

Amber's Misfortune

Category: Text Stories

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SUB

By GaggedUtopia

Chapter 1 - Introduction of Amber

Amber was a student attending the state University. Currently however, she was keeping herself busy with her summer job working as a waitress at a local pub. She seemed to enjoy her job, or at least tolerated it with a smile. I always enjoyed looking at her beautiful body; it was very athletic and toned. Her nice round large breasts, I almost couldn't control myself as I would dream of new ways to torture them. In fact, many times that was my reason for leaving the small pub.

She was always very pleasant and would talk about her studies at the university. I learned that she wanted to become an accountant and possibly later on own her own business. However, all I could ever think about was how she would be of so much more use under my control. I must admit, it was not her intellect that I was interested in. Since she was a young girl, she was very naïve of the world and as most young people are. They will trust just about anybody with anything, including the fact that she was heading out of town to surprise her boyfriend who worked in a nearby state.

"Gee, wouldn't it be a shame if she never made it there" I thought to myself after

hearing of this. I couldn't imagine why such a beautiful girl wouldn't have left her boyfriend and found somebody new here. As I watch her from the corner booth that I often sit at, and I see a dozen men try and pick her up a night. I always sat away from the crowds that came in, but so I wouldn't arouse suspicion, I always have a lot of paperwork from "work" that I am always reading.

Preparing for her Capture

Since the seat that I chose was near the back where I can often hear the other girls gossip about all the guys in the pub, I was able to pick up that she would be leaving for her vacation for two weeks starting that Friday. That gave me one day to get everything in order to make this perfect. I really didn't have to do very much for preparation since I have planning this for a couple months. I already owned the toys that I was going to use on her, I already outfitted the basement to remove all outside light as well as soundproofed it. Soundproofing was not really needed, since my closest neighbor was about a half mile away, however, for this to be perfect, nothing could go wrong. A paranoid jogger hearing a scream, or the mailman hearing the crack of a whip would ruin everything.

About a month ago I had broken into Amber's dorm apartment. It was not very difficult since he left the windows open (first floor dorm) and I only had to put down the screen. Once I was inside, I searched around for a spare set of keys. Right on the key rack, just like a good girl. I then took the keys to a nearby hardware store and hand copies made. When I returned, I replaced the keys and stashed a tazer and duct tape on the top shelf of one of the cupboards. It didn't look like anything had been up there for ages judging by the dust, and should keep my items safe.

I had planned to wait about two months before making my attack on her, but a vacation that nobody was suppose to know about was too perfect. The pub and friends will think she is away on vacation and nobody will be expecting her in her home town since it a surprise. I thought about it long and hard and decided to go along with the plan ahead of schedule. Maybe it was because I couldn't wait any longer, or maybe because I wanted to fuck her in the worst way, but I strayed from my plan nab her early, against my better judgment. The purpose of the two to three month wait was to reduce suspicion that something bad happened to her. If by the off chance somebody saw me enter her dorm, they probably won't remember

anything about it two or three months later, even if they did, they won't remember any details.

Amber's Capture

It was Friday night and I watched from my rental car Amber leaving the local pub. She was dressed to kill as usual with her black leather mini-skirt, halter top and black high heels. I saw her get into her car and started to drive back to her dorm room. I kept my distance and eventually lost sight of her due to her going over the speed limit, apparently in a rush to get home to get packing. I knew where she lived, so I wouldn't have to chase her down and risk getting pulled over. I played it safe and arrived at her dorm and saw her passing back and forth closing the curtains. I didn't really think anything of it, but knew that I would have to wait until she was in bed.

After about a half hour, I saw all the light go off and knew that it was time to make my entrance. I inserted the key and slowly opened the door. One thing I had not thought about was trying the key myself and seeing if the door made any noise. Thankfully, it didn't. I stepped inside and walked over to the kitchen and got my supplies from the top cupboard. I then traveled to her bedroom and noticed that the door was closed. I found this kind of odd since she lived alone, why would she close the door?

It was unlocked as I opened the door. I pushed it open as slow as I could and poked my head in to take a look. What I was something that none of my conversations with her ever was able to pick-up. In front of my was a tightly bound Amber laying and fighting with her bonds on the bed. My first thought was that somebody already beat me to the punch or that somebody was robbing her. That thought was quickly dispersed as I noticed the dripping ice hanging from the ceiling. "My god, what luck do I have." I thought to myself as I opened the door more to get a better view.

I didn't really have to worry about noise as she appeared to be quite occupied with humping her imaginary partner. I stepped a bit closer and could see that she was wearing mostly black leather and latex. I could also hear the buzzing of the vibrator that was most likely stuck under her black leather panties. She was wearing a heavy boned latex corset that didn't seem to be pulled too tight, but still give a very erotic

hourglass effect. Around her waist was a thick leather belt, which her leather wrist cuffs were attached. Looking down I could see her legs were bound together with some more leather belts, as well as some smaller belts that held her black high heels that she was wearing before.

