

Overdrawn - Chapter 1 - A Lazy Sunday Afternoon  
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By Kenna

Rex Stanton relaxed by poolside in the backyard of his home. His eyes were closed as he lay on his back, soaking up the warm southern California sun. He could hear the voices of his children, laughing occasionally as they splashed in the water. He'd carved out a grand life for his family with years of hard work and a few shrewd "investments." In his regular job he bought and sold Internet domain names, a job that until a couple of years ago had brought him a skyrocketing income. Now that the market had slowed down, he still had his "investments" to rely on to support his dwindled, but steady income.

Rex never thought of his gambling as anything but investments. He chose his wagers carefully, but they were still wagers on horses, football, and other sporting events. Through thorough research, he was successful despite the risks. In his heyday, he'd pulled down several hundred thousand dollars a year. It was enough to buy the huge house in La Jolla, send his kids to the best private schools, and get him all the luxuries he desired.

Hearing a shriek, he opened his eyes briefly to catch a glimpse of his youngest daughter, Heather, as she tottered on the edge of the pool and then fell in. Heather was 9 years old, her sleek body clad in a tight, solid blue one-piece bathing suit as it slipped back into the water with a grace that defied the fact that she'd just been pushed in by her brother. It was the suit that all the kids on her swim team wore and she came up to the surface with sure strokes that took her to the other side of the pool swiftly. She stuck her tongue out at her brother.

Though he hadn't seen the actual infraction, Rex saw that Dan was suspiciously close to where Heather had fallen in and caught the little pink tongue as it darted out at the 11-year-old boy. Like his younger sister, Dan was wearing the team swimsuit, a tight, brief suit of solid blue made for serious swimming. The boy dove into the water toward Heather and Rex closed his eyes again with an ear cocked to the sound of trouble. Aside from a short squeal of delight, which told Rex that all was in fun, there was no other sound from Heather.

The man's calm exterior was a mask of denial. His past successes were just that, past. A recent spate of back luck had put him farther in debt than he had ever been. All his wealth was tied up in possessions, like the house, cars, a boat, a plane, and other toys he didn't want to part with. But, he wasn't worried about the debt

he'd run up to this point because of his long history with his lender. Of course, lender was another of his euphemism, this one meaning bookie. His lender, Nick, had gotten rich off Rex's successes in past years and Rex was confident that Nick would let him ride for a little bit longer until good luck returned.

Nick did indeed appreciate Rex's successes. With every transaction, he took a cut of Rex's winnings and Rex had been his big money winner for several years. The relationship had been so successful that Nick considered Rex a friend and had invited him up to his mountain retreat on several occasions. Guests at Nick's retreat were treated like royalty because that was how Nick wanted to be treated. Loan sharking to gambling addicts was just one of Nick's sources of incomes. Between that, drug dealing, prostitution, and selling guns, he was rich enough to have a servant for each of his guests. Even the children had a servant and Nick enjoyed it immensely when little 7-year-old Heather had pompously ordered her maid to, "Fetch me a towel," or "Pick up that trash."

Yes, it had been 2 years since he'd been happy enough with Rex's business dealings to invite him and his family up for a week. To Rex it seemed like yesterday, but he should have seen that he was falling out of favor with Nick. And, while Nick could be generous, he could also be ruthless.

Rex felt the presence of his wife as a cool shade. He opened his eyes and looked up at her. "Better turn over," she said to him, "or else you'll be no good in bed tonight." Knowing that she meant a sunburn would make a romp between the sheets painful, he glanced briefly at his own deeply tanned body. He hadn't been in the sun long enough to burn. He grabbed her around the knees and she gracefully knelt on top of him, their lips meeting.

Liz Stanton had fallen in love with a starving young man with ambition. He was just out of college and she was a sophomore. There was scarcely a minute that went by that the woman didn't marvel at the turn of events that turned her man into a millionaire and their lives into a dream. Her parents had disapproved of the "poor dreamer" some 16 years ago. Her mother had even gone so far as to say outright that she should have married for money and not for love. Now that Liz had both, her mother didn't complain anymore.

Now at 36, she still looked like she was in her mid-twenties. Money, a personal trainer, and good genes made sure she stayed youthful. Her slender figure had been inherited. The fine muscle tone had been earned. Quite aware that her children were close by, she was content with pressing her body against her husband's well muscled body. Later she would want to feel his hands in all her tender places and rub her body against his.

She tried to set a good, chaste example for her girls. Even now she was wearing a one-piece suit though she had the body for the tiniest of bikinis. Her C-cup breasts formed smooth, nylon covered mounds on her chest. The tight suit, blue just like Heather's and Dan's, tapered to a narrow waist and then flared to accommodate her 34" hips. She wore the same suit the swim team wore as a sign of support of her kids. It also gave her no small amount of pleasure to know how much the other swim mom's envied her for the way the suit looked on her.

The remainder of the family was not similarly clad. Rex wore a baggy suit to hide the bulge in his crotch, now even more important with his wife laying on top of him and increasing the size of his bulge. Nina, their eldest daughter, ignored her mother's example and was wearing a small bikini that was a tradeoff between maximum exposure to the sun and minimum criticism from her mother. The 14-year-old was also on the swim team, but aside from practices and meets never wore the team suit anymore. Diana, Dan's twin sister, had recently graduated from the one-piece suit, insisting on looking more grown up like her big sister. Her two-piece suit covered much more skin than Nina's, but neither it nor her one-piece suit could hide the onset of puberty and her growing body.

Liz stood back up and moved to a separate lounge where she laid down on her back. After a minute for the tension in his suit to relax, Rex rose from his position and dove into the pool to cool off. It was a typical Sunday afternoon for the Stanton's, a day set aside for family time. They all went different directions at different speeds all week, but Sunday was family time. With all that he could provide to his children, they didn't rebel against this one rule - after all, family time could just as easily be a quick flight to Baja for the day, an Aerosmith concert, or deep sea fishing. The only criterion was that the family be together with no guests. Somewhere in the house, Rex could hear the phone ringing, but family time meant no interruptions. There was no business urgent enough to detract from the family.

When the phone rang again later that evening, the family time restriction had passed and Rex answered it. "Yo, Rex, long time, bud," said a familiar voice.

Rex bantered back, "Hi, Nick, what are you talking about. Didn't I just see you Tuesday?" He was a little concerned to hear Nick on the other end of the phone. Over the past month he'd been visited by a couple of Nick's men asking for a payment on his account and he'd had to make excuses. The meeting with Nick last Tuesday had been a little threatening, but he'd glibly danced his way out of the predicament with his usual suave promises of certain wins in the near future.

"Well, you I saw," said Nick. "Been a long time since you and the family came up to the mountain," he said, referring to his retreat.

"Has it?" said Rex. He had to think about that. At the pace he was living his life, time seemed to fly past. It didn't seem that long ago. "What, just last year, wasn't it?" He relaxed at Nick's casual tone and the anticipation of an invitation to Nick's retreat. He figured Nick was brushing aside their business differences and reminding him of their friendship.

"Try two years," said Nick. "How about you take a week off and bring the whole family up. I'll bet Heather has grown a foot since I saw her last."

"Sounds great," replied Rex. He wasn't going to turn down his friend and lender and risk insulting him. He was confident that he was still on Nick's good side and the invitation backed up that confidence. Still, he was very aware that he owed Nick a lot of money and didn't want to make a wrong move now. "When did you have in mind?"

"Well, I know a busy guy like you can't just drop everything, but I was thinking about next week? I mean, any time is open, but I figure tomorrow is too quick, so how about you come up next Sunday and plan to stay until Saturday?"

Rex quickly ran through his schedule. His own personal schedule was no problem, but, "The kids have a meet that Saturday. Hate for them to miss practice and can't miss the meet."

"Hey, they can miss practice," said Nick. "We'll take 'em out to the middle of the lake and drop 'em in," he chuckled. They had done that before, even 7-year-old Heather had swum back to shore. They had stayed right there in the boat to supervise just in case, but the kids had all had great time. "And, you can leave Friday evening then."

Nick didn't even mention the Olympic size pool he had at the retreat, but Rex hadn't forgotten about that. "Let me ask Liz," he said. "Just a minute, OK?"

"No problem, bud," said Nick.

"She's not too far," he said as he padded through the house with the cordless phone. Rex found Liz in the kitchen and explained the invitation to his wife. Liz remembered the exquisite treatment that they all received at the retreat and didn't need any convincing. So, the visit was set. The kids, used to getting everything they wanted, were equally thrilled at the chance to go be pampered at the mountain retreat.

There were two things that Liz didn't know that might have made her change her mind about the upcoming trip. First, she didn't know that her husband was deeply in debt to Nick and under pressure to pay him back. Second, she didn't know that

their story was being told on a Lolita bondage web site. But then, neither did Rex, Dan, or the bevy of Lolitas.

Coming Soon

Nick explains a new way for Rex to pay off the interest on his debt.

Liz says, "I'm in the wrong damn story."

Dan's eyes bug out at the unexpected predicament of his twin sister.

And, Nina thought her bikini was revealing...

Overdrawn - Chapter 2 - Mountain Retreat

By Kenna

(bd, d/s, humil, nosex)

The final leg of the drive to Nick's mountain retreat was a pleasure in itself. He literally owned the entire mountain (well it was big hill/small mountain) and to get to the retreat Rex had to stop at a gate at the base of the mountain. After being identified on the video camera, Rex saw the gate open and drove their mini-van through the opening. He drove slowly along the gravel road, letting the pace set the tone for the rest of the relaxing week. It was a beautiful drive and the weather was perfect.

The kids had been watching a movie on the screen in the back of the van, but turned that off. They too were excited about the week vacation and watched the scenery roll by. The scrub oak gave way to a thick pine forest. On the way the family spotted wild life wandering the grounds, virtually tame in the safe environment that the retreat offered. Three-quarters of the way up, the right side of the road opened up to a spacious view of a hidden valley. They could see the lake and make out some of the buildings that made up their destination. From there, the road wound down into the valley, ending in a second gate. This time they were identified by a security guard who opened then gate and let them drive into the compound.

Rex and Liz stretched as they stepped out of the mini-van after the three hour drive from La Jolla. The kids bounded out, memories of past visits flashing through their minds. Heather looked precociously up at the big man that stood awaiting her. Expecting a maid, she haltingly asked, "Are you mine?"

The man was dressed in a black T-shirt that showed his strong chest, thick biceps, and rippling abs. He wore black pants as well, giving an image of an informally dressed butler awaiting his tiny charge. He smiled broadly at the 9-year-old and

said, "I am waiting just for you, my little one. But, first, Master Nick wants to meet all of you."

Heather giggled and said, "My bag is the red one." She brushed past him like he had vanished.

Dan searched for his servant and found himself facing a tall, blonde woman. Like Heather's man, she wore all black. The black tank top stretched across her D-cup tits with little buttons pressing through the thin fabric. In a year or two he might appreciate her figure a little more. For now he just noticed how her folded arms pressed her large breasts up and out. He noticed her, but did not notice his own body's reaction as his little cock hardened at the sight. Two years ago he had a butler assigned to him. Where Heather had smoothly accepted the change in gender of her servant, Dan was a little more awkward. "Are you going to be my b..., um, maid?" he asked.

"I will be taking care of you this week, young man," she replied formally. No one noticed that she dodged the question.

Dan shrugged and turned away from her. He looked over at Diana who had hauled her own bag out of the van with her and placed it at the feet of her butler. The 11-year-old stood staring at the handsome man that was hers for the week. She imagined a massage from him while wearing her new bikini. For this vacation she'd insisted on a new swimsuit, one that was as skimpy as Nina's bikini was. She smiled at her butler and Dan snorted derisively. Just like his stupid sister to pay any attention to the hired help at all. He walked over to her, grabbed her arm, and pulled her over toward their parents.

Just like her younger siblings, Nina discovered her servant was of the opposite sex. Like Diana, she noticed the physique of her butler and brief adolescent fantasies chased through her mind. She did not, however, forget that the man was beneath her as she surveyed him and then turned away. Still, she knew there would not be any boys her own age around and the hunks that she saw attending them would be fun to flirt with.

There were two additional attendants, another man and another woman, equally attractive and equally toned as the other four. Though they didn't distinctly pair off with either Rex or Liz, the two new arrivals knew that the two attendants were there to fulfill their every wish for the week. The woman, a striking brunette, motioned for them to follow, "Master Nick is waiting for you all. Please follow me." She led the troop across the lawn and into the building that Nick called the Commons.

Nick was pleased to see them, immediately tearing himself away from his business and focusing his attention on them. "Great to see you, Rex, Liz," he said. He shook Rex's hand and gave Liz a kiss on the cheek and a firm hug. "And there they are," he said as he looked at the four kids. "You're all so much bigger, I wouldn't know you if you weren't with your parents." One by one he ticked off their names, hugging the girls and shaking hands with Dan.

"Why don't the four of you go find some fun," he said to the kids. "Let me talk with your mom and dad for a little bit. You remember your way around I hope? Paul, Christopher, Tanya, and Alan will help you get settled." He watched as the four adults led their young charges out the door and then motioned for Rex and Liz to sit.

With the kids gone, Nick appraised his two guests. He hadn't seen Liz in two years and ran his eyes over her body, admiring her slender, muscled body. Being a warm summer day, she was lightly dressed, in just a T-shirt and shorts. The T-shirt was tied off right below her tits, showing off the tanned skin of her firm tummy.

Liz was used to getting the once over from other men. She knew she had the body to capture their eyes, but Nick's gaze was a little longer than a once over. She remembered Nick as a gentleman who kept his distance, a sign of respect for Rex. In that brief moment that he'd mentally undressed her, she felt the distance had been closed some. She looked nervously at Rex, who seemed oblivious to Nick's behavior.

"I'm glad you and the family could make it up for the week," said Nick.

"Wouldn't have missed it for the world," said Rex. "You've always been a great host."

"Yes, we appreciate the invitation and you certainly know how to treat guests," said Liz. Despite the feeling she'd just had, she mouthed polite words to their host, certain that he'd meant nothing by the extended gaze.

Nick smiled at them. He was going to enjoy the next week far more than they were. He'd had to maintain a façade of friendliness toward Rex to get him up to his private retreat, but now that the six of them were there, he had no need for pretenses anymore. "I have some very special plans for this week," said Nick, "but I think you'll find the word host and guest are not exactly the right words to use." Nick's face hardened as he spoke, "Rex, you've been a good friend and a good businessman over the past few years. But, that's in the past. You're screwing me now and I don't much appreciate it when somebody starts screwing with me."

Liz looked in surprise at her husband. "What's he talking about, honey?"

"A few investments went bad," he said to her and turned his attention back to Nick. "Nick, after all we've been through, I thought I'd get a little more understanding from you. I thought we had a deal."

"A few investments went bad," snorted Nick. He looked at Liz, "He hasn't told you, has he?" He looked back at Rex. "Haven't told the wife that you're a gambling addict?" Back to Liz, "He owes me over half a million and says he'll pay up after his next big win. At the rate he's been going lately, he's not gonna have another big win."

"Half a million, Rex?" she said to her husband.

"Yeah, but Nick, you said..."

"Shut up, Rex," said Nick. "I said I'd wait for payment. But, I didn't say I'd wait for the interest. I'm collecting the first of those interest payments this week."

"I don't have the money, Nick," said Rex.

"No problem," said Nick. "Money's not the only way you can pay your debts around here. Mind you I'll only take money for the principle, but there are other things you've got that I want that will do for a down payment on the interest."

Liz didn't miss the implication of that. Combined with the look that he'd given her, Liz understood Nick's intent. "Shit, Rex, let's get the kids and get out of here." She started to rise, but strong hands held her down in the big chair. "Hey, let go of me," she insisted.

Rex, too, reacted. Now that Liz had sounded the alarm, he didn't like the feeling of isolation and the fact that his kids were out of sight. Nick had implied that they weren't guests and guests definitely weren't treated like this. His attempt to stand was also thwarted as he felt the weight of a big man on his shoulders. A thick arm went around his neck, choking him and holding him down at the same time. As he stopped struggling, the arm relaxed enough to let him breath.

"If you want out of here alive, bud, you're gonna have to be a good boy and play the game with me," said Nick menacingly. He glanced over his shoulder, drawing attention to a man with a gun. Rex was suddenly aware of the number of bodyguards in the room. One was holding him, one held Liz, there were a couple others behind Nick, and motion to either side of him told him there were even more. His blood ran cold as the threat sank in. They were not guests - they were prisoners and Nick wanted some form of payment from them. The enormity of the expected payment hadn't hit him as it had Liz. As a woman, she was always aware



of the vulnerability of her sex and how quickly she could be taken advantage of. The mere fact that Nick had brought her there and discussed payment made her realize that she was probably the payment. There was a small relief in the knowledge that her kids were not around, but there were two things wrong with her reasoning. First, she didn't realize that she alone would not suffice for payment. Second, she still didn't know she was on a Lolita bondage web site. And, attractive though she was, she wasn't a Lolita.

Nick held out a leather collar, "Take it, Liz, and put it on."

"Put it on what?" asked Liz, knowing the answer.

"Your neck, bitch," said Nick. "Don't act stupid."

"Nick!" said Rex with surprise. "That's my wife you're talking to." His eyes widened as the grip around his neck tightened again. "Accck," he said just before the grip loosened again.

"Shut up, asshole," said Nick. "New rules. Don't speak unless spoken to and don't forget to call me Master Nick." He stared at Rex for a few seconds to make sure his point was made and then looked back at Liz. "The collar, bitch."

Liz looked briefly at the leather collar she held. It looked just like a dog collar, except for three black lumps on the outside. The black plastic lumps were about an inch long and half an inch high, and were spaced evenly around the collar. She examined the latch and figured out that once it went on, she could easily take it off. "What about my children?" she asked, wanting to make sure that they were safe.

"Put it on, or I'll put it on Nina," said Nick, taking away any bargaining room Liz thought she might have. His threat was carefully worded to make it seem like she had a choice between herself as the payment or Nina as the payment. What she didn't know was that he had another collar for her daughter, too.

Liz was momentarily satisfied that her children were safe. The woman's hands trembled as she brought the collar up to her own throat and wrapped it around. She looked purposefully at her husband as she pulled it tight and then fastened it, pointedly telling him with her eyes that it was his fault she was being treated like this. The feel of the leather was demeaning, just as it was meant to be, telling her that she had just become a pet for Nick. She hoped it was just for the day, but didn't know for sure. Her hopes were dashed when the hands on her shoulder suddenly tightened, holding her down firmly and the only woman bodyguard in the room approached her. Liz saw a little padlock in the woman's hands and as she felt

it click into place on the collar, she changed her mind about being able to take the collar off any time she wanted.

"Got one for you, too, asshole," said Nick as he tossed a thicker collar to Rex. It landed in his lap and he caught it to keep it from sliding off. Nick looked in his eyes. "Hmmm, thinking about being brave when Bruno lets go of your throat? Gonna jump up and fight them all? Don't try it. I'd prefer you weren't bruised, but they'll do it if they have to. I'd prefer you weren't dead, but dead sends a certain message to other of my business partners who might think about screwing me. Put the collar on and don't try anything." He nodded his head at Bruno.

The arm disappeared from Rex's neck and he thought briefly about a fight for freedom, but Nick was right. With no other option, he fastened the collar around his neck and let the woman padlock it permanently in place.

Nick nodded at the collective body of guards and they descended upon the two new slaves. Caught unawares and afraid for their lives, the two could only sit still as they each had a rope tied to their right arm, run under the big stuffed chair, and tied to their left arm. A second rope was tied to an ankle, run behind the chair, and tied to the other ankle. They were bound helplessly into the big chairs. When Nick returned his attention to the captives, he said, "Katrina, you stay, the rest of you can go now." That left only Nick and the female bodyguard in the room.

Nick waved a little black box around, making sure they could see it. "I need your cooperation for the week," he said. "I'm not asking for it. I'm telling you. You will cooperate or else. You understand?"

"Cooperation with what?" asked Rex.

"Everything, asshole," said Nick. "I said that wrong," he shook his head as he chided himself. "Cooperation is the wrong word. You're my slaves for the week and you'll do everything you're told. I won't even give you another option. There is no or else. When I say jump, don't ask how high, just jump. If you don't, I'll make you do it. Got it?"

"This doesn't fix anything," said Rex.

"What about the kids?" said Liz at the same time.

Nick answered them one at a time. "This makes your interest payments, asshole, but you're right about it not fixing anything. After the week is over, you still owe me half a million dollars. As for your kids," he turned to Liz. "They'll be getting their own collars shortly."

"No!" shouted Liz. "Aaaaaaeeeeee, aaggghh," she screamed as Nick pushed a button on the box he held. She jerked against the ropes that held her hands down. Her eyes widened at the pain that emanated from the collar around her neck.

Nick smiled. "Shock collar, bitch," he said. "Wanna argue some more?" His thumb was poised over the button again.

"Not the kkkk, aaaaaa," she attempted to argue.

"Stop it!" said Rex. "Aaaaaaaa, gggaaa," he added, getting his first taste of the pain. His hands instinctively reached for his throat, but didn't move from their bound position. He tensed against the ropes, pulling pointlessly.

Horror shot through Liz's mind and body on the heels of the pain. She was tied to a chair, collared, and at the mercy of a vindictive asshole. They were miles from anywhere, expected to be gone for a week, and no one knew where they were. She saw her own vulnerability and imagined what Nick could do with her for a week. Her husband could do nothing to protect her and they were cut off from the resources of their home, money, and everything else. And, if that wasn't bad enough, Nick said he had collars for the kids, too. She turned to Rex and said, "The kids!" Then she choked in pain as Nick silenced her again.

Rex was still pulling on the ropes, hoping beyond hope that something would give. He had the same terrible feeling as his wife and her last exclamation to him only served to heighten it. He had three innocent daughters that he had worked hard to protect from the harsh realities of the world. But, he had no such innocence and images of them collared didn't stop there. He knew what the stakes were.

Katrina stepped toward Rex. Running her hands up his straining arms, she said, "I love watching a man struggle like that. I especially love it when he can't do a thing about it. Master Nick says I get to train you this week. We're going to have some fun, boy toy, aren't we? You gonna make Mistress Katrina happy?"

"Get aw-akkkk," said Liz, protesting the woman's proximity to her husband.

Katrina was a beautiful woman. At 5' 4", she was compact, athletic, and very domineering. She turned back to Nick and took the box from his hands. She pressed her face close to Rex's face and said, "I guess wifey poo doesn't like me fussing over her little man, does she?" Rex felt the woman's hand run up his left arm, the arm that Liz could see. "But, I just love a strong arm, and a strong chest." Her hand ran over Rex's chest, down to his waist, and up again, but now underneath his T-shirt. "Wanna know what I think of wifey poo?" she cooed in Rex's face.

Rex was afraid to move or speak. He simply sat, a boy toy for the woman who owned him now. One wrong move and he'd get shocked. He was imminently aware of that small box in the woman's hand as she rubbed it against his right arm.

"Give me a kiss, boy toy," said Katrina. She leaned forward.

Rex turned his head to the side, looking at his wife. "Aaaaa, God, Jesus Christ," screamed Liz as Rex watched her. His head jerked forward again in amazement. He'd expected the pain in his own throat. He was eye to eye with the lovely, but dangerous brunette. Her breath was warm and sweet on his face. He hesitated, knowing what was expected of him. It was torment for him, knowing that he was being used as torment for his wife. He felt the pressure of the box on his arm as Katrina pushed Liz's button again. "Aaaaaa." He put his lips on Katrina's and felt her push her tongue into his mouth, taking him against his will.

Katrina broke the kiss and said, "Well, so boy toy can learn, can't he. Not much of a kisser, but I'll give you an A for effort. It's a start. Wonder what I'll have you doing by the end of the week." Katrina strolled over in front of Liz and pulled her tank top up and off, displaying a firm set of tits the size of grapefruit to the captive woman. "Think I'll get the boy toy to suck on these now." She strolled back over to Rex and pushed her bare tits into his face. "Do it for the wifey," she said.

Rex obliged his mistress, too afraid to not suckle on the big nipples so close to his face. He heard Katrina softly whisper, "Damn, I wish you hadn't done that. I kind of liked making the bitch scream."

Katrina straightened up and walked back in front of Liz. "Now, I want you to suck on my tits, bitch, or else," she waved the box prominently, letting Liz know what the 'or else' was. Liz wasn't exactly bent on revenge on her husband, but she also wasn't very eager to suck on another woman's tits. So, when Katrina leaned close enough for Liz to suck on them, the mother of four simply stared at the bare tits. "You know what's gonna happen if you don't suck," said Katrina, her eyes wandering over to Rex as she pointed the box at him.

Rex grit his teeth in preparation for the pain. To his surprise, Liz screamed, "Aaaaa, kkkk, God Almighty."

Rex could hear Nick chuckling. "Thought I'd make my precious boy toy scream, bitch?" asked Katrina. "I like doing you better. Now, please don't suck my tits, because I want to make you scream again. I like it." She leaned forward, daring Liz. The bound woman leaned her head forward as far as she could, pressing her

lips against Katrina's nipple and sucking on it. She wasn't going to risk the pain again.

Nick chuckled again and said, "See, bud, there's a little lesbian in all of 'em. She looks like she's enjoying it, doesn't she? I know I'm enjoying the show. Cha-ching, there goes a payment toward your interest. Damn, it's gonna be a fun week... well, maybe not for you two."

Katrina untied the two and as she did, male bodyguards magically appeared again, their presence cowing Rex and Liz into obedience. Nick started toward the door, "Let's go see what the kids are up to."

While Rex and Liz were learning their place for the week, the kids were being led a little further down the rosy path of being guests. Dan's "maid" and the girls' "butlers" got them sodas and snacks. Then, the four of them changed into swimsuits and headed for the pool to swim some laps. Practice in the pool was part of their agreement with their parents in exchange for a fun weekend of luxury at the retreat.

So, when Nick, Rex, and Liz along with the entourage of bodyguards went looking for the kids, they were still at the pool. As they caught sight of the kids, Nick said, "I want you to know that just because the kids are around doesn't mean that you're not still slaves and still subject to absolute obedience. And, I still have the control box for your collars." He knew that the two parents hadn't had a strict enough indoctrination that they would obey him absolutely. The concept of slavery had hardly had a chance to settle into their minds yet. But, they soon would know just what he was talking about.

As they got to the edge of the pool, Nick said, "Alan, take care of Dan now." The big man moved swiftly to grab the surprised 11-year-old boy. Christopher pulled the boy's hands behind him and cuffed them and then did the same to the boy's ankles. Dan sputtered and shouted at them to stop, but to no avail. The small boy's struggles were useless. Too many of Nick's bodyguards were too close for Rex to even think about trying to defend his son. To top of the boy's bondage, a large weight was attached to his ankle cuffs. Alan casually tossed the helpless boy into the pool where he sank like a stone.

Now Rex did move, trying to push past the guards to dive in to save his son. But he was seized and held firmly. Nick turned to Liz and said, "Get every stitch of clothes off now, bitch, and Alan will pull the boy out."

Liz hesitated just a second. Once this was done, there would be no hiding from the kids the fact that this was not your typical family vacation. She looked at her

three daughters. Nina was staring at her, while Heather and Diana stared at the spot where Dan had just disappeared. She quickly yanked her T-shirt over her head and skinned off her shorts. Almost as one she kicked off her shoes and shorts. She was barely aware of Rex's struggles as she focused on the fact that she was the only one who could save their son. There was no hesitation as she fumbled for the catch of her bra and pulled it free. Last, she slid her panties down, completing the job of stripping in less than 20 seconds.

Nick was happy with Liz's quick reaction. He hadn't wanted to lose the boy that quickly. He planned to use him as a lever for the whole week, but if Liz hadn't reacted, Nick would have been forced to let the boy drown just to prove his point. Now he knew that Liz was beginning to get the idea of her situation.

Alan dove into the water and pulled up the heavily weighted boy. Dan gasped as his head cleared the surface and then he screamed. The broad valley absorbed the shrill sound. Nick knew that even a gunshot would not penetrate to the edges of his property, much less a boy's scream. As the confused and frightened boy was pulled out of the water, he stared at his nude mother.

"Nick, this has gone...aaaaaaa, aaaggg," said Rex, his voice ending in a straggled gasp.

"Did somebody speak to you, asshole?" asked Nick.

Rex shook his head.

Nick turned to Liz and said, "Put your hands on top of your head or else." Her hands had been covering her tits and pussy, but now sprang to the top of her head.

"What's going on?" yelled Nina. Everything had turned topsy-turvy in seconds and nothing made sense anymore. The poor girl didn't really want to know what was going on. She wanted it to stop and return to normal. But, the men standing around her all looked at her like she had Lolita stamped on her forehead and she was on a Lolita bondage web site. When she found out that was what was going on, she wasn't going to be a happy camper.

Coming Soon

Dan's eyes bug out at the unexpected predicament of his twin sister.

And, Nina thought her bikini was revealing...

Liz says, "I never thought about doing that to my tits."

Heather says, "You want me to what?"

Overdrawn - Chapter 3 - No Happy Campers

By Kenna

(bd, d/s, humil)

Nick looked at Rex and said, "You want to answer her question, asshole, or should I?"

Rex stared dumbfounded back at the man he thought was his friend. So many thoughts ran through his head, ranging from telling Nick just what he really thought of him to trying to explain to his 14-year-old daughter that they were going to be slaves for the week. He floundered in his own thoughts, trying to come up with the words.

"I guess that means me," said Nick. "Your daddy has been really, really bad, baby girl. He owes me a ton of money and has no idea how he's going to pay it back. In fact, I've gotten the idea that he isn't all that concerned about paying me back. So, I thought up a little incentive to get him motivated. You know what that means, don't you?"

Nina nodded, not sure she understood. "But, you just had him throw Dan in the pool. You can't do that. That's against the law," she firmly stated as if she'd just settled the whole matter.

"I can't?" asked Nick. His tone mocked her and she knew right then and there that her words had meant nothing to him. In fact, Dan was still standing perilously close to the pool and Nick stepped over to him. He grabbed the young boy's arms and tipped him over the edge. If he let go now, Dan would fall right back in.

"Don't, no, please don't," screamed the 11-year-old as he looked over his shoulder at the depths of the pool.

Nina blanched at the thought that she had just provoked the man to drop Dan in again. "I mean, you, you... shouldn't. You don't have to. Please don't hurt him."

"Would you take off your swimsuit to save his life?" asked Nick. "And put your hands on top of your head?" He let go of one of Dan's arms. The boy screamed again and Nina jumped.

Nina looked around at all the men staring at her. Her dad and brother, Nick, and all the "butlers" would see her naked. She looked at her mom, standing there on full display to everyone. "Yes, if that's what you want," she said finally.

Nick let go of the boy's arm and with a last scream, Dan splashed to the bottom again. He looked at Nina and said, "Don't move." He turned to Rex and said, "Your turn. Take everything off, daddy."

Rex moved as quickly as his wife had, stripping off his shirt, kicking off his shoes, and then pulling down his shorts and underwear as one. He straightened up, placing his hands on his head without being told. He wasn't very impressive looking, the fear and humiliation had his cock shrunk up so it was almost hidden amongst his pubic hair. Alan dove in again to retrieve Dan and brought him up gasping.

As he caught his breath, Dan didn't scream this time. "Please, don't again. Mommy, I'm scared," he whined.

"Honey, aaaakkk," said Liz, her hands flying to her throat to try to relieve the pain.

"Hands up, bitch," said Nick, waving the box menacingly. When her hands were back in place, he said, "You have to learn that the collar won't come off and you can't stop the pain once it starts. The only way to stop it is to be a good girl and learn the rules. So, just to make sure you understand the whole idea, I'm going to press the button again. If you move your hands, I'll keep doing it until you learn, got it?"

Liz nodded. "Aaaaaaa," she screamed, keeping her hands glued to her head. She was intensely aware of the fact that she was getting the brunt of the pain, but it was her husband that had gotten them into this predicament. Silently she cursed him, but cursed herself as well for provoking her tormentor into punishing her repeatedly.

"Now, precious, it's your turn," said Nick as he turned back to Nina.

The 14-year-old saw the man next to her move. The man that she thought was going to be her butler, Paul, was in fact, her trainer. He had a collar in his hand that he placed on the young girl's throat. Nina saw the same dog collar that her parents were wearing and knew how it was being used on them. "Oh, God, no," she said. Her hands moved up to grasp Paul's hands and her eyes pleaded with him to stop. But, another set of hands grabbed her hands and pulled them back behind her. In seconds Christopher cuffed Nina's hands behind her back while Paul completed the job of collaring her and locking the collar in place.

With the girl collared, Paul made sure that everyone knew he had the remote control that would send shocks of pain into Nina's throat. He relished the thought of what he would get to do with the girl for the week, but for now he knew that Nick wanted to take the first steps with her. The boss walked up to Nina who stood shivering, waiting for the man who had always been so nice to her, waiting for him to abuse her.



With a flick of his wrist, Nick produced a slender knife and passed in front of the frightened girl. She was too scared to move and even if she hadn't been, there was no place to run, no place to hide. He put the knife between her small breasts and cut through the nylon of her regulation swimsuit, down between her breasts all the way to her navel. He stepped back to admire his work, a narrow V of skin showing from top to bottom. Nick walked behind her, using his hands to keep her from turning with him. Her eyes pleaded with her parents as the knife slipped down her back, parting the thin fabric of the suit from between her shoulder blades to the top of her well rounded ass. He made another cut under her right arm, slicing the material all the way to her hip, leaving just a half inch of material so the suit didn't fall off yet. She didn't dare move for fear that the knife might slip and cut her. A final cut went down her left side from her underarm to her left hip. The miracle of nylon kept the suit in place enough to cover her small tits, but not for much longer.

Nick was behind her again. He leaned forward to whisper in her ear. "Mommy and daddy can't protect you now, baby girl. Snip, snip with my knife and everybody's going to see your cute little tits. What do you say to that?"

She felt all the eyes on her as her mind imagined the last bit of her suit falling away. Aside from other girls in the locker room, no one had seen her tits. And in the locker room, no one paid any attention to each other's bodies. They showered and dressed and then they left. Here everyone was looking at her. She couldn't see Nick's face to see that no amount of pleading would make a difference. He put the knife under the strap on her right shoulder. "Don't, please," she begged.

Snip said the knife as it cut through the strap. The right side of the suit fell and she blushed bright red at the smiles that lit up the men's faces. Her hands were bound and she couldn't move to cover herself. She felt even more uncomfortable when she noticed Tanya staring, and then the woman licked her lips.

"Nice tits," said Paul softly. He was in his mid-twenties. A handsome man with a physique that made women drool, he could have nearly any woman he wanted. Today he would have this little girl. He smiled at the sight of her blush. His comment had made her blush even deeper.

"Oh, God," breathed Nina softly as she felt the knife part the strap on her left shoulder. The suit fell completely down, exposed her tits and tummy, barely catching at her slender hips. "Please..." she started to say before realizing that words would do nothing to stop the slow process of stripping her. A quick cut at her left hip and then her right hip finished the suit and the remaining shreds fell to the ground. Her breasts were the size of oranges, small and perky, capped with

nipples the size of quarters. To her further embarrassment, the evaporation of water from her suit had chilled her nipples and they stood out hard. Her pussy was lightly covered with curly hair that framed, but didn't hide the slit between her legs.

"Lovely, Nina," said Nick. "I think all the men want to fuck you right now. Would you let them?"

"No, no way," she protested. "I haven't ever... I don't want ... no." This man had thrown her brother into the pool to drown. She knew that rape would be nothing to him. She found his eyes and argued with them. Her blue eyes pleading with his hard steely grey eyes came up short. And, she started to cry. "You're going to anyway, aren't you?"

"Yes, baby girl," said Nick. "Every one of them is going to. But first..." He stepped back and Nina didn't see the motion he made to Paul.

Nina watched his retreat and said, "What...?" She felt the sudden sharp pain of the electric charge as it shot from the collar into her neck. "Aaaaaaa, eeeee," she screamed. "Oh, God, mommy, daddy, please, make ... aaaaaa, eeeee, aaak." She hopped up and down in pain with every eye watching those tender young tits bounce freely. "Please, d...oooooooo, aaaaa." She finally looked at her new master, Paul.

"Shut up, you stuck up bitch," said Paul. "Shut up or I'll shock you until you do." He showed her the remote control to emphasize his point. I'm in control, his motion said. Her mouth snapped shut and she stared at him in disbelief. Nude, bound, and in pain, the word bitch rang in her ears. She abruptly knew what was in store for her for the week.

With Nina silent, Nick moved to the next oldest girl. The 11-year-old Diana was every bit as scared as her sister, but not as plucky. She'd watched her mother, father, and sister get naked quickly and had no doubt what was in store for her. Worse, she was embarrassed at the thought of being naked, but also embarrassed at the fact that her mother and sister at least had some tits and pussy hair to show.

Nick still had the knife in his hand as he approach the trembling preteen. "You want to go the way your sister did or do it yourself?" He asked her.

She stared at him mutely and then extended her hand to take the knife from him. Nick laughed at her misunderstanding. "No, no, baby girl, not cut it off yourself, just strip the suit off and show us that cute little body of yours."

Her hands went to the straps of her suit, but Nick stopped her. "Hang on," he looked at Rex and said, "Jeez, your little girl is so eager to get naked for us." He glanced back at Diana and was not disappointed as she blushed bright red. "First, Christopher has a present for you." Indeed, Christopher, as her new owner, had her collar and put it around her neck as she held still for him.

"You won't have to use it," she said, so afraid of the pain that she would do nearly anything to avoid it. "Aaaaaaeeee," she screamed as Christopher showed her just how wrong she was.

"First rule, honey, is don't say anything unless somebody asks you a question, got it?"

Her mind focused on just how unfair this was. She'd come for a grand vacation and everything was spoiled. She didn't want to do this. She didn't want him to make her hurt. "Aaaaaa," she screamed, looking at him in shock and surprise.

"On the other hand, if I do ask a question, you answer it, got it?"

"Y-yes, um, yes, sir," she said.

"My name is Master Christopher to you," he said.

She stared suspiciously at him for half a second before she replied, "Yes, Master Christopher." It wasn't a question, but it seemed he had wanted an answer. She chose right and breathed a sigh of relief when no pain followed her words.

Nick cut back in. "See that diving board, baby girl?" She nodded. "Go out on the very end of it where we can all see you real good and then take off your bathing suit."

Diana stood and stared at the diving board and its complete exposure to everyone. She shook her head in disbelief. Nothing could have been more mortifying to her. A tear rolled down her cheek as she shuffled to the board. She walked out to the very end of it, aware that every eye was on her.

"Don't fall in the water," called out Nick. "Once that collar gets wet, it hurts even worse."

The 11-year-old paused and looked at the group that stared at her. Utterly mortified, her intuition told her there was more to this than the small group that she could see. She could feel her nipples harden from the mixture of the damp suit, cool air, and humiliation. With her mind's eye she could see others watching, readers downloading her on a web site, and her moment of shame shared for

eternity for everyone to read about over and over. It was too much for her and she froze.

Seeing the girl pause, Christopher reminded her that she had no choice as he pressed the button for her collar. "Aaaaa," she screamed, her hands clutching at the leather around her neck. She teetered on the board and then fell off the side into the water. Now panicky, the normally powerful swimmer flailed in the water, struggling to keep her head up and somehow keep the collar dry. It was too late for that and another press of the button by her master and she knew just what Nick had meant about a wet collar hurting worse. "Aaaaaee," she screamed briefly before slipping under the surface.

"Oh, damn, I would prefer that she didn't drown," said Nick. His words chilled the two parents more than anything they'd heard so far. He said it like it would be an inconvenience, not a tragedy if she were to die in the pool. "Alan, would you mind, you're already wet, would you pull the stupid bitch out?"

With a shrug, the big man dove into the pool yet again and pulled out the witless 11-year-old. As Alan brought her to the side, Christopher pulled Diana out. "Plan B," said Nick and Christopher nodded. He pushed Diana to the cement, face down. With a knee in her back, he pulled her arms behind her and, like an expert steer roper, looped a rope around her elbows. He pulled the rope tight with her elbows together and used the rest of the rope to tie her wrists as well. Rex got the feeling that they had done this before and watched helplessly as Plan B unfolded.

Christopher took a second, longer rope and ran the center of the rope across Diana's upper back. He pulled the long ends of the rope under her arms, gathered the ends together in front of her, and lifted the girl off the ground like she weighed nothing at all. He held the ends of the rope bunched together just over her head, using them as handle with one hand while, in one motion, he pressed Diana's back up against the 6' chain link fence that surrounded the pool and tossed the ends of the rope over the fence. Tanya was already waiting on the other side of the fence to catch the ropes. She pulled them tight and tied them off, leaving the 11-year-old girl suspended a foot off the ground.

