

Amy, An Alternate Perspective

Category: Text Stories

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SUB

By Thndrshark

Early in my writing, someone criticized me for not being able to write from the submissive's point of view. I wrote this as an answer to the criticism. You be the judge.

I figured the party would be a typical bust as I gazed over the crowd. The typical punkers and Generation X'ers filled the room. I almost turned and left but felt I owed it to them that I show up. Besides, I might be able to find some new young hunk to entertain me if I looked hard enough.

As I entered the main room, the usual want-to-be girls clamored around me, hoping some of my fortune would rub off on them. They where cute, but I wasn't interested. I tossed my drink to a chunky girl with an expensive corset and set my sights on a good looking guy across the room. The girl cried out as she fumbled my drink onto herself, but that was her problem. In the corner booth, I could see one of the owners, Larry or something, watching me. Just like his partner, Marcus, he wanted me. But I had no time for his kind. I ignored his stares and refocused on the young buck.

I knew I looked good. I had been born with the perfect body and since I was sixteen,

people had paid good money to photograph it. I took care of myself and it paid off. I knew everybody was staring at my large breasts and firm ass. I liked that. Just as long as nobody touched.

I could hear a disturbance coming my way and looked up in annoyance as six guys grabbed me. I was pissed as they manhandled me in front of everybody, ripping at my clothes. I tried to kick and scream, forcing them away, but there were too many. My PVC pants and mesh top were cut from me, leaving only my G-string to cover me. I was pushed to the ground hard and I could feel my arms being yanked together. I howled in pain as my elbows were forced to meet. The cold floor was pressing hard against my breasts. All I could think was my modeling job tomorrow and how this abuse might affect my looks. My thoughts were broken as I felt one of the guys push his hand into my carefully styled hair and yank back hard. I couldn't believe these bastards were treating me like this! I looked up in time to see a huge red ball being forced into my mouth. A strap held it in place and the gag muffled my complaints. I tried to kick and scream as I was carried by my ankles and hair down the hall, but the bonds were too tight.

I was pissed. How dare they touch me. I would definitely sue the club and those idiot partners that owned it. I could feel my arms being untied and, though I tried to fight off their grips, the men attached wrists cuffs tightly and began winching me into the air. My ankles were tied apart as well and soon I was stretched wide. I could feel somebody slip a collar of types around my neck and pull it on tight. I was close to choking but he didn't seem to care as I could hear padlocks locking it on. Well, I hope the gathering crowd enjoyed the show because they would all regret this later. Though I was bound tight, I still enjoyed the audience's envious stares as they looked over my body. I loved a good crowd. Maybe when they let me go I could sign a few autographs, after I ripped those fuck head partners a new asshole.

I squinted to see what was going on. I had been tied up for at least ten minutes and they hadn't let me go yet. I assumed somebody would take a few pictures, and I could see one of the owners, Rob, with a video camera. Great. I would have to buy that off of him or he and the other two would just be whacking off to this image forever. The crowd was waiting for something, but I couldn't tell what. I tried to scream into my gag to demand they let me go but not much came out. A whistling

sound shot by me from both the front and back and I stared out into the gloom to see. One of the guys had taken position in front of me with a long stranded whip made of some type of rubber. I couldn't believe he would use it on me. At least for now, he only swung it close, cutting the air to scare me. I could hear another guy behind me doing the same. I decided not to give them the satisfaction by looking panicked. Instead I tried to dare him with my eyes. Finally he stopped swinging it and I assumed I had won. I glanced to the side to see if anybody was going to let me down now when I heard the whip again. This time, however, the long, hard strands struck me across my stomach while the man behind me lashed across my upper back. The pain was unimaginable as I tried to struggle to get away. I glanced down at my body and could see four red welts rising up from my skin. The lashes fell again and I bucked. I was sure this was a mistake and that it wasn't happening. But the whips continued to fall, covering my body with hard marks.

