

# Bridgette Michelle:

Category: Text Stories

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## Diary of a Teen Sex Slave Whore

*Synopsis: The personal account of a young lady trained to be an extreme pain and sex slut. Note: Bridgette updates the story of her unique life as time permits.*

## By MrBondskin

*Here is a post I make on behalf of a fellow friend and writer, Modelbabe. We have collaborated on a few stories and this is one that her beautifully perverse mind designed all by itself. See what you think. I will pass any comments on to the author.*

*And naturally, I should add some disclaimers. The following material is patently adult in nature and is not intended for the eyes of anyone younger than 18. Even it might even disgust some that are 18 plus and considered themselves to be openminded and consenting. There are sexual situations, maybe the hint of incest here, and graphic bestiality on display. Now let's limbo lower now, how low can you go?*

*General Disclaimer: This story is intended for adult audiences (18 and up). If you think you will have problems with tales of bestiality, forced bondage and sadism, and violent sex, but not necessarily in that order, then stay away.*

*Additional Note: I am grateful to my cyberfriend and collaborator Modelbabe for the inspiration and for contributing*

*Part 1 of this tale. It is with her best wishes, I trust, that I continue the saga into sadistic scenes unknown. I have other projects in the hopper, but if the response to this one is good, I will put this series on the front burner. And now, limbo lower now...*

## **Chapter 1 Happy Birthday to me, sweet sixteen. (F/f, violence, bestiality)**

I took my horse, she is a filly, a female horse named Kira back to her stall, while my mommy stayed outside grooming her horse. Then mommy and me took her horse into the stable. "Bridgette Michelle, you know mommy's horse is a male stallion, don't you? His name is Violeur, come say hello to him." "That's such a pretty name mommy, what does it mean?" I said as I let Violeur eat sugar cubes from my hand.

"Why his name means lover in French, Bridgette Michelle. My, my, look how excite your filly Kira has made him! Violeur really wants to mount and have sex with Kira."

"Please don't let Violeur have sex with Kira, mommy. Kira is resting and I don't want her to have any sex with Violeur"

Mommy and me bring Violeur into his stall. "Bridgette Michelle, look what we have here? Violeur has his nasty cock out and it's so huge, hard and erect, he really wants to have sex with Kira." Mommy said as she reached out and started to caress Violeur's cock, causing it to twitch a little. "Gosh mommy, Violeur's cock, umm thingy is such a monster." I said very fearful now that Violeur was still gonna have sex with my Kira. Mommy just smiled at me, very knowingly. "I know baby...touch it...Violeur would really like you to touch his cock." I really start to hate this now. "No mommy, I soooo don't think so. I really don't wanna touch his gross cock thingie." I said as I starting feeling sick to my stomach. "Are you afraid to touch a cock, Bridgette Michelle?" Mommy said as she kept caressing Violeur. "Yeah I am mommy. Boys in high school always try to make me touch or kiss their yuckey cock thingies." Mommy was caressing Violeur's cock just like she was in love with it or something. "See, it's getting harder baby. Time to touch Violeur's cock now, Bridgette Michelle." Mommy said as she grabbed my hand and yanked it, till it was on that gross slimy cock. I just touched it meekly, it was soooooo gross, I just wanted

to puke. "See baby, he loves for you to touch and caress his cock. Hear how he moans and flicks his tail, he want you to touch him more. Oh just look how much bigger and harder, Violeur's cock is getting for you baby." Mommy smiled as she licked her lips as I did this gross thing. "Yeah mommy it's getting totally big and it's grossing me out!" Mommy held my hand tighter, forcing me to jerk him now. "I touch Violeur all the time like this baby. I can even make him cum for me." Mommy said as she laughed a little now. "Mmm make Violeur cum? How do you do that mommy?" I said really feeling sick now. "Wanna help me make Violeur cum baby?" I just said, "Yeah, I guess so?" "Stroke it like this honey." Mommy said as she forced my hand to jerk off the way hot slimy, gross cock, up and down it's disgusting thick cock shaft, which I couldn't even get my small hand around. "See honey, he really loves your hand doing that to his cock. In fact Violeur would really love to feel you put his big cock head into your pretty little mouth." Mommy giggled at me. "Noway, I soooooo don't think so mommy, that's just too gross of a thing for me to do." I said.

"It's ok baby. Violeur really wants that pretty little mouth of yours to love his big red cock." Mommy said as she tried forcing my face toward that sickening cock. Then mommy slapped my face really hard until it stung. "Do it you little bitch, suck Violeur's cock or so help me, I'll turn him lose and let him fuck and rape the shit out of your little filly Kira. Look, Violeur is so horny now that he'll rape Kira nonstop and rip and tear Kira's virgin cunt to shreds until it's just a bloody pulp." Mommy said enjoying every word now. "No mommy, don't let Violeur rape my Kira. I said crying hard. Mommy takes my two little hands and puts them around that gross, slimy hot cock. My lips started to touch the cock, and Violeur forced his big, gross cock between my lips. His cock was too big for me as I start to gag with just a few inches in my mouth. The cock was too, too big, as I could hardly breath any air in now. Violeur's cock made my cheeks bulge way out, then his cock slip out of my mouth for a quick second. Coughing in air, I said to mommy, "Mommy, I'm really not good at this." Mommy slaps my face again, "Just do it you little bitch. Violeur is so close to cuming now for you now, look at how his cock is jerking for you my little cock-sucking slave slut whore. Mommy grabbed me by my long hair and pushed Violeur's cock back into my mouth as I start gaging again. "Breath through your nose Bridgette Michelle." Mommy says as she forces my mouth back and forth over Violeur's cock as it starts to make my throat all raw.



Mommy tosses me a horse blanket. “Put that around your sluttish little horse cunt stained body, and get your worthless ass to the car now!”

