her back to the toy box, then set her on her feet and surveyed the assortment of ropes and straps on the floor.

"Angel, Angel, Angel," he admonished her. "You know you're supposed to clean up after yourself."

"Yes, Master," she whispered, biting back a remark about him arriving home earlier than planned. She knew not to question him.

"Sometimes I think you wait till the last minute on purpose. I think you enjoy being punished." He walked in a slow circle around her, eyeing her lovely body up and down. "Isn't that right?"

"Yes, Master." She yipped in surprise as his hand found her ass with a slap.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, I enjoy your punishments, my Master."

Preston smiled. "Good. That's what I like to hear." He put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her down in front of the toy box. "Pick your gag."

Angel eyed the assortment of gags mixed in with the ropes. She picked a medium sized red ball-gag with a thick leather strap and held it up to him. She knew this was his favorite—it silenced her so nicely.

Preston took the gag and immediately pressed the ball into her mouth. He bent her forward, lifted up her rich, dark red hair and buckled the strap to its tightest position.

Pulling her to her feet, he quickly untied her loose wrist bindings, then turned her around and pulled her arms behind her. He looped the rope several times around her wrists, cinched it down and tied the knots out of her reach. Taking another coil of rope, he wrapped it around her elbows, pulling them together and forcing her lovely chest to stand out even more. After grabbing several more lengths of cord, he lifted her up over his shoulder again, and carried her off to the playroom.

CHAPTER 4

Angel bounced happily on her Master's shoulder as he carried her to their special playroom. She was delighted that Preston was going to play with her before dealing with the other two. She yelped as he smacked her bottom with each step he took.

When he reached the playroom, he set Angel down in front of a rocking chair. It was an old fashioned with a high back and armrests. This one, though, had a hole cut in the middle of the seat and a large dildo protruding up through it. Angel called it the Self-Fuck Chair.

She whined in protest when she realized he wasn't going to play with her after all. He was going to tie her and leave her. Her happiness quickly turned to disappointment and jealousy.

Preston smiled when he noted her pouty expression. "Is my little Angel jealous?" he scolded. "I told you to have yourself tied when I returned, but you didn't. Now you're being punished. And rather than the form of punishment I know you'd like, I've decided on something a little more ... frustrating."

He knelt down and untied her ankles, shaking his head at Angel's rope work. "Such poor quality," he muttered.

She whined again as he guided her down, carefully impaling her on the huge dildo. "Don't move," he ordered. He tossed the ropes aside and went to his workbench where he retrieved another roll of duct tape. Angel's eyes widened as he came toward her. She loved being bound in tape.

He knelt in front of her and taking her left ankle, he taped it to the leg of the chair, wrapping it halfway up to her knee. He did the same with her right ankle then moved behind her. Her bound arms stuck out where one of the slats that made up the back had been removed. In no time, her arms were tightly encased in tape from her elbows to her fingertips.

He wound the tape around her waist, gradually spiraling up until she was enclosed to her neck in the silver tape. She was wed to the chair, unable to move.

Preston stepped back and gazed at his slave. Her eyes were closed and he knew she was enjoying this just as much as he was.

"Angel."

Her eyes snapped open.

He caressed her cheek. "Here are the rules. You cannot come until I say so. And you must rock the chair constantly." She started to shake her head, but he grasped her chin firmly in his hand. "And I'll know if you stop,

won't I?"

She lowered her eyes. "Eff it."

"Good girl." He leaned down and kissed the ball-gagging her, as well as her stretched lips. He gave the chair a push to get it rocking, then turned and strode out of the room. Pausing outside the door, he listened to Angel begin to moan. As she rocked the chair, the dildo slid in and out of her hot slit. The squeak of the rocking chair was almost inaudible over Angel's moans as they sang out in unison.

When he got back to his captives, he found that his extra security hadn't been quite enough. The blonde somehow managed to remove almost all the tape from her face by rubbing it against the carpet. She was seconds away from getting the last piece off.

Calmly, he walked over and pressed on a new strip of tape. "You wouldn't be heard by anyone, anyway," he said as she sagged in despair. "Just give me a few minutes, though, and we can chat all you like."

He rose and headed for the garage to replace the phony license plates on the van. Now he was untraceable.

When he returned, he immediately went over to Melissa. Kneeling beside her, he rolled her onto her side and tore open her blouse. The helpless brunette squealed in alarm. "Shut up, bitch! You might as well get used to it, 'cause we've got plenty of unpleasant surprises planned for you."

With her blouse open, Preston used his pocket knife to cut through the center of her bra, allowing her huge breasts to spill free. He cupped them in his hands, roughly squeezing and pinching the soft mounds. "I know these aren't 100% natural, but they're still fun to play with," he chuckled.

After a minute of finger exercise, he reached over to a nearby table and picked up several rubber bands. "This is just to keep you occupied while I talk to our mystery girl." One by one, he stretched the rubber bands over her breasts. They tightened painfully, creating irregular bulges of tit-flesh between them.

He stood and gazed at the suffering girl. She stared in disbelief at her own breasts, crying and straining against her bonds. "That'll do for now," he said quietly. He turned toward the unknown woman. "Okay, blondie. Time to get to know you."

CHAPTER 5

Sharae watched helplessly as the man ambled forward and knelt next to her. She couldn't believe what she'd just witnessed, the way this maniac had helped himself to that other woman's breasts, groping, squeezing, pinching, then constricting then in those rubber bands! Was he planning to torture her the same way?

He reached toward her face and she jerked her head back instinctively. She didn't want to get slapped again. He took one end of the tape and yanked it from her face.

She gasped in surprise then immediately screamed. "Help me! For God's sake! Somebody help me!"

He clamped his hand over her mouth and pushed up on her jaw. "Listen, bitch. If you wanna die, keep screaming."

Sharae stopped and tears came to her eyes. He removed his hand from her face and sat back, studying her.

"Please let me go," she begged.

"No can do, sweetcheeks." She blushed as his eyes traveled over her body. "Tell me your name."

She shook her head in defiance. "You'll never get away with this."

Preston threw his head back and laughed. "I already have."

"They'll find you, hunt you down," she spat angrily at him. "You can't just—" She was cut off as his hand landed a

hard slap.

"Tell me your fucking name."

Tears spilled down her cheeks at the rage in his voice. "Sharae," she said weakly. "Sharae Stevens." What had made this man the way he was, she wondered? Did it make him feel like a big man to kidnap women and keeping them tied up? Did he derive some sick pleasure from it?

"Sharae..." he said slowly. The way he said it made her stomach turn and tie itself in knots. "Lovely name. It'll go very nicely with 'Slave' in front of it."

Slave? she thought. Not bloody likely. She was going to be rescued. It was only a matter of time before the police figured out everything.

"You know," he continued. "You really should be thanking me, Sharae. I could just as easily have killed you when you stumbled upon us." He motioned his head disdainfully toward the other woman.

He sat there staring at her expectantly. Was he actually waiting for her to thank him for *not* killing her? For trussing her up like a calf at a rodeo, or for referring to her some kind of slave?

"I'm waiting, Sharae," he said testily. His grin transformed into a warning scowl. "Ordinarily, I'm a very patient man, but I can see you're in need of a serious attitude adjustment."

"No!" she yelped. "I'm sorry. I—I thank you for not killing me." She hated the sound of the words coming out of her own mouth.

"Sir..." he prompted.

"Sir," she repeated.

"Again, from the beginning."

She stopped herself from rolling her eyes. *What an asshole*, she thought. Then deliberately, she repeated, "Thank you, sir, for not killing me."

He chuckled to himself. "You have a lot of spirit. I can tell. Not unusual at first, but soon you'll learn the proper respect. It'll become second nature."

Again she wondered just what kind of madhouse she'd blundered into. She thought about the other girl, the one who apparently lived with this loon. She called him "Master." She'd actually tied herself up for him.

As her mind reeled, she hardly noticed he'd released her hogtie, and was standing her up. Sharae stood uncomfortably as he slowly circled around her. His gaze covered every inch of her, from every angle, head to foot. He kept murmuring to himself, little approving sounds. "Mm hm ... yes ... nice..."

She couldn't believe how intensely he studied her. She blushed as she never had before. It was degrading, yet, somewhere in the back of her mind, she actually felt pride at being the object of his approval.

Suddenly she felt him close behind her. "Just one little adjustment..." he muttered to himself. He grabbed her arms and pulled them closer together. She felt rope being wrapped around her elbows, pulling them tight. She groaned in pain and apprehension. Why he was binding her elbows when she was already handcuffed, and her fingers were useless in their duct tape mittens. He stepped in front of her again, his eyes wide, staring, burning into her chest. She glanced down and gasped at the sight of her own breasts jutting out so prominently.

Again he laughed. "You see, Sharae, how bondage improves the female form." She shook her head numbly. "You deny it, but the proof is right there." He stood aside and she could see herself in a mirror across the room. It looked as if she didn't have arms at all, they were bound so tightly behind her. Her breasts seemed to strain at her blouse. The sight made her feel vaguely warm and tingly inside.

Again she shook her head. "No..." she protested weakly.

He suddenly shoved a large red ball into her mouth until it wedged behind her teeth. She tried to resist, but he'd taken her by surprise. He buckled the attached strap tightly behind her head.

"I'm going to retrieve my girl from her punishment now," he said. "I suggest you stay put. If you try to move around and lose your balance, the fall will be quite painful."

She realized it was true. If she toppled with her arms bound as they were, she'd be unable to break her fall. Helplessly she stared into the mirror as he hurried off. Her gagged reflection stared back at her. As she looked at her own full lips held wide by the intruding ball, she again felt that warm tingling deep within her. Tears of shame and frustration fell down her cheeks.

CHAPTER 6

"You're slowing down."

Angel's eyes popped open at the sound of her Master's voice. She looked over to see him leaning against the door, watching her as she slowly rocked her chair. She tried to speed up to please him, but had a rough time of it. Her body glistened with sweat from the effort of rocking and trying to pull back from the brink of the monster orgasm she felt.

"Did you come yet?" he asked, walking over to her.

She shook her head, "No, sir." Through the gag, it sounded more like, "oh fir."

He smiled and stroked her face. "You want to?"

She nodded enthusiastically. "Ef ir."

He cut the tape holding her to the chair. "Maybe later. Right now, I need your help. We have to get our guests situated for the night." When he finished, he helped her to her feet. The bonds remained on her wrists and elbows, the ball still stuffed in her mouth. "Would you like to help me?"

Angel nodded.

"Good." He brushed her hair aside and unfastened the ball-gag, then untied the ropes around her elbows and wrists. She rubbed her arms and looked at him.

She followed him back to where Blondie and The Bitch were waiting. Blondie was by the far wall, balancing precariously on her bound ankles, trying not to fall. The Bitch was still in her original hogtie, her blouse was ripped open and her huge melons were decorated with rubber bands.

Angel smiled at Melissa. "Let's start with her."

"My thoughts exactly," said Preston.

The buxom brunette began to whine and struggle as they approached. Master and slave watched her for a minute, as she pleaded with her eyes. At last Preston spoke up. "What do you think we should do with this stuck-up bitch, Angel?"

Angel stared at Melissa's large breasts as they heaved with her frightened breathing. "Master, I can't think of anything that would be severe enough for her. Maybe a kneeling hogtie. Anything that keeps those fake boobies of hers accessible for some ... treatment."

Preston chuckled. "My, my, my. You girls can be so mean to each other. But I do think your idea would break her in nicely. Take those rubber bands off for now."

“With pleasure,” Angel replied cheerfully as she knelt next to the whimpering girl. Carelessly, she hooked a finger under one of the rubber bands, and yanked it off. She had to pull hard, as the tautly stretched rubber clung to the soft flesh, resisting. Melissa squealed in pain.

Angel paid no attention as she roughly pulled off the remaining rubber bands. After the last one snapped free, Melissa sighed in relief. For the first time since entering the room, Angel looked the captive brunette in the face. “Don’t get too cozy, bitch! These titties are gonna see plenty of action.” To emphasize the point, she gave her left nipple a firm squeeze and twist.

Angel heard Preston clear his throat and looked up. “You’ll have plenty of time for that later,” he said. “Undo her leash. Let’s get her into the playroom.”

“Yes, sir.” Angel released the leash with one hand while keeping her grip on Melissa’s nipple with the other. As she leaned over, she gave the nipple another good twist.

“I saw that, Angel,” scolded Preston.

Lowering her head, she said, “Sorry, Master. I couldn’t help it.”

“Hm...” he muttered, as he leaned down to cut the tape forming Melissa’s hogtie. He lifted the captive and slung her over his shoulder. Angel followed close behind. When they came to the door, Preston stopped and turned around. Blondie stood in the same spot, teetering on her high heels, her eyes wide with terror. “Don’t worry, Blondie, we’ll be back for you soon.”

Melissa moaned into her gag as Preston carried her into another room. Her eyes widened as she looked around. There were many strange pieces of ... furniture scattered about. A rocking chair of some sort, benches, tables, an X-frame, and modified monkey bars. Each looked frightening to the helpless girl.

“Sit,” Preston ordered Angel, pointing toward a corner.

He set Melissa down and she remained still while he cut the tape around her knees and ankles.

“Don’t even think about kicking me, bitch.”

Melissa didn’t move. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she regarded her abductor. She remembered him from Club 27. He was one of many guys she’d rejected, but none of the others had returned to kidnap her.

She winced as he viciously yanked the tape off her mouth. “Please let me go,” she begged pathetically even though she knew it was pointless.

“You know I can’t, baby.” He stroked her hair gently, lovingly. It shocked Melissa that there could be a tender side behind all his cruelty.

Her lip trembled. “Please.”

He shook his head. “You shouldn’t have turned me down, love. I always get what I want.”

“By kidnapping and tying up women for your own pleasure?”

“And for theirs. All women are sluts, you know. Most are experts at denying it, so it takes someone like me to release that inner slut.”

Melissa shook her head. “You’re sick.”

His cold sneer made her shiver. “Thanks. But enough chit-chat for now. Time for you to get ready for bed. Angel,” he called to his accomplice.

Melissa watched as Angel sprang to his side. “Fetch some ropes and a nice gag. We’re gonna make Melissa cozy for

the night."

Angel glared at Melissa before hurrying off.

Melissa didn't understand how Angel could let herself be abused by a man like Preston. It sickened her. Hadn't slavery had been outlawed long ago?

Angel returned with ropes and a red ball with leather straps. Preston took the ball from her and turned to Melissa.

Melissa recoiled in fear. She was not going to allow him to put that on her. "No!" she screamed and kicked, catching him in the stomach. He doubled over in pain.

She screamed again as Angel jumped on her, pounding. "You bitch! You fucking bitch!" Melissa was defenseless. She bucked her hips, trying to shake Angel off and felt rope being wrapped around her ankles immobilizing her feet. It was Preston.

Angel got off her and took the ball-gag. "Open your mouth!"

Melissa shook her head defiantly.

"You're in enough trouble, cunt. I wouldn't make it worse if I were you."

She glared at Angel and clamped her mouth shut. She saw Angel suppress a grin as she reached toward her breasts again. She gasped as Angel pinched and twisted her nipple. "Oww—mmppppfff!" she cried as Angel shoved the ball roughly past her lips. The strap was quickly buckled tight.

Angel stepped back as Preston forced Melissa to her knees under a horseshoe shaped frame. The helpless woman moaned as she felt rope circling her elbows. She knew what was coming next, having seen him bind the blonde's elbows.

Her moan grew to a loud whine as he used all his strength to pull her elbows together. Melissa felt as if her arms were being ripped from their sockets. She felt him remove the handcuffs and rebind her wrists with rope, leaving her hands encased in duct tape.

She heard a switchblade open and he held it up for her to see. The ball-gag muffled her scream as he came at her with the knife.

CHAPTER 7

Melissa struggled violently against the panic that gripped her like a vice. She couldn't breathe. She didn't want to die! Preston grabbed a fistful of hair, holding her head still. The knife glinted in front of her face.

"Shut up and quite wiggling, you stupid slut!" he shouted. "I'm not gonna kill you." He released her with a rough shove, then leaned down and carefully slid the sharp blade under the sleeve of her blouse. He worked the knife along her arm, cutting the soft turquoise material as he went.

After the blouse fell to the floor, he cut the straps of her bra, and it quickly joined the shredded blouse on the floor. Melissa knew her skirt would be next. He could have pulled it off, but he deliberately ripped it from her body. She knelt there, trembling, cruelly bound, with only her panties, pantyhose and shoes remaining.

He pulled her pantyhose down and slid them just past her hips, then stopped. She felt the metallic cold knife blade against her hip as he cut the thin waistband of her black, lacy panties. The material fell from her waist, but the panties were still intact between her tightly bound legs.

Her captor stood in front of her, grinning wickedly. He grabbed the front of her panties and began to pull them slowly. Melissa moaned as the fabric slipped between her thighs, teasing her most intimate place. By the time he held what was left of her panties, she was wet with arousal and flushed with shame.

Preston scrunched the panties in his hand. She knew he could feel and smell her juices on them. He leaned down, cupped her chin in his hand and smiled at her. "It doesn't take much to get you started, does it, whore?" Vainly, she denied it through her gag. "Well," he continued, "you'll just have to be frustrated. Right now, it's time you learned a little respect."

With that, he pulled her pantyhose back up. Why was he leaving her in just her shoes and pantyhose? He leered at her and answered as if he'd read her mind. "Because I like the way it looks."

He took a leather strap and slipped it around her chest, threading it under her arms and buckled it loosely. He turned to a small crank at the wall, and lowered a chain from the ceiling. After attaching the chain to the strap, he turned the crank and reeled the chain back up until it tugged at the strap, forcing Melissa to an upright kneeling position. She wondered if this was some elaborate way of getting her to stand up, but he stopped just as her knees were about to lift off the floor.

She watched him grab another length of rope and go behind her. As he grabbed her ankles, she remembered Angel saying something about a "kneeling hogtie." Melissa didn't know what she meant at the time, but was beginning to understand. Soon, her ankles were tied tightly to the ropes binding her elbows, and when Preston stood back, she was left balanced on her knees. The strap around her chest held her up and took much of the weight off her knees, but she was still uncomfortable.

Melissa knew it would become torturous if they left her in this position. She also realized it would do her no good to plead, so she hung her head and tried to get as comfortable as she could.

Preston must have noticed her relaxing and chuckled. "You think we're done with you? This was just to get you ready. Now we get to the actual attitude therapy." Melissa couldn't believe what she heard. Wasn't this torture enough? What more could they possibly do to her? She stared in disbelief as Preston motioned to Angel. "Bring the twine," he said.

Angel returned with a large ball of rough twine. She grinned at the bound brunette. "Master says I get to do this part," she cooed happily. She leaned down and pulled a length of twine around Melissa's chest, threading it under her arms. She made several passes, wrapping the thin cord above and below her breasts, then crisscrossing it between them, to form a harness around her chest.

The twine didn't seem to accomplish anything and Melissa wondered why Angel had tied it that way. Her question was immediately answered when Angel took more twine, tied it to the harness, and began to circle her left breast with it. She wound the cord carefully, trying not to overlap, keeping the tension very tight.

Preston cleared his throat ominously. "Not too tight, Angel. We don't want them to fall off, you know."

Reluctantly, Angel released some of the tension in the string, and resumed wrapping the breast. Soon, half of it was encased in a sturdy cylinder of twine. The fleshy top of her breast seemed to explode out of the cylinder. To Melissa, it looked absurd.

Angel reversed direction, winding the twine back toward Melissa's chest. She passed it under the harness again, and then over to her right breast, where she repeated the process. By the time she was done, Melissa's breasts looked like odd mushrooms, with twine stems and ruddy tips or flesh.

Preston dug his fingers into both breasts, smiling. "Very well done, Angel." The girl beamed proudly. He pulled down a small device attached to the horseshoe frame and set it directly in front of Melissa's right breast, adjusting some bolts in the frame.

Melissa stared at the device trying to ascertain its purpose. It looked like a small electric motor with a whip-like propeller. As she examined it she realized the propeller was really a small flogger with numerous leather strips emerging from the handle.

Preston flipped a switch and stepped back. The flogger began to turn very slowly, rotating in front of Melissa, parallel to her body. Again, the helpless captive wondered what the strange device was.

As the flogger/propeller neared the twelve o'clock position, it abruptly stopped and pivoted, so it was perpendicular to her body. The motor clicked on again, this time spinning the flogger with ferocious speed. From its new orientation, it slapped against the top of Melissa's cruelly bound breast.

She screamed in shock and pain, as the device whipped her breast five times, stopped, pivoted again and resumed its slow rotation. Melissa watched in horror as the insidious device moved along the curved frame, coming to rest in front of her left breast. It halted its slow rotation once more, this time with the flogger close to the nine o'clock position. It pivoted and the whipping motion started again, this time stopping after seven strokes.

Preston and Angel laughed merrily at Melissa's reaction to the automated breast flogger. Angel couldn't help gloating. "Master invented this for my punishment, but I don't mind letting you use tonight. Try to guess where it'll stop next, and how many strokes it'll give you," she giggled. "You can't do it because it's completely random, but that's the fun."

Fun? thought Melissa. Already the flogger had returned to her right breast, where it began whipping her again, this time four strokes from the bottom.

Preston patted Angel on the ass. "Come along, my sweet. Let's go play with our other toy, while this one finishes her attitude lesson." As they left the room, he turned to Melissa again. "We won't be too long. Seven or eight hours, maybe a little more."

Melissa groaned into her gag as they left. *Eight hours?* Her tits would be whipped right off after eight hours! As if on cue, the flogger whipped her left breast again this time from the lower right. Only three strokes; she'd guessed wrong.

CHAPTER 8

Sharae watched as Preston and his slave returned. She couldn't help but wonder what they'd done to the other woman. She heard muffled cries coming from the other room, and dreaded what they planned for her.

Angel circled her, as Preston had earlier. Sharae felt her face burn in embarrassment. She wasn't used to being scrutinized by another female.

"Can you handle her?" Preston asked.

Angel nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Good. I'm going to take a shower. I expect you to be done with her and in bed when I'm done."

"Yes, Master." Angel watched as Preston gave Sharae's nipple a hard yank and a twist, causing the blonde to whine and tremble. He turned and strode out of the room.

