

Casino

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | January 31, 1999



By Thndrshark

I am inspired a lot! This was inspired by a story I read many years ago involving a fetish casino. If I could find the name of the original author, I would dedicate it to him/her!

Part 1

As the three girls walked into the casino they were surprised. They had expected an unusual sight but not like this. The room was filled with the typical style of tables for gaming. But rather than the compliment of guests dressed in tired tuxedos or vacation wear, the crowd seemed to be made up of a sea of latex and leather. There wasn't a single person in sight that wore anything other than tight fetish clothing. Gina looked at herself and her two friends, suddenly feeling very out of place. Wearing sundresses, the girls had expected to be overdressed for the crowd that was described to them. Instead, they felt like they were wearing overalls at a formal dance.

"We're not in Kansas, anymore," Cindy chuckled as she stared into the crowd.

"Somebody should have warned us," Monica complained. Gina only smiled, pushing

her glasses back up her nose in her subconscious fashion. Cindy and Monica had always been the prom queen type, admired by their peers for their beauty and style. Gina, on the other hand, was too bookish, she was told. The three had been tenuous friends since high school, but the relationship had grown as they moved into college. Gina was convinced it was largely because they had discovered how wealthy her parents were, and how generous she could be with her money. She didn't care, though. She had two popular and beautiful friends, which was all that mattered. She had always liked Monica, despite her critical eye and harsh criticisms. Cindy, on the other hand, had only a passing interest in Gina. Cindy pretended to like her just because Monica liked her so much. Both knew the score, though it was an unmentioned topic. Instead, they both chose to ignore it and be the somewhat friends they had become. In truth, Gina didn't like Cindy much. She had always felt like a second class citizen around her. But she was willing to take the abuse to be around Monica.

All three had become the object of much attention in college, to Monica and Cindy's pleasure and to Gina's surprise. Despite the differences of their clothing, all three had firm young bodies and ample breasts. Monica, the tallest at nearly six-foot, was destined to model. Her long, shapely legs and beautiful mane of dark hair stood out among the others. Cindy was shorter but had larger breasts and firm, attractive legs from her years of swimming. Her competitiveness kept her body in great shape, but also provided a share of enemies. Gina, despite wearing loose clothes that covered her body, had an athletic form. Good-sized breasts offset a thin waist and long legs. Much like Monica, Gina could also model, though she knew she lacked the self-confidence to even try.

The three of them had been inseparable for a year. Monica and Cindy were eager to enjoy their independence from home, and seemed to want to experiment.

Though seemingly limited to some drugs and a few sexual encounters, Gina had been the most tame. She often envied the stories she would hear from Monica of their weekends spent without her. She regretted turning down those adventures, though she was sure she would never dare try the things they did. After their most recent trip to New York, Gina was sure that Monica and Cindy had slept together. At first she was turned off by the thought but, after long nights with her thoughts, she

realized it was only jealousy talking. If she were to experiment with another woman, Monica would certainly be at the top of the list. Often she caught herself staring at her friend's supple form, wondering what it would be like to fondle her breasts or have Monica's face between her legs.

This current adventure was only the latest in their recent string. As summer break approached, Monica suggested they move to Las Vegas for the three months and find jobs. For the first time Gina was truly excited by the idea.

She was tired of the same old sights at school, and dreaded going home to her parents for the summer. She beat Cindy to the punch, agreeing with Monica instantly as they began to make plans. It had only been three nights on the town before they had been invited to a party at Caesar's Palace, in a large suite at the top of the tower. The crowd was young and exciting. Gina had, thankfully, agreed to get a new dress for the night and the staring eyes proved that the choice was right. The three took the room by storm as they swung their shapely bodies through the party. By the end of the evening each had several

offers. Though most were invitations to just another party, one was particularly intriguing. A handsome young man had handed them a card with a simple address on it. He told them it was a party for the daring, where they could live out their ultimate fantasies. Gina caught herself glancing over Monica's lovely form at this comment. Pressed for details, the man simply smiled and told them they would have to see.

As they stood and stared, a woman dressed in a short, tight blue rubber dress approached them with a smile. "Can I be of assistance," she asked.

"We were invited to the party by a man we met in town," Monica blurted out in defense. She shoved the small card they had been given at the woman, who smiled as she took it.

"Welcome. Let me give you the run down on the activities." She coaxed them out of the doorway and into the room proper as she pointed out various areas.

"This is a fetish and bondage casino. Rather than playing for money, we play for other, more interesting things. First of all, don't feel self-conscious about your

clothing. Most people come dressed as you are. In the corner there, you will find a dressing room. Your startup set of chips can be picked up there when you chose your fetish attire for the evening. The more extreme clothing you chose, the more chips you will receive. If you find yourself running short on chips, you can return to the dressing room for more extreme attire. Once you start, it is much like a regular casino. The only difference is that some of the games are quite different. I'll let you discover them as you explore." She smiled an almost devious grin. "It's more fun that way."

"What's the point to it all," Cindy asked as she watched a towering blonde dressed in form fitting leather walk by.

"Just to have fun! You can fulfill your fantasies or just enjoy gambling. But remember, you can go into debt here, which must be satisfied by the end of the evening." With that the woman left them.

Monica seemed eager to jump in as she grabbed Cindy's hand and pulled her toward the dressing room. "Come on! Let's go."

Gina followed them, wondering what she was getting herself into.

The dressing room was large, with a wide counter attended by a man dressed in blue latex shorts. Large picture books were strewn out on the counter. A young couple examined them as the girls approached. Monica immediately began flipping through the books. The pictures showed men and women in a variety of fetish clothing. The book she had chosen was all women, with the first pictures showing simple latex skirts or loose leather tops. As she flipped further in, she could see how much more extreme the clothing could get. On impulse, Monica flipped to the last page. The three girls gasped at the sight. The woman displayed was wearing a form fitting latex body suit. A corset had been strapped around her waist, reducing her to a seemingly impossible 20 inches.

Her arms had been strapped behind her at wrist and elbow, forcing her shoulders back hard. Her face had been covered in an extreme leather hood, cutting out all sight, while a built in gag filled her mouth. Small breathing tubes exited from her nose to a point at the top of her hood. Two pump bulbs dangled between her legs,

with the caption stating they were blow up dildos, held in place by a small rubber G-string. Her feet were even more shocking. She was forced to stand on her toes by a pair of torturous ballet shoes. The bottom of the page listed the value for this outfit at \$8,000.

Cindy could not take her eyes off the suit. She was embarrassed that her pussy had gotten wet as she looked at this helpless woman. Monica was equally turned on.

“How do you walk in these shoes?”

“Very carefully,” the man grunted in disinterest. Monica was obviously intrigued by the woman in the picture.

“Is there anyway to earn even more than this,” she asked.

“Sure.” The attendant pulled out another book and flipped to the last page.

