

Mel and the Sadist

Category: Text Stories

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By H. Dean

Synopsis: A sadistic man tells his story of how he met, befriended and turned a girl into a sex-slave.

This is a tale I wrote some time ago. Recently, I re-read it and decided to have it published in the BDSM Library. Of course, I gave it a quick edit. I hope I managed to catch most of my mistakes.

I'm not certain how it compares to my writing these days but, considering the amount of E-Mail I have been getting, I thought it might be enjoyable to find out what my readers thought of this tale. If it is well received I plan to write a sequel that I have had planned for some time now. I just hope it doesn't suck.

Part 1

Let me start my telling you that I am not a nice guy. I am a sadist. I like to watch others suffer and I like to make others suffer. I don't mean that I like to watch people get hurt or to whip someone. I mean that I like to watch profoundly deep emotional and physical suffering.

Outwardly, and as a friend, I am one of the nicest people that you will find. I am

loyal to a fault and I always try to treat others with respect and kindness. However, when it comes to the women that I am with, I like to make them suffer.

The things that I am about to tell you are just a few examples of the type of suffering that I enjoy.

It was about 4 years ago that I met a girl by the name of Melanie. She has been my favorite person to torture over the years. I make pretty good use out of her, too.

Melanie is about five feet ten inches tall. When we met, she had a nice figure - not perfect but nice. Her chest was above average, though I can't speak for the cup size since I never checked. She had a small and rather long waist and her legs are quite long and shapely. Her most striking feature was her surprisingly large ass, being as long and lean as she is. Her hair was also quite beautiful; long, curly and brown, reaching to her waist. All in all, she was quite a beauty.

I met her at an amusement park. She was the girlfriend of one of my buddy's friends. She and I got on rather well and became friends, of a sort. Mostly, I was her "girlfriend". That is, she told me all of her problems and I helped her solve them.

It was about 3 years ago that things changed for us. She called me on the phone asking if she could come over to my place. As it turns out she had just broken up with her boyfriend and was pretty miserable. Of course, I told her to come over. And, I must say, I had no ill intentions or thoughts other than to comfort her as a friend.

That night she complained to me about all the bullshit that is common in relationships. Especially, she complained about the sex. She was 19 years old and not ready to have sex with her boyfriend of 6 weeks. Her boyfriend was not satisfied with just getting blowjobs anymore. It was not a tenable situation. She slept in my arms that night.

It was the next morning, when she and I began talking at breakfast, that I discovered something I had not noticed about her, despite all of our previous conversations. It turns out that she has a submissive streak a mile wide and has given a blowjob to almost every guy that she has dated. She told me she felt obligated.

Of course, I was a bit aroused by this little bit of information. Still, I was her friend and, despite being attracted to her, I felt that I had to be a good guy and let her vent. And so, she told me all of her sexual history.

It really wasn't much to talk about. I learned that she gave blowjobs, hated to swallow cum or even taste it. She couldn't deep throat despite her best efforts and she felt very intimidated by the whole "sex thing", as she put it. Furthermore, she had never had an orgasm and didn't know if she could have one at all. What it came down to was that she did not like sex but felt an overpowering urge to please the man she was with.

Later that night I took her to dinner. We had a nice night at a nice restaurant. We laughed, had a few beers and made general ass's of ourselves. Then we came back to my place. As soon as we sat down on the couch she unzipped my pants and started giving me a blowjob.

Then, as if to prove what she told me earlier about not liking to swallow, she pulled away just as I came. I didn't really mind her pulling away though. I was not expecting to get a blowjob at all.

For most of the night I just held her and listened to her troubles. She cried and told me about all of the things in her life that made her feel inferior and sad and insecure. She rambled on and on about her parents and her ex-boyfriends and the like.' Basically, it was the same bullshit that every teenager feels - at 13 years old. She was way behind the curve emotionally. Fortunately, for me, she was eager to make others happy.

For the next week she stayed at my house, only going to her apartment to get a few things. I didn't pressure her to do anything at all. Still, she gave a blowjob almost every night. I will say that she was quite adept and giving blowjobs but I really hated her pulling away at the last moment. But who looks a gift horse in the mouth?