Not finished, Christopher made use of a couple other short pieces of rope to tie Diana's feet to the chain link fence. He spread her legs wide and tied her feet about 4 feet apart. As he did that, Tanya pulled the girl's shoulder length hair through the fence, pulling her head back so she couldn't even see her tormentors anymore. Diana was already a picture of erotica in the tight suit. With her hands and elbows tied behind her, her chest, tummy, and pussy were pushed out. Her

spread legs accentuated the view of her cunt as the material of her suit slipped into the hairless slit.

Dan's eyes bugged out at the view of his sister. She was still wearing her suit and he could see everything. He'd tried to get his twin to play doctor on a couple of occasions, but she had been totally uninterested. Though his mom and older sister were already nude, his little cock twitched at the thought of Diana being stripped. He didn't have any longer to wait.

Nick used the knife to part the blue nylon right down Diana's chest. He didn't tease the 11-year-old as he had Nina, but instead drew the knife all the way down, then veered slightly to the right and all the way to the leg hole of the suit. He ran his hand under the nylon that did little to cover the bare pussy, copping a feel of the smooth skin before pulling the material away from her body and slicing through the crotch completely. With two final, quick cuts, he sliced through the shoulder straps and pulled away the shreds that used to hide the virgin body. "Nice little titties," said Nick as Diana screamed in humiliation and terror.

It was good for the 11-year-old that her head had been pulled severely back. Embarrassed as she was, it would have been worse if she could have seen the way she was thrusting her tiny young body out at everyone, the way her legs spread to show the details of her virgin cunt, the way her arched back made her tiny titties melt into her body leaving her with just hard nipples and nothing else, and the way her heaving, panting chest only made her look more sexy and more vulnerable than ever.

All eyes turned toward little Heather, who by now knew exactly which web site her story was on.

Coming Up

Liz says, "I never thought about doing that to my tits."

Heather says, "You want me to do what?"

Dan's eyes bug out at his own unexpected predicament.

Nina learns to count all over again.

Overdrawn - Chapter 4 - Getting Down to Business

By Kenna

(Mg, Mg, bd, d/s, humil, oral)

Heather shrank away from Nick as he turned toward her. She'd seen her brother and sister nearly drowned in the pool, her parents and sisters stripped, and Diana

tied to the fence like a piece of meat on display. Whatever was going to happen next was not going to be pleasant.

Liz desperately wanted to rage at their "host," but knew it was fruitless and painful to try. Rex wanted to lash out at the men around him and fight for his family, but he could imagine the disaster that would be. He had to stand naked and docile while Nick approached the last of his daughters. Nick stepped to just a couple of feet from the 9-year-old and said, "Hi, little miss flat chest, I don't suppose this was what you imagined for your vacation, was it?"

"N-no, Mister Nick," said the frightened little girl.

"That's Master Nick," said Nick softly. He reached out and stroked the girl's soft, short hair. Heather flinched as he touched her. "There, there," he said. "Nothing to be afraid of, baby girl. You don't have to be like everybody else and disobey me, do you?"

"Um, no, Master Nick," said Heather. She was still trying to shrink away from the man, but she was backed up against Alan and had no place to go. "I'll be good for you, M-master Nick, you don't have to hurt me."

"We'll see about that, baby girl," said Nick. "But, just in case, let Alan put the collar on you. If you can really be good, then nothing's gonna happen to you."

Heather really didn't have a choice in the matter. She was trapped between the two men and when she felt the collar slip around her neck, she sniffed back tears, but made no move to stop Alan. Her body was visibly trembling in total abject fear.

With the collar in place, Nick said, "Just to make sure the collar is working ..." He took the box from Alan and put his thumb on the button.

"No, no, no!" wailed Heather. "I'll be good. I'll do everything. I'll be quiet." Suddenly aware that she was being everything but quiet, she snapped her mouth shut.

The earnest expression on her face and the way she pursed her lips together made Nick stop. Perhaps she had already learned from her parents and siblings. "I suppose I don't have to do it, if you behave very well, do I?"

"No, Master Nick," said Heather and put her lips back together tightly.

"You'll do everything you're told?"

"Yes, Master Nick," said Heather.

"Good, then let's see. Open your mouth and suck on my finger." He put his middle finger to her lips and she opened her little pink lips just enough for it to slip into

her mouth. She sucked on his finger as he moved it around in her mouth. He had it in her mouth to the second knuckle; it wasn't deep, just a foreign presence that she felt toying with her tongue. She looked up at him, her big, innocent eyes eager to please. Her face asked, 'Am I doing this right?' Nick smiled reassuringly to her and pressed his finger deeper until it would go no further into her tiny mouth. Deliberately he pressed it against the back of her throat and she gagged, trying to force his finger back out. "If you can't suck on it..." he said, his thumb on the button for her collar.

The 9-year-old shook her head and sucked harder on his finger. When he pressed it against the back of her throat, she gagged, but fought against the reflex. He could feel the soft, moist tissue of the back of her throat as it surrendered to his probing finger. "Oh, you are a good baby girl, aren't you?"

Heather nodded, still sucking on his finger. Her eyes pleaded with him, begging for his approval. She was deathly afraid of the shock and wanted desperately to keep the owner of her button happy. As he withdrew his finger, she sucked harder, not certain that it was OK to stop. Only when the finger was completely out of her mouth did she stop sucking on it. Nick's finger came out with a pop. "Can you say cocksucker, baby girl?"

Heather went white at the words, but regained her composure and said, "Cocksucker." She blushed as she said the word. She couldn't quite fathom the reality of the word, but she knew the word cock was bad.

"Turn around and wiggle your butt for me," said Nick, willing to see how far he could play the little girl before she objected. But, Heather wasn't about to object. She turned to face Alan and wiggled her nylon covered butt at Nick. "No, no," said Nick, making Heather jumped at the thought that she had failed and was about to get punished. "You have to bend over to wiggle your butt right. So, bend forward and wiggle your butt." Heather bent as instructed, pulling the blue material tight across her tight, round little ass. In that position, she wiggled her butt hard.

Nick stepped back out of the way so everyone could see her. "Do it again, baby girl," said Nick. "Do it so everyone can see you. Show Mommy and Daddy how a hot little tart wiggles her ass for all the men." Heather blushed furiously, but didn't stop wiggling. Put in those terms, it sounded so nasty to be wiggling her ... ass for everyone, but she didn't dare stop.

Nick walked away from Heather and said, "Come over here, baby girl. Come over where everybody can get a good look." Heather followed him to the center of the

group. "Now say, 'Everybody, watch me wiggle my hot little ass.' Come on, you can do it."

Heather looked at her parents as Nick told her what to say. Neither Rex nor Liz said a word, but Liz felt compelled to nod encouragement to her little girl. It was either say it or get shocked. Heather said, "Everybody, watch me wiggle my ass." She bent, but stopped when Nick cut her off.

"That's not what I said to say. You do it right or else," he waved the box for emphasis. "Watch me wiggle my hot little ass."

"Yes, Master Nick," said Heather. "Everybody, watch me wiggle my... um, hot little ass." She bent over and gave a show for the group. Nick had spent some time gathering the group of bodyguards/trainers for this week. Though his usual bodyguards would never hesitate to carry out every command, he'd wanted to get some help for the week that was predisposed to Lolita bondage and sex. It had taken him a few weeks to get the right people, but as Heather put on her show, Nick knew that he wasn't the only one enjoying the sight of the little tush as it waved in front of them.

Nick moved over to stand between Rex and Liz. "Cute, isn't she, bud," he said to Rex. "Tell you what, I'll give you ten words. You can say ten words, any words, with no punishment. What do you say?"

"You fucking asshole," said Rex, as if savoring every word. Nick counted off each word, displaying three fingers. "Let Diana down." Six fingers. Attention had been on Heather for the last few minutes, but Diana was still stretched and straining on the fence. "Not the kids." With one more word left, he thought about using asshole one more time, but said, "Please."

Nick turned to Liz and said, "How about ten words from you."

If looks could kill, Nick would have been dead on the spot. Liz looked at him with hate in her eyes and said, "You won't get away with this, please, let them go."

"Oh, she's nicer than you," Nick said to Rex. "But, she's wrong. I will get away with this. And, if you don't pay up soon, this could become a regular deal." He looked at Liz's trainer and said, "Katrina, you want to fix up Liz's tits for her?" He stepped away. "Better cuff them both. Don't want to take any chances."

The two nude adults quickly found themselves with their hands behind their back and cuffed, like Nina's. Defenseless, Liz could only watch as Katrina looped a thin rope around her right breast and pulled it tight. Liz stared in disbelief as her tit went from a lovely semi-circle of flesh to a distended globe that quickly started to



discolor. She hated the woman wielding the ropes who only added to Liz's discomfort by smiling as she worked on the helpless woman's tits. Katrina deftly tied off Liz's other breast and then swatted them with her open hand. Liz was aware that the man standing next to her, Bruno, was eyeing her tits and smiling as well. The wife and mother, on her first bondage experience, had never imagined doing anything like this to her own tits. She couldn't believe what they'd done to her.

Nick turned his attention back to Heather who was still wiggling her butt because nobody had told her to stop. "Go over by your sister and grab hold of the fence," said Nick, pointed at the chain link fence a few feet from moaning Diana. When Heather did as she was told, Nick said, "Lower, put your hands lower, I want you bending over like you were before." Heather walked her hands down the fence until she was bent 90 degrees at the waist.

"Tie her hands," Nick said to Alan, who quickly secured the 9-year-old's hands to the fence, forcing her to stay in that bent position. "Keep wiggling your ass," he said to Heather. She obliged him. "Gotta take care of this, though," said Nick. He used the knife to cut through the straps of Heather's swimsuit and lowered it down her slender pre-pubescent body. The girl was afraid to complain and afraid to stop wiggling, so she silently wiggled her ass even as he pulled the suit down her body and past her ass. Her naked ass wiggled delightfully as he pulled the suit to the ground and got her to step out of it.

Since he was already kneeling down by her, he took the opportunity to put his hands on the naked little ass and spread her cheeks. He could see her rosy little asshole and the puffy lips of her bare pussy between her clenched thighs. He put his hands between her legs and with gentle pressure got her to move her feet apart, improving his view of her virgin slit. The scent of the little girl's cunt and the sight of her little ass, still trying to wiggle suddenly hit Nick and he was ready to stop fooling around. "Katrina, you take Rex and Bruno, you take Liz. Training is now in session. Christopher, Tanya, and Paul, you, too. Take your slaves and get started. Alan, Heather is going to entertain me for a few minutes and then you can have her." Except for Diana, the slaves were taken away.

Nick slipped off his clothes and stepped around Heather. With her hands tied to the fence, the little girl couldn't move. Nick stepped between her arms so that he stood directly in front of her. With his back to the fence, his cock was pointing right at Heather's forehead. She looked up at the huge member, getting her first view of a man's cock from just inches away. He towered over her and she looked up at his hairy balls and long thick shaft. She stared in awe, not aware of what was

about to happen, but taking advantage of the opportunity to check out a man's anatomy for the first time.

She blushed at the closeness of his cock, thinking that this was a mistake. Not knowing that she was about to become a sexual plaything, she had thought that the slaves would be naked and the masters would remain clothed. She had thought that being naked was the object, not just a step on the way toward the true objective. She felt Nick's hands on her ass as he bent over her and caressed her soft skin again. His hands wandered up over her sleek hips and under to her smooth belly and flat chest. He toyed with her little nipples until they were hard. Finally, he put his hand under her chin and said, "Time to suck cock, baby girl."

"You want me to do what?" said Heather and her eyes widened as she realized what he meant. She almost protested, but the tightness of the collar around her throat reminded her that there were worse things than sucking cock. It was actually in Nick's favor at the moment that she had not experienced the pain of the shock collar. Her imagination was far worse than reality. She might have balked at the thought if she knew the pain was harsh, but not overwhelming. As it was, after a brief hesitation, she raised her head, eyes watching Nick's face for approval, and sucked on the smooth, soft head of his cock.

She was rewarded with a smile, "More," said Nick. She sucked harder. "Deeper." She slid the cock two inches into her tiny mouth. Her little pink lips spread wide to accommodate the man's cock as it violated her mouth. "Back out and lick it," said Nick. Heather pulled back and ran her tongue over the head of his cock. Nick's cock, eight inches of it, was pounding at the sight of the pretty little 9-year-old attending to his cock so daintily.

Just a few feet away, Diana was getting a different indoctrination to sex. Her painful, stretched position was not eased as Christopher started her training. He simply stepped up to her and put his tongue to her body, licking her nipples to hardness. He used his fingers to pinch them and pulled them away from her body, eliciting ever increasing moans of pain as he did. Then, still pulling on her tender nipples, he licked his way down to her slit and tasted her little girl juices. The flower between her legs was completely open to him as he ran his tongue between her pussy lips and then plunged it into her virgin fuck hole.

Diana, who could see nothing but sky and feel nothing but pain, suddenly was aware of a growing urgency in her body. Warmth started in her tummy and a tingle started in her pussy. The sharp pain in her stretched nipples became like surges of electricity; not painful like the collar, but pleasant like a demanding caress. The tongue in her pussy felt strange, yet it seemed like there was nothing more natural

than to have it opening her, probing her, teasing her, and wanting her. She gave a sharp intake of breath as Christopher found her clit for the first time. The adolescent fantasy of this man massaging her was replaced by a real-life surrender. His hands were on her, all over her, caressing her, and taking her. His mouth was on her most private place, making her want him even more.

The 11-year-old strained against her bonds, not because she wanted freedom, but because her muscles demanded the strain, the stretch, pain, and the pleasure that coursed through her body. The harder she pulled the more pleasure she felt. Her moans of pain had changed to pants of lust. Never had she imagined her body could feel like this. She wanted to plead with him to do it harder, everything harder, lick harder, pull my nipples harder, squeeze me harder, but she didn't dare voice any words to break the moment. Like her little sister she had never envisioned that sex was the object, that this moment was possible, that what was happening was happening on purpose. She strained as his tongue teased her slit and his teeth nibbled on her clit. She strained until she exploded in orgasm, pain replaced by absolute pleasure.

Heather could hear the urgency of Diana's experience, but was in the midst of her first ever blow job and concentrating on making Master Nick happy. She ran her tongue up and down the length of his soft/hard shaft, tasting his warmth, laving every inch of it, and lapping up the precum that salted the tip. As his command, she took the cock into her mouth again and sucked on it. Her eyes widened as it pushed deeper and deeper. It filled her whole mouth and there was more of it left on the outside than the inside. As it pressed against the back of her throat, she tried to stifle the gag reflex that threatened to eject his cock and earn her a terrible shock. She shifted her head, changing the angle of the penetration so that it slid down the center of her throat. As if in the distance she heard herself making slurping and choking noises. Breathing through her nose, she pushed her head forward, eyes still on Nick's face to see the smile that grew wider with each inch that she swallowed.

"Suck my cock, baby girl," said Nick. "That's incredible." He had five inches in her mouth. He knew he was past the back of her mouth. The tightness of her throat was unmistakable. "Suck it all the way down, baby girl," he said. "Suck it all the way down or I'll..." he waved the box for emphasis. He had no intention of pushing the button with his cock between her pearl white teeth, but used it as a prop. Suddenly he had an image of him accidentally pushing the button in the midst of the blowjob. He handed the box to Alan. He looked firmly at the man and said, "Don't worry, baby girl, you're doing fine and nobody's going to shock you now."

He put his hands on Heather's head and grabbed her hair. "Suck me, baby, suck me. I want you to take every inch down your pretty little throat, baby." He used his hands to press her head forward, taking yet another inch of his cock. He pulled his cock out a few inches, feeling the girl frantically trying to suck it back in as if she couldn't stand the thought of losing his cock. But, he stroked it back in and she swallowed it again. After a few more tries, she seemed to pick up the idea of fucking her face with slow strokes. It was no longer an effort for her to suck the cock in past her gag reflex. A quick learner, she breathed between strokes, sucking on the way out, and relaxing on the way in.

Nick felt his balls bang against the 9-year-old's chin and sighed in pure pleasure. He'd never had a girl take to cocksucking so fast before. He began to wonder if Diana and Nina would be such quick studies. But, his mind returned to the moment and he started pounding earnestly into the little girl's face. The sudden increase in pace, the depth of the strokes, and the look on Nick's face brought concern to Heather and her big eyes searched Nick's face for a sign of approval. Seeing that, Nick gave her a quick smile, "Yeah, baby, you're the best cocksucker. I'm almost there. Almost there."

Nick's eyes ran over the cute little bare ass as it bounced and wiggled in time to his thrust. He thought of fucking her tight little asshole, but at the moment there was nothing that would drag him away from this wonderful blow job. "Suck me, baby girl," he said, feeling the rise of an impending orgasm. "Suck me, you little 4<sup>th</sup> grade slut. Suck me for your daddy. Suck me little bitch, cocksucker, suck my cock, you hot little bitch, oh, God, you are so fucking hot." He felt the surge from deep inside as his cum shot into the little girl's mouth. His whole body tensed, but he managed to keep the girl's head thrusting forward and back, up and down the length of this throbbing shaft. Heather's eyes had been big with wonder at each new event, but they were simply huge as she felt his cock spasm in her mouth, seeming to grow even larger as it twitched, and sensed the fluid surging down her throat and into her flat little tummy.

Heather caught the taste of his cum, not unlike the precum she had savored at the beginning. It flooded into her mouth and she swallowed to keep from choking on it. When her mouth was full, it ran down her throat and out the corners of her mouth. She swallowed hard again, wondering when the flow would stop. From Nick's intensity, she knew that she was doing everything right despite the grimace on his face that seemed a mask of pain. She could not have done anything other than what she was doing. Nick's firm grip on her head kept her under control. He moved her head forward and back, controlling the speed and the depth. Finally, he

leaned back against the fence, his rapidly shrinking cock sliding from her mouth, and a smile filling his face from ear to ear. "You did good, baby girl," he said.

Coming Soon

Dan's eyes bug out at his own unexpected predicament.

Nina learns to count all over again.

Diana wishes she was back on the fence.

Heather wonders why daddy is smaller than Nick. And Alan. And Paul. And Christopher. And Bruno.

Overdrawn - Chapter 5 - All Tied Up

By Kenna

(Fb, Mf, bd, d/s, humil, spank)

While Heather and Diana were getting special treatment, the rest of the family was taken away to separate locations. Dan found himself thrown over Tanya's shoulder, who carried the 11-year-old easily. Slung over her shoulder, Dan's head bounced around the middle of Tanya's back and she had her arms around his bare legs to control him. When he squirmed, she said, "You want to go back to the bottom of the pool, little boy?" With a whimper, he stopped fighting against her and allowed himself to be carried across the open field from the pool to one of the buildings. He was immensely afraid of what Tanya might do to him, but the pool frightened him even more.

Tanya took Dan into her bungalow, a.k.a. Dan's slave quarters, where his mistress would toy with him as she desired. Dan was an excellent swimmer and well muscled for a boy his age. Tanya was an athlete herself. Her well muscled body was firmly sculpted and well toned. She was a demanding and powerful sexual partner for any man, but for Dan, she was simply overpowering. The blond towered over the young boy, easily intimidating him into behaving. She set him down so that he was standing on the coffee table centered in the sitting area of her bungalow.

The rest of the family had been stripped in front of everyone. Dan alone had retained his swimsuit, but that was soon to change. The table, 1 ½ feet wide and 5 feet long, would serve as Dan's training and performance area for now. The young boy stood waiting, too afraid to do anything, his only movement was to tremble in fear. It didn't help any that Tanya took her time, knowing that the anticipation was eating at Dan. But, she knew that whatever he was anticipating was probably not as bad as what she had planned for him. The woman appraised the boy's body.

His chest was broad and strong, tapering to a narrow waist. The wet swimsuit clung to him tightly, showing the small bulge of his immature cock. His legs were strong and solid. She walked behind him. He stayed facing the door, too afraid to move, and totally unaware that her eyes were on his ass. It was a well-rounded ass that filled the tight suit well. She wanted to touch it, but that would come later.

Finished with her inspection, she moved back in front of him. First, she pulled a collar from her pocket. Dan swallowed hard as he saw what she had in her hand. "Uh uh," he said, shaking his head. "Don't put it on me." His voice turned pleading. "Please, don't." He didn't dare move to stop her and she placed the collar around his neck, totally uncaring about the distress this was causing him. She fastened it tightly and stepped back.

Tanya pulled the remote control from her pocket and looked into his frightened eyes. "Do everything I tell you and I won't have to use this. If you so much as hesitate, I'll push his button and let you scream like a little girl. Do you understand me?"

Dan nodded and then found his voice, "Yes, m-ma'am," he said.

"Say yes, mistress," she corrected him.

"Yes, mistress."

"Now, you need to understand that I don't care what you want or think anymore. I'll do whatever I want and you'll do everything I tell you to do. Don't speak unless I ask you a question. Don't beg. Don't do anything I didn't tell you to do. When I say do something, do it. Don't hesitate. Don't ask why. Don't try to talk your way out of it. Just do it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Good. Now, I like looking at little boys in their tight swimsuits. Do you know why?" she asked him, wanting to humiliate him.

"No, mistress," said Dan.

"Oh, I think you do," said Tanya. Her eyes went distinctly to his crotch and she stared, noticing that his cock twitched against the tight fabric. She ran her eyes back up to his face and said, "Tell me what I like about little boys in tight swimsuits."

Dan blushed for her, just like she wanted. He shifted his weight nervously as he faced a mental dilemma. He felt like he was completely on display, which he was. He knew she'd just stared right at his penis. He was pretty sure that was part of

the answer. He was used to wearing the suit and never thought twice about how it bulged in the front. But, suddenly he was acutely aware of it and he didn't want to call attention to his embarrassingly obvious penis. "Um, you like looking at my chest?" he offered.

"Oh, you wish, pretty boy," said Tanya. She was amused at how he was dodging the obvious. "Try one more time and get it right or I'll..." she only had to wave the remote control to finish her point. To help him out, she looked squarely at his crotch again and then looked up to his face.

"You're looking at my penis," said Dan. "You... you like to look at boys' penises?"

"I like to look at cute little cocks," said Tanya. "Tell me you have a cute little cock."

Dan blushed again. There was a moment of hesitation. Without warning or fanfare, Tanya pushed the button on the remote control. "AaaaaaeEEEEEEEE," screamed Dan. Like the rest of his family, his hands instinctively shot to his throat to tear at the collar. It was to no avail. "Don't," he whined, a reflex he immediately regretted as pain coursed through his collar a second time. "AaaaaaeEEEEEEEE," he screamed.

"Put your hands down," said Tanya firmly.

Dan's hands dropped instantly.

"Are you going to keep your hands down like a good boy?"

"Yes, mistress." Dan watched her thumb on the button. His eyes opened wide as he saw her press it. "AaaaaaeEEEEEEEE," he screamed again. His hands jerked, but he forced them to stay at his side.

"Put your hands on your ass," said Tanya. She waited for him to put his hands on his ass. When his palms were firmly against his ass cheeks, she pushed the button again.

"AaaaaaeEEEEEEEE," screamed Dan, but his hands stayed right where they were.

"Good boy," said Tanya. "You can learn. From now on, whenever you disobey me and I have to push this button, I want you to put your hands right where they are now. If you don't, I'll keep shocking you until you get it right. Now, where were we?" Done with the discipline, she wanted to get back to the humiliation. "Oh, yeah, you were going to tell me that you have a cute little cock."

"Yes, mistress," said Dan. "I have a cute little cock." He blushed and squirmed nervously. The woman's attention to his cock was unnerving.

"A cute little cock hiding inside that swimsuit."

"Yes, mistress, I have a cute little cock hiding inside my swimsuit."

"You gonna show your mistress that cute little cock?"

"Y-yes, mistress."

"You looked at your sisters' pussies, didn't you?"

"Yes, mistress." Dan wished he could vanish right now. Just entering puberty, sex was still a forbidden and daunting topic for the young boy. To have this woman flaunting his sex and his sisters' sex so blatantly was shocking and embarrassing. Unwanted, the thought of his sisters' nudity came to him and his cute little cock hardened slightly. He wasn't even aware of it as it happened, but Tanya saw it.

"You even looked at your mommy's pussy, didn't you?"

"Yes, mistress." Dan nodded, guilty as charged. "But, I tried not to." He gasped as he saw the slight movement of Tanya's hand. "Aaaaaaaaaa." His hands, jerked for a moment, and then he put them on his ass.

"Answer the question, little boy. Don't do anymore than that." She was disappointed that his cock shrank immediately when she'd shocked him. "Untie your suit," she said.

Dan untied the drawstring that was tucked inside his suit and waited for the next command.

"Take off your suit," said Tanya. She watched with amusement as the boy pulled down the suit and stepped out of it. He stood nude on the table, on full display. Knowing what was expected of him, he kept his hands at his side so the woman could see his cock. Freed from the suit, his cock swelled slightly, Tanya's gaze exciting him. She held out her hand and took the suit from him. Wringing out the suit, she wadded it up into a ball. "Open wide," she said and stuffed the nylon suit bit by bit into the boy's waiting mouth.

With her slave silenced, Tanya took hold of his cock and stroked it. Dan flinched at her touch. She shouldn't be touching him like that. He wanted to stop her, but didn't dare. To his embarrassment, his cock grew longer and harder as she caressed him. "I like playing with cute little cocks," said Tanya, noting how the words made Dan squirm. "Now let's get you fixed up good," she added.

Dan didn't have to wonder very long what she meant by that. She pulled him off the table and then positioned him so he was standing over the low table, his legs



straddling it. She tied his ankles to the legs of the table and then leaned him over the length of the table. She tied a spreader bar to his wrists, locking them about a foot apart. Finally, she had him lean on the table top on his forearms and ran a long rope around the table several times, binding his arms to the table top. The effect was to bend him over the long table with his cute little ass in the air and his cute little cock hanging unprotected between his legs. He felt her hand on his ass and couldn't believe the predicament he was in. He was helpless to prevent her from touching him wherever she wanted and doing whatever she wanted.

Tanya moved around to the front of the boy and removed her own clothes. Dan lifted his head up and watched the woman strip. She had large, firm tits and a neatly trimmed pussy. Her beautiful body made his cock instantly hard, much to his further embarrassment. "You like Mistress Tanya's tits?" she asked him.

"Uh huh," grunted the boy through the swimsuit gag, wondering if it was OK for him to be staring. He was right when he figured that he shouldn't lie to her.

"Bet you wish you could touch them, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Would you like to jack off while you stare at my tits?"

Dan hesitated for a moment. He didn't even want to admit to this woman that he knew what jacking off was, let alone admit that he'd done it. But, she would know if he lied to her. "Um, uh huh," he said finally.

"But you can't 'cause your hands are tied," she said, stating the obvious. "Well, let me help."

Dan squirmed as she stepped around him, but there was nothing he could do. He felt her hand lightly rest on his upturned ass. She rubbed him softly and Dan wanted to die. The woman was touching him in a way no one had ever done before. It hadn't occurred to him ever before or even now that this could be erotic and exciting. It was just humiliating. Her hand wandered to the crack of his ass and reached between his legs to touch his cock. "Mmmph, hmmm," he grunted in embarrassment. In a way it felt good, but she shouldn't be touching him like that and he knew it. "Uh uh," he pleaded as she stroked the length of his small cock.

"You're right," she said. "Don't want you to cum too soon. Maybe never. Besides, that position is just too inviting to pass up."

Dan couldn't see what she was doing now that she'd let go of his cock. He waited in tense anticipation for about 30 seconds and then WHACK! "Aaaaaaaahhhhhh," he screamed as she slapped a wooden paddle across his vulnerable, bare ass. He

struggled against the ropes at his ankles and forearms, but couldn't pull free. Smack! "Aaaaaaeeeeee," he screamed again. "Uh uh, uh uh, uh uh...aaaaaeeeeeeeeee." Tears rolled down the 11-year-old's face as he sobbed in pain. His cock was as hard as ever, but now his ass was on fire.

"Oh, we're just getting started," said his mistress as she pulled out a long, thin vibrator and pressed it against his puckered asshole.

Fourteen-year-old Nina was getting about the same treatment at the moment from her master, Paul. The young girl hung by her wrists from the ceiling of her own slave chamber. She realized that she was going to be nude for this big man as long as he wanted it. She'd even come to accept the fact that her virginity was soon going to be taken by him. But, she hadn't expected the leather whip that he was waving in her face. "What are you going to do with that?" she asked him, hoping he was just trying to scare her.

"I'm going to give you ten lashes, bitch," said Paul. "It's going to hurt like hell and you may scream as much as you want." He paused and smiled at her, wanting her to know he would enjoy her screams. "You can squirm, you can fight, you can scream all you want. But there is one thing you better damn well make sure you remember. I want you to count each stroke and say thank you each time. If you lose count or forget to thank me, we'll start over again. Got it?"

"Oh, God, no," she said. Her head pivoted around as she looked at her surroundings, looking for some hope of escape. Of course there was none. Her nude body was stretched tight between the bindings on her wrists and ropes spreading her ankles. There was not a thing she could do to protect herself.

"That's not a good start, little bitch," said Paul. "You say, 'yes Master Paul' when I ask you a question. Got it?"

"Yes, Master Paul," said Nina, hoping that obedience was the escape from pain.

"What are you going to do with each stroke?"

"Count them. And thank you."

"That's right," said her master. "Practice for me. Say, 'One, thank you, Master Paul.'"

"One. Thank you, Master Paul."

"I'm sure you'll have more feeling when we do this for real." He pulled back his arm for the first blow.

Nina watched as if in slow motion as he prepared for the first lash. She was still hoping that he was bluffing. Then, with sudden swiftness his arm swept forward and her ass exploded in pain. "Aaaaaeeeeeee," she screamed, all thought chased from her mind at the intensity of the pain. "Oh, my God, that hurt," she screamed at him. "Please, don't do anymore."

"What do you say?" bellowed her master.

"What the fuck?" yelled Nina back at him, outraged at the audacity of this man.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because I can," he said. "Because I like to. Now, you forgot to count, so we're starting over again."

Suddenly thought rushed back into the frightened girl's mind and she remembered what she'd been told to do. "One. Thank you, Master Paul."

"Too late for that, bitch," said Paul. "We're starting over. Count this next one for me and start at one. Or else."

Smack! "Aaaaa. One. Th-thank you, Master Paul," said Nina. She was no less outraged at the idea of thanking him for the pain, but she was defenseless.

"Smack! Aaaaaaaaaaaa, two. Th-thank you, M-master Paul. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaeeee. Three. Thank you, Master Paul." After the promised number of blows, Paul was disappointed that Nina had not lost count or forgotten to thank him for any of them. Still, her ass was a lovely shade of red and she would soon be thanking him for raping her.

Coming Soon

Diana wishes she was back on the fence.

Heather wonders why daddy is smaller than Nick. And Alan. And Paul. And Christopher. And Bruno.

Rex gets a tour of the facilities.

Nina and Dan trade mistress and master for a mouth watering session.

Overdrawn - Chapter 6 - No More Virgins

By Kenna

(Mf, Mf, oral, bd, d/s, humil, inc)

When she was taken down off the fence, Diana's aching muscles felt relief for the first time in many minutes. She stretched, but didn't dare cover herself. Besides, they'd all seen her nude and helpless. They'd all watched her cum, totally out of

control. She blushed anew at the thought of losing control in front of them all. Christopher led the frightened girl to her slave chamber for more instruction.

The 11-year-old knew a few things about sex, but just like her twin brother, sex was a forbidden topic and an activity that was hardly real. Any thought of sex had been years distant in her future, but now was suddenly thrust upon her. Once in her bungalow, she shivered under the gaze of the big man. His eyes ran over her slender nude form, making her uncomfortable. Her chest was nearly flat, with just small budding breasts and tiny nipples. Her pussy was virtually hairless. There was nothing that should have excited the full grown man in front of her. But, Christopher had a longing for young girls and this one was perfect.

Christopher started by cuffing the girl's hands behind her, so that there was no doubt of her status and her vulnerability. "In the future, I don't expect to have to cuff you like this, little bitch," he said. "You will place your hands behind you so that I can see all of your charms all of the time. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master Christopher," said Diana.

"I have cuffed your hands for now because you have a lesson to learn and I don't want your hands in the way. You have to learn where your hands belong and you have to learn that nothing will save you from what I have planned for you. For now, I want you to repeat after me. Later, I expect you to say these things without prompting. Got it?"

"Yes, Master Christopher."

"Say, 'Look at my cute little titties everybody'."

"Look at my c-cute little t-titties, everybody," said Diana, blushing.

"Look at my flat little chest."

"Look at my f-flat little chest."

"Look at my tight, hot, hairless cunt."

"L-look at my tight, h-hot, hairless c-cunt."

"I like cock in my cunt."

Diana hesitated, her eyes getting wide at the thought of what she was required to say. "Aaaaaaaa," she screamed as pain shot through her collar. "I like cock in my cunt," she blurted out quickly.

"I like cock in my mouth."

"Oh..." she moaned softly in humiliation. "I like cock in my mouth."

"I like cock in my ass."

"I like cock in my ass." The little girl was wishing she was back on the fence right now. There she'd been helpless, but at least her cunt, mouth, and ass had not been available. She suddenly realized just how close she was to learning more about sex than she was ready to learn.

"I want to see Master Christopher's big cock," said Christopher.

"I want to see Master Christopher's big cock," repeated the slave.

"That's very good, bitch," said the man as he slid down his shorts to show Diana what she had just asked to see. His cock was standing up hard and ready for her. He pulled the tiny girl against him and she felt the hardness of his cock against her belly. His hands gripped her tight ass firmly as he pulled her up off the ground. He lifted her up until she was face-to-face with him. "Want to suck my cock now?"

"Uh uh, no, Master Christopher," she said, shaking her head. She saw the surprise in his eyes and realized that her answer was very wrong. She felt herself slip through his grasp and came to rest jarringly on her feet. He stepped away from her, made a show of picking up the remote for her collar, and pushed the button on the box.

"No, no, please, I... aaaaaeEEEE," she screamed. It was so frustrating to be unable to do anything. Her hands pulled fruitlessly against the cuffs behind her. She stood nude in front of her tormentor, cringing in pain, desperately wanting to run, but there was nowhere to go.

"Want to suck my cock now?" asked Christopher again.

Diana knew what answer was expected, but it was so hard to say it. She barely hesitated though. "Yes, Master Christopher."

"Good little bitch cocksucker," said Christopher. "I'm going to uncuff you now. Your hands will stay right where they are, won't they?"

"Yes, Master Christopher."

As he undid the cuffs, Diana obeyed her master's wishes for fear of reprisal. Her hands stayed behind her back and she learned quickly to let the pain course through her collar without moving her hands. She learned to embarrass herself by describing her preteen body with erotic language. She learned to ask for cock.

"Tell me about your body, little bitch," said Christopher.

Diana recited the words she'd been taught, describing her flat chest and hairless pussy to the amusement and arousal of her master.

Satisfied that she had learned well, Christopher ordered her to kneel and put his cock to her lips. "Open wide and suck it, little bitch cocksucker." The 11-year-old did as she was told. Her lips wrapped around the head of the big cock and sucked it into her mouth. Dutifully she kept her hands behind her back. Even when the cock pushed deep into her throat and she had to fight to keep from gagging, she kept her hands where they belonged.

By late afternoon, the slaves had each had a taste of discipline. Little Heather was the best behaved of them all, never yet having felt the shock of her collar. There was nothing that the 9-year-old wouldn't do to keep from having that first experience of pain. Nick would not have guessed that her imagined pain might be worse than reality, so it amused him that she was so totally under his control with almost no effort at all.

Katrina led her slave into the common area. Rex saw Heather waiting silently in the center of the room. The other trainers were gathered there, causing Rex to wonder where the rest of his family was. Everyone was naked, with the men sporting hard ons.

As she saw her daddy enter, Heather smiled. She'd been told he was coming to see her and she'd been trained just how to respond when she saw him. "Hi, daddy," she said. "I'm a little cocksucker now. I want to show you just how good I am."

Rex's heart sank at the little girl's words. She said them with such enthusiasm that it belied her innocence and youth. By now he'd learned very well that he had to remain silent and take every bit of abuse that Nick had planned for him. So, there was nothing he could do as his youngest daughter stepped in front of Bruno and knelt down.

"Little cocksucker is gonna do it to big Bruno," said Heather as she slipped his cock into her mouth. Rex couldn't believe his eyes as the little girl sucked the whole cock down her throat and bobbed up and down on it. Seconds later, Heather moved to Paul. "Ooo, yummy," she said. "Master Paul's got a big one for me, too." Then, she engulfed his. She moved around the circle, taking Christopher and then Alan.

With dismay, Rex watched Heather kneel in front of him, too. Of all the cocks she'd seen today, her daddy's cock was the smallest. She wondered why he would be smaller than the others, but that thought passed quickly. "Mmmm, gonna suck off my daddy," she said. "Master Nick says daddies like it when 9-year-old girls suck them off." Then she leaned into her daddy's crotch and took his cock in her mouth.

Rex had been flaccid as his daughter worked her way around the room, but now with her talented, tight mouth on his cock there was no way he could keep it down. He felt himself swell in her mouth as she sucked him. She pulled her mouth off his cock and ran her tongue up the length of his shaft. "That's better, daddy," she said, appreciating the fullness of his cock now. It was still smaller than the other men, but not by as much any more. Then, she plunged the cock back down her throat.

Heather had only sucked briefly on the other men for show. She had instructions to finish off her daddy. She was rewarded by the feel of his cock throbbing her mouth as she worked toward her goal. Her eyes ran up her daddy's body to his face as he gazed down at her. Despite his horror at having his own daughter suck his cock, Rex was turned on at the sight. Her sweet young face seemed to enjoy cocksucking and she was very good at it.

Right behind him he heard Nick's voice. "Come on, buddy, we've all done it. She's a great little cocksucker. I know you can't hold out very long. She'll suck you dry and then swallow every drop. Fuck her face like a good daddy. Make her a happy little girl. She loves to suck cock."

In truth, Heather did not love to suck cock. She simply had no choice in the matter and had come to accept her fate. There was no fight left in the girl, so she obeyed her instructions. It was true, however, that she was very good at the demeaning act. Rex was unable to hold back and knew that it was fruitless to try. He felt the cum building in his cock after being whipped, abused, and frustrated for most of the day. With a gasp he came quickly in Heather's mouth, amazed that she kept sucking and never missed a drop.

As her daddy finished pumping his seed deep into her young tummy, Heather leaned back and looked up at his face. "Jeez, daddy, I'm only 9-years-old. How does it feel to fuck my face?"

Rex could feel the ever present collar around his neck and knew that everyone expected an answer from him. "That was wonderful, baby," said Rex. "The best cocksucking I've ever had."

"Well done, buddy," said Nick. "Now it's your turn to show Heather what you've learned."

Rex turned and eyed his tormentor, but saw no sign that Nick was joking. He again was very conscious of his collar and his lack of options. Worse, he could imagine that Nick might shock Heather if he disobeyed. It seemed to be a pattern that his family members were being tortured for his transgressions. Defeated, he got

down on his hands and knees. "Please, Mistress Katrina," he said loud enough for all to hear. "Your boy toy wants to have his ass raped."

The mistress strapped on a long, thick dildo and knelt behind her slave. As Heather watched the woman push past her daddy's tight sphincter, Heather felt Nick's presence behind her and heard his voice. "What do you say now, little cocksucker?"

"I... I didn't think you could really do that. I mean, stick a cock up there. But... but... well, I'm so much smaller than daddy." She had less knowledge of sex than her older siblings, but still knew where a cock was supposed to go. She couldn't imagine that such a big, hard thing could fit up her tight asshole. But, she'd made a deal with her new master. If her daddy could take a cock up his ass, then she would do it, too. In her innocence she thought she'd put one over on her master, but now she knew the truth. "OK, you can fuck my hot little ass then."

Coming Soon

Rex gets a tour of the facilities.

Nina and Dan trade mistress and master for a mouth watering session.

The twins get a very personal experience.

Mommy and Heather have some fun together.

Overdrawn - Chapter 7 - More Fun Than They Can Handle

By Kenna

(Mg, Fb, Mg, bd, d/s, humil, oral, anal, inc)

Finished with being ass fucked while his littlest daughter watched, Rex was cuffed. Then, Katrina stuffed a ball gag between his lips. This new twist made him wonder what was coming next.

First, he had to watch as Heather got on her hands and knees. The little girl was frightened, but she was still more scared of the pain than anything else. Alan knelt down behind her, his cock big and hard. Rex looked questioningly at Nick and his host just grinned back at him. The father couldn't believe what was about to happen.