Sharae looked into Angel's green twinkling eyes. The slave lifted Sharae as if she were a sack of potatoes which surprised her. Angel was small but obviously muscular. She stared at the ground as Angel carried her into the room where the brunette was whining. Her eyes widened as she took in the torturous position the woman was tied in and the machine whipping her cruelly bound breasts.

Angel carried Sharae to a table and set her down on the hard surface. There were holes drilled into the tabletop of varying size and shape. Angel picked up a knife and Sharae shuddered with fear as she saw the weapon coming at her. She shook her head and shrank back.

"Don't worry, Blondie, I'm not going to hurt you—just getting rid of your clothes."

Sharae felt Angel carefully cut away her clothes until she was naked. Angel sat her up and stroked her breasts, lightly tweaking her nipples. Sharae blushed furiously as she felt her body betray her. Her nipples puckered at Angel's touch, bringing a knowing smile to the slave's lovely face.

“See, Blondie? You're a bondage slut. Just like me.”

Sharae shook her head. Angel laughed and picked up some more rope. She wrapped it around and around Sharae's chest, guiding it above and below her breasts, until her arms were solidly bound against her body. Angel laid her down again, positioning her so her breasts fell through two of the large holes in the middle of the table. More rope attached anchored her to holes in the sides of the table, holding her in place.

Angel locked a thick dog collar with a D-ring around Sharae's neck. She guided rope through the ring and tied each end to the corners of the table, pulling it taut. Sharae found she couldn't lift her head. Then Angel untied the ropes around Sharae's legs. She retied her ankles to opposite corners of the table, leaving Sharae spread wide.

Angel stepped back and looked at her creation, then smiled as she regarded the woman bound on the table. Something was missing. Angel thought for a moment, then picked up yet another rope and fastened a snug crotchrope on the helpless woman. It elicited a moan from Sharae as it rubbed against her clit.

Angel giggled. “Now for the fun part.” She got on her knees and scooted under the table. Near the holes where Sharae's breasts hung, was an electric pendulum-type metronome. It had been modified by Preston into another one of his torture creations.

Two chains equipped with clamps were attached to the end of the pendulum's swinging arm. Angel snapped the clamps to Sharae's dangling nipples. She adjusted the slack in the chain, leaving just enough so the pendulum could swing easily. She flipped the switch, setting the pendulum into motion, swinging back and forth. Tick, tock. As it swung, it pulled on each nipple alternately.

Sharae gasped as the torture began. She wiggled her bound body, but couldn't escape. She mewed into her gag and saliva dripped from her mouth onto the table. She was barely aware of what was happening around her. All she could think of was the tugging on her nipples.

Suddenly the metronome changed speeds, accelerating from adagio to a brisk presto. Sharae whined as her nipples were yanked furiously. Angel chuckled. “It changes tempo at random. Master likes to keep a girl guessing.”

Angel selected a large vibrator and long cord leading to a battery pack equipped with fresh batteries. She slowly worked the vibrator into the blonde's slick hole, shoving it all the way in and using the crotch rope to hold it in place. The woman's body shuddered at the new assault on her body.

“Nighty night,” Angel laughed to the two bound women. “I do hope you get some sleep. Tomorrow is a jam-packed day for you.” She taunted them then bounced out of the room, laughing as she headed toward her own room.

CHAPTER 9

Melissa tried to see what torment the other woman was suffering, but couldn't quite turn enough. All she could do was watch the tit-flogger randomly choose its next angle and listen to the “tick-tock” and buzzing sounds. Together, the moans of the two women created a chorus of suffering.

After a while, she was aware of sounds coming from another room in the house. The man, Preston was obviously doing something with the girl who lived with him. Melissa heard smacking sounds, giggles, and moans. At first the moans were loud, then they became muted, as if the girl had been gagged. Soon, the moaning became very intense. They were obviously moans of pleasure, punctuated by occasional squeals of pain—or was it delight?—she couldn't tell.

The sounds climaxed and eventually fell away into silence. Her captors must have fallen asleep at last. But there was no rest in the “playroom.” The motor of the tit-flogger continued as did the “tick-tock” and buzzing.

As impossible as it seemed, Melissa fell into fitful periods of sleep, despite some of the flogging. She felt more exhausted each time a particularly painful stroke roused her.

In contrast, Angel slept deeply, dreaming of being bound with soft cords and strong hands touching her. She awoke

feeling refreshed and satisfied, eager to visit their guests.

“Good morning, girls. Sleep well?” Angel asked as she strolled into the playroom. Both machines were still busy torturing the women's breasts. The vibrator in the blonde's crotch was silent. The batteries had worn out, finally sparing Sharae multiple and heavy orgasms.

Melissa moaned in response to Angel's cheerful greeting. Sharae looked on passively as Angel went over to Melissa and turned off the machine whipping her tits. Melissa looked positively ecstatic and relieved. The exposed tops of her breasts were a deep reddish purple in color.

Preston sauntered into the room, looking surprisingly handsome. He wore the closest thing to a suit he would get into. Black jeans hugged his muscular legs, with a white dress shirt and black denim jacket. “Morning, ladies,” he said.

Angel turned and smiled brightly at him. “Morning, Master. Sleep well?”

“Sure did. I'm going into town this morning, Angel. You are not to touch either one of them. Just turn off Sharae's device and leave them tied.”

Angel stuck her lower lip out in a sexy pout. “But, Master—”

“No,” he thundered, cutting her off. “I'll be home later.”

Angel watched grumpily as he picked up a digital camera and began snapping pictures of Melissa. He walked around her slowly, capturing her bound image from every angle. After a dozen pictures, he leaned down and kissed her forehead.

She shuddered and pulled back, then he smiled and went over to Sharae. She lay on the table with her eyes closed. Angel had already stopped the pendulum.

Angel was filled with jealousy as she saw Preston gently stroke the bound woman's behind. The blonde's body shuddered slightly then relaxed. Angel was filled with rage. The bitch wasn't supposed to enjoy it!

Preston leaned down and kissed Sharae gently on the cheek and moved her hair off her face. He walked out of the room after shaking a warning finger at Angel. She heard the van start up, and listened to the engine noise die away as it carried her Master from the house, leaving her alone with the two captive women.

Angel glared at Sharae. Her Master had obviously taken a liking to the blonde. He'd kissed and caressed her and not Angel. He always kissed Angel goodbye—except that morning—and she intended to do something about it.

She walked over to Sharae and removed the duct tape mittens. Preston would probably be out all day so she'd have plenty of time to do her chores after torturing the blonde, and retying her so Preston wouldn't know what happened.

Angel removed the ball-gag and collar. Sharae whined, finding it hard to close her jaw after having it held open so long. “Don't force it,” Angel said helpfully. “It'll relax.”

Sharae nodded and lay her head on the table. She watched as Angel untied the ropes holding her down. Although her legs were free, she was too exhausted to move.

Angel removed the clamps from the blonde's breasts. “Thank you,” she whispered, sighing in relief. Angel helped her sit up and the two women stared at each other for a long time. Angel's heart beat wildly. She knew why Preston liked Sharae. The woman had that doe-eyed innocence about her which could turn the strongest man into a sniveling idiot if she looked his way.

Sharae smiled softly at the slavegirl and leaned forward. Steeling herself, she placed a gentle kiss on Angel's lips. Angel backed away slightly, but Sharae darted her tongue into her mouth. Angel grabbed Sharae's head in her hands and returned the kiss with a fevered passion that surprised both women.

Angel reached around and began undoing the knots at Sharae's wrists while exploring her mouth with her tongue. Once her arms were free, Sharae immediately wrapped them around the smaller girl, pulling her close. She tugged at the hem of the skimpy nightie Angel wore.

Angel raised her arms, allowing Sharae to slip the satin material off her body. She stood naked in front of Sharae, her whole body trembling with excitement. All thoughts of punishing the blonde were replaced by strong sexual desire. Her nipples puckered in anticipation and she felt a hot tingling in her loins.

Sharae reached down and stroked Angel's thighs. Her movements were hesitant, since she was unsure if she was doing the right thing to stimulate a woman. She was going on instinct, doing what she liked done to her. She slid off the table and turned Angel around. Kneeling down in front of the slavegirl, she began playing with Angel's pussy lips. A low moan escaped Angel's throat and she leaned back against the table.

Sharae took a deep breath and dove face first into Angel's muff, her tongue licking and probing. She felt Angel shudder and was pleased she could pleasure another despite it being her first time. The stimulation was mutual.

Angel stroked Sharae's hair, occasionally yanking it as she was gripped with intense pleasure. She felt as if she were riding a large tidal wave of passion. She couldn't believe one night was all it took to break the blonde woman. She screamed out as an intense orgasm ripped through her body and panted heavily as the second release overtook her.

Angel knelt down so she was face to face with Sharae. They stared at each other for another moment, then Angel gently pushed Sharae backward so she lay on the floor. Sharae stretched out as Angel covered her body with soft kisses. Sharae quivered at the touch of another woman's lips against her skin. She was used to Joe making love to her in his mechanical way, doing only what was necessary to get the job done.

Sharae moaned as Angel's tongue found its way to her clit, flicking and sucking the sensitive bud. She played with her own breasts, squeezing and pinching her nipples. Angel's hands were everywhere, stroking her legs, stomach, breasts. She arched her back, welcoming the sexual assault on her body.

Angel nibbled on Sharae's breast and continued to finger fuck her. Sharae moaned as yet another orgasm racked her body. She was surprised she had any energy left after having the vibrator in her for hours.

After seemingly hours of pleasing one another, the two women snuggled together. Sharae stared up at the ceiling, her feelings mixed confused, with a hatred for Preston. She couldn't help the strange sense of love for his little slave. She didn't know what the feelings meant or how to deal with them, but she knew one thing she had to get out of there.

CHAPTER 10

Preston stared down at the two sleeping women, his hands balled into fists at his sides. After having a great morning on the 'market' he had looked forward to playing with the new merchandise. His jovial mood quickly turned dark at the sight of his slave nestled snugly in the arms of the blonde tramp.

Visions of what must have gone on while he was out played in his head. He imagined Angel's talented tongue probing deep into Sharae's crotch, pleasing her to ecstasy.

He was enraged that Angel had gone against his wishes and played with the bitch. Didn't she realize the consequences if this woman had gotten away? Sharae could have destroyed their happy little existence, sending Preston and Angel to prison. Worse than prison was the thought of being without Angel. She was more than just a slave to Preston. She was a part of him, an extension of his very being.

He glanced at Melissa, the sole witness of this betrayal. She still hung in her kneeling hogtie. She cowered under his glare and mewed pitifully through the rubber ball in her mouth.

He stalked over to the duo and knelt next to Sharae. He tapped her on the shoulder, making sure his fingers dug into her flesh.

She jerked awake and her green eyes widened as she saw him looming over her. What had happened? One minute, she was thinking about her chance to escape, and the next, she was waking up with the slavegirl in her arms. "Oh, shit," she uttered.

"—Oh, shit' is right, bitch," he snarled. "Get up very carefully so you don't wake her."

Trembling at the sight of Preston, Sharae slowly and carefully disentangled herself from Angel. Angel sighed contentedly and rolled onto her other side, still fast asleep.

Preston stood and yanked Sharae to her feet. He pushed her face down on the table, bending her at the waist. He gathered her wrists in one hand and wrapped rope around them. He cinched it down cruelly and tied the knots out of reach of her probing fingers. He also bound her elbows, pulling them tight together.

Sharae whimpered at the savage binding of her arms. "Shut the fuck up!" he hissed and slapped the back of her head.

"It hurts," she protested and cringed as he laughed.

"It's supposed to hurt, whore." Preston picked her up and placed her on the table. She choked back tears as she felt him binding her legs at the ankles, then above and below the knees. He quickly but securely wrapped more rope around her torso, above and below her breasts. He coiled the cord tight around the bottom of each breast then up around her neck, making a kind of harness.

She tested the ropes on instinct, even though she knew she couldn't escape from them.

He left her briefly, returning with what looked like miniature bag clips. She recognized them. She had several sitting on her desk at work. They were hard plastic heavy-duty paper clips.

He grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him. "Don't scream when I put these on your titties," he warned. "I'll let you know when you can scream."

"Please," she begged. "Please don't—"

Paying no heed to her pleas, he mercilessly applied the clips to her nipples.

Sharae whined loudly as excruciating pain flared through her body from her ravaged nipples. She bit her lip so hard to keep from crying out she tasted blood.

He continued to bind her as she endured the torment of the clips. He doubled her over and bound her chin so it almost touched her knees. Taking another rope, he tied one end to her bound ankles, then laid her on her side and ran the rope to her wrists and pulled hard.

Sharae let out another painful squeal as her wrists and ankles were drawn together. One last rope was wrapped around her shins and lower back, completing the strict ball tie. Preston stepped back and looked at her.

"Okay," he said. "You can scream now."

Sharae did scream, though not as loudly as she might have. The ropes binding her were too constricting, but it was loud enough to wake Angel.

The slave girl sat up too quickly, disorientating herself. She looked around blankly then focused on Preston and Sharae. Her jaw fell.

"Angel," Preston said coldly.

"Master!" she cried, getting to her feet. "I—I was just—"

He held up a hand and Angel fell silent. "I'm very disappointed in you, Angel."

She bowed her head. "Yes, Master."

"What do you have to say for yourself?" His brown eyes bore into her.

"I've been naughty, Sir. I need to be punished."

Preston nodded, pleased with her response. He took her by the arm and led her to the center of the room between two poles. She obediently stepped up onto the homemade step about two feet off the floor.

He used a crank on one pole to lower a set of cuffs that were attached to the tops of the poles. He took her wrists and locked them into the padded cuffs, then turned the crank, slowly, deliberately, raising Angel's arms up above her head and spread wide. He stopped when she was on her tiptoes. Her face was contorted in concentration as she balanced herself. He gave the crank one more turn and locked it in place.

He tied a length of rope to each of her ankles, then threaded the left rope through an eyebolt at the base of the pole on the side. Pulling on the rope, he forced her foot off the step. He did the same to her right. When he was finished, his slavegirl hung in a suspended spread-eagle, her muscular body spread taut.

Preston next retrieved a gag. Angel was distressed to see he'd chosen an inflatable gag. She whimpered and writhed in midair.

Preston pushed the gag into her mouth and tightly buckled it. He pumped up the gag until it filled her whole mouth. He knew she hated it.

Leaving her dangling and mewling, he went to the cabinet and selected a riding crop. He looked at Sharae and smiled. "Wonder why I haven't gagged you yet?"

Sharae tried to shrug but it looked more like a nervous twitch.

He grinned at her. "Tell me, Slave Sharae. Where shall I begin?" He slapped the crop against his palm.

Sharae shook her head, fearfully. She was already in enough pain. She didn't want to be whipped too! Then she realized she wasn't his intended recipient—Angel was.

"Well?" he prompted. "Tell me where to whip her."

Sharae understood he wanted her to partake in Angel's punishment; he wanted her to stoop to his level.

CHAPTER 11

Preston waited impatiently for Sharae to respond. After a moment, he slammed the riding crop on the table next to the bound woman's face. She screeched and pulled her head back.

"Let's go, bitch! The next one won't miss."

"Please, don't make me do this," pleaded Sharae. "It's as if I'm beating her myself."

Preston patted Sharae's head. "You don't understand. Angel knows she's been bad and she wants to be punished. She needs it. You heard her ask for it."

"I don't know ... I ... I—"

Smack! Smack! Smack! The riding crop landed forcefully on Sharae's exposed bottom. "Every second you hesitate means more for Angel, and more for you. I've got all day."

Sharae looked at Angel's tightly stretched, straining body. She didn't want to be part of her punishment, but she realized the longer she waited, the longer Angel would have to endure that painful bondage.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Again Preston let fly a barrage of blows. "Oww!" cried Sharae. "Okay, okay! I'll do it. Hit her, um, on the ass."

Smiling, Preston approached Angel. "Which cheek?"

Sharae rolled her eyes. "The ... left one."

"How many strokes?"

"Five ... I guess."

"Good. We'll start with five on the left cheek." The five strokes landed hard. From Angel's gasps, Sharae could tell they hurt. Preston waited after each for Angel to count it off. After the fifth, she added something. It took a moment to register with Sharae due to the gag, but she understood Angel to say, "Thank you, Master. More, please."

Grinning, Preston turned to Sharae again. "You heard her. She wants more. What's your choice."

"How about five more on the right cheek?"

Preston frowned. "Pick another spot. Someplace in front."

Sharae swallowed nervously. "Maybe ... her right breast? Six strokes."

Preston smiled pleasantly. "Very good, Slave Sharae. You see, this isn't so difficult." Soon the six strokes fell upon Angel's breast. She moaned in pain, counting each stroke as she had before, and again, asked for more.

The process repeated over and over. Angel was beaten on both breasts, and ass cheeks. She felt the sting of the crop on her back, her belly, and her thighs. Finally, Preston announced the punishment was almost over. "One more spot, Sharae, but it must be someplace that has yet to taste the crop."

Sharae stared at Angel, uncertain what to do. Hadn't he already hit every spot on her body? She tried to think what Preston might be after. She just wanted this to be over with.

Suddenly a thought came to her. She didn't know where it came from, but she felt it was the "right" answer. It sent a shiver through her. She looked up at Preston and said deliberately, "The last ... five strokes should be on her ... pussy."

Preston smiled. "Excellent. You're learning the art of punishing a girl quite well."

Sharae hung her head, unable to watch. But she couldn't help hearing as the strokes found their mark on Angel's most sensitive place. She could tell Preston wasn't holding back either, as Angel cried pitifully after each one, barely able to mumble the count.

After the final blow, Angel thanked her Master, but she did not ask for more. Instead, she raised her voice, saying the gagged equivalent of, "Thank you too, Slave Sharae."

Sharae sagged in shame at the realization of what she'd been a party to. She watched as Preston released Angel from her suspension and removed her gag. The slavegirl tried to press herself into his arms, but he held her off.

"No hugs for you now," he scolded. "What you did today wasn't just playful naughtiness. If Sharae hadn't fallen asleep, if she had escaped, we could be on our way to jail right now. Now, go kneel in the corner and try to imagine how you might get back into my good graces."

Sharae caught her breath as she watched Angel react to the tongue lashing. It seemed Preston's words hurt the slave girl more than any whipping could. She ran to the corner and sobbed bitterly.

Sharae glanced back at Preston as he regarded Angel weeping. A flood of emotions passed over his face. Anger, sadness, anguish, pity, love. He took a step toward Angel, then stopped, closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

When he opened his eyes again, he turned to Sharae, meeting her gaze.

His eyes misted over and he struggled visibly to control himself. "You look surprised," he said at last. "I'm not always the cold cruel monster you think I am. I happen to love that girl. When I hurt her, I hurt myself. And vice versa."

As he began to release Sharae from her ball-tie, he gradually returned to his usual self. Leaving her arms tightly bound, he stood her up and guided her toward the poles from which Angel had just dangled.

"Time for your punishment, Sharae." She struggled at his words. "Didn't you realize?" he chuckled. "When you chose Angel's punishment, you also chose your own."

"No!" Sharae's protest was cut short as he forced the inflatable gag into her mouth.

Yes, my dear. Oh, yes."

CHAPTER 12

Melissa watched in horror as Preston whipped his slave without mercy. She was relieved she wasn't in Sharae's place directing the blows. Now she heard Angel weeping in the corner, and watched as Preston administered the same whipping to Sharae. The only difference was that he suspended Sharae upside down with her legs spread wide between the two poles. Sharae received several extra strokes because she was tardy counting. Melissa was thankful Preston seemed to have forgotten about her.

At least, mostly thankful. She struggled once more to find a comfortable position. She couldn't believe how long they had kept her bound in this torturous position. Surely she had suffered damage to her limbs, especially her arms.

Suddenly she realized Preston was behind her. She hadn't noticed Sharae's whipping had stopped. Apparently he hadn't forgotten about her after all. He untied the ropes forming the hogtie holding her on her knees. Her body screamed in relief as she was finally able to flex her stiff muscles. Preston let her stretch, studying her. She shuddered at his evil grin. Almost to himself, but obviously intending her to hear, he said, "Quite a beauty, this one is. Destined to make some Master a very happy man. But first, I get my turn."

He picked her up and tossed her over his shoulder and carried her upstairs to the huge bathroom. He removed the rest of the twine, tape and ropes still binding her. Using a pair of handcuffs, he locked her wrists in front of her. Melissa did nothing to resist him. She had seen his wrath, and didn't want to be on the receiving end of it.

After untying her ankles, he straightened to his full height and gazed down at her. "Would you like a bath?" he asked, his tone no longer menacing. It was soft and deep, almost inaudible. Almost—polite.

Melissa stared in shock as he removed the ball-gag.

He chuckled at her expression. "C'mon, Missy. I'm not mean all the time. Besides, you could really use the bath."

She nodded. It was the only thing she could do. Her jaw was locked open from the ball-gag and she was still trying to close it.

He turned on the water and adjusted the temperature, then he helped her in and began to gently wash her, spending more time than necessary on her breasts and crotch. She sat rigid in the water, enduring his attentions. After shampooing and conditioning her hair, he helped her stand, and wrapped a huge fluffy towel around her shoulders, then he picked her up and carried her to a bedroom.

He set her on the bed and used another pair of handcuffs to secure her still-cuffed wrists to the headboard. He smiled at her. "Remember what I told you? I always get what I want."

Melissa shuddered again. Apparently he was only nice two minutes out of each day, she thought bitterly. She watched him shed his clothes and was sickened to see his penis at attention. How could he get excited at the

prospect of raping a woman? She squeezed her eyes shut as he crawled onto the bed. He leaned over her and planted a hard kiss on her mouth.

She squealed and jerked her head away, making him laugh. "I think you better relax and enjoy it, bitch. It's much easier that way."

Tears fell from her eyes as she felt him enter her, shoving himself in roughly. She sobbed silently as the assault on her body seemed to go on for ages. She counted to one hundred forward and back. Preston finally shot his load with a loud groan and collapsed on top of her. Melissa continued to cry. She needed another bath, or maybe a thousand baths to rid her body of his violation. But even that wouldn't cleanse her.

Preston smiled at her. He freed her wrists from the handcuffs and pointed to the closet. "Pick out something to wear. We have guests coming tonight and I want you to look pretty."

Melissa sat up and looked at the closet, then at him. How could he act so indifferent? He had just raped her and he was talking to her as if it had been a mutual thing.

