

Amy

Category: Text Stories

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By Thndrshark

I went to a party in San Francisco and saw a lady who inspired this story. Not that she was mean to people, but she was very beautiful, and I imagined her getting into this type of situation...

The party was really just getting started. Crowds of people had been steadily streaming through the door the past two hours, everybody clad in the most outrageous fetish wear imaginable. The few exceptions were the closet fetishists, out for their first evening off the chat groups and realizing there is more to the scene than e-mail. I was pleased at the turnout. As one of the organizers I had hoped that people would come check it out, and I wasn't disappointed. Now, I was manning the fantasy booth. For fifty dollars you could fill out a fantasy to take place during the party, ranging from foot worship to torture. Most of the forms filled out were rather tame and I was beginning to be disappointed. A sad excuse for a transvestite timidly turned in a form and I glanced at it out of curiosity as I took his/her money. She was pretty desperate, or just really kinky. The form covered all the ranges and this girl had checked almost everything. She had asked for an abduction/torture fantasy with very few limits placed on the abductors.

Almost all the boxes were checked, including severe whipping, breast torture, piercing and gang rape. The only comment at the bottom was "no permanent injury,"

a smart exception but also open to interpretation. I noted the area reserved for abductee response. She wanted to struggle, resist and, regardless of her reaction, the scene should continue for as long as the captors decided. I watched her stumble to the couch in the corner and slump down to it. She was in no shape to enjoy an abduction, much less even feel it. I slipped the card aside, determined to return her money later claiming lack of interest.

As I watched the crowd I noticed a familiar face. Amy had entered the room in her usual flourish. She was a beautiful model type; over six foot in her heels, blonde hair and a slim figure. Amy was quite impressive, and I enjoyed picking up the magazines that featured her on their covers. She seemed to grace the pages of all the major magazines, providing many a young lad fantasy material. She was wearing a see-through lace top which outlined her perfect breasts. Sleek PVC pants covered her long legs. She was not my favorite person. Most of my staff agreed. She was famous and beautiful, and she knew it. At any party she proceeded to insult all of us, or be rude to other guests while flirting with any cute guy she could find.

She never showed interest in the more serious aspects of the party. Her sole purpose seemed to pick up admirers. I had a fantasy of showing her the business end of a whip, but knew I would never have the opportunity Ö or would I? I slid out the transvestite's fantasy card and glanced over at her. She had passed out on the couch as was partially covered in coats from the coat check. I noticed on the card that she had described herself as a tall blonde, with shapely figure and commanding breasts. She had, however, not marked that she was a transvestite. For all I knew, the card perfectly described Amy. I smiled my mischievous grin and motioned for the dungeon runner. Handing him the card he scanned the crowd and set upon Amy.

Asking if it was her card, I pretended not to notice and grunted instead. Taking this as assent, he took off to gather the troops.

As usual, Amy had gathered a crowd. Several men and a few young women were clamoring around her as if she was a movie star, and she was eating it up. She rudely shoved some of them aside to talk to an attractive young buck, handing her half finished drink off to a young girl, spilling it on her corset at the same time. I smiled at her impending fate. She deserved it.

Just then, five men from the dungeon came streaming up, led by the runner.

He stopped and pointed at the oblivious Amy and they set out for her.

Pushing the crowd aside, the men grabbed her harshly and pushed her to the ground. She screamed and kicked but was ignored as one man held her sleek arms behind her back and another lashed her elbows and wrists harshly together. Another man was cutting off her top and pants until she was clad only in her slim G-string. Her legs were lashed together in several places.

She screamed and struggled, yelling for help and spitting abuses at the men.

But, as the card said, she told them to ignore her complaints. One man grabbed a handful of her curly long hair and yanked back hard, forcing a huge red ball gag deep into her mouth. He strapped it on and pushed her back to the ground. For a moment they watched her struggle on the floor, then one man grabbed her feet while another laced his huge hand into her long hair and they lifted, dragging her back down to the dungeon.

It took me a few minutes to find my replacement at the counter so by the time I got downstairs, Amy had already been strung up. The basement dungeon was large, with a number of smaller areas clad with hanging chains, bondage chairs and other paraphernalia. Amy's captors had chosen the center section, the largest of them all, providing them a number of creative options for her torment. She was spread eagle in the air, her arms and legs pulled taught by the various winches and pulleys installed in the ceiling. Her toes just touched the ground, though she couldn't support her weight on them.