The 9-year-old wiggled her ass and then Alan grabbed her hips to steady her. Holding her slender, tiny body in position with one hand, he used his other hand to guide his cock to the tight little asshole in front of him. Heather grunted in surprise as his cock penetrated her tight anus. Heather moaned in pain as his cock



sank deeper, spreading her ass more than it had ever been before. But, Alan didn't stop. His cock slid deeper inside her.

"No," grunted Heather, trying to pull away. "It hurts too much. Stop it." She struggled, but Alan held her fast as he slid even deeper. "Aaaaaaa," moaned Heather.

Rex used his eyes to plead with Nick, begging him to make it stop. Knowing exactly what his buddy wanted, Nick said, "No way. The little bitch is gonna take the whole thing up her ass. And we're gonna watch." He laughed as Heather thrashed in Alan's grip. "God, I love watching a little girl take it up the ass for her first time. We're all gonna take a turn with her before the week is out, you know."

Rex couldn't believe the way Nick was reacting. His friend had been so kind with his children on previous visits. Now he was thoroughly enjoying their torment.

Alan pressed his hips against Heather's little ass, showing that he'd achieved full penetration. The little girl had 9 inches of cock up her 9-year-old ass. Alan pulled a few inches out and then pressed in again, sinking to the hilt as Heather whimpered in pain.

Mercifully, Nick attached a leash to Rex's collar and Nick gave a tug to get him moving. Rex was led from the room and he no longer had to watch his daughter's torture.

Nick narrated as they walked across the grounds. It was now dark as Rex was led across the grass. "You've all come a long way today," said Nick. "This morning you were a happy family out for a great week long vacation. Now your little girls aren't virgins anymore and all of you know how to follow orders. Honestly, I didn't think you'd all learn to behave so quickly."

Rex followed in gagged silence. It wasn't exactly the kind of compliment he wanted and besides, he could do little else, but follow and be silent.

They came around a corner and Rex saw his wife, Liz, strung up. She was hanging in a spotlight, but was blindfolded. Her wrists were tied to a wooden frame over her head. The ropes were tight, pulling her up onto her tiptoes on the bare ground. A spreader bar kept her feet about 3 feet apart. She was panting from the exertion and strain of balancing on her toes.

Rex could tell that she'd been tormented for quite some time. Ropes were tied around the base of her full tits, making them stand out as purple globes. Clips on her nipples added to her pain. A rope was tied around her waist and then run between her pussy lips. As Nick led Rex around the bound woman, Rex saw the

rope that ran between her pussy lips was tied to a high post behind her. The effect was to pull her hips back, making the rope dig cruelly into her tender cunt.

Liz had given up screaming and squirming. Every inch of her body was in pain, but there was no relief from anything she could do. Tears ran down her cheeks as she silently sobbed in desperation. She'd come for a pleasant week and was now totally at the mercy of a gang of perverts. Her children were being raped and she was being tortured. She hadn't seen her husband for several hours and she was beginning to wish he was dead for the pain he'd caused his family. She'd lost track of time and wasn't even aware that Bruno was still keeping watch over her or that Nick and Rex were now watching her.

When he saw Nick and Rex, Bruno moved behind the poor woman and picked up the leather whip he'd been using on her. Rather than using the whip for its primary purpose, Bruno tapped the woman gently on her left ass cheek. "Put a big cock up Heather's ass," said Liz.

Rex was surprised at how calmly his wife said the obscene words. Nick just smiled. Bruno tapped Liz on her right ass cheek. "Dan looks cute with a mouthful of cock," said Liz. When the whip touched her right inner thigh, she said, "Tie up Diana and gang rape the little slut." Bruno touched her left inner thigh. "Let Nina eat my hot cunt." Bruno continued to work his way around the woman's body. She was trained to say something naughty for each place. "Watch them spank my big round ass, Rex," she said when her stomach was touched. "Please suck my big tits," came in response to a tap on her right tit. With her left tit, she said, "Come have fun with the tied bitch, everybody."

"Kind of like one of those talking dolls," said Nick. "Pull her string and see what she says."

Liz's head turned to face the voice. She blushed at what Nick said, but she didn't dare to break from her training. Bruno touched her chin. "I love to suck Nick's cock," said Liz.

Rex was astonished at the reaction of his wife. She'd been turned into a trained animal in just one afternoon. He watched in silence, as she demeaned herself. A touch to her nose and she said, "Cocks, cocks, all girls love cocks. In your mouth, Nina. Up your ass, Diana. In that tight little cunt, Heather. I want one in every hole." When her forehead was touched, she said, "Cocks, cocks, all boys love cocks. In your mouth, Dan. Up your ass, Rex. Fuck all my boys and let me watch." Bruno touched the top of her head and she said, "Oh yeah, whip my ass. Let me have it, Bruno."

Bruno stepped behind her and raised the whip. He brought it sharply across her bare ass. "Yeehaa, that's one for the bitch," yelled Liz, tears coming to her eyes. "Ride me hard, Bruno." He smacked her again. "Yeehaa, that's two for the bitch," she yelled again. "Ride me hard, Bruno."

Nick tied Rex's leash to a cleat on the wall of the nearest building and went up to Liz. Meanwhile she had just yelled, "Yeehaa, that's three for the bitch. Ride me hard, Bruno." Nick took each of Liz's tits in his hands and squeezed. "Oh, make momma hurt. Squeeze them titties hard. Bounce me. Bounce me. Bounce me up and down." She bounced herself on her toes despite the strain on her pussy, making her tits bounce for her unseen audience. Smack. "Yeehaa, that's four for the bitch. Ride me hard, Bruno."

When Nick pressed his lips to Liz's lips, she kissed him passionately back. Rex could only watch as she thrust her tongue deep into Nick's mouth.

Satisfied that he'd humiliated Liz and Rex sufficiently, Nick untied Rex's leash and led him away.

Dan had been through a lot of torment himself. Tanya had enjoyed teasing the nude boy. He seemed particularly vulnerable to simple, yet embarrassing comments about his body. His cock had hardened when a vibrator was stuck up his ass. It was a nature reaction to the stimulation, but presented no end of embarrassment to the naïve boy.

He'd learned to satisfy his mistress with his tongue, never realizing just how many boys his age would have killed for the opportunity to taste the beautiful woman's cunt and gaze up at her full, ripe body. When she'd strapped on a dildo and commanded him to suck it, he balked. That was not something he was going to do. It looked too much like a cock and he wasn't going to lower himself to suck a cock.

"Bad choice," said Tanya. But, she'd been spoiling for a chance to punish the boy for some act of disobedience. She put a ring gag in his mouth, prying his mouth open wide. Then, she put the fake cock through the ring, sliding just the tip of her dildo into his mouth. He struggled, but she was strong and he was bound.

"No, that would be too easy," said Tanya. She turned and said over her shoulder, "Follow me, boy toy."

Dan followed as ordered, as they went out of his slave quarters and into the adjacent bungalow. There, Nina was tied up and getting spanked by Paul.

"Fourteen for the naughty girl," said Nina as they entered. Smack! "Fifteen for the naughty girl," she said.

Paul stopped and looked over at Tanya. "I was beginning to wonder if he was being too obedient," said the big man. He, too, had been looking forward to the chance to punish the cute young boy.

Tanya took the paddle from the big man and stepped into the position he had just vacated. Smack! "Sixteen for the naughty girl," said Nina, not missing a beat. It didn't matter that it was someone else doing the spanking, she'd been taught how to behave for the ordeal.

Paul stepped up to Dan, who was once again wishing he could disappear. It had been bad when the woman had toyed with him, but now he could see that same look in the man's eyes. He shuddered as the man's strong hand touched his smooth chest and ran down.

"Seventeen for the naughty girl," said Nina.

The hand ran down to cup Dan's little cock and stroke it to hardness. Gagged, Dan wished he could plead with the man, but all he could do was stare in horror as he was fondled by a man.

"Eighteen for the naughty girl."

Then, the strong hands forced him to his knees.

"Nineteen for the naughty girl."

Paul put his cock into the ring that held Dan's virgin mouth open and Dan's eyes got big as he realized what was going to happen. The cock slid through the ring and the 11-year-old boy tasted the salty warmth of the man's cock.

"Twenty for the naughty girl." Tanya lay down the paddle and walked around in front of Nina. She pulled the girl's face into her crotch.

Dan felt the cock slide deep into her throat. He tried to gag, but the cock just pushed past and he felt the man's balls bang on his chin. He had 8-inches of cock in his mouth and there was nothing he could do about it. Suddenly the boy wished he'd taken the fake cock because now he was going down on a real man.

Nina was having the same feeling of disgust as she ran her tongue up Tanya's dripping slit. She didn't want to be going down on a woman anymore than Dan wanted to be going down on Paul. But, the two little slaves knew that they had no choice.

Coming Soon

The twins get a very personal experience.

Mommy and Heather have some fun together.

Daddy and Nina have some fun together.

Diana wishes she didn't have nipples.

Overdrawn - Chapter 8 - Could Day Two Be Just As Much Fun?

By Kenna

(bg, oral, anal, bd, d/s, humil, inc)

The vacationing Stanton's first night was scarcely better than their first day. Each of the masters and mistresses took their slaves off to their quarters alone. Rex and Liz were both hogtied and left naked on the floor for a fitful night of sleep. The parents couldn't shake the images of their children performing perverse acts of sex that they never would have dreamed of before.

The four children each got the comfort of a bed, though it was nestled naked in the arms of their master or mistress. Cuddled as he was by the domineering Tanya, Dan didn't realize that most boys his age would die to be held close by a mature, nude woman. It just felt creepy to him.

Like her siblings, Nina wore a single ankle cuff with a chain that secured her to the bed frame, but otherwise she was comfortable clutched in Paul's strong arms. While it was preferable to the other treatment she'd received from Paul, it was no less demeaning to have the man's hands free to roam her nude body. Her dreams were filled with huge cocks that chased her around a small room. At least once she awoke to find that Paul's huge cock had actually caught and impaled her.

Part of Nick's plan was to keep the family members separate except for special, controlled moments. He knew that isolation would enhance the individuals' submission to slavery. Yet, there was a distinct thrill that came from making the parents watch and participate in their children's debauchery or from making siblings suffer through incestuous couplings. So, Monday morning the new slaves were showered and fed separately. Shortly after that, the twins found themselves together.

Dan immediately recognized his twin sister as he was led into the room. It wasn't that he recognized her firm, bare ass, which was most prominently displayed, but she was his twin and he knew her size and shape. Diana didn't have the same opportunity as she was tied standing at the foot of the bed. Her hands were tied to the foot of the bed and her ankles were tied to a spreader bar. The effect was

to bend her at the waist so she was staring at the floor. As she heard the door open and shut, she tried to turn her head every so slightly, then jumped at the smack of the wooden paddle.

"Don't you dare move, little bitch," Christopher reminder her of the command he'd given her several minutes earlier. He made little circles on her ass with the paddle, assuring her that it was still there and waiting for her. "When I tell you not to move, you don't move. Don't even breathe."

Not having her curiosity satisfied was maddening for the preteen. She was nude and now someone else was in the room staring at her. Her body trembled with frustration, but she didn't want to risk the paddle again. She guessed it was Dan when she heard Tanya's voice, "Come over here," and she knew Tanya didn't mean her.

Seconds later, Diana saw feet between her feet and she knew for certain that it was Dan standing inches behind her. She watched as he knelt down. Strictly speaking she was supposed to be focused on a white spot on the wood floor, but she knew that Christopher couldn't tell she was peeking between her legs. Her eyes focused on Dan's hard cock that peeked back at her.

The girl flinched as Dan's hands touched her bare ass cheeks. It was so very wrong to have him do that, but she couldn't stop it. He spread her ass, making her wonder just what was going on. Aside from three words, Tanya had given no other commands, so Diana could only guess what Dan was up to.

The boy had been given thorough instructions, whipped for his reaction to the instructions, and given them again. When he'd repeated them perfectly, Tanya had taken him to see his twin sister. As he knelt and spread Diana's pert ass cheeks, he stared at her little brown asshole. Though his head was screaming out in rebellion, he didn't hesitate or beg yet again for a reprieve. There was no way out. He leaned forward and ran his tongue around Diana's asshole.

"Aahhhh," gasped Diana at the sudden wet touch. That was allowed, but then she said, "What are you doing?"

Working as a team, both Tanya and Christopher were ready for the breach in discipline. The woman grabbed Dan by the hair, yanked him to his feet, and then pulled him back. Christopher swung the paddle three times in quick succession.

"What was that for?" demanded Christopher.

"The little bitch spoke," Diana answered her master, sobbing.

Dan knelt back down, but this time Diana wasn't shocked as his tongue probed her ass. She felt it swirl around and around, tickling in a special, feel good kind of way.

Dan pressed his face firmly between the warm ass cheeks, hardening his tongue as he'd been told. He felt her sphincter surrender and his tongue penetrated into her ass. Again he fought the urge to rebel, tasting the odd tang of his sister's butt.

"Isn't that special," said Tanya. "Such a personal moment. Nothing like a brother licking his sister's ass, huh, boy bitch?"

Dan didn't reply. He'd learned that silence was expected when his mistress taunted him. Instead, he just kept licking, feeling the burn of humiliation as he did. How could he face his sister now that he'd done this to her? Or the next part. Just as he thought of what he had been told to do next, he heard the command, "Do the rest."

Three more words rang in Diana's ears. She hadn't known what was coming the first time and now she didn't know what Dan was going to do next. All she could see was that he stood. She felt him press against her and then... "Ahhh," she gasped again, then bit her tongue as Dan's little cock penetrated her now lubed asshole. It wasn't much, barely more than his tongue really, but again it had been a surprise. She felt his hips bang against her ass as he slid in and out of her. As with his tongue, there was a sense of a tingle, yet she needed something more, something harder, larger, and deeper to make the tingle grow.

As quickly as it had started, Diana felt Dan pull out and she was empty. Only it was different. She hadn't been empty before... she'd just been. Now she knew what it was like to be empty.

Christopher untied Diana, allowing her to stand up. Dan was tied in her place, bent at the waist and staring at the floor just as she had been. As the twins swapped positions, the difference was barely noticeable. A small cock hung down between the spread legs, the chest didn't have tiny peaks, and the tied victim's hair was shorter, but aside from that there was most prominently a slender, bare ass begging for attention.

As Dan was being tied in place, Diana was learning there was a way to make up for the deficiency between her legs. She had a sinking suspicion as Christopher strapped a dildo between her legs and fastened the belts around her waist and thighs. The suspicion made horrible sense as she stared at Dan's available ass.

As soon as Dan was securely in place, Christopher said, "Time to get even, little bitch."

It wasn't a request or even a command. It was more like a statement of fact. It was time to do what her master wanted, even if he didn't quite tell her what he wanted. Still, she wasn't sure. "Everything?" she asked, hoping that one word wouldn't get her in as much trouble as a whole sentence.

But, she was wrong. In seconds she found herself over Christopher's knee and the paddle smacked her three times. Back on her feet, Diana stepped toward her brother, but was pulled up short by her master. "Think about it, little bitch. Don't ask questions. Just do it. But, think about it. I put this on you so you can use it. Do you think you can get this up his ass without getting it wet first?"

At that, Dan turned and looked, "Oh no," he moaned. "No way. That's too..." Smack. Smack. Smack. "Aaaahhh," he moaned in pain.

Diana knelt down and pulled Dan's ass cheeks apart. She wrinkled her nose in disgust, but knew there was no way to avoid the inevitable. Tentatively she snaked her tongue out and ran it around Dan's puckered asshole. She had no instructions to follow like Dan had; she just had his example.

Dan felt the tongue tickling his sensitive asshole. It felt better to be on the receiving end than on the giving end. But, like his sister before him, he could see back between his legs. He saw the cock protruding from her crotch and knew what followed the rim job.

Tanya pulled Diana's hair back so she and Christopher could get a good view of the girl rimming her brother. "That's so sweet," said the woman. "I guess there is something like a brother licking his sister's ass," she laughed. "A sister licking her brother's ass right back." She watched for a few seconds before adding. "Inside and out, honey. You have to do it good."

The little girl did as she was told and then was pulled to her feet. While she'd been reamed with a short little cock, she was spreading her brother's ass with five inches of hard, slender plastic. He grunted as she penetrated, but didn't speak. Slowly she worked the cock in until her hips pressed against Dan's ass. It was small, but it was still much more than Dan had ever had up his virgin ass.

"Fuck him now, little bitch," said Christopher. "All the way out and all the way back in. Do it. Make him squeal." He watched with pleasure as the slender girl shoved her hips forward and back, sawing the cock in and out of her brother's ass. He let that go on for a couple of minutes until he was satisfied that the boy wasn't fighting anymore.



"Say thank you, boy bitch," said Christopher as he pulled Diana back and away from the boy's ass.

"Thank you," said Dan.

"Who are you thanking for what, boy bitch?" asked Christopher.

"Thanking Diana for ... butt fucking me." It seemed ridiculous to thank her for that, but he couldn't imagine what else to be thankful for.

"No," said Christopher. "You're thanking me for letting her butt fuck you with that little cock."

"Yes, master," said Dan. "But... it wasn't so little." It had seemed massive to the small boy.

"Looks pretty small," said Christopher as he stepped behind the boy. "Compared to what's coming next." He positioned his 8-inch cock at the boy's ass and slid it deep.

"Aaaaahhhh," groaned Dan as he discovered what big really was. He learned what full really felt like and as the big cock filled his tight young ass, his cock hardened. As he relaxed as the pain faded, it started to feel good. The big cock sliding in and out of his ass was hitting the right spots and he felt a sudden warmth that he'd never felt before.

Hearing the boy start to pant with excitement, Tanya thought quickly and moved Diana between her brother's legs. She positioned the 11-year-old girl so she was kneeling with her face inches from the boy's quivering cock. "Ohhhhh," moaned Dan as he felt his whole body tense. His balls tightened and he felt the surge of warm cum shoot down his cock.

Diana couldn't imagine what her brother was doing as he moaned. She thought he was in pain from the sound and the way his body tensed. But, she could see his cock right in front of her face as it throbbed and suddenly shot a white stream of cum that landed right across her nose and dripped down across her lips. She jerked back in surprise and a second burst of cum hit her chin and trailed off down between her young tits.

Seeing the surprised look on Diana's face, Tanya laughed. "Little bitch is getting her first facial," she said. She laughed again as a third rope of cum shot from Dan's cock and hit the girl's face.

As Dan tensed, Christopher could feel the boy squeeze his cock in that cute round ass. He shot his load up inside the boy. He pulled away satisfied and looked at the cum covered girl. Then he too started to laugh, but what he found humorous was

that Dan's first orgasm had been with a big cock up his ass. He wondered if the boy would be hooked.

Tanya and Christopher had planned to stop at this point, but Tanya ad libbed as Christopher, sated, sat down to watch. She untied Dan and said, "Lick her clean." The boy stared at his own cum dripping down the front of his sister. Disgusted, he didn't dare argue any more. He ran his tongue across her chin, tasting his own cum. "Hold it, boy bitch," said Tanya as she saw Dan's tongue covered in cum. "Now put your tongue in the little bitch's mouth." She put a hand to her own heated pussy as she watched Dan push his tongue into his sister's mouth. "Suck it off," she told Diana. "And swallow it, little bitch."

Christopher rose from his seat to get a better view of the action. He watched in horny pleasure as the boy fed his cum to his sister bit by bit. Dan cleaned off her face, pushing a tongue full of cum into Diana's mouth, over and over. Then he worked lower to lick her chest and nipples clean of the goo. Diana cleaned off her brother's tongue and swallowed his cum.

"Eat some yourself, boy bitch," said Tanya. Dan cleaned up the rest of the cum, swallowing it instead of sharing it with Diana.

Not too far away, Liz found herself paired with her youngest daughter. Her arms were bound behind her with her palms facing and elbows touching. She hated the way that forced her shoulders back and her tits out. It looked like she was parading around, proud to be showing her bare tits to the world. Aside from the ropes on her arms, she was nude. Heather wasn't even wearing ropes.

Relieved to see her daughter was unharmed, Liz knew that was little consolation. This wasn't to be a typical mother-daughter moment. She was quickly shown how right she was when Heather reached up and squeezed her mommy's tits. Liz glanced at Nick who was watching with a big grin on his face and knew that even for Heather she would have to perform her embarrassing tricks. "Oh, make momma hurt," she said. "Squeeze them titties hard. Bounce me. Bounce me. Bounce me up and down." She bounced up and down on her toes to make sure her firm tits bounced for the 9-year-old.

Heather gave a shy grin to Alan, as if to say, "Just like you said she'd do." Then the little girl stretched up and touched mommy's nose.

Liz didn't hesitate this time. "Cocks, cocks, all girls love cocks. In your mouth, Nina. Up your ass, Diana. In that tight little cunt, Heather. I want one in every hole."

This time Heather blushed at her mommy's outburst. "In which holes, mommy?" she asked.

Liz was taken by surprise at the question. The words poured out of her mouth so automatically, she was barely aware of what she'd said. She reran the words through her head and said, "One in my mouth, one in my cunt, and one up my ass, baby. All at the same time," she added.

"Oh," said Heather. "That sounds nasty. Am I gonna have to do that?"

"That's up to your master," said Liz, trying to imagine the 9-year-old with three cocks in her. "But probably."

Heather reached around Liz with her left hand and touched mommy gently on the ass. "Dan looks cute with a mouthful of cock," said Liz.

"No, no, the other one, baby slut," said Nick. "Mommy's left, use your right hand."

"Oops," said Heather. She reached around with her right hand and touched mommy's ass.

"Put a big cock up Heather's ass," said Liz.

"Mommy!" said Heather, blushing. "They did that already. And I didn't like it."

Nick, Bruno, and Alan all burst out laughing at Heather's reaction. They hadn't told her what to expect from each of the touches except for squeezing mommy's tits. And it was apparent that Heather didn't fully understand that Liz had no choice in her words.

The three men took the two females out to where Liz had been tied up the night before. She grimaced when she saw the location again, remembering just what it had been like to be tied for hours in that strained position and taught to say embarrassing things. There was almost anything she'd do to avoid that treatment again, but she also knew better than to argue. Then the one thing happened that was worse than tying her in that same position. Instead of her, they put Heather under the beam and started tying her arms up.

"Please no," begged Liz. "Put me there. Tie me up again. Not her."

"Shut up, cunt," snapped Bruno. "I know that your little boy is busy right now, but I'm sure I can find him and toss him in the pool again."

Liz shut her mouth. There was nothing she could do but watch as Heather was tied up on her toes with a cord running around her waist, between her tender cunt lips, and across her delicate clit to pull her ass up in the air. The little girl was blindfolded and spanked by Alan until she was squealing in pain.

Then Bruno held a note card in front of Liz. The woman read the words silently. 'Little girl cunt is the sweetest in the world,' said the card. She looked at Bruno in confusion.

Bruno nodded to Alan who placed the riding crop against Heather's left ass cheek. Then he nodded to Liz. "Tell her what to say," he whispered.

Liz remembered the routine from the night before. She'd be touched and a phrase read. Nothing else. It had taken her some time and considerable spanking to learn that she was to repeat and memorize the phrase. "Little girl cunt is the sweetest in the world," said Liz.

Heather didn't respond and felt the crop sting across her ass three times. The crop touched her left ass cheek gently. "Little girl cunt is the sweetest in the world," said Liz. Her heart sank as she realized she was training her little girl just as she'd been trained the night before. She looked at Bruno's hand and saw a stack of note cards. She looked at the already strained 9-year-old, sobbing girl. It was going to be a long morning.

Coming soon

Daddy and Nina have some fun together.

Diana wishes she didn't have nipples.

The twins learn about an infamous Watergate character.

Liz dances for Rex and Heather dances for everyone (except Nina who is having a Lolita bondage moment).

Overdrawn - Chapter 9 - Fun for the Girls

By Kenna

(Mf, inc, bd, d/s, humil)

"Hey, buddy," said Nick as he walked in to the room.

Rex no longer thought of Nick's use of the name 'buddy' as endearing. At the moment he was stretched quite painfully and he knew he wasn't Nick's buddy anymore. His hands were tied to a hook in the ceiling and his ankles were tied to hooks in the wall behind him. Katrina had recently tied a rope to his balls and was slowly pulling it through a hook in the wall in front of him. His arms and legs were pulling one way while his cock and balls were going another.

To add insult to injury, Katrina had teased him to hardness just before the bondage had started. He sported a fully engorged cock held in perpetual hardness

by the cock ring firmly seated at the base of his cock. A 2-inch wide band of chrome pulled his balls painfully down from his cock. Despite the probably of further retribution, Rex might have cursed his former friend had he not had a wide band of tape across his mouth. Now all he could do was plead with his eyes to the smiling Katrina as she tugged another inch of rope through the hook.

She looked at Nick and said, "Ready for him?"

"Yeah," nodded Nick. "Time for him to have some fun. Nina is waiting."

Rex exhaled heavily through his nose as the pressure eased on his cock. He backed up and let his tortured muscles relax. Though the pain was eased, he didn't like the sound of Nick's words. Nina was waiting... for him to have some fun.

Katrina untied Rex's arms and ankles and led him on a leash to Nina's room. During the short walk he tried unsuccessfully to will his cock to softness. He wasn't particularly pleased at the idea of meeting his 14-year-old daughter with a raging hard on. Yet, that choice wasn't up to him. As he stepped through the door, he realized he needn't worry about the look of his cock. Nina was blindfolded.

The girl was not tied at the moment. Blindfolded, she knew she wasn't alone and was standing still with her arms at her sides, following Paul's last command and too frightened to move. She wore the bikini that she'd brought along for sunning. It covered precious little of her body and Rex knew that she wore it only as long as it amused Nick and Paul.

The one odd thing that Rex noticed was the addition of a second collar on his daughter. She, like the others, still wore the shock collar that had tamed each of them into submission. But now she wore a narrow metal band as well. What was odd about it was there was a wad of cloth between her neck and the collar on her right side. The result was the collar dug uncomfortably into the left side of her neck.

With the arrival of Rex, Nick, and Katrina, there were now four adults in the room. Nina had heard the door, but didn't know if that meant someone came or left. As silently as possible, Nick walked behind the girl, her only motion the gentle rise and fall of her breasts and the trembling of her shoulders.

When Nick laid his hands on Nina's shoulders, she started and then relaxed. Nick smiled, "I just love to make you jump like that, teen bitch," he said. His hands caressed her shoulders and ran down her back. "Tell me what you're getting today."

"The teen bitch is getting a cock an hour today, master," said Nina.

"How many hours so far?"

"Two cocks worth, master," said Nina.

"Ready for another one?"

There was a slight hesitation that told Rex she wasn't even though she said, "Yes, master."

"Two cocks so far today and a couple yesterday. Which cock is the best, teen bitch?"

"The one that's in me," said Nina.

"Yeah, baby," said Nick softly. "A hard cock that's not in you is a waste, isn't it?"

"Yes, master," agreed the 14-year-old.

"We're going to make this one especially fun," said Nick, which brought a visible shudder to the young girl. He pulled at the tie of her top and the strings at her neck parted easily. A tug at the second set of strings crossing her back and the top fell free, revealing her small mounds. Nick cupped her tits from behind, looking at Rex as he fondled the girl. He smiled, daring Rex to say something.

Nick removed the wad of cloth from Nina's neck, allowing the collar to fall down around her throat. He looked at the red mark left in her neck from the collar where it had pressed against her skin for several minutes. Then he crooked a finger at Rex, beckoning him closer.

As Rex approached, Nick pointed at the red stripe on Nina's neck. Rex looked closely at the mark and saw bold white letters in the red stripe - "I BELONG TO NICK."

Part of the point of Nina's blindfold was that she would be fucked hourly by an unknown man each time. So far Paul and Nick had cum inside the girl, but she didn't know that. Now Nick didn't want to ruin the surprise that her daddy was next, so he explained the branding of Nina to Rex by talking to Nina. "That looks nice, teen bitch," he said. "You're branded now. Any time I want, I only have to press your collar against your pretty little neck and the words appear. They're inscribed backwards in the collar so they appear correct on your skin. You know what they say?"

"No, master," said Nina.

"They say that you belong to me."

"Yes, master," said Nina.

He cupped her tits again and said, "That means these belong to me." His hands slid down her body to the ties at her hips. "And all of this belongs to me." He pulled the ties off and dropped the last of her clothing to the floor. Then, he nodded to Paul and Katrina.

Katrina quickly cuffed Rex's wrists and ankles to immobilize him while Nick moved to Nina's left and Paul stepped to her other side. The two men grabbed her and pulled her to a straight backed wooden chair. "What are you doing?" wailed the frightened girl. They said nothing as they picked her up and set her down on the chair. But, they set her down with her shoulder blades on the seat of the chair and her head propped against the back, her chin practically resting on her chest.

The girl struggled. Blindfolded, manhandled, and frightened, she tried to get free. But the men held her fast and Katrina came to help. The woman pulled Nina's right arm down and tied it down the back leg of the chair. Then he pulled Nina's left arm down and tied it down the other back leg. The two men bent Nina at the waist, pulling her legs up over her head. Katrina finished tying the helpless girl by tying her shins to the back of the chair.

"Please, don't," moaned Nina. The position was uncomfortable and frighteningly exposing. Though she couldn't see, she could tell her head was between her legs, inches from her pussy. Her legs were spread wide and her ass was hanging out in midair, offering her lightly furred pussy to the world. The position was so precarious that Paul had to hold the back of the chair to steady it.

Katrina uncuffed Rex and Nick handed him a wooden paddle. Softly so Nina couldn't hear, he said, "Twenty strokes across that pretty little ass of hers. If they aren't hard enough, I'll do forty myself. Then, fuck her."

Nina continued to complain while Nick coached Rex on his expectations. A quick shock from Katrina and Nina realized that things could get worse. She shut up and waited for the cock she knew was coming.

The first swat was a total shock to the 14-year-old. She knew her pussy was spread open, but she hadn't considered that her ass was equally available for a spanking. She gasped in surprise and then realized her predicament, "Oh, God, no," she sobbed. Then her training kicked in. "That's one for the naughty girl," she hastily added to avoid additional punishment.

Rex delivered four more blows, each accompanied by Nina's counting. As she said, "That's five for the naughty girl," Nick held up his hand to stop Rex momentarily.

"How about a smile from the naughty girl," taunted Nick.

Nina managed a feeble smile and Nick nodded at Rex to continue. Rex kept up the maddening job of warming his daughter's exposed ass. "That's twelve for the naughty girl," gasped out Nina as Nick held up his hand again. Nina was sobbing and Rex had delivered a light slap that was unsatisfactory.

"We're not going to count that last one, teen bitch," said Nick. "You've been a naughty girl and you need twenty good swats."

Duly reminded that he had to do a good job, Rex continued until the sobbing girl called out, "That's twenty for the naughty girl."

Daddy stepped up to his daughter's spread pussy and worked his cock slowly into the tight slit. Now he was especially glad that she was blindfolded or else she would have a close up view of daddy as he abused her cunt.

Tied and in pain, there was no chance that Nina would cum from the rape. Likewise, Rex had no chance of cumming with the cock ring still in place. So, for several minutes, he went through he motions of sliding in and out of his daughter's pussy. Finally Nick allowed him to stop and he was led out of the room.

While Rex and Nina were having their fun, Diana was getting her own special attention. The slender 11-year-old was nude with her master, Christopher. She was restrained at the moment only by a command, but as she looked at the contraption that Christopher had for her, she knew that wasn't going to last for very long.

The girl felt her freedom vanish as she was backed against the x-shaped frame and her wrists and ankles were secured. In seconds she was once again totally at his mercy, yet she was surprised that he didn't stop there.

Christopher picked up a length of rope and wrapped it around her wrist and the frame behind it. Around and around he wrapped it until her entire forearm was secured to the wooden frame. Then he repeated the action with her other arm. He didn't want her to be able to move even a little. Working methodically, he tied her legs to the frame from ankle to knee in the same fashion. He continued by wrapping her torso in rope from her waist to a couple of inches below her tiny nipples. That rope was also wrapped around the center of the x, tying her securely to the frame.

What had started as merely a spread eagle tie was becoming a claustrophobic experience for the 11-year-old as she was wrapped in a cocoon of rope. She couldn't even squirm. Even when Christopher said, "Now this is going to hurt, my little bitch," she couldn't move a muscle. "Don't think of this as punishment," he



added. "It's just a little accessory that every slave should have. Think of it as a gift from me, your master, to you, my slave."

But what Christopher had in mind wasn't evident to the girl yet and he was in no hurry. He wanted to prolong the anticipation, so after his warning, he ran his hands over the exposed parts of her body. He ravished her delicate mouth with his tongue, sucked on her little nipples, and fingered her smooth pussy.

Christopher left the room for a moment and returned with a small plastic container of ice. Fishing out a single cube, he ran it over Diana's nipple, making it even harder than it had been. He pulled at her nipple, stretching it out and then cooled it again. She wanted to shrink away, but there was no escape from the cold. Even as her nipple became numb, he kept the ice cube on it. He even picked up a second one and pinched the now unfeeling nipple between them.

Watching the girl closely, Christopher pinched the nipple harder and harder. When he got no reaction from her, he knew that she was ready. He picked up the slender needle lying on the table and showed it to Diana. He smiled as she showed no understanding of what the needle was for. He knew he would be amply rewarded by a look of shock on her face as he carried out his plan. With half his attention on the needle and the other half on her face, he put the needle against her stiff nipple and pushed.

Diana's eyes opened wide in surprise as she felt the tug of the needle against her nipple. It wasn't pain that she felt, but there was a vague sensation as the needle slid through the skin. She gasped in horror as the tip of the needle popped out the other side of her nipple. As she looked up at Christopher to protest, she was greeted with a savage smile. She'd given him just what he wanted and he felt his cock harden at the look of horror on her face.

"That wasn't so bad," said Christopher. "Didn't hurt a bit, did it?"

"No, but... but... but, it's all the way through," complained Diana. "You poked a hole in my nipple."

By now Christopher had let go of the needle, leaving it stuck through her nipple with two inches of slender steel protruding from each end. He bent down and sucked on her unpierced nipple. Tweaking her rapidly hardening nipple between his thumb and forefinger, he said, "Need to make it a matched set."

"Please, no," begged Diana.

"Now, now, little bitch, don't complain or I'll think you're not grateful," said the man as he picked up another ice cube. He began the process of numbing Diana's nipple, alternately stretching and freezing it.

Once he was again satisfied that her nipple was numbed, he picked up a second needle and showed it to her. "Here comes the other one," he said, taunting her. "Not a fucking thing you can do about it either, little bitch," he said. He could see her flex against the ropes, but there was not so much as a twitch of her nipple as he poked it with the needle and slid it through.

When he removed the first needle, Diana felt the first twinge of pain. The steel didn't belong there and even when it was gone, there was an ache in her damaged nipple. Helplessly she watched as Christopher put a gold ring through the hole in her nipple and secured it in place. The ring was about an inch in diameter, small in some respects, but big enough for Christopher to hook his forefinger through it and pull. "Aaaahhh," gasped Diana in pain as her nipple regained feeling and she felt the pull of the ring.

Christopher removed the second needle and replaced it with a matching gold ring. Then he hooked fingers through both rings and pulled, a savage smile on his face as the little girl moaned for him. "Now the pain begins," he said.

Diana felt like little more than Christopher's toy as he played with her. She could do nothing but moan and that only seemed to excite the man. When he tired of playing with the girl's nipples, Christopher attached weights to the rings so that she would continue to feel the tug on her tender nipples.

When Christopher untied her and let her down from the frame, it was only to start her next torment.

Coming soon

The twins learn about an infamous Watergate character.

Liz dances for Rex and Heather dances for everyone (except Nina who is having a Lolita bondage moment).

Who is trained better - Mommy or Heather?

Dan takes advantage of his big sister.

Liz puts on a show for the entire family

Overdrawn - Chapter 10 - Shocking Moments

(bd, d/s, humil, inc)

It was late morning when Rex found himself alone in his bungalow. Katrina told him to wait while she went to get something. He was tied and naked, but managed to get the door to his bungalow open and looked outside. There was no one in sight. He stepped cautiously out onto the porch and looked around again. Satisfied that he had a chance at escaping, he ran across the grass toward the gate to Nick's compound.

Nick closed the narrow slit in the drapes as his naked victim headed for freedom and looked over at Katrina. "Give him 30 minutes and then call Bruno."

Dan found himself with his twin sister for a second time in the morning. He gawked at the rings in her nipples, guessing quite correctly that had to hurt. She had been freed from the frame and was now standing docilely in the center of room. Christopher was not too far away.

"Time for you two to learn how to really make a man happy," said Tanya as she led the boy into the room with his sister. "Do you know what it means to deep throat?"

"Umm, I think so," said Diana, getting a laugh from the two adults. The innocent 11-year-old knew more than they thought she did.

"Tell us," said Tanya.

Diana had been paying attention to the news from a couple of months ago. "It's a guy who had a code name a long time ago," she said. "He ... I'm not sure what he did, but he wanted to be secret, so he told everybody his name was deep throat."

That only brought more laughter from Tanya and Christopher. The girl was indeed up on her recent events, but not on the event that would soon be taking place in the room. "Not quite," chuckled Tanya. "Close, but not what we had in mind." She pulled out an interesting contraption that both kids recognized as being a realistic shaped cock. The only odd thing was that it was over a foot long and had a cock head at both ends. "Deep throating is when you manage to get this whole thing down your pretty little throats," she said.

"No way," said Dan.

"You're kidding," said Diana. "That's not... you can't."

"Well, it's not easy," said Tanya. "But, pretty damn soon you'll do it because you'll have to or else." She tossed the double ended dildo on the bed and picked up a slender, clear tube. The tube was about an inch in diameter and three inches long.

Christopher stepped behind Dan. The boy was cuffed, but now Christopher held him tightly as Tanya pressed the open end of the tube against Dan's chest. She

centered it over his nipple. Dan watched in amazement as Tanya pumped a small bulb to squeeze the air out of the tube. His nipple stretched into the tube as the vacuum increased. "Owwww," he exclaimed as his hard little nipple extended nearly an inch into the tube.

Tanya capped off the tube and removed the pump. She placed a second tube against his other nipple. Knowing what was coming, this time Dan tried to squirm away. But, Christopher's strong arms held him tightly in place as his second nipple was stretched until, "Owwww." Dan wondered briefly if Diana's nipples hurt like this, but then his eyes widened as Tanya picked up yet another tube.

Dan tried to back away from Tanya, but came up instantly against Christopher. This time Tanya held a tube that was 3 inches in diameter and 6 inches long. She placed this one right over the other, centered over Dan's nipple and started pumping the air out. Dan watched in horror as a mound of flesh rose from his little boy chest to fill the vacuum tube.

The 11-year-old wasn't quite sure about his own body, so his horror was only multiplied as Christopher whispered in his ear, "Gonna give you some tits, boy bitch. Leave those on long enough and you'll have tits like mommy." To him, his swollen chest did indeed look like it had a tit forming. He could only watch as Tanya put the second large tube in place over his other nipple to give him a matching tit on the other side.

"Those look sexy," said Christopher, taunting the boy. "I'll bet even your daddy will want to feel you up."

"Please, no," wailed Dan. "I don't want tits. I'm a boy," he insisted.

"Don't argue with me," said Christopher sternly. "Or maybe I'll cut that dick off and you will be a girl."

Dan's mouth snapped shut. He didn't want to argue anymore. He didn't want to lose his cock. For all the naïve boy knew that really would make him 100% girl. The picture of himself with long hair and wearing a dress was just too terrible to imagine.

But, his mind was quickly taken from that fear as Christopher and Tanya tied ropes to his wrists. They uncuffed his wrists, but only to hoist his arms into the air using the ropes that they'd just tied in place. He was suddenly on his tip toes, his tits thrust out to the world. His arms were stretched to the limit. The ropes were tied off so that he was left stretched up on his toes as master and mistress turned their attention on Diana.

This time, Tanya held Diana fast as Christopher fixed her up. There were two more ropes that dangled from the ceiling. They had clips attached to the ends and he snapped a clip onto each of her recently added nipple rings. Christopher and Tanya then each took a rope and pulled until Diana was standing on her tip toes, her nipples painfully stretched into the air. When those ropes were tied off, the two adults stepped back to view the two pre-teens as they struggled on their toes to balance the growing pain in their legs and feet against the pain in Dan's arms and Diana's nipples.

"Now, here's the fun part," said Tanya. "That hurts already, doesn't it?"

"Uh huh," groaned the two 11-year-olds.

"It's gonna hurt a lot more," she added. "It'll hurt until you make it stop... wanna know how to make it stop?"

"Uh huh."

Christopher had taken the brief moment to attach the double ended dildo to the end of a stand about 4 feet tall. He slid it between the two kids. "When that cock gets so far down your throats that your lips touch, then you get down from that position," said Tanya. She looked at Diana as she said, "So, I want you to kiss your brother on the lips, but the cock has to be inside both of you for it to count."