"I'll be back in a couple minutes," he said, and left the room, locking the door behind him.

Melissa jumped off the bed and quickly put on a pair of stretch pants and an oversized T-shirt. She slipped on a pair of flats, but continued searching through the numerous pairs of shoes until she found what she was looking for. A dress shoe with thick heels.

She went to the window and looked out. It was a long drop, too long to jump safely. She shook her head and positioned herself behind the door to wait for her captor to return.

Soon she heard footsteps approaching. She drew in a deep breath. The moment was here. She was going to be free.

The lock turned and the door opened slowly.

Melissa slammed the door shut and swung the shoe as hard as she could. The body crumpled to the floor and was still. Breathing heavily, Melissa looked down and gasped. Red hair fanned out around Angel's head, as she lay motionless on the floor. Blood trickled from her nose and the side of her mouth.

"Oh, shit," Melissa hissed. She hesitated only a moment, then opened the door and headed down the hallway. She wished it had been Preston, but she'd deal with him yet. Hefting the shoe in her hand, she slowly crept down the stairs.

She heard activity from the "playroom" and cautiously peeked in. Preston had lowered Sharae, and was binding her again. Melissa held her breath and tiptoed slowly behind Preston where he was concentrating on tying the ropes. It seemed to take forever to close the distance, but at last she stood within striking distance.

Just as she lifted her arm, he called out. "Angel? What's taking so—" His words were cut off as she hit him with all her strength. He cried out and slumped over, but did not pass out as Angel had. In panic, she hit him again and again, until he lay still on the floor.

Melissa felt sick and shook uncontrollably for a second. She gathered her wits and began untying Sharae. The blonde shouted into her gag, shaking her head. Melissa removed the gag. "Don't worry about me," said Sharae. "Get some handcuffs to secure him."

Melissa knew Sharae was right, and immediately looked around. With a room full of bondage equipment, finding a pair of handcuffs was no trouble. The metallic click sounded sweet as she gathered his wrists behind him and snapped the handcuffs on. "There," she hissed in an angry whisper. "Let's see how you like it."

She returned to Sharae and finished untying her. Preston groaned as slowly regain consciousness. Together, the two women fled the room and found their way to the door to the garage. They couldn't open it! It was locked with a deadbolt that required a key even from inside the house.

Quickly, they headed for the front door, but found it similarly locked. "We've got to find the keys!" screeched Melissa, beginning to panic. It was ridiculous that they couldn't get *out* of the house.

The women headed for the kitchen and began looking through drawers. They were so intent on searching it took a few seconds for them to become aware of a sound, like a deep growl coming from behind them. Suddenly, Sharae looked around and gasped. There stood Preston and Angel, both still bleeding.

Preston held up a ring of keys. "Looking for these?"

CHAPTER 13

Joe Adams paced his living room. His girlfriend, Sharae Stevens, was now officially missing. The police had just left after asking him numerous questions. When did he last talk to Sharae? Did they have a fight? Where was he last night? What was he doing? Who was he with? Blah, blah, blah. It was clear they suspected him.

He answered nervously, not because he had anything to hide, but because he secretly wished he'd been the one to kidnap her. No one knew of his hidden fantasies that included abducting women and forcing them to submit.

Now his fantasies were about to become a reality. If only the cops knew how close to the truth they were. He had rented a house in the suburbs and remodeled the basement to suit his needs. He had purchased coils of rope, rolls of tape, and boxes of bondage toys. All because he had finally ventured into a fetish club several weeks before. By a chance meeting he'd made a contact to buy a slave. He'd met with the guy earlier that day and made arrangements to view the merchandise later that same evening.

Once he had his slave, he intended to break up with Sharae. Miss Prim and Proper Sharae would never understand his desires. She'd probably burst into hysterical tears at the sight of a pair of handcuffs. No, Sharae would never be his bondage pet.

As he mused, his gaze came upon an old framed photograph on the fireplace mantle. It was a group shot of his brother and sister-in-law, and Joe with his ex-girlfriend, Angela Carlisle. Since breaking up at Club 27 long ago, he hadn't seen Angela at all, and wondered idly where she was hiding herself these days. Sometimes he missed the spunky redhead, more often than he would admit.

The phone rang and Joe sighed as he picked it up. "What?"

The female voice on the other end laughed. "Nice talking to you, too, Joe."

He sighed. It was his slutty sister-in-law, Megan, who always flirted with Joe behind her husband's back. She made no secret of the fact she wanted him. And Joe wouldn't mind taking her up on it but didn't out of respect for his brother, Jon. "How are you, Megan?"

"Fine. Wanna come over? I'm naked," she purred.

"Better put some clothes on. You might catch a chill."

She sighed heavily. He could just imagine her face. "Anyway, Jon wants you to come over tonight. Something about that football crap you guys watch. Bring Sharae so we can gossip about you guys."

"Sorry, but we're both busy. Gotta go," he snapped. He hung up before she could say another word. He wouldn't mind tying Megan up tight and shipping her off to Antarctica. His brother would be better off without her.

* * * *

When Melissa saw Preston and Angel, her heart seemed to stop beating. Preston held a gun, trained on her forehead. The fury in his eyes was scary. It didn't help that there was a bloody film over his left eye, making his glare seem deathly. She shuddered as she realized she had been the one to inflict those wounds on both of them.

The next 15 minutes seemed a blur. Angel charged and slapped her so hard, she spun around. Melissa didn't know if

Preston would actually use that gun, but she had no intention of finding out. She took the slap and several more from the surprisingly strong slave girl. Sharae cowered in the corner.

Angel bound Melissa's arms behind her back. It was only then that Preston approached her. He grabbed her by the hair. "I have to admit, I underestimated your resourcefulness," he snarled. "I won't make that mistake again. Fortunately, you forgot to secure my girl. She roused herself, and came to my aid." He smiled at Angel. Apparently all was forgiven as far as she was concerned.

In quick succession, Melissa's sight was taken away with a thickly padded leather blindfold and her mouth filled with another huge, jaw-stretching ball-gag. She was led roughly back through the house. From the moans she heard, she knew Sharae was getting similar treatment.

They forced her to sit on what felt like a high barstool. Ropes and straps quickly tightened all over her body. Her left leg was bent back and tied to one of the legs of the stool. Her right leg was pulled straight out, lifted high, and somehow strapped in place. Then her arms were pulled straight back and upward, forcing her to bend over.

More ropes circled her waist and thighs, securing her to the stool. She groaned as the now familiar bite of clamps dug into her hardened nipples. To top it all off, a vibrator was shoved into her cunt and held in place by more tight ropes. She waited for them to turn the vibrator on, but they didn't.

At last, they seemed to be done binding her. She sat uncomfortably stretched, moaning softly. Her moans were matched by those of Sharae, no doubt bound in a similar awkward position. In the total blackness of the blindfold, she could "feel" her tormentors standing close by, watching her. It seemed as if they were waiting for something.

She tried to shift her weight to find a more comfortable position. As she did, she pulled her outstretched leg down sharply. Immediately, she heard a squeal from Sharae, and along with the squeal, the vibrator suddenly switched on, buzzing furiously inside her.

Sensing something was wrong, Melissa sat perfectly still again. She could hear Preston chuckling and Angel giggling. As she settled down, the vibrator turned off.

She heard Angel's voice. "Shall I tell them, Master?"

"Sure," he said. "But nothing specific. Let them figure out the connections themselves."

Still giggling, Angel addressed the bound women. "You two are connected," she laughed. "When one of you moves, it ... does something to the other."

As if to demonstrate the point, Melissa heard Sharae grunt and shift. The result was a hard tug at her own nipple clamps. Melissa groaned and pulled her arms down instinctively. As she did, she heard the buzzing of another vibrator and the muffled complaint of her companion.

So that's their game, thought Melissa. We punish each other whenever we move. And we can't help moving because of the torturous bondage they've put us in!

CHAPTER 14

With the captives administering their own torment, Preston turned his attention to his own sore head, as well as Angel's. The shoe Melissa struck them with hadn't done much damage, and the cuts were quickly bandaged. After downing some extra-strength Tylenol, they both headed back to enjoy the show.

Preston watched intently as the two women struggled. The sights and sounds of helplessly bound women never failed to stimulate him—the pitiful whimpers and pleas from gagged lips, the spasm of strained muscles against constricting cords.

The show was good, but not good enough. Sharae and Melissa managed to establish an equilibrium in their mutual torture. They needed incentive to resume their writhing.

Looking about the room, he spotted what he was looking for, tapped Angel on the shoulder, and pointed. He pressed his finger against his lips to signal her to move quietly. Angel nodded, stifling a giggle.

For Sharae, the last few minutes had been a rush of conflicting sensations. She'd never associated pain or confinement with arousal, but there was no denying her current predicament both frightened and excited her. The pressure of the clamps not only gave her nipples a constant, throbbing ache, it also kept her warm and moist elsewhere. The shock of the vibrator switching on and off made her wrench uncontrollably against her restraints. The merciless teasing forced her to focus on the release that was always just beyond reach.

If she were alone, Sharae thought she might actually experiment with the sensations, to see if she could get them to take her over the edge. But she sensed her partner in bondage was not so inclined. After a few minutes, they both found positions where they could sit in reasonable comfort.

But the comfort was short lived. She heard a snicker that sounded like Angel trying stifle a laugh. With her sight gone, Sharae found her other senses heightened just like she'd heard of blind people. She was certain she could hear Preston's breathing. He was trying to control it, but she could hear the arousal in each faint hiss of air. She knew he was getting off on this.

She heard quiet footsteps, followed by the sounds of someone rummaging through items. More soft footsteps. She sensed Angel standing close by and Sharae knew what was happening. They wanted their captives to struggle, and were going to make it happen. She pictured Angel wielding a whip, and braced herself for the expected blow. Instead of the sting of the whip, Sharae found herself squealing at the soft touch of a feather against her bare sole. The effect was the same. She jerked her leg, pulling at the ropes attached to Melissa, who groaned loudly in complaint. Then it was Melissa's turn to be tickled, and Sharae felt the vibrator turn on to tease her again, only to switch off all too quickly.

Angel moved from one captive to the other, touching them lightly with the feather. Now openly laughing at their plight, the slavegirl tested every exposed corner of their helpless bodies. She found sensitive spots under their arms and behind their knees, on their bellies and necks.

Preston smiled in approval. He was so aroused by the girls' renewed struggling, he'd unzipped his pants and was stroking his erect cock as he watched. Angel looked at him hungrily, but he shook his head.

"Soon, my pet. Keep it up until the tickling itself becomes torture."

Angel frowned but resumed tickling the two torturously bound women. She loved the way Melissa jumped every time she swiped at her with the feather, and the way Sharae moaned when the vibrator hummed to life inside her.

At times, it seemed the captives were begging Angel to stop. At other times it sounded like one was telling the other to be still. Tears streamed down both women's faces. All too soon Angel felt Preston take her wrist.

"That's enough," he said.

* * * *

Angel followed Preston as he led her out of the room and up to their bedroom. He lovingly removed her clothing and laid her down on the king sized four-poster waterbed. She smiled and raised her arms above her head, as Preston bound her spread eagle, pulling her body taut. He picked up a roll of duct tape and tore off a piece.

"You know the penalty for dislodging the tape."

"Yes, Master. Full-body mummification." She shuddered. They had never completed a full-body wrap. The last time they'd tried, Angel had wiggled out just before she became dependent on the breather tube for air. Afterward, Preston had come up with the penalty game. He used a single piece of tape to gag her. If she dislodged it, she would have to go through with the mummification. So far, she hadn't dislodged the tape.

"That's my girl." He leaned down and kissed her ruby lips passionately, then pulled away and pressed the tape over her mouth.

She knew Preston was determined to make her lose the game. He began to shower her body with soft tender kisses from head to toe. Angel moaned as her body came alive. Every part of her tingled deliciously. She closed her eyes and relaxed as he made love to her with his tongue.

She cried out as clamps bit at her right nipple, then her left. He tightened them then jiggled the connecting chain. "C'mon, baby," he taunted her.

She shook her head as he continued to pleasure her. He licked her breasts around the clamps, then made his way south. Her moans became louder as his tongue dove into her. Her fevered whimpers became gasps of ecstasy. He reached up and jerked on the chain, causing her to shudder uncontrollably.

"Ohhh!" she cried out, as the first of several orgasms rocked her body. She realized she'd removed the tape from her bottom lip when she cried out. Preston was no doubt pleased. He untied her legs then thrust his stiff penis into her slick hole and she gasped again.

"Tell me how much you want this," he ordered.

Angel knew she'd lost. She'd have to endure the mummification, but she didn't care. She was riding high and nothing mattered to her except her master. "I want you to fuck me, Master. Please, I need you. I love you."

Preston rode her until they both were spent, sweaty and exhausted. He wrapped his arms around her and closed his eyes. She snuggled into him the best she could with her arms still bound. Together, they drifted off to sleep accompanied by the pitiful moans of the tortured women downstairs.

CHAPTER 15

Later that night, after a long steamy shower with Preston, Angel stood by the two women as they strained to remain motionless. She smiled as she watched their bodies trembling with the effort, slick with sweat.

She picked up the feather. Sharae whimpered and moaned behind her gag.

Angel laughed. "Oh, no, Blondie. I'm not having anything to do with you. You almost cost me my Master."

Melissa moaned her opinion, only to have Angel swipe the feather along the bottom of her exposed foot. Melissa howled and jerked her foot away, which sent Sharae into spasms of pain and pleasure as her nipples were pulled and the vibrator went off inside her pussy. Her reaction sent Melissa into another frenzy. Angel laughed merrily as the two captives tried to find a balance again.

After a few minutes, both women settled down, sighing heavily in relief. Angel grinned and attacked Sharae's foot, sending them into torment once more.

A sound from the doorway signaled Preston's arrival. "You do like to torment them, don't you?"

She nodded. "It's so much fun."

"But ... are you finished getting ready for our guest?" he asked, pointedly.

Angel looked down at herself. She was wearing a French maid outfit, one of Preston's favorites. It was one of hers also, made of black latex that hugged her frame like a second skin. It had openings for her breasts to poke through and was so short it barely covered her ass. The barely-there white lace apron was just for looks.

She looked at Preston and shook her head. "I need help to finish, sir."

His smile was all Angel needed to know that she said the right thing. "Come, my slave."

She followed him to her toy box. He opened it and took a length of rope. She turned around and offered her arms which he tied at the elbows, leaving a couple inches of slack. He then used padded leather cuffs, connected with a six-inch chain, to bind her wrists.

"You know why I'm leaving so much slack?"

"I am to serve you and your guest."

"Good girl." He finished her restraints by applying ankle cuffs separated by a foot-long chain. Combined with her five-inch heels walking would be difficult, but not impossible. "Follow me," he said.

She hobbled after him into the kitchen and watched him retrieve a silver serving tray out of the cupboard. It was modified with chains attached to the corners of one side and a belt on the other. He fastened the belt around her narrow waist, then attached the clamps on the ends of the chains to her hardened nipples. She moaned at the sudden pressure.

Preston smiled. "We can't have you moaning all night. You'll disturb my conversation."

Angel lowered her head. "Yes, Master. You need to silence me."

"That's my girl," he said, pulling a harness gag from his pocket. Angel bowed her head and allowed him to wedge the white ball behind her teeth and buckle the straps around her head. He stepped back and looked at her. "Beautiful. Simply divine." Angel basked in his praise, happy to be on Master's good side again.

"Ahhnk ooo, irrr," she said into her gag.

"Very welcome, my pet. Stay put while I prepare our two captives for the show."

She nodded. She wished she could help him with the girls but after what happened earlier, he probably didn't want her help. The minutes dragged on as she waited, enduring the relentless pinch of the clamps.

At last, Preston returned carrying Sharae over his shoulder. He set her down then went back for Melissa. Angel studied Sharae's bondage. Rope was wound around her ankles, above and below her knees, and around her upper thighs. Her wrists and elbows were bound behind her, and more rope was tied around her torso, above and below her breasts. She was gagged with a ball-gag and blindfolded.

Angel heard a couple of loud smacks, followed by Melissa's muffled whimpers and cries. When Preston appeared again, he was leading Melissa by the hair. She was bound exactly the same as Sharae. Preston was making her hop on her bound legs, bent over as he yanked roughly at her hair. She was crying out in pain, and Angel knew Preston had slapped her good and hard. He shoved her unceremoniously to the floor, then he sat Sharae down on one of the kitchen chairs.

"Angel, more ropes," he ordered.

She snapped to attention and hobbled to the toy box. She turned, squatted down, and grabbed a handful of rope, then headed back to Preston.

"Thanks," he said. He took the rope and lashed Sharae to the chair. Then he hauled Melissa up off the floor and carelessly dropped her onto another chair. He wrapped rope around her and the chair, using all his strength. Melissa groaned in protest, and Angel winced. She'd been bound by Preston enough times to know just how tight those ropes were.

Just then the doorbell rang. "Angel, you can get that," said Preston.

She nodded and tottered to the door, taking delight in the bouncing tray as she walked. It pulled deliciously on her nipples. Because of her bindings, she had to turn and open the door with her back toward it. When she turned back around to nod a greeting to their guest, her heart skipped a beat and her eyes widened. She stared in shock at the familiar face of the man at the door.

The man's eyes were wide also. Joe Adams stared at his former girlfriend, cuffed and gagged, wearing next to nothing. "Angela?"

CHAPTER 16

Angel backed away from Joe, shaking her head. He stepped forward and grabbed her by the shoulders. "It is you. What are you doing here? And why are you tied up like that?"

"Take your hands off my property!" Preston's commanding voice resounded across the room. He strode up, took Joe by the wrist, and turned him away from Angel. "You're a guest in my house. I'll thank you not to touch my things."

"But she's my old girlfriend," persisted Joe.

Preston gave him a warning look. "No. You're mistaken. This is my girl, Angel. There's no Angela here."

Joe glanced at Angel again. Her eyes were lowered, staring fiercely at the floor and her cheeks were deeply flushed. Joe sighed. "Yes, of course. It couldn't be Angela. Just a strong resemblance, that's all." He sounded unconvinced.

Preston placed his arm around Joe's shoulder. "Right, just a resemblance, an honest mistake. Come in and have a seat. Angel, bring Joe a cool one."

The two men sat back in the plush leather chairs. "The girl I obtained for you is in the other room," said Preston. "I'll bring her in soon."

"Great! I can hardly wait to see her. Were you able to find one that matched my criteria?"

"Of course. Brunette. Huge boobs." Joe grinned like a kid. "She's pretty feisty though," continued Preston. "I wanted to discuss my optional training services. Any girl can be trained, but some require more ... attention than others."

"She's pretty wild, huh?" said Joe gleefully.

Preston frowned, as he considered the lump on his head. "Don't underestimate what a girl can do when she's not fully broken in. I've had plenty of experience and I assure you this one's a handful."

"That's okay," said Joe. "It'll be fun breaking her in myself."

Preston nodded even though he knew it would not be as much fun as his client thought. "Nevertheless, here are my rates-Ah, here's your beer."

Both men looked up and watched as Angel carefully hobbled over to Joe. A bottle of beer and an empty mug were balanced on the tray hanging from her nipple clamps. She stooped so he could take the beer, sighing in relief when the weight of the drink was removed from the tray, then she stood beside Preston.

Joe looked confused. "How did she get these things on that tray while bound like that?"

"Show him, Angel," said Preston. The men watched as Angel demonstrated how the loose bindings allowed her to reach around just far enough to access the tray.

"Cool!" said Joe. "Can my girl do that, too?"

"She's not 'your' girl yet. But I think she has enough flexibility, yes. Most girls do. But like I said, she isn't trained yet. I think you should seriously consider these training packages. Even the basic two week course would be useful for a first time slave owner. And the three month package comes with a money back guarantee."

Joe snorted. "Fine, I'll think about it. Let's see the girl now."

"Of course." Preston went to retrieve Melissa, but noticed that Joe had set his mug on the coffee table without using a coaster. "Please use a coaster on that table," he said. "Or ... Angel would be happy to serve as your drink stand." Angel whimpered, but Preston grinned at the prospect of weighing down her tray again.

"Oh, I'll use the drink stand," Joe replied brightly.

Preston nodded at Angel. She sighed, but obediently hobbled over to Joe. He placed the now half-filled bottle on the tray, took another sip from the mug and set it down too.

In the kitchen Preston headed straight to Melissa. He cradled her chin in his hand. She tried to pull away, but he tightened his grip, forcing her to look at him.

“There's someone here to meet you, bitch. Misbehave, and I promise you'll regret it.” He smiled at the look of fear and dread spreading across the helpless girl's face.

Melissa squealed as Preston tilted her chair and began to drag it into the living room. He found Joe slowly walking around Angel, studying her. Without looking up, Joe muttered, “An amazing resemblance.” He glanced over as Preston turned the chair to present Melissa.

It was obvious all thoughts of Angel immediately vanished from Joe's mind. “That's her?” He sounded incredulous.

Preston nodded, pleased at Joe's reaction. “This is the merchandise.” Joe approached as Melissa squirmed uncomfortably in the chair. With her arms lashed behind her, her breasts seemed to take on super-human proportions. Preston glanced knowingly at Angel. There'd soon be one less girl in the house, and a substantial addition to his bank account.

Joe hesitated, as if he was almost afraid to touch the cruelly bound girl. “Go ahead,” prompted Preston. “Touch her. Feel her. Test her out as much as you like.”

“As much as I like?”

“Well, wait till you get her home for some things. But you can stand her up. Look her over. Tie her differently. Try a little whipping or spanking.”

As Preston spoke, Melissa grew more and more agitated. She seemed to finally grasp the reason she'd been snatched.

Joe became flushed, breathing heavily as he watched her renew her struggles against the confining cords. Suddenly, his hands were on her, fingers digging deeply into her yielding mounds. “Jeez!” he cried. “They're fantastic! And they're real! They're fucking real!”

Preston sat back in his chair and watched. He'd allow Joe as much time as he wanted to play with the girl. She was definitely high quality. Chuckling to himself, he thought, some products sold themselves.

CHAPTER 17

Joe Adams giggled like a boy as he played with the bound brunette's buxom bosom. "These are totally awesome."

Preston chuckled. "Yes, they're quite a handful, and the constricting ropes enhance them nicely."

"Where did you find her, anyway?"