“Of course this involves more than just bondage.” The picture was of a young lady, bent into an impossible position. She was crammed into a steel cage so tight it seemed to have been built around her. The small, four foot long and three-foot tall box was absolutely filled with the girl. She was mostly naked, a refreshing sight to all the rubber and leather in the other pictures, but Monica was convinced she would be far more comfortable wearing something. Her arms had been heavily strapped behind her back at elbow and wrist. A wide strap at mid upper arm pulled her shoulders back so hard her chest arched from the strain. The girl’s head was strapped into a leather and steel cage that had been cinched down until it snugly grasped her face. Her hair was made into a short ponytail, then laced with a piece of chain. Her knees were spread by a short bar while her ankles were strapped together and had been forced high up her back, until her ankles nearly touched the top of her head. The ponytail chain was locked off to the ankle straps, forcing her head back hard. Her ankles were locked directly to her elbow straps, flattening her body to fit into the cage. A short pole stretched from the end of the cage and disappeared up between her legs. The opposite end split into two large steel dildos, which disappeared deep into her pussy and ass. On the opposite end, a large steel dildo pushed into her mouth, forcing it open wide to accept the large form. The pole that it attached to was connected to the end of the cage as well. Cranks had been

employed to push the two end poles together until the girl was trapped between the force of the dildos.

“Of course, this does not allow for much gambling,” the man laughed. “This is worth \$10,000 but must be endured for 12 hours. It’s only for the most severe debts.”

Pulling her eyes away from the picture, Cindy turned to the attendant.

“I would like at least \$1,000 of chips. What would I have to wear for that?” Without a word, the man turned into his array of clothing and started setting items on the desk. First, he offered a rubber bra, then a small rubber G-string. A latex garter belt with sheer hose where next, along with a pair of latex gloves and a pair of heels. Cindy couldn’t imagine having to walk in these six-inch heels, but they excited her. “Are you sure these will fit?” she asked as she slipped off her shoe and slid the heel on. To her amazement, it slipped on perfectly. Apparently this man was good at guessing sizes. She didn’t bother to ask about anything else as she disappeared into a changing room. Monica stepped up next.

“I’d like about \$2,000.” Monica was excited. As the man disappeared again, she turned to Gina. “This is going to be great! I’ve always been interested in this stuff.” She noticed her friend’s expression. “Come on, Gina! Have some fun. It can’t be all that bad.” The man returned with an armful of clothing.

Monica sorted through it, holding up each item. First, he had chosen a tight rubber dress. The skirt would only reach mid thigh but she loved it, squealing at the choice. A wide, leather collar was next and Monica quickly put this on.

She asked the man to fasten it. The thick leather was pulled snug and, with a snap, locked into position. Monica watched as the man stashed the key behind the counter. The next item was a pair of six-inch heels as well. The final item was a set of shackles. Monica quivered in excitement as she disappeared into her dressing room.

“And how about you, young lady,” the man inquired.

Pushing her glasses up on her nose again. “I don’t know. I guess give me \$500.” The man, disappointed, pulled out a pair of low heels and a latex body suit. “This is it,

but I think you would look great if you would take a bit more.”

“I’m too embarrassed to wear all this stuff. And besides, I don’t have the figure my friends have.”

“I think you have a better figure, Gina,” he shocked her by knowing her name, until she remembered that Monica had used it. “Let me try something.” He disappeared again, bringing back another armful. “First, this is a full length rubber dress. It will look great on you. And here we have a pair of thigh length leather boots with five-inch heels. Finally, a pair of full-length latex gloves. This is worth \$1,500 and will make you feel great.” He smiled then, as an after thought, reached forward and took off her glasses. “Do you really need these?”

“Sort of. I can’t see far distances without them.”

“Let me keep them. You can’t see much farther than fifty feet in here anyway. I promise to keep them safe.” Gina nodded and reluctantly disappeared behind a changing curtain.

End of Chapter 1

Part 2

The three girls emerged from the dressing room at the same time, oohing and ahing at each other’s attire. Monica had to struggle a bit in her shackles. A short chain connected her ankles with a longer, heavy chain attaching to her wrists. She struggled forward to take a look at her friends.

“I love those boots, Gina,” Monica cooed, much to Cindy’s disappointment.

“You look amazing! Like a latex dream!”

“You look great, too, Monica,” Gina returned. Cindy was upset nobody admired her, though she felt pretty good in the latex bra. She was certain, at first, that the man had given her too small of a size. But as she stepped out of the dressing room, nearly

running into a man clad in leather, he whistled at her breasts, staring directly at them. She pressed her chest out and smiled as he slid by her. It was as if she had a second skin of rubber over her large breasts, barely holding them into place.

“Let’s get this over with,” Gina moaned as she gestured out to the casino.

The three girls stayed together for awhile, supporting each other as they walked and experimenting at some of the tables. They stayed away from the far wall where the alternate games were kept, choosing to survive at blackjack and roulette. Monica seemed to be possessed when gambling. Gina and Cindy often had to drag her away before she lost too much. Before long Monica had depleted her chips. As they walked back to the dressing room to allow Monica to change, Gina took a quick look at her winnings. In contrast to Monica, she had done well on her meager bets, winning a steady amount to nearly double her chips. She kept this to herself, not wanting to give Cindy or Monica a reason to envy her. She knew Cindy was down a bit, but was eager to try some of the more adventurous games. As they made it back to the dressing room, Cindy caught sight of something and said she would see them later. Gina shrugged and helped Monica to the desk.

“Back already,” the man snickered.

“I guess I’m not so lucky yet,” Monica complained. She picked up a book and started flipping through it. She quickly realized it was different from the one she had looked through earlier. “Wow, these are amazing!” Rather than the simple outfits of the previous book, this contained the more extreme equipment that earned the higher sums. Gina looked over her friend’s shoulder and found herself imagining Monica in the outfits.

“Try that one,” Gina encouraged as they looked at a hobble dress and arm binder.

“I don’t know. How will I bet?”

“I’ll be with you. Don’t worry. Besides,” Gina glanced at the \$3,000 figure at the bottom. “You need the money.” Monica smiled and agreed, pushing the book toward the man. He smiled and winked at Gina then disappeared to get the items.

Gina loved this. Her hand gripped the leash attached to Monica’s collar as they

walked through the casino. Monica was far more concerned about learning to walk on the seven-inch heels. She was glad the hobble dress, which fit snug to her perfect form, only allowed her to take a four inch step. But her shoulders had begun to ache and she was getting tired of the inadvertent grabs she got from the crowd. Gina seemed to be ignoring them, and Monica could do little to fend them off. The attendant seemed to take particular pleasure in lacing up the single glove that now encased her arms. As the straps where pulled tighter, she could feel her back straightening and her shoulders being forced back. It wasn't until she could feel her elbows touching that she knew there was more to this arm bondage than she thought. But despite her complains, the man had simply ensured the straps where snug and added the small padlocks that now held it into place.

"Where do you want to go," Gina asked over her shoulder.

"Someplace close," Monica complained, stumbling again. "How about that blackjack table." As usual, the table Monica had chosen was a minimum \$100 bet, which Gina knew wouldn't discourage her friend. Thankfully, Monica slipped onto a stool in between two others, taking the weight off her toes. "I can't believe people walk in these things!"

"It's training," the man to her left spoke.

"I'm sorry?"

"The shoes. It takes training and practice to walk in them comfortably."

Monica smiled at him in response. He was young and very handsome. She tried to look sexy but found it difficult without the use of her arms. As the dealer prepared to deal, Monica gestured for Gina to make a bet.