## **Bridgette Michelle: Diary of a Sex Slave Whore, Part 2 (Fffffff/f, bdsm, bestiality, hum)**

Mommy trained me that summer after high school, trained me in unmistakable and weird ways. She always made me undress before dinner and then I had to stand there and watch her eat her food. My nipples got so hard because Mommy always kept the house freezing cold. I know she did it on purpose too. And then I soooo didn't want to do the next thing. Mommy spread her legs and made me crawl under the table and lick up and down her pussy. And she was still just moaning and chewing away.

When we had any of my friends over to my pool, Mommy always told me what to wear and she would always embarrass me. And if I did something wrong, she would hit me or slap me hard even in front of my friends. A ton of times Mommy had me just wear a thong bottom and like a dental floss strap that barely covered up my nipples. Or she would make me put on some t-shirt I wore when I was 12, and then jump real quick in and out of the water, just so my breasts would be soaked and my tits would practically show through. I was a 32B size, but still, everyone could see everything. She like to humiliate me sooo terribly.

And if there was any guy that I showed any interest in, Mommy had to know if he was rich or if he came from wealthy parents. Most of the insurance money that my Dad left for us after he died was about gone and I knew Mommy was trying to line up the sons and Daddies who would pay to fuck me. When she found out some guy didn't come from money, Mommy would usually invite him into her bedroom and seduce him—or he would get scared and I would never see him again.

I had turned 18 in April and I had been held back one year back in the 7th grade, so I really wanted now to go to college, but Mommy said that was impossible unless I worked for it. And the only way she would ever let me earn money was getting guys (and later girls too) to have sex with me and pay me. All my friends from high school were going off to the college, and I wasn't. It sucked big time, my Mommy was being so mean. She had some kind of plan, and I was the key ingredient.

I had a slumber party for about 6 of my closest girlfriends from school near the end of the summer in August. Earlier that day we had argued about school, and as usual the fighting ended when she stood her ground, and I defied her and then she slapped me and ordered me to my room. I thought she would cancel the slumber party, but instead she said she would punish me properly later. All the girls—Sarah, Amy, Marilyn, Tamara, Tobie, and Candice—and me watched videos, we made real buttery popcorn, we told ghost stories and boyfriend stories, all until about midnight. Then we all got dressed in our teddies and set up our pillows and snacks in the living room.

Then my Mommy walked down the stairs and offered to actually make all my friends a drink. An alcoholic drink. “Don’t tell your parents, this is just our little secret,” she said. All my girlfriends were shocked. “Your mom is sooo cool!” They all whispered to me. I didn’t even know what to think. My Mommy was being waaay too nice.

Mommy walked out of the kitchen and she said she knew a game that she and her girlfriends used to play as children. It was some kind of casino card-guessing game, and she tried to teach it to us real fast. But when it came time to play, she made sure I was dealt the worst hand. The worst loser of each hand had to have her backside punished by as many points as she was behind. The winner of each round got to have the honors, and she could choose anything she wanted to be the tool of punishment. The first round that I lost, Tamara won. Mommy told me to bend over Tamara’s knees and raise my ass up in the air. I think the other girls thought it was funny or something. Mommy raised my teddy up and showed off my lacy panties. Tamara didn’t hit me hard, and I only lost by 10 points, so she only struck me ten times.

But then I lost again, and Mommy just said I was such a poooor card player. I knew what she was doing all the time. She was getting me back for the argument. Sarah won this time, and my total points down was 15. This time, Mommy told me to lay across Sarah’s knees and she told Sarah it was okay to move up my teddy. Sarah raised up my teddy like this was all some game, laughing and giggling. Then Mommy said I needed to be punished harder so that I would try better in the next game. Mommy quickly pulled my panties down my thighs all the way to my knees. My face turned red instantly. Sarah seemed a little shocked, but then she also seemed like

she was staring at my ass. Mommy handed Sarah a big hairbrush and Sarah hesitated. Mommy was so sweet sounding to Sarah and explained how this was all just like the good old fashioned fun she and her girlfriends used to have at slumber parties. Sarah laid into me pretty good especially on the last licks, that's when the girls starting keeping count: 11-12-13-14-15!!

It was a little sore to sit down, even on my pillows for the next round. I just knew Mommy would rig the cards again. She did every time, and every time, Mommy would make some alteration of my punishment that would just make it worse and embarrass the shit out of me more. Mommy kept the drinks coming too, except for me. She whispered into my ear that I was not allowed to have any; it was only for good girls who obeyed and did what they were told.

In about 45 minutes time, I could tell my friends were already starting to buzz, and I had lost six rounds and now my negative total was nearly 50. Two girls, Marilyn and Sarah tied to win that round, so they both got to whip my ass. Sarah didn't even hesitate this go round. She lifted me up and kind of threw me head first onto the couch and they both grabbed for my panties. This time, Mommy chimed in and said why not just take them off for good. Sarah and Marilyn ripped them over my ankles and playfully threw my panties at the remaining girls. Sarah reached for the hairbrush again, and Marilyn couldn't find anything quickly enough. Mommy reached for the belt from one of the girl's discarded jeans and tossed it over to Marilyn. Without even questioning her moves, Marilyn doubled the leather belt in her hands and reared back, looking directly at Sarah, waiting for her friend to start. Sarah was really loose with that hairbrush now. She hit me hard and I let out a little yelp, because even though I knew it was coming it still stung like hell. And then one beat later, Marilyn slapped my ass with the belt. Her aim was bad from the alcohol and she just sort of grazed me. But they continued on, first the brush then the belt, until together they got to 50. I was screaming and my fingernails were digging into the couch seat when they were just at number 25. A sweat was beginning to break out on my back and on my forehead.

The girls were all high-fiving and jumping like they had won something. My body was still laid halfway on the couch, my reddened ass sticking up. "I think she likes it girls," my Mommy started. She sounded so innocent and coy. "Everybody up for

another round?"