"Let's just say I knew her before and figured she'd be perfect," Preston said, enjoying the grimace on Melissa's face.

Joe straightened up, a look of contentment on his face. He stepped back to admire Melissa's tightly bound form once more. She was breathing heavily through her nose and around the snug ball-gag.

In the relative silence, Joe heard another sound. He knew immediately what it was. There was no confusing the sound of a woman moaning into a gag. He looked at Melissa, then at Angel. A look of confusion crossed his face. "Where's that coming from?"

Preston boiled inwardly at Sharae's loudness and intrusion on Melissa's display. "That would be another unruly ... guest," he answered.

Joe's eyes widened. "You mean, there's another girl here?"

"Yes."

Joe considered this news for a moment. Melissa seemed perfect, but he couldn't help wondering what other delights were hidden in this house of bondage and slavery.

"Is she for sale too?"

Preston hesitated. Joe saw him catch Angel's eye and wondered what was going on between them. "Maybe," Preston said eventually.

"Can I see her?" asked Joe.

"She doesn't really meet your criteria. Melissa here is a perfect match."

It was true Melissa was exactly the girl he'd wanted, but he liked more than just one type of girl. Maybe he'd like the other one too. Maybe he'd buy both of them.

"I wanna see her anyway," Joe said greedily.

His host sighed. "Very well." Joe thought he noticed a smile on Angel's face despite the large ball-gag in her mouth. Preston led him into the kitchen where Sharae was sitting, struggling and bemoaning her woes.

Joe stopped dead in his tracks. For the second time that evening his jaw dropped open. "Sharae?!" He turned to Preston in shock. "You?!"

Preston looked confused as he took in Joe's shock and Sharae's struggles, which became frantic as soon as she saw Joe. "You know her?" Preston asked Joe.

"You're the one who kidnapped her?" Joe retorted.

"That's right. The bitch was in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Joe stared at him in disbelief. It seemed like too much. First "Angel," who he knew was really Angela even if he had to pretend otherwise, and now this. Sharae was right here, helplessly bound and gagged just the way he'd pictured her so often. Suddenly, Joe grinned. "All right!" he exclaimed.

Preston burst out laughing as he watched Sharae's expression go from helpless damsel in distress, to a look of fury. "What's she to you, anyway?" he asked Joe.

"My girlfriend."

Preston slowly stopped laughing. "Ex-girlfriend now, I'd say. And, as of yesterday, my property," he added pointedly.

Without a moment's hesitation, Joe said, "I'll take them both."

Preston frowned. "I don't know. Two girls ... We discussed the price for one. There's no volume discount, you know."

Joe would not be put off. He pulled out a pen and grabbed a piece of paper lying on the table. After scribbling out a number, he handed the paper to Preston.

Preston looked at the number and let out a slight whistle. He glanced at Sharae. She was trying desperately to say something, but he ignored her. His lips slowly formed into a sly grin.

"You're really prepared to go this high?"

"Definitely."

"In cash?"

"Of course."

Preston held out his hand. "Well, I'd say you just bought yourself two slave girls, my friend." The two men shook hands and returned to the living room, leaving Sharae still bound to the chair, struggling violently and shouting inarticulately through her gag.

CHAPTER 18

Angel stood next to Joe's empty chair, with his mug on her tray. The clamps attached to her nipples didn't seem to bite as hard since she knew Sharae would soon be out of the picture.

She glared defiantly at Joe as he returned and once again eyed her bound body. It was a good thing the gag kept her from talking because she could sure give him an earful. Her green eyes shot daggers at him as he turned to Preston.

"How much for Angela, I mean, Angel?"

Preston's laughter stopped abruptly. He was suddenly very serious. "Angel isn't for sale. She's mine. No amount of money could change my mind about that."

Angel beamed in pride. She wished she could tell him there was no place she would rather be. She loved to be bound by Preston's ropes. To her, it was being bound with his love.

"But—"

"No! Enough!" Preston snapped. "I wouldn't sell you three at the same time anyway. You'll have your hands full with those two."

Joe reluctantly nodded his head. "I guess you're right."

"I know I am, Joe. Believe me, it isn't as easy as it looks." Preston walked over to Angel and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Angel wasn't always like this. She was a spitfire at first, and sometimes she still is."

Angel basked in Preston's words, hearing the emotion ladled in each. She knew Preston loved her beyond belief as

she did him.

Joe smiled and nodded again. "Thanks. But there is something else I'd like to discuss with you."

"And that would be?" Preston asked.

Angel looked at Joe, expectantly. What could he possibly want to discuss with Preston?

"Well, it's actually sort of a favor. You see, I have this sister-in-law I'm not very fond of. I'd like to see her disappear ... Permanently."

"I see," Preston said. He frowned and stroked his chin. "Well, first of all, I'm a businessman. I don't make money doing people favors. Typically, a girl is snatched for a specific buyer. I suppose I could get some information about her from you, scope her out, see if I can find a buyer. I'll have to think about."

Joe nodded. "All right."

Preston's smile returned. He threw his arm around Joe again and held up his own mug. "Let's drink to the good life."

"And new friends." Joe clinked his mug against Preston's and took a swallow while Angel watched the two men celebrate their deal. She couldn't wait to get that blonde piece of fluff out of the house.

As the men finished their beers, they circled Melissa and discussed her various assets. Preston felt comfortable enough with Joe that he mentioned her attempted escape, and let Joe feel the lump on his head.

"Wow!" said Joe. "I guess you weren't kidding about her." He glowered at the cruelly bound brunette. "Looks like I'll just have to keep you tied nice and tight at all times."

"Definitely," agreed Preston. He glanced at his watch, then at Angel. She felt herself melt in that split-second gaze, knowing what was suddenly on his mind. "It's getting late. Let's wrap up your merchandise."

"Great," agreed Joe.

Angel could hardly endure the wait as Preston counted the cash Joe had brought in a small suitcase. When he finished, he removed her serving tray. She gasped loudly at the sudden release of pressure on her nipples.

"Get one of my extra-large duffel bags," he told her.

Gladly, she shuffled off, constrained to the tiny steps permitted by her hobble chain. She couldn't help smiling as she pictured the blonde bitch zipped up inside a duffel bag again.

By the time she returned, the men were about finished preparing the merchandise for transport. Both girls had been untied from the chairs, and now writhed on the floor in severe hogties. Blondie was being especially vocal in her complaints, until Joe leaned down and slapped her.

"Shut the fuck up!" he shouted at the helpless blonde. "You're my property now, Sharae. No more refusing me."

Angel almost managed a giggle despite the jaw-stretching ball-gag still strapped in her mouth. She watched as the men shoved Joe's new toys into the bag and zipped it shut. Then they each took one end and carried the seething package of female helplessness out to Joe's truck.

Angel waited breathlessly. She heard the engine start, and as Joe drove off, Preston returned. He stood in the doorway for a moment smiling at her. "Well, well, well," he said at last. "Whatever shall I do with you tonight?"

CHAPTER 19

Preston felt a surge of power as he regarded his slave girl. The need he saw in her eyes never failed to fire up his engine. It would be so simple to take and fuck her right there, but he never trusted simple solutions.

He strolled casually past Angel, feigning a yawn. As he'd hoped, she started whimpering in fear he might be too tired. Standing behind her, he began to remove her gag.

"I think Sharae wanted to stay," he said teasingly. "I'm sure that's what she was trying to tell me." He popped the gag out of Angel's mouth. "She's a natural submissive, that one. Probably didn't even realize it until now. But she definitely responded to the ropes."

Finally able to speak, Angel couldn't help breaking in. "Well, I'm glad the bitch is gone!" Then, realizing she'd spoken out of turn, she quickly added, "But, of course, if you wanted to keep her, I would have been happy for you, Master." The absence of sincerity was obvious in her voice.

"Hmm..." Preston growled.

To change the subject, Angel said, "Please play with me now, Master. Play with me and fuck me. I'm so hungry for you."

Preston started removing her bindings. "All in good time, my pet. Have you forgotten that you owe me a full body wrap?"

Angle's shoulders sagged. "Now, Master?"

"Yes, now." Without another word, he picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. After setting her down again, he turned on the radio to a quiet jazz station and sat on the bed. "Take off all your clothes."

"Yes, Master."

Preston had long ago taught Angel that that command meant more than simply making herself naked. He lay back and watched as she obediently began to sway to the rhythm of the music. With slow, sensuous movements, she peeled off her maid's outfit little by little, caressing each part of herself as it was bared, presenting it to her Master for his approval.

Preston couldn't help stroking his crotch as he enjoyed the show. He inhaled deeply of Angel's woman-scent, already strong in the room.

When she was completely naked, she continued her dance for a moment, then knelt next to the bed. She lowered her eyes to the floor. "Your girl begs to be used now as you see fit, Master. Please."

Nodding his approval, he stood and pulled her to her feet. Using a soft cord, he bound her crossed wrists behind her, then tied her big toes together with thin string.

With a wicked grin, he retrieved two remote-controlled vibrating "eggs" from a drawer. He pressed one of the small vibrators into her cunt. Her juices were flowing freely, and the vibrator was soon completely coated with natural lubricant.

He withdrew the egg, accompanied by a gasp from Angel, and immediately worked it into the puckered opening of her ass. He chuckled as she caught her breath and licked her lips.

The second egg was soon inserted into her pussy and both tiny vibrators were sealed in by a crotch-rope of thick, velvety cord.

Preston left briefly, returning with several rolls of elastic medical wrap. Angel looked apprehensive, but said nothing. He took her face in his hands and gently kissed her on the mouth.

"I know you can do it, Angel," he whispered.

She merely nodded in reply, her lips quivering. He stepped behind her, gathered her hair together and formed a thick ponytail with a hair band.

Then, kneeling down, he took the first roll of bandaging and began to circle Angel's ankles with it, working his way up. When he came to her crotch, he carefully worked the wrapping so the vibrator wires hung loose.

When he came to the end of the roll, he started another. Soon her hips and waist were wrapped. At her breasts, he again proceeded carefully, leaving her tits uncovered, with a single crossover separating them.

Angel watched, as Preston wrapped her body. She chewed on her lower lip as she felt the all too familiar apprehension of what was to come. She fought the urge to shrink back as he made her a cocoon of bandages.

"You'll be okay, Angel. I won't let anything bad happen." Preston's voice soothed her. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"All right," she said.

He smiled and wrapped the bandage loosely around her slender throat. He leaned down and kissed her softly on her lips. "Thank you, Angel."

Angel couldn't describe the flood of emotions those three words caused her. Unconditional love. Passion. Trust. Happiness. She knew by those words she made him happy. It thrilled her and she wished he could see her smile, but by then he had already placed a breathing tube between her lips and covered her mouth with the bandages.

Soon her vision disappeared behind the taut elastic bandage. She felt him wrapping her head, leaving only her ponytail hanging out in back, and an opening for her nose. She checked to see if her breathing was hindered. It wasn't.

"Stand still," he said, his voice thickly muffled through the bandages.

She stood motionless, wondering. She heard the faint click of a camera. He was taking pictures of her, then she felt him next to her and longed for him to hold her.

"You're beautiful, Angel. My sweet slave," he said.

She moaned and wiggled slightly, then squealed in surprise as she felt her ankles being wrapped again. She heard the crackling of the tape and knew the final stages were near. As Preston duct-taped her body over the elastic wrap, she felt how unyielding the tape was.

She panicked as the tape approached her head. She began to thrash around but stopped as she felt Preston caress her breasts.

"Calm down," he urged her. "You're fine."

She forced herself to listen to him and her breathing returned to normal.

Preston continued to wrap the tape over the rest of her head. Angel took in the sensations of the mummification as Preston gently lowered her to the bed. The tape constricted her movements and rendered her blind and mute as well as muffling sounds. But it was like being wrapped in Preston's arms. It wasn't as frightening as she'd thought it would be; in fact it actually made her feel wonderful.

She moaned as Preston began to nibble on her exposed nipples which hardened immediately. Almost as soon as he'd begun, his mouth was gone. She moaned in protest but then gasped as she felt the pleasurable grasp of the clamps he attached to her nipples. Such sweet torture, she thought.

Angel gave another gasp as the eggs in her pussy and ass sprang to life. She squealed in ecstasy. Her body rocked from side to side. Somewhere in her sexual high she heard Preston's deep chuckle, as he flicked her nipples.

"You may come, Angel," he said. "But remember this. We still have the rest of the night to go. I don't want you to be spent by the time I unwrap you. Understand?"

“Mmmphh,” she said, hoping he knew it meant yes. She cried out as she tumbled over the edge and crashed into the first of many orgasms, and she told herself they would have to do this again.

CHAPTER 20

As Preston watched the silvery outline of Angel's mummified writhings, his own urge was almost more than he could bear, but still, he waited. Occasionally, he leaned down to tweak her exposed nipples, pinching, licking, and sucking them. Periodically he turned off one or both of the vibrating eggs, smiling at Angel's muffled pleas to turn them back on.

Finally, he could stand it no longer. One last time, he turned off the vibrators. She began pleading again for their stimulation. But this time, he leaned close to where her ear lay hidden beneath the layers of tape and gauze. “Hush, my sweet,” he said. “It's my turn now.”

Immediately, she nodded vigorously, saying through her breathing tube, “Yes, Master. Yes!”

Grabbing a pair of heavy-duty scissors, Preston snipped away the wrappings around her legs, as well as the string binding her toes. Her legs were covered in sweat and her incense suddenly filled the room. Hurriedly, he untied her crotchrope and removed the egg from her cunt, leaving the other where it was.

Angel lifted her hips, arching herself to him. Preston took two lengths of rope, tied one to each of her knees, then to the headboard, lifting her legs and exposing her even more.

Finally, he turned on the vibrator still within her ass, and positioned himself. Slowly, teasingly, he slipped just past the threshold of her eager pussy. As much as he wanted to plunge in, he needed to hear her beg more.

And beg she did. “Please don't tease me!” she cried, half muffled by the breathing tube. “Fuck me, Master. Fuck your bitch hard!”

He listened to her for a moment, then rammed himself in. Angel squealed in delight, shaking her head in abandon. He briefly wished he'd freed her head so he could see the look in her eyes. But soon, he closed his own eyes and began a steady rhythm of deep thrusts.

Exercising every ounce of control he had, he allowed himself to approach the edge of bliss again and again, only to pull back. His fingers played with his slave's tits, digging into the soft flesh. He felt himself building toward climax once more, and wished he could make the moment last forever. Grunting, shuddering, he finally came.

As he collapsed on top of Angel's spent body, he continued pumping as he slowly deflated. He ran his hand along the cocoon of tape that enveloped her body and suddenly wanted to touch her skin, look into her eyes, kiss her lips.

He untied her knees, found the scissors and cut the tape around her chest. When he came to her neck, he set the scissors down and began carefully peeling away the tape. Slowly, her features emerged from their dark prison. When her mouth was freed, she spit out the breathing tube.

“Thank you, Master. I love you,” she whispered.

“I love you, too,” he said. He licked her lips and kissed her. When the last piece of tape fell to the floor, he gazed into her eyes. They were moist and full of emotion. He kissed her again, then lay back and ran his hand along the length of her body.

“Mine,” he said simply.

“Yours,” she replied.

Soon, they were asleep in each other's arms.

* * * *

A week later, Preston sat in his easy chair, watching as Angel tormented the newest acquisition's firm titties. The bleached blonde was tightly bound in a kneeling hogtie leaning against the wall.

The captive was whining pathetically into her ball-gag and struggling against the ropes. She glared at Preston then at Angel, her large blue eyes begging for mercy.

Preston chuckled and shook his head slightly. The bitch was to be the slave of some ancient business tycoon who wanted a young nubile blonde because his wife was too busy throwing tea parties for her friends. Typical customer.

At first he had thought the blonde resembled Sharae. But Sharae was one of a kind. Her hair was natural blonde, and those emerald green eyes that spit fiery glances at him as he trussed her ... He had to admit Sharae got under his skin, the way nobody had since Angel. He became aroused as he thought of his Angel and Sharae making love.

But Sharae was long gone, sold to her ex-boyfriend to become his slave. Preston recalled the look of shock and betrayal in her eyes. She couldn't believe Joe would buy her as a slave.

The doorbell rang and Angel looked up at Preston. They weren't expecting company until the next day. Preston stood and nodded to Angel. She untied the ropes holding the girl up and carried her to the playroom.

With the blonde safely out of sight, Preston went to the door and opened it slowly. "What the fuck?!"

Sharae smiled shyly and held out a coil of rope. "This time I brought my own rope ... Master."

CHAPTER 21

Sharae Stevens watched the range of emotions flood over Preston's face. Shock, surprise, confusion, and a hint of pleasure in those dark eyes. However, he made no move to accept the rope from her. He stared at her as if he were trying to comprehend the situation.

She averted her gaze, trying to see around him and peer into the house for a sign of Angel. Preston shifted his body to block her roaming eyes. "Can I help you?" he asked.

Sharae flinched. This wasn't what she expected at all. Come to think of it, she didn't know what she expected. All she knew was that she wanted to be back under Preston's control. It had started the very day Preston had kidnapped her. The initial terror was something she never wanted to experience again, but later, when he tied her standing in front of the mirror, something seemed to click inside her. Maybe it was the feeling of total helplessness and vulnerability. Maybe it was Preston's bold look of lusty appraisal as he scrutinized her bound body. Maybe it was the hungry, horny expression on her own gagged face staring back at her from the mirror.

Whatever it was, it made her feel sexy and alive in a way she'd never felt before. She tried to deny her feelings, but they only grew more intense as she observed Angel in her servitude and the way Preston treated her. By the time Joe had shown up at the house to buy Melissa, Sharae had decided she didn't want to deny the feelings anymore. She actually wanted to stay with Preston, but he'd kept her gagged the entire evening, so she couldn't tell him. It was especially maddening because she was certain Preston wanted her too.

Then her week in Joe's house turned out to be a complete disaster. He was so bumbling and inept. His idea of being a Master entailed little more than being cruel and sadistic twenty-four hours a day. Though she'd come to realize how much she craved being controlled by a strong man, she quickly realized Joe was no Preston.

The thought of Preston snapped her back to reality. There he was, standing in the door, waiting impatiently for her to answer his question.

"Uh—" She was at a loss for words.

Suddenly his big burly hand grasped her firmly by the arm and he dragged her inside and slammed the door shut. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded as he pinned her none too gently against the wall.

“Uh—I—I w—wanted to, um, be w—with you,” she stammered, her heart pounding in her chest.

The corner of his mouth curled up in a half-smile. “Say it again.”

“I wanted to—”

“No, no. What did you call me?” His eyes were searching her face. Sharae felt as if he could look into her soul with those eyes. She had never met any man so powerful and intense as Preston. She knew he was what she needed.

“Master,” she whispered.

His mouth was on hers at once, in a crushing kiss that threatened to take her breath away. She felt the rope slip from her fingers as he pulled her arms behind her. When their lips parted, Sharae discovered her wrists were bound tight behind her.

He smiled. “Welcome back, Slave Sharae.”

Sharae's whole body was tingling in anticipation, and the words “Slave Sharae” made her suddenly weak. Yes, she thought, this is what she wanted, where she belonged.

* * * *

Joe Adams stared in disbelief at Sharae's empty room. He'd left her tied to her bed that morning, her hands lashed to the headboard and her feet to the footboard. The frayed ropes were still there, apparently severed by the steak knife lying nearby.

Anger boiled as he remembered the feast Sharae had prepared for him the night before. Steak and lobster—his favorite. She wanted to make up for being a brat the past week, but must have sneaked the knife out and hid it under her pillow.

“*Dammit!*” he hollered, his voice echoing through the house. He slammed the door and stomped into his bedroom, slamming that door as well.

“Mmmppff!” came a terrified cry from the naked bound woman on the bed. Melissa lay spread eagled, her limbs pulled taut to the corners. A large white ball-gag was buckled in her mouth. Her enormous bosom was bound in a “rope bra,” making her tits stand out prominently. She watched Joe as he stomped around the room, cursing his own stupidity. It was over for him. No doubt Sharae had gone straight to the police to report him.

He had to get out of there, pack up Melissa and set up camp somewhere else. Thinking of his slave, he walked over and sat down on the bed next to her. He smiled at her.

“Did you have a nice day?” he asked her.

Her eyes were wide as she looked up at him. She nodded.

“Good. Now answer me this. Do you have any idea where Sharae went?”

Joe saw the battle in her eyes. He could tell she knew something, but was debating whether to protect Sharae or her own gorgeous hide.

“C'mon, Missy. Answer me,” he said, squeezing her left nipple.

Melissa's eyes filled with tears and she motioned her head toward the desk.

Joe walked over and smiled. Sharae may have been sneaky when planning her escape, but she didn't think of covering her tracks. His address book lay open. Preston's phone number and address stared back at him. Of course! It made sense. That was where she had gone. There had been times over the past week when he was sure she was getting horny in her bondage. But no matter how hard he beat her or how painfully he tortured her, she continued to

resist him. Maybe Preston had brainwashed her somehow, programmed her like a homing pigeon. That bastard!

Joe convinced himself Sharae hadn't gone to the cops, but he'd still move out of the house for a while just to be safe. The old family cabin would do for now. Then, after he got Melissa situated, he'd go back to reclaim what was rightfully his—and maybe grab a little extra while he was at it.

CHAPTER 22

Angel leaned down and dropped the blonde on the floor of the playroom. She studied the bound girl writhing and whining on the floor. Reaching down she massaged the woman's breast gently. "You like this, don't ya?"

The woman stared up, eyes widening as Angel molested her. She began to cry, fat tears cascaded from her eyes.

Angel stood again, disgusted. "Dumb cunt," she muttered. She was no Sharae. Or even a Melissa. They both had spunk which was a refreshing change from most of the women Preston kidnapped. Angel smiled to herself as she remembered the passionate lovemaking she and Sharae had shared—and the punishment they both had received...

Even so, she was still glad they were gone. Especially Sharae. Angel knew Preston had taken a liking to the blonde princess, but considered herself to be Preston's only slave. She didn't want to share his attention with any other. An occasional dalliance was fine, like this sniveling blonde, who would be gone by the next day. But having another girl in the house twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week? Angel shuddered at the thought.

She waited a few minutes for Preston, but still he didn't return. What in the world was keeping him? Surely no uninvited guest stayed this long. After five long minutes, Angel sighed and walked out of the room. "Master?"