The two stared at the huge member that was right in their faces. The pain was beginning to build and they could both imagine a moment when the pain would get unbearable. Diana tentatively leaned forward and took 3 inches of the cock in her mouth before she gagged. She pulled back and stared at it again. She'd had less than half her share of the cock in her mouth! How would they ever get it all in? The ache in her calves grew as she wondered.

Rex had made it out of the compound and down the road a couple of hundred yards. He knew that the road was the best way out of the secluded area. Staying on the road was a risk, but it was his best bet. He felt confident that if a vehicle came by he'd be able to hide in the bushes quickly. The road was soft dirt, so he was able to make pretty good time on it.

By late morning, Nina had sampled five cocks. She was never sure which one was in her, but each time she was required to say that it was the best. The best cock was the one that was in her at the moment. For sure, the 14-year-old wished that she'd never see or feel another cock, but she knew what was required of her.

As she had been all day, she was blindfolded. At the moment that was probably to her benefit as Paul brought in a piece of metal that might have brought the young

teen to tears. The metal device that he brought in was the shape of the letter 'H'. The legs of the 'H' were about a foot long and the cross of the 'H' was about six inches long. At the end of each leg of the 'H' was a ring of steel.

What Nina knew was that she was commanded to lie on her back. She did that without hesitation. A cock was coming soon and there was no point in arguing. Hands grabbed her ankles and she felt cold steel on her right ankle. Again there was no point in fighting even though the feeling was ominous. There was a click that announced the cold steel would stay in place for some time and then the same feeling was against her left ankle. A tear started to form in her eye as the second ring of steel clicked into place. She hated to be helpless, yet that's exactly what was happening. She tested the binding on her ankles and knew instantly that she couldn't move her legs together or apart. They were bound in position. She knew that her pussy was open and available.

Abruptly hands grabbed her wrists and they too felt the touch of cold steel. First her right and then her left wrist were clamped rigidly in place. As she tested her limits, she realized that her wrists and ankles were immobilized with respect to each other.

Paul stepped back to admire his handiwork. With Nick and Katrina's assistance, the teen was neatly packaged. A rope from the ceiling was attached to the metal device and Nina was pulled into the air. Paul pulled her into the air as Nick stood poised at her nether regions. When the girl was at the right height, Paul stopped and tied off the rope. By the time he was finished securing her in place, Nick's cock was deep inside the helpless girl.

It was yet another position in a parade of exposed and helpless positions for the teen. It was yet another cock in her tight pussy. She wanted it to stop, but there was no way she could control what was happening to her. Each cock that had paraded through her cunt so far had been mildly stimulating, but she'd willed herself to a state of antipathy for each intrusion. This sixth one was no different. Hanging suspended in mid-air, her limbs forced apart by the metal bands on her arms and legs, she was being violated... raped. "Ohhhhh," she moaned. An involuntary shudder swept through her body as it responded unbidden to the thrusts deep inside her.

Surprised at the sound, Nick almost stopped. Had the girl actually responded in pleasure? He thrust harder and deeper, emboldened by the sounds.

"Fuck, yeah," moaned Nina softly. She instantly wanted to recapture the words as the cock in her cunt got more insistent. But, the feeling was too great. She

wanted it to stop, but... she didn't want it to stop this time. "Damn," she said as she realized that she'd lost control.

"Tell me, teen bitch," said voice softly in her ear as Paul whispered to her.

"Fuck me," said Nina in response. "Just like this. Do it and... I'm gonna cum."

"Yes, just like this," said Paul, making eye contact with Nick, who continued with his hard, steady, deep thrusts. They had an agreement on what to tell the blindfolded teen if she ever got to this point. Paul fulfilled that agreement as he said, "Fuck her, daddy. Of all the cocks she's had today, yours is the one she wants."

"Daddy?" asked Nina, shocked and surprised. She blushed, but the feeling didn't slip away. If anything, it intensified.

"Yes, daddy," said Paul. "Big and hard daddy. Hard and deep daddy. Making his little girl want more. Cum for daddy."

"Holy shit, daddy," moaned Nina. "Fuck me hard. Do it like... no, no, faster, faster, more..." she pleaded.

"Daddy's not allowed to talk," said Paul. "But he's got a big smile on his face. Teen bitch is tight and hot. Cute tits. Hot body. Fucking good. Tell him what you want."

"More. Faster. Please, daddy, do it faster," moaned Nina. "I'm... it's soooooo... goooooood." She had no thoughts of embarrassment as she surrendered to her animal lust. She'd rejected these feelings for all the other cocks, but now that daddy was doing it... it was wonderful.

"Want daddy to squeeze your cute tits? Want him to do anything but fuck you?" teased Paul.

"No, no," panted Nina. "Fuck me, just fuck me, daddy." She wanted to pull him deeper, make him go faster, make him harder, but she was helpless. Would it make him harder to ... "My tits, daddy, play with my tits."

Nick was holding Nina by her thighs to steady her. Hanging from the ceiling made her sway like a pendulum unless he held her tightly. He released her thighs, then cupped her cute tits, steadying her swaying by squeezing her thighs between his elbows. It was an awkward position and took some work to keep thrusting while doing all that, but suddenly the teen squealed in pleasure as her orgasm hit her.

Daddy was feeling her up and fucking her all at once. Nina was in heaven as her body tensed. "Fuck meeeeeee, daddeeeeeee," she squealed as the feeling suddenly overcame her. As she tensed, Nick felt his cock squeezed tight inside her. A

couple more thrusts and he was cumming, too. As his orgasm passed, he pulled out, leaving Nina hanging, and swaying in the middle of the room.

Left alone, the teen abruptly felt used. The door slammed and she knew she was alone. She wanted someone... daddy to hold her. But there was no one. She swung in silence, slowly coming to a stop, waiting for the next cock.

Not far away from Nina, Dan had tried to take the cock as deep as Tanya expected, but he too had been rebuffed by his gag reflex. He watched now as Diana tried and failed. His legs were on fire and his arms felt like they were coming out of their sockets. He leaned forward again to take the fake cock in his mouth, hoping that his tormentors would at least be pleased with his valiant efforts. He struggled between his body's natural reaction to reject the intrusion into his throat and the pain that wracked his arms and legs. He relaxed his throat, willing the cock to go deeper and found it slid uncomfortably deep. He wanted to retch, but controlled his throat, forcing the cock several inches down his throat. For a brief moment, he held it while he locked eyes with his sister. She didn't respond to his silent plea, so he pulled back and hung in pain.

"You have to try," Dan said. "I did it." He looked at Christopher. "I did it," he repeated. But, it was clear that he alone was not enough. He and Diana had to meet in the middle.

Diana was surprised that Dan had succeeded. She'd started to think it was impossible. Seeing him and hearing his pleas, she leaned in again to take the huge plastic member in her mouth.

"Relax," said her brother, now the expert cocksucker. "Just let it go all the way in. Don't gag. Don't let it bother you." He watched in anticipation as she slid the cock three inches deep and gagged. "Don't," he repeated. "Don't gag on it. Just let it..." but she pulled back defeated again.

"I... I can't," said Diana.

"Damn it, Diana," said Dan. "You have to. I hurt all over. Please you have to."

Diana hurt all over, too. But, she just didn't see how it was possible.

Meanwhile, Rex continued his trek toward safety. He didn't know how long he'd been on the run now, but he was beginning to expect someone to come looking for him. So far there had been no response from the compound, now over a mile distant. At the sound of a vehicle, he ducked into the bushes. He was surprised



that the vehicle was coming from the outside, not from the compound. Peering through the leaves of the bushes, he saw a police car rolling down the road.

Relief washed over Rex as he saw County Sheriff stenciled on the side of the car. He jumped out of the bushes, almost into the path of the car. The man behind the wheel brought the car to a sudden stop. Rex ran to the driver's side of the car. As the window rolled down, Rex said, "Officer, I need help."

Bruno looked out at Rex and said, "What went through your idiot mind, boy? You think you're going somewhere?"

Rex stumbled backwards in disbelief. Bruno opened the door and stepped out. "Money I make as a cop don't amount to much," said Bruno. "Nick pays a hell of a lot better and I get some extra perks." He stepped to the back door of the patrol car and reached in. He pulled back out with a handful of hair and stood Liz up on the side of the dirt road. "I get a cocksucking bitch to ride around with me while I'm out on patrol," said Bruno.

Bruno touched Liz lightly on the stomach. "Watch them spank my big round ass, Rex," said Liz.

"Well, if you insist," said Bruno, pulling out his night stick. He bent the tied woman over the back of his car and smacked her three times with the stick. He pushed Liz back into the back seat of the car. "Now get in the car, asshole," said Bruno.

As he slid into the seat next to his wife, Rex knew that he'd been set up. They'd let him escape just so they could catch him. He looked over at his wife, wanting to apologize for everything he'd done that had gotten them in this position.

Liz looked back at her husband and said, "Tweak my nipples... please. I like that. Make 'em hard. Bruno likes me with hard nipples." Then she turned to face forward again, a silly smile on her face.

Rex's hands were still tied, so her request had been ridiculous. There was no way he could comply with her request. He wondered just what they had done to break her and turn her into a mindless bimbo.

As he wondered, Liz suddenly whimpered. She looked at him. "You've been bad," she said. "Bruno is mad. Nick's gonna be mad. I'll hurt again. You've been bad." She looked forward again. "Gonna hurt," she repeated, staring into space. "Gonna really hurt."

Dan leaned in and engulfed the plastic cock again. He was trying to encourage his sister to do the same. Watch me, he thought, watch me and do it like this. He held the position with the cock deep in his throat for a few seconds and then

pulled free. "Come on, Diana," he pleaded. "You've got to." It looked like her nipples must really hurt and he thought it had to hurt more than his arms did.

Diana tried again, letting the cock slide to the back of her throat until she felt the urge to gag. She tried to relax her throat. Dan was right when he thought her nipples hurt. They felt like they were being pulled right off her. Not to mention that her legs hurt more than anything she could ever remember. She knew she had to do it. The urge to gag was demanding, but the pain was terrible, so she fought down the urge, letting the cock deep into her throat.

Seeing his sister finally succeed, Dan leaned in also, taking half the cock down his throat as he'd done several times now. It got easier with each attempt. She was still a couple of inches away, struggling to get the last two inches in her mouth. Her lips were so close to his. All they had to do was brush their lips together in a perverted, deep throat kiss. He pushed farther, taking another inch, more than his share. She strained to get the last inch in and their lips touched.

With a sigh of relief, the two parted again. True to their word, Tanya and Christopher let the two pre-teens down from their tortuous position and they again sighed with relief as the strain was removed from their legs, arms, and nipples. They were taken out of the room in preparation for the next torment.

Moments later, the police car pulled into the compound and Bruno hauled Rex and Liz out by the hair. They were met by Nick, Katrina, Christopher, Tanya, and Alan and led into a large building that they had not been inside during this visit. In the past, this had been the gym and as they entered, they saw it still had all the exercise equipment.

In one corner of the gym, Diana, Dan, and Heather were chained to the wall. Rex was led over and stopped in front of the kids. With his back to his kids, Rex was inches from a plexiglass window that allowed him to look into a small room. Liz who had been behind Rex when they entered, was now nowhere to be seen. Bruno stepped into the room on the other side of the plexiglass and pulled Liz in behind him. Then, he left the room and she stood staring out at the rest of her family.

"Can you hear me, bitch?" called out Nick.

Liz nodded.

"Good, let's get started," said Nick. He picked up a metal rod with a small ball at the end of it. "Bend him over." Christopher and Paul grabbed Rex and bent him at the waist.

Rex squirmed as he felt the metal rod inserted in his ass. His two captors allowed him to stand up, but he couldn't pull away from the rod that was several inches inside him now.

"Interesting effect this has on a man," said Nick casually. Then his voice turned menacing. "Really pisses me off when a guest of mine tries to leave early. Really, really pisses me off when a fucking slave tries to escape. So, you're gonna get a dose of reality, buddy. You fuck with me, I'll fuck with you."

Nick pressed a button on the cattle prod that was stuck in Rex's ass. The shock made Rex yelp in pain, and then his cock jerked and a rope of white cum shot out of it. "Stimulates the prostate," said Nick. "Wonder how much jism you got in you, buddy?"

"No," said Rex. "Don't."

"I'll bet you got at least one more squirt in you," said Nick. He pressed the button again.

Rex yelped and another rope of cum shot several inches across the room. It was embarrassing to be jerking involuntarily in front of his kids and his wife. But, he had no control over it.

"Know what pisses me off more than a slave leaving early?"

"No," said Rex.

"Take a fucking guess."

"That I owe you half a million?"

"Yeah, for starters," said Nick. "I got a few people that owe me money. That pisses me off, but there's something that pisses me off more."

"That I haven't paid you for a while?" ventured Rex.

"Yeah, and what else," said Nick.

"Ummm, that I stopped returning your phone calls?"

"Yeah, you got it, buddy," said Nick. "Like I didn't exist anymore. Like you had no plans to pay me. Like you wished I'd go away." He pressed the button again.

"Yooowwww," yelped Rex as yet another rope of cum squirted out of his trembling cock.

"Guess you haven't cum all day, have you," said Nick. "Nothing like a good cum with a cattle prod up your ass, is there?" He pressed the button again.

This time Rex yelped even louder, but only a little cum squirted from this cock.

"That's about it," said Nick. "We've tapped it dry." He pulled the prod from Rex's ass. The slave was pulled to wall by Christopher and Paul, and then chained in place. Now the four of them stared at Liz through the plexiglass window just six feet from them. Liz stared back at them, a bewildered look on her face.

Except for Nina, the entire family was there; the 14-year-old still hung silently, shackled at her wrists and ankles. She'd been alone for long enough that she was beginning to wonder if someone was coming back for her. But for now everyone was engrossed in what was going on in the gym.

"Next stage of the punishment, buddy," said Nick. "This is for trying to escape on me. You know that's not allowed. Now you know that with Bruno as the local sheriff it's futile to try to escape. Might as well settle down and enjoy the rest of the week. We got fun things to do like make Liz scream."

"Don't," said Rex. "Punish me, not her."

"Well, it was only going to be 10 seconds, but now it just got doubled. It got doubled 'cause you're a stupid shit who knows better than to talk back to me. Wanna double it again?"

"No, master," said Rex as meekly as he could. He didn't know what Liz's punishment would be, but he was sorry he'd doubled it.

Nick banged on the glass and called out, "Know why you're gonna get punished, bitch?"

"Rex was bad," said Liz. "Rex was bad. Now it's gonna hurt."

"Yeah, your precious hubby was a bad boy," he turned his attention back to the other family members. "If any of you looks away, I'll double it again. If any of you closes your eyes, I'll double it. You watch or she hurts a long, long time." He paused to make sure they understood. "See the floor," he said, drawing their attention to the metal grate Liz was standing on. "It's electrified. Not a very pleasant feeling," he added. He reached for a switch on the wall and flipped it on.

Sparks flew from Liz's feet as the astonished woman gaped in horror. She leapt into the air, but it was only for a second of relief. She came back down and jumped again, screaming in pain as the sparks seemed to jump up to greet her. Her family watched in horror, not allowed to look away as much as they might want to. The tortured woman tried hopping from one foot to the other, then leaping into the air with both feet at the same time. She looked at the ceiling, searching for a handhold, but there was no relief.

"I love the way a woman's tits bounce when the juice is on," said Nick, sadistically. Liz's tits were indeed bouncing up and down wildly as she leaped about, searching for some way to stop the unending pain. The time dragged on as Nick laughed, "Dance, bitch, dance for us." She had no choice but to dance if she wanted to have brief moments of respite from the pain. Finally the torture was over as Nick turned the switch off.

After the 20 seconds of exertion, Liz stood panting in the center of the small room. She glared through the glass at Rex, the source of her pain. When the door behind her opened up, she leaped through it to the safety of a non-metallic floor.

"I'd like to watch the baby bitch dance, too. How about you, daddy?" asked Nick.

Rex was afraid to answer because he didn't want to double Heather's time, too. But, he'd been asked a question, so he knew he had to answer. After a moment's consideration, he said, "If that's what you want, master."

"Yeah," said Nick. "That's what I want."

Paul unchained the sobbing Heather from the wall. "Please, no, daddy, don't let him." It was clear that Rex, chained as he was, could do nothing to protect her, but still she pleaded for him to save her. "Please, no," she wailed as she was carried from the room.

Liz passed the struggling girl as they came through the doorway in the opposite direction. "What are you going to do to her?" she demanded.

"We're going to watch her dance," said Nick. He wondered briefly if the mother would object and he would get to double the dance time of the 9-year-old. But, Liz disappointed him. She didn't have any backbone left to stand up to the brutal master. She shrugged. Heather was going to dance and there wasn't a thing she could do about it.

A few seconds later, Heather stumbled into the room on the other side of the plexiglass. She turned as the door slammed behind her and futilely pounded on it. When it didn't yield, she turned to face the window. "Please, don't," she pleaded. She was stepping nervously as if the floor was already alive.

Rex could see the sadistic beauty of the punishment that Nick was levying upon him. As the man of the family he was supposed to be their protector. Now they were being hurt because of what he'd done and there wasn't a thing he could do to stop what was going on. It had hurt him deep inside when Liz said simply that he'd been bad and now she was going to hurt. The way she'd said it, it had sounded so natural that she would be punished for his transgressions. But, it was Heather's

pleading for his help that really ripped his insides out. She looked to him for safety and he was unable to provide that.

Nick said, "Stick up your finger." He raised his middle finger as an example. Heather stuck up her middle finger in response. "Put the finger as far up your cunt as you can." He watched with amusement as the 9-year-old buried her middle finger all the way up her pussy. "Now turn around." The girl complied. "Bend over and put your finger up your ass."

The girl turned and bent, pointing her ass directly at the audience. She pushed her middle finger three knuckles deep in her little pink asshole. "Stand up and turn around," said Nick. When she did, he said, "Suck your finger for me." Heather grimaced, but put her dirty finger in her mouth and sucked on it.

"Now put your hands on your hips and say, 'Shock the fuck out of the baby bitch, master.' Say it now."

Heather put her hands on her hips and said, "Shock the fuck out of the baby bitch, master."

Nick flipped the switch and the 9-year-old's eyes revealed the shock of betrayal as much as her scream revealed the shock of electricity that suddenly sparked through her feet. She thought, as Nick had wanted her to think, that her obedience would earn her a reprieve. "Eeeeeee," she squealed as she leaped into the air, dancing as her mommy had danced a couple of minutes earlier.

Though it was only for 5 seconds, to Heather it seemed like an eternity as she screamed, squealed, jumped, and writhed in pain.

Coming soon

Who is trained better - Mommy or Heather?

Dan takes advantage of his big sister.

Liz puts on a show for the entire family.

Why does Dan have a sudden appetite for cock?

Overdrawn - Chapter 11 - Heather Is Such a Good Girl

By Kenna

(g spanking MFfbg, fb, bondage, rape, incest)

Once again the Stanton family was scattered to their individual trainers. Nick was

done embarrassing them for now and it was time for another round of individual training session. He took Heather himself, having plans for the youngest daughter. She'd just had the magnificently unpleasant experience of trying to fly to keep her feet off the electric floor and had quite painfully been unsuccessful. She trembled as she sat next to him though he put his arm gently and comfortingly around her naked little body.

"Your mommy and daddy were so bad to make me do that to you. I'm sorry," he said, turning on his charm. "I'd like to not do that again. You should never be shocked, either that way or with your collar. What do you think about that?"

She sniffed and looked up at him. "You mean it? I'll do anything. I just hate electricity."

"If you really do mean that you'll do anything, then, yes, I'll never shock you again. But that means you have to do whatever I say without question. And if you're really good, then maybe you can stay with me and never go home to your mean mommy and daddy." He watched her reaction carefully. Her eyes didn't exactly light up with delight, but neither did they say no.

"What do you want?"

Nick wondered if perhaps she would be the one that would truly make this week perfect. "It's easy," he says. "Whatever I say, you do without questioning me, like why or how or what do you mean? I'll teach you, so that you know what to do. Take this for example. Now remember, no questions."

She nodded.

"Get off the chair and stand in front of me."

She got up quickly and stood facing him.

"See, you did that right the first time. Look at you, no clothes on, not hiding behind your hands, and facing me. That was easy, huh? You knew just what to do."

She blushed and smiled. "Yeah, I guess so." Her mind wondered just when she'd become so used to being naked that she did it without thought, but mostly she was pleased that she'd earned his compliment.

"Jump."

For a second, Heather had a question in her eyes, but then she jumped, and again, and again.

"Stop. What a good girl." He held up his middle finger and said, "Take your finger and put it up your butt." She bent at the waist and put her hand behind her. Nick couldn't see her butt, but he had no doubt that the slender 9-year-old had her finger up her butt and probably as far as it would go.

Nick stood up and while making a point of having the control for her collar in his hand, said casually, "Take it out and suck the shit off it."

Heather pulled her finger out, looked at it for a second and then put it in her mouth. Nick patted her on the head for her excellent performance. "Now you may or may not have noticed, but every room here has a paddle in it. We like to keep them handy for when our slaves are naughty or just for fun." He winks at her. "I'm going to warn you ahead of time, just what we're going to do, so you don't forget to do it right away. We're going to see everyone in your family. I'll tell you to spank them. You'll pick up the paddle and say, 'Here it comes, you stupid bitch.' Then you'll spank them until I say stop. You'll even say that to your brother, but to your daddy, you'll say, 'Here it comes, you stupid asshole.' Got it?"

Heather nodded. It sounded easy enough to her and, except for mommy, they'd all just stood there and watched her in the electric room. It felt really special when he picked her up and hugged her just for understanding what he wanted. How could she not actually do it?

Rex found himself tied and blindfolded. He assumed it was Katrina's pussy that was pressed into his face. He licked it as he knew he was supposed to do. There were no words spoken by Katrina, but if he slowed his attentions, he felt a quick slap to his helpless cock and balls. He'd never been that good at licking pussy before, but after a couple of swats to his family jewels, he had much more enthusiasm than ever.

He heard the door open and close and then Nick said, "Spank him, baby bitch." Katrina stepped away.

Heather picked up the available paddle and said, "Here it comes, you stooped asshole." She swung as hard as she could, with a resounding SMACK filling the



room. There was no command to stop, so she kept swinging with hardly any pause.

"Stop," said Nick after four swats.

Liz balked at the sight of the professional looking filming set up that Bruno had. She wondered when that had been set up, because it wasn't there a few hours ago. She faced a camera, and there was another to her right, and one behind her, each with an operator to zoom in or out as needed. The three cameras were placed so as to not film each other, but get various angles of her. She'd done so much already, but now he was filming her as she stood nude. She wondered what he would do with the pictures and didn't want to find she'd become a porn star. With a push of a button, Liz felt the sharp stab of pain from her collar. She'd almost forgotten about that. Realizing that she'd become a porn star if Bruno wanted her to be one, she smiled and cupped her tits for him.

It was about that time that Nick and Heather arrived to see mommy. "Spank her," said Nick. Again Heather, with hesitation, hefted the paddle and said, "Here it comes, you stooped bitch." She swung mightily against Liz's ass while none of the others got in the way to spoil the camera's view of a 9-year-old spanking the adult woman. Nick only let her deliver two swats to Liz before he stopped her.

Alone again at Bruno's direction, Liz hefted one of her tits to her mouth and suckled on her own nipple. The mother of four didn't even stop when the amateur director pointed out that he could make a lot of money from the film. "Although," he added. "Even more for the films of your hot little daughters."

Nick had two video set ups, with 3 camera operators each to professionally film the activities. The money from the week's filming would more than pay for Rex's delinquent debts, but he'd still keep Rex on the hook. The other set was filming Diana. She'd had but a moment's reprieve from the day's constant onslaught of sex. When she'd been returned to her room, she'd been given clothes. Embarrassed as she was at the cute little sailor's outfit that was awaiting her, it was better than the nothing she was currently wearing, so she put it on. She thought of outfits she'd seen on Sailor Moon as she looked down at herself. She was wearing knee high socks and tennis shoes, a short little sailor dress that barely covered her crotch, little white cotton panties, and a sailor's cap.

She'd had the clothes on for about two minutes before Christopher pointed the camcorder at her and said, "Turn around, little bitch." She faced away from him.

"Touch your toes." She bent at the waist, giving the camera a great view of her tight ass peeking from under the skirt. Her long legs and bare thighs led all the way up to tight buns. "Look at me between your legs," said Christopher. Her face peered between her thighs.

For a couple of minutes, she posed in several positions that showed off her panties from the front and the rear. In slow strip tease she took off the sailor suit, now posing in just her panties, knee highs, and tennis shoes and, of course, the cute little hat perched on her head. It was at that moment that Nick and Heather paid them a visit.

"Don't you dare!" yelled Diana as she understood what was about to happen. "Shut up," she yelled as Heather warned her it was coming, even calling her a stooped little bitch. She had half a second to figure out what to do. She bent forward. Three swats and three yelps later, the spanking stopped.

Nick had a hard on at the sight of Heather spanking her daddy and mommy, but it became a crushing, demanding erection as Diana argued and then got it anyway. He led his young slave off to more conquests. He had five more days to train her. He was getting more convinced that she would be the one he kept.

Nina had missed out on the family get together that everyone else had just attended. She was still shackled, very aware that the position left her available for the next cock that came in. Blindfolded, she was also aware that she'd been taken by some faceless man once an hour all day long. So when her blindfold was removed for the first time that day, she was relieved. At first she thought her ordeal was over.

But it was only the blindfold that was removed. She stayed bound in metal and as her eyes adjusted, she knew that her sight had been restored only as a new torment. Between her spread legs stood her little brother.

Dan had noticed his sister as she'd filled out in that past couple of years with growing curiosity. He'd noticed the way boys her age had noticed her and flirted with her. He'd also noticed the distance she put between herself and boys. She would flirt back, but there was a line that the boys couldn't cross. It had made him feel special that he could see her in unguarded moments. He hadn't quite snuck a peek at her naked, but he knew that other boys never saw his pretty sister in her nightgown or coming from the shower wrapped only in a towel. As he looked down at

his sister, he saw she was just as hot as he'd expected and helpless to boot.

The helpless 14-year-old recognized the look on her little brother's face. His eyes touched every private part of her body as he took advantage of her precarious position. She squirmed, tugging without effect on the metal bands at her wrists and ankles. She rolled to her side, taking away his easy access to her pussy. Then she felt a slight twinge of pain at her collar. It wasn't even enough to make her wince in pain. It was just enough to remind her that there was more where that came from. In response to the warning, she rolled onto her back, aware that she was offering herself to her brother.

Taking advantage of the unspoken offer, Dan knelt. His first instinct was to fondle the soft girl flesh that was usually hidden to him. His hands went for her tits. He toyed with them for a few moments, feeling his cock harden at the chance to see and feel his big sister. Involuntarily he looked down at his cock and then at Nina's pussy.

Nina's eyes followed the gaze from cock to pussy and saw the light go on in Dan's eyes. "Daniel..." she started to scold him about his naughty thoughts, but realized that she'd only get a shock for not cooperating. Besides, while she didn't want her brother fucking her, she figured she'd probably already been fucked by every male in the compound except for him.

Dan put his cock to the entrance of Nina's pussy. Even if she had warned, threatened, or cajoled him, he was going to fuck her. Though it hadn't been as bad as Nina's, he wasn't having a good day either. Now he was aroused and wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to satisfy himself. He pushed into her cunt, feeling it slide tightly around his hard cock. Grunting with pleasure, he slid deep. The pussy was warm and wet, seemingly eager for his cock.

Nick arrived with Heather outside the room where Dan was raping his big sister. He peeked through the window in the door and waited. He wanted Heather to perform for him, but he also wanted Nina to suffer the humiliation of taking her brother's cum.

Tanya and Paul watched with amusement and growing lust as the two siblings fucked. Dan's cute little ass was thrusting forward and back between his sister's thighs. Nina was clearly not thrilled to be helpless and raped by her little brother, but she was demonstrating her training by remaining silent. It was that look of

helpless resignation that made the master and mistress most excited.

As Dan filled Nina's helpless pussy with cum, Nick brought Heather in. He pointed his young slave at Dan first, mainly because Nina would watch and know in her helpless position that she was next and she was utterly fucked, worse than her brother had just done. "Spank him," said Nick. "Spank the boy bitch."

Heather picked up the paddle as Dan stepped away from Nina, breathing hard and the penultimate feeling of an orgasm just settling. "No," he said, his voice whining. He looked at avenues of escape.

Much to Nick's amusement, Heather first said, "Stop whining. Just bend over." Dan looked ready to explode at his little sister, but with Tanya, Paul, and Nick in the room, what could he do? He bent over. "Here it comes, you stoopid boy bitch," said Heather and delivered three swats before Nick stopped her. The first swats on her dad had been hard, but now she was really getting into it.

"Now, her," he said, pointing at Nina. "Give your big sister twice as many as you gave the boy bitch. You should learn that there is nothing like spanking a girl or a woman who is as helpless as she is."

Heather was not lacking in imagination and she really, really, really wanted to keep Nick happy. She didn't just step up and spank her sister, she walked up to her face to face and said with more than a trace of vindictiveness, "Remember last summer at the beach... what you said in front of those boys?" She took the position and said, "HERE IT COME, YOU STOOPID TEEN BITCH!!!"

Nick almost wanted to stop the spanking, but it was way too erotic to watch the little sister take out her revenge for some probably trivial offense on her big sister. He had no idea what was said at the beach last summer, but that didn't matter. Nina screamed delectably and that mattered.

Nick knelt down and hugged his little princess. "You are so wonderful," he said to her. "I've never had anyone so obedient, so precious, and so perfect. I'm very happy with you." He kissed her on the lips and she responded eagerly. Then he looked around, putting a sad expression on his face. "I've promised my friends, one last little test. Make me proud."

Liz watched impassively as Heather and Rex were led into her room. After just a couple of days of training, she had learned a few things. At the top of her new

knowledge was the fact that shit was going to happen and there wasn't a thing she could do about it. Whatever was in store for them wouldn't be fun.

She wanted to hug her 9-year-old daughter, lure her back to her family, and reassure her that things would be OK, but she knew that would only result in pain for herself and probably for Heather as well. The naked little girl was positioned right next to her naked mom, both of them in the center of the room, facing the others. Neither of them was tied, but neither of them made any sign of resistance to their captors.

Rex was cuffed and forced to stand where he could see his wife and his daughter. Bruno stepped over to Liz and Alan approached Heather. Without a word, Bruno reached out and touched Liz on her left tit. "Come have fun with the tied bitch, everybody," said Liz on cue.

Alan poked Heather on her left nipple. "I have the cutest little nipples in my fourth grade class," said Heather.

Rex's heart sank as he realized he was witness to Heather's training. He'd already seen his wife perform this feat of memorization, but now his little girl was doing the same thing.

When her right tit was touched, Liz said, "Please suck my big tits." When it was Heather's turn, she said, "Please suck my hard little nipples."

Each time Liz was touched, she answered the call of her training. Rex had heard them before, but was amazed that Heather had a routine of her own now. When her left ass cheek was touched, the 9-year-old said, "Little girl cunt in the sweetest in the world." It was most disconcerting that she beamed at her naughty announcements.

Alan tapped Heather on her right ass cheek. "Fill my ass with a big damn cock," said Heather. When he touched her right inner thigh, she said, "Strip me, tie me, and feed me to the football team." Alan touched her left inner thigh. "Let Daddy eat my hot little cunt." As Bruno touched Liz, Alan continued to work his way around the little girl's body. The two were having a competition to see who could be the nastiest. "Take me behind the barn and ride me hard," said Heather when her stomach was touched.

Alan touched her chin. Heather hesitated, showing the first sign of confusion from

either of the trained females. A look of fright crossed her face. "Nine-year-olds have the tightest pussies in the whole fucking world," said Heather finally. No one else said anything to acknowledge Heather's brief failure.

A touch to Liz's nose and she said, "Cocks, cocks, all girls love cocks. In your mouth, Nina. Up your ass, Diana. In that tight little cunt, Heather. I want one in every hole." At Heather's turned, she said, "Cunts, cunts, all girls love cunts. I want to lick mommy. I want to lick Nina. I want to lick Diana. I want to lick my own." When her forehead was touched, Liz said, "Cocks, cocks, all boys love cocks. In your mouth, Dan. Up your ass, Rex. Fuck all my boys and let me watch." Heather's response to that was, "Cocks, cocks, all boys love cocks. I want to watch, too."

Bruno touched the top of Liz's head and she said, "Oh yeah, whip my ass. Let me have it, Bruno." Heather was right behind her with, "Oh yeah, whip my ass. Let me have it, Alan."

Bruno stepped behind Liz and raised his whip. He brought it sharply across her bare ass. "Yeehaa, that's one for the bitch," yelled Liz, tears coming to her eyes as before. "Ride me hard, Bruno."

A second later, Heather screamed out, "Yeehaa, that's one for the baby bitch. Do me again, Master."

Rex watched, his cock hardening of its own will, as the two screamed out a total of ten swats each. Their bodies jumped at each blow, but they made no move to protect themselves from the lashing.

It wasn't until the spanking was done that Alan finally chastised Heather for her delayed reaction to having her chin touched. "I'm disappointed in you, baby bitch," he said. "Almost forgot your line. That makes you the loser." He poked her chin again and again and again.

Heather repeated her memorized line each time he prodded her chin. "Nine-year-olds have the tightest pussies in the whole fucking world. Nine-year-olds have the tightest pussies in the whole fucking world. Nine-year-olds have the tightest pussies in the whole fucking world."

"And don't you forget it again," said Alan. "Now, for your punishment, get between mommy's legs and eat her pussy."

Heather knelt in front of her mommy and ran her tongue up Liz's slit. Tasting the glistening juices, she looked up the length of mommy's body at the full ripe tits and into mommy's eyes. She felt the no shame of doing something so naughty to her mother and by now she knew there were much worse things... disobeying her new master was one of them. Pleasing Nick would save her from so much.

As Heather's tongue danced between her legs, Liz heard Bruno. "Such a nice treat to have a little girl eating your pussy," he said in her ear. "I know she sucks cock real good, so I'll bet she eats cunt just as well." He stood behind the woman. Looming over her, he could look over her shoulder at the sweet face of the 9-year-old as the tongue darted in and out of Liz's pussy. "She's going to eat until you cum, mommy."

Humiliated, sore, and angry, Liz didn't feel the least bit aroused by the attentions of her youngest daughter. She performed for her master with mechanical precision, but that didn't include getting excited by the debauchery forced on her. Still, she knew that if she didn't cum, she'd better at least convince her audience that she had. Looking down at her daughter, she said, "Lick mommy, baby. Make me hot with that cute little tongue."

No one, not even Heather, suspected that Liz was simply playing the role that was expected of her. Goaded on by Liz's words, the little girl responded by wrapping her arms around her mommy's legs. With her hands on Liz's ass, she pressed her face more firmly to the pussy. She moved her head from side to side, working her tongue deep between mommy's lips.

"Ooo, yeah," moaned Liz as Heather's tongue touched her clit. There was no thrill even when Heather found the right spot. But her voice trembled with faked excitement. "Just like that baby. Show me what a fourth grader can do with her tongue. Make mommy feel good."

As Heather attacked her pussy, Liz tried to pace herself. She had to be convincing, so she didn't want to rush it. But at the same time, she didn't want to make Heather work for very long. "Yeah, baby," she breathed. She wanted to let it build and fake an orgasm, but the trick was to distract the men by getting them excited. "Tongue fuck, mommy," she said to Heather. Then, looking at Alan she said, "You're right, there's nothing like a 9-year-old between your legs."

Liz watched the cocks around the room harden, including her own husband. She

continued to make naughty comments, taunting her own daughter for the benefit of the audience. At the same time, she slowly counted to 100. Reaching 80, she started breathing heavy. "Do me, baby," she moaned. "Lick it right there. Faster. Harder. I'm almost there." As she got to 90, she said, "Show them how a little girl eats cunt. Make mommy cum." Her breathing was more ragged and then at 100, she threw her head back. "Ooohhh, yeah, baby, do it. I'm cumming for you."

Coming soon

Liz puts on a show for the entire family.

Why does Dan have a sudden appetite for cock?

Latex torture for all

Morning training

Overdrawn - Chapter 12 - Dan Saves Himself from Certain Death

By Kenna

(bMMMMMM, bdsm, oral,, toys)

Nick took Heather away from the rest of them as soon as Liz's fake orgasm was done. "Good girl," he said. "You forgot one line, but the important thing is how well you did everything I wanted without hesitating. He took her hand. "Hop on one foot," he said as he walked her back to his cabin. It wasn't much, but he wanted to mix up easy with hard things. She dutifully hopped beside him all the way and with a smile on her face.

Once they got back inside and alone, Nick said, "Watching you spank your family was really sexy." He pulled down his pants and underwear and showed her just how sexy that activity had been, pointing his big cock at her face. "Sometimes I expect you to do what I want without hesitating and without being told. You have to know what to do. So what do you think I want you to do now?"

"Ummm... you want me to suck on it." It was pretty obviously pointed right at her mouth.

"That's right. I want my pretty little girl's lips wrapped around my cock and I want you to show me how far you can take it down your throat." He smiled as she knelt and licked it first and then wrapped her lips around it, looking up at him for approval. Her eyes shown with delight at the big smile he gave her. Then she pressed forward, sliding it until it hit that back of her throat. Stretching her neck to give the cock a straight shot, she pushed past the back of her throat. She



fought the uncomfortable urge to gag, but she'd had enough practice already and knew just what he wanted. Her lips pressed against the base of his cock and then she took it out again.

She looked up one more time, seeing the smile of approval and then started blowing him with all her new found expertise. For Nick she was reasonably good at cock sucking, but it was the visual of such a little girl doing it. He moaned with the exquisite feeling of power filling him. It was important to teach Rex a lesson for taking advantage of him. It was nice to be able to do it so personally.

With Dan finished raping his big sister, Tanya took him for a special session. Alone with him, she said softly and seductively, "Sit back and relax."

He sat warily and leaned back, wondering what the catch is. He jumped as she reached out and rubbed his temples gently. "No, really, I want you to relax," she said, her voice still measured and calm. "I promise I'm not going to hurt you. You've been through a lot and you need some time to just relax."

Despite his concern that this was a trap, Dan managed to relax, feeling his tense muscles unwind as she talked soothingly and massaged his temples. He almost felt ready to fall asleep as her voice droned on even after she took her hands away.

Tanya watched him carefully and knew when he was fully hypnotized. She was an expert at it, making a living by helping people quit smoking or drinking or whatever vice they want to rid themselves of. Occasionally she'd have some fun with it like she was right now, with Nick's approval of course. She put him through a few simple tests to see just how susceptible he was to hypnosis and learned he was very susceptible.

Done with the tests, she put in a post-hypnotic suggestion that would make it easier and quicker to put him under in the future. Then she got down to the real fun. "Dan, you've been poisoned and the poison will kill you by nightfall. There's only one antidote for the poison. You've got to suck every cock here. Bruno, Paul, Christopher, Alan, Nick, Daddy. All of them. Every cock. You have to swallow the cum. Every cock before night. But do daddy last." Finished with that, she woke him up. "All rested?" she asked him as he sat up in alarm.

"I... I've gotta go," he said. She put a hand to his chest, firmly holding him in place. "You'll go when I say you can go." She counted to three and said, "You may go. Night is just four hours away."

He pushed past her and got up, walking quickly out the door. He'd already been trained on how to swallow a cock and now his life depended upon it. He found

Christopher first. All of the men, except for daddy were in on the plan and knew what to expect. "I need to suck your cock," he said to the surprise of Diana who was in the midst of being spanked.

"Need to? How bad do you need to?" asked Christopher, ready to put him through a minor ordeal just for the fun of it. Nothing would be easy for any of them this week.

"Really bad, please, I gotta."

"Bend over and I'll give you 10 swats. Then you can lick your sister's asshole. Then you can suck my cock."

"I don't have time," argued Dan.

"Then you better hurry up and bend the fuck over," snapped Christopher.

Dan made a face, but bent and suffered through the 10 swats, happy at least that Christopher did them quickly. Then, he stepped behind his sister and pulled her cheeks apart. He looked at Christopher for a second and then licked her ass.

"The little pink pucker," said Christopher, pointing out the naughty little target nestled between her cheeks. Dan had been pretending to lick her asshole while actually avoiding it. Now he made contact with a grimace, lapping at it with distaste. "Use it like a finger and make circles around and in it." Doing as he was told, Dan finally earned the privilege of sucking the man's cock. He had no choice but to do it with Diana watching, milking the cum out of the huge cock and swallowing as much as he could.

Christopher patted the boy on the head and Dan exited quickly in search of another cock. The poor lad had to track down each one and pay a penalty of some sort every time. Though he had four hours, it took him less than an hour to do them all but his dad. Then he hurried from place to place searching for that last cock that would keep him alive.