Looking farther up her body she had some more leather belts above and below her breasts that she must have slipped her arms into just before locking them into the wrist cuffs. She had a set of clover clamps on her breasts that had the metal chain threaded through a very strict leather posture collar. "Good lord" I thought to myself, "those tits are better than I imagined, and to top it off, getting used to her new lifestyle won't be as much trouble as I thought". To top off her wonderful outfit, she was wearing a latex hood that appeared to be on there very, very tight. Underneath, I could see the outline of straps that all met in the area of her mouth. There is where I could see the bright red rubber ball sticking out of the mouth opening of the hood. There were also nose holes, and I imagine eyeholes as well, but she had a rubber blindfold over her eyes.

I became overwhelmed by what I saw in front of me. I had never dreamed the girl of my dreams would not only be under my control, but packaged herself up as a nice treat. I saw my hand reaching to grab her breast, but then I stopped myself at the last second. Even though she was already under my control, she didn't know it yet. The later that I get her out of her dorm, the better, less people around to get suspicious at 3am than the current time. So I decided to have some fun. I first went over and removed the key by melting the little bit of the ice cube left in my hand. It didn't seem like she was planning on being bound up for very long... seems plans have changed a bit.

I sat down on the small wooden chair in the corner of the bedroom and watched her fight against her bonds, quite fiercely I might add, she must be stronger than I had guessed. Not that it really mattered now, since she had done such a terrific job in binding herself up, they were not giving up to her thrashing even in the least bit. After about a half hour of this (the key would have dropped by now for sure) she went still and I could hear her trying to regain her breath. It didn't take her long and she slid off the side of the bed and started to inch herself on her side to where the key should have landed. On the floor where the ice was dripping was a bowl that was

about half full of ice water. Amber then moved her hands inside the bowl and started the search around. After letting out a grunt she repositioned herself and started to search with her other hand. After a few minutes of having no luck I could see that she was starting to get nervous and frustrated. She tipped the bowl over spilling the water and started to pat around for the keys more and more frantically.

As she came to grips that the key was nowhere to be found she started to panic. She was trying everything to move her hands out of the cuffs, but she had locked them on too tight. There was no way that they were coming off unless they were cut or she could find the key. I watched her thrash on the carpet floor for a good 5 or 10 minutes, I had never seen anybody with that much energy. She finally ran out of breath and was panting quite severely through her nose holes. She regained her breath after a few minutes and all you would hear was the sound of her vibrator buzzing away. She laid there perfectly still, just like she had fallen asleep, that is, until I started to hear her cry. I almost felt bad for her, until the evil side of me took over.

Time to make Contact

It was now time to let her know why her key is not there and really put some fear into her. Even though I went to the pub often, I purposely used a southern accent for the few times that I spoke with her. I laid it on pretty thick, so there is almost no chance of her recognizing my voice now. I walked over to where she was laying and in one quick movement I turned her onto her back and straddled her hips and then pinned her shoulders down with my hands. As predicted, she started to thrash just as hard as she did before, only this time she was quite pinned. Even if it were not for the restraints, she would have had a hard time getting loose from my grip. I told her to calm down before she got hurt, but that didn't deter her in the least. I had to move on to more drastic measures in order to get her attention. I reached over and grabbed her nose, held my hand over her mouth and cut off any air supply that there was. "If you don't calm down you are going to run out of air very soon and being stuck in this position will be the least of your troubles" I whispered into her ear. "Nod your head yes if you are going to calm and listen to what I have to say. In doing this, I may let you breathe, if you don't, you will die right here and now."

Given her limited options to stay alive, she wisely chose yes and I let go and she

could breathe again. After a few quick breaths, she laid still underneath me. "If you have not already guessed, I am in possession of your key. It was actually my intention to rob your dorm and be on my way when I discovered you lying on your bed. I must say, it was quite a sight. Given that you have an incredible body, and these opportunities do not arise very often in life, you are now my slave. Indefinitely." I explained to her.

"Ironically, I am bondage lover myself. Unfortunately I do not have anybody to share my hobbies with. My guess would be that your in the same position that I am. It is almost a match made in heaven, you love to be tied up, and I love to tie up women. Before we get started with that though, we need to get you to your new home." With that I stood up and went over to her closet to and found quite a selected of latex and rubber cloths. I selected a number of pieces to my liking and put them on the bed. On the floor of the closet were storage bins filled with her toys that got her into this mess... well... sort of. I grabbed some of the leather straps and flipped her over onto her stomach and cinched her elbows together and also tightened the straps going around her chest, thus pinning her arms very securely to her back. I took another strap and tied her ankles to her waist belt essentially putting her into a hogtie.

I walked back over to the bins and selected several items that I didn't have back at my dungeon and set them on the bed as well. I went into her dresser and selected some various panties and bras to take with us on our trip. I walked over to the kitchen and grabbed several black trash bags. I stuffed the cloths and toys into one bag and tied it up and put it next to the door. Now was the task of getting her out to my car in a way that if somebody did happen to see, they wouldn't get suspicious. I double bagged the remaining trash bags and slid one past her knees and up to her waist. I then used my duct tape to secure it in place very tightly. "I am going to put this bag over your head and secure it with tape just as I did your legs. If you do not move in any way and do not make a sound, I will open the bag up so that you may breathe again, if you make any sound what-so-ever, I will throw you in the dumpster and you will look like normal trash. You will surly run out of air long before anybody knows you are there... that is if they found you at all." I said to Amber. I asked her to nod her head if she understood and she did as I asked. I then pulled the bag over her head and then I sealed it shut making sure to apply some tape around her fingers so that she cannot poke any holes in the bag.