She heard sounds coming from the kitchen. Puzzled, she hurried along, instant fear coming to mind. What if something happened to Preston?

"Master? Are you—" Her words died on her lips. Preston was in a heavy lip-lock with Sharae! The image went straight to her heart.

"What the fuck is *she* doing here?" Angel demanded angrily, her jealousy spilling forth.

No sooner were the words uttered, then she regretted saying them. Preston looked up at Angel, his eyes narrowed into angry slits. Silently, he took a step toward her.

She wanted to throw herself to her knees and say she was sorry, but she was paralyzed. Preston took another step, his muscles tensing. "What did you say, bitch?!" he shouted.

"I—" Angel tried to say something, but froze. She'd never said anything like that to Preston, never used that demanding tone of voice. How would he react?

With a suddenness that took her breath away, he was on her, grabbing her hair and yanking her head back. "What do you mean by that, sweet Angel?" he yelled with sarcastic emphasis on "sweet."

"I'm sorry, Mas—"

"Are you questioning me?"

"No, I was just so surprised to see—"

"Are you forgetting your place?"

"I didn't mean—"

"You didn't mean *shit!*" He shoved her violently against the wall, then struck her across the face with the back of his hand.

Collapsing to the floor, a flood of tears coursed down her cheeks. She clutched at his ankles, sobbing, "I'm sorry. Please don't be mad. I'm so sorry."

Kicking her away, he growled, "Go crawl back to your room and wait for me. And you'd better be wearing your harness gag when I get there."

As Angel crawled away, Preston continued to mutter. "I'll teach you to question me." He turned away and called Sharae over to him. "Now where were we?"

When Angel got to her room, she found her harness gag and strapped it on tight. With her sobs, it was difficult to breathe, but she knew she'd better not make her Master any angrier than he already was. Yet, as she knelt in the corner waiting, the question lingered in her mind. What was Sharae doing here?

* * * *

Melissa tugged uselessly at her bonds. Her jaw felt numb from the huge ball-gag jammed in her mouth. Joe had tied her into a snug little ball and set her on the hard wooden floor. She lay there seething. The past week had been nonstop humiliation and pain.

She remembered Preston's tortures had included an erotic element, though she hated to admit it. But Joe was purely sadistic. Her body was covered with welts, bruises, burns, and pinprick scabs. God! How she wished she could turn the tables and give Joe a little of it back. No, make that a *lot* of it back. The very thought of it made her moist.

Joe was on the phone and Melissa could tell he was talking to Preston, trying to pump him for information about Sharae. She was glad the blonde had escaped, although she wished Sharae could have freed her as well. If only Sharae could have found the keys to the cuffs that held Melissa at the time. She found it hard to believe Sharae would go back to Preston instead of turning in both of these monsters, but it seemed she'd done exactly that.

Putting her thoughts aside, Melissa listened to Joe's conversation.

"Yeah, pretty quiet around here, too. Still getting these two bitches broken in. Your were right. They're damned ornery."

He chuckled at something Preston said, then went on. "Actually, I called to see if you had a chance to check out Megan yet. My sister-in-law, remember? ... Great! What did you think? ... Yeah, she's a babe all right. A real cock teaser too. Can you find a buyer for her? ... No shit? So soon? ... Um, I was wondering, and I know this is very unusual, but could I come with you when you snatch her? I wanna see that bitch get it, and maybe pick up a few pointers along the way.... Cool!"

Melissa wondered what Joe was up to. He wanted Sharae back, so why was he playing buddy-buddy with Preston?

He hung up the phone and looked down at her, grinning. Laughing, he rolled her over a few times with his foot, causing her to groan in pain as her tightly bound body slapped against the floor. At the door, he finally stopped and leaned down to twist her already sore nipples, again.

"Yup," he said cheerfully. "Just gotta get you stashed away and lay low for a day or two. But you'll soon have a playmate again. Or two. Or maybe even three." He laughed again as he picked her up and headed for the car trunk.

CHAPTER 23

Sharae shrank back as Preston lashed out at Angel. She wondered if she'd made a mistake coming back. Maybe Preston was just as much a monster as Joe was.

After Angel crawled away in tears, Preston turned to her again. He smiled, the corners of his dark eyes crinkling pleasantly. "Come here, Sharae," he said firmly.

At the sound of his voice, her doubts vanished. She pulled at the ropes binding her wrists, not to test them for

weakness, but to feel the security of their delicious tightness. The ropes combined with Preston's commanding voice made her melt inside. This was why she'd come back here—to be controlled, owned—not brutalized.

She slipped into his waiting arms. He explored her mouth with his tongue and she sighed deeply. If he'd thrown her to the floor and taken her right then, she would have thanked him.

Instead, when he finished kissing her, he looked her in the eye and said, “Kneel.” She did so.

“You taste wonderful, Sharae. I'm glad you came back, but there are some things I need to know. Obviously, Joe didn't just let you go. You escaped, correct?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Why did you come here?”

She sucked in her lips, unsure of how to put her feelings into words. “I ... He ... You...”

Preston laughed as she stammered. “How about if I help you out? You discovered something about yourself last week, yes?”

She felt her cheeks flush. She nodded. “Yes, sir.”

“You like the feeling of being helpless, the way the ropes engulf you, control you.”

“Oh, yes, sir.”

He grunted. “You realize that, by rights, I should send you back to Joe. He paid for you. You belong to him.”

“Please don't, sir, I want to stay here. I offer myself to you. Please accept me as your slave. Command me, Master, use me for your pleasure.” Leaning down, she pressed her face against his shoes, kissing them.

He let her grovel for a minute. Then she felt his hand on her shoulder. Looking up, she found him half-smiling at her again. “It's against my slaver's ethics, but maybe I can make it up to Joe somehow.”

Sharae tentatively smiled at him. She would do anything if he didn't send her back to Joe. She knew Joe would be violently angry to discover she was gone. Her only regret was not being able to free Melissa. She had a feeling Joe would take his anger out on Melissa.

“But Joe is the least of my concerns right now,” Preston said, caressing her cheek. “I have some business to attend to with my Angel—and even more business tomorrow with a client.”

“Please, Master, don't send me back to him. Please,” she begged.

“I'll see what I can do, Sharae.”

She sighed in relief. It wasn't exactly a no, but it wasn't a yes, either. Didn't he want her? She was sure he was attracted to her just as she was to him.

“First,” he continued, “I want you to observe what punishment you will receive for disobedience. That is, *if* I accept you as my slave.”

She nodded. Preston took her by the arms and helped her to her feet. He circled her waist with another length of rope and threaded it between her legs. Sharae gasped slightly as Preston pulled the rope snug before tying it. He tied another rope to the crotch-rope, and used it as a leash to lead her down the hall.

The cord rubbed teasingly against her sensitive folds of moistened flesh. Without realizing it, she began to hold back, causing Preston to tug at her, forcing the rope further into her. She moaned, and heard Preston quietly chuckling.

He guided her just inside the door to Angel's room, then stopped. "Stay right there and don't say a word. Understand?"

She nodded. Her gaze strayed to the girl huddled in the corner. Angel's sobs were barely audible behind the harness gag she had strapped on herself at Preston's command. Sharae felt her own body quiver in anticipation. Was she really prepared to submit herself completely?

Preston stood over Angel in silence for a moment. Sharae could tell by his breathing that he had calmed down considerably from his angry outburst. "Angel," he said at last in a surprisingly quiet voice. She turned, but remained huddled low. "Do you have anything to say to me?"

She nodded and began to talk through her gag. "Massr. I husssa had grrl. Heeze huniss me." She spoke haltingly, gasping for breath often.

Preston turned to Sharae, smiling. "You see how a slave knows when she's been bad and begs to be punished? In case you didn't catch that, she said she was a bad girl and asked me to please punish her." As he spoke, Angel looked up at Sharae and blushed. She apparently hadn't realized she was being observed.

Preston noticed the look. "Sharae is here to see how a slave gets punished." For the first time, Angel looked up at Preston, her face asking the questions she couldn't say. "And that's all you need to know."

Angel lowered her eyes. "Eff ir," she mumbled.

He stood her up and turned her around. Taking a length of rope, he bound her wrists and elbows. Sharae couldn't help wincing at the tightness of the ropes as they dug into Angel's skin. She heard the bound girl groan as Preston stooped down and tied another length of rope to her ankles. He left about a foot of slack between her legs.

He stood and looked Angel in the eye. "You're to be flogged now, Angel. I have a particular whip in mind for you. You're to go to the playroom and pick one out from the toy box. Bring it back and I'll tell you if it's the right one."

Angel nodded and turned. Half hopping and half shuffling, she made her way to the door and turned down the hall. Sharae watched her intently. She recalled how it felt to have her arms so tightly bound. She closed her eyes and suddenly felt herself oozing with arousal. She worked her fingers under the crotch-rope and began pulling on it, trying to get just the right pressure on her clit.

"Ahem!"

She opened her eyes, to see Preston staring at her, shaking his head. "You're not to make yourself come without permission."

Sharae sighed and sucked in her lip. The feelings were so strong inside her, she didn't think she could stand it. "Please," she heard herself saying, "may I come, Master?"

"No," he said simply. He smiled and winked at her. "The answer isn't always no. But you must demonstrate your obedience."

Just then, Angel hobbled back into the room carrying a flogger behind her in her bound hands. She turned so Preston could see it. It had a thick black handle with several thin leather strips attached to it.

Preston glanced at the flogger and waved his hand dismissively. "Wrong! Try again."

Angel's shoulders sagged as she turned and headed down the hall again. Sharae watched, wondering just how many types of floggers they had.

CHAPTER 24

Sharae watched as Preston inspected the fifth whip Angel brought to him. He shook his head. "No. I think the first one you had will do after all. Go get that one."

Angel huffed ever so slightly, then obediently turned and hopped out of the room.

"She's such a good little slut most of the time. I almost like it when she makes me angry. The little things she does to get back in my good graces are so exquisite," Preston said thoughtfully. "Angel is definitely one of a kind."

Sharae wasn't sure if she was supposed to respond so she kept quiet. Her mind was in a state of confusion. She was so horny she couldn't stand it; the rope pressing into her crotch was driving her nuts. She kept tugging on it slightly, stimulating herself surreptitiously.

Suddenly Preston was next to her. She gasped as she felt the yank on the crotchrope, driving it further into her pussy. "Sharae," he whispered in her ear. "Don't come."

She held her breath, as the urge for release overwhelmed her. Preston continued working the rope and his own fingers into her moist folds. Her lower lip trembled in concentration as she fought the battle within her. And lost. She gasped again and a soft moan escaped her lips. Preston chuckled.

"You know I'll punish you for that." His voice was deep and soft. Sensual. It sent shivers down her spine.

She nodded. "Yes," she heard herself saying. "Please punish me." Without thinking about it, she repeated the words Angel had uttered.

Angel hobbled back into the room. At the door she paused, observing Preston and Sharae, and their closeness. She glared at Sharae, then turned and offered the flogger to Preston.

Preston set the whip aside and untied her arms. "Well done, Angel." His voice was cold. "Now strip."

Angel unclasped her black velvet bra, shook it off her shoulders and tossed it aside. The matching panties went next, falling across Angel's ankle ropes.

Sharae shuddered in excitement as she gazed upon Angel's naked form. She remembered the passionate lovemaking they'd shared and wondered if Preston would allow that to happen again.

Preston stood behind Angel. He reached around and cradled her breasts. While he kneaded them he turned to Sharae, "You like these, don't you?"

Sharae watched as he fondled his slavegirl. "Yes," she murmured.

"You're such a slut, Sharae."

She quivered at his words, knowing it was true. She wanted this life more than she'd ever wanted anything before. She knew Preston would be good to her. She saw the love between Preston and Angel and she wanted to be part of it.

Angel whimpered as Preston withdrew his hands. He leaned down and cut her panties off with his pocketknife, tossing them aside. He picked up a coil of rope and tied one end around Angel's wrist, then made her bend her arm so her hand rested on her shoulder. He wrapped it around her upper arm and wrist and cinched it down tight. He did the same to her other arm. When he was done, she looked as if she were pretending to be a bird, with her folded arms as wings.

Sharae watched Angel test her bonds, then stole a glance at Preston. She lowered her head, as she felt the urgent tingling again in her loins. She bit her lip and fought the orgasmic reaction.

Preston grinned at her, then without another word, he lifted the flogger above his head. Sharae jumped at the sound of leather hitting flesh.

Angel jumped too, instinctively trying to hop away from the source of her torment.

"Stand still, slut. And count it off."

“Uhhhn,” Angel cried out through her mouth-filling gag. She added the gag-talk equivalent of “More, please.” Preston obliged, delivering several more blows to her ass and back while Angel counted them off. Sharae could see Angel's body trembling as she fought to stand still. Vivid red welts began to cover her skin.

Preston paused and looked at Sharae. “You're enjoying this, aren't you?”

Sharae just stared at him, not knowing how to voice her feelings.

“You don't have to answer. I already know,” he said, laughing. He turned his attention back to his slave girl. “Turn to face me, Angel. Yes, just like that. Perfect. Now, I want you to watch every stroke as it lands.” He caressed her body with the leather strips of the flogger while he spoke to her. “You will not flinch or shy away. Otherwise...” He let his voice trail off.

Again, the leather straps flew through the air and landed with a loud smack against Angel's skin, now glistening with sweat. Clenching her fists, she closed her eyes and flinched. A red stripe formed directly across her breasts.

Preston clucked his tongue. “I told you not to do that. Now, I'll have to add two more to your total.” Angel whined, but nodded. Her fingers clutched uselessly at the air.

The next stroke fell, and Sharae watched, amazed, as the determined redhead held still and kept her eyes open this time. The blow landed just below her breasts. Preston smiled approvingly. “Much better. How many is that?”

“Fifteen. Please, more, sir,” came Angel's muffled answer. She was now sobbing freely.

“Just six more, my pet,” said Preston.

Soon, the last stroke fell. Immediately, Angel hopped into Preston arms. Through her gag, she said, “Thank you, Master.” As Preston hugged and soothed her, Sharae wished she could feel those strong arms around her.

“You did very well,” Preston cooed to Angel, kissing her tear-streaked face. “But,” he added, pulling away from her, “your punishment's not quite done yet.”

CHAPTER 25

Angel gasped. What more would she have to endure for her outburst? She watched Preston pick up another length of rope.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

Angel turned her back to him. He cut the ropes binding her wrists to her upper arms, then tied the new piece of rope around her left wrist. He took both her hands and bound her wrists together behind her head, like a prisoner being patted down.

She whimpered as Preston's skilled fingers began to fondle her ravaged breasts. He gently nudged her forward, stopping her at the foot of the bed.

“Stay.” He leaned down and untied her ankles, then used the same rope to fasten a tight crotchrope on her. She groaned as the cord dug into her overly sensitive woman flesh. She heard him chuckle.

“You know the rules, Angel.”

“Efff ir,” she said.

“Don't disappoint me any more today.”

“No, sir.”

Preston finished by tying her crotchrope to the wrought iron footboard. Angel was confused. How was tying her like

this punishment?

He held her head and looked her into eyes. "The jealousy you displayed earlier is unbecoming of a good slave. You must learn to suppress those feelings and accept my will without question." He kissed her forehead and went over to Sharae. "As for you," he said to the bound blonde, "you've no doubt been wondering how this would be different from the other punishment you witnessed."

Although he spoke to Sharae, Preston's remarks suddenly aroused Angel's curiosity as well. She remembered the previous time Sharae had watched her being punished. It was after he caught them making love. He'd forced Sharae to "call the shots," and then he'd whipped Sharae the same way. She had unwittingly designed her own punishment that day. Now he stood there caressing her cheek with one hand while giving the other free rein over her breasts.

"The first time, you were basically an observer of Angel's discipline. This time, you're to be the main ingredient of it." Sharae looked as confused as Angel felt.

Suddenly, he scooped Sharae up in his arms and carried her to the bed. Angel watched, horrified, as she realized what was to happen next.

Quickly, Preston tied Sharae's ankles to the bedposts, spreading her shapely legs wide. He then joined Sharae on the bed, using his knife to remove her crotchrope and what remained of her clothes. He leaned over her and began massaging her cunt. Sharae cooed and purred in delight as she shifted on her bound wrists.

"Now, Sharae," said Preston. "Repeat what you said to me in the kitchen. Tell me why you came back here. Loud enough for Angel to hear."

He continued rubbing her pussy as she answered, deliberately making it difficult for her to speak. Angel could see how determined she was, as, slowly, Sharae overcame the sensations coursing through her body, forcing the words out one by one, interspersed with gasps and moans. "I ... offer ... m—my—myself ... to you. Oh! Command me ... Uhh! Master!"

Then he turned to Angel. "I've decided to accept Slave Sharae as my own. So you'd better get used to seeing this." As he finished speaking, he climbed on top of Sharae and began to fuck her hard.

Angel felt the heat in her own loins as she gazed on the scene. It was such torture, being so close to something she wanted, yet unable to reach it. She felt, too, the devastating pain of watching her Master pleasure another woman—but not just any woman, one who'd be staying permanently.

Tears slid down her cheeks unchecked. Although the heartache was intense, Angel couldn't help but watch, and wish she could join in.

* * * *

Melissa took in her new surroundings with a sense of dread. The cabin Joe had taken her to looked like something straight out of a horror movie. Cobwebs were everywhere. Obviously the cabin hadn't been used in awhile. She winced as he dropped her on the bed.

"How do you like your new home?" Joe asked her.

As if she could respond, she thought. Joe had stuffed her mouth with two pairs of panties and wrapped duct tape tightly around her head. Her arms were bound behind her at the wrists and elbows, and her legs were tied at the ankles and knees. The ropes were pulled so tight Melissa was sure her hands were purple by now.

She shied away from him as he approached. He untied her legs, only to retie them spread apart to the rickety old bed frame. Likewise, he retied her wrists to the frame above her head. She squeezed her eyes shut as Joe roughly entered her, not bothering to prepare her. She screamed at the painful friction and bucked her hips reflexively.

"Knock it off!" Joe hollered, smashing his fist across her face. The blow stunned her and blurred her vision. She lay still as Joe raped her while silent tears slid down her battered face as she endured the attack. She tried to picture

herself in a happy place, a place where she was free of such torture, a place she probably would never see again.

CHAPTER 26

Joe woke up to the sound of his cell phone ringing. He noticed the clock read 10:00. He'd slept later than he planned to.

"Hello," he said into the tiny mike of the cell phone.

"I've been calling you all morning, dear. Finally decided to try your cell number."

"Megan?" Joe's mind raced. What could she want? Why was she trying to track him down?

"Yes, love," she cooed. "Your phone just rings and rings. The machine doesn't even pick up. Where are you?"

"I'm, um, out. Busy. You know."

"Your brother's out of town this weekend you know." She sighed meaningfully. "I get so lonely when he's out. Lonely and horny, baby."

As she spoke, an evil grin formed on Joe's face. "Look, Megan, you know I've always turned you down before."

"I know, sweetie, but you can't blame a girl for trying, can you?"

"But what I was going to say is ... I might be interested this time."

There was silence on the other end.

"Hello? Megan? You still there?" he said.

"Yeah, I'm here. I'm just surprised, is all."

"You still want me to come and keep you company, don't you?"

"Of course."

"I mean I'd hate to think you've just been teasing me all this time."

"No! I—I'm just surprised, like I said."

"Well, give me about an hour to finish up something. Then I'll be over. You won't be disappointed, babe."

"Okay, Joe. I'll be waiting for you."

He turned off the phone and laughed out loud. "Yes!" He glanced toward the corner of the room. Melissa was asleep in her cramped cage. He wondered how she could manage to sleep like that, but figured it was from sheer exhaustion. He strolled over to the cage and kicked her through the bars. Startled, she jerked her head, almost smashing it against the bars behind her. She moaned weakly through the gag still wedged deeply in her mouth.

"Wake up, bitch!" he said. "I gotta go someplace, but I want a blow job first."

Melissa groaned, pulling feebly at the leather cuffs and chains securing her. Joe punched in a number on his phone as he unlocked the cage. Soon he heard a familiar voice at the other end.

"Hey, Preston!" he said. "How ya doin'? I hope you're not real busy right now, 'cause an opportunity has presented itself." He went on to mention the phone call from Megan and his agreeing to her come-on. "I was thinking you could come with me, and we could snatch that bitch right then and there. At her own invitation, yet!" He laughed as he pictured his sister-in-law's face as they bound her for transport.

“Um...” Preston hesitated on the other end. “I don't think the buyer I found for her is ready yet, but...” He stopped to think a bit more. “Okay, sure, Joe. It'll just give me a little more time to break her in.”

“Great!” said Joe. He made arrangements to meet Preston at Megan's house, then hung up.

His laugh turned to a sneer as he opened the end of the tiny cage and pulled the helpless girl out of it. He removed her gag and she immediately made noises as if trying to speak, but couldn't manage a single coherent word. Joe pulled her to her knees, then slapped her and pinched her nipples with both hands. “Shut up, slut. You don't have permission to speak.”

He unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock and shoved it roughly into her mouth. He thrust himself deeply down her throat as she choked and retched. Soon he grunted and began spurting his hot cum in her mouth and all over her face. When he released his grip on her, Melissa collapsed on the floor, still sputtering and trying to catch her breath.

“Please,” she finally said in a hoarse whisper. “You don't have to treat me like this. I'll behave, I promise. I'll do whatever you want.”

“Oh no, you don't,” he said. “You're not going to get me to lower my guard.”

“But I—”

She didn't have a chance to finish what she was saying as Joe grabbed her head and forced the gag back into her mouth. In no time, she was crammed back inside the cage, sobbing. “Quit your whining and relax, bitch,” said Joe. “And I'd advise you to get some more sleep. I have a feeling I'm gonna have a lot to celebrate this evening.” He turned and strode from the room. After pulling on his jacket, he unlocked a drawer in his study and retrieved his handgun. He casually checked the clip, then slipped it into his jacket pocket.

* * * *

Before Preston left to meet Joe, he called Angel and Sharae into the bedroom. Both women wore French maid's outfits as Sharae learned her chores from Angel.

“I have to run an errand now, girls,” he said. “While I'm gone you two should spend some time getting over any jealousies that might still be lingering.” He looked meaningfully at Angel. “A little ... forced intimacy might be just the ticket.”