Cindy had quickly forgotten about her friends. Though the bizarre casino was taking some time to adjust to, she did see the potential to win. The far wall of the large room was a maze of interesting, and often painful or degrading challenges. Though many weren't at all her cup of tea, Cindy was eager to compete in some. Some of the games simply required the player to take a spanking without crying out, though some of the spankers seemed to take particular relish in their jobs. Other attractions

offered anything from suspension to piercing. A short row of port-a-potties reminded Cindy that she had to pee. Upon entering the largish room, she realized this was another game.

A young girl was strapped on her knees in the bottom of the toilet so she could not move. A large funnel-like basin was attached to her mouth. Cindy quickly realized that this girl was being used as a human toilet. Already her stomach was distended from the various waste products she had consumed. It took a moment for Cindy to understand the game. It wasn't until she examined the poor girl's bound arms that she saw the thin string she held in her hand. At the opposite end was a bell. She could see that once the girl had had enough, she could ring the bell for release. A sign on the wall caught Cindy's eye. It explained that the girl would receive \$1,000 for every half-hour she performed as a toilet. Shrugging, Cindy stepped up to the basin and, watching through her legs, peed into the girl's mouth.

Slipping out of the toilet, Cindy immediately caught sight of a game she would be good at. It was labeled "Maintain your balance" but seemed far too simple for a competitive game. Nobody was currently taking the challenge so Cindy had to use the text to figure it out. She would be in a standing position. Her arms would be tied behind her back and special clamps would be attached to her nipples. The attached cables were fed over a bar above her then attached to a flat weight. The goal was to keep the weight off the plate.

For each 30 minutes, she would win \$5000. But each time the weight struck the plate, she would be charged \$500. It sounded easy to her, so Cindy jumped up to the platform.

"I'll take an hour," she said to the gamekeeper. She was a little upset when she was asked to disrobe, but she was proud of her body and enjoyed the stares from the men and women gathering to watch. An attendant tied her wrists together behind her, then slipped a cool leather strap around her elbows. Cindy could feel her breasts pushing out more as her arms were bound tightly together. It was a curious feeling, being bound this way. She felt like her chest was on display now, something she was quite comfortable with.

She was positioned in the middle of the platform as another attendant placed a wide

spreader bar between her ankles. Her long blonde hair was laced into a ponytail and a strap tied to it was pulled to her elbow strap. She could feel her hair being pulled back until her face pointed to the ceiling. Her eyes were quickly covered with a tight blindfold. OK, she thought, this is an interesting twist. I'll just have to guess the distance rather than seeing it.

With her legs spread, she would have some trouble balancing, but she put it out of her mind as she felt the cool clamps being placed on her nipples. The teeth bit into her skin, making her wince, but Cindy was determined to be tough. One of the attendants pressed a gag to her lips and, as she opened her mouth to complain, the penis gag slipped between her jaws. It was huge, filling her mouth while cutting off her complaints. Hands helped her keep her balance as the weight was hung from the end of the cable. Cindy grunted in pain as it was released and the clamps bit down harder on her nipples. She immediately leaned back to keep it high off the plate she could no longer see. She had guessed the game had started until she felt some fumbling at her spreader bar, then a cool shaft of steel was pressed into her pussy. The metal dildo was pushed deep inside of her, the thickness filling her completely. She had no idea why this was a part of the test and, despite her initial anger at this intrusion, she actually enjoyed the feeling. Finally, all hands left her and she began focusing her task.

The sight of Cindy on his platform excited the gamekeeper. She was beautiful, with her thin body and large breasts, bound tightly and legs spread.

The metal bar that kept the dildo in place was locked off and the wires were run from the end of the shaft and to the plate. He flicked the switch to power the device, then flicked the timer and tally board. The audience was excited and, though early in the game, were already tense. It was only a matter of time, the keeper knew.

Cindy was a little disoriented. With her head pulled back hard and her lack of sight, she was having trouble telling which way was up. She just focused on leaning back, though how far was a concern as well. After what seemed like hours, but had actually only been ten minutes, the weight brushed the plate. A sharp shock shot through the dildo and into her pussy. She jerked back hard, pulling the weight back up, grunting at the harsh bite of the clamps. So, that's the trick, Cindy thought. I'll

just keep back even more to prevent...

The keeper watched Cindy rock forward again and the shock that struck her pussy brought her back hard again. He smiled. This was going to be fun!

The shock to her pussy had hurt, but she could feel her excitement rising as well. The lubricated dildo was even more wet now as she felt her juices coating it. She was panting now, trying to stay focused. She knew she had lost \$1000 already. If she could only stay back for a full 30 minutes, she could offset that money and still walk away a winner.

As usual, Monica was running short on cash. Gina was bored, having been used as a servant by Monica wasn't her idea of fun. She had gotten rather chummy with the young man beside them, maybe he could bet for her.

"Monica, I have to go to the bathroom," Gina whispered.

"Yeah, go ahead, Gina," Monica said out loud. "This gentleman will assist me, won't you?" She smiled at him with her best smile.

"It would be my pleasure," he said.

"OK, I'll be back."

"Take your time, Gina," Monica winked as she turned back to the man she was trying to pickup. Gina slipped into the crowd, eager to have her own fun.

Cindy wasn't doing too well. The weight had touched the plate at least seven times and she was gasping in excitement. She tried to keep her back straight and the cables taught, but she had lost all sense of balance and could not regain it. She was rocking back and forth, trying to control her seething body and keep the weight up. It was only a matter of time before it touched again. The shock sent her over the edge. Her orgasm made her buck on the steel dildo as the weight skittered across the metal pad beneath it. She jerked back hard, but the slight shift of the dildo sent her over the edge again and the weight crashed down hard, completing the connection once more. She could no longer control it as she came again and again, the metal connection sending shocks through her.

The current stopped and Cindy slumped in her bonds as best she could. The keeper slipped off her gag and blindfold.

"I'm sorry, but you have completed your first 30 minutes and owe us \$7000.

You can pay us now or go for double or nothing." Gina knew she had only the \$1,000 on her. Her competitive spirit took over again.

"I'll go double or nothing," she said. The crowd cheered her on as the keeper shrugged and replaced the blindfold and gag. She could feel another attachment being added beneath her. A cool pressure against her asshole told her what it was. The second steel dildo was pressed into her ass until it was buried deep inside her. Cindy moaned at the intrusion, but could feel herself getting wet again. She had always had a thing for anal sex, though it was hard to find a guy who would work at it slow. It wasn't until the hands left her that she realized that an electrical shock would rise through her ass now too. She began to panic as she felt a heavier weight being applied to the cables. A voice from behind whispered to her.

"Up on your toes." She rose up as the attendant placed small boxes beneath her heels.

"Ladies and gentlemen. This lady has chosen to go another 30 minutes at double or nothing." A cheer rose through the crowd. "She will be forced to stand on her toes this time, with a dildo in both her ass and pussy. If she falls back on her heels, the current will be stepped up." Cindy tried to relax her feet but felt the button beneath her. She would have to stay high on her toes to keep off the box. Her nipples were screaming beneath the crushing teeth of the clamps. She tried to focus, leaning back to hold the weight up, but not too far to fall back onto her heels. It only took a moment before she lost balance and landed on the buttons. The shock that ran through her pussy and ass was a sharp contrast to the previous shock. She wasn't sure if it was the higher current or her newly punished asshole, but she found herself quickly jumping back on her toes. Of course as she did this, she leaned forward too much, allowing the weight to touch again. Despite her pain and frustration, she could feel a new orgasm building inside of her.