Since she was now on a limited air supply, it was now time to take her out to my car. It was just past 2am and most people in this part of the dorm area should be in bed. I picked her up and walked through the front door, making sure I had the keys to get back in. I walked down the steps and out to my car parked on the side. One thing that I had not thought of before now was how I would explain what was in the bag. It certainly didn't look like a person due to her contorted form. I decided that I would just say there were camping supplies that I didn't want to get wet. It didn't really matter anyway, since I had made it to my rental car without any trouble and nobody was in sight in any direction. I opened the trunk of the car and placed her inside and pushed her towards the back. "I have to get one more bag out of your dorm, and I will be right back, if you be good, I will open up the bag so you can breathe again" I whispered. I ran back inside and grabbed the bag, locked the door behind me and tossed the bag in the trunk as well. I could see that her air supply was getting pretty low and she is probably getting dizzy from breathing her own air by now. I stood there for a minute admiring my prize; I almost couldn't wait to get her to her new home.

After the moment passed, I ripped the top of the bag off and exposed her head to the fresh air. I closed the trunk and drove out of the parking lot. I only had one more stop to make before I could go home. Before I arrived at Amber's dorm, I found a similar car to the one that I rented and swapped the plates the night before. The reason for this was that if I had to make a speedy getaway, I didn't want them to risk them contacting the rental car place and getting my information. By swapping plates, assuming that I was able to get away from whatever I was running from, I would swap the plates back, turn in the car and nobody would be the wiser.

I finished swapping the plates back and drove to my house. I pulled the car into the garage (I didn't let the neighbors ever see the car, just in case it was on the news any decided to call it in). Part of me feels that I am just being paranoid about a lot of this, but when your committing a federal crime that could put you away for a lifetime, it's better to be safe then sorry. I walked around to the back of the car and grabbed the bag of toys and clothes and brought it inside and put them in the basement. I then grabbed Amber and brought her down to the basement. I undid the plastic bags and the hogtie. I also removed the straps around her chest, elbows, knees, nipple clamps and her posture collar. "That must feel much better" I asked.

She nodded her head.

It was late and even though I wanted to fuck that hot little pussy, I had to get her ready for bed... I had a whole two weeks ahead of me. I picked her up off the floor and put her on a small bed with a metal frame. I took off her heels and slid down her panties. She was soaking wet, and not only that she was completely shaven. I figured that it was the vibrator working it's magic the entire time that was what was making her wet. So I pulled it out and shut it off and tossed it into the pile of other toys. Next I un-cuffed one of her hands, quickly brought it up to the top of the bed and cuffed it with a set of handcuffs that I already had chained there. I did the same with her other hand so that they were both above her head instead of behind her. After that I undid the belt around her waist. I was trying to decide if I wanted to take her mask off too, and finally decided that I should give her jaw a rest. I don't want it to be too stiff; I have other plans for it. I went over and put a mask over my face, turned the lamps so they would point in her face and took off her blindfold and hood. She kept her eyes shut since she has not seen any light for about 6 hours now, her eyes would take a while to adjust back so she could see. I undid the straps to her ball gag, but before I took it out I said "If you make a sound, I will put this back in and it will never leave your mouth again. You will speak when I ask you a question and answer everything with Master. If you understand this, nod your head." She just laid there for a moment not doing anything. She is probably still thinking that she might have a chance if she screams, but she much of decided against it because she eventually nodded her head yes.

She laid there for a minute stretching her jaw. While she was doing that I reapplied the blindfold to her head. "I realize that you can still reach the blindfold, but have hidden cameras located in here and if I see you take it off, for any reason other then I commanded you to do it. Do you understand this ?" I asked. "Yes" said Amber. With that I picked up one of the leather straps, folded it in half and took a swing against her breasts. "aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!" she yelped. "I think you forgot something, and by the way, if you make a noise again, I will give you something to make noise about !" I yelled. "Yes Master !" she replied. "That is more like it. What you just felt was a sample, or warning if you will. I do not have my real toys of torture out yet, but I will warn you now, that sting you felt is about 1/10th of the pain you will feel if you disobey again" I said. I turned off the lights in the basement, walked upstairs

and hit record on the VCR and went to bed on the couch.

Amber Gets Whipped into Shape

Throughout the night I could hear her pull on the chains in an effort to escape. A few times I even turned on the TV monitor to see if she had taken off the blindfold. It was now getting pretty late and I needed sleep myself so I drugged up a glass of water and went down to the basement. She became instantly quiet after hearing my footsteps. I walked over and asked "Would you like a drink of water ?" "Yes...Master" she replied. I tilted her head up and poured the water into her mouth. "I do not want to hear any more noise from down here, or I will give you a reason". I knew she would be out like a light regardless in about 10 minutes, but faster she learned to behave, the better. I went back upstairs and fell asleep myself.