Rex was with his wife, or at least in the same room with her. At the moment he was kneeling with his wrists cuffed to his ankles, which forced him to arch his body and lean back. His cock hung limp between his legs as he was tormented mercilessly by Nick. His position may be been uncomfortable, but Liz was the one suffering most. Rex's suffering was mostly mental as he was forced to watch his wife being raped.

Liz had her wrists tied straight up in the air so that her toes could just reach the floor. It was a difficult enough position, but Bruno, with help from Nick and

Katrina, made it worse by tying one ankle almost straight up beside her wrists. She was doing the splits with her weight on the toes of one foot and her tired arms.

"Buddy," said Nick, standing near Rex with his eyes on Liz. "You may suck at gambling and investing, but you sure did pick a nice piece of ass for a wife. Didn't he, Bruno?"

Bruno said nothing as he fucked Liz's stretched and available pussy. As he thrust, she bounced on her toes. Bam, a hard thrust pushed her off balance and her foot to move a couple of inches, making her look like she'd just hopped. Bam, each thrust forced her to dance on those five aching toes. Nick had already fucked her for 15 minutes in that position and now Bruno was going on 10 more. She moaned into the ball gag shoved deep in her mouth.

"You like that, huh, Lizzie baby," said Nick. "Love the idea that your husband fucked up this bad. Love paying for his bad judgment with your pussy." He could tell his words were hitting home by the way her eyes watched him, occasionally flickering over to Rex. "You and your precious little children. Getting tied, spanked, hurt, and raped while his punishment is just to watch."

Rex still had to fight the urge to rant back at him. Every time he tried it only resulted in his collar coming alive, adding physical pain to his misery. So, he watched and listened in silence as his perfect wife was used over and over. "Gotta thank you, buddy, for bringing her to us. She is one helluva fuck."

As the torment went on, Katrina came back from her scouting mission to signal silently that Dan had finished all but daddy. "Finish up, Bruno," said Nick. "Put your load in her."

He and Katrina grabbed Rex and undid the link between his ankles and wrists, only to then bend him backwards over a big sturdy cushion and link his wrists and ankles to the floor on opposite sides of the cushion, forcing him to bend backwards even more than he had been. On top of that, it put his pelvis as the high point of his body, his still limp cock highest of all. He couldn't see Liz anymore, but Nick made sure he knew when Bruno had cum in her.

Rex's new position was preparation for Dan's arrival, which happened just minutes later. He immediately saw his dad, practically served up on a platter for him. Still he hesitated, seeking permission from Nick. "Please, I gotta suck his cock," he said to Nick.

"We know you do," said Nick. "Bad bit of luck you ran into with that poison and all. Go ahead, nobody's stopping you."

For the first time Dan didn't have to pay a penalty before he could start. He rushed to his dad and took the soft cock in his mouth. "He's pretty good at cocksucking," said Nick. "Had lots of practice so far, but you need to understand that he really needs your cum. You may not want to cum in his mouth, but your son's life depends on it."

"Huh?" said Rex. He didn't understand. He wouldn't put it past Nick to throw the boy in the pool again and not pull him out this time. The threat was clear. Cum in Dan's mouth or Dan dies. He didn't realize death was only in Dan's head. What he did see was Dan's eagerness to suck his cock. It was yet another blow to him by way of his family as Rex wondered what torture could have made Dan so eager to do this.

This was worth an argument to Rex, despite the pain he knew would follow, "Nick, you're having your fun, but you can't kill us."

To his surprise, before Nick could react and push his pain button, Dan spoke with a sincere whine in his voice, "Dad! Don't argue with him. Just let me. Cum in my mouth or else." His eyes brimmed with tears. Not really needing permission, he took daddy's cock in his mouth and started to suck it to hardness.

His defeat came from a direction he hadn't expected, begging from his son instead of a shock from Nick. He didn't know what had happened to Dan, but his son was clearly frightened. Since it appeared Dan's life really was in his hands, he relaxed back, looking at the ceiling and thinking fantasies to get his mind off who was really blowing him. With Dan's surprising proficiency, his cock hardened to its full length, filling Dan's mouth and slipping down his throat.

The cute 11-year-old sucked for all he was worth. There was just this one cock left and he could tell he was going to get his reward. His butt was red from repeated spankings to earn nasty reward after nasty reward. His face was covered with the cum that he hadn't managed to swallow.

Liz had a perfect view of his red butt and the rest of the show. It didn't even occur to her to close her eyes or look away. Every muscle in her body ached, cum was dripping down her leg, and her husband was getting blow job. Somehow that just didn't seem fair to her.

When Dan finally sucked his daddy's cum out and swallowed, he felt an immense sense of relief. He'd done it and well within the time allotted. The taste and smell of cum filled him and only now that he'd completed his task did rational thought return to him. He remembered sucking cocks and shuddered at that memory.

Nick rested a hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "I think you're forgetting one of the cocks."

That feeling of anxiety gripped Dan again. He had been sure he'd done them all. "Wh-which one? Who else is there?"

"You didn't suck your own and I'm sure that counts," said Nick. "At least, you can't take the chance. Time's running out."

The boy stared down at his cock and even bent forward in a vain attempt to reach it with his mouth. He struggled with it for a few seconds before looking up at Nick, but it wasn't Nick who decided whether it was sucked or not. It was Dan himself and he knew he had to. "I can't," he said miserably. "I just can't."

"Well, really, all you need is the cum, so why don't you just jack off into your palm and then lick it up. I think that will be what you need." He smiled down at the boy.

"Um, gee, thanks," said Dan with relief. He reached for his cock and started stroking it without even thinking about the audience.

"Always glad to help," he said. He motioned to Katrina to free Rex so he could watch, and then guided Dan by the shoulders to stand right in front of his mom. "Always helps me to have a nice piece of ass to look at when I jack off. She is a nice piece of ass, huh?"

Not knowing exactly what to say as he stroked his cock right in front of his naked mom, Dan said, "Yeah, I guess so."

Nick moved behind Liz and slid his cock inside her messy and well used pussy. "Let's make him good and hard so he can cum for his mommy," he said as he raped her yet again.

Liz watched with humiliation as Dan actually jacked off watching her get raped. She was again bouncing on her aching toes with each thrust and her son's eyes were focused on her tits as they bounced non-stop. Like her husband, she had no idea why Dan was so insistent on collecting cum and she didn't really care. She watched his slender young cock point at her as his hand moved up and down as fast as he could.

It didn't take long for Dan to cum and he managed to catch most of his precious treasure cupped in his palm. Without a second thought he cleaned it off his palm and licked his fingers. Then he stared at his palm and blushed as he looked up at his mommy. What did he just do? Right in front of her. He may have just saved his life, but at the moment he was wishing he hadn't.

After a full day of fun for the masters and mistresses and torment for their victims, five of the slaves were cuffed and kneeling while their owners ate dinner. They were already hungry and being forced to watch with none of their own only made it worse, which was precisely the point. Halfway through dinner when bowls of cold oatmeal were put in front of them, none of the slaves hesitated to lean forward, put their face in the bowl, and eat like an animal.

The sixth member of the family sat at the table right next to Nick. Heather felt a little guilty, but it was saving her a lot of pain to be Nick's little pet. She ate what the rest of those at the table were eating without looking over at her family. Just after the rest started lapping up their oatmeal Nick handed Heather a small jar with a teaspoon of red pepper in it. "Sprinkle this on Nina's food."

Heather slid out of her chair, looking at what was in the jar. When she figured it out, she thought how much Nina hated spicy foods and she was pretty sure Nick knew that from previous visits. She knelt down by Nina's bowl and just before she could sprinkle it, Nina whispered, "Heather, don't, please." She didn't even know what it was, but she did know it wouldn't be good.

After sprinkling the red pepper on Nina's food, Heather grabbed the available paddle. She'd also been instructed what to do if anyone complained. She lined up on Nina's butt that was convenient raised and available as her eating position required. "Heather, please," said Nina louder. Heather didn't hesitate. She wasn't allowed to hesitate. She just delivered three swats to Nina's butt.

No sooner was Heather done than Paul used his remote to further reinforce that rebellion was not allowed. He pressed the button for her collar three times in quick succession. Each shock made Nina's body tense and she yelped three times as well. She and the others got the message. Without another word she returned to eating, so hungry that she choked down the hot pepper with her oatmeal.

When Heather went back to Nick, he handed her four olives. Even as she saw them, she knew that these were going to Diana. Nick confirmed that with his instructions, adding, "Tell her she has to eat them or else." After Diana's "treat" was delivered, Dan got pickled beets on his oatmeal. Neither of the twins argued or wanted to find out what the or else was.

With the family fed, Nick had one more group activity before they went their separate ways to be put down for the night. They all crowded into one of the room set up for filming. "That was a pretty convincing act you put on today for Heather," he said, stopping in front of Liz. "Probably would have fooled your husband if you faked an orgasm like that in bed. I'm betting that's where you got

so good at it. There are a few minor details, such as the flush of your skin and dilation of pupils that are impossible to fake though. It was a fake, wasn't it?"

For a moment Liz wondered if he was bluffing with the bit about her skin and her eyes. Maybe he didn't really know. The last question made him sound a little unsure of his claim. She didn't want to argue with him though, so she said, "Yes, master."

"And we'll expect no more of those, so you better get used to cumming for us. Whatever it takes. Start enjoying the chance to perform for us... starting right now." She had no time to wonder what that meant as Katrina slipped a vibrator in her pussy that also pressed on her clit. She put one in Liz's ass and then pulled on a pair of tight rubber panties to keep the vibrators snugly in place. Next, she put on a blindfold to prevent her from seeing what might be going on around her and then a ball gag. As her eyes were covered, she was acutely aware that everyone was in the room - all the masters and mistresses as well as her family. Then she could only assume they remained. Finally, she was positioned on her hands and knees directly in the focus of the three cameras and the vibrators were turned on.

Nick leaned close to her as she felt the sudden stimulation to her ass and cunt. "Not to put pressure on you, Lizzie, but we'll expect you to cum and cum until we stop you and until your first cum, we'll be whipping somebody."

Though she figured Heather wouldn't be one of the ones being whipped, Liz still had three kids that she didn't want to have suffer too much. At this point she wouldn't mind watching Rex get some.

While Liz was being prepared, Rex, Nina, Diana, and Dan were positioned with their wrists cuffed to their ankles and they were put on their knees with their faces against the floor and the butts up in the air. They too were gagged so that Liz would only hear muffled screams and moans coming from them.

As soon as Nick stepped away from her, Liz heard the first smacks of a paddle and cracks of a whip. She forced that distraction out of her mind and went into one of her fantasies, which was far different from Nick's fantasy that she was living. She imagined romance and seduction with a faceless man. It wasn't long, just a couple of minutes, before she started to feel the vibrators as friends instead of intruders thrust upon her. A nice warm feeling started to fill her as her clit slipped out to play.

Wandering into her fantasy deeper, she started to thrust her hips in a slow sensual motion as a tingle started to grow in her pussy and ass. Now oblivious to her surroundings and the show she was putting on for the entire room, her pace picked

up. As her hips moved faster, she broke out in a sweat and her breathing became ragged, punctuated by moans of increasing pleasure.

Around her the spankings continued, but now Rex and Dan had hard ons, torn between the occasional pain in their butt and the sexy show that Liz was putting on. Rex thought it looked like she was getting fucked by the invisible man. Dan just focused on his mommy's ass grinding and tits swaying. All the men had hard cocks as Liz unwillingly teased them with her body. Nick especially watched the erotic scene that he'd orchestrated. He'd always had more than a touch of envy over Rex's luck and now he had the chance to own the beautiful and sexy woman. There was no doubt in his mind that Liz would leave Rex as soon as the week ended, but where would she go?

When her fantasy reached its peak, Liz was moving her hips hard and fast, like she was fucking someone under her. Her body in motion was an sexual delight that was being captured on film from several angles. The tingle became more intense, growing to a fire and filling her. When the vibrator induced orgasm hit her, Liz moaned loud. She threw her head back. "Ahhh, mmm ummmmmminngg," she moaned in the gag as her hips moved with the will of their own in time to an imaginary cock

She remained in position after the orgasm, panting and shaking. For a few seconds she wondered if that was it, but then the time dragged on and she remembered that Nick had told her she'd cum and cum until they told her to stop. Somebody removed her gag and again she briefly wondered if it was done, but nothing else was taken off. The insistent buzzing on her clit never quite let her relax completely from that first orgasm and she started pumping her hips again. At first she moved with reluctance, but it was hard to deny that her body wanted more.

This time it was different though. The spankings had stopped, so she no longer needed to tune out her surroundings as completely. Just remembering Nick's words reminded her that the room was full and she was in front of the cameras. This time her body betrayed her, leading her to a second orgasm even as her mind told her that her children were watching mommy and that this would be viewed again and again by complete strangers. Her second orgasm arrived slowly and gently compared to the first. Her movements were more sensual than demanding, but she again tenses and threw her head back. "I'm cummmminngg," she moaned.

As the second one passed, she didn't want to relax and let it slip away. This time she held it, already imagining a third orgasm. She'd suffered all day long and now she was the one being rewarded with wonderful, repeated orgasms. She wondered just how long they would want to watch her. She'd kept herself in good shape, but



as a mother of four, she'd seen herself as more housewife than sex pot. That they'd want her to keep going made her feel sexy.

Starting toward the third orgasm, there was still that tingle in her pussy and her ass, but now it was accompanied by tingles dancing over her skin as she felt the eyes on her body. They wanted to watch her and this time she wanted them to watch. She imagined not cameras, but the men watching the videos as she rocked back and forth. She imagined hands, not eyes running over her body. She imagined the looks on the faces of Bruno, Paul, Christopher, and Alan. They were all younger than her, handsome hunks. They wanted to watch her.

The third orgasm was different than the previous two. It was obvious to everyone watching as her body thrust with even more passion. Her breathing was faster and punctuated this time with words instead of just moans. "Fuck, oh yeah... so good... hot... fuck me...Jesus Christ." She was turned on by being watched, but she kept that to herself. She didn't want anyone to know the embarrassing motivation for this frenzied orgasm. She was doing fine until the orgasm actually took her. She tensed again, her hips still thrusting hard and fast. Throwing her head back, she yelled, "I'm cumminngggg. Fuck, watch mommy cummmm."

She froze as the orgasm passed this time, shocked at what had slipped out of her mouth. There was no taking it back, so she let her body relax and start to move again toward a fourth orgasm. Then the vibrators stopped and so did she. Bit by bit they removed her blindfold and bindings until she could collapse exhausted on the floor.

Coming soon

Latex torture for all

Morning training

Heather trains Nina

Twins take turns

Overdrawn - Chapter 13 - Early to Bed, Early to Rise, Not Much Sleep in Between

By Kenna

(bdsm)

After the show, it was still fairly early, but the plans for bedtime required a little preparation. All the slaves were given a few closely supervised minutes to potty themselves and brush their teeth. Most of them considered a break for freedom

since they were unrestrained for a few minutes, but since their shock collar never left their neck, that really wasn't an option. Then the real preparation began.

The masters and mistresses worked in teams of three, so Rex, Liz, and Nina were hogtied while Diana and Dan got the privilege of being prepared for bedtime first. Tanya, Paul, and Bruno teamed up on the frightened Dan while Nick and Heather watched. Having just Tanya training him was bad enough, so he wasn't looking forward to whatever the group had planned. The pile of stuff that looked like it was for him looked ominous mainly because he hadn't the faintest idea what it was for. There was a T shaped metal device, two feet across the top with a three foot long leg and rings at the three ends. The rest was just a pile of shiny black sheets of latex.

As Tanya bent his leg back under Dan, Paul picked up one of the sheets of latex and Dan first realized that it wasn't just a sheet, it was a sleeve with an opening only at one end. Paul and Bruno worked the latex sleeve over his knee, up over his thigh and calf, and all the way up to his crotch. The tight, elastic sleeve pinned his leg in that bent position with his foot pressed to his butt. Knowing what was coming this time, he watched with dread as his other leg was put into the same position and trapped in latex. He looked like he'd had his legs amputated at the knee.

Next, the three adults worked to pull a larger tube of latex over his head and down his body. This garment had openings at both ends, but the initial impression was very claustrophobic for Dan it was pulled over his head. Despite the threat of pain, he cried out, begging for them to stop. He calmed when the garment went lower, down over his torso, and his head was free again. When they were done, he was wrapped in latex from his hips to his shoulders with his arms pinned to his sides. At least his head wasn't covered.

Unfortunately for Dan, that was soon remedied. Tanya put a latex hood over his head that covered all except his mouth and nose. While she did that, Paul slipped a latex mitten over each hand. When they were done, the only parts of Dan that were visible were his mouth and nose and his cock and butt, like the reverse of wearing bikini underwear.

Blind and helpless, Dan begged to be released for a few seconds until his collar was activated and his body jerked from the sharp pain at his throat and neck. He heard Tanya say, "Get used to it. There's not a fucking thing you can do, so just shut up." That was punctuated by the addition of a bit gag to his mouth that snapped right into the hood to keep it firmly in place.

For a few moments he lay in silence, wondering what was next. There didn't seem to be much more they could do to him. Then he felt a warm mouth on his cock. He couldn't see, but he was pretty sure it wouldn't be Tanya or any of the masters. It had to be Heather that was sucking his cock. His cock reacted like it wasn't even aware of the pain and fright that filled him. It hardened, becoming the embarrassing focus of their attention. Then Heather stopped, leaving him hard and frustrated.

When he thought nothing else could be done to him, he felt his balls pulled away from his cock and then an inch wide band of metal was put in place, stretching his scrotum so his balls were painfully pinned away from his cock. Finally, he was reminded of the metal T bar as the ends of the top of the T were hooked to his knees and the base of the T was hooked to a ring on his bit gag. He was completely motionless.

Then the real torture began as Tanya put her mouth close to his ear and said, "Good night, boy bitch." He heard footsteps and then the door slammed.

While Dan was being prepared, Katrina, Christopher, and Alan worked on Diana. "Got some nice PJs for the little bitch," said Christopher as they started on her. He held out a pair of latex panties and she stepped into them without question. He pulled them up her legs and stopped with them at mid-thigh. Then he pushed a four inch long, one inch diameter vibrator into her pussy. While Christopher bent her forward, Alan pushed a conical butt plug into her ass. The butt plug flared from a narrow tip to an inch and half diameter middle and a narrow base, rather like a Christmas tree. It pushed in, spreading her asshole open and then popped into place seated firmly. Only the narrow based that terminated in a wide disk stuck out of her butt. Then Christopher pulled her panties the rest of the way up.

Her main garment was a single sleeve for her entire body. Christopher and Alan worked it up over her feet and up to her knees. Then they stood her back up and Katrina zipped up the back from her knees to her waist, pinning her legs together. The pause was for Christopher and Alan to position her arms straight down, palms against her hips. Then Katrina zipped it the rest of the way, all the way up to her neck.

She, too, was topped with a hood that covered all but her mouth and nose, the only bit of skin still showing. Finally, a ball gag was shoved in her mouth and snapped to the hood. "Sleep tight," said Christopher as he turned on the vibrators in her pussy and ass.

"Eh, as er," she replied as her pussy started to tingle.

The team of Tanya, Paul, and Bruno moved on to Nina next. Like Diana, she was started with a vibrator and butt plug, but they were held in place with more than a pair of latex panties. Her legs were stuck into the leg holes of a body suit that pulled up over her hips and then zipped up the back to encase her in latex from crotch to neck, with convenient cutouts for her small tits.

Her legs were bent and trapped in latex sleeves just like Dan's had been. Then Tanya held Nina's hand to her shoulder while Paul and Bruno pulled another sleeve over her elbow and up her arm, pinning her forearm to her bicep and her hand to her shoulder. Her other arm was bound the same way, leaving her looking like a quadruple amputee. Mittens were put on her hands.

She was equipped with a hood and bit gag. Her shoulders, hips, feet, tits, and nose and mouth were all that was visible of her. Like her younger brother, she figured there wasn't much more they could do to her and like him, she was about to find out she was wrong. A two foot spreader bar was attached to her knees. Her hands were clipped to her bit gag. Her elbows were attached to hooks on opposite walls, making her arms horizontal, spread like little wings.

When the vibrators were turned on in her ass and pussy, she squirmed the little bit that she could. "Gonna be a long fucking night, teen bitch," said Paul. Then she was left alone, kneeling uncomfortably on the floor with a buzz in her pussy and ass.

Katrina, Christopher, and Alan helped Rex get ready for bed. His first latex garment was a pair of panties of his own, but modified for a man. There was a hole in the front, three inches in diameter. The hole was covered by a metal cage forming a three inch dome around his cock. Katrina reached into his panties and made sure his cock and balls were comfortably enclosed in the cage. Rex looked at the arrangement with dread, knowing as soon as he saw it on himself that getting a hard on would be painful.

His feet and legs were encased in a single sleeve of latex from toes to upper thighs with his legs straight. His arms were wrapped in a single sleeve of latex as well with his hands behind his back and his elbows nearly touching. With a hood and gag that matched his children's hoods and gags, his latex outfit was complete, leaving entire torso from waist to neck uncovered. For the finishing touch, his feet were hooked to his hands, putting him in the hogtie position.

"Poke this up daddy's ass," said Nick, handing a six inch dildo to Heather. Holding onto the handle, she put it to her daddy's asshole and worked it past his tight sphincter and then all the way up his ass. "Now in and out," said Nick.

Heather fucked her daddy's ass, not knowing why. Rex felt a chill of fright as his ass was raped by his daughter. The stimulation to his prostate made his cock harden despite his attempts to command otherwise. It was just 30 seconds before his cock filled the cage and sought more space. As it got hard, it bent painfully, looking more like a pretzel than an erection. Even as he screamed into the gag, his little girl didn't stop fucking his ass.

"That's good," said Nick. "You can stop now."

When Heather stopped, it still took another 30 seconds before his cock shrank below the painful level.

"Hey, buddy, I almost forgot the best part," said Nick. They both knew he hadn't forgotten. He was just saving the best for last. In Rex's case, he knew it was more like saving the worst for last. A chill ran down his spine as he had a few seconds to wonder what Nick had saved.

Nick picked up the remote for the electrified cock cage and pressed the button. "Aahhhhh," screamed Rex, his voice at a high pitch.

"Sweet," said Nick. "You scream just like a little girl. Do it again." He pressed the button again.

Try as he might, Rex couldn't keep from screaming and it did come out sounding just the same. When the pain stopped he yelled into his gag, cursing Nick. Half a second later, he screamed like a little girl again for an interminable two seconds.

"Now shut up, buddy, before I have Heather fuck your ass again and then press this special button."

With two more family members that had to be prepared for bed, Tanya, Paul, and Bruno had the pleasure of fixing up Liz. As they undid her from the hogtie, Tanya said, "Your kids are all tucked into bed for the night. They're so exhausted they're probably all asleep already."

The wicked smile on Tanya's face told Liz that was a lie. She just didn't know how much of a lie it was.

The latex suit for Liz was heavier than the others since there were special plans for Liz. The reinforced suit would stand up to a lot of stress. Like the rest of the family, Liz found no room for bargaining as they ordered her to lie face down on the suit once they'd spread it out. She could tell what it was even before they started to put her feet in the sleeve at the bottom.

Her latex suit was similar to Diana's, but all in one piece instead of a single suit for her body and a separate hood. Once they had the suit pulled up to the back of her knees, Bruno zipped up the back, stopping at her waist. Tanya and Paul pressed her arms to her sides, palms flat against her hips as Bruno zipped it up to her shoulder blades.

Bruno zipped it up farther and then her hood was pulled over her head, leaving just her mouth and nose showing. With that done, Bruno zipped it up the rest of the way. On Liz, only her mouth and nose were visible. She was gagged before the final step.

Bruno and Paul stood up the mummified woman and then let go of her. A little push and she started to topple with a horrified scream, only to be caught by them before she went too far. After a few more frights like that, she figured that they weren't really going to drop her. They were just making a point of how helpless she was.

The one piece garment made her look sleek, showing off the flare of her hips and the mounds of her tits, but smoothly flowing from feature to feature. It had an otherworldly look and if you didn't know there was a real woman inside, you might think it was just a figurine.

The finishing touch came when Bruno and Paul carried her to the center of the room and lifted her a few inches off the ground. Tanya hooked the ring at the top of her hood to a swivel securely fastened in the ceiling. When the men let go of her, Liz swung free, suspended from the ceiling. This time a little push sent her swinging like a pendulum. She moaned in fright as they toyed with her, swinging her helplessly.

Her tormentors were very careful not to touch the parts of her body where she'd been trained to spout off something embarrassing. When they tired of her, they left her gently swinging. "Good night, Liz," said Bruno, patting her on the left ass cheek.

"Put a big cock up Heather's ass," she said into the gag. It was muffled, but he knew what she'd said.

Katrina, Christopher, and Alan laid out Heather's special pajamas, but it was Nick that took the lead in putting her into her latex costume. Christopher and Alan laid her on the bed and pulled her knees up to her chest and her arms to her sides. Wanting to be very good for her master, she held that position with very little help from the two men. Nick started at her cute little bottom, feeding it and her feet into the bottom of the ball shaped suit. He pulled it up over her knees. Then

Christopher and Alan rolled her over and Nick zipped up the suit to the small of her back.

Rolling Heather to her back again, Nick pulled the rest of the suit up to her shoulders. Rolled one more time, he zipped up the back all the way to her neck. She looked like a lumpy ball with a head. Even the head got a hood like all the others and then she was gagged.

Frightened through the whole experience, Heather said nothing as wanted to please Nick completely. She wanted to protest that she'd been good and he'd promised not to hurt her anymore. But protesting wouldn't be good, so she didn't.

On her suit there were rings at her shoulders and one on her butt. The shoulder rings were to suspend her for the long term, all night long. First though, she was hung by the ring on her butt, upside down.

Nick gave her a couple of pushes, making her swing. It didn't last very long and then he stopped her. "You've been very good, just like you're supposed to." He removed her gag and pulled out his cock. "Blow me."

She smiled and sucked his cock all the way down her throat. It felt good to make him happy, especially since he'd been hard already. She didn't understand why, but she knew that she'd made him hard by letting him play with her. Preparing all the family had aroused Nick and he'd been that way for the hour it had taken to get them all in their suits. It was no surprise to him when he came quickly in her hot little mouth.

Then they took her down and put her on the bed where he removed the latex suit. He stroked her naked body as she lay quiet and obedient for him. "I want to let you know that I would have left you there all night long except that you've become my special girl. Everybody else is going to spend the night in a rubber suit. But not you."

She smiled, content to wait for his next command. She was really glad that he'd let her become his special girl.

Nick took her by the hand and led her around so she could see the predicament of each member of her family. He gave her specific instructions as they walked into the first room to see Nina. She took the remote from him and walked up close to her sister. "Good night, teen bitch," she said and pressed the button while she counted silently, 'One thousand one.' Nina screamed into her gag and Heather felt a little guilty about it.

One by one she said, "Good night, little bitch," "Good night, boy bitch," and "Good night, bitch," so that first they knew Heather was right beside them and then they knew that it was Heather that pressed their button. She got a different box from Nick when she went to see daddy. "Good night, asshole," she said and pressed the button. She jumped in surprise as daddy screamed like a little girl even though Nick had told her he would. She grinned over at Nick and then rubbed her little pussy over daddy's face until he moaned with pain. Why her pussy made daddy hurt was a mystery to her, just like when she'd fucked his ass earlier.

Exhausted as they were, the slaves did manage to get some sleep despite the pain and even arousal from their confining positions. They took fitful naps mixed in with boredom and cramps. For all they knew it could have been a couple of days that they were blind and trapped. It sure seemed like it.

Morning came and they found that even when their wish came true and they were freed from the suits, it was painful. They could barely move, but gradually the stiffness wore off. After that, they stood cuffed behind their master or mistress and watched as they ate a sumptuous breakfast, their stomachs growling with hunger. Then, to their surprise, they were uncuffed and fed the same filling breakfast.

"Gotta keep your energy up," said Nick by way of explanation. The truth was he'd done some thinking during the night. The capitulation of Heather was part of what spurred a change in his plans, but more important was the show that Liz had put on last night. He'd found a weakness in the woman that changed everything.

After breakfast, the family was led out to the well manicured lawn between the cabins and the pool. There were already five people, a man, a woman, two girls and a boy, standing at attention and waiting for them. Though they were fully clothed, their status was obvious from the collars that they wore around their necks with Katrina and Alan watching them.

Nick lined up the nude Stanton family facing the others. Once he was satisfied the Stantons were properly lined up, he said, "This is Mark and Paula Priestly and their daughters Karen and Jenny and their son Mark Jr." He walked down the line past Mark and paused in front of Paula to fondle her tits through her blouse, then he did the same to Karen, saying, "She's sweet sixteen this year." He did the same with 13 year old Jenny and then simply walked past Mark, saying, "He's 11."

"They were our guests of honor last year. Mark pretty much fucked up just like you did, Rex." He looked down the line of the Priestly family and said, "Ready, set, go."



Mark and his family moved quickly, stripping off their own clothes as they had been trained. Mark lay down on his back and Karen lay between his legs, taking his cock into her mouth without hesitation. Paula knelt down over Mark's face, lowering her pussy to his mouth and his tongue reached out to lick her pussy. Jenny knelt straddling her daddy's stomach so her pussy rubbed against him. Mark Jr. stood straddling his daddy's chest as his mommy sucked his cock and his sister licked his asshole.

Rex and his family watched in amazement as the five moved into position with no more command than a ready, set, go. It was clearly a practiced routine that told them what lay in store for them for the rest of the week. Obviously they'd be learning their own routine.

It didn't take long for Mark's cock to rise to full staff and when it did, Karen pulled on Jenny's hips, moving her back and aligning her pussy with her daddy's hard cock. Jenny wiggled her hips and settled down on it, fucking herself while still licking her brother's ass. Once Jenny was settled, Karen went to Nick and bent at the waist, offering her ass for a spanking, which he promptly delivered.

After ten swats, Karen returned to stand beside the rest of her family, fingering herself hard and fast. Nick winked at Rex. "This is the part I really like," he said. "Took a while to teach them this." Karen started to moan and the entire family picked up the pace. After another minute, Karen said, "Three, two, one." The entire family came at the same time.

Rex and Liz just gaped at what it took to get five people to orgasm simultaneously. The kids didn't quite get the implication that they could well be trained to have six simultaneous orgasms and what time and pain would be spent in that training.

The meaning of the demonstration was a mystery to the Stantons as the other family was dismissed and sent home. Perhaps it was a portent of things to come or just a reminder of what could be. Either way it was a chilling sight to see the Priestleys perform so precisely with no question.

Rex was completely taken by surprise by what happened next. Nick dropped Rex's bag of coaching equipment at his feet. "There's your stuff, buddy. Go give the kids a workout." The bag contained stop watches, a whistle, charts, and workout routines for the four kids to practice their swimming. "You have an hour. They don't need suits; they can swim naked. Any funny business, they still have their collars on and they'll be wet."

For a second Rex waited to hear the catch, but then he picked up the bag. He was still wary as he told the kids to follow him and he headed for the pool. As Rex walked away, he heard the catch. Nick said, "Liz, stay with me. We need to talk."

Coming soon

Heather trains Nina

Twins take turns

Nina can't wait for Heather to come back

Mommy takes care of the twins

Overdrawn - Chapter 14 - Change in Plans

By Kenna

(fg, Mf, bg, bdsm, inc, oral)

Aside from being naked and wearing shock collars, the four swimmers had an hour of normalcy in their topsy-turvy life. Rex pushed his kids through an hour long workout of stretching, sprints, and endurance like he'd originally planned for the week. Somehow this hour seemed as bad as the torment and torture that they'd suffered for the previous two days. He knew Nick was up to something. It was just not obvious at the moment. At least the kids seemed to get their minds off their situation, so he didn't let on that he was still worried.

While the kids were getting their workout, Nick sat down with Liz, even offering her a decent cup of coffee and a robe. Then he made her the same offer he'd already made with Heather. "The rest of your week can be a lot easier if you just do what you're told when you're told without question. Heather's learned the value of obedience."

"So that's what's going on," she said. It had appeared (just as Nick wanted) that her youngest daughter had changed sides and was in league with Nick. "Make the offer to my kids and not me," she said. "Stop raping and abusing them. Do what you want with me."

"Offer's just for you, Liz," he said. "You obey nicely and I'll stop hurting you."

"Then my kids think I'm abusing them with you? No thanks."

He shrugged. "You take the deal and tomorrow one of the kids gets the offer. Another one the next day and the last one on the last day. You don't take the deal and nobody except sweet little Heather gets the deal. You want to save your family, you take the deal now."

"You're a bastard," she observed. "Acckkaaahhhh," she gasped, having momentarily forgotten he had a special button for her. She glared at him and fingered her collar.

"Say I'm a loving, kind man," he told her.

"You're a loving, kind man," she said with considerable sarcasm.

"Like you mean it."

"You're a loving, kind man," she said without the sarcasm.

"You gonna take the deal? Doesn't matter to me. I can have fun with you all day, trying to see how loud you can scream." He looked at her with a smile that only seemed evil when she knew the mind behind it.

"I'll do it," she said.

"Good, then when the kids are done swimming, you take Dan and Diana to the second bungalow. Make them get each other off with their mouths in a little twin sixty-nine. Spank them if they refuse or even if they move too slowly. Christopher and Tanya will be with you to make sure you do it right, but you are not to wait for them to prompt you. Tell your precious little twins they are to learn to enjoy the taste of their twin. Make it seem like it's your idea. Pass this test and keep it up all day long and then tomorrow somebody else gets the deal."

"I got it, I got it," she said. His orders turned her stomach and she wasn't sure she could trust him to keep his end of the bargain, but she had no choice.

"If you tell them what's going on, then the deal is off. No telling them you're doing this for them or that you have to do it. I do expect them to think you're the mom from hell for the rest of the week." He gave her that same smile. "It's part of the fun. After the week is over you can tell them your side of the story."

"When does Rex get the offer?"

"Wasn't planning on ever giving him a break," said Nick. He looked at his watch.

"We have plenty of time. Finish your coffee, then take off the robe and blow me."

When the swimming practice was over, Liz was sitting naked and waiting with the taste of Nick's cum in her mouth. Katrina and Bruno pulled Rex off to his own special treatment. The four kids were left with Nick, wondering what he had in store for them. To their surprise, their mom stood, pointed at Dan and Diana, and said, "You two come with me."

Liz led the 11-year-olds to the bungalow. "Diana, what do you think of the taste of your brother's cum?" she asked.

The question took the girl by surprise. "Uh... it's pretty icky, mom," said Diana. She felt nervous talking like this with her mom. "I mean I've done it because they made me, but it doesn't make it taste good."

"You think the same about your sister's pussy?"

"Yeah, I guess," said Dan. He cast a glance at Diana, giving her a look that showed his surprised at their mom's language.

"That's too bad," said mom. "You need to learn to like the taste of each other's cum. Dan, get on your back. Diana, get on top of him so you can suck his cock and he can lick your pussy. I want to see you both make each other cum."

"Mom? What are you doing?" asked Diana, looking at their escorts, Tanya and Christopher. She'd expect an order like that from them, but not from their mom. She looked back at her mom, aware that there had been no prompting from the two escorts and her mom seemed unconcerned about their presence. "You're gonna make us?"

Liz tried to ignore the guilt that her daughter elicited with that question. It pretty much summed up what was about to happen. She looked around and spotted the ever present paddle and picked it up. "I'm teaching you to love your brother in a special way." She grabbed Diana's wrist and turned her around, giving her a firm swat with the paddle. "Yes, I'm going to make you. Now don't talk back to me, just do it."

In response to the swat on his sister's ass, Dan lay down on the floor quickly. He didn't know what was happening, but he wasn't going to argue with whoever had the paddle and was giving orders. The way things were going right now he wouldn't be surprised if their mom started pushing the button for their shock collars.

Diana stood over her brother and looked at her mom. Her ass stung from the single swat. She was confused and felt betrayed. When her mom lashed out with the paddle again, smacking her harder this time, she finally knelt down over her brother. Just a couple of days of training had taught her not to argue, but this just seemed worse than anything she'd been forced to do. "God, mom," was all she said as she took his cock into her mouth. She felt his warm, wet tongue part her pussy lips.

She couldn't believe her mom had just spanked her for *not* blowing her brother. She sucked him as she'd been taught, feeling him harden in her mouth. It did feel good to have her brother lick her there. It had felt good to do a lot of things with her brother this week, but she hadn't actually *enjoyed* them. All the good feelings

paled in comparison to the ugly feeling of being forced and being watched. Having her mom force them was no better.

The message had been clear. They were expected to cum. Little moans of pleasure rumbled deep inside her as she let the tingle grow instead of denying it. She felt a incredibly embarrassed to be doing this in front of her mom, but she was getting used to performing embarrassing things.

Dan was doing better under his sister than she was. He licked her pussy, already thinking it tasted better for no reason he could think of. Her warm, sweet mouth knew what to do with his cock. On top of that, he had an image of his mom as a sexual creature from the night before. She'd put on a show and the way it had ended left him thinking it wasn't entirely against her will. Having her watch them was one step closer to having her participate. That would be hot.

Now that she'd started on her twins, Liz felt an urge to go even farther. So far she'd only been following orders, just with more enthusiasm than even Nick expected. There was really no need to go above and beyond, but she remembered the arousal from the previous night. Cumming in front of them over and over had brought out a naughty passion that she hadn't known was there. Cumming in front of her kids shocked and aroused her. She was only barely aware (and trying to deny it) that watching them now was exciting. A couple of days of lowering her tolerances and now she was willing to accept her children as sexual creatures.

Liz knelt beside the pair, watching with intense interest. As she watched, she fantasized about one or the other with their faces buried in her pussy. Maybe one in her pussy and one at her tits. Maybe both competing for her pussy. They'd do it for her or... she had mental picture of them tied so they would. She caught herself in surprise, wondering where those thoughts had come from, but they wouldn't go away.

As Diana came, Liz reached out and caressed the fine, tight ass. It clenched marvelously, passionately to announce the little girl's orgasm. She saw Diana's ass rise to meet her hand and Dan's head rise to follow his sister's pussy. "Now, make him cum," she said softly, not showing her surprise that Diana had beaten her brother. That perception lay only with Liz as Dan was busy pumping cum into his sister's mouth even as mommy spoke.

After the swim, Paul took his charge by the hair and pulled her into one of the rooms that was set up for filming. In the middle of the room was a set of rockers like the bottom part of a rocking horse without the horse. The front of the rockers, where the horse's front legs belonged, had handgrips with about a foot

and a half of leather extensions leading up like the bottom half the horse's front legs. The back of the rockers had a place for feet and two feet of leather extensions for the back legs. Nina looked at the odd half rocking horse, not realizing that she was the missing part. Nothing that happened here was good. She just couldn't figure out how bad this morning was going to be.

Paul pushed the naked teen to her hands and knees between the rockers. He made her grip the hand grips and then put the leather sleeves around her arms. As he pulled the lacings tight, it made it so she couldn't bend her elbows. Once the lacings were tight, she realized what was about to happen. "No, please," she squirmed, but her arms were already trapped.

The big man didn't even bother with the shock collar. He just slapped her helpless ass hard with his open palm a few times. "I got lots more where that came from, teen bitch," he reminded her. After that, she gave mild resistance, but he put her foot in the rear "hoof" and then laced up the leather bindings. The last leg was much simpler.

"What are you going to do?" whined Nina. She'd been in bad positions, but this was the most humiliating... and frightening since she was naked, helpless, and totally exposed. She was a living rocking horse and he could do anything to her. The leather bindings around her limbs kept her limbs straight. Her back was parallel to the ground. She could just imagine Paul swinging a leg over her and riding her.

"Nothing," said Paul. Then he proved himself wrong by shoving a cone shaped butt plug in her tight ass. It gave her a nice flowing tail. Then he ran his hand down her bare back to her ass and gave her a little push to set her rocking. She stared in dismay at the screen a few feet away that showed the cute little Nina rocking horse going back and forth.

Moments later, Heather came into the room. She walked up to her big sister and dropped an armload of tack beside the helpless figure. She patted Nina's back and said, "How's my girl? You ready for a ride?"

Nina thought Heather looked absurd. The 9-year-old was naked above the waist and below the waist wore nothing but a pair of chaps that didn't cover her pussy or ass. She also wore boots and spurs. "Get the fuck away from me, Heather!" snapped Nina as she saw the nasty looking spurs. "You ride me and I will pound your ass."

"Hmmm," said Heather. "My pony in a bad mood today?" She untangled her pony's harness and fitted it over her head.