End of Chapter 2

Part 3

Gina had tried most of the tables and found little challenge. She had never told her friends that her father was a dealer for years at a casino, and had taught her most of his tricks. She was sure she had at least \$20,000 now but was enjoying herself. She began scanning the more interesting games.

The whipping booth seemed to be the only solution for Monica. She now owed at least \$10,000 to the man who stood next to her. He gripped her upper arm tightly, as if he was afraid she might run away. It seemed like a good idea to take the loan from the handsome man who sat next to her. But as she lost and lost again, she knew he would want to find a way to win his money back. She looked around her for a moment, trying to see her friends, but they had been gone for hours. She read the sign at the entrance. It stated \$10 a stroke for a light whip, \$100 for a cat-o-nine tails and \$500 for the bullwhip. They shuffled over to the observation room glancing out to the floor of the whipping stand. A well-endowed young lady was stretched wide by chains. Her body, covered with sweat, was tense as she waited for the first blow. She had chosen the bullwhip, Monica could see, as the whip master swung it through the air to warm up. Without much warning, the lash landed hard on the girl's back. Her body bucked but she held back her scream. Monica knew that the game was played based on a number of lashes. If you chose ten lashes, you must endure the entire ten without making a sound to win the cash. If not, you would owe the cash and still receive the entire ten. It was a gamble she was willing to take.

The girl was strong. Bright red welts had risen from her back from the six lashes that had fallen but she had yet to release a sound. Monica knew she would have to endure a lot of lashes to pay back her debt.

"You can see what you're in for, Monica," the man said, smiling. "But you like to gamble so I'll make you a different deal. If you can take ten lashes from the bullwhip without making a sound, I will release you from your debt."

Monica was excited by this prospect. She looked out at the woman still receiving her strokes in silence, knowing she could do it too.

“And if I make a sound?”

“Then you have to be my slave for two months, to do with as I wish.” He smiled at her. Monica wasn’t at all turned off by this man. He was young, and quite handsome, but she had no concept of what he meant by slave. In her fantasies, she had been captured by a handsome prince and kept as a sex toy, but those always ended and she awoke. She couldn’t believe he would honestly keep her against her will, but a twinkle in his eye caused her to worry. She had seen some of the other girls around here, bound in impossible positions.

She knew what was behind his good looks and bright smile. But she was sure she could hold out and win. As sure, a little voice told her, as she was about all those bets she had lost. But she shrugged it off. The man whispered to the attendant, who slipped away, quickly returned with a form for Monica’s signature.

“Oh, and one other thing.” He smiled. “You have to take the lashes on your front.” Monica was shocked. She wasn’t sure she could take it on her breasts, but she knew it couldn’t be much worse, and she had no choice. She knew if she didn’t satisfy the debt to this man, she would be forced to make repairs in other ways, some of them not too pleasant. She quickly signed the form, as did her debtor, and she was led onto the stage.

She watched as the other woman was released. Her back was a crisscross of heavy welts from the hard bullwhip. She seemed exhausted. Monica quickly took her place, facing the crowd as her armbinder was removed and replaced by wide leather cuffs. Her hair was quickly laced into a ponytail with an added leather strap weaved in. As the chains pulled her taught, she could feel the strap attached to a ring on the floor and her head was yanked back. This, she assumed, would keep her face away from the bullwhip, though the position also pushed her body out toward the whip master. She could feel a headset being placed on her head, the microphone inches from her mouth. This, she knew, would broadcast any cry she might make, making it obvious to the crowd if she broke.

“Ten lashes with the bullwhip,” the announcer said, “in exchange for a release from debt. If she cries out, she will be sold into slavery for two months.” The crowd cheered as the man with the bullwhip took his position.

Monica closed her eyes for a moment, trying to steel her will as the chains that held her pulled her body taught. Without warning, the first lash fell, striping her body from her right breast down to her stomach. It was all Monica could do to clamp her mouth shut. Her body felt like it was on fire, tears springing from her eyes. She tried to struggle to get away, but the chains held her tight. The second lash fell hard across her left breast and, as she struggled not to scream, she knew her ample breasts would take the brunt of the whip. But the next stroke was across her stomach and left thigh. Monica grunted from the weight of the whip hitting her stomach and she feared she would lose for this. But apparently she was allowed this sound as the announcer simply continued to count. The fourth lash struck her side and the side of her breasts, lacing pain up her body. She was sweating profusely now, her body reacting from the brutal punishment. The crowd, seemingly afraid Monica would not break, began cheering the whip master on. The fifth lash left a welt across her stomach and Monica felt dizzy from the pain. She had lost count and was beginning to lose control. Another lash struck her breasts and another quickly followed it. She was sure they had passed ten and had chosen to torture her, the crowd laughing at her pain. As the seventh stroke struck her, glancing across her shaved pussy as it laid a diagonal stripe over her stomach, Monica’s scream burst from her lungs. Her clit seemed to be bathed in fire from the tip of the bullwhip. The pain washed over her and she fainted in her bonds.

Monica awoke in a different position. As her eyes fluttered open, she thought she was in a dim room. She quickly realized she was looking through some type of dark glass. She struggled to get up and found that her arms were harshly bound behind her back. She could feel her shoulders aching from the way her elbows had been forced to meet behind her. A face leaned close. It was her debtor.

“I see you are awake.” He spoke loudly to be heard through her blocked ears. “Well, you lost. You are mine now. In case you are wondering, you are bound for me so you can follow me around for the rest of the evening. I certainly don’t want to leave the fun, now do I?” He laughed. “Just in case you are wondering, I’ve dressed you in a

typical slave attire for my girls. That constricting feeling around your face and head is a rubber hood covered by a tight leather hood. I took particular pains to plug your ears and provide you breathing tubes, which I'm sure you can feel in your nose. Your mouth hurts due to the blowup gag I've put in it. I wanted to pump it up even larger, but I was afraid it would break. Rather than keeping you completely blind, I put dark lenses in the hood, much like welding glass. You will be able to see a few feet in front of you, but that's all. That wide collar around your neck is padlocked on so don't think any of your friends can get to the laces easily. Otherwise you are completely naked, though I did take a moment to have your pussy shaved.

Oh, and your feet are strapped into ballet shoes. I hope you learn to enjoy walking on your toes, because, for the next two months, you will be wearing them!" He chuckled as her muffled voice tried to complain. "By the way, I lied.

I'm not a gentle master!" He helped her up on her toes and tugged the leash attached to her collar, leading her out into the main room.

Gina was shocked at the sight of the young slave that had evidently lost a big bet. As the handsome man led her out of the back room, she couldn't help but to admire the tall, bound form struggling forward on her ballet shoes. The hood looked to be skin tight, the straps pulled tight enough to mold to the shape of the slave's head. She could tell from the struggles, that walking on her toes was a painful endeavor. The girl took small careful steps, until her new master yanked forward on the leash, forcing her to move quickly to catch up. The long tress of hair, ponytailed and dangling out from the top of the hood, reminded Gina of Monica. She shrugged as other admirers blocked her view and she continued her search for her friends.