I eventually got my body turned around to the game, but now I was kind of lying on my side to look at my cards. Not much surprise who lost again. Now I was down a total of 68 points, and Amy was the winner. She was probably the most gorgeous girl in school, and usually she was kind of shy and straight-laced. She was the school's valedictorian and we had been in classes together since our Freshman year. Amy had all this straight blondish brown hair down to the middle of her back, and a really thin waist to have such large tits. I always quietly envied her tits, but I also kind of had a thing for her. Not that I was a lesbian, but most of the guys in school were just so sick and disgusting. And Amy was so different and gorgeous. Anyway, she was the winner now.

Amy turned me over and admired my ripening ass. Mommy took a good look at it too. "Hey, Bridgette's getting really red down there, maybe we should move the punishment around somewhere else?"

The girls shouted but it was only Amy's vote that counted here. "Her pussy, let's smack her pussy!" 68 times?! They were going to whip my pussy 68 times?! I begged Mommy to stop them. I begged Amy to stop from doing it. "Hold her down. Get her arms," Amy barked out orders. Mommy just relished this and smiled like a big cat playing with an injured mouse. Amy looked around and she settled on the leather belt. Sarah grabbed my arms and held them above my head, and despite my kicking, Marilyn and Tamara spread my legs apart, exposing my pussy and my neatly trimmed light blonde hair. My inner lips are kind of fat, and so with my legs spread further apart, my pussy lips crept out little by little. This just made the sting of the belt even more painful. Once they had me secure, Amy let the belt fly. On impact, I screamed and shook my head. The veins in my neck must have been bulging out, it felt like my whole body was hit. She had nailed me right on the hood of my clit. Not having control of my body, I didn't know that the sensation made my clit come to life right there in front of Amy's eyes. She was getting a rise out of the perfect target.

Amy whipped the belt down a couple of times real quick, and my screams were even louder. Mommy stuffed my mouth with my own discarded panties, and told Marilyn

to hold it in place. Amy continued and I just was wailing and squirming in pain. But at the same time, I could feel my juices and even though it hurt my clit, my body was feeling weird warm sensations too. The leather belt struck my pussy lips, or my clit, or the insides of my thighs for about another sixty times. I knew my voice was growing hoarse, because I could barely hear any sound muffled underneath my panties. And by the time Amy reached the last slash across my pussy, I felt that the floor was probably soaked with my pussy juices. Despite the weird sense of pleasure, I knew I was in terrible pain. When Sarah released my arms, I immediately reached down for my pussy and then just rolled to the side holding my hands over my now really swollen pussy lips.

In the meantime my girlfriends were like hooting and hollering and jumping up and down. A couple of drinks were spilled on the carpet and somebody accidentally kicked me while celebrating. Mommy asked them if they all liked the game. Of course they said they did, I just laid there. "Bridgette, did you like the game too?" And just by the way she said it, I knew it was a setup. I had been severely punished and now I knew what to say. "Yes, Mommy. Yes, I enjoyed the game too."

"You like playing games, don't you Bridgette?"

"Yes, Mommy, I like playing games," I answered back, trying to make it sound real. I knew she had something in mind. All my girlfriends, Tamara, Sarah, Marilyn, Amy, Candice, and Tobie, all of them were just about blasted and feeling sky-high. I think Mommy put more than alcohol in their drinks too. My Daddy was a doctor before he died, and Mommy got free advice on pills and stuff, so I know it was waaaay more than the alcohol. They all just went along with whatever Mommy suggested, and they kept telling me how cool she was, how she was cooler than their moms.

"I have a carnival game we can all play. Does everybody want to try it?"

Everybody of course went along with it. She called it a ring-toss game. To set up the game, naturally, she needed everybody to help her fix me up. They lifted me up off the floor and Mommy casually proceeded to remove my teddy and leave me without a stitch of clothing now. They laid me directly under the bannister that led away from the stairs. Mommy got two long ropes and told two of the girls to handle the ropes upstairs. She told the girls to keep about 8 feet between them and tie their

end tightly to a wooden post. Tamara and Candice tied their ends and dropped the remainder of their ropes. Then the next thing I remember is having rope tied and looped lots of times around my ankles and being hoisted up and off the carpet. My legs were spread wide and my head was now a full foot off the ground. My back was turned toward a closet, and I looked at everybody upside down. I could feel my breasts moving closer to my chin, but they weren't big enough to move too much or too far. They tied off the slack and I was staying airborne.

"Okay girls, this game is one we used to play, it's called Ring-Toss-The-Pussy." Big smiles and giggles quickly followed this announcement. Mommy disappeared into the kitchen. While she was hunting for some part of the game, Amy came up to me and starting squeezing and tweaking my nipples. Candice followed this by walking around to my backside and slapping me hard on the ass. It was like I was the catch of the day and they were toying with their prize.

"Alright, I have the two things we'll need to get this game underway." Mommy was holding a red taper candle that was at least 8 inches long and two inches in diameter at the base. She came to my sore and swollen pussy and with no regard for my screams, roughly inserted the base of the candle. She stopped briefly to enjoy my screech and then pushed about three inches of the candle deep inside. She balanced the candle straight up then took out her lighter and lit the wick up. She leaned down and looked me in the eye. "Don't you move too much my little bitch. If I find any candle wax on this carpet, I swear I'll make you clean all the floors in this house with your sorry little tongue."

She rummaged through the closet to find a box of my kiddie toys. She produced three plastic rings and then explained the rules of the new game. In the meantime, the wax was just starting to melt from the tip of the candle, and I felt the first trickle. It melted so quick I didn't feel much, but I just knew that as the candle top burned closer to my pussy, my lips inside and out would get singed. The object was to toss the rings over and onto the candle, so that the ring would land on my pussy. The girl with the most successful tosses out of 20 tries would get to whip me 20 times the number of successful tosses on any part of my body and have me lick their pussy. The only difference now was a new kind of whip. My Mommy produced a riding crop that we usually used on Violeur. The tears started again for me, and now

they were running up my face and over my forehead.