"Get away. Don't you dare. Please, Heather. You can't. Don't let them make you." No amount of wheedling deterred Heather. She knew better than to try more threat than she'd already tried.

The leather harness fit over Nina's head and had side straps that buckled under Nina's chin. "It's OK, girl, we'll have a fun ride and you'll feel better."

Nina gritted her teeth at the absolute humiliation of having her little sister harness her for a ride. The idea of a fun ride did not make her feel better and she was certain the ride itself would be anything but fun and couldn't possibly make her feel better. "You don't have to do this, Heather," she said. There was only the camera crew in the room and they'd never even said a word to any of them.

Despite their lack of interaction, the crew was still three sets of eyes watching her being harnessed by her little sister, not to mention the camera that would capture it forever. Oh, how she fumed and sought ways to get free, but there was nothing she could do.

Heather walked around front of her sister and stroked Nina's hair like she might a pet. "Oh, but I want to," she said. She held out a bit. "Open up for me." When Nina clamped her mouth shut, Heather held her nose until she had to open. Then Heather seated the bit firmly in place and clipped it to the side straps and using a Y strap that was connected to the top of her harness. Heather caressed Nina's head again, "See, girl that wasn't so bad." Nina bristled over the fact that she couldn't even respond. It was the epitome of humiliation and frustration to be so helpless for her little sister and her little sister was taking advantage of that helplessness. It was bad to be gagged by Heather so easily and the way Heather dismissed it made even worse. She was fourteen, a high school freshman, and being abused by her little sister with an audience.

Next, Heather picked up a saddle and strapped it on her furious sister's back. She pulled the cinch under Nina's belly and tightened it. "Oh, you naughty little pony," said Heather. "Don't puff out your tummy like that." She gave Nina a hard swat on her ass and then pulled the cinch tighter when Nina exhaled sharply.

There was only one object left on the floor. As Heather bent to pick up the riding crop, Nina watched and felt tears form in her eyes. Little sister put a foot in a stirrup and swung her legs over big sister's back. Nina screamed into the gag in frustration as she thought of the spurs and riding crop and their potential use. Heather could do what she wanted, but Nina knew there was nothing she could do in response. Nothing except be a good rocking horse.

"Giddy up," said Heather with a flick of her spurs against Nina's exposed thighs and a snap of the riding crop.

Nina pushed her weight forward and then back and found herself rocking. She blushed furiously for the camera as she discovered that she could indeed respond to Heather's prodding. Another kick and slap and she was rocking quite impressively. "See, doesn't that feel better, girl," said Heather.

Not knowing what else to say, Nina whinnied.

The ride lasted less than five minutes, but as far as Nina was concerned, it was the worst less than five minutes of her life. Being tied, raped, forced to suck, or any of the indignities she'd suffered over the past couple of days didn't come close by comparison. Rocking back and forth with her 9-year-old sister astride her back was just horrible.

When she thought it couldn't get worse, Nina felt Heather slide off and then watched her just walk away. She was still rocking slightly and wondering what was next. The wonder was over when she felt her tail raised and tossed on her back. She could just turn her head enough so her peripheral vision showed a large shape, she assumed it was Paul, directly behind her. Then she felt the warm, insistent stab of a cock in her pussy.

When ordered to whinny, she recognized Paul's voice. In response, she looked right into one of the cameras and whinnied long and loud. If that's what he wanted... if that's what would get him off... she did it for him. She wondered if he had a nice side when he wasn't being paid to be mean. She was beginning to wonder if that mattered.

She rocked slightly, held in place by his hands on her naked hips. He fucked her hard and, as he did, he leaned across her, his hands fondling her tits as they dangled below her. She tried to push her hips forward and back in time to his thrusts, but it only made her rock and his hands forced her to steady. Surrendering to the inevitable, she just held still as he raped her.

Heather was still there, standing where Nina could easily see her and Heather could watch her big sister being raped. She knew how it felt to be so helpless, but, like Nina, she thought this was way worse than just being tied. The funny thing was the 9-year-old found herself excited that it was Nina. It was thrilling to harness and saddle her sister and watching Nina being used was even more exciting. She liked being in charge.



The humiliated teen couldn't believe the smirk on her little sister's face. *I'm being raped and she's enjoying it!* Nina came with an abrupt whinny that surprised and embarrassed her, hoping he didn't know what that was for. From Heather's grin, she burned with shame. Then he tensed, filling her pussy with hot cum and she whinnied long and loud, cumming for him again and uncaring that Heather knew.

When he pulled out, she rocked back and forth, slowly coming to rest. Looking back over her shoulder at him, she whinnied softly and started rocking again.

"You want another cock, teen bitch?" asked Paul, his surprise obvious.

Nina slowed her rocking. "Uh uh," she said into the bit gag. Then she started rocking again.

Paul got right in her face and unclipped her gag. He let it fall to the side. "So what are you trying to say, teen bitch?"

"Nobody else," she said and rocked even more. She opened her mouth wide and then smiled as she felt his strong hands grip her head and slow her. This time when she opened, he pushed his soft cock into her mouth. A few minutes later he was hard. She spit him out and started rocking again. It wasn't like she wanted to say it, but she could show it this way. She glared at Heather, daring little sister to say something as Paul fucked her again.

While the rest of his family was taken away, Rex was left with Nick. He started to sit in the chair vacated by Liz, but Nick stopped him. "Just stand at attention, asshole," he said.

Rex was instantly jealous, wondering why Nick had offered his wife special treatment. Only now did he figure out that the hour spent with his kids' swimming practice was to get Liz away for something insidious.

Nick rose and waved the remote control for Rex's collar as he circled the man. He didn't care anymore what happened to Rex. When a "business partner" got this far in debt to him, he took out an insurance policy on his partner. Rex owed him half a million, but had a million dollar policy. If Rex were to die in an "accident," it would only be to his benefit. With his new found interest in Liz, it was doubly to his benefit.

"You give any thought to what happens after this week, buddy?" he asked Rex.

With all the torment that was going on, Rex discovered that he hadn't thought much about it. He'd expected that life would return to normal, but as he thought about it, he realized life would never again be the same. His kids had been shown

the nastiest sex possible. His wife had been turned into a mindless slut. There were physical and mental scars that would never heal. "I guess not," he admitted.

"Family you saw this morning? The Priestlys? They're still married only because I make them stay married. She hates him for what he did to her and the kids. They live in hell. Bump the little girl wrong and she spouts off crap like Liz and Heather. Try to explain that at school."

"You've taken away everything," said Rex. "I know it's gonna be hard to put it back together."

Nick laughed. "I let you go on Saturday afternoon, you won't spend Saturday night in your house. Liz is gonna kick you out and that's it. I'm not gonna make her stay with you like I did Paula. I figure I'll let you go on Saturday and Liz and kids will just stay with me."

"Fuck you," said Rex before he thought of the consequences and before Nick could press the button. He gritted his teeth as the power surged through his neck, but kept his hands on his ass as he'd been trained.

"Yep," said Nick. "Just like you know how to behave now. It's so fucking hard to find a woman and kids who behave. I figure if I keep them, I'll have teen and preteen pussy all I want. And I'll get to fuck your wife, too. She'll enjoy it."

Rex silently steamed at the taunting.

"You know if I asked Heather to come make me happy, she'd do whatever it takes. She is such a sweetie. I'll bet I could get Liz to smile as she licked my asshole. She ever lick yours, buddy?"

"No," said Rex, glaring at Nick.

"You know, buddy, I hate hurting the kids. Don't get me wrong, I love little pussy, but I don't have to hurt them to get it. I'm just doing it for your benefit. You brought this on your family. You saw what Liz did last night? How she came and came and came for us? Hot little Nina would spread her legs for me at just a word. Diana? She's hot and she'd let me spank that cute little ass all I want. Little man Dan has learned how to suck cock. Heather has taken it up the ass for me. I own them all, but it's your fault."

He circled Rex, daring him to speak, but Rex had learned his lesson. It was no use responding to all the vitriolic talk. He didn't respond even when Nick said, "Look at you. You can't even protect your kids. You don't even care anymore. Let me show you something."

Rex followed Nick, wondering which of his family members he was going to watch being debased this time. That wasn't part of what Nick wanted to show him this time, not directly anyway. He led Rex to a small room, a meter square with a door in, a hard wooden chair, and TV screen. "Sit," said Nick. When Rex did, Nick shut the door and locked Rex in.

Examining his surroundings, Rex discovered the chair was bolted to the floor. If he sat in it, he faced the TV. Not seeing any other options, he sat. On the TV he got to watch Heather ride Nina, Nina get raped, and then Nina use her helpless position to seduce Paul to do it again. He tried to look away, but there were no other channels and no other diversions, so his eyes kept coming back to his oldest daughter.

As the twins disentangled themselves from their sixty nine, Liz realized she was touching her pussy. She was wet from watching them. There was a demanding ache in her pussy and tummy. She'd shown them what she was really like last night. They'd just shown her that they were eager little sluts. Dropping to her knees and then to her back, she spread her legs. "Dan, lick me now. Diana, come here," she beckoned with open arms.

Dan was eager to comply. It was the completion of his fantasy. He wanted her to join them, so he crawled between her legs and tasted her pussy. This time the taste was wonderful. It was his mom, the pussy that he'd watched being abused last night.

When Diana came reluctantly to her mom, Liz pulled her to a deep, passionate kiss. As Dan licked her, she pushed her tongue into Diana's mouth. Then, she pushed Diana's head down to her tits. "Suck on them," she ordered.

There was no thought in the mother's mind of how indecent the act was. Her body was on fire and her resistance had been beaten down. She held Diana's head to her tits, enjoying the feel of the soft lips on her tits. Dan needed no encouragement to give her a good pussy licking.

Liz let her orgasm build slowly. The sensations were just too wonderful to rush. When she did cum, it was a wild charge of pleasure. She'd never considered these pleasures before, but so many things had changed now.

Coming soon

Nina can't wait for Heather to come back

Mommy takes care of the twins

Nina plays repeat after me.

Diana's knees hurt.

Overdrawn - Chapter 15 - Does Anybody Care Where Rex Is?

By Kenna

(gf, mast, bdsm, fM, bF, FM, oral)

Nina was left alone, still imprisoned as a living rocking horse. Even the camera crew left the room. Rigidly locked in place in the silence, she started to rock. It was something to do. She rocked gently, building up speed slowly. Soon she was rocking wildly. It was almost like being on a swing. It may not have been her first choice for entertainment, but it was fun. Then she rocked so far that for a moment she thought she was going to tip forward and she screamed in fear. She had no way to catch herself and she would have hit face first. She teetered for a frightening moment and then rocked back to safety. Abruptly the fun was gone and she just stood there on hands and feet wondering how much longer she'd be there.

Her boredom was interrupted finally when Paul came back in. She whinnied and rocked gently, but he said nothing. All he did was to put a collar around her neck. It was a long, stiff posture collar that stretched her neck and raised her chin. With it snugly in place, she couldn't turn her head anymore, but at least she had her peripheral vision. She wasn't even thinking how important what was until he put blinders on her. They attached to her harness and covered her side vision. When he turned her to the one wall that had no windows, she could see a narrow strip of white from floor to ceiling and nothing else. Then she heard his footsteps fade and the door slam.

For a moment she couldn't believe the position she was in. Now she couldn't move and couldn't see much. She stared at her little world of white, wishing someone would come in and do something. Anything would be better than this. Time crept by with nothing to do but stare and think. She wondered what they'd do to her next. She imagined being raped again and again. After half an hour, she started to wish to be raped again and again.

As the time dragged on, she wondered if they'd forgotten about her. In her current predicament, that was even worse than being tormented. After more than an hour had passed, she started to make snorts of frustration. Imagining someone in the room with her, she wiggled her hips the tiny bit she could and rocked a little bit. No one answered her request for attention.

The camera crew came in, barely noticed. The door opened and shut softly. It could have been just the wind. She wasn't sure if she heard the sound of the stocking feet of the men as they tiptoed to their positions. She couldn't turn her head to look. Then, she rocked slowly, giving out a couple of whinnies to catch their attention and get a reaction. There was nothing, so she began to doubt that anyone was there. It was just her imagination.

She almost cried out with relief when she heard the door again. This time there was a definite slam. Listening, she heard little boots tapping across the floor to her. She assumed Heather had just joined her. It was humiliating to think of herself as her little sister's toy. She realized that she'd willingly do just about anything for Heather if her little sister would only play with her. It was worse to know that Heather didn't need her permission.

As Heather walked into the room, she looked at Nina from behind. The view of her big sister's long legs sticking straight up, her firm butt perched high in the air, and her pussy open and available was very erotic. The 9-year-old wouldn't have thought that a couple of days ago, but now she knew what sex was all about. She had a wonderful tingle between her legs. She'd been told what to do with Nina, but she also really, really wanted to do it to Nina.

Walking close, she put her little hand on Nina's inner thigh, rubbing the dried, crackling cum that had run down from her pussy. "My pony was a naughty girl," said Heather as she flaked off the cum and fingered the still messy pussy. "I know you liked it, too. Say it. Tell me. Did you like it?"

Nina didn't know how to respond except to whinny. It sounded excited and playful, like she was indeed happy to have Heather with her.

"Naughty pony," said Heather, backing away from Nina's exposed ass. She cracked a whip, aiming high and to the right so Nina got the idea.

A chill went up Nina's spine as she heard the cruel sound of the whip. She knew what game they were about to play. Oddly enough, after over an hour of boredom, she wanted the whip to strike. She'd had enough time to think about it. She wanted to play with her and if that meant the whip or spurs, then she wanted it. The sound of the miss was frustrating. The whip snapped and missed again. The anticipation was maddening. The boots tapped closer. She moaned, wanting to cry out, 'Just whip me.'

Heather was beside her and then Nina felt a small hand cup her tit as it hung down, accentuated by gravity. A deep shuddering breath of pleasure escaped as Heather toyed with her tit and nipple. "You got pretty tits," said Heather. "I like how they

feel. I like it when you show them off to me. Can't stop me from feeling you up." Then she felt the severe pinch of a nipple clamp and gasped in glorious pain. It hurt so bad, but she wanted nothing more than to thank Heather for touching her. Cruel touches were as welcome as anything. With a sigh, she felt Heather's hand on her other tit. She tingled with excitement and then felt the bite of the second nipple clamp.

Again Heather's boots retreated behind her. This time the whip snapped and she felt the sting on her ass. "God, yes," she tried to gasp through the gag. "Play with the naughty pony." The words were stifled behind the hard bit gag, yet they sounded as excited as she felt. The whip struck again and again. She felt her pussy getting wet at the joy of having her mistress play with her. They were playing wonderful, naughty games and she wanted more.

Heather left red stripes all over her big sister's helpless ass, surprised that Nina's whinnies sounded happy. "That ought to do it," said Heather. She walked to Nina, put a boot in a stirrup, and threw her leg over. When Nina started to rock, Heather yanked on the reins, pulling Nina's head up sharply and painfully. "Whoa, girl, not yet."

Nina stopped quickly as she felt the bit pull at the corners of her mouth. It hurt and it made her mad at herself for rocking without permission. She hoped she got another chance to do it right. Then she saw an object enter her vision from above as Heather leaned forward in the saddle. She rolled her eyes up to look at the small dildo that dangled in front of her. Oh, yes, she thought gleefully. She wanted that in her pussy.

"Let me get this in first," said Heather. The fake cock disappeared from Nina's sight. "It snaps into the saddle." That confused Nina. She felt Heather rise up, heard a click and, heard and felt Heather settle down contentedly. That's when she realized Heather had just impaled herself on the dildo now that it was installed in the saddle. "Giddy up," said Heather with a snap of the crop and a quick kick of her spurs.

Nina yelped in pain and surprise and started rocking. "Nice and slow," said Heather as Nina's movement rolled her forward and back. The dildo fit up against her little clit so the rocking motion pushed it against her sensitive cum button. She was still wearing just boots and chaps, her bare cunny and ass against the leather of the saddle.

"You're my little pain pony, aren't you," said Heather, teasing Nina. "Your ass looks so pretty with red stripes all over it." She reached back and rubbed Nina's sore

bottom. "It's such a nice ass and I really like the way you held still for your whipping. I'll do some more later." She let Nina rock for several seconds, enjoying the rhythmic pressure on her clit. "You wouldn't believe how hot it looks to have your hard nipples stretched out so much. Bet it hurts. Tell me you like it."

Nina whinnied. Heather seemed to like that as a response. She'd noticed a change in Heather's voice as they rocked together. Her little sister was going to cum and then she'd want to play more. Nina really liked the game and wanted to make sure Heather wanted to play with her. She whinnied a second time and rocked a little faster.

"Oooohhhh," gasped Heather as she pressed a little harder on the dildo. "My naughty pony likes this, too. Just be slow and nice for me. I'll let you know when to go faster."

She rocked for nearly a minute. The only sound was soft coos from the little rider. "You know what I think I'll do with these movies? I think I'll show them to the boys at school and tell them my big sister is a hot ride. You'd let the boys all give you a ride, wouldn't you?"

The rocking horse heard the double entendre and knew the boys wouldn't want to ride her like Heather wanted to ride her. The faces of a couple of boys went through her mind. She wouldn't mind giving a few rides. Her imagination included being strapped in the rocking horse contraption and having her sweet little mistress show her off before letting them ride. Her pussy was wet and tingly as she thought of that version of this game.

Nina's mind jumped back to reality as the spurs touched her thighs again. The pointy little spurs spun up her tender skin, leaving red marks. She picked up the pace, rocking just a little bit more and tingling as she heard Heather's sounds of pleasure.

"Just a little faster," said Heather, snapping the riding crop across Nina's flank as hard as she could. "A little faster, pain pony." The little rider thought about how her sister looked... her red striped ass... her wet pussy... her nice tits... helpless and available. Introduced to unhibited sex, Heather thought her big sister was sexy. The chance to use Nina for her own pleasure was awesome.

The bite of the crop felt more like Heather wanted her to go a lot faster. Nina had a hard time making herself rock only a little more. The sounds from her little sister sounded incredibly erotic. It was so exciting to know she was getting those sounds from Heather. Her body shivered with desire. She wanted to make Heather cum. Unable to scream for her sister to cum, she started to make little

whines of desire and frustration. She, too, could picture herself... a fourteen year old girl... big sister... naked and forced to be her little sister's toy. In her current state of mind, she didn't even think about how excited she was.

"You liked that?" asked Heather.

Nina wondered what Heather was talking about. She liked everything Heather was doing, but which particular part was her young rider referring to. "No faster now," said Heather. "I'll do it because you asked, but no faster." Nina felt the burn of the crop again and yelped. Heather thought she wanted more whipping! The rocking horse fought to stay under control as Heather whipped her again and again. Nina felt like she was ready to cum without knowing precisely why. She let out several loud whinnies.

"Go now, pain pony," said Heather. "Faster. Do it for me." She was rapidly rising to an orgasm as she whipped her pain pony. Nina's reaction was wildly arousing. As her horsie rocked faster, she felt the pressure grow on her tiny clit. She started humping herself up and down in the saddle to rub against the dildo more and more. Then she came, juices pouring out to run over the leather saddle as her tight little cunny squeezed the plastic inside her. Bouncing up and down, she fucked herself. She thought how humiliating this was for Nina to be filmed doing this without even considering how she must look as her 9-year-old body rocketed through an orgasm atop a rocking horse.

Nick had told Heather three things to do with Nina. He'd shown her how the dildo worked with instructions that she was to ride Nina with the dildo inside her for a while. Cumming was Heather's idea. He'd told her to whip her sister. He'd expected a couple of lashes. And he'd told her to make sure Nina was humiliated. Heather had more than exceeded her orders, but she wasn't done yet. He'd said she could take as long as she wanted, so she thought of what else she could do.

Nina had been a good pony. The ride had been wonderful and Nina's enthusiasm was one of the best parts. Heather decided that Nina deserved a reward. She had a plan for Nina to get to have an orgasm, but it would be embarrassing at the same time. With that thought she swung her leg off Nina and jumped to the floor.

"My pony was so good," said Heather. "I liked my ride. I think I'd like my good pony to be a naughty pony again. Does my pony want to be naughty again?"

Nina let out a whinny of agreement. Heather had called her naughty about the cum on her, so she assumed her little sister meant she'd be fucked again. She was worried that the alternative might be to be left alone again.



Heather's plan didn't involve a cock. She had an idea that involved only her and Nina. She removed Nina's bit. Going behind her rocking horse, she took hold of Nina's tail pulled on it. She pulled on it gently so it didn't come out of Nina's ass. It looked cool to see Nina's asshole stretch out and nearly open up to surrender its prize. When she let go of it again, Nina's asshole returned to rest. Best of all, Nina made a surprised grunt that sounded like she enjoyed it. The little sister grabbed it again and pulled, watching Nina's asshole distend an inch and start to open. Then she pushed it back. She set up a steady rhythm of ass fucking her big sister.

At the first tug on her butt plug, Nina felt a funny arousal in the pit of the stomach and in her pussy. If the plug came out, that feeling would have passed so quickly she might not have noticed it. As Heather let go, the little bit of stimulation made her shudder and moan. When Heather kept doing it, she felt a wonderful tingle start in her ass and start to build. She told her young owner how much she liked it with whinnies of approval.

For a couple of minutes, Heather enjoyed playing with Nina's ass and the sounds that Nina made in response. She thought it was pretty exciting that Nina was asking for more. She stopped just to see what Nina would do and the reaction from the pony was a more human sounding whine of despair.

Getting an even better idea, Heather went to Nina's face and took the big gag out of her pony's mouth. "You like me playing with your butt?"

"Yes, Heather, mistress, it feels good." Nina answered quickly and then worked her tired jaw back and forth.

"Want me to keep doing it?"

"Yes, mistress," said Nina. "Please?"

Heather knelt down to be eye level with Nina. "Ask me nicely."

Nina blushed when she heard what she had to do. As embarrassing as it was, she wanted to make sure that Heather stayed with her. "Please, mistress, play with my butt like you were doing. It felt so good."

"You want me to fuck your ass with the butt plug?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Beg."

"Please, mistress, please, fuck my ass with the butt plug."

Heather felt a deep sense of satisfaction at making her big sister beg. It wasn't like the older girl was mean to her littlest sister, but she always did a very good job of ignoring Heather and treating her like a baby. Heather admired her big sister and she hated being ignored. Hence the sense of satisfaction. There was more than that at work though. Heather knew that she'd exceeded Nick's expectations. She just didn't know why she'd gone this far or why she wanted to do more. She grabbed the butt plug and started moving it up and down slowly.

"Oh, damn, Heather," gasped Nina. She'd gotten just a taste of one hour of being ignored, locked in position with nothing to do. After that one hour, even this demeaning level of attention was welcome. She was helpless in Heather's hands, so it felt wonderful to have Heather doing something that felt good. Mix the hour of boredom with a couple of days of having her inhibitions lowered, she started to get excited from the anal stimulation. The sensitive skin around her asshole stretched in and out, giving her a tingle in her pussy. Already she could feel the juices seeping out, preparing to run down her thighs.

"Please, please, don't stop," she pleaded, voicing her worst fear. As soon as the words came out of her mouth, she hoped she hadn't given away a weakness. She hoped Heather didn't want to torment her by exciting her and then stopping. To her relief, Heather didn't stop. She felt the tingle build and spread in her body.

Toying with her sister was intoxicating. Heather kept it up, amazed at the sounds of arousal. She'd speed up and listen to Nina gasp and whine with pleasure and excitement. Then she'd slow again and let Nina catch her breath. She understood orgasms well enough to know that Nina wouldn't have one just from having her ass played with. She wondered when Nina would figure that out and what she would do then.

After several minutes, Heather began to wonder just how it really felt to Nina. Her rocking horse seemed content to have her ass fucked forever. It not only sounded like Nina was enjoying herself, if she could take it for this long, it must really feel good. She looked between Nina's legs and saw her slick thighs glistening in the bright lights.

Just when Heather was beginning to wonder if she had to prompt her sister, Nina gasped out, "Please, touch my pussy, mistress. Oh, damn, I am so close. Please, may I cum?"

"You want it really bad?" teased Heather.

"Yeah, oh, yeah," moaned Nina. "Would you? Please? Just rub my clit. It won't take long. Please, you just have to. I can't take it."

Heather kept pumping up and down in Nina's ass. "I could just stop."

"NO!" screeched Nina. "Please, don't. Please, please, please. Just a little touch," she whined.

"If I let you cum, then I'll whip you 20 times. If you don't cum, I won't whip you. You sure you want to cum?"

"Yes, oh, God, yes," whined Nina. Twenty lashes would be nothing after she came. It was a small price to pay for such exquisite pleasure that lay just beyond her reach.

"Tell me that my rocking horsie bitch wants 20 lashes for being naughty."

"Oh, fuck, yeah, mistress," cried out Nina, her voice desperate. "I want 20 lashes for being naughty. I... your rocking horse bitch wants to cum and get whipped." She made sure she got in the part about cumming in exchange for the whipping.

Heather put her little fingers to Nina's sopping pussy and found her hard little button. It was standing up so hard that it was easy to find. She pinched it between her thumb and forefinger, stretching it and pulling it from side to side and making it vibrate.

"Noooo," squealed Nina as the suddenness of the touch took her by surprise. Pain shot through her tender clit as Heather pulled it. Then she felt it start to wiggle faster and faster, vibrating in her juicy slit. "Mis... mis... oh, damn." She lost control, cumming harder than she'd imagined. Her scream sounded incredibly like a whinny as she filled the room with sounds of pleasure. She did it again and again, blushing furiously at the sound, but unable to stop. As she approached the end of her orgasm, Heather pulled the butt plug completely free. The horsie let loose one final whinny as her orgasm was briefly prolonged.

Heather backed away, letting Nina slowly rock to a stop. Nina was gasping for breath, making her tits move up and down sensuously. The little mistress had a wild tingle in her own pussy and fingered herself to a quick orgasm while Nina came down from her high.

Looking at the butt plug in her hand, Heather went around to Nina's head and held it out. "Open your mouth and hold this for me," she said.

Nina stared in disbelief at the nasty cone thrust at her. It smelled just like where it had been. She had no desire to let that in her mouth and was amazed that Heather would even think of something that gross.

When Nina didn't open her mouth, Heather said, "If you don't, I'll leave you here for two hours alone. If you do, I'll send in Paul and Alan to give you something to do."

Nina stared at the butt plug for a few more seconds, weighing her options. "I'll do it instead of the whipping, OK?"

"OK," said Heather.

Nina opened her mouth and let Heather stick it in. She clamped her teeth down on it, trying to hold it without letting it touch anything inside her mouth. It didn't work very good, but it kept part of the acrid taste away from her tongue.

Disappointed that Nina wasn't getting the full effect, Heather walked behind her horsie and picked up the whip. "Suck it," she snapped and then lashed Nina's unprotected ass with the whip.

"Unh?" said Nina as the rules changed. "Uh uh." Her head shook slightly.

"Suck it," said Heather again. She whipped Nina two more times, giving her the whipping that Nina thought she'd bargained away. "I want to hear sucking noises." She snapped the whip cruelly across Nina's butt again.

Defeated, Nina released the tight hold of her teeth and let the plug fill her mouth. She sucked on it, getting the taste of herself. She kept sucking even though Heather gave her the full 20 lashes. Once it was clean, she figured she might as well suck on it. She guessed correctly that keeping the plug in her mouth was part of the command from her mistress. After the 20 lashes and sucking the plug, she wondered if Heather would really let Paul and Alan in.

Nina heard Heather's footsteps retreat and then the door opened and shut. She was alone again. With the way Heather was treating her, she expected it would be two hours. The sound of the door opening and closing, followed by the sound of heavy footsteps was music to her ears.

"I heard you asked for some cock," said Alan. She whinnied and then he removed the plug from her mouth to feed her his cock. She felt a second one enter her pussy from behind. She lost track of the orgasms she had.

While Heather was busy with Nina, Liz was still with the twins. She'd already astonished them by encouraging them to have sex with each other and with her. Her bargain with Nick felt a bit like Dante's version of hell. You had to go down to get out. Now she was sinking deeper, abusing her own children seemingly of her own free will.

It wasn't any better when Nick entered the bungalow and said, "I feel like getting my cock sucked. Liz, who do you recommend?"

"Well, let's see," said Liz, considering her response. She knew instinctively that she wasn't one of the choices. She had to pick between her 11-year-olds. "Dan did a whole bunch yesterday, so he's probably pretty good at it. He'd probably do the best job, but I'm going to recommend Diana so she gets some experience, too."

"Marvelous," said Nick as he unzipped his pants. "You heard mommy, little bitch. She picked you to be my cocksucker, so get your pretty little ass over here." He freed his cock, smiling at Liz as he rubbed her nose in her betrayal.

Diana scowled at her mom. "Don't make me, mom," she said. "Why'd you pick me?"

"You heard why," said Liz. "It's your turn. Just do it." She looked at Nick, hoping he was satisfied.

"Catch," said Christopher as he threw the control for Diana's shock collar to Liz.

The woman caught it. A feeling of dread swept over her. She knew what she had to do and she knew she had to look like she didn't mind it a bit. Looking at Diana, she saw a look of fear in her daughter's eyes. "Don't argue with me," she said as she pushed the button.

Diana screamed in pain, frustration, and hatred. Left with no choice, she didn't argue anymore and scrambled over to Nick. She took the head of his cock into her mouth and slowly worked it deeper until his cock was in her throat, her nose pressed against his belt.

"Who do you think Dan would enjoy servicing with his tongue?" Nick asked Liz.

"He'd probably like to do Tanya, I'd guess," said Liz. She wasn't sure if her opinion meant Dan would end up with the other alternative, Christopher, or her recommendation.

"Maybe he'd like to do mommy," said Nick.

"He just did," said Liz. "Just before you came in."

"Oh," Nick was surprised. "Mommy got a little from Dan?"

"And Diana," said Liz. "They took turns."

"You've been busy. Did you enjoy eating mommy's cunt, Dan?"

"Yes, master," said Dan quickly, even sounding like he meant it. It was better than sucking a cock or getting shocked or spanked. Kind of creepy, but he'd enjoyed it a little.

"So, you go ahead and do Tanya," said Nick. "Liz, if you'd be a dear, that leaves Christopher with nobody to blow him."

He'd purposely not made it an order. "Sure," said Liz, nonchalantly. It sounded just like he wanted it to sound... like she enjoyed a cock in her mouth now and then. She knelt in front of Christopher. To her left Diana blew Nick. To her right, Tanya lay down and let Dan between her legs.

"Shall we say the last one to make their cock or cunt cum gets something special?" Nick added a little spice to the oral sex. There were no answers from the contestants as they set about trying to win. He'd made it sound like a suggestion, but none of them doubted the contest was on or that the something special wouldn't be something nice.

Having watched the mother with her twins for quite a while, Tanya and Christopher both awarded their contestant with a quick orgasm. As Diana continued to blow Nick, he tormented her. "Little bitch is gonna blow me good, swallow my cum, and she's still gonna be the loser. I'll have to think up something really special for you. Maybe we'll make you suck all the cocks until you learn to do it good."

Diana burned as she sucked on Nick's big cock. She was doing it good. She'd even had a head start on them. Why was she the loser? What did she do wrong? Now she listened to him plot her punishment with dread. When he filled her mouth with cum, she swallowed and looked up at him. "Mmmm, master, that was good." She figured it wouldn't hurt to pretend.

"Hmmm, really?" said Nick, taken by her sincerely delivered prevarication.

"Perhaps we won't need to make you do them all then. I know mommy said she was going to make you do Dan and you'll probably do many more over the rest of the week. Stand up and bend over the bed. Stick your ass out for a good spanking."

It was actually a relief to know she was going to be spanked. That would be over quick. She bent over, pushing her slender butt out for Nick.

Nick handed the paddle to Dan. "Give her five swats like you were trying to hit a home run. Do it right or you'll be joining her and I'll give her ten myself."

Dan took the paddle without hesitation. It didn't take much reasoning to see that he was doing Diana a favor by spanking her hard. Even she had to see it that way. He gave her five really hard swats, making her jump and scream with each one. Finished he handed the paddle back to Nick.

"Give it to mommy," said Nick. "She's gonna do five, too." He didn't even bother to coach Liz on the necessity for hard swats. It was yet another test for her.

"Thank you," said Liz. "I was hoping to get a chance." She gave Diana five quick, but hard swats to make it painful, but get it over with. Diana hardly had time to take a breath as she screamed through the second five. Her ass was blazing bright red, but it was still a relief to know her punishment was over.

Diana and her siblings had been raised that when punishment was delivered, all was forgiven and you started with a clean slate. Nevertheless, she wanted to make sure she started on Nick's good side. When it was clear that was the extent of her punishment, she looked Nick in the eye and said, "I'm sorry that I took so long, but you did enjoy it, didn't you? I know I did."

Coming Soon

Nina plays repeat after me.

Diana's knees hurt.

Nina and Dan play pony.

Liz puts on a show (again).

Overdrawn - Chapter 16 - Lines Are Drawn

By Kenna

(fg, fm, Ffg, oral, anal, bdsm, inc)

Nick looked down at the beguiling little 11-year-old as she professed to having enjoyed delivering a blow job. His plan was to offer the "deal" of becoming his willing accomplice instead of his slave to Dan next, but for a moment he considered Diana. Looking at her, he decided (as he had before) that it would be more interesting for Dan to dominate Nina and Diana than vice versa.

"Yes, I did that and hope to enjoy many more with the hot little mouth of my little bitch. Continue to please me with that mouth and there will be rewards."

Diana smiled up at her master, unaware that rewards were already being bestowed to other members of the family and that she was near the end of the line regardless of her oral proficiency.

Rex sat alone, fuming over how Nick flaunted his inability to protect his family. There was no escape from the room and nothing to do but watch his perfect family being turned into sex slaves. For a while he'd watched Nina be a rocking horse. What Heather had done to her helpless big sister was nothing like the 9 year old of Monday morning. Then the picture had changed so he could watch his wife with the twins. Now the picture changed back to Nina again.

As it approached lunch time, Nina was left alone, quietly waiting for any kind of stimulation, mental or physical. On a conscious level, she'd never quite figured out the import of staring at a blank white wall. On a subconscious level she longed for anyone to do anything to, with, around, or in sight of her. Occasionally she rocked back and forth without a thought. Anybody out there?

The door to her bungalow slammed open and then she was left to wonder who and why. For a moment there was not another sound. Unable to look up or around, she waited in helpless anticipation. Whatever was going to happen, she had no control over. She was actually relieved when the naked cock that appeared in front of her was small, but hard. Only Dan would be that small, hard and pointed at her mouth.

Not knowing what else to do, she opened her mouth, ready to suck the offering. So, she was surprised when the hard cock was replaced by a bottle with a nipple. It fit into her mouth quickly and she sucked on it. The tastes that flooded her mouth were not exactly pleasant, but they ranked above some of the things she'd tasted this week. There were peas, spinach, and sweet potatoes, puréed and prepared for the consumption of a totally helpless girl. She sucked it down greedily, very aware that it was her lunch. Eat or go hungry.

At the same time, it was demeaning and difficult. Though she was happy to have a meal, when the bottle was moved, she took a few deep breaths and the bit gag was replaced. She'd never had the chance to thank Dan. She'd never actually seen his face, but it had to be him.

Dan moved behind his big sister after she'd sucked the baby food out of the baby bottle. His cock had hardened at the sight of her being so helpless and exposed. Thankfully she'd taken the food quickly so he could get around to following the rest of his orders. Since he wasn't on the "opposing team" yet like Heather and his mom, he was supervised by Tanya to make sure he did as ordered.

He knelt directly behind her and stroked her legs from ankles to the tops of her thighs. Her legs were soft, smooth, and warm, though his eyes scarcely left the inviting sight of her pussy peeking between her legs. She was clearly unable to physically resist him, but he was still surprised that she made no sound or other indication that his hands and eyes were trespassing. When he touched her pussy, she let out a soft whinny of approval.

"Want my cock?" he asked.

She whinnied, and nodded, too, so there would be no mistake.



He rose and put his cock to her pussy and pushed in. The words he spoke were true enough, though he'd never have said them aloud under other circumstances. "I've always wanted to see you naked, Nina. Now I'm gonna fuck you." Yet, his cock just rested inside her, throbbing but not thrusting. He reached under her and cupped her tits. "Heather says you like this."

She nodded. At the moment, she'd agree to anything. She wanted more than his hard cock poked inside her.

"Mom says I can touch you and fuck you."

Nina believed her mom would say that. Again she nodded. Apparently mom had also said he could tease her. His hands vanished and the next thing she knew, he was astride her back, sitting in the saddle and gently rocking back and forth. She shivered in embarrassment and unsated desire as he rode her.

Dan was as frustrated as Nina was. The sight and feel of his big sister naked and helpless made him ready to cum. Yet, he wasn't allowed yet. "Do you want me in your mouth or your cunt, teen bitch? Whinny once for mouth and twice for cunt."

She whinnied twice and then felt him dismount. Then his hands rested on her ass and she felt his cock back in her pussy. She whinnied her enthusiasm as her little brother took her from behind. This time he thrust in and out, using her cunt for his own pleasure. "I'm going to whip you when I cum," he said. "Twenty times. If you cum for me, it will only be 10 times."

She let out a little whine at the combined threat and promise. Either one or both were fine with her. Anything but being left alone. She felt him pound into her, knowing she wouldn't cum because he was ignoring her clit. Then she felt his thrusts slow and his finger probed at her asshole. "Heather says you like this, too." She whinnied her approval as she felt his finger slide past her sphincter and then start a little fucking motion. It felt wonderful to have him in her ass and her pussy. It still wasn't enough, though, and she felt him squirt his load inside her pussy before she could cum.

She waited for the 20 lashes to fall on her unprotected ass, but then Dan's face was inches from hers, a concerned look on his face. He removed her bit gag. "Tanya wants me to play with you some more," he said. "She wants me to make you cum. If you cum, then you still just get the 10 swats. If you don't, then she says it's 50 swats. But..." she saw him look up past her at Tanya and then back into her eyes, "...you hafta beg for it. You hafta convince Tanya that you want your little brother to make you cum." He leaned forward and kissed her deep, pushing his tongue into her

mouth. When he broke the kiss, he said, "She also said if you don't convince her, then she's gonna hurt us both."

When Dan stood up and stepped back, Nina said, "Tanya, of course, I want my handsome little brother to fuck me 'til I cum. Please, let him fuck me some more."

"Oh, no," said Tanya. "Him fucking you won't get you off. I want him to do what Heather did. Fuck your ass with a dildo and tease your clit until you cum. I want him to hear you beg and see you cum like the teen bitch slut you are."

"Yeah, so do I," said Nina. "Please, let him shove a dildo up my ass and fuck me hard. I want to cum in front of him like the slut I am." She paused for a few seconds to see if that was good enough. "Owww," she exclaimed suddenly as a clothespin was put on her left nipple. "Please, fuck my ass and I'll show you how a slut cums for her little brother. Owwww," she felt a clothespin on her right nipple. Dan was in her field of view and she watched as Tanya put a clothespin on each of his nipples.

"What do you want?" snapped Nina. "I'm begging, I'm begging. I beg you to let him fuck my ass and make me cum like a slut." She screamed as she felt the surge of electricity through her shock collar. Completely helpless, there was nothing she could do about it. Dan had a look of fear on his face, knowing that what happened to his sister would also happen to him. He put his palms on his bare ass and watched as Tanya pushed his button. Keeping his hands in place, he was no less helpless than his sister as he screamed. To his embarrassment, his cock twitched as the pain brought life to his cock.

"Please, don't do anymore, just let him fuck my ass," sobbed Nina as she understood the stakes. "I want my little brother to see what a slut I am. I'm begging you to let him shove a dildo in me and fuck my ass. Let him play with my pussy. Let me cum. Make me cum. Embarrass me in front of my little brother." She was already way beyond the point of embarrassment. Totally and helplessly on display, she was in pain and begging for abuse. Having her little brother sexually satisfy her could hardly be more embarrassing.

"Just one more thing," said Tanya. "You may now cum for him and he'll cum for you." With him right in front of her, Dan was bent at the waist and a cone shaped vibrator was stuck up his tight ass. The cone disappeared in as his asshole tightened to hold it in. When Tanya turned on the vibrator, his cock rose quickly to full staff. Nina blanched at the sight of the dildo that Tanya handed to Dan. It was huge, but luckily it was clearly lubricated with KY.

Dan held the plastic cock in front of her and asked, "You sure you want this?"

One more time, Nina professed her desire. "Yes, Dan, big sister wants her ass reamed. I want you to do it. I want to squeal for you. Big sister wants to be my little brother's sex toy." Seconds later she felt the huge member prod at her tight asshole. She'd watched her brother get a nicely pointed cone up his ass, but she was taking a blunt cock shape for him. She grunted in pain as he forced it past her sphincter and then slowly sank it deeper and deeper into her.