Without another word, he grabbed Angel, removed her cuffs and bound her arms tightly behind her. He tied Sharae the same way then had them lie on the bed, where he proceeded to frog-tie their legs, ankles to thighs. As they adjusted to their bonds, he retrieved some items from a dresser drawer.

He set the items on the bed in front of Sharae. “Do you know what these are for?” Sharae studied them for a moment. They were obviously gags with penis-shaped mouth plugs, but each also had a long dildo projecting from the other end. Sharae suspected how they might be used, but shook her head. “No, Master, I don't.” Preston looked at Angel, nodding for her to explain it.

“The plug goes in your mouth as usual,” she said. “And the other side can be used for just about anything a regular dildo is used for.”

“While it's strapped on my mouth?” asked Sharae.

Angel nodded.

Chuckling, Preston took one of the gags and shoved the plug into Sharae's mouth. He buckled the strap tight, then repeated the process with Angel. He turned Angel around so she lay in the opposite direction as Sharae.

Spreading Sharae's legs, he pressed Angel's head between them, guiding the large dildo projecting from her mouth toward Sharae's cunt. The fake penis slid in easily, as Sharae was juiced up nicely in anticipation. He took a short length of chain and attached it to Angel's collar, then passed it between Sharae's legs and fastened the other end to

the back of Sharae's belt. He tested Angel's range of motion, pushing and pulling her head, and adjusted the chain until it was just short enough to prevent her from pulling the dildo completely out of Sharae's pussy.

During the whole process, Sharae moaned and squirmed as she was filled and toyed with. Her moans became groans, though, when Preston turned his attention to her. Soon, she was chained with her head between Angel's frog-tied legs, and the dildo attached to her gag penetrating Angel.

Preston then took a pair of clamps and attached one end to Angel and the other to Sharae. The chain connecting the clamps had some slack, but not much. A second pair of clamps soon connected the girls by the other nipples.

Satisfied, Preston stood and slapped both girls on the ass. They squealed and writhed in their mutual bondage. "That should hold you while I'm gone," he grinned. "Oh yes, one last thing. Try biting down on your plugs, girls." Both did so, only to find that it made the attached dildo vibrate. This was a new modification Angel wasn't aware of. Again they squealed in horror and delight at the sensations. The vibration stopped after a few seconds.

Preston laughed as he pulled on his jacket. "Have fun girls."

Before he left, he peeked into the playroom to make sure the blonde bimbo was still secure. She stood just as he'd left her, on tip-toes, arms pulled back in a severe strappado. She turned her head at the sound of the door, even though she couldn't see anything through the blindfold, and moaned pathetically behind her ball-gag. "Not much longer, bitch," said Preston. "You'll soon be in your new home." Then he closed the door and headed for his van.

CHAPTER 27

Preston slowed the van, trying to read house numbers, when he noticed Joe's car in one of the driveways. *That must be the place*, he thought. He pulled into the drive and stepped up to the door with a small satchel.

He pressed the doorbell and waited. When the door opened, he found himself facing an attractive woman of about 30. Her short, auburn hair was tousled and her face flushed. She clutched a robe about her. "Yes?" she asked.

"I'm here to meet Joe," said Preston.

"Joe? But—"

"It's okay, Megan," Joe's voice called from inside the house. "I told him to come. I didn't think you'd mind."

She looked Preston up and down, then closed the door in his face. "What's this all about?" Preston could hear her yelling just inside the house.

He could hear Joe's voice in reply, but couldn't make out the words. Both voices quickly became angry whispers. Preston tapped his foot, trying to decide if he should just walk in. Suddenly, he heard the sounds of a scuffle and muted cries.

Flinging the door open, he rushed in just in time to see Joe desperately trying to hold onto Megan with one arm, while clamping a hand over her mouth. Her eyes were wide in terrified surprise. Her robe hung open revealing her shapely nude body beneath.

Without a word, Preston stepped forward and punched the struggling woman in the gut. With a loud huff, she slumped in Joe's grasp. He lowered her to the floor where she curled up, moaning in pain. Immediately, Preston tore open his bag and grabbed a ball-gag. He flipped Megan onto her stomach and sat on her, straddling her back and pinning her arms with his knees. Gripping her by the hair, he wrenched her head back and began forcing the ball-gag between her lips.

"You idiot!" he shouted at Joe. "Didn't you make up any kind of story to explain my coming here?"

"I was about to. I thought I could get in a quick fuck first."

"Well, you thought wrong!"

Megan continued to struggle wildly, screeching into the gag.

“And you! Shut the fuck up!” he yelled as he slammed her face into the floor. Moving back, he pulled her arms behind her and squeezed her elbows close together. “Don't just stand there,” he called to Joe. “Hand me some rope.”

“Sure, Pres,” said Joe.

Soon, Preston had Megan's elbows bound tightly together. He stood and pulled her to her feet. He pushed her back into Joe's grasp, then lifted her face by the chin. A trickle of blood flowed from the corner of her mouth.

“You're a regular hellcat,” said Preston, as he pulled Megan's robe open again. This time, he studied the view at leisure. Megan's ample chest heaved as she sucked air in through her nose.

CHAPTER 28

Joe paced the tiny cabin wall to wall as he pondered what had happened that day. He'd taken his gun with him to Megan's, determined to find out if Preston had stolen Sharae back from him. He'd pictured Preston on his knees, begging for his life, promising to return the stolen slave. But somehow, none of that had happened. Instead, he let himself get caught up in Megan's abduction and even let Preston scold him like a child.

But more important, he'd let Preston take Megan away to sell as a slave. Now he was having second thoughts. At the time, it seemed like the perfect solution to his long standing issues with that tease. But then again, she was his brother's wife. Who was he to judge his brother's choice of mates? Sure, he thought Jon would be better off without Megan. What kind of wife lusts after her husband's brother? But perhaps his brother knew a different side of her.

After Preston had left with her, Joe stayed behind to make it look like she'd packed up and left. Her suitcases were piled in the corner of the cabin next to Melissa.

Joe smiled and gazed at his own bound slave as she writhed in her bonds. Upon his return, he had fucked her until he exploded in her twice. The adventure with Megan had left him worked up, and Melissa was the recipient of all his pent up urges. He savored his slave's pitiful cries of pain as he plunged roughly into her. Afterwards, he tied her in a strict hogtie, her head yanked back by ropes tied in her hair.

Now she stared at him over the huge white ball-gag he had jammed into her mouth. Maybe it was him, but he thought her mouth was expanding. Probably because it was always full, with either a gag or his cock, he thought gleefully.

Abruptly, his thoughts returned to Megan and what Preston was probably doing to her at that moment. “I can't let him do it,” he muttered out loud. He stood and headed toward the door. He stopped with his hand on the doorknob and looked back at Melissa. Sighing, he went over to her and knelt down beside her. He unbuckled the gag and popped it out of her mouth.

She groaned in relief. “Thank you,” she whispered.

“Tell me, Missy,” he said to her. “Do you have a husband?”

“No.”

“Boyfriend?”

“Yes.”

He faltered for a moment. She stared at him, questioning, but his resolve quickly returned. “Correction, my dear. You *had* a boyfriend—ex-boyfriend. You're my property now. You belong to me, forever.”

Her eyes filled with tears that slid down her bruised cheeks. “Let me go. I promise I won't tell anyone,” she begged. “Just let me go home.”

He shook his head. "You didn't say please," he sneered, silently cursing himself for letting his conscience get to him. Who cared if the bitch had a husband or boyfriend? Eventually they'd forget she even existed and go on with their lives.

"Please!"

"Too late, cunt." He held the gag up. "Open up!"

Her lower lip quivered and fresh tears fell to the floor.

"Now!" he yelled and slapped her hard on her bare ass.

She yelped and he took the opportunity to stuff the ball back into her mouth. He buckled the straps tight around her head.

He stood and stepped over her to get to Megan's stuff. He picked up the purse and shook the contents out over Melissa. Might as well have lunch on Megan's dime, he thought. Melissa whimpered as she was pelted with an array of cosmetics, loose change and other items.

His attention was caught by a folded piece of paper that fluttered to the floor. It had the words 'BABY SHOWER' printed neatly on the outside. He picked it up and opened it, curious. It was a copy of an email sent by Megan to her friends. She had invited them over to celebrate her five year wedding anniversary and ... their first child. Megan was pregnant!

Joe's heart stopped for a second. "Oh my God," he whispered, wincing as he remembered the savage blow Preston had given Megan to subdue her. Right in the abdomen.

There was no doubt in his mind now. He'd done the wrong thing. It was time for him to set things right, even if that meant letting Megan turn him in for assisting in her kidnapping.

"Looks like you'll be going home after all, Missy," he told the bound woman, his voice heavy with resignation. He tossed the card aside and stood. But wait, he thought. Maybe there's a way to avoid going to jail. He grinned. Why not just get Megan and bring her back here? After the baby was born they could run away to Mexico together. He wouldn't mind raising the child. He always wanted a baby. And Megan would be grateful to him for saving her.

Having decided, he set out for Preston's at once, driving like a madman. He was on a mission now and nothing was going to stand in his way.

* * * *

Angel hummed as she strolled down the aisles of the supermarket, tossing various items into the cart. Since Preston had finally finished her new collar, she was allowed to go into town alone. Although he knew she would never leave him, he still wanted to be in control. The new collar was fitted with a GPS tracking device. It would tell Preston exactly where she was whenever he wanted to know. It thrilled her to wear it, knowing she was under his control at all times.

She smiled sweetly at the cashier as he started to ring up her purchases. She tried not to laugh as he gawked at her breasts, which were barely concealed in her flimsy tank top, then at the collar around her neck.

Soon, she had the groceries packed in the trunk of the car and was on her way home. She rolled down the windows and let the wind whip through her red hair. She loved her little Celica, a recent present from Preston. The keys had been attached to her new tracking collar. White slavery did have its perks.

As she pulled into the driveway, she saw an all too familiar Bronco sitting close to the garage. "What the fuck?" she asked herself. "What does Joe want now?" She parked her car and popped the trunk, picked up two bags and headed inside.

Just as she walked in the door, she heard a loud bang, followed by Sharae's muted scream. The bags slipped from

Angle's arms. She recognized the sound. Another gunshot rang out and she rushed into the living room. Joe stood in the doorway, gun in hand. Blood was splattered on the far wall.

A scream erupted from her throat as she saw Preston crumpled on the floor unmoving. "Master!" she cried and began to run towards him.

"Oh, no you don't!" Joe's arm circled her waist. He easily lifted her off her feet and crushed her to him.

"Let me go!" she screamed, thrashing wildly.

Joe smashed the gun hard against the back of her head. Angel yelped in pain. Dazed, her head rolled back as she tried to stay conscious. She was barely aware of Joe carrying her toward the playroom. In the thick fog filling her mind, she heard Sharae sobbing. Next thing she knew she was flying through the air as Joe tossed her to the floor. She grunted when she hit the floor hard. Joe was on her at once, binding her wrists behind her back.

"Mother fucker," he muttered, pulling the ropes tight. "Stupid asshole."

Angel began to struggle again. "Stop it!" she cried but her struggles were in vain as he bound her ankles tight.

"I knew I'd need this for you," Joe said, pulling a little brown bottle out of his pocket.

Angel shook her head. "No! Joe, don't. Please. We have to help Preston. He needs help—"

"Yeah, the fucker needs help. He can't steal my property after selling it to me. And you. Shit, Angela, I loved you. Why did you leave?"

"My name is Angel."

"Not anymore. It's Angela." He leaned over her and picked up a towel, and moistened it with the contents of the bottle. "Now, just breathe deep."

"Fuck off!"

"Don't make me do it the hard way, bitch."

"Go to hell," she said, her eyes watering. It suddenly hit her hard that Preston was lying in the living room bleeding. Joe had shot him. Her Master ... That wasn't the only thing that hit her. Searing pain shot through the base of her skull again. This time she didn't fight the darkness. She welcomed it.

CHAPTER 29

Sharae's gag stifled her screams as she watched Joe finish tying Angel. She couldn't believe what was happening. Here she was, enjoying her new life with Preston, when Joe had to show up and turn everything upside down.

He'd stormed in toting a gun, angrily demanding that Preston give Megan back to him. Preston calmly declined. He explained that Megan was now his property and he planned to do what he saw fit with her. Joe went ballistic. He turned red in the face and started screaming incoherently.

Sharae had jumped when the first shot rang out, despite being hogtied on the floor. She screamed as she was spattered with droplets of blood—Preston's blood. It was eerie the way Preston remained standing after the first shot hit him in the arm. The second shot sent him crashing to the floor. That was when Angel arrived home from her shopping trip, only to be subdued by Joe. Now he stood and looked over at Sharae. "You sure look beautiful in ropes, Rae."

Sharae's eyes filled with tears as she considered the situation. Preston was shot. Dead. Angel was unconscious. She herself was hogtied and helpless, and the new woman, Megan, was in the kitchen tied to a chair. As for the other girl, the blonde who was being prepped for sale, she had no idea where she was.

Joe walked over and knelt down next to her. He stroked her hair. "Why'd you run away? I treated you decent, didn't I? We could've had so much fun. Me, you, and Missy. Speaking of Missy," he continued, "she misses you. She'll enjoy having you back."

Sharae thought of the buxom brunette and sighed. Either she'll enjoy having me back to share her misery, or she'll enjoy torturing me for leaving her alone with Joe, she thought.

Suddenly Joe smacked her across the face. She whimpered in pain as stars danced before her eyes.

"That's only the beginning, bitch," he growled. "You're in for a whole lot worse."

She glared at him, and got another punch across the other cheek. She could taste the blood from her lip.

"You shouldn't have run away, Sharae. Naughty, naughty girl. I'm gonna enjoy punishing you. You and that other teasing slut, Angela." He laughed. "She'll wish she were dead. I'll make damn sure of that. Imagine! You two, hoping to stay hidden from me. Ha! You underestimated me. All of you did."

Sharae shuddered at the sinister tone in Joe's voice. It was something she had never heard before. And it scared her. How could she have lived with this man and not seen this side to him?

He went into the living room and searched through Angel's toy box, returning with a padded leather blindfold. "Lights out, babe. Don't want you seeing where we're going."

He strapped the blindfold on and her world went dark. She could hear him moving and wondered what he was doing. She heard muffled shrieks that could only be from Megan or the other blonde. She heard doors opening and closing several times, and finally realized Joe was carrying all the girls out.

At last, he came for her. She screeched in pain as he picked her up by the rope connecting her hands to her ankles. He carried her out that way and tossed her into his vehicle. She sighed in relief when the excruciating pressure was released from her limbs.

Joe got in the van, humming. "My, my. Three beautiful women all tied up in the back of my van. How did I get so lucky?"

Wait a minute, thought Sharae. *Three* women? He must have missed the blonde. He didn't realize she was there. He only knew about Angel, Megan and herself. Maybe the blonde would get loose and get help. But no, that wasn't likely, knowing how securely Preston tied his girls. The poor thing would just struggle until ... Sharae didn't want to think about it.

Her shoulders sagged. She was once again Joe's prisoner, headed back to his house of pain along with Angel and Megan. She shuddered to think what they faced once they got there.

* * * *

Megan tried to get comfortable in the chair, but it was none too easy the way Joe had tied her. This day had already been the weirdest one in her life and it just kept getting weirder. Her brother-in-law had always been a little flaky, but she never dreamed he was so seriously disturbed.

First he finally agreed to do it with her. That was fine. Jon was away, and she'd always thought Joe was cute. But then he attacked her, then handed her over to some other lunatic with a house full of bound women. Then he bursts in, shoots the lunatic, and takes all the women to this cabin.

She twisted her head, to see if he was finished securing the other girls. He treated the other ones so rough, but he'd been very nice to her for some reason. Almost gentlemanly—not that it stopped him from tying her to this goddamn chair. At last he returned and sat down in front of her.

"Megan, I'm so sorry about all this," he said. "Are you all right? Are you comfortable?"

“Mmmppff!” she complained. *No, you idiot! I'm not comfortable.*

“It'll be okay as soon as we get to Mexico. You'll see. I'll take care of you. I just hope the baby's all right. The way Preston slugged you. God!”

“Emmee ho!”

“No, I can't let you go. But ... how about if I take out your gag?”

“Eff!” She nodded vigorously.

“You won't scream, will you?”

“Uh uh.”

He worked at the buckle and pried the ball from her mouth.

“What is going on???” she screamed. “Have you lost your mi—”

He clamped his hand over her mouth. “I told you not to scream,” he said loosening his grip slightly.

“Okay, okay. I won't shout. But what are you doing, Joe?”

“Well, I was going to have you sold as a—”

“Sold?”

“Yes, as a sex slave. I mean, you always acted so slutty, it only seemed natural. I figured Jon would be better off without you, and I knew Preston was in the business. But then when I realized you were pregnant, I decided—”

“Pregnant?”

“Yeah. Megan, I know about the baby. When I found out, that's when I decided to get you back and take you and the baby to Mexico. We'll bring the other girls, too. It'll be great.”

Megan's head was swimming. She didn't know where to start. He was going to have her sold? And he thought she was pregnant?

“But right now,” he continued, “I'm just worried about the baby. I—”

“Joe!” she said firmly, trying not to shout. “Time out.” She looked him in the eye. he felt silly having this conversation with him while she was trussed up like Lois Lane, but he wasn't willing to negotiate on that point. “Let's start with the baby. I'm not pregnant—repeat—*not* pregnant.”

“But—but, I went through your purse. I found the shower notice.”

She couldn't help laughing. “That's for the baby we're *adopting*. Jon told you all about it. Or at least he said he did.”

Joe's face went blank. She could almost see him trying to process the new information.

“So, you're not pregnant?” he concluded at last.

“That's right.”

“So I shot Preston for nothing? No, wait! Not for nothing. The son of a bitch still took Sharae away from me. He deserved to die, the bastard!” Joe's face flushed with anger suddenly. “And you! You're just as bad. Making me think you were pregnant. Well, it doesn't matter now, you teasing little slut. I'll just sell you myself. Or keep you. Yeah, that's what I'll do. I'll just keep all four of you teasing, lying bitches!”

"No, Joe. You have to let us go. You can't—"

"Shut the fuck up!" He slapped her and forced the ball-gag back into her mouth. "That's right. Just shut up like the other ones. Oh man, this is going to be so goddamn cool. I got four slaves for the price of two, and it's gonna be a fuck-fest every day from now on." He eyed Megan's tightly bound form. She shrank beneath his stare. "Starting right now with you."

CHAPTER 30

Preston didn't know how it felt to be hit by a train, but he figured he had a pretty good idea now. He also had a good notion of how lucky he was. He'd had a feeling Joe would pull some kind of stunt at Megan's and went prepared, wearing his bulletproof vest. Fortunately, he hadn't taken it off by the time Joe showed up shooting first and asking questions ... well, he never did ask any questions.

Despite the pain he was in, Preston felt lucky that the first shot had taken a gouge out of his shoulder. The spattered blood from that shot helped hide the fact there was no blood from the second one.

The worst part of the entire ordeal had been playing dead, especially when Angel returned home. He had to lie there, hoping Joe wouldn't notice his occasional breaths, while he listened to his precious Angel beaten and subdued.

At the moment, though, he needed to dress his wound. He grunted in pain. Just getting to his feet was an effort. The second shot had caught him square in the chest, and the impact may have cracked a rib or two. Each breath he took was accompanied by stabbing pains.

One step at a time, he found his way to the bathroom. As he passed by one of the bedrooms, he paused to catch his breath. He heard a shuffling noise and froze, praying Joe hadn't come back and to check on his kill. No, it sounded like a woman moaning. And it came from the bedroom, where he had Suzy tied up. Why would Joe leave her behind? It didn't make sense.

Cautiously, he opened the door and peered in. Sure enough, the girl still dangled precariously in the strappado he'd left her in. He stepped into the room and she lifted her head and stared at him, a look of terror on her face. For a second, he felt sorry for her. She had no idea what was happening. She probably heard the shots and all the commotion and thought she'd been left to slowly die here all alone.

His mind seemed to be working in slow motion, but as he approached the bound girl, he gradually recalled how he'd scouted her out at a hospital. She was a nurse! She could help him.

With shaking hands, Preston unbuckled the ball-gag and pried it out of Suzy's mouth. He couldn't remember how long she'd been left like this, but judging from her groans as she worked her jaw muscles, it must have been quite a while.

"Can you talk?" he asked her.

"I—I think so."

"I need your help."

"You need *my* help," she said. "You kidnap me and tie me up and then expect me to *help* you?"

"Look, I understand how you feel, but I'm not sure I can stop this bleeding myself. I don't want to die." He paused to let that sink in. "I'll let you go if you agree to help me."

She studied his face for a few seconds. "And if I don't agree?"

"Then I try to fix myself up. Maybe I can, maybe not. In either case, you're sure as hell not going anywhere."

She started to cry. "All right," she sobbed, "I'll help you. Just untie me. It hurts so much."

“Okay.” He tried to smile, then walked over to the other side of the room. He opened a dresser drawer and pulled something out, then he untied the rope holding her arms up behind her.

She groaned loudly as the pressure on her shoulders eased at long last. Preston stepped up and pressed the cold barrel of a gun against her head. “Just to be sure you don't double-cross me,” he snarled. He untied her remaining bindings with difficulty, using just one hand.

Once all the ropes were finally removed, he gave her a few minutes to massage her limbs, then directed her to the medicine cabinet, staying behind her, gun ready.

Preston sat on the toilet and watched Suzy rummage through the cabinet with shaking fingers. He removed his blood soaked shirt and tossed it in the waste basket.

“Ether?” she muttered, examining a bottle.

“Sometimes the girls need help sleeping.”

She grabbed the bottle of peroxide, gauze pads and a bandage, and set them on the counter. She looked at him with a determined stare. “Why did you kidnap me?” she demanded, in a voice she couldn't quite keep steady.

“Felt like it,” he replied. He nudged her with the gun. “C'mon, blondie, hurry up. I have work to do.”

Suzy went to work on him, cleaning his wound, then applying the gauze pads and bandages. “The bleeding should stop soon, but you really should get that stitched up,” she said.

He laughed softly, then winced. “Right. And how would I explain the gunshot? Get a clue, blondie.”

“I do have a name, you know.”