After what seemed like an eternity, the men stopped. I could not believe the sight as I examined my body. My perfect skin was an array of harsh welts. No part of my body seemed untouched. I was exhausted from the ordeal and hoped they would let me go now. I was sure I would have to cancel my sessions for a week, at least, as these marks healed. I just wanted to go home. My eyes caught sight of a new man as he pulled a stool up in front of me. The overhead light caught a gleam off the tray he was carrying. I could see a selection of sharp rods of metal. As he grabbed one of my breasts, I knew he was going to push them into me and I screamed behind the gag. The noise did not deter him and I could only watch and cry as he pushed the first through the base of my left nipple. I bucked at the pain as he slid the wide skewer through my nipple until it exited the other side. I could see my own blood trickling from the wound. The man quickly pushed a second rod through my other nipple and I nearly fainted from the pain. I couldn't believe he had cut holes through my body. I knew this would heal but I hoped it didn't leave any marks. I watched as he selected another needle and, as I began to wonder what he could use it for, he shoved it deep into my right breast. I tried to escape this new torture but my bonds held me tight. Slowly and carefully he began shoving more and more needles into my breasts, leaving small trickles of blood to run down my body. I was dizzy from the pain, my voice raw from screaming.

Finally the man finished. I looked at my breasts, examine all the needles that now

covered them. I didn't know how those would heal, or if I would be left with scars. I didn't notice the new tray the man took out until he slipped out one of the nipple rods and replaced it with a heavy ring. I knew that I couldn't have nipple rings if I wanted to model. These rings joined together at the ends seamlessly and the man whispered so only I could hear.

"These are titanium rings, Amy. They cannot be cut with any typical cutter. You might as well think of them as permanent."

I moaned at the thought as he slipped the ring into my other breast. I could see that there was no small ball, or easy gap to separate the ring. The ends met, then slid together with a click, creating a seamless ring. I didn't know what to say, if I could, or how to react. My body was being modified without my consent by these goons. But I was bound so tight and gagged so well I could say or do nothing to stop them. I watched as he cut off my panties and began rubbing my clit. I was surprised when I felt myself responding to the touch. My clit grew and my pussy got wet quickly. My eyes closed in a moment of pleasure until I felt a cool touch on my clit. I jerked my head forward as the tool cut a hole into my clit. My scream escaped the gag, echoing through the room and eliciting a brief applause from the audience. As the tears cleared from my eyes, I looked down to see the same permanent ring in my clit. The man stood and grabbed my hair, lifting my chin up. I was too weak to fight him and, as I felt the tool grasp my septum, I knew what was coming next. The punch of the hole in my nose brought new pain. As he left the large titanium ring in my nose, I could feel it touching my upper lip.

The other needles were removed and alcohol was put to them while I was lowered from my position. I was exhausted from the ordeal, unsure of how to react. I had been violated by these men and, though I was upset, I wasn't sure what I could do. Despite my anger, I knew I wouldn't be modeling soon. Not at least for a major magazine. Maybe I could work for a fetish magazine. I could feel them fumble with me as they untied my arms. But rather than releasing me, my arms were pulled behind me and tied together. I could feel my elbows being yanked together again and the aching in my shoulders started anew. My ankles were split wide and tied again. I quickly realized it wasn't over yet. But what else could they do to me? A chain connected to my wrists began pulling up, forcing me to bend over at the waist.

I could feel a small bar beneath me as my body feel across it. My shoulders where screaming in pain as my bound arms where pulled high into the air. A chain extended from the floor to my collar prevented me from standing at all to try and relieve the pressure. My body was parallel with the floor and locked into position. I quickly realized how vulnerable I was. They couldn't possibly be thinking of raping me? I felt a finger in my new nose ring. It was yanked up and I howled in pain. Hands quickly worked at my mouth and, as my nose ring was released, I tried to close my mouth. My teeth seemed to be blocked by two rubber wedges. I couldn't open my jaw wider to get them out with my tongue. Somebody was playing with my hair. My head was yanked back by the hair until my open mouth faced straight ahead. I could not lower my head. I assumed my hair had been tied off to my elbow bondage.

I didn't have to wait long to find out what was next. The main captor addressed the audience. "I invite all men to enjoy our young victim at this time. Her pussy, mouth and ass are fair game, I only ask that you cum only in her mouth." I knew I would be raped next, and tears flowed down my cheeks. I could feel the man leaned over and whisper in my ear, "Now understand, you are to swallow all cum. If you fail this, I will personally torture you." I had no choice. I had never swallowed cum before, usually avoiding oral sex all together. But I was in no position to argue.