Each girl lined up to take their shots. Marilyn wasn't so accurate and her first couple of tosses hit me in the midsection. She didn't even get one on the target, but she did manage to hit my thighs, my stomach, and my chest. Sarah did better, she just floated them toward me. She actually got one over, and all my muscles tightened up when the plastic ring landed against my swollen pussy. And with the candle disturbed, a few sprinkles of wax were dislodged and landed hot on my inner thigh. I held in another raspy scream. My pussy lips were hurting and sore enough, and the candle was burning pretty fast down to my inner lips. Candice tossed hers, but I think she just like hitting me anywhere she could. Sarah was still in the lead with one. Tamara was next and she mimicked Sarah's strategy and simply floated them easy. The candle wax was moving faster and felt hotter while she was slowly lining up her tosses. Her patience was rewarded; she got one toss on. So the game was tied. That left Amy versus Tobie. Tobie was a basketball and track star, so I thought she would do well. She had a really long stride and reached her arm practically across the ten feet to hit the candle. She nailed it three times, and she actually moved the candle off balance where it was leaning toward my ass. The candle wax took off from the top and was dropping hot dribbles of wax down my ass-cheeks. I was trying not to shake so much, but the pain was sudden and sharp, and I was begging someone to move the candle. Mommy slowly came to my rescue, but not before tapping the candle on purpose, and then shoving the base of the candle about another inch into my pussy. There was only about two inches showing and Amy was up.

I just wanted Amy to toss them quickly, because now the agitated candle was dropping hot wax once or twice every second. The pain must have been easy to see on my face. I was making little moaning sounds and tiny yelps, but Amy took her time. For whatever reason, the target was easier now for her to hit; she was stuck on two for a long time, and then on the last toss, she made it three. Oh God, Amy and Tobie tied! In the meantime, while Mommy discussed a tiebreaker round, the candle continued to burn down. And to make it more painful for me, the losing girls came over to me and starting playing with the candle in my pussy! Up and down, they were adjusting the diminishing candle, and hundreds of red wax drops were lining the inside and outside of my punished pussy.

They finally settled on the terms of the tiebreaker: 10 tosses, highest total wins. The candle was dropping wax faster, and they didn't have much to aim for. In the first tiebreaker, neither of them could nail it. But the candle only burned down another half inch. I was really starting to shake and squirm uncontrollably now, I just knew that my pussy must be completely red and bruised by now. In the second tiebreaker, still no successful tosses. Now I was starting to panic. I leaned up my head and I couldn't see the top of the candle or the flame anymore, and I felt the small blonde hairs on my pussy lips starting to tingle. My God! The flame must be burning my pubic hair! I screamed for Mommy, I screamed all their names for someone to hurry up and get that candle out of my pussy. Mommy walked over to me and just stared at me. I felt my pussy lips touch the flame, and just then, Mommy blew the candle out. I nearly passed out.

Since neither of the girls won the tiebreaker, Mommy just decided to award them both as winners, and that meant each girl could whip me 60 times each and then have me eat them out in front of all my friends.

"But I know my daughter, she will start screaming again. Tamara, go get her panties and I'll get the duct tape."

A few seconds later, Tamara was stuffing my soiled panties into my mouth and holding them in place while Mommy wrapped duct tape completely around my mouth, around my head, sticking the tape over my lips and in my hair too. Amy said she didn't want my arms to be able to cover up anything while whipping her, so she asked Mommy for the duct tape and then held my arms closer to the floor and roughly taped my wrists together.

Mommy let Amy have the riding crop to use and let Tobie have the leather belt. Before they started, Mommy directed Sarah to the downstairs bathroom to get some baby oil. She told everybody that having the oil on my body first would make the whipping sting more. Sarah returned with the bottle of baby oil and everyone got their hands greasy and wet and then everyone got their hands on me. My body was aching and my pussy was really hurting bad, but I have to admit, having a rubdown from head to toe with seven sets of female hands on me, that was pretty damn cool. Mommy played with the candle, removing it and then inserting it quickly. She tossed

the stump on the carpet and reminded my girlfriends not to neglect rubbing down my pussy. My pussy was already ablaze with pain, but now I was getting the most incredible pleasure of my young life.

The next hour was hell. Everybody backed off and Amy and Tobie let a rip. I was crying and shrieking into my tight panty gag. My fingers were outstretched and all my muscles would get so tense and then relax and then get tense with the next strike. No part of my body except my face was spared, although the belt did just catch me on the cheek. The oil did make the sting worse, but after about 50 blows, my body really couldn't tell the difference. Everything hurt, I was sobbing, my nose was running, and I was having a hard time breathing. When I did open my eyes for quick flashes, I could see my Mommy fingering Candice and then later Sarah. I saw Amy get behind Tobie for a few minutes and kiss on her neck while Tobie whipped on me furiously. Marilyn and Tamara were at first masturbating only, then I saw them roll back onto the couch and disappear together. Mommy had turned my slumber party into some kind of all-girl orgy, and I was like some kind of virgin sacrifice being tortured hanging from the bannister! All total, I was whipped probably more than 120 times, because no one was keeping a strict count. I think Amy and Tobie just decided to stop when they felt like they wanted me to lick on their pussies.

They let me down and my body didn't even move an inch once I was collapsed on the floor again. I had welts and bruises and angry red marks all over my body. My neck had tiny spots where blood vessels had broken beneath the skin, my ass was a crisscross and really looked like I had been beaten with a wooden plank. The muscles in my legs were marked up, my back was hit so hard in places that little spots of blood were poking through the skin. Mommy told Amy and Tobie they should take me outside to the sauna. Amy and Tobie each took an arm and literally dragged me on my knees across the floor to the sliding glass-doors. They each removed their teddy lingerie and panties and I followed them onto the patio, crawling right behind them. The sauna had been going all night so it was already warmed up when we got out there. Amy and then Tobie relaxed. Now they had no problem being assertive over me. I was like some common pet to them, some animal they had conquered and beaten into submission. They were like little clones of my Mommy, ordering me around the sauna.