“Yes, I know. Suzy Sinclair, age thirty-four. Head of the pediatric ward. Married and divorced three times. No kids, no boyfriend. But you do want a girlfriend.” He grinned as she blushed. “I do my homework, blondie.”

“Look, Mr. Know-It-All. I fixed you up. I held up my end of the deal. Now it's your turn.”

He lifted the gun and pointed it at her. “No. *You* look, Suzy. I'm not in the mood for your attitude. And I'm not in the business of releasing girls after I've snatched them.”

She stared at the gun. “B—but you said—”

“I know what I said. Here's another clue. Never trust your kidnapper.” He watched her face as she registered the fact he'd lied to her.

“You bastard,” she hissed angrily.

“Thank you.”

She reached for a pair of scissors.

“I'd set those down if I were you.” Preston aimed the gun at her head. “Unless you're prepared to die *right now*.”

She hesitated, then set the scissors down. “Please!” she pleaded. “I promise I won't say a word to anyone, I swear I won't. I just want to go home.”

Preston shook his head. “Playing to my sympathy won't work. I have none. Now ... take that bottle of ether you noticed.”

Suzy didn't move.

Now!”

She began to sob quietly as she did as he ordered.

“Make one move I don't like, I'll blow your pretty face off. That's one promise you can count on me keeping.”

She nodded.

“Now shake some out onto those pads.”

With trembling hands she sprinkled the remaining gauze pads with the clear liquid.

Preston grinned, despite his exhaustion. “Now put the pad over your nose and mouth and breathe deeply.”

She stared at him. “No, please. I can't—”

“You *can* and you *will*. Now do it!”

Slowly she brought the ether-soaked pads up to her face. She paused and looked at him. He could see the plea in her eyes.

“Do it.”

Her shoulders slumped as she pressed the pad to her face.

“Breathe deep, blondie.” He watched her take a breath, then another. She sagged and dropped to the floor.

Preston stooped down and pressed the pad against her face for another minute. “Just to be sure you're not faking it,” he whispered to the unconscious girl.

When he was satisfied she was really out, he quickly stood and grabbed the bottle of Advil out of the medicine cabinet. He gulped down four tablets at once. That should take the edge off the pain—he hoped.

He set the safety on his gun and shoved it in the waistband of his jeans. Then he grabbed Suzy's hands and dragged her into the playroom.

He propped her against a pole and used handcuffs to secure her wrists behind her, with her arms around the pole. He used leather straps to secure her ankles and knees. In his weakened condition, it took him twice as long as it normally would have to secure the girl. He selected a white ball-gag and forced it between her slack lips, buckling it tight around her head. *That'll keep you quiet when you wake up*, he thought.

Wearily, he rose to his feet. He was drained. There was no way he could go after Joe in this state. He had to rest, regain some strength. He couldn't let Joe get the better of him again. He wanted Angel and Sharae back—and he wanted revenge.

Preston staggered to his bedroom and collapsed onto the mattress. He passed out as soon as his head hit the pillow.

CHAPTER 31

Angel woke slowly to a pounding pain in the base of her skull and a dull ache in her wrists. Her eyes fluttered open and she blinked a few times to focus. She was startled to see she wasn't in her home. Where the hell was she?

All at once unwanted memories flooded back into her consciousness. She remembered arriving home from shopping and hearing the gunshots. She'd run into the house to see Preston lying in a heap. And the blood! It had been everywhere.

She raised her head carefully to see what was causing her wrists so much pain. They were tied to the beam above her head so her arms were spread. There were only two wrappings around them, which were tied extremely tight. The rope almost disappeared into her delicate wrists. That certainly explained the intense discomfort. She felt ropes binding her ankles and knees, too. She was still slumped over from being bound while unconscious, so she heaved

herself up to stand upright and sighed in relief as some of the strain was taken from her wrists. She was surprised she wasn't gagged, but she was totally naked.

“Well, well, well. Finally, Sleeping beauty awakens,” Joe said as he appeared from behind her. He was sporting only a pair of boxers himself.

She looked at him for just a moment before she had to avert her gaze. He had killed Preston. Her Master. The love of her life. Without Preston, who was she? The tears welled up in her eyes and spilled down her ravaged cheeks.

“Stop your damn crying!” he shouted, suddenly angered. His fist lashed out and struck her across the face.

Her head jerked to the right. She gasped, gathered her strength and looked at him, glaring defiantly. Her anger got the better of her and boiled over. “You mother fucking asshole murderer!” she screamed at him. “You killed him! You murdered my Master!”

His backhand caught her on the side of the jaw. The forehand struck her temple, rattling her teeth. Her head lolled back and lights danced before her eyes. The pain in her head intensified, but it was nothing compared to the pain in her heart.

“*He* is not your Master, anymore, Angela. I am. From now on, you will call *me* Master,” he said, his tone venomous.

She straightened up and leaned forward into his face. She stared him in the eyes. “Never! I’d rather die than to call you Master. And my name is Angel.”

He jammed his fist into her abdomen with such force it left her gasping for air. “That can be arranged, *Angela*.” He walked around behind her. “But first, this collar has to go.”

She felt his fingers fumbling with the buckle to her collar. Preston's collar. “No!” she cried and began thrashing around, trying to prevent him from removing the collar. She screamed in frustration as she felt the warm leather fall away from her throat.

Joe carelessly tossed the collar aside. “Don't worry, Angela. I'll get you one of mine soon enough. For now I'll give you a makeshift one.”

She watched him walk over to the lone table in the room and pick up a coil of rope. He returned and tied one end around her throat. He wrapped it snug around her neck, not enough to cut off her air, but enough to hinder it.

“Preston was right about one thing, at least. Rope does enhance a woman's beauty,” Joe said thoughtfully, staring at Angel's bound form.

Angel's breathing was labored from the constricting rope around her throat. She looked at anything except Joe. She didn't want to see the man who had killed her Master. She wished Joe would just tighten the rope a little more—or shoot her—or rip her heart out. Anything so she could be with her Preston. “Just kill me,” she said softly. “Please.”

Joe casually strolled over to the table again and picked up a long thin metal object. Angel watched, curious. It looked like an antenna from a car. “Oh, I'm not going to kill you, dearest. I'm just going to make you wish you were dead.”

“I already do,” she whispered.

He walked behind her again. Angel stood perfectly still, wondering when the first blow would come. “Or maybe I'll just maim you so bad that nobody will want your skanky slut ass.” She heard him chuckle, before adding, “Speaking of which...”

The first blow from the antenna landed across both ass cheeks. The pain was brutal. It felt like it had sliced into her flesh. She screamed and jerked in her bonds, losing her balance. The ropes bit into her wrists again.

The second blow fell on her lower back. Before she could recover, he delivered several more lashes to her back and

ass. Angel lost track through the thick fog of pain descending on her. She felt a warm trickling mixed in with the pain, and she knew it had to be blood. He was slashing her to ribbons with the makeshift metallic whip.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him. She gave a strangled cry as she watched him raise the deadly whip again. She heard it slice the air before the darkness of unconsciousness enveloped her and she mercifully passed out.

* * * *

Sharae looked away. She couldn't bear to watch Joe savagely beat Angel into unconsciousness again. She was cruelly bound to a chair like Megan. Joe had already raped Megan and beaten Angel. She knew she had to be next in line.

Sharae couldn't begin to imagine what Angel was going through. She had lost her Master to her ex-boyfriend. Such a brutal, ironic world.

Joe tossed the metal whip aside and ambled towards Sharae. He leered at her like a madman. "Your turn, bitch."

She shook her head and moaned behind the giant ball stuffed in her mouth. "Ung ummph mmmfff."

"What's that, dear?" he asked. "I can't understand you."

She sighed and tried again. "Ung ummpf mmmfff!" Joe obviously couldn't comprehend gag talk as well as Preston could. Of course, there was no comparison between Joe and Preston. Except that Joe was unfortunately still breathing.

He reached around her head, unbuckled the strap, and popped the ball out. Sharae worked her jaw, sighing in relief.

"Now what are you complaining about?" he demanded.

"Let the others go," she said. "I'll stay here. That's what you wanted in the first place."

He smirked, toying with the ball-gag. "Aww, Sharae. Are you trying to be noble?"

"No, I—"

"That's a hoot! Miss Prim 'n' Proper Sharae Stevens nobly offering herself to save the others." He laughed.

"Joe—"

"Did you ever stop to think that maybe it's *your* fault all this is happening?"

"Mine?"

"Maybe if you had humored me that one time when we were watching 'Kiss The Girls' and I said I wanted to tie you up."

"I didn't think you were serious," she sputtered.

"But you made fun of me. And now look at you. That asshole kidnapped you, tied you up and you *loved* it, you slut!" In his anger, Joe slapped her across the face. "And when I had you, you went *back* to him! Damn it! I'm better than he was!"

"*You're* better?" This time Sharae laughed. "*He* doesn't beat Angel uncon-scious."

"Stop!" he screamed, covering his ears with his hands. "Shut your fucking mouth!"

Sharae snapped her mouth shut and just stared. She had never seen Joe lose it like this before and it scared her.

"All you women are lying bitches!" He grabbed her by the throat and squeezed.

Sharae's eyes widened as her air was cut off in Joe's relentless grip. Tied as she was, she was powerless to resist.

"You deserve everything I'm going to give to you!" Joe screamed.

Sharae's vision began to blur as her lungs screamed for oxygen. This was it. He was going to strangle her to death.

"Joe! Stop it!" a high-pitched voice cried. "You're killing her!"

He released his grip on her throat. Sharae gratefully gulped air into her oxygen-starved lungs. She looked at Megan, who had saved her from Joe's death grip, and tried to smile.

Joe punched the wall with a savage cry and collapsed on his knees next to Sharae. He lay his head on her bound thighs and began sobbing.

Sharae was confused. She looked from Joe to Megan, whose perplexed expression mirrored her own. Had Joe always been this disturbed? How could she not have known?

He raised his head and looked at her. He grinned sadistically. "Wanna know something?"

Sharae stared down at him but didn't say anything.

"I enjoyed killing that prick, Preston."

Sharae felt nauseous at the self-satisfaction in his voice. She looked away and closed her eyes, not wanting to see the crazed maniac before her.

"But let's get down to business, shall we?"

She kept her eyes tightly closed, but she heard him get up and move around the cabin.

"Joe, no! Please dommmmpffff!" She heard Megan's plea turn into a muffled moan as Joe gagged her.

"The gag suits you, Meg. Sharae won't be using it for awhile," he said with a chuckle. "I want to hear her screams." Soon, Sharae felt his presence in front of her, but refused to open her eyes.

Sharae clamped her jaw tight, willing herself not to give Joe the satisfaction of hearing her scream. She steeled herself against the inevitable brutal attack she was sure would come.

For a few minutes, nothing happened. She began to wonder what was going on. Was he having second thoughts? Maybe she could use his doubt to her advantage. Just then, she screamed. Her resolve vanished the instant she felt the tiny but horrific pain in her left breast.

Her eyes flew open to see Joe's hand hovering near her breast, holding a long needle. Another one just like it was already stuck in her tender boob flesh.

"Pin cushion time, Sharae dear," he taunted as he jabbed the second needle in.

CHAPTER 32

Daylight streamed in through Preston's bedroom window. He was only half conscious of it as he groggily willed himself awake. He didn't know what time it was, or even what day it was, But he knew he had to start moving if he ever wanted to get his girls back.

"Shit!" he muttered to himself when he finally found his watch. He'd been out for an entire day. Before he could think about somehow tracing Angel, Sharae, and Megan, he'd have to take care of Suzy. Her buyer was due to arrive in a little over an hour.

He quickly splashed water on his face, ran his electric razor over his stubble and threw on some clean clothes. It

wasn't until he was on his way down the hall, that he realized he could breathe in relative comfort. "Good," he thought, "no cracked ribs."

He winced, though, as he opened the door to the room where he'd left Suzy. It was immediately apparent that she hadn't been able to "hold it" since he left her. He hurried into the room, finding the pretty nurse scooped around the pole as far from the puddle as she could get. She looked up as soon as he entered, complaining loudly from behind the large white ball-gag.

"Let's get you cleaned up," he said as he removed the handcuffs holding her to the pole. As he helped her to her feet, she lashed out at him, her screams sounding loud even through the gag. Despite his own weakness, he instinctively fended off her blows, grabbed her by the hair and slammed her against the wall.

"Don't fight me, bitch! I don't have time for this shit." He wrestled her arms behind her and locked the cuffs back on, this time at the elbows. She sobbed hysterically as the hard metal bit into her flesh.

Stooping down, he removed the leather strap at her ankles, then stood, grabbed a handful of hair and began half-dragging her toward the bathroom. With her knees still strapped tight, she barely managed to keep up, hobbling along, stooped over, crying and squealing the whole way.

He flipped on the light and started the shower. After removing her gag, he offered the fettered girl a glass of water. She took a break from whining to accept the drink, then started up again.

"Please, don't do this to me!" she pleaded. "Just let me go. I swear I won't tell anyone. God! I don't want to be sold. I'm not a slave. Please!" On and on she droned. Preston ignored her as he methodically tore off what little she still wore and removed his own clothing as well.

Soon he was scrubbing the still-complaining girl in the steamy shower. Although the stall was equipped with eyebolts, he didn't bother hitching her up. Just a quick scrub was all he had time for. He let her babble the whole time. Her jaws needed a rest from the gag, but she sure wasn't helping matters by flapping them so much.

When he was done washing her, he toweled himself off first and got dressed again. Suzy stood, dripping and shivering, pleading her case. "Please, please, please don't sell me. Maybe I could just stay here with you. I treated your wound, remember? I can be useful. I've seen how nice you are with your slaves. Make me your slave, too. I'm not even asking you let me go, anymore. I just don't want to be sold to some stranger..."

Preston could only shake his head as he grabbed the gag and strode over to her.

"No!" she screamed. "Please. Not the gag again. Oh God! I—Ohh ... Mmm! Hmmmph!" As she continued her muffled protests, he dried her off and brushed her hair.

Soon, Suzy sat in the living room. She was naked except for the soft leather cuffs that joined her wrists, elbows, and ankles. A harness ball-gag/blindfold was buckled tightly about her head. She sniffed back her sobs as Preston hurried about trying to clean up the mess left from the disaster of the last couple days.

The sound of the gate alarm brought a curse from him. He glanced around as he strode to the door. The room looked pretty normal. You couldn't see the blood stain on the wall unless you knew where to look, but there wasn't much he could do about the chipped plaster.

He opened the door just as the bell rang. The woman standing there met his surprised expression with an amused look.

"Yes?" he asked.

"This place is well hidden," said the woman. "I drove past the entrance twice without seeing it."

Preston ignored her small talk. "Who are you and what do you want?"

"I'm here for the merchandise. I'm the buyer."

"There must be some mistake. I made arrangements with a man."

The woman chuckled. "Yes, of course. That was my boy, Philip. I'm sorry to say that, even in these enlightened times, I frequently get disrespected in business transactions. Hence the ruse."

Preston frowned. There was no way she could have known to come here on this date, at this time, unless she was in on the deal, but he still didn't like it.

She laughed again. "I understand your hesitation, Mr., what was the name you used? Smith? Very original. I understand, but I assure you that I am the actual buyer and I've come to inspect the merchandise myself. You can shake me down, if you think I'm wired or anything."

She stood provocatively, holding out her arms, shifting her weight to one hip. He could tell she was on the far side of forty, possibly even fifty, but she obviously took good care of herself. In fact, she looked quite enticing in her simple gray business suit.

Preston made no move to either let her in or frisk her. After an awkward moment's silence, she picked up a briefcase she'd set at her feet. She held it flat and clicked it open. Inside, on top of the rows of neatly wrapped cash, he saw the coded contract of sale he'd signed with "Philip."

"All right," he agreed at last. "Come on in."

Together, they approached the seated captive in the middle of the room. "Is this it?" she asked, pointing to Suzy.

At last, Preston cracked a smile. "Yes," he laughed. "That's 'it' as you say."

The woman walked slowly around the bound girl. Preston became more and more convinced that she was the real buyer, as he watched her hungrily study every inch of Suzy's helpless body.

"Nice," she murmured. "Very nice." She looked up at Preston. "I'm Hilda, by the way."

"Preston," he replied.

Referring again to Suzy, Hilda asked, "Where'd you find it?"

"She's a nurse. Saw her at a medical building."

"Nice," Hilda repeated. She leaned down, running her hands slowly over Suzy's shoulders and breasts. Suzy moaned deeply as the delicate female fingers explored her flesh. Cradling Suzy's chin, Hilda whispered, "You're precious, little one. Ready to come home with Auntie Hilda?"

Preston began to speak. "Actually, you should know I've had a minor setback recently, and haven't been able to break her in as well as—" He broke off, surprised as Suzy slowly began nodding her head.

Hilda laughed like a schoolgirl. "Oh, it's delightful," she cooed. "It thinks I'll be easy because I'm a woman." Again she addressed Preston. "That's fine Mr. Smith. I understand your warning, but I'll take it as is. I've always wanted to break in a raw, unwilling, slave. Just didn't want the risk of obtaining it on my own. That's precisely why I contracted with you."

Preston nodded. "All right, then," he said extending his hand to shake Hilda's. "Let's get ... 'it' into your car then."

"Would you be a dear and carry it for me," she said with a wink. "I'm just a woman, you know."

Preston laughed as he hoisted Suzy onto his shoulder and headed out toward the Lexus SUV. "Not at all," he said. "Don't mind at all."

* * * *

Megan raised her head and attempted to yawn but her mouth was already stretched wide from the giant rubber ball

shoved inside. She couldn't believe she had actually slept sitting in the hard chair Joe had tied her to—not that she had much choice in the matter. She opened her eyes and looked around.

“Sleep well?” Joe asked as he stood and walked over to her. He unbuckled the strap holding the rubber ball in her mouth and popped it out.

Megan worked her jaw and licked her dry lips. “No,” she muttered.

“That'll change once you realize you're never going back to your old life. I phoned Jon and left a message we were running off together.”

“What? You son of a bitch!” she shrieked, her cries waking her roommates in bondage.

Joe smiled at her. “Thanks. That's what Jon's probably thinking too. Shame he can't call back and tell me how he really feels.”

“Why can't he?”

“Phone's dead. I didn't bring the charger with me,” he said as he went over to Angel. He slowly untied her from the torturous position he had beaten her unconscious in. Angel was awake, and eerily calm. She didn't resist as Joe released her.

“Figures,” Megan muttered. “I have to go to the bathroom.”

“So?”

“So, untie me and let me go to the fucking bathroom.”

He laughed at her. “Piss in the chair, bitch.”

“That's gross.”

“You'll have to clean it up, too.”

Megan shook her head and looked away from him. Tears welled in her eyes as she imagined her husband's response to that message. He would hate her. Her life with him was over now. Life itself seemed over. She was stuck here in this remote cabin with a seriously unstable brother-in-law who thought it was okay to keep four women bound and gagged, and forced to piss on the floor.

“Joe.” It was Angel's raspy voice Megan heard. She turned to look at the girl who used to be the devoted slave of the late Preston.

“What?” said Joe.

“Take me. I'll be your slave.” Angel stared into Joe's eyes and smiled weakly.

“Excuse me?”

“I need to be controlled. I ... I don't know how to live without a master. And now that Preston's gone...” She let her voice trail off. Her lips quivered for a few seconds as she struggled to control herself. She took a deep breath. “I think you would be the perfect Master for me, now. You're so strong and forceful.”

Megan couldn't believe what she was hearing. Joe had murdered Preston and now Angel was begging Joe to be her master. What the fuck? Was Angel really that much of a two-faced selfish bitch?

Joe looked as if he'd been awarded the Nobel Prize for Greatness. “Really?” he asked her.

“Yes, Master Joe. Please take me as your Slave Angela.”

Joe snorted. "You bet I will."

Angel smiled at him then leaned down and kissed his hand. "Thank you. Master."

"Awesome," Joe said, caressing Angel's hair.

"Now," she said, standing up. "Let's have some fun with these bitches. I'm in the mood to kick a little ass." Megan shivered as Angel turned and glared at Sharae, then Melissa, and finally Megan. "Starting with sweet slut Sharae."

Sharae shook her head and whimpered. Megan could only imagine how sore her tits were after being used as pin cushions. She stared at them, each covered with dozens of tiny scabs from the needles.

"Okay!" Joe jumped up and started towards Sharae. "I think she could use some more of them needles. In her cunt this time."

"Uh-Joe?" said Angel. "Wait."

"What's wr—" That was all he got out before Angel swung her fist around and caught him across the face in a solid right hook. It happened so fast Megan jumped as though she'd been hit herself.

Joe stumbled back but didn't fall. Angel didn't hesitate, but swung her left fist and hit him under his jaw, sending him reeling backward.

Megan cheered silently as Angel looked around the cabin for something to hit him with. Her own scream echoed Angel's as Joe, having recovered, tackled Angel to the hard floor. They landed with a thud and rolled along as they both tried to get the better of the other.

Suddenly Joe screeched and held his groin. He fell off Angel and curled into a ball, clutching his family jewels. Angel stood, kicking him in the head and body.

"Run!" Megan screamed at Angel. "Get out of here! Get help!"

Angel stopped kicking and looked at Megan, Sharae, and Melissa, debating the consequences of her getaway.

Joe was starting to get to his feet, groaning all the way.

"Go!" Megan urged. "Please! Don't worry about us."

Angel didn't hesitate then. She turned and ran out of the cabin and disappeared into the thick forest.

Megan's heart was thumping in her chest as she watched Angel escape. She knew there was no way Angel could totally overpower Joe. Not in her weakened condition. She had to get away. Now she understood Angel had said those things to play Joe, use his massive ego against him. And Joe, the gullible sucker he was, fell for it.

Joe staggered toward the door, but was obviously in no condition to run after Angel. He turned and let out a loud, inhuman scream, scaring the daylights out of Megan. She gaped at him, wondering how such a horrible sound could come out of a human being.

"Shit! Fuck! You goddamn stupid cunt!" Joe yelled at her. "I was about to get her, and you told her to run!"

Megan shrank back in her chair, as much as she could. She swallowed hard as Joe advanced slowly toward her, his eyes burning in fury.

"You are one dead bitch, Meggie."

CHAPTER 33

Preston carefully stacked the money he'd made from the sale of Suzy in his safe. He stared at it a moment. What

good was all this money now that Angel was gone? He'd get her back—he had to.