After what seemed like hours, I was exhausted. My face was covered with cum as it dripped from my mouth onto the floor. My pussy was sore from the attention but my asshole was even more sore. I had never had anything up my ass before, but this didn't stop most of the men from pushing their cocks deep into my anus. I tried to scream, but rarely had a free mouth. I learned quickly how to suck cock, swirling my tongue over the base the flicking the head. I could not actually suck at all since I couldn't close my mouth, but the wide jaw made it easier for the men to shoot their loads down my throat. I nearly gagged early on, having never tasted cum before. But I knew this would only command more punishment. Finally my arms where released from the overhead chain and I slumped in exhaustion. I was forced to stand as my ankles where released and my arms where untied. I was sure this had to be it until I felt my wrists being retied together. A cable was fed through the back of my collar and somebody pulled hard, drawing my hands up high on my back. With my elbows bound together, I was certain my shoulders could not be pulled back any further. I

was wrong. As my wrists rose up my back and between my shoulder blades, My shoulders where pulled back hard. New tears poured down my cheeks as my arms where doubled up. A strap was placed around my elbows and pulled tight, forcing my wrists up even higher and adding to the pain. The cable was locked off and a leash was connected to my clit ring. The man holding the other end gave a harsh yank and I followed behind him.

I was brought to a large bathroom. I was certain I would be allowed to pee after all that but I was wrong. A large, clear basin was positioned in the middle of the room on a raised platform. Beside and below it, a reclining back rest was bolted to the floor and I was forced to kneel in front of it. My ankles where quickly bound to my thighs then held to the ground by steel cuffs. I was leaned back until my body was at a forty five degree angle and I was strapped in this position. Once finished, I was unable to move any part of my body. A large gag type device was attached to my head. A large tube fit into my mouth. The rubber stops continued to hold my jaw painfully wide but the gag seemed to be designed for this. I would only be able to breath out of my nose once the gag was affixed tightly. I could see a wide tube being attached to the gag and I followed the tube up to the bottom of the large basin. Much like a funnel, I could see that anything poured into the funnel would make its way down the tube and into my mouth. It wasn't until then that I figured out what was in store. I tried to struggle, to get away from this horrible torture, but I wasn't able to move an inch. I could only watch as a man unzipped his fly and began to urinate into the basin. The crowd's cheers grew in pitch as the fluid coursed down the tube and finally into my mouth. I had no choice but to taste the man's piss as it filled my mouth. I knew I would have to swallow so I forced it down. My gag reflex was trying to fight but I knew I would receive no sympathy. As men began pissing down the basin at an increasing rate, I was forced to swallow it. New tears flowed down my cheeks. I could see Rob with his camera, getting the best angle of this any everything else. I knew then that I was finished. I watched in resignation as one man dropped his pants and dropped his shit into the basin. The other men quickly washed it down the drain with their urine. I closed my eyes, squeezing the tears of defeat from them as I tasted the feces entering my mouth.

My masters have been kind to me. I think it's been a year since the party, though I don't remember too well. I rarely see anything but the dungeon anymore, and spend

most of my time bound in my cage. Made of very heavy steel, the three foot tall and four foot long cage is my home. When not pleasuring Masters Rob, Marcus or Laurence, I am usually hogtied in my cage. I have become accustomed to having my elbows touching, and usually my hair is braided with a leather thong. They use this to bind to my ankles so my body is bent bad hard. It's very uncomfortable, especially with the gag, but I know I deserve it. Usually, like now, a heavy chain connects my collar to one end while my knees are spread wide with a bar which is winched to the other end. This keeps me very immobile while in my tiny cage. I am there slut to do with as they wish. I think there is a party in a few days, and then they will let me out of my cage to pleasure the customers. Every once in a while they will show me a picture of a beautiful woman on the cover of some magazine and tell me that was me. I seem to remember that, but I know now that I am a slave and will be a slave forever.

The End