Tears welled up from Monica's eyes, only to be absorbed by the hood. She realized she had sold herself into slavery. Fear clenched her heart. She didn't even know this guy. What said he would let her go in two months, much less ever? She knew she was bound and at his mercy. She would have to hope she hadn't seen the last of her freedom.

After what seemed like a long walk, her new master stopped her then put his mouth close to her ear.

I want to make some adjustments here," he whispered. Monica was led into a booth and pushed back into a reclining chair. Her body was quickly strapped onto to the cool metal until she was immobile. Monica tried to lift her head, but she realized it was strapped down as well. Better than on my toes, Monica thought. She could feel some fumbling around her breasts, then a cool feeling at her nipple. Without warning, a sharp pain struck her left nipple. She tried to struggle to get away but the straps held tight. Her new master's face loomed in front of her as she felt another cool feeling at her right nipple. As another sharp pain coursed through her breast, he spoke loudly into her plugged ear.

"I took the liberty of bringing you to the casino piercing specialist. You see, all my slaves are pierced, you are no exception." His laugh faded as he pulled his face away from her, plunging Monica into silence again. Her nipples ached from the punctures and she could now feel the cool steel of her new rings. She was hardly surprised as the metal tool reached into her pussy and grasped her clit. The pain of this piercing out weighed the others, though. As she screamed into her blowup gag and fainted, she knew she could never imagine what further torments were in store for her.

Cindy could not believe the predicament she had gotten herself into. Not only had she failed at the competition but she owed the house \$14,000. Since the debt was large enough and no costume could repay that single debt, she was kept as a slave of the house. At first Cindy tried to argue, then fight, but she was no match for the bruisers that held her. In no time, her naked form was hauled off to the display area, where her arms were swiftly tied behind her at wrist and elbow, and she was fitted with a wide steel collar. A thick chain connected from a short post behind and above her to her collar, holding her body upright on her knees. A spreader bar was fitted between her knees, forcing her to display her pussy to the public, while her ankles were bound together.

A huge ball gag was forced between her teeth and strapped on. A final touch was a blindfold, its padded circles fitting perfectly over her eyes, cutting out all sight. She couldn't see the attendant approach.

"Hello, Cindy," she said softly. " I assume you didn't fully read the release you signed at the door, by the way you were fighting. Let me explain.

If you go in debt to the house for more than \$10,000 with no way to remedy, you become a ward of the house. We have the right to sell you to the highest bidder, who will hopefully satisfy your debt for you. But of course this means you are this person's slave." Cindy was speechless, not that she could have cried out. The ball gag forced between her aching jaws caused her to accept the words she heard in silence. "We have found that most people who go into this severe a debt are hoping to be sold into slavery. I guess it's their kink," a light laugh. " So the rule is that for each \$5,000, or part thereof, you are to be kept for a day in slavery. Of course, we don't enforce that." She laughed out loud as she walked away. Cindy realized she was possibly faced with a lifetime as a slave. She had no control over who purchased her or what they chose to do with her. She tried to struggle but the heavy chain held her to the ground. Tears welled up in her eyes and she began to cry, though only the subtle shake of her chest gave evidence to the public.

End of Chapter 3

Part 4

Despite her success while alone, Gina was starting to worry. She hadn't seen either Monica or Cindy in two hours. In all the excitement of her winnings and the damp feeling she had starting feeling between her legs, she had forgotten she was here with them. She never would have thought she would be so turned on by the many women and men in bondage or latex. Especially the women. She had always been curious, usually about Monica, but had found few other women attractive. It wasn't until she saw them in skintight rubber, collars and chains, not to mention towering heels, that she began to feel a twinge of excitement. In conversation with a young lady at a blackjack table, she began opening up to her. It was then that the concept of a dominant or mistress came up. Now she couldn't help but think about how fun it would be to dominate a woman. She found herself strangely confident in this thought, as if the mindset of being a dominatrix was where she belonged. She could feel the bulge of the nearly \$50,000 in winnings in her handbag. She decided to go looking for her friends and maybe share this revelation.

Monica could feel the man tense as he came, shooting his load of cum down her throat. That completed the round of five men around the table and she dutifully crawled back to kneel beside her new master, licking the cum from her lips. The private room was limited to only those high rollers in the group. For now that consisted of six men, including her master. She wasn't the only slave in the room. Two of the men each had a slave as well, though she was quickly taught not to look around to discover more details. Instead, she stayed in position, sitting back on her crossed ankles, knees spread, wrists crossed behind her back, head bowed. It gave her time to examine the newest additions to her body. She could see the shiny new rings pierced behind her nipples and the thick rods now pierced through the middle of her nipples horizontally. Her freshly shaved pussy now displayed its own sparkling addition. The ring through her clit was dangling lightly between her legs. Through the corner of her eye she could almost see the large ring through her septum, along with a smaller one inside of it. The hood had been removed in the piercing salon and her septum had been fitted with a rubber and metal plating, covering either side of it. A large hole cut through her tissue, leaving a largish hole where the two plates connected. Additional rivets had been driven through her septum and the plate to hold it firmly in place. Now, she had two rings running through the hole in her septum. She could feel their cold steel against her upper lip when she moved her head. Now, she could just see the larger one as it dangled away from her face. The last addition was a ring through her tongue, strangely mounted so a smooth plate was on the top of her tongue whereas the ring extended from the bottom. As she gave each of the five other players blowjobs, she realized why that was the design. It prevented her from hurting anything she sucked on while still providing a ring for a leash or other use.

The men had been playing poker for a half-hour now. Though each had more money than most of the entire collection of partygoers, they chose to use more interesting bets. Her master had bet Monica and his hand had lost, thus requiring her to suck each other player off. She feared any other creative payments as she had seen one slavegirl receive a brutal lashing on her pussy in return for a lost hand. She shivered, not just from her nakedness but also from the cool feeling of her newly acquired cuffs on ankle, wrist and neck. The steel bands had been fitted carefully then riveted on. Their snug fit and seeming permanency caused her to feel more like

a slave. Despite the lack of harsh bondage, Monica felt brutally humiliated and defeated. She was naked, shaved and pierced against her will, cuffed and subdued. She hoped something would happen to make this nightmare end.

With Gina's newfound attitude, she was excited to explore the more unusual games in the room. She felt great in her skin tight leather body suit. The wardrobe man had been so helpful in dressing her in something that made her feel powerful. The suit was accented by knee high leather boots, their six-inch heels making her tower over the floor. She loved the feeling of the short latex gloves and the belt that held several whips for her use. She had even chosen a catlike mask over her eyes, a wonderful touch to her dominating appearance. For the first time in her life, she found herself unzipping the front zipper, letting her breasts push out. She loved how others stared at her body and how the submissives seemed to cower as she approached.

The attendant had heard the story of her success and, after a check for eavesdroppers, told Gina about a private room where she might be able to get away from the crowds. Though it sounded interesting, she was more interested in strutting her stuff for the audience. Maybe later, she thought. Now, she watched as women subjected themselves to various tortures, more often than not failing to meet their end of the bargain and losing. At one booth, she watched as a scared 19-year-old girl was strung up by her wrists, her toes coming off the ground before her ankles were pulled apart as well. Her body was beautiful and fresh, her very large breasts, long legs and long blonde hair making Gina wet inside her suit. The gamekeeper caught sight of Gina.