I woke up a few hours later, must more rested and ready for the day ahead. I went over to the bathroom and grabbed a small bag in the cabinet and proceeded to go downstairs. Amber was still fast asleep, and probably would be for another 3 or 4 hours. Plenty of time for me to get ready. I took off her blindfold and laid her flat on her back. She was completely naked except for the restraints. I then opened my bag, applied the solution to the contact and put it into her left eye. I then did the same for her right eye. The purpose of the contacts was that I didn't want to risk her ever seeing who I was, and I also wanted to see her pretty face and not always have to worry if the blindfold is on tight enough.

I could see her eye's twitching as they were trying to adjust to the foreign objects in her eyes. I waited a few minutes then started to prepare for the days activities. I untied her legs and uncuffed her arms from the bed and carried her over to a table in the shape of an X. I laid her down and proceeded to apply the straps to her arms and legs. One of the nice things about this table is that it is padded in leather, is waist high, and has leather straps every few inches that can cover every part of a persons body. Once she was strapped in I figured I would give her a little more time to sleep off the drugs and get something to eat.

About two hours later, I went back downstairs and could see her starting to move around. "I see you are awake my dear Amber" I said. "Who are you ? Why can't I see ? Why the fuck are you doing this to me ! They will catch you, you will never get

away with this !” she screamed. I put down her breakfast that I brought for her and then walked over and selected a nice whip from the wall. With a loud CRACK across her thigh, she screamed out loud “Aaaaaaaaeeeeeeeeeehhhhhh!! Fuck! Let me go, let me go now!”... Crack ! This time across her breasts, but not hard enough to leave any marks. “Oooooouuuuchhhh!!! Please stop !” she pleaded, now with tears in her eyes. “It seems you don’t have a very good memory of the conversation we had last night, I am only trying to help you remember” I stated in a stern voice. CRACK ! This one landed right on her stomach causing her to gasp. “Please stop ! I can’t take this any more, it’s too painful... Please stop!!!” she pleaded again. I brought my hand up for another swing... “... Master” she whispered at the last second. “What was that ?” I asked. “Please stop Master” she said. “That’s a bit more like it. You see, you are about to endure quite a bit in the weeks to come, I suggest you learn your lessons fast and you won’t have to endure more pain then needed.”

“Let me apprise you of your current situation. I know just about everything about you. I know you are not expected back at work or school for at least the next two weeks. I know that nobody knew you were going to visit your family and friends since it was a surprise. You are under my control and are being kept in my dungeon. It has been soundproofed, and the closest person is miles away. We are not near your work or dorm, and nobody would ever find you here. By the off chance that you were able to get free, the door to your freedom is very solid and has a combination lock on it. Without knowing the combination, you are stuck here regardless. When this is over, I am going to intoxicate you and crash you and your car over a cliff. Any tests on your body will be classified as a drunk driving accident and no suspicion of foul play. There is one caveat to this. You can submit to be my slave for the rest of your life, and if I believe you, I may keep you around. Do you understand ?”

“Yes.....Master...” she replied.

“Good, do you have any questions ?” I asked.

“Why can’t I see Master ?”

“I have put blackened contacts in your eyes. You will not be able to see with them in.”

“Why have you done this to me, Master ?”

“I have known about your self-bondage for quite some time. I decided to give you what I felt you wanted and needed”

“I am hungry and need to use the bathroom” she said.

CRACK ! Right down the middle and right into her cunt.

“AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH” she cried. “Sorry, Master, it was a mistake”.

“I have some food here for you, as for the bathroom. I suggest that you hold it for a while. If you shit or piss anywhere, not only will you eat it, but you will lap the toilet clean to make you appreciate what it’s for.”

I fed her one of the sandwiches that I made and helped her drink some water. She ate it quite fast. “I will give that food some time to settle. In the mean time, Try and get comfortable.”

With that, I grabbed a vibrator and slid it inside her cunt. She was already quite moist (naughty girls can’t resist a good whipping). I turned it on and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. “I will be back soon my love.”

End of Chapter 1

Chapter 2 - Training Continues

I walked down the stairs to the basement and could hear Amber squirming around, letting out a soft moan every once in a while. She seemed to be enjoying her little friend very much. The vibrator that I used was very lifelike in texture and feel, very close to my manhood that is. It was time for me to have some fun, so I walked up to her, pulled it out, and replaced it with my own cock. “I figured you would want the real thing for a change.” I said. She tried to thrash around, which was only making it better for me as I pumped away. After a few minutes, her resistance to me seemed to diminish a bit and was having a harder and harder time resisting the pleasure she

was feeling.

Being very close to climaxing (and from the sound of Amber, she was too) I pulled out and walked over to her. “Your going to suck my cock now, if you try anything, I will leave you here to die and torture you everyday until you do.” I said. I took the vibrator and stuck it in her mouth. Amber didn’t even try to suck it, she just bit down as hard as she could. She didn’t get far and realized that she was biting into a plastic vibrator.

“It seems that your not one for following my orders!”

“Fuck you, I’m not going to suck your cock. I’m sick of all of this ! Let me the fuck out of this ! What the hell gives you the right to do this ! Goddamn you ! You can whip me if you want, but I will NEVER obey you !”