I had never licked any pussy except for my Mommy, and she told me I was terrible at it; she punished me all the time after dinner because of that. In the back of my mind I was worried that I couldn't please Amy and Tobie. But my mind was in such a blur now, I just did what I was told. My mind and body were just kind of floating in a sea of pain and pleasure and exhaustion. Tobie propped Amy up on her lap, and raised Amy's pussy slightly out of the bubbling hot water. All Tobie had to do was point and command me to lick. I splashed into the sauna and let my tongue caress Amy's beautiful pussy. I had seen Amy almost completely naked back in our Freshman year gym class. Her breasts hadn't really developed then, and the hair on her pussy was just wisps of hair really. Now of course her breasts were probably no less than a C or D cup and her brown pubic hair was thick but only above her clit; the rest was shaved away completely. I knew my Mommy would approve. She wanted me to be completely shaved too, but she was waiting for that day—I didn't know why.

Amy moaned with delight and then they switched places. Tobie had much smaller breasts, but she had the overall body of a tight, well-toned athlete. Her legs were lean and strong, and when I leaned in to tongue her clit, Tobie lashed her legs around my neck and pulled me in closer with her knees. Tobie was even more aggressive with me, she would pull me up by my blonde hair and kiss me, and then thrust her tongue in my mouth. My head was just swimming with so much emotion and sensation. The warm water felt good against my wounds and Tobie's kisses were like gold. I never imagined that kissing a girl was like that. It was soft but firm. Amy grabbed my breasts from behind and pinched and clawed at my nipples. Tobie attacked my neck with several unyielding bites, which left me bruised the next day. While Tobie bit on my neck and shoulders, Amy arched me back further and sucked on my lips and and my tongue. Somewhere I knew Mommy was watching and I hoped she was being pleased. I think this was all part of my training.

But this was much better for me than sucking on that gross looking horse cock.

Later, as everybody was tired from the whole night, all my girlfriends just sort of collapsed in place and fell in among the pillows and blankets on the living room floor. Tobie and Amy had me dry them off with towels and I crawled on my hands and knees back inside. They didn't bother to get dressed again, they just laid down with their backs to the other sleeping beauties and sandwiched me between their

warm bodies. Tobie had one arm over me and Amy had one arm under my neck. I was still in great pain, but also in unbelievable bliss.

### **\*Diary of a Sex Slave Whore, Part 3 (FMf/f, tor, bdsm, hum, best)**

On one weekend where Amy came back from college to visit her parents, only her Dad was home. Her mom had some big fancy job in London and she spent most of her time over in Europe. I begged my Mommy so I could visit my friend on her weekend back.

I begged on the basis that I had been good and endured the last three weeks of her training. She made me suck on Violeur's huge gross cock once in the morning for breakfast, and then she would drag me out of bed at midnight or so and tie my collar around a bolt in the barn floorboards and have me suck him off a second time. Most nights, I was left in the cold barn to sleep on the hay with dried horse cum all over my face, in my nose, on my breast—it was disgusting. And Mommy always was there with a empty metal bucket, resting it under his spurting cock so that anything I missed would be caught in the bucket. She never did anything then with the bucket or its contents. Mommy just told me I had been good and she left with the bucket and left me in the dark with Violeur.

So I thought I deserved to see Amy. Her Dad, Mr. Saban, was there to greet me when Mommy dropped me off.

“Where's Amy, Mr. Saban?”

“She's upstairs, Bridgette. Come on in.”

Mr. Saban got me something cold to drink. My eyes were on his mansion of a home. He was a lawyer for some corporation in the city and his two-story house was huge, and everything was so clean and organized too. I remember thinking he must have to hire a lot of maids. Mr. Saban however had his eyes on me. Mommy had picked out my clothes for this trip; I was wearing a white blouse that was two sizes too small, a short plaid skirt and no stockings with cute little white socks and red 5 inch heels. And my long hair was pulled back in one long ponytail. Mommy told me that

Mr. Saban would be real nice to me, if I was nice to him. And she wanted to make sure my clothes were just right by him. By the look on his face, and the bulge in his pants, I knew he liked me, but he was just about as gross-looking as that giant horse thingee.

“Your mother called, Bridgette, before you came over, and she said that if Amy was busy for a while, that you would show me a good time. I think Amy mentioned that she would be upstairs with her homework for at least an hour or two.”

Mr. Saban draped his big hairy arm over my shoulders and played with the buttons on my blouse. “Let’s go down in the basement. I have something I want to show you, honey.”

He locked the basement door behind us and he told me to walk down the steps real slow, and to raise my skirt a little with each step down. I did what I was told and by the last step, I had the skirt hiked up to my waist, exposing my ass and the fact that I had no panties on underneath.

Then his whole demeanor changed, his voice changed too. He wrapped his arms around my chest from behind me and tore at the buttons on my blouse. I resisted a little but he soon had the blouse torn apart. He turned on a few more lights in the basement and I saw a thick wooden worktable under a single hanging light bulb. He scooped me up and threw me on the table. A few of the splinters in the wood ran into my thighs and hands as he roughly shoved me. I screamed from the shock of it, and he slapped me hard across the face, warning me to keep quiet. Telling me that I was his for the next two hours, and if I didn’t behave my Mommy would know about it.

He brought out a pair of scissors and cut my tiny skirt off my thighs and threw it into a dark corner. Mr. Saban pulled at my pussy lips and jerked my body further down on the table. He ripped off his pants and before I knew it, I saw this raging hard-on diving into my pussy. He was kind of fat, so his big stomach rested on my tight stomach while he churned his cock inside of me. His cock was about average I guess, and it didn’t take him a full minute to cum. I could feel him cum inside of me and then his fat body collapsed on top of me. I hoped that it was over, and I was thankful that he was so quick. But he had two hours with me, and he was not about

to stop so soon.