"Mistress, would you like to administer her lashes," he asked. Gina smiled and took the bullwhip from him.

"What did she do to deserve this punishment?"

"I'm not sure, Mistress. I think she's a gate crasher and somebody wanted to have fun with her." Gina smiled at the thought of this helpless girl before her. She watched as the attendants finished forcing a ball gag in her mouth and strapping it in place, then approached her victim. She ran her hands across the young girl's body, pushing her latex clad hand across her ass, up her back and over her breasts.

She felt down between the girl's legs, pushing her fingers inside her pussy then reached back and pushed a finger in her asshole. The girl jumped and tears began to flow. Gina pulled her finger out and began caressing the girl's breasts. As one hand continued, she reached behind the girl and grabbed a handful of her long blonde hair. Yanking it back hard she simultaneously twisted the girl's nipple hard. Even through the gag she could hear her scream.

"Does this frighten you, little one." She tried to nod but the grip on her hair was too tight. "I may make you my slave after I whip you. Then you can learn to suck my asshole and lick my pussy. Would you like that?" The girl tried to shake her head but only tears were able to answer the question. Gina was flushed with excitement. She had never felt this power before and as she moved back to a good whipping angle, she nearly came as she lowered the first harsh lash across the girl's virgin back.

"Is this a new slave of ours, old boy," one of the gentlemen asked during a break.

"Yes, she is," Monica's master answered.

"She looks so frightened. Maybe we should use her and my slave as a little diversion until we're ready for another game."

"Do as you wish with her, my friend." With that Monica was forced back on her ballet boots and led by a nose leash to a padded platform. The other girl, with long curly red hair and a soft complexion, seemed as frightened as Monica at the plans for their use as entertainment. It was obvious, though, that she had been a slave for quite some time. Pierced similarly as Monica, each hole was lined with a steel jacket, making the rings clink as she moved. The inner sleeve allowed the ring to move freely while providing exceptional strength and support. Other signs showed she had been in captivity for a long time. Subtle crisscrosses of faint scars covered her back, remnants of whippings from days past. Monica had had only one brief experience with another woman. Cindy and she had fondled each other one drunken night, though it never went much farther than that. She wasn't sure if she liked it much, preferring a man instead. But now she realized she would be forced to perform with this slave, despite her feelings on the subject. She could feel the wave of humiliation rising again and the room came crashing in on her. She felt vulnerable again, in her cold steel and nothing else, in front of these strangers. She remembered back to the

start of the evening, how adventurous she had been. If only she would have known that she would end up as a humiliated slave.

A small padded horse was placed in the middle of the platform and the other slave was lifted so that the small of her back rested on the pad. Heavy cables were quickly attached to her wrist and ankle cuffs and a winch was turned, removing some of the slack. Monica was then lifted and laid face down but reverse, so her wrists joined the girl's ankles. Both girls seemed to have very similar measurements, placing Monica's face between the other slave's thighs and the same in reverse. Monica could feel her hair being laced into a ponytail and the addition of a long leather strap dangling from the end. The leather was fed above her, through a pulley and back down between her legs. Careful adjustment was made so that the length held Monica's head just above the other slave's clit. Finally, the other end was connected to Monica's clit ring. She quickly realized she must hold her head up to avoid a painful yank on her clit. She assumed the same was happening to the girl beneath her from the whimpers she could hear. The cables that held their limbs wide suddenly tightened, removing any slack from their bodies until they both cried in pain from the force. Monica's head bobbed down, pulling harshly on her new clit ring and she cried out, forcing her head back up.

"OK, slaves. Here's the task," the other girl's master spoke. "The first slave to bring the other to orgasm will win. The loser will spend the rest of the evening on the punishment pole." Monica had seen the dreaded device earlier. Her master had described its use fully to enhance her fear. It was a simple device. A long, adjustable pole was fitted with a large rubber dildo that increased in width closer to the base. The idea was to force the dildo up the slave's ass, then strap her ankles to a sliding ring around the base, removing any ability to support herself. The huge device would slowly force its way deeper into her anus, causing great pain. Monica had never even had anal sex, and even her doctor's examination was painful. She dreaded the thought of sitting on that pole. But she knew she would be faced with great pain to force her head down far enough to lick this slave's clit. Though her face was close, the four inches to reach would pull mercilessly on her clit. But she had little choice. The other master started the contest with a clap and she could feel the other slave already at work on her pussy. The sensation was amazing. The girl seemed well versed at using her tongue and despite the cries of pain Monica could hear from the

slave, she could tell she was also well trained. Monica would have to hurry to avoid losing in moments. She could already feel a wave of warmth overtake her as her clit responded to the soft touch after the torturous piercing earlier.

Monica forced her head down, screaming out loud as the pleasure was replaced by a searing pain. But she could just reach out with her tongue to taste the hairless pussy. The pull of the strap yanked the slave's clit away from her tongue, forcing her to reach farther. It was an evil game of who could pull harder on their own, as each time one pulled to reach the other, they pulled their own clit away. They could hear the voices of the men in the room as they decided that the slaves needed motivation. Without warning, a wide leather strap swung down on Monica's back, sending lances of pain through her body, her head yanked up automatically as tears burst anew from her eyes. She felt a second blow land and she nearly fainted. The lack of tension on her own clit allowed the other slave to access her entire clit, sucking on it and swirling her tongue. Monica could feel an orgasm building, replacing the pain of the lashes. She dropped her head quickly, managing to encompass the slave's clit in her mouth. The sudden touch caused the other slave to lift her head from Monica's pussy as she moaned in pleasure. Two hard straps to her back brought her face back to Monica.

For ten minutes the torment continued. Both slaves had learned to accept the pain in an effort to win. A whisper across the room brought one of the men over with a new device. The cables slacked slightly and Monica's torso was lifted. A small wood board was set down beneath her breasts and she was lowered back down. Immediately Monica tried to pull off the board.

"I see you like our new addition. This is a board with a series of nail like objects protruding from it. The board is double sided, just for added pleasure. Not that you should be concerned, but the nails will not pierce your skin. If you wish to lose the bet, you will be allowed to force your breasts off the nails. But the pole awaits the loser."

Monica could feel another board added between the other slave's breasts and her stomach. The pain was excruciating. Despite what the masters said, it felt like the nails cut deeply into her skin. Her large breasts compressed against the sharp

objects even when she held herself up. But if she were to go back to attempting to win the bet, she would have to force her breasts down hard on the nails. She was amazed when she felt the slave beneath her reach her clit again. She had been very well endowed, Monica had suspected her master had forcibly increased her breast size, and she could imagine the pain she must be feeling. Already, Monica could feel the nails on her stomach cutting deeply into her. Another wave of warmth spread over her and she knew she was close to losing the bet. With renewed effort, Monica pushed down hard on the board, pulling hard on her own clit to reach the other slaves. Tears flowed heavily as she tried not to scream in pain as she pushed her mouth over the slave's clit. Licking furiously, she learned quickly what technique might bring this other girl to the quickest orgasm. Her breasts felt like they had been pierced a hundred times and she was sure she felt blood trickling down her side. But she continued. It only took a few minutes before the other slave could no longer hold her head in place and she screamed in orgasm beneath Monica.