“Well, I don’t have to answer to your idle threats or questions. However, for my own entertainment I will. You will suck my cock, and you will love it. I won’t let you go, at least while your still alive. You will obey me, and if you think whipping you is the worse I can do to you, you’re in for a treat. In fact, I think it’s time that you learn your lesson”

I started to un-strap her arms and upper body. I handcuffed one hand and sat her up and forced her other arm behind her and securing it with the other cuff. I then undid the rest of her body and put a set of let cuffs on her as well. Next it was time for a nice ball gag, so I didn’t have to hear her whining. I shoved it in her mouth and strapped it tight. It was one of the full head harness gags, so she was not getting it out anytime soon. I grabbed her by the hair and started to drag her to the middle of the basement where I put a noose around her neck and tightened it.

I grabbed some lube and put it all over a inflatable dildo and butt-plug. I shoved the butt-plug up her ass without too much trouble and pumped it up a little bit. Next I did the same with the dildo. I took some robe and make a crotch rope for her and secured them inside very tightly.

The next step was to go to the freezer and take out a large block of ice that I had frozen in there. This block was quite heavy and not easy to move around since it was

almost a half-meter cubed. I slid it over to where she was standing, picked her up by her legs and had her stand on it. Before she realized what was going on, I pulled the slack out from her rope and tied it down. I then reached over and pumped up the dildo and butt-plug as much as I could. She was noticeably wincing from the pressure they must have inside of her right now.

“As I am sure you can assess by now, your are quite stuck, gagged and cannot piss or shit due to the plugs. If you would have just done your job and sucked my cock, you would have been able to use the bathroom. Now you can suffer down here. After a while the ice will become very cold to stand on, but you better get used to it because the longer you can make the ice last, the longer you can live. I have to run some errands, I shouldn’t be long.” I said.

“MMMMMphhphhhph!” she muffled.

Before I walked back upstairs, I setup a small whipping device that I had made a while back. It is just a horizontal fan that I attached leather straps to the blades. They are not really meant to cause a lot of pain, but over time they tend to get worse and worse until it is almost unbearable. I had tested it on myself first to make sure it was effective and on the high setting, it was more then I wanted to take in almost no time at all. I turned it on low and went upstairs and made sure the VCR was recording all of this.

I could see her trying to get off the block of ice, but quickly discovering the tight rope around her neck barley let her reach the edge of the block. Hopefully this will cure her desire to fight me so much and realize that she is under my control and power. I continued to watch her for a while and I was just about to look away and get ready for the rest of the day when she slipped! My first reaction was to run down there and save her (since I didn’t want her to die just yet) but knew she could be ok for a little bit unless she didn’t regain her ground. I watched her jump around, desperately trying to get her feet back on the ice, but it was too slippery now. For all intents and purposes she probably thinks that she is going to die right now and that I am not even here.

It was getting close to the one-minute mark and I knew that she would be going out any minute now if she didn’t get back on the ice. Just as I started to walk out of the

room, she made it back on to the ice and was steady. Her naked, heaving chest desperately trying to get more air, but now the rope was much tighter and breathing was very difficult. It seems that she is learning her lesson much faster than I had hoped.

I continued with my preparations for the next couple weeks, but didn't take my eye off the screen that often, just in case she did it again and couldn't get up. She seemed to be fairly still now, probably scared to move from her last ordeal.

After an hour, I returned to the basement and found that the ice was melted quite a bit and the rope holding her up was pulled quite taught. Her breathing was very scratchy and I knew she didn't have much farther to go before it would start to fully cut off her air supply. I pulled up a chair and decided to watch up close.

"Looks like I am just in time for the big event! I have been thinking about what you said before about you never sucking my cock and never doing what I ask of you. It kind of ruins the point of having your own personal slave, wouldn't you think? So I decided that this would be it. I might as well let you die right here and now instead of wasting my time over the next couple weeks."

Frantically shaking her head no, she started screaming into her gag. "MMMMppphhhphph!"

"I take by your reaction that this is not the fate that your looking for?"

Amber shakes her head.

"Am I to also understand that you want to suck my cock now?"

After thinking about it for a couple seconds, she shook her head yes again.

"It's a shame that you don't have my trust anymore. The thought of you actually obeying me does please me very much, but you have already lied to me and I have no reason to trust you. I think I will just enjoy watching you die. At least I know you can't avoid doing that."

During our conversation the rope was being pulled tighter and tighter and I could

tell it was pretty hard to breathe. She tried fighting with her bonds again, but didn't get very far. Eventually she stopped since she couldn't get enough air to support her efforts.

"I tell you what Amber. You look like you really would love to suck a cock right now. Since I'm a nice guy at heart, let's see if your willing to keep your promise this time."

I loosened the rope and helped her off the cube of ice. I grabbed a ring gag, pulled out her ball gag and inserted the ring gag before she started to say anything. I pulled her to her knees and sat down on the chair and positioned my already hard cock in front of her. I put her mouth over my cock and stuck it inside. I then took the rope that was still around her neck, threaded it under the chair and tied it to the bar in the back of the chair. Amber couldn't lift her head more then a few inches off my cock and only could breathe when she pulled up all the way.