When he recovered his senses, he had me get down off the table and get on all fours. He forced me to lick off his cum from his cock and then keep licking and sucking on it until I got him hard again. This took like forever. Like 20 minutes of my licking his balls and licking his cockhead. Mommy had made me practice with a dildo, but his taste was different than that plastic. Mr. Saban liked to hold his big fat fingers on the back of my head and ram his half-limp cock deep into my throat. I was gagging like crazy for air, but he ignored me. I tried for about 30 minutes to get his gross cock back up but he just couldn't do it. He got real disgusted, and real frustrated and started calling me all kinds of names, like stupid cunt, blonde bitch, and things I couldn't really hear because he had his hands on my ears pulling my mouth and face closer to his fat dick. Finally, he just got upset and lifted my wrists up and connected them to a set of steel handcuffs dangling overhead. He adjusted the slack and I was just barely able to stand on my 5 inch heels. He rammed a red ball gag into my mouth and wrapped it tight around my head. I didn't like this at all and I tried to see if I could force it out a little. It wasn't going anywhere.

"I know what will get me hard again," he muttered as he stormed up the stairs. When he returned, Mr. Saban was pushing Amy in front of him. When she finally noticed me, tears welled up in her eyes. She ran to hug my hanging body, and whimpered something about her daddy. This didn't last long. Mr. Saban pulled his daughter away from me and ordered her to strip. Amy only had a pair of jeans and a tee shirt on. Underneath that, just her bra and panties. "Everything. You know what I like." Amy stripped off her panties and then her bra, and her wonderful breasts came billowing out. And from where I was hanging, I could see that she had a beautiful heart-shaped ass too.

"Come on, get on your knees, you little cunt!" Lick your friend's pussy, and I want to hear you licking and loving it too!" Mr. Saban put his college-age daughter to work on me, and I was helpless to resist. I was reminded of that night in the jacuzzi. This was starting to work for him. But he wanted to make it more. He went over to his work bench and brought over some tools. He told Amy to stay on her knees and keep her tongue out. She lifted her head back and exposed her tongue as much as she could. Mr. Saban lowered a clamp down on her tongue and smashed it hard,

pressing it into the tongue. This metal tool had a top and bottom clamp with a single hole in the metal. He brought a large gauge needle over and just in an instant shot the needle through the hole in the clamp, through her tongue, and back down the hole on the other end of the clamp. Amy screamed even with her mouth like it was, her arms were waving and her fingers looked all tense and animated. Her fingernails were scraping against the cold concrete floor. Mr. Saban passed the needle all the way through and followed it with a thick ring. He dragged his screaming and reluctant daughter to his bench and brought a soldering iron to the tiny open end of the ring. A minute or two later, the ring was completely soldered on and when he released her, Amy's tongue just laid outside her mouth, hanging out from the weight of the silver ring.

Now it was my turn. He lowered the clamp down to my pussy and clamped my outer lips together, lining up the holes in the metal on either side of my pussy lips. I started to really struggle at this, so he ordered Amy to hold my hands tightly behind my back. She looked like she had been through something like this before, and with her head down, and her tongue lagging out, Amy gripped my wrists and held on to me. Seconds later he pierced my lips with a long laupin needle. I screamed behind my gag and tears fell fast down my cheeks. I thought I might pass out. I wish that I had. He chased the needle with a really thick ring that was about two inches wide. He passed it through and then brought the soldering tools over to me to seal my pussy ring. I could feel the intense heat running through my pussy lips and I could feel him singe the tiny trimmed hairs on and around my lips.

When he was finished with his metal work, he ordered Amy in front of me again and on her knees. She knelt down with her face right at pussy level. Mr. Saban brought a small stretch of chain links and connected one end to his daughter's tongue ring, and the other end to my pussy ring. The weight of the ring tugged at my pussy, pulling on it slightly. Fresh tears came when he finally released the chain links from his grasp. Now Amy and I were connected.

Again, he ordered Amy to lick my pussy, and of course, this caused both us a lot of pain. The swelling was already starting from the piercing in my pussy, and Amy was being forced to lick up my blood and my pussy juice. And I know that her tongue must have been throbbing like my outer lips were. And the weirdest sensation was

when her ring would click against my ring; it was cold and it was painful.

Mr. Saban got himself some lotion and starting stroking his cock while watching Amy give me head. Every few minutes he would shove the back of Amy's head, forcing her tongue to get as deep as she could get it inside my pussy, and rubbing up against my clit. Mr. Saban was not having a hard time keeping hard now. The sight was keeping him huge and hard at the same time. When he felt like cuming again, this time he leaned over his daughter's face and pulled back on her brownish blonde hair. He released his cum and jets of his cum sprang out all over Amy's face. Of course, when he pulled back on her hair, her part of the chain jerked on my pussy and I was pulled painfully close to the jet-stream action. I could feel some of his hot cum hitting my pussy lips. I looked down to see Amy's eyes and nose and cheeks covered in his white cum. Mr. Saban lowered my gag down, and scraped some of the cum off of Amy's cheeks and thrust it into my mouth. I was gasping for more air and instead I got more cum. He smeared the rest of the drying cum on Amy's face and neck. Now Mr. Saban looked more relaxed.

The phone rang from upstairs and Mr. Saban left us to take his call. When he returned about two minutes later, he had the widest grin on his face. He leaned on Amy's shoulder and caused her to start falling; that immediately pulled my pussy lips down and stretched them about as far as they could go. I let out a deafening scream and begged for him to stop. Mr. Saban just continued his smile.