She was trying to struggle but the winches were still turning, removing all the slack from her body and reducing her fight to a mere quiver. A man was holding her hair while another finished affixing a wide, hard rubber collar on her neck, locking it into place with a series of padlocks. I took a moment to admire Amy's body. She certainly was beautiful. Her firm and sizable breasts pointed from her chest like beacons, her nipples large and red. Her muscled body looked great bound like it was.

She still struggled while two men positioned themselves in front and behind her.

Both made show of the huge rubber whips they brandished, swinging them around her so she could feel the air the hard strands displaced. I was amazed at her. Despite her seemingly helpless situation, she still carried her haughty attitude. Rather than frightened, she was indignant!

But that look disappeared quickly at the first double stroke of the whips.

Dark red welts rose from her back and stomach and she howled into her gag, the slapping sound echoing off the stone walls. The whipping continued for thirty minutes, both men covering her body with rows of marks. The man in front focused on her breasts and inner thighs until both were a tortured bright red.

Amy still looked angry, but fear was slowly breaking down her tough exterior. The crowd was cheering now, clapping at each lash mark, oohing at the pain that was being inflicted.

Finally, the whipping stopped. Amy's head dropped forward as the men walked off. One thing was certain, she wouldn't be modeling any swimsuits for awhile! Her body was a sea of welts, covering her entire back and ass as well as her breasts, stomach and thighs. A new man took position in front of Amy, brandishing a tray of vicious needles. Rather than the typical syringe needle, these looked more like knitting needles with an extremely sharp end. Amy recovered quickly from her previous pain and began screaming anew as the man grasped one of her breasts and held the needle close to the nipple. The metal was sharp and slid quickly through her already tortured nipples. Her eyes rolled back and tears flowed anew as she watched a trickle of blood escape her breasts and run down her punished stomach. A large needle pierced each of her nipples and were left as the man continued on with her breasts. Slightly smaller needles were shoved into her breasts. The pain was unbelievable and tears flowed freely down Amy's face. After a few moments, her breasts looked like a pin cushion. You could barely hear her screams now, her voice had become raw and weak from the struggle.

A new tray was presented, carrying a series of steel rings and a mysterious tool. Removing the needles through the nipples, the man slipped a thick steel ring through the new holes. Amy's panties were cut off her, revealing a clean shaven pussy. Massaging her clit, the man encouraged it to rise. The tool, much like a hole

punch, was fitted over her clit and pressed, punching a small hole through the soft and sensitive skin. Amy's body tensed and a deep scream rose from her throat as she tried to escape the piercing. But the bonds were too snug and her head slumped down to her chest as the man fitted her clit with its new ring. Standing again, the man pulled her head up and fitted the tool around her septum and punched again.

Soon Amy had a nose ring dangling above her lip. I smiled as the most recent cover of Shape magazine crossed my mind, wondering how Amy's striking body in a small bikini would have looked if she had been sporting the thick collar and her new nose ring. Amy's eyes were frantic as she glanced at her newly modified body. She knew she was experiencing a lifestyle change. The unfortunate part for her was that it was not voluntary.

The other needles were removed and the wounds treated with alcohol as Amy was lowered from her suspension. As she collapsed into her captor's arms, she was held on her feet while her arms were bound behind her. Thick leather straps forced her wrists and elbows tightly together, pushing her newly pierced nipples out as her shoulders were pulled back. A chain connected to a winch above was clipped to her wrists as her ankles were spread wide again and chained snugly to the floor. A thin bar on a stand was slid in front of her as the winch cranked her bound arms above her head, forcing her to bend at the waist. Her shoulders must have been screaming as they pointed to the ceiling. Eventually her body was bent over the bar.