"I don't want you to take all day to get me off. You have 5 minutes. I'm watching the clock now. If you're as eager to suck my cock now as you say you are, you shouldn't have much trouble now should you? If you fail to get me off, I will just tighten the rope and you can die choking on my cock. I suggest you get started."

After hesitating for a few seconds, she started working on my cock. I could feel her trying to get her mouth off my penis, but found that it only made the rope tighter around her neck. "Only 4 minutes left, better get going." I said. It was then she realized that she was stuck and the only way to get me off was to take it all the way in and use her throat to do it. Due to the ring gag, she had no use of her jaw, so actually trying to suck on it was not much of an option. Minute after minute passed by and I could tell that I was getting very close. She was bobbing up and down as fast as she could, only taking a few seconds to breathe every once in a while. Amber had about 30 seconds left, and it looks like she was going make it.

Just then, I felt myself starting to get off. What was even more important was that I knew I picked the right girl to capture. She is going to be a tough one go get rid of, so I might as well get the most out of it now. I could feel myself starting to cum inside her mouth, so I reached behind the chair and pulled the rope tight and forced Amber's head down on my cock. She muffled cries only stimulated me more and I

continued to cum down her throat. When I was done, I looked down at her and said "I think I will let you die on my cock anyway. I shouldn't have to go through this much trouble just to get my slave to suck my penis or do what I say."

Amber's muffled cries could barely be heard as she slipped unconscious. I bet she never thought she would die like this. What a way to go... oh well...

End of Chapter 2

Chapter 3 - Two for One Special

A few hours have passed and Amber starts to come to. It doesn't take long before she realizes that she is hanging by her arms from the ceiling and her legs are chained to the floor. A state of confusion rushes over her, as she is sure that she is dead, but why would she still be chained? She comes to the realization that she is still very much alive and that she is still my prisoner.

"Hello my dear, have a good nap?" I asked.

"...". She just stood there and slightly grunted.

"I would expect an answer from my slaves when I ask a question, apparently I am doing a very poor job in teaching you how to behave."

Almost immediately, you speak up "No Master, I have learned my lesson, please don't hurt me."

"I only do what you force me to do."

"May I please use the bathroom now Master?"

"You're not getting off that easy, had you obeyed me from the very start, then things would have been different. I think you're just telling me what I want to hear."

"No Master, I am sorry for not obeying you before. I was just scared and foolish. Please let me use the bathroom, the pain is unbearable Master!"

“Well, let’s take your mind off the pain. Don’t speak another word unless I ask you a question, understand?”

“Yes Master.”

What I had planned for my dear Amber should break her once and for all. I grabbed a set of very strong and special nipple clamps. What was special is there were 3 clamps on each side connected to a bar, keeping them in a line. A long chain attached the bars. The purpose of the bar was simple, when the chain was pulled, all of the clamps would be pulled with equal pressure. Since the load on the clamps would be displaced evenly, pulling them off, even with a fast and strong pull would be almost impossible.

“Remember slave, don’t make a sound or you will never get those plugs out.”

I took the middle clamp on one of the bars and attached it to her right nipple. I could see her biting her lip and wanted to scream out in the worst way. The clamps had no rubber or plastic protection; only bare metal teeth bit into her skin. I then placed the middle clip from the other end to her left nipple. I continued on, applying the rest of the clamps to her breasts. I could see that tears were starting to come out of here eyes and the pain was intense.

“Don’t worry dear, the pain in the clamps will dull in a minute. Your doing very good, I expected you to cry out.”

“Thank you Master.”

I gave the chain a quick tug and she bit her lip again, almost crying out. “I didn’t ask you a question, so don’t speak.”

Grabbing a couple of handy handcuffs I released one of her arms and cuffed it, and then released the other one and cuffed it as well. I lead her over to a plastic cube on the other side of the basement. Only a few more preparations for her little adventure left. I started to slide a latex hood over her head; it took quite a bit of work, but was able to do it. There were no eye or nose holes, just a mouth hole. I then picked her up, placed her inside the cube and forced her down to her knees. I used a lock to secure her handcuffs to her leg cuffs. Using another lock, I locked the chain to her

nipple clamps to the bottom of the cube. I closed the lid, and locked it shut.

Picking up the microphone, I said "If you can hear me ok, nod your head."

Amber heard her Master and nodded her head.

"I have earphones installed in your hood. I suppose I can let you know what's going on. I assume that you still can't see?"

She nodded her head again.

"Good to hear. In a few minutes, the tank that your in will slowly fill with water. There is a tube at the top of the cube your in that you can breathe with, since your going to be under water for quite a while, I suggest you use it. I have put a number of combination locks on the case that I don't have the combination to. Well, I have the numbers, just have them mixed up so when I go to unlock them it might take a while until I figure out which number goes to which lock. The point is that if you don't find the tube in time to breathe, not even I can save you. I wouldn't want to lose another slave to this cube."

Amber started to struggle against her bonds and move her head around apparently looking for the tube. What I had told her was true, and the reasoning was simple. I needed to determine her will to live. If she really wanted to survive, she would find that tube that was right above her.