"That was your mother on the phone, Bridgette. She just wanted to check on you. I told her how good and cooperative you were being." Mr. Saban made a slow walk around our bodies, admiring my ass, and admiring how us girls looked so appealing being abused like this. "And I told your mother that you were having such a good time that you wanted to stay longer. And we agreed. So, you'll get something extra and I'll get to keep you all night." My heart jumped into my throat. "Oh, and did Amy ever tell you I bought her a horse to ride about four years ago? The truth is, Amy never rode it much. And he's been neglected far too long. But from what your mother tells me, you love horses."

**Bridgette Michelle: Diary of a Sex Slave Whore, Part 4**

## **(MF/ff,tor,bdsm,best,inc,hum)**

Mr Saban dragged me and Amy to his stables. Fortunately for us, he disconnected our chain link, but I was still bleeding and still throbbing down there in my pussy from the fresh ring. Amy was moaning with the pain in her tongue and mouth, but otherwise she moved like a zombie for her Daddy.

“Here, Bridgette, let me introduce you to my finest new stallion. We call him Hercules. But I probably should have called him Long John. You may have seen horse dicks before, but trust me, once you get this one turned on, watch out. That’s why I brought both of you out here, I figure his needs won’t be met by one fucking whore alone. Now, get up under there and suck on it!”

Amy more or less just crawled over. I followed right beside her. I started putting my lips on his sheath and within a few seconds, I could see him growing. Being so close, I saw the blood in those huge blood vessels fill up, and he was still growing. Amy moved sort of slowly and reluctantly with her tongue. If she had licked on her horses before, it must have been a while. Mr. Saban saw her lack of enthusiasm so he reached for a cattle prod and then without warning started zapping her pretty ass. She screamed and screamed.

“Get in there, whore! Don’t fuck around, Amy, you stupid slut! Come on, let’s see some spirit. I want to hear how yummy it tastes. I want to see some tongue action, both tongues swishing back and forth.”

Amy’s tongue, despite the huge ring, was given new encouragement and she was really going up and down on Hercules’ shaft. It must have been 15 inches long now, and it wasn’t finished. I tried to get my mouth at least around the tip of his cock, but just getting my mouth around the spearhead almost was impossible. I started gagging on reflex. Mr. Saban thrust the cattle prod at my asshole. I jolted forward and more of Hercules’ cock was jammed hard into my mouth. I gagged again but held on. I was going cross-eyed but I could see Amy’s tongue and lips gliding up and down the horse’s glistening cock. Mr. Saban suddenly pulled at my ponytail and then he went over to the other side and threw his daughter’s mouth on top of Hercules’ cock tip. He forcibly held her head there for what seemed like days, and I continued my duty up and down this huge and massive thingee. He still had her hair in his

grasp, and I heard her throat really coughing for air, and I saw her arms just flying in sporadic circles. Her face was turning sort of bluish. Finally, he let her go, and Amy collapsed to the hay taking in a huge gulp of air.

Hercules' cock now had to be 20 inches long and six inches in diameter. His blood vessels were really bulging out now, and the stench was terrible from the smell of the thing. I could feel his cock starting to vibrate more, and I knew from his body's movements what was coming next. I had tasted Violeur's cum day and night, so I had some good idea. Like a shot out of a cannon, his cock exploded and cum hit me hard in the face. I knew I had to impress Mr. Saban so I opened my mouth as wide as I could and tried to keep my eyes shut tight. Hercules were shooting cum all around my face and neck, and I was getting stream after stream darting right inside my mouth. I had my tongue out and I tried to keep up with his load, but he went on for like two or three minutes. Amy was still recovering on the hay, but Mr. Saban hoisted her nearly unconscious body up and laid her head right next to mine to catch the remainder of the load.

I was covered in his horse cum. He shot out about twice as much as Violeur on average. The taste was worse too, salty but even more bitter and smelly.

"I want to see you two kiss, come on, make it nice and wet."

Amy just fell back against the hay again, tired and exhausted, and I leaned over her and held her mouth open with my cum-covered hands. I opened my mouth and let some of the horse cum fall down into her mouth. Some hit her lips, but mostly the gooey substance fell deep into her mouth. Amy swallowed it on reflex and she started to cough again. I quickly planted my lips against hers and frenched her and everything, nice and dirty just like I knew Mr. Saban would like it. I lapped some of the cum off my hands and cupped some of the cum from on my breasts and smeared it all over Amy's face, and rolled it over her lips. I took two fingers and played with her tongue. Amy tried to turn her head in disgust, and then she started wrestling with me, kicking her arms and legs. Mr. Saban shocked her again with the cattle prod and just about every ounce of energy seemed to disappear from her cum-soaked body. Her big size 36D breasts looked so tempting, I wanted to just make love to her, and lick on her pussy like at my party over the summer.

I heard a car pull up outside the barn. Mr. Saban looked slightly startled. He grabbed some old rusting chains and padlocked our necks together tightly then padlocked us to a support beam in the barn. He left and we could hear him talking with another man. After about ten minutes, I heard them laughing and exchanging jokes. Not long after that, I saw Mr. Saban escort this man into the barn.

He was a corporate client of Mr. Saban. His name was Ward and he was really tall, I mean like he would be the starter on every basketball team kind of tall. He brought Ward over to us where we were chained and they both got giant grins.

“This’ll be just like the old frat days, won’t it Ben?”

“Come on, Ward, let’s have a little fun like back at college.”

Mr. Saban adjusted our chain at the support beam and kept our necks chained still pretty tight. They lifted us up off the ground so that Amy and I were facing each other and connected at the neck. The beam was in the right side of my face and Amy’s left, and we each held onto the beam to support our leaning bodies. Mr. Saban was already rock hard and he fingered my asshole just to see how tight I was. He probably wanted my pussy too, but there was still the large silver ring holding my pussy lips together. This other guy called Ward hoisted Amy’s body up, holding her at the hips and he unzipped his pants and rammed his prick into her pussy almost all at once.