Another chain was stretched from her collar to a ring in the floor beneath her, forcing her to stay in her bent position. Her arms were cranked skyward more, until Amy screamed from the pain in her shoulders. Satisfied, her captors removed her ball gag and slipped a finger through her nose ring, yanked up. As her mouth flew open in reaction, a man slipped rubber blocks deep into her mouth, between her teeth. Her mouth was now forced open wide and she could not close it. Her hair was tied into a pony tail with a strand of leather laced in as well. The strap was connected to her elbow strap and pulled taught, forcing her head back hard. I smiled as I saw the image that was intended. Amy was now the perfect victim for a gang rape. Her legs were spread wide and she was bent over at the waist, her torso parallel with the ground. Her head was pulled back hard, providing her mouth as the perfect target.

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 glanced at Amy as he said this and watched as new tears began flowing. He then leaned over her, "Now understand, you are to swallow all cum. If you fail this, I will personally torture you." With that the men began. I could see some of the first men, their huge cocks pushing into Amy's mouth and ass. It seemed most people chose her asshole as a target, an orifice that most certainly had never been violated before tonight. Amy's reaction was priceless; first surprised, then pain.

An hour passed as Amy was repeatedly fucked. She could hardly swallow another load of cum as the last man came. He shoved deep, forcing Amy to swallow his cock, shooting his load straight into her stomach. The chains were released and she slumped over the horse, exhausted. She was quickly released, her hands retied behind her but now forced high up her back, with a short piece of chain connecting the back of her collar and her wrists. To increase her discomfort, a strap was fed around her elbows and pulled tight, forcing her elbows together behind her. Her ankles were untied and a short leash connected to her clit ring. With a yank, Amy was led to her next ordeal.

The men's bathroom was larger than most for just this purpose. In the center of the room, Amy was forced to her knees. Her ankles were tied to her thighs and she was leaned back on an inclined rest. Straps encircled her body, holding her firmly to the steel support. Once completed, Amy was immobile.

Her mouth was forced open and a large tube was fed into her, pushing down into her throat. The other end was connected to a raised basin in the center of the room. Several men got the idea at once, quickly pulling out their cocks, stepping up onto the platform and pissing into the basin. Amy could feel their urine invading her stomach, but she had no choice. I knew I had to get back to the fantasy booth, though I didn't want to leave this sight. But I knew she would be left like this for a couple hours, giving all the guests equal opportunity to abuse Amy. As I backed out of the room, I caught sight of one man lowering his pants and squatting over the basin. Amy's eyes lit up at the thought of the feces she would soon be forced to swallow. But the only motion I could see from her was her slightly distended stomach and the tears that flowed down her cheeks.

The party was winding down as it neared three a.m. I looked at my watch and closed the fantasy booth. It had been a good idea, but a bust in reality. It seemed not many people were brave enough for it. But I knew it had all been worthwhile as I thought of Amy in the bathroom. I wasn't sure how to end that, though. If I let her go on her own, she would most likely sue us. And with her money, she would certainly win. On the other hand, I couldn't just keep her, could I? I mulled this over as I went looking for Amy.

The dungeon was nearly empty except for the center area. I had to push through the crowd again to see that Amy had been pulled out of the bathroom, cleaned up and chained on her knees. She was quite a mess. Her hair was tangled and her cheeks streaked with dry tears. Her stomach seemed to be very full, and I knew what it was full of! I loved the way the overhead spot caught the gleam off her new rings. I glanced through the crowd and noticed one of my partners, Rob, with a video camera. I slipped toward him and whispered in his ear.

"Have you been taping long," I asked.

"I got the whole thing! I can't wait to show it to Marcus." Marcus was our third partner who was in Vail skiing this weekend. I had already felt bad that he was missing this but now he could see it all. He and Amy had been an item at one point, but Amy had started sleeping around behind his back, then acted as if he was at fault when he caught her. Needless to say, he would be pleased.

But the video gave me an idea.

In the end Amy was given to me. I still keep her locked up in her small cage and she has become a highlight of all parties, much like she always thought she would. After the party ended that night, we had brought her, still bound, into our office and showed her the tape. We told her we would distribute the tape to every magazine and network we could if she didn't keep quiet and do what we said. I didn't realize until later that we didn't need to go that far in bribing her. We had completely broken her spirit that night. I still believe she was a closet submissive and always wanted this.

Rob thinks she felt she was ruined for modeling. Either way she was a wonderful

submissive now. I smiled as I watched her give a stranger a great blow job. She had gotten good at that. Too bad prostitution was illegal too, we could make a lot of money off of our Amy.

The End