End of Chapter 4

Part 5

Gina loved being a mistress. She had been offered the 19-year-old as her slave after the brutal whipping left the girl unconscious. She had accepted, having her placed in heavy chains, then led her over to the Port-a-Potties. After finding an available one, she forced the girl to kneel down in the position. The heavy rubber straps encircled her body, locking it into immobility. She loved the panicked look the girl had on her face as she realized what she was about to become. With a devilish grin, Gina made sure the string to the bell was disabled discreetly. New tears sprang from the young girl's eyes as she realized Gina's plan. Without the string to ring the bell, she could not end the ordeal. Gina caressed her body as she sat at the bottom of the toilet, chained into immobility. Twisting her nipple hard she whispered,

“Welcome to your real punishment, slave. I'll be back for you in a few hours.”

With that she released her nipple and fitted the basin funnel into position. Rubber blocks fit between her teeth, forcing her mouth to hold open wide. A rubber and

steel strap fit over her open mouth. The base of the funnel clicked into position, adjusted perfectly to deposit waste onto the girl's tongue. The rubber strap connected to the funnel, sealing its edges to prevent any escape. To test the theory, Gina unzipped her catsuit and squatted over the basin. She could see between her legs as her urine swirled down the clear plastic and into her new slave's mouth. She could hear faint choking but the straps allowed for no motion. With no where to go, the girl was forced to swallow the piss, or leave it on her tongue. Gina watched and after a moment she could see the girl's throat work. She zipped up again and waved to her tortured property. Slipping out of the potty. As she exited, she held the door open for an anxious man, clutching his crotch.

The debt slaves were actively on display now. Their chained and blindfolded bodies were being prodded and poked by various prospective buyers. Cindy couldn't stand to feel these faceless strangers touching her, squeezing her breasts, pinching a nipple. Several had forced their fingers deep into her pussy, testing her tightness, no doubt. She had finally gotten over her panic but now dreaded her fate in the next few hours. She knew she would be sold to some horrible master, or even mistress, who might or might not let her work off her debt then release her. She could tell by the many hands that these owners were not playing a game, but rather taking the selection process much more serious.

As Gina walked away from the toilet, she pulled out the card the attendant had given her. She was getting tired and her feet, unaccustomed to high heels, were ready for a rest. Making her way across the room, she caught sight of the stage and the preparations being made for the auction. On a whim, Gina decided to swing by and see what might be had for the roll of fake money she had in her pocket. As she walked by the bound and blindfolded subjects, she caught sight of something familiar. A card pinned on a pole above a blonde with large breasts was the name Cindy. Gina was shocked to see her friend bound on her knees as a slave for sale. She could see that her nipples had met with some serious torture recently. Perhaps she had done poorly at the games. She smiled at the evil thought that was formulating in her head. She could buy Cindy for Monica and herself. The idea of having Cindy's big breasts to punish, or of forcing Cindy to suck her clit was almost too much for Gina to stand. She knew her friend couldn't see her so she took the chance to run her rubber-covered hands across her friend's form. Cindy gasped

when the cool latex touched her breasts. Gina felt her friend's skin, pushing up on her 38D breasts to feel their weight. Suddenly she grabbed her left nipple and pulled up hard. With a quick twist she dropped the breast back. Sliding her hand down Cindy's stomach, she slipped two fingers deep into her friend's shaved pussy. Then she moved being her and placed her fingers against Cindy's asshole, forcing them in harshly. Gina was wet from the idea of dominating her friend. She pulled out her fingers and quickly removed Cindy's gag. Before she could respond, Gina shoved her fingers into Cindy's mouth, forcing her to suck them clean, then replaced the gag. For fun, she forced the ball even deeper into her mouth and lashed the strap on tighter. As she walked away she smiled.

Monica sat again on her knees beside her master. She had been rebound with her wrist and elbows touching behind her. She could see out of the corner of her eye the results of her victory. The redheaded slave was in pain as she struggled to stay upright on the huge dildo pole stuck up her ass. All the men had taken turns whipping her tits once she was in place, then her master had fed fishhooks through her nipples. Attaching a thin cable to them, it had been fed up through a pulley and back down to her tongue ring. Her only support was the tension between the harsh hooks embedded in her nipples and the strain on her tongue. Her body was a wash of red welts from the brutal whipping. Monica felt bad for causing the girl so much pain, but knew she would never be able to stand the torture the young girl was experiencing. Worse yet, Monica could now see the depths at which her master and his friends played. She had not believed it could get much worse, once the pain of her new piercings had subsided somewhat. Now she was fearful of the future ahead of her.

As the game got under way once more, the door slid open to allow in a new player. She knew she would be punished if she raised her head to look, but Monica could tell it was someone unusual. She watched out of the corner of her eye as two latex clad legs on towering heels sauntered by. The men were quite gracious, holding the mistress's chair for her. Monica could hear the woman's voice now. It sounded strangely familiar, but with a sense of control and dominance that sounded out of place. She knew she had to wait for an opportunity to catch sight of this mysterious woman.

"You just missed the entertainment, madam," Monica's master said. "My slave and that one over there put on quite a show."

"I can see who the loser is," Gina commented. She hid her shock at the tortured young girl. It only took a moment before the sight of her on the pole made her wet again. "But I'm interested in poker."

"Well, you've come to the right place." The cards were dealt and the game begun. For an hour the game and talk bantered back and forth. Gina again proved to be a winner, raking in her share of the pot. Conversation began to wander to other, more interesting topics.

"Madam, I am surprised to see you without a slave tonight," one of the older men commented.

"I do have a slave here tonight, but she is doing her duty at the toilets right now," Gina said. She looked at her newly dealt cards. A possible straight with face cards. She put in \$5,000 to start the bidding. Two others folded at that move but the other three stayed in.

"Please forgive the questions of an old man," he apologized, raising her bid by \$1,500. "Does she enjoy being a toilet?"

"I didn't ask," Gina smiled, matching the raises and asking for two cards.

"She's only 19. She was a gate crasher that was captured. I'm sure she expected to find a concert or something. I don't think she is enjoying herself!" The room laughed at the thought. Monica grimaced at the idea of a young girl being used as a toilet against her will. Gina glanced at her new cards and was secretly pleased. She had gotten her straight. She bet another \$5,000. One man folded but Monica's master raised again. Another \$3,500. Gina was sure he was bluffing and raised him again. Another man folded, "Too rich for me," leaving Gina and Monica's master.

"Let's make this more interesting, what do you say," he asked.

"What do you have in mind?"

“If I win, you become my slave for a week,” he offered, a sly smile on his face.

“And if I win?”

“You can have my slavegirl.” Gina glanced down at her cards and back up.

“Agreed. Call.” The man laid his cards down, face up, showing a straight as well, Jack high. Gina laid her cards down on his. “King high,” she said blandly. The room broke into applause as the others congratulated Gina. Gina pulled in her cash, estimating she had close to \$100,000 now. As she organized her money, she felt a tap on her shoulder. The man held out a chain leash. At the end of it a young girl sat on her knees, face down.