I didn’t think Amy had any energy left, but as soon as that cock hit her pussy, she screamed all over again. As for me, I was hoping to get some kind of lubricant, but Mr. Saban was an eager beaver and he poked his cock right into my asshole. I grunted and moaned, and I tried not to show how much he was hurting me. I really could feel the flesh tear as he worked his way in. Mommy had practiced on my asshole with her strap-ons, but those dildos were not so large. And my asshole shrinks back to size pretty fast too, just like my pussy, so Mr. Saban was really hurting me bad.

I could hear the constant screams and yells for help from my friend Amy. She was tossing her head back and forth and every move she made pulled at my neck too where our rusty chain was padlocked together. Mr. Saban would put his hand at the

back of my head and order me to kiss Amy. We could still taste the gross horse cum in each other's mouths. The two men decided to switch places, and that was when I first caught a glimpse of Ward's enormous cock. He was a freak of nature cause his dick looked as long as a ruler. He wasn't all that thick, but the length made me gasp. I could see the relief on Amy's face when her father's just average cock entered her from behind. And a few seconds later, I felt Ward's cock pressing into my ass. It was like a snake moving inside of me, and with every few inches, I thought surely he couldn't fit anymore in. But he pressed his cock further up, and I was clenching the wooden support beam in pain. I was crying now, and I couldn't hold a brave face anymore. This man was tearing my ass on the inside and I knew I must have been covering his cock with blood and shit.

"Hey, what's with this ring on her pussy, Ben?"

"Oh, her, uh, owner she said that I could get as kinky as I want to get. If I had known you were coming by, I wouldn't have sealed her up like that man." Ben Saban barely broke stride as he continued to pound away at his daughter's well-worn cunt.

"Do you think I could borrow your sweet slave here for a few hours? I know a couple that have a real life dungeon downtown. It would be wild to bring her there as a real slave, you know?"

"No, no way, Ben, not while I'm paying \$2,000 to have her tonight. But I will give you her owner's name and number. I bet she can arrange at time for you."

It was almost like I was a product and these two businessmen were discussing my schedule for demonstrations. I felt so small and so used. But I knew what my role was, and more than pleasing them, I knew I had to get a good report so I could make my Mommy happy. It was the only way I could survive this ordeal.

A few minutes later, I could feel Ward's cock starting to get super excited. He was about to lose it, so he jumped out from behind me and rushed his cock over to my sweaty face. With his one free hand, he lifted up my chin and with his other stroking hand, he aimed his cock head right at eye-level. Split seconds later, he purposely splattered his load right into my open eyes. I squeezed them shut on impact, but the stinging was already killing me. Ward spurted for a few seconds more and alternated

between hitting my face and hitting Amy's exhausted face.

A minute or two later, Mr. Saban shook and shook and I could tell he just wanted to cum inside Amy's cunt. His eyes rolled back into his head and he looked all the sudden very calm. Mr. Saban slapped Amy's ass as if to say, "Good job, slut." He and his old college buddy and now client went over to another part of the barn to clean themselves up. I whispered to Amy to see if she was alright, but she just hung her head in silence, not making a sound above her steady crying and sniffing. I could barely open my eyes because of the painful stinging, but I did open them enough to notice the two men returning with hooks and long rattling chains.

Mr. Saban unpadlocked our necks and he grabbed his daughter while Ward held onto to me, fondling my nipples and my pussy ring in the meantime. Amy's daddy lofted a long chain to a horizontal support beam above us. He secured the chain and on the closest link, he connected a metal hook. He slid the sharper end of the hook through Amy's tongue ring and then let go of her body. He adjusted for some slack and I watched as her head leaned back painfully with her tongue being pulled out as far as she could manage. Mr. Saban continued to hoist her curvy body up until her tongue was completely stretched out and Amy was struggling to stand on her toes. Mr. Saban ran some rope behind her back, bent her arms back harshly with her palms facing each other so that her arms formed a reverse prayer. He quickly tied her wrists together; with each impossible knot he made her moan and scream inaudibly because she really had no tongue to make real words.

With his daughter securely tied and tormented, they turned their gaze on me. Ward threw me to the ground, and turned my body to face Amy's struggling feet. From here I could see the strain and tension in her feet and her little toes. They bent my legs at my knees and crossed my ankles and tied them up tied with a hemp rope. Then Mr. Saban brought my elbows behind my back and forced them to meet. While he held them in this position, Ward tied several lengths of rope around my elbows to keep them pressing together. This hurt like hell. I didn't even know that my elbows could touch, let alone stand this for longer than a few seconds. My wrists were tied up next, and then inside my blonde ponytail, Ward weaved more rope. He tied it off then stretched the several feet of excess rope over my elbows and wrists. He passed the thin but sturdy rope through my pussy ring; immediately I screamed in pain

when the rough rope slid across my swollen pussy lips. Ward pulled back hard on the rope, forcing my ponytail and my head to strain backwards. My neck was hurting from all the pressure too. Mr. Saban held the rope tightly at my pussy ring, keeping my neck pulled back, while his buddy lifted the hemp rope up about six feet to Amy's outstretched tongue ring. Ward tied the rope off on the tongue ring and so that now Amy's tongue was being drawn in to directions. Mr. Saban released his grip on the rope at my pussy and with that release of pressure, my neck relaxed. When I moved a few inches forward, Amy's tongue ring was pulled down suddenly. I heard her gag and scream with her mouth wide open. And for me, when that rope moved the slightest bit, if she raised her head up, then the tissue of my pussy lips scratched and burned.

Once I realized what was happening, I tried to inch my body a little closer to Amy's feet, knowing this would give her and me some relief. The two men that designed and executed this hurtful design just sat back on a couple of stools and watch the pair of us struggle back and forth. They got a couple of beers later; I couldn't see it, but I heard the cans open and I saw the row of discarded beer cans later.

**The END**

**(please direct all comments to MrBondskin @ aol . com)**