I reached over and opened the valve to let the water in. It was somewhat cold, enough to cause a chill, but not hypothermia. As the water started to rise, panic started to set in as she still had not found the tube yet. Without the use of her hands or eyes, she was having a lot of trouble. The water is now passing her breasts and Amber still is not even close to finding the tube.

"Your not reaching up enough dear." I said into the mic.

I think I must have startled her, but I saw her jump when I spoke. After a few seconds, Amber pulled hard on the chain and reached up and nicked the tube with her nose. She was no close enough to it however. Amber must have known that it was the tube because I could see her readjusting herself and trying to reach up

higher. This time it hit her upper lip. By now the water had reached her neck. In only a few more moments she be drowning in the water. Hopefully, she will make it.

Right now Amber has come to the painful realization that she is going to have to pull on those clamps as hard as she can to get to the tube. I can already see a little blood trickle from her breasts. With one final heave she lifts herself up and keeps pulling and pulling against the clamps. I can see her nipple getting pulled farther and farther away. All her work was a success however, as she was able to get her mouth on the tube and breathe though it. I shut off the water as it reached the top and she was totally submerged.

“MMMMMMMMMMhshhhh” was all that could be heard throughout the basement as Amber moaned into the tube. The pain must be intense. For well over a day now she has not been allowed to piss or shit due to the over-inflated plugs in her pussy and ass. Here tits are being pulled almost to the point of being ripped off. To top it all off, she is stuck on her knees, blinded by the contacts and breathing gasps of air though a tube under water.

“Are you comfortable slut? Oh wait; you can’t talk right now can you. Let’s develop a little system so you can. Moan twice for yes and once for no. Don’t make sound otherwise. So I ask again, comfortable slut?”

“MMMMMph”

“That’s a shame, let’s see if I can help”

I reached over to a small control box and turned it on. Slowly, I turned the dial one quarter of the way. Instantly, I could see her body become solid as every muscle tensed. By reaction, she threw her head back, releasing the grip on the tube and took in a gulp water. I turned the switch off and lowered the dial and Amber returned to normal, however she had to get to the tube again. This time the tube was filled with a bit of water and she would have to drink it fast in order to get air in there again. With another lunge, she made it to the tube again and I could hear the water being sucked out. I gave her a few minutes to recover.

“Are you comfortable now slut?”

“MMMMMph MMMMMph”

“I’m glad that I could help. You will find that I will always make my best effort to make you comfortable. That shock that you felt was on one of the lowest settings. The highest would kill you instantly, while somewhere in the middle will leave you paralyzed until I shut it off. Would you like to feel it again?”

“MMMMMMMMMph!”

“Ok slut, let’s have a little chat. I want you to be honest, if you are, then I won’t punish you further. If I think your lying, well... I think you can guess. Understand?”

“MMMMMph MMMMMph”

“Do you tie yourself up often, like the way I found you the other night?”

“MMMMMph MMMMMph”

“Have you ever fantasized about being a slave?”

A reluctant... “MMMMMph MMMMMph”

“I figured as much. You boyfriend is probably a prude, and has no interest in your desire to be a slave does he?”

“MMMMMph MMMMMph”

“It’s a good thing I found you then. We wouldn’t want a little slut slave like you not to have her wish. I bet giving me a blowjob right now would sound pretty good huh?”

“MMMMMph! MMMMMph!”

“Maybe if you’re good, I will let you a bit later. Right now I have to do some things. Sit tight and don’t drown. I wouldn’t want you to die before I got my blowjob.”

I actually did have things I had to do. It was nighttime again and I needed to get her car out of the parking lot before somebody realizes that it’s there and not with her. I called a cab and had them take me to the airport. From the airport, they had shuttles to the campus where I could walk to her car. I didn’t want to take a cab to the

campus directly because it might draw suspicion, or at the very least might stick in the drivers' head if the cops ever were to ask questions.

Amber owned a little Honda Civic. I had to get the keys for it inside I slowly opened the door. What was strange is the door was unlocked. I know that I locked it before I left last time. The keys were next to the door on the counter, so I grabbed them and started to walk out when I heard a noise. Intrigued, I investigated further and slowly started looking inside the apartment. The noise was coming from the bedroom, so I peeked inside. I was shocked yet again.

Just like before, there was a bound woman on Amber's bed. "What the hell is going on!" I thought to myself. Not knowing what to do, I started to walk forward, but tripped on the woman's shoes on the floor.

"Hi Rob, I am glad that you came over. Do you like?" said the mystery woman.

Not knowing what to do, I just moaned a bit... I had no idea who Rob was, or what he sounded like.

"Well, I'm all yours tonight. Amber is away and said I could use her dorm if I wanted. She also is really big into bondage, so I figured we could give it a try. She had shown me a number of magazines and I looked at them all to surprise you tonight!"

Before me appeared to be a beautiful blonde woman, dressed in a lacy teddy. She was blindfolded and the ankle of each leg was tied to the thigh. On top of that she had a thick belt on with handcuffs attached to the back of them.

I didn't want to say anything, so I just reached down and started to rub her breasts. Gently I rubbed her body up and down and she purred.