“I believe this is yours.” Gina nodded and took the chain. She reached down and lifted the slave’s chin. Gina was shocked to find Monica. She was amazed at the change she had undergone in the few short hours since they had been betting at the table. She was heavily pierced, and chained, in a wide collar that seemed riveted on her neck. But more than that, Monica’s entire personality had changed. No longer the confident soon-to-be-model, she now looked the role of a true submissive. Even her position was correct; knees apart to show her newly shaved pussy and a shiny ring through her clit, back straight, chin down, ankles crossed. Gina was glad she was wearing her cat mask. She quickly dropped the slave’s chin. As if timed, an announcement came over the speaker system, announcing the impending auction. Gina took the chance and excused herself. She watched as Monica struggled onto her toes shoes, admiring how beautiful her friend’s body looked with the shiny rings adorning her body, then yanked on the leash and headed for the door.

End of Chapter 5

Part 6

The auction was packed but Gina was ushered to special seating at the front of the audience. She loved the looks she got as people admired her body and that of her slave’s. She was flushed with excitement. She had never imagined the night might

end this way, with one of her beautiful friends behind her on a leash and another just waiting to be purchased. She was excited to own Monica for awhile but was more excited at the chance to get back at Cindy for so many years of being treated as a second class citizen. She was just now thinking through the ramifications of what had happened. She would now take advantage of her family money. First she would lease a large house on the outskirts of town, then equip it with a wide selection of dungeon equipment. She was wet again just thinking about the prospects of owning and keeping her friends as slaves. It was all a dream to her, but one that she didn't want to wake up from. As she sat in the chair, she noticed it was strangely equipped with a hole in the center of the pad and a space underneath.

"If I may suggest, mistress," the attendant suggested, motioning to Monica. Gina glanced down the row to another mistress a few seats away and could see how her slave had been "installed" under the chair in a position to service her. Gina smiled at the thought of forcing Monica to suck her pussy while she purchased their friend Cindy as a slave. She nodded to the man and he set about strapping Monica into place.

The crowd gathered quickly to see the sale. They could just see the slaves bound off stage, waiting to be led onto stage for sale. Blindfolds had been removed though ball gags and arm bondage still remained. Each had a leash connected to their collars and an attendant waiting to lead them center stage. Monica could not see Cindy in the long line, but the end disappeared far behind stage. There must have been 20 slaves, mostly female, being sold tonight. The attendant beside her tapped her shoulder and offered her seat again. Gina looked down to see Monaco's face fit perfectly through the hole in the pad. Rather than having to reach with her tongue, her mouth actually stuck up above the pad. Gina unzipped the lower zipper of her catsuit and aimed her wet pussy onto Monica's waiting mouth. As she got comfortable, she was handed a short paddle. She looked down to see Monica's pussy held wide open by a spreader bar between her knees. Her ankles had been bound back to her thighs, giving her full access to the newly shaved crotch of her friend.

"For encouragement," the attendant smiled and said, then walked off. Gina shivered again with excitement. She could feel Monica halfheartedly licking her wet pussy so she gave her pussy a sharp crack with the strap. She could hear Monica grunt

beneath her then redouble her efforts with her tongue. Gina smiled and sat further down on her captive friend's mouth.

The auction seemed to last hours. By the time Cindy was marched on stage, Gina had seen at least 12 slaves, all of which had been purchased for an average price of \$30,000. At the same time, Monica had brought Gina to orgasm at least five times. Each time, Monica tried to stop but the strap ensured she continue. Now Gina slouched in her seat, pushing her asshole onto Monica's tongue, encouraging her friend to push her tongue deep in her anus.

Gina had been tempted twice to purchase another slave. She certainly had enough money and the two slaves were very enticing. The first was a girl seemingly only 16 years old. A shaved pussy and pigtails added to the feeling of youth. But it was the bobby socks and schoolgirl outfit that inspired her to thoughts of ownership. She was excited about owning slaves and thought that a young one might be fun to train. But she passed after a moment of thought. Reality came crashing down on her to a degree. She realized if she were to really keep Monica and Cindy as her slaves, she would have her hands full anyway. She turned to look through the crowd for a moment, catching sight of Monica's old master. She would have to exchange numbers with the handsome man before the night was through. She needed both his experience and strength to properly break the two girls.

Cindy brought about the highest bidding. Her slim waist, athletic form and large breasts seemed to interest quite a number of bidders. Gina won the bid for \$45,000. The auction soon ended and she released Monica to follow her as she went to pick up her new toy. As the two saw each other, Cindy broke out crying, though Monica only lowered her head. She was quickly met by another attendant.

"Mistress, can I assist in transporting your slaves tonight?"

"I don't understand," Gina said.

"We discourage our dominants from simply walking out with slaves in tow. It gives the club a bad name," he said. "I can offer to pack them up and ship them to you later today, if you like." Gina realized it was 2 a.m. now. She had a long list of things to do, starting with leasing the house. She realized she had no place to keep her new

slaves until then.

“Can you pack them and hold them until I call?”

“Certainly, mistress,” he said, making a note on a card. “And would you like soft packing or extreme?” Gina had no idea what he meant, but she was tired of acting like a newbie.

“Extreme, of course,” she said, handing the leashes to the man. He handed her a receipt and led the girls off. It was then that Gina remembered something, heading off through the crowd.

The 19-year-old was delirious. Her stomach had been full for several hours and the basin was full above her. Her mouth was filled with excrement that she could no longer swallow. Her eyes, red from endless crying, were now dry and pained. She no longer had any tears left. When the light cracked once again, she was almost relieved to see her mistress enter the stall. Gina took the available hose and washed her young slave off, then unbound her from the toilet position. The girl was shaky but Gina forced her to stand up as she finished washing her body down. She quickly strapped on a new gag and collar and led her third slave out of the stall.

By the time Gina found the shipping room, Monica and Cindy had been almost fully strapped into their painful positions in the crates. Their large breasts had been used for support. Thin leather straps had been wound around the base of their breasts then the loose ends connected to a ring at the front of the crate. Their long hair was weaved with a piece of leather and the strand was fed through a ring behind them, then pulled taught until their heads were pulled back hard and their breasts were pulled away from their chests. A steel dildo had been fed from the bottom of the crate into each of their asses, with a matching dildo pushed down their throats. They rested in their identical positions, waiting for the final side to be nailed in place. Gina examined them carefully, enjoying the pain they were in. Finally, Gina reached behind her head and undid the mask over her eyes. She peered into the cases, letting recognition cross Monica and Cindy’s faces. At first they seemed relieve but they quickly realized that Gina was smiling. Panic crossed their faces at identical moments.

“Funny how things turned out, huh ladies?” Gina smiled again. “Monica, you’ll be my favorite slave. I sure like how you sucked my pussy and ass earlier. But Cindy, I think you’ll be my practice slave. With you I can learn the art of punishment.” She reached into Cindy’s crate and patted her new slave on the head. “I hope you can stand a lot of pain.”

Gina handed her young slave off to the attendant for similar packing and headed back inside to change. She had a lot to do before she started her life as a mistress.

End of Chapter 6

The End

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