For a moment his mind drifted off, daydreaming. He remembered how she'd fought when he first captured her after that night at the club. He knew right away that she was different. She was a keeper from the very start.

She'd been so shocked at first that a man would just take a woman like that, but it didn't take her long to come around—not after he showed her just how special she was. The transformation was amazing. One moment she was the indignant woman demanding to be released, the next she was the kneeling slave girl, begging to be used.

He smiled in anticipation of his reunion with the precious love of his life, the woman who had captured his heart and soul when he made her his slave. The woman who had no idea he was still alive. He was going to get her back and make the man who took her pay dearly.

The only thing that had gone right the day Joe shot him was that Angel had been out of the house. Thank God for small favors. She'd been on her weekly trip to town, so she'd worn her special tracking collar. It would be child's play to track her down.

With a sudden sense of urgency, he slammed the door to the safe and twirled the lock. He hurried over to his computer and flipped it on. While he waited for it to boot up, he gazed at a picture of Angel and himself. It was taken at the local fair several years ago. That was the day Angel had worn a tight crotchrope in public for the first time. They'd both been so horny that they had done it in the men's washroom.

At last the computer was ready. He opened the GPS tracking software. Maybe he was still a little weak, but he'd find the strength when he needed it. He had to find Angel and bring her home now. This is where she belonged, forever with him.

* * * *

Angel tripped over a branch and crashed to the hard ground of the forest. She cursed and heaved herself up into a sitting position, then looked herself over. She was still naked. There hadn't been a chance to grab any clothes. Her body was covered with ugly bruises that ranged in color from yellow to orange to purple to blue. Dried blood was caked on her from the whipping Joe had given her.

Gazing around her surroundings, tears filled her green eyes. Everywhere she looked there were thick trees and bushy shrubs. They all looked the same. She had long since lost any sense of direction and spent the last few hours wandering aimlessly in the woods.

She had never felt so alone in her entire life. It wasn't just being lost in the forest, it was the emptiness in her entire being.

“Preston,” she whispered. Tears fell freely, leaving muddy lines on her dirt-smudged face. The love of her life, her Master, was dead, and there was nobody else left for her. Her family had been gone for years, her older sister and parents killed in a car accident when she was still just a child. Orphaned, she was bounced from one foster home to another until she turned eighteen. During that time she learned the dreaded feeling of being unloved, unwanted.

Until she met Preston. When he took her for his own, she knew she had found her soulmate and the world of security she longed for. She was nothing without him. She didn't want to live without him.

What was she going to do now he was gone? Where was she going to go? She had nothing.

An idea popped into her head. Of course. She couldn't believe she hadn't thought of it sooner. After she got help for Sharae and the others, she'd take her own life. There was nothing left for her in this life. She wanted to be with Preston. With that in mind, Angel rose and began walking again. She quickened her pace. The faster she found help, the faster she would be able to join Preston. And that was something she didn't want to wait for.

* * * *

Megan watched as Joe finished tying Sharae and Melissa together, muttering something about them getting

reacquainted with each other. He bound them so their faces were buried in the other's crotch. Their wrists were tied behind them and secured around the other's throat. Their ankles were tied tight and anchored up to the D-rings at the top of their harness gags. Both women were trying not to move to make their situation worse.

Joe chuckled as he stood up. He turned and looked at Megan. "Now it's time for some fun, my dearest."

Megan shook her head. "No. Wait, Joe, let's talk about this."

"What's there to talk about? You're the one who's been coming on to me since the day you married Jon, and now you're acting like you don't want it?" He laughed cruelly as he produced even more rope from his seemingly endless supply. "I don't think so Meg." He walked toward her.

"Please, Joe."

"Sorry, babe. You fucked up. Now I get to punish you." He went behind her and began untying her wrists. "No funny stuff, either."

Megan nodded and remained still as he finished untying her.

"Now get down on the floor. On your stomach," he ordered.

Megan slid off the chair and laid down on the floor. She sighed heavily and rested her cheek on the floorboards.

Joe yanked her arms behind her and wrapped the rope around her wrists, cinching it down and tying several knots. He moved up and bound her elbows in the same fashion, immobilizing her arms.

Megan whimpered at the strain on her shoulders as her elbows came together behind her. She gasped as he lifted her bottom up off the floor and tied a rope around her waist. He spread her open and yanked the rope up into her crotch and tied it off. It was a weird and unpleasant sensation, having her crotch tied. Before now, she had never even thought about it.

Joe next secured her legs together, using all his strength to pull the ropes tight. Her ankles, knees, and thighs were soon encased with the white rope.

Megan wiggled in her tight bonds. "Please, Joe. Untie me. We can have sex right here. You can even keep my arms tied."

Joe ignored her and added more rope to her already bound ankles. He threaded the rope up through her wrist bindings. Then he pulled on the rope, forcing her ankles up towards her wrists.

She squealed in pain as the extremely tight ropes dug into her skin even more as her feet were pulled up. Her body arched severely and her muscles screamed for relief. There was no relief in sight.

He looped the rope back to her ankles and knotted the rope securely. He stood and gazed at the bound form of his sister-in-law.

"You were made for those ropes, Meg."

"Fuck off," she grunted, then groaned as she tried to move in her strict hogtie.

He laughed. "Tsk, tsk." He picked up another coil of rope and tossed it over a support beam in the ceiling. He leaned down and secured one end to the rope forming Megan's hogtie.

"Joe, don't. Please! We can-aaarrgghheee!!" She screamed as her wrists and ankles were jerked upward.

Joe heaved on the free end of the rope, pulling Megan up. Her eyes grew wide in disbelief and horror as she realized what he was doing. With the first heave, her belly still made contact with the ground. But with the second pull, she was lifted completely off the floor, suspended in her hogtie. One more heave, and she was dangling waist high.

He tied the rope to a pole, turned and grinned at her. He leaned against the pole and watched Megan as she swayed like a pendulum of pain. Her body was bowed severely and she was trembling all over. She sobbed uncontrollably. He went over to her and slapped her hard on the ass. "Don't worry, sweetie," he told her. "There's plenty more to come."

CHAPTER 34

The coordinates Preston received from Angel's collar took him far out of town. He followed roads he didn't even know existed. Twisting, turning roads that led ever deeper into the forest. He hoped he wasn't on a wild goose chase. Eventually, the roads became unpaved. His SUV kicked up a constant cloud of dust as he drove. Daylight was waning. He clicked on the lights and kept going. Soon it was dark. The world had narrowed to twin beams of light cutting through the blackness ahead of him.

It should only be a few more miles, he thought. His eyes searched the edges of the road, looking for some sign of a house or cabin. There was nothing but bushes and trees.

* * * *

Angel stumbled along. The forest had gone on for so long, she almost didn't believe it when she finally came to a road. Even though she was naked, she ran right up to it and waited for a car to come by. Soon, she'd be able to get help.

She waited for what seemed an eternity, but there were no cars. It was only some old dirt road, probably hardly ever used, if at all. Again despair swept over her.

The sky was getting dark and she shivered, as the air cooled. There was no sense going anywhere else in the dark, so she decided to find a comfortable spot on the side of the road, and try to sleep. It didn't matter if she was asleep when a car came by. She'd make sure she was visible to the road. Surely, anyone driving by would stop to help a naked girl in the middle of nowhere.

* * * *

Preston slowed to a crawl, scanning for a sign of habitation, but saw the same landscape of greens and browns, bushes and trees. Greens and browns and pink—Wait! he thought. What was that patch of pink back there?

* * * *

Angel curled herself up into a tight ball and fell asleep quickly despite the hard cold ground she lay on. Vivid, frightening dreams invaded her mind. She was being beaten and tortured by Joe again. She hadn't escaped after all. She twisted and writhed on the ground, groaning, as the dream torture continued.

The dream changed, and she was in a warm, comforting place. She'd been rescued again. Strong, protective arms held her close. She recognized the arms. They belonged to Preston. She sighed contentedly. It was so wonderful being held in his arms again. In her dream, she scolded herself. *It's not really Preston. He's dead. But maybe I'm dead too. Maybe I died during the night, and I'm with my Master just as I planned.*

She heard his voice. "Angel," he whispered. "Everything's going to be all right now. I've got you and I'm not letting you go again."

* * * *

Preston cradled the unconscious Angel in his arms. Her body temperature was low, and she was weak from what must have been a savage beating. He draped his jacket over her, trying to warm her up. "Come on, Angel," he whispered. "Wake up. Don't leave me." He felt his eyes well up as he considered he might be too late.

At last, her moans and shivers stopped, and she seemed to settle down. "Oh, Preston," she sighed in her sleep. "At least we can be together like this."

Preston's face brightened. She was definitely coming around. He shook her lightly. "Angel, it's really me. I'm not dead, baby. Wake up."

Her eyelids lifted slowly. She looked up at him dreamily. "Master," she said weakly, "I didn't even think they'd let slavers into heaven."

He burst out laughing. "I don't know if they will, but we don't have to worry about that right now, 'cause we're not dead!"

Suddenly she blinked and slowly sat up, looking around. "I—I'm not dead!" she shouted, touching her own body in disbelief.

"No."

"And I'm not asleep?"

"No!"

She turned and looked at him, tears of joy already streaming down her face. "It's really you?"

"Yes," he laughed.

"Oh, Master!" She threw herself arms around him and squeezed so hard he couldn't breathe. "But I saw Joe shoot you!"

"Ack," Preston tried to reply.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Master," she said loosening her grip on him.

"Still a little sore, right there. And th—"

"Oh, Master!" she repeated, squeezing him again. "I'm so happy! I can't believe it!"

"Urgh," he groaned, as he pried her loose once more. "Try to restrain your enthusiasm a little. For now, at least."

He pulled her close again and kissed her. There was no mistaking the reality of the gesture.

But just as she seemed to be melting into him, she pulled back, her eyes wide. "Oh my God! We have to get back to the cabin!" she said. "Joe's crazy! He's prob-ably killing them right now!"

"Okay," said Preston. "Can you take me there?"

"I don't know. I'll try."

He grabbed a couple of flashlights from the SUV along with his gun. "Let's go."

Wearing only Preston's jacket, Angel led the way back into the forest.

CHAPTER 35

Melissa groaned in despair. Her face was buried in Sharae's crotch, forced to stay there by the way Joe had tied her. In turn, Sharae had her own face in Melissa's twat and was using her tongue to lovingly stroke Melissa's sex. Melissa couldn't believe Sharae was actually getting off on this. But it was obvious Sharae was horny. And Melissa had to admit it *did* feel nice—much better than Joe's harsh abuse. But Melissa would have preferred to have her boyfriend eating her and herself to be untied.

With an angry tug, she tested the ropes as she always did. She gasped. Something was different this time. She was sure she felt a snap in the cords, as if a knot somewhere had come loose. Her heart raced as a glimmer of hope

formed. Could it be? A miracle?

“Awesome!” she heard Joe exclaim followed by a sharp squeal from Megan. Melissa wondered what Joe had done to her now. In a way, she was glad Joe had the other women to torment. It was a terrible thing to think, but it took his attention away from her.

She had lost count of the days since she'd been snatched from her work place. But now, with that little slip in the cords, maybe she could count the days till she was free.

“How're my favorite ladies doing over here?” Joe suddenly was next to them.

Melissa sighed in relief as the ropes binding her to Sharae were loosened and removed. She was left with only wrist and ankle bindings.

“You're so wet, Rae. Such a good whore,” Joe commented. Melissa yelped as he smacked her across the face. “Why can't you be more like her? I paid good money for your skanky ass.”

Fighting her anger, Melissa looked away from him and said nothing. She knew if she did, he would only find another way to torture her. She didn't want to give him any reason.

Joe laughed at her. “Cunt.” He picked up Sharae and carried her over to the bed.

Melissa caught a glimpse of Megan and her eyes widened as she took in the painful position the other captive was tied in. The classic hogtie, Melissa thought, using the unwanted knowledge she'd gained since being abducted. But Megan was also suspended in mid-air. A hanging hogtie. It looked excruciatingly painful. She shuddered just looking at it. In terror, she wondered if that was what Joe had in mind for all of them.

As she stared in sympathy at the dangling girl, she saw a rope she hadn't noticed at first. It was tied around Megan's throat and pulled taut to an eyebolt in the wall. It limited her swinging, but Melissa wasn't sure if that was a good thing or bad.

She sighed as Joe returned to her, preparing herself for another attack. Instead he pulled her up to a sitting position. She saw that he had tied Sharae to the bed spread-eagled.

“Thought you might enjoy watching the festivities,” he said. He sauntered over to Megan who whimpered as he approached. He grabbed the rope that was tied around her neck and pulled up on it, laughing. “Poor Meg.”

Megan's eyes widened and she began to struggle.

Melissa watched in horror, knowing the rope was cutting off Megan's air supply. She gave another yank on her own bonds, again surprised that she felt them loosen a little more. She kept working on the rope. If it kept giving, she'd be free soon. Hopefully soon enough to help Megan.

The break she'd been praying for was at hand. Joe had been either careless or just plain stupid. Soon, he would be the one to pay.

* * * *

Preston grabbed Angel's arm as they neared the cabin. She stopped and turned to him. “Yes, Master?”

He smiled at her, leaned down, and kissed her. He looked her over. As he appraised her battered body his smile faded in a surge of anger. She looked so frail and vulnerable. Sure, she needed discipline now and then, but nothing like this. Joe was going to pay.

“I want you to stay outside.”

“But Master—” she began. He held his hand up and Angel immediately fell silent and nodded. “As you wish.”

“That’s my girl.” Preston rewarded her and himself with another deep intense kiss. Reluctantly, he pulled away. “I’ll be right back. Don’t move, and no matter what, don’t come inside.”

Again she nodded. “Yes, sir.”

He hoped he wouldn’t give her another reason to be afraid as he strode toward the cabin.

* * * *

Melissa couldn’t tear her eyes from Megan as Joe methodically pulled on the rope. Repeatedly, he cut off Megan’s air for a few minutes, then released her as her face began to change colors. The poor girl would desperately gasp for breath, sobbing, until he yanked the rope tight again.

Melissa worked frantically to free herself, trying to keep silent at the same time. It wouldn’t help if she attracted Joe’s attention. She felt the ropes around her wrists loosening bit by bit. Still they weren’t quite loose enough to give her the freedom she desperately needed.

She felt nauseous with despair. How much longer was Joe going to torture Megan? Until he killed her? He had to be stopped.

* * * *

“Oh, my God!” Megan’s mind screamed as the rope tightened around her throat again. Being bound in such a painful position was bad enough, but to be asphyxiated as well? Another wave of panic set in and she couldn’t suck in enough air. Why didn’t he just kill her and get it over with?

Tears fell from her eyes as she silently prayed for the torment to end. She’d had enough.

* * * *

Sharae struggled in her bound position on the bed. She couldn’t watch as Joe toyed with Megan’s life. All their lives were in his deranged hands—except for Angel. Maybe she would be able to get help in time. It was the only hope they had left.

Joe tightened Megan’s neck rope again. Sharae moaned in frustration, yanking on her bonds, but they still didn’t budge. They kept her a prisoner to her terror. She couldn’t help herself, much less Megan. They were doomed.

CHAPTER 36

“Bye-bye, my sweet,” Megan heard Joe say somewhere in the fog that filled her brain. She knew this was the end, and Joe was finally going to put her out of her misery.

She felt her whole body go numb. Her lungs were burning from the lack of oxygen. Yet, somehow she felt detached from everything, as if she wasn’t really there. Was this what it was like to die?

Please, God, she prayed. Take me away.

The fog seemed to thicken around her and she was dimly aware of her surroundings. She closed her eyes and welcomed the darkness that soon would be coming.

* * * *

“Hey! Asshole.”

Joe spun around at the sound of the deep masculine voice coming from the doorway. He stared at the image before him, shaking his head. “No way! No *fucking* way. You’re dead.”

Preston grinned at him. “Surprise.”

Joe eyed his gun on the table by the door. With a start, he realized he was unarmed, and his only weapon seemed miles away.

“Turnabout is fair play, right?” Preston asked, leveling his gun at Joe's chest.

“Look, Pres, buddy—”

“I ain't your buddy, asshole. You're going down.”

Joe shook his head and laughed. “If I go down, you go down. I'll put you out of business faster than you can say ‘slave girl.’ By the way, where's that cunt you call Angel?”

“Far away from your cruelty.”

“The bitch loved every minute of it.” Joe sneered at him. “She fucking got off on what I did to her.” With that, he dove at Preston. A shot rang out as they both crashed to the floor.

* * * *

Melissa gasped in relief as her wrists finally slid free just as Preston burst into the cottage. *Thank God*, she thought. She reached up and unbuckled the strap to the gag that had been lodged in her mouth forever. She worked her jaw back to life as she worked on her ankle bindings.

She watched the two men scuffle on the floor. After Preston's gun went off, it had somehow been flung across the room and both of them were trying to reach it. She glanced over at Megan. Her mouth was in the shape of an “O,” as if she were screaming silently. Her face was a blue and her eyelids fluttered.

“Just a few more seconds,” Melissa told Megan.

* * * *

Preston grunted as Joe's fists caught him in his bruised ribs. He retaliated with a few solid jabs to Joe's mid-section, then tossed Joe aside and scrambled to his feet. He quickly glanced at the women.

Sharae was sobbing on the bed. Melissa was ... freeing herself, and Megan—

Suddenly Joe was up again and he and Preston crashed into the table, sending everything on top of it flying in every direction.

Preston jumped to his feet and side-kicked Joe in the stomach. With his other leg, he gave him a roundhouse kick as he doubled over from the blow to his stomach.

Joe fell on his back, moaning in pain.

Preston stood over him, breathing heavily. He glared down at the man who had abducted and tortured his precious Angel. He remembered her frailness and decided at that moment that Joe did not deserve to live.

He started over to where his gun lay.

* * * *

As the ropes fell away from her ankles, Melissa got to her feet and sprinted over to Megan. She was surprised she could still move after being tied up for so long. Maybe it was the adrenaline pumping through her.

She quickly untied the rope strangling Megan. She leaned down to check to see if the poor woman was still breathing. “Megan!” she cried out.

The poor girl wasn't breathing.

Panicked, Melissa racked her brain, trying to remember the basics of CPR from a class she took ages ago. Lay victim flat ... Arch head back ... There was no time! Melissa crawled under Megan's bound body and grasped her nose with her thumb and forefinger. She leaned up and breathed for Megan.

She watched to see if there was any effect. Still nothing. She did it again, breathing air into Megan's lungs. She felt tears well up and slide down her cheeks. After all Joe had put them through, Melissa felt a bond with the other women. She owed it to her fellow captive not to let her die.

"Breathe!" she cried to the unconscious woman. Suddenly Megan gasped and her eyes popped open. She stared at Melissa, who squealed in delight. She had done it.

* * * *

Joe grabbed Preston's foot and pulled and twisted on it at the same time. Preston yelled and crashed to the floor.

Joe jumped on top of him and used his knees to pin his arms down. He sat on his chest, knowing Preston was already hurting there, then punched Preston in the face, swinging with his left, then his right.

"Hey!"

Joe whipped around to see Melissa standing behind him, holding a heavy piece of wood. Before he could move out of the way, the two-by-four connected with the side of his head, sending him into dark oblivion.

CHAPTER 37

"Sharae!" Preston called to his slave. "Come here!"

Sharae walked in slowly, her steps hindered by the hobble chain that bound her ankles. Her wrists were cuffed behind her. She smiled at him. "Yes, Master?"

"What do you think?" he asked, nodding toward Angel.

She looked down at Angel, who lay on her back on the floor next to Preston's chair. Her ankles were bound to her thighs. A spreader bar was tied to her knees, holding her legs apart, her shaved sex exposed. Angel's arms were held behind her, bound tight at the wrists and elbows. A thick leather pump gag ensured her silence.

Sharae eyed Angel's bound body, longingly. She breathed in the heavenly scent of Angel's arousal. "Good enough to eat, Sir."

Preston chuckled. "Yes, and I know just how much you like to eat."

She blushed. Angel moaned softly behind the leather gag and wiggled as they discussed her.

The doorbell sounded. "Our guests are here. Go let them in, Sharae. Angel's a bit tied up at the moment."

"Of course, Master." She hobbled to the front door. The process was longer than if Preston had just gotten the door himself, but she knew he wouldn't—not as long as he had two willing slaves to please him. She finally got the door open and curtsied the best she could. "Greetings Mistress Lissa."

"Hello, sweetie," the buxom brunette dominatrix greeted her.

"Please come in," Sharae said. She backed up to let the woman, who used to be her fellow captive, pass.

Melissa tugged on the dog chain she held. "Come, boy."

Sharae burst out laughing. Joe was at the other end of the leash, wearing a collar tight around his throat. His arms were bound tightly behind him and his ankles were manacled together. The only piece of clothing he wore was a studded leather penis harness that looked as if it was two sizes too small. His jaw was forced open by the very same

white ball-gag he had used on the woman now leading him in.

“Welcome, Slaveboy Joey,” Sharae whispered. “How does it feel?”

Joe flashed her a death glare.

“I heard that, Sharae,” Preston scolded her from the other room.

She knew he couldn't possibly have heard her, but that didn't matter. He knew she would make some remark to Joe. Besides, it would give him a reason to punish her, which was something she looked forward to.

She followed Melissa and Joe into the living room. Melissa sat on the couch across from Preston. She yanked roughly on the leash. “Kneel!”

With a scowl, Joe knelt next to her.

Sharae ambled over by Preston, looking at Angel in her bondage. Preston stroked her hair. To Melissa he said, “Have you heard any more about Megan?”

Melissa nodded. “She, Jon and their baby are doing fine.”

Sharae remembered how Preston and Melissa had come up with the idea of leaving Megan bound and gagged on her doorstep for her husband to find. They made Joe write a letter, telling Jon of how he had kidnapped, raped and tortured Megan. In the letter, Joe said he was fleeing the country because of his crimes, but instead of fleeing, he became the slave of the new Melissa. Somewhere along the line, she'd realized she liked applying the ropes, especially to bad boys like Joey.

Sharae sighed contentedly. Despite everything that had happened, she had found herself. Just like Melissa had, and Angel before them, and she knew there was no place she would rather be.

THE END

(The story continues in The Slave Girls Trilogy Book II: Heather and Cristel)

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