"I want you to use me, I want to feel like a real slave, ok Master?" she giggled.

Always being one to give a girl what she wants, I grabbed her, flipped her over so her ass was sticking in the air. I could see Amber's toys on the ground, so I picked up a ball gag and forced it in her mouth. She started to protest, but I had it in her mouth before she could say anything. Having the gag in her mouth really seems to have upset her, but it was too late now. I picked up some lube that was on the floor,

greased up her asshole, and slowly pushed my dick in her ass.

Right about now she was furious. Chances are she never let anybody take her in the ass, and on top of that, having the gag in her mouth didn't help matters. She started to put up a pretty good fight, but bound as she was, there was no getting away from my grip. It didn't take long before I felt that I was about to cum. I think that she was actually starting to like it a little, because she started pumping with me instead of fighting it.

After it was over, I rolled her over on her side and I lay back on the bed as well. She started mumbling in her gag, trying to get me to take it out, but I just laid there. Out of nowhere, the phone rang and scared both of us. After a few rings the answering machine picked up.

"Hi, it's me. Leave a message and I will get back to ya!" ... Beeeeeeep ...

"Umm, this is a message for Tiff, if your there, I just wanted to say sorry I couldn't make it, but I had to work late because somebody didn't show up here. I hope I didn't ruin your surprise. See ya."

Tiffany must have been in a state of shock. She was bound, gagged and helpless and the man she just had sex with was not her boyfriend Rob. After a few seconds went by, she started to try and get off the bed, I guess to get away. I grabbed her and pulled her to the center. Then I used some rope and tied the back of her gag to the middle of the bedpost. Tiff wouldn't be going anywhere. I didn't have time to deal with her right now and had to get back to Amber.

I left the apartment with her helplessly tied to the bed without any hope of getting free without help. I made sure I locked the door, as well as the deadbolt. Nobody would be getting in without a key. Then I hopped into Amber's car and drove home. When I started to get close, I pulled into an apartment complex that I lived near. Since there were so many cars there, nobody would notice if hers was parked there for a couple weeks. Locking the car, I started to walk to my house.

I walked down to the basement and turned on the light. It had been two hours since I left her, I only planned to have her there an hour. Sure enough, she was a fighter.

Her breath was raspy, but she still was breathing through the tube. I put my hand over the tube for a few seconds, just to let her know that I was here. I picked up the microphone.

“You still comfy slut?”

“Mph Mph”

Her voice was pretty weak and I knew she was only hanging on by a thread.

“I ran into a friend of yours, Tiffany I think is the name. It seems she likes bondage just like you do. I tied her to the bed before I left so I assume that she will die before anybody rescues her. I will tell you what, if you’re good, I might go back and save her. Sound good?”

“MMMph MMMph”

Reaching down, I turned the valve that held the water in the tank. It only took a minute for it to drain. As soon as the water left dropped to where she didn’t need the tube anymore, she collapsed.

It took a while, but I was able to unlock the padlocks to her plastic cell and open the lid. Amber had wrinkles all over and looked like hell. I pulled over her hood and unlocked the handcuffs. I didn’t really have to worry about her fighting back as I was sure that she was not going to put up a fight. I led her over to the bed and laid her down.

“I’m ready for that blowjob now.”

“As you wish Master.” she responded without a second thought.

I helped her find my penis and she started to rub it to get my hard. It didn’t take long before she could smell Tiffany’s ass. She twitched her nose, but once I was hard, she started to suck on my cock. It didn’t take very long before I was starting to cum. Amber sucked down every drop until I was dry.

“Very good slave. You’re learning well. I am sure your tired and would like to use the bathroom. Follow me.”

I led her to the corner of the basement. The floor was carpeted here, but on top of it was a thick plastic sheet. On top of the sheet of plastic, was a small cage. I opened the lid and helped her into it. I had her get onto her knees, and then I slid a bar over the top of her legs and locked it in place. I then had her sit down on her ankles while I slid another bar in front of her stomach. With both bars locked in, she can't stand up, and can't wiggle herself free. Forcing her head down, I slid another bar behind her back and underneath her elbows. I then locked her hands to the side of the cage with handcuffs. One last bar was added for comfort. Lifting her head up, I slid a bar under her neck.

"As promised, I am going to let you eat, sleep and even shit if you like. I am going to go upstairs and get some sleep myself. I suggest that you do the same. We have a long day tomorrow. We can discuss what to do with your friend Tiffany then as well. Oh, that smell in front of you probably smells like dog food. That's because it is. If you're good, maybe in a few days you can have some real food. Until then, bitches in this house eat dog food."

"Thank you Master"

I reached inside the cage and untied the crotch rope that was holding the plugs in. I quickly deflated the plugs and yanked them out. Urine started to come out, but I could tell that she was trying her best to hold it in. I closed the lid of the cage and locked it shut. With the bar in front of her neck, it would take some effort to reach the food and water, but she should be able to do it.

"By the way. It is ok for you to piss and shit in your cage, that's what the plastic is for."

"Thank you Master"

I walked up the stairs to my bedroom. I was tired. It's hard work training a slave.

End of Chapter 3