"Yeah, rape the bitch's ass," said Tanya.

"Yeah, rape the bitch's ass," squealed Nina in response though no one had expected her to parrot Tanya's words. Taking that as a hint, she continued, "All the way in, Dan. Fuck me hard. Big sister likes them big and hard and all the way in. Even better when it's my little brother taking my ass. Fuck my ass for a while and then play with my clit. Have a good time with me."

The boy fucked his sister's ass for a minute and then stopped abruptly. He appeared in front of Nina and used one hand to point his cock at her face. Without stroking at all, he shot cum onto her face, just from the feel of the vibrator riding on his sensitive prostate. Then he returned to fucking Nina. After a couple of minutes, he reached down and toyed with her clit, getting her closer and closer to an orgasm. Again he stopped and appeared in her face, his hard cock quivering anew. This time he poked it at her mouth and she obliged him by opening and pursing her lips around his cock as he spent another load. "That's what I'm here for, Dan," she said. After she swallowed. "Fuck me anywhere."

When he returned to his post, Dan took Nina over the edge. "Fucking pound the bitch," she screamed. "Do it, Dan. You're wonderful. Make me cum for you." Her ass hurt, her nipples hurt, and her muscles ached from the unyielding position, but she came long and hard for him.

Finished, Dan pulled the dildo free and watched as Nina's ass gaped and then slowly returned to its normal tight pucker. She slowly rocked back and forth, coming to a stop as her breathing returned to a slow, steady pace.

Tanya removed Dan's vibrator and then the clips on his nipples. Then she had a brief conversation with him. After the talk, he knelt in front of Nina, a perplexed look on his face. "Tanya says I can leave the clamps on your nipples if you'd like," he said. He thought it an odd request, but he gave her the choice as Tanya had instructed him.

Nina also thought it strange that she'd be given a choice as if she'd opt to keep them there. It was strange enough that she paused to wonder why. If they were going to leave her alone, then the pain from the clamps would give her some kind of

stimulation. Not a good feeling, but something besides the alternative of complete and utter boredom. She jiggled what little she could, feeling the pain and then said, "Yeah, leave them on the bit... leave them on me." They might well be her only friends for a while.

Dan leaned close and whispered, "It looks hot. You look hot." Then he straightened up and disappeared behind her. There was yet another choice to offer his sister that was equally odd. "Do you want the 10 swats I said you'd get if you came? Or 50? Tanya says I can give you just 10 and leave or take my time to give you 50."

He was astounded when his sister replied, "Stay and have some fun, Dan. Give me 50." That pretty much summed up her feeling that it was better to have someone with her, doing anything at all, rather than being left alone.

Under Tanya's tutelage, Dan gave his sister 10 swats and then fingered her pussy until she was gasping with need. Then he gave her 10 more and fingered her. After 10 more, he brought her right up to the edge and took her all the way to a screaming orgasm. Even as she was trying to get her breath back, he gave her 10 more and then fingered her. When he stopped, she shook in frustration, needing that orgasm that he'd almost given her. After the last 10, he made her cum again.

Reeling from her third orgasm in less than half an hour, Nina looked back over her shoulder and gasped, "The bitch can take 100." Her ass was on fire, but that was part of it. Her nipples were keen sources of pain and she wiggled to accentuate that. Every muscle ached, but that was part of it. She felt like after another 50 she'd cum just at the sight of a paddle. Instead, she was left to cool down finally.

As the youngest of the family, Heather did always feel a little put down. She didn't like being treated like the baby of the family... no matter that she was. Being offered the chance to be Nick's accomplice gave her the chance to express her dissatisfaction with her place in the family. She liked the idea of being able to please Nick in very naughty ways. It was a complete role reversal that she enjoyed. Yesterday she'd had the chance to be in charge of her mommy. Today she understood that mommy was working with her. With the two of them left alone with Diana, it was her that came up with the next way to please Nick.

She told mommy just what she wanted to do with Diana. Though she was not happy with her youngest daughter coming up with such an effective and sexual situation, Liz knew that Nick had heard every word of Heather's suggestion and his smile of approval meant they were going to do it.

It wasn't so much what they were going to do with Diana as what they were not going to do with her. Heather had the chance to demean Nina in the morning. Now

she wanted to put Diana in her place. After a few minutes of rope work, Diana found herself tied with her arms behind her, wrists bound and elbows tied touching. Her ankles were tied together and her ankles were then tied to her wrists, pulling wrists and ankles together. Yet, rather than a horizontal hogtie, ropes tied under her arms and run to the ceiling suspended her in a vertical hogtie with her weight on her knees.

Heather put her face close to Diana's face and said, "Does that hurt?"

"Yes, please, let me down," said Diana. It was really only uncomfortable for now, but she knew it would hurt soon.

"Yeah, right," said Heather scornfully. She patted Diana's cheek. "Let me know when it really does." Then she turned away from her sister and took mommy's hand. "Let's go swimming, OK?" She'd seen how effective it had been to leave Nina alone, so she wanted to do the same to her other big sister. Just as they left the room, Heather stopped and said, "We'll be at the pool... having fun... so you better scream loud if it really does start to hurt." She shut the door, leaving Diana dumbstruck at how her little sister had so callously abandoned her.

After a couple of days of intense sexual indoctrination and then being left alone and perched on her knees, Diana, like her big sister, could only think of sexual solutions to her problem. Things that had been in the periphery had come into focus.

Over the past few months, Diana had noticed how her twin had started to change. They'd taken baths together until they were 8, so she'd already noticed the difference between their legs. He'd started to develop muscles while she'd developed curves. There was no doubt that swimming gave her broader shoulders than other girls, but up until a few months ago, she and Dan had been a haircut and a cock apart. Suddenly his strokes were stronger and he swam faster. Suddenly the top half of her swimsuit made sense. Suddenly his brief swimsuit was... brief, yet obvious. Not so suddenly compared to how suddenly she wanted him. Wanted him in a sexual way.

Groaning over the growing pain in her knees, Diana considered the other members of her family. Most importantly was Heather, the little sister that she'd treated like... hmmm... a little sister and was now obviously exacting vengeance. Her big sister that she hadn't seen all day. Her daddy that she hadn't seen all day. Her mommy that... not that it made her knees feel any better, but her mommy that was guiding things. Looks, actions, and feelings that she'd gotten from mommy told her that not was all as it appeared.

"Fuck," she exclaimed, a word that a good girl like her would never use until this week. She realized a deal had been struck. Mommy and Heather (the bitch would get hers) had turned. The week was well defined. Time would progress and they'd all go home in a few days. None of which made any diff to her now aching knees. All that meant was that someday soon life would return to normal.

There was also a very obvious point in her current predicament. Mommy and Heather... Heather it seemed, it particular, wouldn't ever hear her. Out at pool? She couldn't scream that loud. If she did? Heather wouldn't hear. She reached with her fingers and found a knot. Fifteen minutes later she was lying on her stomach in a horizontal hog-tie.

Diana lay on her stomach for nearly half an hour before Heather came back and found her. For a moment, Heather was incensed that Diana had worked her way free. That anger only lasted until Diana said, "I understand and I love you." More would have been said, but mommy, Nick, and a couple others entered the room.

Gathering her wits and acting imperiously, Heather turned to the others, hands on her naked, sleek hips, and announced, "She got free. I think that makes her free until dinner."

With plans for the rest of the week, Nick took the opportunity to call the late afternoon a wrap.

"Dinner then," he announced. He was thinking in terms he hadn't considered a day ago. Liz as his. The children as his. And Rex just gone. He'd never get his money out of the deadbeat. Yet, his very special family was not to blame. There had to be some carrots along with the stick he'd been wielding all week.

Dinner that night showed the trend toward gradual leniency. Heather and Liz ate at the table Dan, Diana, and Nina ate from bowls on the floor. It was at least one more family member at the table. No one asked where Rex was. After dinner, Dan, Diana, and Nina were prepared for "bed" in their latex suits as they were the night before. Rex was prepared for "bed" as well, though still no one in this family has seen or even asked for him that day.

The next morning while the rest of the family was occupied elsewhere, Nick sat down with Dan. The boy was his chosen family member of the day. He wanted to keep Diana and Nina as sluts. Like his mom and Heather, Dan accepted the offer of cooperating with his captors and even acting as one of them in exchange for no more pain. Unlike his mom and his sister, he felt a surge of sexual energy at the thought of dominating his twin sister and their older sister. Though he'd been

forced to take advantage of both of them the day before, the idea of doing it on his own was more exciting.

Nina was waiting in her room for the eventual torment and humiliation when Dan came in. She noticed right away the difference in his demeanor and put him in the same class as her mom and Heather. It didn't matter to her if Dan teased her and made her cum on orders or of his own volition. She just wanted his attention. Although she was in the same room with the rocking horse, Dan didn't use that right away. He cuffed her hands together and then pulled her arms into the air until she was standing on her tiptoes.

"Don't worry," whispered Dan. "It looks like I'm doing this because I want to, but they're really still making me. I think tomorrow you'll get treated better."

Tanya closed on the pair quickly, grabbing the 11 year old by his cock and balls and using them to lift him up on his toes. "What did you say?" she demanded. "Wasn't part of the deal that you not tell her?" In seconds Dan's hands were cuffed in front of him and he was pulled into the air to stand on his tiptoes right next to his big sister. Tanya slid a vibrator up his ass and one inside Nina's pussy. She turned them on and left. Today the vibrators had a little extra surprise for the pair. Working at too low a frequency to take them all the way to arousal and orgasm, the vibrators hummed away inside the two children. Only after about two minutes did they receive a strong electrical shock from that very same vibrator, luring them toward excitation and then delivering a painful shock. For the next several minutes, Dan hung on the dreadful anticipation of that shock, unable to get fully aroused. Beside him, Nina was quite content, cumming most enthusiastically right after a painful shock.

Just after Tanya reported Dan's error to him, Nick sat down with Diana and made her the same offer. If she acted as if tormenting, teasing, and torturing Nina and Dan were her own idea, she'd be free from further torment herself. Now that she understood why Heather and mommy were acting like that, she eagerly opted for that same treatment. She nodded, listened to Nick's instructions, and took the leather studded paddle from Nick. She was so eager to get started that she didn't bother to get dressed before she went in to see Nina and Dan.

"Put him in the rocking horse," said Diana as she entered the room. She walked right in front of Dan. "Who's gonna be the rocking horse today? Who's gonna ride him?" She held up a long, thick dildo. "Who's taking this up his sweet ass?" The thought that she was no longer on the receiving end of constant torment went a long way to assuaging any guilt she felt about tormenting her twin. She understood he was going to get it anyway, whether it was from her or someone else.

Dan's struggles were in vain. Tanya, Bruno, and Christopher all worked to get him down from the position he'd been left in to being the rocking horse. His hands were fastened to and firmly gripping the front of the rockers. His feet were locked in place in the rear of the rockers. Like Nina, he discovered he couldn't bend his elbows or his knees. Unable to move anything but his head, he couldn't believe how horrible it felt to be at Diana's mercy or how easily she fit into the role of mistress.

Diana's first instructions were quite simple. She was to put weights on all of Dan's dangling bits. All six of them that Nick pointed out. For starters, she examined the scrotum stretcher she'd been given. "How does this work?" she asked Tanya. Then, following the woman's instructions, she pulled Dan's balls down and put the stretcher in place on the howling boy. To that, she added some weight so that it really stretched his poor balls. Next, she added clamps and weights to his nipples. The fourth dangling bit was his tongue. For that, she forced a ring gag into his mouth and then put a clamp on the tip of his tongue and added weight, pulling his tongue from his mouth.

The fifth and sixth dangling bits were his right and left ear lobes. She'd had her ears pierced several years ago. Even Heather had her ears pierced and now Dan was going to get that. She took the offered "gun" from Tanya and lined it up on Dan's ear lobe. The "gun" would shoot a needle through his lobe. "Hold still," she told her twin. "Don't make me do this twice."

Dan didn't know what he was holding still for, but he did as he was told. Then... BANG... he jumped with surprise at the noise in his ear and then felt the pain. Already Diana had removed the gun and then she put a gold ring through the new hole. The second ear was understandably harder for Dan. This time he knew what was happening and, though he trembled with anticipation, he held still enough for Diana to pierce his second ear and hang a gold ring. She added weights to the rings.

Finished with that task, Diana used the remote control of the vibrator that was still in Dan's ass to turn it on again. "No shocks this time, boy bitch," she said. "I want to watch you cum from getting fucked in the ass. I want to watch you cum and we'll record it all." She watched in amazement as his cock hardened despite the pain in his dangling bits. The film crew zoomed in to record his predicament in detail. His slender hips pumped as he got excited. Then she turned it off. "You'll get to cum soon," she said. "Just not right away."

Stepping in front of Dan, she pressed her damp pussy to his helpless tongue. Weighted down, it hung two inches out of his mouth. She turned around and pressed her tight little rosebud to his tongue, rubbing up and down. Nick had made



sure he told her that Dan would have been doing the same thing to her this afternoon if he hadn't blown his chance. In a way she felt like she was getting even for something that Dan had only agreed to, not actually done.

Dan silently cursed himself for trying to console Nina. He knew he wasn't supposed to, but he didn't think Tanya would hear. Now his balls and nipples ached with no end in sight. His ears stung from the piercing, giving way to a growing ache from the weights. He felt ridiculous with his tongue hanging out and drool dripping straight to the floor. Then when Diana started rubbing herself on him, it felt unbearably galling to be so helpless. He tasted her pussy and then her ass. He felt her finger swipe the tip of his cock and she returned with finger extended. "A little of your own precum," she said as she wiped her finger on his tongue.

For a second time, Diana turned on the vibrator and let her brother get close to cumming before turning it off. "You like being my rocking horse?" she teased him, pushing him so he rocked back and forth. She put a harness on his head, draping the reins over his back and then saddled him. As she mounted him, she started rocking. He moaned in pain as the weights swung.

After 30 minutes, Diana removed all the weights from her brother to give him a chance to recover. She kept getting him excited with the vibrator and taking him right to the edge of an orgasm before turning it off. Over and over she teased him as he whined and whimpered in frustration. She found it immensely exciting to drive him crazy. In the end, she knew he'd get to cum and it would be a great one for him. In the meantime, the chance to make his cock grow and shrink with just the touch of a button was downright fun. She marveled at her first chance to really examine a cock on her own terms. It got hard when she wanted and then shrank when the vibrator wasn't going. It was so forbidden to stare at her brother's cock, but that's what made it fun.

When it was finally time to let him cum, she said, "I'd like to spank you, boy bitch? May I spank you? Would you let me? Would you like it?" He shook his head no. "But I really do want to spank you. I could, you know. I could without asking, but I want you to say yes." Again he shook his head no. "I'm going to get under you. I'll turn on the vibrator. I'll let you cum and it will all go in my mouth. I'll suck you off. But only if you say I can spank you afterwards."

This time Dan nodded. She knelt in front of him. "You'd like to put your cum in my tummy? Fuck my mouth? You'd like it as much as I'd like to suck you?" He nodded enthusiastically. She turned on the vibrator one last time and crawled between his legs from behind. Wrapping her arms around his waist, she pulled herself up and

sucked his cock down her throat. He came seconds later, flooding her mouth with cum. She'd teased him for most of the morning and all of a sudden it was worth it.

Keeping the cum in her mouth, she moved in front of him. With her face inches away from his, she showed him his cum and then swallowed it. She gave him a smile. "You like that, huh? Now the naughty boy bitch is gonna get spanked for cumming in his sister's mouth," she said. Dan got 10 swats on his bare, helpless ass. They were 10 swats that he felt were well worth it.

When Diana started on Dan, Liz and Heather took Nina to a different room. Mommy tied Nina's wrists to ropes hanging from the ceiling 5 feet apart. Then she tied Nina's ankles to hooks on the floor that were also 5 feet apart. With the help of Christopher, they pulled Nina clear up off the floor so she was spread eagle in midair. Turning to Heather, mommy said, "Now what did you want to show me about Nina?"

"I'm telling you, she's weird," said Heather. "Just watch." She put a vibrator in Nina's pussy, but didn't turn it on. Then she picked up a slender whip, a flogger, and a leather paddle. Holding them in front of Nina, she said, "Which one do you want me to use?"

Nina hesitated. It was embarrassing to be given a choice of how to be hurt. It was embarrassing because Heather had used the word 'want'. She wasn't picking the least of three evils to save herself. She was picking the greatest of the evils for maximum pleasure. She knew it. Heather knew it. And now Heather was about to demonstrate to their mother just how she felt about pain. Finally she said, "I'd like you to use all three. They're all different. They're all good. Why don't you start with the flogger?"

The 9 year old picked up the flogger and walked behind her sister. She started at Nina's perfect, round ass, thrashing it to a light shade of pink. After half a dozen lashes, Nina started to moan in pain. Heather worked her way up Nina's back and then down her thighs. By the time Nina was pink from shoulders to ankles, she was screaming in delightful pain. Heather moved around front and worked the flogger from Nina's tits down to her knees.

Liz watched in growing amazement as Heather tortured her big sister, but Nina made no protests about the treatment. Her oldest daughter writhed in pain, yet her pussy started to get wet and then to leak juices down her inner thighs. Her panting and moaning sounded more like she was excited than in pain. Entranced, the mother watched both daughters enjoy themselves from totally different perspectives. Though Heather had noticed how Nina liked to be whipped, she

obviously hadn't noticed just how much she liked doing it. The bare little pussy also glistened with its own juices and tiny pink nipples stood out prominently.

Once Nina was a gentle shade of pink front and rear, Heather turned on the vibrator. It only took seconds for Nina to squeal in orgasm. Heather turned the vibrator off again. Then, hanging by sore arms, Nina smiled at her little sister. "You are such a fucking tease."

"See, mommy," panted Heather. "Isn't that weird?" Her eyes were glued to her sister's sweaty, gasping body.

"And so is this," said Liz. She put a finger between Heather's plump pussy lips, seeking out her throbbing clit and brought Heather to her knees in a shuddering climax.

"Fuck!" exclaimed Nina. "That was so hot. Do her again. For me. I want to do her again."

Liz sat on the floor facing Nina with her legs spread. She put Heather in front of her, also facing Nina with her legs spread. Then she rubbed her youngest daughter's pussy until she came a second, third, and fourth time. All the while, Nina squirmed in her bonds, telling them just how sexy Heather was and how much she enjoyed watching. When mommy was finished and laid the exhausted Heather down, Nina said, "Do me again."

As mommy reached for the remote for the vibrator, Heather put a hand on hers. "No, mommy, that's not how you do her again." She sighed softly. "Use the paddle this time. Make her ass bright, bright red and then turn it on." Then she rested her head back down to watch.

Liz found the interplay between her daughters intoxicating. They'd spent yesterday together and learned about each other. Following Heather's advice, she spanked Nina long and hard, until Nina was mindlessly screaming. Then with the touch of a button, Nina just kept mindlessly screaming, but it was a distinctly different scream.

By the time Nina had her second orgasm, Heather was recovered and sitting up to watch. She was no less excited by watching mommy spank Nina than she was by doing it herself. Her fingers languorously rubbed her sopping pussy as she waited for Nina to calm down. Then she said, "Mommy, get her down. She has to earn the whip."

Liz lowered Nina from the ceiling and Nina's rubbery legs simply folded under her as weight was put on them. Still she crawled between Heather's legs and buried her

tongue in the sweet pussy. This time Heather only allowed herself one orgasm. She didn't want to be too consumed by her own pleasure that she didn't attend to her sister.

Rising, she picked up the whip. She'd become quite proficient with it through frequent use yesterday. "Don't move," she said to Nina, who was still lying on her stomach.

Liz thought she was watching an artist paint red stripes across a human canvas as Heather flicked the whip across Nina's body. Time and again Heather almost delicately drew a line across Nina's back, ass, or legs, eliciting a piercing scream, but not earning so much as a flinch from her target. Heather turned on the vibrator and then returned to whipping... whipping... relentlessly whipping as Nina tensed and shuddered and minutes later passed out from one continuous orgasm.

Patting Heather on the head, Liz said, "I think it's about lunch time. After lunch, the two of you should play something less strenuous, OK?"

Coming Soon

Nina and Dan play pony.

Liz puts on a show (again).

Nina teaches Dan a lesson.

Heather thanks Nick.

Overdrawn - Chapter 17 - Rex is Replaced

By Kenna

Where Dan was there was no announcement that it was lunch time. Left alone, he started to understand why Nina was willing to ask for more swats than he thought anyone could stand. Mostly he regretted consoling Nina. If he hadn't he wouldn't be the rocking horse right now. He'd ruined his chance to avoid more pain and didn't know if he'd be offered that chance again. Occasionally he rocked back and forth or called out, "Anybody there?" Terribly vulnerable, he couldn't decide if alone was better or not.

After lunch, Diana brought Dan his lunch, a baby bottle with the same mixture of baby food that he'd fed Nina the day before. He looked at it with disgust, but when the nipple was pushed into his mouth he sucked on it. It wasn't that he felt hungry enough to eat the unpalatable, pureed vegetables. He just figured it was more of his punishment. It was worse than sucking a cock. It tasted worse and

there was much more of it. When Diana finished, set the bottle aside, and gagged him, he braced for more of whatever she had planned.

"I heard you liked doing this to Nina yesterday," said Diana, holding out the giant vibrator that had filled his big sister's ass so well. When he made no reaction, she pointedly asked, "Did you enjoy pushing this into Nina's butt?"

He nodded and whinnied for her.

"Then you know just how much I'm going to enjoy pushing it in your pretty little ass," she teased him. "All the way up my brother's ass. We'll see just how much you enjoy it from that end of the deal." She lubed it with KY while he watched, her small fist stroking it like a big fat cock. Her fist didn't even reach all the way around the thickest part of the shaft. Then she disappeared from his line of sight.

"Mmmmmphf," he grunted into the gag as the pointy end of the butt plug spread his sphincter open. With the tight ring surrendering just a little ground, Diana found it easy to work it deeper and deeper, bit by bit. By the time she had the fattest part in his tightest part, he was screaming. Then he felt tremendous relief as it went the rest of the way and his asshole was allowed to return to normal. He wasn't sure it was ever coming out.

"Got all hard for that, I see," said Diana, stroking his cock.

It was embarrassing but true. The stimulation to his prostate was just incredible. If she just wiggled the butt plug a little bit, he'd cum. Turning on the vibrator, she watched him empty his cock all over the floor in seconds. "Fuck, Dan, you do like big cocks in your ass, don't you?"

He didn't answer. He didn't like big cocks in his ass, but it would be pretty hard to convince anybody of that right now. What he did know was that having his twin sister, the person he was closest to, play with him like this made him feel funny in a good way. If somebody was going to torment him, she was the one he'd pick. She didn't have to be naked while she did it, but since she was, he enjoyed the view. He figured that she enjoyed being looked at since she made no effort to cover herself.

Prior to lunch, Diana had removed the weights from his dangly bits, but now she replaced his scrotum stretcher and added weights. Then she started whipping his helpless bottom as he could do nothing but grunt and scream into his gag. When she'd given him a mere 20 swats, she moved in front of him and teased him with her body, even cumming once with just her fingers. Once he was hard, she slid a

wide rubber band around his cock, ensuring his cock would stay hard, but not be able to squirt its throbbing load of cum.

While Bruno and Christopher freed Dan from the rocking horse, Diana turned on the vibrator in his ass. He moaned from the ache that filled his balls. He needed to cum so bad, but just couldn't. Free from the horse, his hands were tied behind his back so he remained at his sexy twin's mercy.

Heather gave Nina her lunch. She wiped the floor with a wet rag, showed Nina a baby bottle of the same mixture she had yesterday and Dan was enjoying at the same time, unscrewed the cap, and poured it on the freshly washed floor. "Eat it," said the little girl. "Clean up every drop from the floor and then I'll spank you."

Nina dropped to her hands and knees. "Yes, mistress." Lapping at the puddle on the floor, she didn't need the promise of a spanking to motivate her. Heather had done so much for her today, she'd lick it up without any more incentive. It was her little sister who knew her so well. She'd flogged her, spanked her, and whipped her. She'd shown their mom how to take care of her. Nina just wished Heather had poured the food all over herself so she could lick it off the soft, sweet skin of her mistress. She corralled the food with her tongue, working it toward the center of the clean patch as she gradually made the puddle smaller. Heather had cleaned it just for her, so she was going to make sure Heather knew she appreciated that.

When Nina finished her lunch, Heather gave her the promised spanking, but didn't allow the slut to cum. Instead, with Nina on the verge of an orgasm, Heather tied Nina's hands behind her, pushed a vibrator up her ass, and one in her pussy. Then she put a pair of tight latex panties on Nina so make sure the vibrators didn't fall out.

Led out onto the grass, Nina saw Dan already there and waiting. They were the last two slaves since all the others had joined Nick in his torment of them. Positioned next to each other, the pair waited for whatever was planned. Nina was several inches taller and several pounds heavier, but they were about to be made into a team of ponies to pull a cart. Diana clipped an end of a short chain to each of their collars, just long enough to allow them to stand shoulder to shoulder with almost no space between them. Then she clipped another chain to Dan's right nipple and Nina's right nipple. That was followed with a third chain that joined the slaves' left nipples. Special shoes were fitted to their feet that looked like horse hooves and made them stand solely on the balls of their feet. Then they were harnessed to the two-wheeled cart with Heather in the seat.

"Pretty simple rules for pulling the cart," said Nick before they started. "Heather has a little joystick. She pushes forward, you go faster. She pulls back, you go slower. She moves it right, you go right. Left and you go left. Before we get started, here's how faster feels."

With a big smile, Heather pushed the joystick forward. "Aaaahhh," gasped Nina as the vibrators in her pussy and ass gave her a shock instead of vibrating pleasantly. When Heather demonstrated slowing down, Dan gave his own gasp, "Haahh," as the vibrator in his ass sprang to life. It made his ass clench and his cock throb. A shock to Nina's collar meant turn right since she was on the right and a shock to Dan's collar meant left.

The pair of ponies waited nervously as Nick stepped out of the way. Nina figured there was only one command that made sense with them just standing still.

"Aaahhh," she gasped and stepped forward. Dan jumped as Nina cried out and he was half a step behind her. Within a few steps they figured out how to walk together. They just needed to figure out how to communicate the commands to each other. Only one of them got a command that they were both supposed to follow. "Aaaaa, left, left," grunted Dan, pulling to the left. Even after the shock was gone, he continued leading them left and then the vibrator in his ass made the pair slow and stop.

"Stupid ponies," said Heather. "You go straight when I stop shocking your collars. Don't keep going left." She pushed the joystick forward again and the cart bounced slowly across the lawn. Forward again and then again and the pair were trotting on their toes. Dan's hard cock bounced up and down as did Nina's tits. The effect on the two ponies was a gradually increasing arousal. A shock to Nina sent her higher. A little vibration in Dan's ass and he felt like he was ready to cum. The empathic mistress knew just how to work them along the edge of an orgasm while the rest of the group watched the spectacle.

Then Diana took a turn and the ponies found themselves running on their toes, Nina panting from exertion and arousal with Dan panting and trying to keep up. When Diana got off the cart, she kept the joystick and stepped in front of the ponies. "Don't go anywhere," she said as she pulled back on the stick.

"Gaaahhh, ahhhh, fuck, Diana, pleeease." The vibration deep inside Dan's ass drove him to the point of orgasm, but then nothing happened. His cock felt like it was about to burst and his balls ached. Standing in front of his twin sister, he humped the air with no relief.

"Yeah, Dan, do it for me," she teased. "Put on a show for everybody." His body shuddered as Diana tortured him. After 30 seconds, she centered the joy stick. Then she handed it to their mom.

Liz walked the ponies around the grassy area at a leisurely pace, giving them a break. Both looked exhausted, dripping sweat from the workout. Bringing them back to the original starting point, she stopped and dismounted.

When the ponies were removed from their harnesses, everything was taken off them except their shoes, collars, and, of course, the vibrators. "Whoever gets this, cums first," said Liz and she tossed the joystick 10 meters in front of them.

Dan got off to a quick start, taking advantage of Nina's disbelief that she'd have to compete for an orgasm. She was right behind her little brother and grabbed his arm, pulling him back. Running past him, she threw a shoulder into him and he stumbled to the side. Triumphant she picked up the joystick.

Using a different remote control, Nick turned on Nina's vibrators and she stretched up on her toes, feeling the orgasm take her, uncaring that everyone was watching her squeal and squirm in ecstasy. In fact, the 14-year-old felt even more aroused that they were watching.

Knowing he had to wait until Nina was done, Dan didn't know that the loser got punished for losing. The vibrator in his ass went on again. "Gaahh, gahhhh, aaaah," he jerked and shuddered as his body tried to cum without success. Luckily Nina was quick to cum. His cock was so swollen that the rubber band wouldn't come off. Instead, a sharp, slender pair of shears just for this purpose slid under the band and snipped it. Cum spewed out of his cock like an explosion as he finally humped the air with purpose. The exquisite release made the wait worthwhile.

Heather, Diana, Alan, Katrina, Christopher, and Tanya took Nina and Dan to a bungalow where the two put their mouths to good use several times.

Later that afternoon, Nick took Liz to a different bungalow where Bruno was waiting, wearing his sheriff's uniform. The big man looked out of place wearing that and it made Liz a little concerned. After she sat down, Bruno said, "Ma'am, I'm afraid I have some bad news. Your husband, Rex, escaped yesterday and we just found his body at the base of a cliff. He apparently fell while trying to climb down. My office will, of course, ensure there is no further investigation. Explaining a naked man's body might raise too many questions."

Liz listened to the formal announcement with little feeling. That there would be no investigation was no surprise and she didn't raise a protest. This week had changed



her whole life. She wasn't looking forward to going back to a normal life married to a man who'd gotten them in so much shit. She couldn't forgive her husband for subjecting them to this week. In fact, she didn't think she'd miss Rex at all. There was still the matter of a half million dollars worth of debt to Nick. A debt she couldn't possibly pay. "What about my family?" she asked Nick. "I can't pay you what he owes you."

"Don't worry about that, Liz," said Nick. "When a man owes me that much money, I take out an insurance policy on his life just in case. I'll collect a cool million in insurance on my deceased business partner."

"I'd like to take my kids and go," said Liz. If the debt was paid, then there was no point in keeping her family any more.

"I'd like you to stay," said Nick. "Look, Liz, you don't have any way to support your family. You can't pay the mortgage on your house." He saw her look of disapproval. "I don't mean as captives or slaves. Stay as a family. The week is almost over. Bruno, Tanya, Alan, and the rest... they can go back to their lives and you stay here."

"That's crazy," said Liz. "You just... abused my children and raped me. Now you want me to stay like nothing happened?"

"It's not as crazy as it sounds, Liz," he assured her. "I was punishing Rex and was going to leave it up to him on how to deal with the fallout, but not you. Think about it. What will Nina be like amongst her friends? A pain slut who wants attention at any cost? And Heather. Jeez, a little 9-year-old sex fiend if I ever saw one. And you... just stand up for a second."

Nick had a point and Liz listened with concern. At his request, she stood. He reached out and touched her left ass cheek. "Put a big cock up Heather's ass," Liz blurted out as she was trained. She couldn't control herself.

"Imagine getting bumped in a crowd," said Nick. He tapped her right cheek.

"Dan looks cute with a mouthful of cock," she said, putting a hand over her mouth. She'd even known it was coming. She sat quickly so he couldn't do it again.

"I thought it would be funny for Rex to face that, but not you," he said. "Need more reasons? Stay here and you'll lead a better life than you did with Rex. Your kids will be safe. Home school them so they don't embarrass themselves in public. Me, you, and they can have all the consensual sex we want. I've got the leverage to make them work hard and excel in school or swimming or whatever." He winked as he waved a remote control for a shock collar. "Or not."

He couldn't tell what she was thinking, so he tossed out a few more incentives. "I got a ton of money and nobody in my life to spend it on. You're a young, sexy woman and I'll take good care of you. Heather and Nina can play their games in a place where they're fetishes are understood. I think you actually liked watching and playing with them."

"A kept woman," she finally interjected. "A kept family of sex toys. That's what you've turned us into."

He shrugged. "Not entirely. I said consensual sex. Sex partners. Young sex partners, but partners nonetheless. Not sex toys that perform on command like the slaves they've been all week. Given the choice, you think they'd consent or not?"

The question made Liz think about the past 24 hours. Nina and Heather would consent to play with each other and probably others. Diana would in a heartbeat. Dan? She didn't see that he'd found his sexual calling, but then he'd be the only cock around three sisters. She thought about Diana and Dan playing together... Diana and Nina... Heather and Dan. So many permutations. She swallowed hard as she realized every one of them sounded exciting to her. He'd turned her into a sex fiend as well.

Liz shook her head and for a moment Nick thought she was saying no. Then she said, "I guess I can't imagine going back now. I have been worried about how the kids will act. Can I agree to a month? See how it works out?"

"Sure," he smiled. "I'd love to have you even for that long." He figured if they stayed for a month, he could have them even more hooked. "I'll have more of your things brought up. You'll stay in my bungalow. The kids can each have their own or... I think Nina and Heather would want to room together, so we can give them a choice."

"Indeed," she nodded. He'd just claimed her as his kept woman to be in his bed and she discovered she didn't mind that. She was still thinking about permutations and was up to threesomes now... her, Nick, and one of the kids... any of them.

"Just a thought," he added. "You and the girls would be the only pussies for Dan. You want me to keep Tanya around. I know she'd stay."

"No," said Liz. "We'll be enough pussy for him." Dan and me. Dan and Nina. Dan and Diana. Dan and Heather. Dan and me and... one of the girls. Yeah, we'll be enough for him. She vaguely thought how wrong it was to think like this, but they'd been doing it all week and they'd enjoyed it.

"Just about dinner time," said Rex. "Round up Heather and Diana and make sure all three of you are presentable. I'll have Nina and Dan tied up for dinner. Then I was thinking of something special after dinner."

"Are you going to let one of them be free tomorrow? Only one slave tomorrow?" Liz asked, interrupting his announcement of something special.

"Dan broke the rule today and told Nina what was going on, so I figure Nina will get the offer tomorrow and Dan will be the last slave," he said. "Then Dan will be released the next day."

"Did you watch Nina today or yesterday?" asked Liz. "Don't offer it to her. Make her take the deal. She might want to stay a slave."

Nick laughed. "Probably right. She'll be officially not a slave, but if she likes it, then she can do it consensually."

"Right," nodded Liz. "Now what's special after dinner?"

"You," said Nick. "Like the other night. Tied, blindfolded with vibrators going. Begging them to watch you." He watched her mask of denial. "Do not tell me that wasn't hot. Watch mommy cum," he added in a mock female voice.

"Fuck, yeah," she admitted. "Yeah, OK." It was the first act of debauchery he'd offered a choice about and she readily agreed.

"Just one thing, Liz dear," said Nick. "It's not so much fun if there's not a little surprise in it for you."

Nothing she said could get him to tell her the surprise. She'd agreed to one thing and he was going to throw in something else. A fluttery feeling in her stomach said he was right. The surprise was already making her look forward to it with greater anticipation.

At dinner, Nina and Dan had the lonely and humiliating position of kneeling on the floor with dog dishes in front of them. Heather had inserted a vibrator in Nina's pussy earlier and now she pulled it out and used it to stir her oatmeal. Diana knelt behind her brother and jacked him off, aiming his cum into his dish. Then the two mistresses drooled long strands of spit into the dishes and stirred them up. "Enjoy your dinner," said Diana as she set it back in front of Dan.

The two slaves ate the disgusting mixture until mommy rose and took their dishes away. They'd only eaten half and wondered what they had to do for the rest of it. Liz just held the dishes for a couple of seconds and then set Dan's dish in front of

Nina and Nina's dish in front of Dan. "I like it better that way," she said and went back to her delicious dinner.

Near the end of dinner, Heather piped up, "Mommy, where's daddy?"

All the heads turned to look at Liz. She'd had nearly an hour now to think of what to tell the kids. In all that time she'd been unable to muster any grief over their loss, but she wasn't ready to tell them the truth. "Daddy's going to work for Nick. We're going to stay here for a while and we won't see daddy until he's done."

"Oh," was all that Heather said. Both she and Diana looked unconcerned about daddy's absence. Liz couldn't tell about her other two children except that there was no outward reaction. Dead and gone and nobody seemed to miss him.

After dinner, Liz waited expectantly for her moment, but she quickly figured out that part of the surprise was she had to wait for it. Instead, Nina and Dan provided the entertainment. One ball of a double ball gag was shoved into each mouth so they were face to face with Dan on a small stool to even up their heights. Their arms were tied high up their backs and a belt around their waists held them together at the hips.

"Don't blink," said Heather. "Either of you." She watched closely from one side and Diana watched from the other side as the two slaves stared each other down.

Dan blinked first and then yelped into his gag when Diana pushed the button for his shock collar. Nina immediately yelped as well since she flinched in surprise at Dan's reaction. Suddenly there was more incentive to not blink, yet the pair found it impossible. Straining to keep their eyes open, one of them would blink and invariably the other would flinch, sometimes just in anticipation of their own shock.

The fun only lasted two minutes before Liz took the boxes away from the two mistresses. "Let's play it my way," she said.

Mommy's game didn't sound any better, so the two fought to keep their eyes open even though the rules sounded different. Then Dan blinked and Nina yelped. Even though Nina's eyes flashed shut at the shock, there was no repercussion for Dan. The two went back to staring and then Dan blinked again. Nina felt the shock and grunted in protest. Dan blinked and Nina was shocked a third time. He blinked again, sooner than the others and she grunted angrily, then blinked twice. Dan got a double shock and the two stared off again, straining to keep from shocking the other. When he couldn't take it any longer, Dan shut his eyes and kept them shut. When there was no shock, Nina shut hers.

"Took 'em long enough," snorted Heather.

With that game over, Nina and Dan were hung by their wrists, balanced on their toes. Bruno brought in the base of the rocking horse. While the others wondered who was going to be put in the horse, Liz gulped. Master Bruno, her master, brought the horse in and she knew there was some sort of surprise coming up. This had to be it. Bruno crooked a finger and her and she stepped to him as if in a trance.

"Strip," said Bruno and Liz quickly followed the command. Already she could imagine herself in that position, so very exposed while she came for her family. She stepped into a pair of tiny latex panties, but Bruno only pulled them up to her knees.

Knowing that mommy had earned Nick's favor, the four kids watched with suspicion. If he could go back on his deal with mommy, then he could do it with any of them. They hadn't seen her do anything wrong at all and there was no mention of punishment. Bruno, Paul, and Christopher worked together to get Liz's feet locked in place and then her hands. Bruno put a harness on her complete with a bit gag snug between her teeth.

"I think mommy likes cumming for you," said Nick as he put a vibrator in Liz's wet pussy. "So she gets to do it again." He slipped another into her ass and pulled the panties into place. "Same as before, Liz dear," he said. "They get spanked until your first one." After blindfolding Liz as promised, he motioned to Heather and said, "You want to ride mommy?"

"Yeah," said Heather with a smile. Mommy had not looked upset about being attached to the rocking horse frame, so she guessed that mommy at least knew this was going to happen. To make it complete, Heather stripped. She wanted her bare pussy pressed against mommy's back. When Nick set her on mommy's back, Heather rocked forward and back. "Let's go, horsie slut," she said.

To Liz it all happened at once. Heather mounted her and urged her on. The vibrators came to life. Wooden paddles cracked against helpless asses. She started toward an orgasm. Part of her wanted to fight it lest she look too eager, but that was virtually impossible. Everybody was watching her, the masters, mistresses, and children. She was naked and helpless with her 9-year-old daughter rocking her back and forth and calling her a slut. The feel of the plump, hairless pussy on her skin was unmistakable. She hoped they were filming the wonderfully naughty and arousing event.

Feeling left out as the only member of the family not involved, Diana stood beside mommy and said, "Wow, mommy, you really gonna cum for us? Like last time? That

was so much fun. Cum for us, mommy." She tried to figure out just what was the right thing to say. "We're all watching," got a whine from the rocking horse.

"You're supposed to whinny," said Heather, reaching back and slapping mommy's ass with her open hand. "Yeehaw."

Liz responded with a whinny, feeling the heat build in her. It was naughty and very exciting just to know she had an audience, but with all the interaction, she had no doubt that all their attention was on her. She was not just rocking anonymously in the corner with no one caring. Naked, she was putting on a show for them. Even the little panties were nothing more than a thong and her ass was well displayed.

"We're all watching mommy getting hot," said Diana, figuring she'd hit it right with her last observation. "Gonna watch mommy cum. You don't want to, huh? Can't help it, right? Horny mommy." Her voice changed from teasing to innocent as she said, "Mom, you're all wet."

The need was growing in the mother of four. Any thought of holding off was fading, though Diana's taunts that she couldn't help it made her renew that struggle. It was that innocent observation delivered with a touch of surprise that put her over the edge. She whinnied several times as her body tensed in orgasm. Mommy's all wet. Mommy's cumming! Heather smacked her ass a few times and she heard Diana say, "Wow." It was an incredible orgasm, breaking an absolute taboo with thrilling results.

After the first one, Nick removed the bit gag. Half the fun was letting her narrate her own desire. He silently shooed the rest of the masters and mistresses out of the room. She was going to do it just for him and her family.

Heather slid off mommy's back so she could have a better view. Riding was fun, but Diana had mentioned mommy's wetness and that meant she was missing something. With mommy panting heavily, Heather said, "Yeah, she is wet." She squatted down and looked under mommy. "You think that hurts her tits?" she asked Diana, observing how the C-cup tits hung down and swayed.

"Nah," said Diana. "Not enough to stop her."

With Heather off her back, Liz gradually slowed while she caught her breath. Then she started rocking again. "Mommy's gonna be naughty," she said. "Gonna cum until Nick stops me. Gonna cum as much as he wants." With everybody watching. It was thrilling to know that her own kids found her sexy. She couldn't believe that turned her on, but she couldn't deny how exciting it was to feel her children's eyes on her. "Watch mommy cum."

It wasn't quite that quick and easy. She rocked slowly as the second orgasm built, focusing on how good it felt. When she was silent, Heather or Diana made comments and when she decided she liked that better, she stayed quiet as they admired her nude body with words. "Check out her bottom," said Heather. "Like you could spank it easy."

"Her ass," corrected Diana. "Showing us her ass like... like she likes it."

"Makes her tingle," suggested Heather.

"Showing it to us."

"Makes me wet, too."

"Makes Dan hard, too," said Diana, looking at their tied siblings.

"And Nina wet."

"And her very wet. Leaking all over."

"What do you like best?" asked Heather.

"The way she cums. Who gets to watch their mommy cum? Whose mommy lets them watch?" Diana saw the signs cumming as mommy's breathing quickened. "See, she's gonna cum again."

Liz whinnied a couple of times and then cried out, "Watch mommy cum! Can't help it! Watch me!" She was in heaven now that all her inhibitions were gone. She wanted to grab Heather and eat her to orgasm. She wanted to eat all of the girls and blow Dan. So much to show them. "Oh, God," she squealed. "It's... it's back. Cumming. I'm cumming!" She wasn't sure if that counted as a third one or just a long second one as her orgasm rebounded so quickly.

Nick removed her blindfold and turned her so she could see Dan and Nina. In the process, Liz saw that it was just family now, considering Nick as family. Performing for just family. She shivered with delight at the thought. After several minutes and three orgasms, they were all still watching. "Wanna see mommy cum again?"

"Yeah," said Diana while the others nodded. Then she giggled. "Like you could stop it. How about that, mommy? Don't cum. You shouldn't, you know. It's naughty and you shouldn't while we watch. So don't."

Heather looked at her sister in surprise and curiosity. Just what was Diana up to? She knew mommy liked it, so why talk like that?

"She shouldn't," said Diana in response to Heather's questioning look. "You're just 9. I'm just 11. Moms don't do this in front of their kids. She's a naughty mommy. She shouldn't teach us this."

"Nick's making her," said Heather, still missing that Diana was teasing mommy in a different way.

"That's right," said Diana, picking up that idea. "He's making her. So, she could still just not cum. Couldn't you, mommy? But you can't help it."

Even though she knew what Diana was doing, Liz fell into the mind game and fought to keep from cumming. It was mind game as her middle daughter taunted her. She shouldn't be doing this. She could fight it. But no, she couldn't. Diana was right. She couldn't help it. "No, I can't help it," she admitted.

"Mommy's a slut," said Diana right to mommy's face.

"Mommy's a... oh, baby... mommy shouldn't... but... but..."

"Do it, mommy. Lose it. You are so gonna cum, aren't you?"

Liz gasped a couple of times, trying to fight the rising orgasm. She was going to lose control. It felt so good to fight with Diana knowing she was going to lose. Then she saw Diana put a finger to her own clit and rub it. "Show me how, mommy. I wanna do it. Show me how. Like this?"

"God Almighty," yelled Liz suddenly. "Watch mommy cum. Watch the slut cum, baby! Do it... like... this!!" Her body exploded in the best orgasm ever as she lost control. She shouldn't, but she couldn't help it. Right in front of her eyes, Diana came, too.

"Like this, mommy?" squealed the 11-year-old and Liz strained in wonderful, silent orgasm for 10 seconds and then passed out from the incredible release.

Coming Soon

Nina teaches Dan a lesson.

Heather thanks Nick.

Diana wishes she was Dan

Liz says, "They're baaacckkk."

Overdrawn - Chapter 18 - Vacation's End

By Kenna

(MF, gM, bF, ff, gb, bdsm, oral, spank, inc)



The next morning, a well-rested Liz and Heather went to get Dan. Like the past couple of nights, he'd spent the night encased in latex and locked in an upright kneeling position with a metal T frame connected to his bit gag and both knees. Despite the uncomfortable position, he was asleep until Heather tugged on his scrotum stretcher. "Wake up, boy bitch," she said. "We're gonna let you be Nina's boy toy today. That's right. She gets to be free like the rest of us. Just you left as a boy toy with a shock collar for all of us to use. You fucked up so bad, I think you're gonna be a slave for weeks. Jeez, Dan, the only cock. You could have so much pussy, but you're just a slave. I vote to not let you cum ever." She grinned at her mommy when Dan let out a low whine of frustration. Then she undid the scrotum stretcher and the two of them got him out of the confining latex suit.

Nina didn't sleep as well as Dan. Put to bed as usual, the vibrator in her pussy was just low enough she couldn't cum and high enough that she desperately wanted to all night long. Still, she'd managed to drop off for an hour or so at a time only to dream of cocks and whips. Suddenly the vibrator in her pussy was on high and she exploded in the orgasm she so badly needed. Her hips pumped unabashedly as she took the wonderful wakeup call, uncaring of who was working the switch. Then she waited for the abuse to start.

Nick peeled the latex hood off the 14-year-old and, once she could see and hear clearly, informed her that she was now free from slavery. As he'd discussed with Liz, Nina didn't get a choice to accept or refuse. As he peeled off the rest of the latex, her attempt to look happy was amusing. She was happy, but she wasn't. She was relieved, but she knew what she'd become and wondered how she'd get the sexual charge of submission. Nick took the kneeling girl's nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and pinched. "Free from slavery means you can make your own choices now, teen bitch. If that choice is to be Heather's pain toy, I'm sure Heather will be glad to oblige. Any of us would." Taking off her shock collar, he asked, "Should I give this to Heather?"

"No, it's mine," said Nina. She wanted it herself and then she realized why it would be in Heather's hands. "Yeah, have her keep it for me." She liked the idea of Heather coming to her with the collar in her hand and putting it on her. On the way to breakfast Nick explained what he expected from her as her first act as a mistress. "If you want to be free to be a pain slut, then you'll do exactly what I tell you," he warned.

Before breakfast was served, Dan ate his breakfast from a bowl on the floor. It was actually quite a delicious looking breakfast of eggs, bacon, and hash browns all mixed together. As he stood looking at it, Heather sucked his cock and he came in

her mouth. The uninhibited little girl promptly turned around and dribbled his own cum on his breakfast. Dan said nothing as he knelt and ate. In yet another day of slavery, eating his own cum just wasn't a big deal.

As her little brother licked his bowl clean, Nina came in fully dressed. Dan looked up at her in dismay as he realized he was indeed the last slave in the family. His cock felt extremely vulnerable with his mom and three sisters as mistresses ready to abuse it. His big sister took one of his hands, cuffed it to a rope from the ceiling and then did the same to the other. Hoisting the wrists into the air, she left him standing flatfooted. "Got one of these for you," she said, showing him a scrotum stretcher. "Boy oh boy, do I love playing with your balls, boy bitch." It was already starting, he thought. Of course she'd go straight for the balls. She pulled them down and snapped the stretcher in place as he moaned in pain. "Little boy toy for all of us," she taunted as she connected another rope to the stretcher.

"Guess what's gonna happen now," she said as his eyes followed the rope up to a hook on the ceiling 10 feet in front of him. She pulled on the free end of the rope and as it went taut, the rope pulled his balls forward and up. With no choice, he walked forward until he was stretched between the three ropes, his arms reaching back and his aching balls pulled forward. He was on his tiptoes, fighting to ease the tension on his balls. She put a blindfold on him, headphones over his ears with music playing, and a ring gag in his mouth. Leaving him blind, deaf, and dumb, she let the others know he was ready.

Slave to all the girls, he thought. *And now my cock and balls are on display for them to tease and torment.* It was a frightfully vulnerable position and embarrassing to boot. Knowing he was in the dining room, he could just imagine them coming in for breakfast and staring at his tortured cock.

The rest of the family, his mother and three sisters, and Nick sat down to breakfast with Dan only able to imagine their presence. "He gets to be free tomorrow," said Nick, nodding toward the helpless boy. "Just nobody tell him today. We'll all take a turn with him today."

"Tomorrow he'll be one happy boy," observed Liz. "He's the only cock for the four of us. Not counting you, Nick," she added. "He'll get well used."

"What about daddy?" Heather piped up with the obvious. The kids still didn't know what had happened to him. "He's got a cock."

"Daddy's sleeping with the fishes," said Nina evenly.

"He's not sleeping," argued Heather. "Where is he?" she asked mommy.

"More like flying with eagles, baby," said Liz. She wasn't sure how they'd take it, but she wasn't upset by his permanent absence. She glared at Nina. "How did you know?"

Nina shrugged. She thought it was obvious. "He's gone, right? He was the whole problem. I figured if Nick's being nice, then it means daddy's gone."

"Know what?" insisted Heather. "He can't fly and where's he gone to?"

"Dead?" interjected Diana. Heather may have missed the reference, but Diana knew what sleeping with the fishes meant. "Daddy's dead?"

"Dead? Who said dead?" asked Heather, looking around the table.

Liz sighed in exasperation. This wasn't exactly how she planned to tell her children, in fact, it wasn't anything like how she planned it. "Your father committed suicide. He jumped off a cliff yesterday," she said. Naked at the bottom of a cliff, he either jumped or was pushed or thrown off. She preferred to think he'd jumped. That was certainly what she wanted her children to think. If Nick was going to be in their lives as a surrogate father, she didn't want them thinking he'd killed their real father. "Guess he couldn't take what he'd done to us. This was all his fault, remember? He took the coward's way out. You shouldn't feel sorry for him."

"That's OK," said Heather. "His cock was kinda small and he was broke."

"Heather!" said Liz.

Heather frowned. "It's true. Nick's bigger and has money. I like him. Can we stay?"

Nick laughed. "That's how you judge men, Heather? Cock size and bank account? I've created a sex crazed family and a little 9-year-old sex fiend. So, yes, you *have* to stay. I mean, I want you to stay and your mother agreed."

"So, we're staying... and we're not slaves... and Bruno and Tanya and Christopher and all are gone? How's this gonna work?" asked Nina.

By the end of breakfast, the girls all understood the arrangement. Home schooling. Pampered life with real maids, real butlers, and all the sex they wanted. Nick as a surrogate daddy. Occasional visits by Bruno, Tanya, Christopher and all. The real maids and butlers were not participants, but understood their jobs and even their lives depended on keeping the boss' secrets.

As they got up from the table, Diana nodded toward Dan and asked, "Nina's got him first, who's next?"

"You want him, honey? You can have him next," said Liz. "What about you, Heather?"

"I want him last," said the 9-year-old with a sinister smile. Turning to Nick, she said, "I want *him* now."

"Oh no, baby bitch," said Nick. "You never have me. I have you."

Heather shrugged. "Same thing. That's what I meant." She jumped into his arms and he caught her. She rested her head on his shoulder as he carried her off. He'd never been mean to her. Used her, coerced her, and abused her, but he'd done it all without hurting her. As far as she was concerned, he could do anything he wanted to her. After what he'd done to the family, she still trusted him.

"You and me, Diana," said Liz, taking her middle daughter by the hand. "Let's put on our suits and go swimming, OK? I don't want every moment to be sex."

"OK, mommy," agreed the 11-year-old. Last night had been pretty intense with that final orgasm shared with her mother. They'd shared a special moment then and she knew they'd have more. Mommy was right though. Diana understood they could have too much of that and it wouldn't be the same. Mommy was wrong about one thing though. She convinced mommy they didn't need suits.

Alone with Dan, Nina let his balls loose so he could stand flatfooted again. Taking off the headphones, she said, "Time to teach my little brother a lesson. You were a naughty boy. Nick was very clear about his instructions and you went and broke the rules. I suppose I should thank you. I'm not a slave today because you fucked up. But, if you're gonna be our slave... think about it, boy bitch, the slave to a bunch of girls. So, if you're gonna be our slave, then you better learn to follow orders. Got it?"

Dan nodded. "Uh huh." His cock twitched with embarrassment and gall at the idea of belonging to his sisters. And his mom. He could even believe that his mom was going to be his mistress and do whatever she wanted to him. It wasn't fair. He knew that Nina actually enjoyed being abused, but not him. Much as he hated it, he understood that he had to earn good treatment with good behavior. "Yes, Mistress," he added when she took out the gag.

When his sister removed the blindfold and cuffs, Dan was unencumbered. Nina handed him a pile of clothes. "Put them on," she said.

He did a double take and lifted up the top garment, recognizing his twin's dress. It was the one Diana had packed in anticipation of a fancy dinner one evening. "You're kidding," he said. Then he saw Nina's thumb move. "No, no, I'll do it," he said quickly. "Aaaaaaeeeeee," he added, putting his hands on his ass as his shock collar punished him for hesitating.

"Yes, Mistress," he said, picked through the now scattered clothes. He found a pair of panties and slipped them on without a word. Holding up a training bra, he looked askance at his big sister thinking, you gotta be shitting me. Blushing, he put on the bra. It was the whole outfit and by the time he was done, he was wearing the dress, ankle socks, and one inch heels. He felt ridiculous and hoped no one else saw him like this.

"Don't you make a pretty little girl," said Nina with a sugary sweet voice. "Now I want my little princess to be a cocksucking little slut of a girl." She unzipped her shorts and, to Dan's astonishment, pulled out a cock. The strap on was six inches long, looking out of place on the teen girl. "On your knees, cocksucking bitch," she said.

Dan knelt as ordered. Ready to suck the cock as ordered, he felt even more humiliated when Nina said, "Open wide and say ahhhh."

"Ahhhhh," he said and she poked the fat cock into his open, waiting mouth. He'd been trained to take an entire cock, but he was still surprised when she pushed the cock deep, seizing his hair to hold him in place as she just rested the cock at its full depth. His eyes widened and he grabbed his sister's wrists to try to pull free, but she held the cock in his mouth for 30 seconds before she pulled it out again.

"Oh, yeah, that's so hot, cocksucking bitch. All the way for your Mistress. Say ahhhh," she ordered and again took his throat with one thrust. "Not really sucking, I suppose. Gagging and choking. Put your hands down, slut. On your ass. That's a good girl." Again she blocked his throat for 30 seconds and pulled out. "Your mouth is for fucking, not for saying shit Nick told you not to say, understand?"

"Yes, mistress," he gasped.

"Say ahhh. Keeping saying it and lean forward until the cock is all the way in." She let him impale himself on the cock. "Stay like that until I tell you to stop." After he'd choked himself for 30 seconds, she let him pull off. Then she took off her shorts and the strap on. "Lick pussy, little girl."

Burying his face in his sister's wet pussy, Dan licked for all he was worth. He kept his hands on his ass, using just his tongue, savoring the juices and assaulting her clit. Slurping and moaning, he felt his cock harden in the tight panties. Nina's hands closed on his head, pulling him into her as he ate her out. He felt success as she came, but she kept him at it. Cumming a second and third time, she finally let him go.

Stepping away from Dan, Nina circled him. "Now, the lesson is - when one of your sisters or mom tell you to eat pussy, you do it without hesitation. You do it until they tell you to stop. If you don't, you'll have Diana shoving that cock down your throat or Heather or even mom." Noting the strongest reaction from him came at the mention of Heather, she added, "So, if you want your little sister to tell you to say ahhh and feed you cock, just fuck up for us."

In a bungalow not too far away, Heather was thinking just the opposite. It was her who wanted the cock in her mouth. It wouldn't be forced. "Master Nick," she said sweetly. "May I do something for you? I mean, can I pick what we do?"

"That depends, baby bitch," said Nick. Then he decided to let her have her way, though he reserved the right to stop her. "OK, Heather, what does my 9-year-old baby bitch want to do?"

"I want to thank you, Master Nick," she said. "Just watch." She slowly stripped for him, enjoying the way he looked at her even though she knew her mommy and sisters had more for him to look at. She thrilled as he leaned forward in anticipation as she pulled her shirt off and at how he licked his lips when he saw her flat chest. Wriggling her panties down her legs, she stopped with them around her knees and relished the look in his eyes as they fixated between her legs.

Once she was naked, she stripped Nick, though it turned more into him stripping with her help. "You lie down," she said, pointing at the bed. "On your back." The brazen 9-year-old climbed up between his legs and wrapped a fist halfway around his cock. "So, anyway, thanks for not treating me like a kid, or for letting me do this stuff even though I am a kid." She took his cock in her mouth and started bobbing her head up and down, taking a little bit more each time until her lips were at the base of his cock. Pulling all the way off, she said, "Bet I'm the only one in the fourth grade who can do this." Then she put all her concentration into sucking his cock and swallowing his cum.

By the time Diana took a turn with Dan, the boy had cum twice already - once when Heather blew him at breakfast and once when Nina let him fuck her while still wearing Diana's dress. In fact, she walked in as Nina was bouncing on Dan's cock and teasing him about his girlish look. She just shook her head as she watched. Nina seemed oblivious to Dan's big smile. When he came, Diana found herself thinking how hard she'd have to work to get her ride on his cock. It would be a while before he was ready to please her.

The 11-year-old was halfway through her plans for tormenting her twin brother when she realized something. By then she'd spanked him, made him eat her,

spanked him again, and made him lick her ass. He was still slyly smiling after all that and as she settled down on his hard cock she realized just how good he had it. They hadn't discussed their individual time with Dan, but she was sure Heather and mommy would let him cum, too. With her own orgasm building, she envied her twin. As the slave he was getting what he wanted. When he was free, he'd get even more. She wished she had a cock. Then she'd have mommy and their sisters lined up and waiting, too.

While the new residents of Nick's mountain retreat settled into the new roles as Nick's pampered family, Nick spent a couple of days with them, but then he had to go into the city to keep an eye on business. He considered taking one of his "daughters" along for evening play time, but he had plenty of pussy in the city. He knew when he returned he'd have a warm, sexy welcome.

Liz and the kids could keep themselves entertained, but as a parting gift, he "invited" the Priestly family for a few days. "They're baaack," said Liz with a sinister smile. The well trained family of sex slaves waited nervously in front of Nick's new family. The last time the Priestlys had seen them, Liz, Nina, Dan, Diana, and Heather had been slaves themselves. Now the returning Priestly slaves could only wonder at the turnabout. The five slaves were dressed and wearing their shock collars. At random, each of the Stantons picked up a remote control.

Going first, Liz pushed the button on her box and Mark's hands went to his ass as he screamed in pain. "Oh, good," said the mistress. "I get the big boy toy. Strip boy toy." The father of three, stripped quickly in front of his wife, daughters, and son. Liz grabbed his nipples, amazed at how compliant he was. He was bigger than her and could have wrestled the remote from her, but made no attempt. It was going to be fun to play with the slave. Once his nipples were hard, she clamped them and let him away with a leash attached to the clamps.

"Me next," said Heather.

"Cool your jets, Heather," said Nina. "I'm the oldest. I'm next." While she craved pain and abuse, she was looking forward to dishing some out, hoping for a vicarious thrill. She pushed her button and 13-year-old Jenny screamed. "Sweet," she said. "I got the little bitch." Littlest of the three female slaves, she wasn't much smaller than Nina. The mistress did the honors herself, stripping Jenny naked while teasing the slave about being stripped in front of their brothers. "Who's gonna beg for pussy?" she asked rhetorically as she snapped a leash onto Jenny's collar and led her off.

"Go ahead, Dan," said Diana, letting him be next.

The 11-year-old master hoped he didn't get Mark. He figured that would be fun since he knew just how to torment and torture a boy his own age, but he also figured one of the girls would be more fun. Pressing the button, he was delighted when Paula screamed. It was even better when the mother looked at him in despair, clearly indicating how much she disliked being at the hands of a little boy. "You got big tits," said Dan. "Let me see 'em."

As Paula started to take off her shirt, Dan said, "Say yes, master."

"Yes, master," said the embarrassed slave. She took off her T-shirt and showed she'd come braless and prepared to be used. Picking up on her reluctance, Dan grabbed both tits and fondled them. "Nice big ones. You like showing them to little boys? You like your mommy's tits, Mark? They're all mine today." While his sisters wanted to get on with it, they patiently enjoyed how well Dan was humiliating the woman. He stepped back and said, "Show us your pussy, bitch."

"Yes, master," said Paula and took off her shorts and panties, looking at her audience and blushing.

"Perfect," said Dan now that the woman was naked. "You know what we're gonna do. Tell Mark what his mommy is going to do for me."

Paula swallowed hard at the command and then she spoke directly to her son. "It looks like mommy's gonna have her tits played with by master. He's so young and cute. Same age as you, but he owns me and I'm going to make him happy. Mommy is probably going to suck my master's cock and get fucked by my new master. I think mommy is going to be spanked just for fun. Mommy might lick master's tasty ass." She shrugged. "Mommy's going to do everything he wants."

"Pretty good, bitch," said Dan. To Mark he added, "Your mommy's gonna keep me happy." He simply found it thrilling to embarrass his slave using her son and embarrass Mark at the same time. "Down on your hands and knees and follow me." He walked to his bungalow with Paula crawling behind him.

The last two members of both families sized each other up, wondering who was paired with whom. "Who belongs to me?" asked Diana teasingly. "Will it be you?" She cupped Mark's little bulge. "Or you," she palmed Karen's pussy. Karen screamed abruptly in pain, shocking everyone except Heather, who had pushed the button in her hand. Karen looked at Diana's hand. Clearly the 11-year-old's thumb was not even on the button. Heather giggled and waved her remote. "Surprise," she laughed. All their attention had been on Diana, so it was indeed a surprise.



"Heather," snapped Diana. Then she laughed. "Good one." Guess that means this one works yours," she slowly pushed the button as Mark watched with dread.

"Aaaaaahhhhh," screamed the 11-year-old. "Yes, mistress, that's mine."

"Duh, let's go. Everything off," she said. Once he was stripped, she grabbed his cock and pulled him to her bungalow. "That better get bigger than it is right now, boy bitch."

Left with the 16-year-old girl, Heather said, "Strip for me. Quickly." Then she counted to 3 and pushed the button, counted to 3 and pushed the button, counted to 3 and pushed the button. Poor Karen felt the pain 12 times as she struggled to get her clothes off in record time. "Now we know who's the boss. Follow me. Five feet behind me. Good girl." She marched off to the room she'd prepared.

Walking into the room behind the 9-year-old, Karen stopped and said, "No, Mistress, please. Jenny likes that, not me." In the middle of the room sat the rockers just waiting for a victim to turn it into a rocking horse.

"Well, then I'll just make sure I never put Jenny in it. Who the fuck said this was going to be fun?" She pushed the button for several seconds. "Get your feet in place." After Karen scampered to the rockers and stepped in position, Heather secured her feet and legs, locked in position at the back of the rockers and unbending. "Lean forward." She got Karen's hands and arms locked in place and unable to bend.

"Know what's really stupid?" asked Heather as she held up the head harness.

"No, Mistress," said Karen. She knew lots of things that were stupid, but didn't want to guess at which one her little mistress had in mind.

"Yeah, you do," said Heather as she buckled the harness in place. She took her time and only after Karen's bit gag was securely in place did she say. "Pretty fucking stupid to tell me you don't like this. Whatcha gonna do about it now?" She threw the saddle across her rocking horse's back and laid the reins across her neck.

Stepping in front of the slave, Heather made a show of taking off her shoes and putting on cowgirl boots. "Check these out," she said as she reached down and spun the wicked looking spur on her right boot and then the one on her left boot. "Giddy up, horsie," she gave her victim a sinister smile. Then she mounted the whimpering rocking horse.

"Shut up," snapped Heather. "You don't like it because you don't know how to play. Whinny for me." She touched her spurs lightly to Karen's thighs. She didn't necessarily want to use them. She just wanted Karen to follow her instructions.

Karen whinnied softly.

"Louder," demanded Heather. "Louder," she insisted after a slightly better one. This time she poked her horsie with her spurs. Satisfied with the next whinny, she said, "Yeah, that's how it's done. Loud enough so they can hear you outside. You got two choices, horsie. Embarrass yourself or feel the spurs. Whinny again."

Patting the embarrassed 16-year-old on the head, Heather said, "Every time I speak to you, you will answer with a whinny. Got it?" Her horsie whinnied. "Even if it's not a question." Whinny. "OK, there's three speeds. First is slow. You do that when I say giddy up." Whinny. "Giddy up." With a whinny, the rocking horse started to rock. Heather let her horsie rock like that for a couple of minutes. "Now let's try medium." She touched her spurs to Karen's thighs.

With a whinny, Karen started to rock faster. Aware there was one more speed, she didn't get going too fast. For all the abuse and humiliation she'd been through, she hadn't been the rocking horse before. She knew her mom and sister had done it, but after Jenny took a liking to it, much like Nina, Jenny had been the designated rocking horse. By now she'd allowed herself to think she'd never be in this position and here she was doing it for a 9-year-old. It galled her to the core to be immobilized as Heather's toy for the day. She'd done so much at Nick's pleasure, but being a pain toy wasn't one of them.

After another couple of minutes, Heather said, "Now faster," she whipped Karen's bare ass with her riding crop. "Yee haw," she yelled as Karen whinnied and went "full speed." Just to cover herself, Karen whinnied in response to the yee haw. After just 10 seconds, Heather said, "Whoa," and tugged lightly on the reins.

Uncertain what to do for whoa, Karen whinnied and dropped back to medium. She was rewarded with a pat on the head. "Good girl. You're pretty smart after all." After a couple more whoas, they slowed and stopped.

"Doing good, horsie," said Heather. "This next part isn't punishment, just for fun." Pleased with her horsie, who hadn't failed to whinny at the right time yet, she wanted to make sure the slave understood that. She grabbed the horsie's butt plug and worked it into the 16-year-old's ass. Once it was seated, she said, "There, now you have a nice tail. Such a pretty horsie." Then she played with Karen's nipples, clamped them when they were hard little bullets, and hung weights from the clamps. Finally, she clamped and weighted Karen's pussy lips.

Walking in front of her horsie, Heather grabbed the harness and asked, "So, does my horsie feel like a special horsie now?"

*Not on your life*, thought Karen. *It sucks so bad*. Nevertheless, she whinnied and nodded her head.

"Good, see, it is fun," giggled Heather. She disappeared out of sight and picked up a wooden paddle. "Now this part isn't gonna be so much fun, you helpless bitch."

Liz had started on Mark, Sr. by suspending him from his wrists. With a nasty leather whip, she started questioning him and learned that his error had been to steal drugs from his boss, Nick. Her gambling loser of a husband was bad enough, but Liz had no mercy for a stupid thief. "So, right now I'm betting one of your girls, your wife or a daughter, is blowing my son. Bet you got to watch that plenty when you were being trained. You like to watch that?"

"No, Mistress."

"You like them to blow you? Bet they're pretty good by now."

"No, Mistress." He grimaced and yelped in pain as the whip snapped across his bare back.

"Liar, bet you do like blowjobs from the little darlings."

"No, Mistress, it's not allowed."

"What?" she said in surprise. It was believable that he could forego the temptation of the sweet young mouths of his daughters, but she hadn't expected that their behavior was controlled outside this mountain retreat.

"I'm not allowed to have sex with any of them ever, Mistress. Not even my wife. I don't even get to see her naked."

"Sweet," said Liz. "You get to watch them do other guys? You know your little girls are great cocksuckers, but you don't get the pleasure?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said. He glared at her and his voice showed his irritation. It was a sore point with him. Jenny had been 11 when she learned to deep throat. Nick had taunted him with her skill and now this mistress was rubbing it in all over again. He'd watched them as they'd been trained. He'd watched them as they made kiddy porn movies that Nick sold. He'd watched more than he wanted. For the glare he suffered through three lashes.

"You don't get to cum at all?" she prodded.

"No, Mistress, I do get to cum," he said. "I'm allowed to jack off Sunday evening blindfolded with the rest of my family watching. I jack off into the palm of my hand and eat it or I don't get to cum."

"And you follow those instructions all the time?" She couldn't see why he would do that in the privacy of his own home.

"Yes, Mistress. There are cameras in the house. We don't break the rules."

Ah, now she understood. It wasn't so much that they were well trained. He and his family lived in constant fear of Nick. It sounded like maybe they'd even tried defying Nick and paid for it. "You want to cum for me now?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," he eyed her attractive figure.

"Oh, you want me naked? Want to jack off while you look at me naked?" she taunted.

"Yes, Mistress, you're very beautiful," he said. He figured she was just teasing him, but it was worth a shot.

"Ask me nicely," she said, cracking the whip across his ass twice.

"Mistress, would you please let this slave see your beautiful, sexy body? This slave would love to worship your body."

"Certainly," said Liz, pleased to know that she'd be the naked body on his mind for weeks to follow. "First, let's get this set up." She stuck a vibrator up his ass. He wouldn't be allowed to touch himself. He'd have to cum from the vibrator alone. Then she peeled off her clothes. "C'mon, big boy, get hard for me," she said, dancing right in front of him. She played with her tits and pussy as he quickly got a hard on for her. She occasionally stroked his cock, but never enough to make him cum.

When she thought he was ready, she turned on the vibrator. "Now cum for me, boy toy. Squeeze your ass around the vibrator and shoot your cum out." She lashed him as he groaned with arousal. He was close to cumming and she knew it.

Mark rose up on his toes, straining forward as his cock begged for release. If she'd only touch it, then he'd cum. He knew this would work, too, but it was hard work, embarrassing, and not nearly as satisfying as his hand, let alone hers. Bearing down, he moaned, "Oh, fuck, here it comes, Mistress. Gaaahhh daammmmm," he yelled as his cock jerked and thick ropes of cum shot out. His eyes never left her body as he danced on his toes and came.

"Yeah, butt fuck the boy toy," said Liz as he peaked. "Pretty nice show. Bet the rest of your family is putting on nice shows for my kids. Know what you should have done? Same as my husband. You should have killed yourself. That's right," she taunted him as he looked at her in surprise. "My husband killed himself a few days

ago and today I'm Nick's queen and my kids are fucking with yours." She lowered him to his knees and pressed her pussy to his face. "Now eat me like the toy you are. Make your mistress happy."

Knowing nothing about Jenny, Nina took the 13-year-old to her bungalow and bound and gagged her without saying a word. She started with leather cuffs on her slave's wrists and ankles and then connected Jenny's right wrist to her right ankle and left wrist to her left ankle. Then she stuffed a ball gag in the younger girl's mouth. Just from the way Jenny took it all without hesitation and not even needing a command, Nina surmised Jenny was looking forward to their session.

Immobilized, Jenny awaited her fate. She yelped as a wooden paddle cracked across her helpless, bare ass. "Shut up," said her mistress. "Wiggle your ass and ask for more or there won't be any." Jenny looked back at Nina, aware that Nina had guessed this was what she liked. She wiggled her ass, letting it alone ask for more.

"Sweet! You fucking little pain slut bitch pussy cunt!" said Nina. "We're gonna have some fun. Don't make a sound or I'll stop." She rapped off ten hard strokes. "Oh, you're gonna get so wet for me, you slut. I got me a cute little pain slut with a little pink ass. Gonna turn it redder than red. Ask for it."

The temporary mistress enjoyed the idea of sharing the pain vicariously with her slave. The slut whimpered and wiggled her ass, begging for more. Nina took out the gag. "Count for me, slut." She smacked Jenny and paused. "One, mistress," sighed Jenny. Nina set up a steady rhythm of swats, pausing only long enough to let Jenny count. The little girl snapped out the count quickly, wanting to keep a fast pace.

When Jenny yelped out, "Thirty-three," Nina stopped. The slave's ass was fire engine red and Nina took the yelp to mean serious pain. It had taken that long to get a reaction out of the girl. Peering between Jenny's legs, she could see the glistening juices.

"I know what you want," said Nina. "You're just like me. That was arousing as hell, wasn't it? You want to cum, don't you?"

"Yes, mistress. That was the best ever. Nobody knows like you do. Touch me, please." Her cheek was pressed against the floor with her red ass up in the air. She knew her pussy was easily accessible from behind, but then her mistress rolled her to her back. Now her pussy was even more accessible as she looked up at her mistress.

"Yeah, right, like that's gonna happen," said Nina dryly. She peeled off her shirt and dropped it on Jenny's face. "No peeking." She took off her shorts, bra, and panties, tossing them to the side. She tied ropes to Jenny's bent knees and then tied the ends of the ropes to opposite walls, pulling the 13-year-old's knees wide. "Nice and exposed. Can't stop me from doing anything, but then... you don't want to stop me, do you?" She continued by clamping the little brown nipples atop the teen's small tits. Running a rope from the ceiling to the clamps, she pulled on them until Jenny's nipples were stretched up and the girl was straining to arch up and relieve the tension.

"You'd cum in a second, wouldn't you, slut?" asked Nina.

"Yes, mistress," said Jenny. "I'll cum when you let me."

"Ah, I see we have an understanding," said Nina. "Close your eyes." She removed the shirt covering Jenny's eyes and then affixed a more secure blindfold. "You can open your eyes now, slut. I haven't decided if you get to cum today. Think about that. All this fun... all this arousal... all this teasing and torment... all this fucking liquid squishy messy tingly burning need... and no cummy-cummy for my little slut." Settling down over Jenny's face, she said, "Eat."

The little pink tongue darted out. "Fuck, oh, fuck yeah," gasped Nina as her captive's tongue touched her pussy. She was indeed riding high on the infliction of pain, nearly as high as if she was the one with the bright red ass. Ten seconds later she came in an earth shattering orgasm.

"That was nice," said Nina, standing despite her shaky knees. What an understatement, she thought. Magnificent was more like it. As a reward, she got a button vibrator and pushed it into Jenny's pussy. Turning it on low, she said, "You may not cum." Then she used a switch to whip Jenny's upturned soles. "Beg for me."

"Mistress, please, my clit is like going to explode, isn't it? It feels like a little cock. Throbbing and hard and tingly. My pussy is making such a mess. Squishy and leaking and juicy. Doing it all for you. Take my clit between your thumb and finger and pull on it. Make it hurt, too. Squeeze it, pinch it, bite it. Mistress, have you ever spanked a pussy? Wanna hear a little girl squeal? Do it. Please, I wanna show you what cummy-cummy is all about."

Nina listened with growing arousal. It wasn't quite begging, but it was effective. She found a leather strap and swatted straight down between the blindfolded girl's thighs, snapping the leather across her bare pussy.

"Eeeeeaaaaaaa," screamed Jenny. "God Almighty, mistress, you did it. Fucking do it again, please. Whip my fucking clit. Eeeeeaaaaaaa," she screamed again as Nina did what she wanted. "Gaaahhhhh, agggg, fuck, fuck, fuck," she screamed as Nina then grabbed her clit and pulled it up, up, up.

"Jesus Christ, you slut," said Nina. "It's half as long as a cock." She turned the vibrator on high and rubbed the distended shaft of sensitive girlhood. "Cum for me. Show me."

"Jeeesus, yes, misssss... tressss," wailed Jenny as the pleasure overwhelmed her. Stretched, strained, and in pain, she humped her hips up and down, adding to the pain and pleasure. She eagerly showed Nina just what pain and pleasure was all about. All the experience she'd gained from making preteen and teen torture movies was on display.

Torturing Jenny's clit in mid-orgasm, Nina watched the amazing orgasm build, possess the slave, and then recede. Quickly freeing the girl, she lay down on her back and said, "Do me now. Yeah, the cuffs and everything." She just had to see what that was like.

Diana led the 11-year-old Mark, Jr., to her lair. After having played with Dan on his last day as a slave, she had come to think that being a slave wasn't so bad for a boy. He got to eat pussy and Dan liked that. She teased Dan for a while and then "made" him cum. There just wasn't anything bad to do to a boy, except one thing. Poor Mark was not going to get to cum all day. She strapped a cage onto his cock, little more than a one inch diameter metal ball with his cock curled up inside.

Stripping, the preteen girl teased Mark with her slender body and watched him grimace in pain as his cock tried to grow in the confined space. His balls dangled outside the cage and she pulled them down to affix a one inch scrotum stretcher. "You're gonna wish you never had a cock," she told him. "You better be a good boy toy or I can make it hurt a lot more than that." This was something she couldn't bring herself to do to her own brother, but today she was going to hurt a boy just for fun.

"Now lick my asshole." She offered him the treat, moaning with pleasure as he rimmed her and then, at her command, got penetration and tongue fucked her ass. "Like that, little boy?" she taunted him as he moaned in desperate pain. "Bet a little boy toy like you likes to eat pussy," she turned around and offered him her pussy. "Do it good."

He did it good as he'd been trained. Normally he enjoyed eating pussy. He'd eaten his sisters' pussies for kiddy porn. He'd feasted on his mommy's pussy for more

movies. He'd eat any pussy offered to him and as usual the taste and smell of the sexy girl made his cock hard. Only this time, it hurt like hell to have a hard on with no room for a hard cock.

After her third orgasm, Diana took a break. "How's my boy toy doing?"

"Please, mistress, it hurts so bad," he pleaded. "Take it off, OK? I'll do anything."

"OK, we can take a break," she agreed to his promise to do anything and took off the hardware. She tossed him an eight inch black cock, realistic right down to the veins on the side. The video equipment was in her lair and she put him on camera. "Tell me you like big black cock. It's your favorite thing. You wish you had a real one. Make it good. Fuck up and I'll electrify the damn thing next time."

Mark blanched at the threat, but he knew what to do. Diana was innocent compared to him. If she'd seen the movie he'd made with two black men, she wouldn't be surprised at his performance. Cupping the balls of the fake cock, he held it up pointed at his mouth. "Thank you, mistress. I love black cock. The bigger the better. Too bad it's fake and too bad it's so small. I love it. Wanna see?" He slid the huge member between his lips and sucked on it, slowly working it farther and farther down his throat. When it was halfway in, he started stroking it in and out, still working it deeper and deeper. Tilting his head back, he showed her how it made his throat bulge.

He blew the cock for several minutes, moaning and slurping with pleasure. With an eye on his mistress he knew he was doing well. She was entranced at the sight. He felt like he was corrupting her. "Sucking big black cock is so much fun. I'm only 11, but I can take a big one." He shifted the cock to his ass and worked it deep there. "Little white boys love big black cocks up their asses," he said, using a line from the movie. He reamed his ass for several minutes and then held it back to his lips. "Best part," he said. "Cleaning it after it's fucked me so good." Then he slid it down his throat, moaning and slurping as he had the first time.

Astonished, Diana didn't interrupt a bit of the performance until he'd cleaned the cock thoroughly. Then she strung him up by his wrists. "I didn't say I'd keep it off," she said, putting the cage back on his cock. "I just won't electrify it."

While the others were playing with their slave for a day, Dan had Paula all to himself. He had more basic needs. As soon as he shut the door, he took off his clothes. "Suck me off, slut. I want to tell Mark how good his mommy is. Be a good cocksucker." She knelt and took his cock into her mouth in one stroke. "You wish this was Mark? You wish you were doing your own son?" He shrugged. "I don't give a



shit. It's me. Right now you want nothing more than to suck me off and swallow my cum. Fucking big titted bitch who likes little boys."

Paula did what she'd done many times. It was just another way Nick punished the family. She'd taken six boys at once in one movie. She'd fondled, fucked, and sucked boys from six to sixteen. She'd shared them with her daughters. She'd done it with her husband tied to a chair in the same room. She did it for Dan three times that day and let him fuck her twice.

The Stanton family became Nick's family. He never married Liz, but she was a kept woman and her children were raised under Nick's firm hand. The four kids led a life of privilege like their mother as long as they followed Nick's strict rules. Their shock collars hurt like hell when they got wet. They swam like fish to keep Coach Nick happy. Nina fell short of making the Olympic swim team. Dan and Diana brought home 14 gold medals between them. Four years later, Heather brought home eight. Darlings of the media, they kept their dark secrets, simply crediting Coach Nick with inspiring them to greater heights.

THE END