Finally, she decided she didn't need to stay with me and that she was over the depression and disappointment at the loss of her boyfriend. So, she packed up her few belongings and left for home.

As it turns out, she was wrong about not needing to stay with me. She called me almost immediately after she arrived home. During our brief chat, she told me that she missed me. Then she asked if she could come back 'just for a little while'. I fought her off a bit, eventually caving in.

This was the point in our relationship when my little 'friend switch' kicked over and I slid her into the 'just another chick to fuck with' category. It was the start of a beautiful relationship.

Mel arrived at the door 10 minutes after we were off the phone. As I expected, she began giving me a blowjob shortly after arriving. This time, however, I told her that if she was going to do this that she was going to have to swallow. And when she said "No" I made her stop.

That garnered a predictable reaction ' she cried and complained. Then she let it all out about how inferior she was and how she couldn't please me or any man and all sorts of bullshit that I didn't really listen to. Still, I did the comforting routine, even as the gears were grinding away at ways to take advantage of the situation.

After she calmed down I pushed her head down into my lap and had her suck my cock. As I did so, I told her how she was going to take my cum in her mouth and how she was going to swallow it. Her response was a simple full-mouthed "Mmm, hmm." and a tiny nod.

For the next 30 minutes she sucked my cock. I made her take long slow strokes and then short fast strokes with her mouth. For much of the blowjob I allowed her to use her hands. Other moments she had to hold her hands behind her back as I pushed her head up and down on my cock.

When I came I held her head down on my cock, pulling her all the way down my shaft as I squirted into her mouth. And then, even after I was done, I told her not to move back and to keep sucking without moving anything but her tongue. I watched her grimace around my cock as she swallowed the congealing liquid that she had tried not to swallow.

Finally, after my cock was soft and the fluid had stop flowing from my cock, I

allowed her to pull away. When she started to the bathroom to rinse out her mouth I stopped her. Then I told her that I didn't want her to rinse her mouth. I told her that it was insulting. I also told her that, if she did rinse out, it would be the last blowjob she would give me. As predicted, she stayed put.

The next week or so followed in similar form. She would go home and then return to my house and give me a blowjob.

Eventually, I decided to make better use of her. Blowjobs are nice but they aren't everything. Besides the sadist in me was getting edgy and wanted to come out from under the bed. I wanted to see how much humiliation she could take.

It was about the 7th week of all of this that I told her I didn't want to do this. I told her that we were friends and shouldn't be doing things like this. 'Besides', I told her, 'blowjobs are nice. But I like things a bit down and dirty. I could never expect you to be the kind of woman I need.' I also tied in the quality of our friendship and how I wouldn't want to take a chance at ruining it.

I didn't much care if we weren't friends. I just wanted to manipulate her. Hell, I figured that the worst scenario was that I would still get an occasional blowjob. If, on the other hand, things went the way I expected,' I could take out my sadistic tendencies on her. As it turned out, my sadistic tendencies were a winner.

She began crying. And then she told me how she had come to care for me and needed me as more than a friend. She told me how she liked to please me, even if it meant she had to do things she didn't enjoy, like swallowing my cum when she gave me a blow job. Then she begged me to reconsider us as more than friends. Besides, she explained, we were ideal for each other since we had started out as friends.

It was a load of shit, but what could I do? I had her right where I wanted, after all. And so, I told her not to worry. I told her that if she really wanted to be with me that I would give it a try. I told her a lot of other bullshit, ending it with a simple "...and I hope it won't ruin us as friends." And that is when we started on my little trip down my special, sadistic path.

Almost immediately I started mistreating the poor girl. I didn't beat her or anything.

I just used her guilt, her need for approval and her submissive tendencies to my advantage. I also took care to push her to those areas that she was less than fond of.

One of the first chores I assigned her was to remove all of her body hair. I presented her with a trimmer, a razor, and some very good shaving cream designed to prevent razor burn. She wasn't particularly happy with this arrangement since it meant she had to shave her arms, legs and that lovely little bush between her legs. Still, she shaved without a fight. The one time she missed a spot was the last. The guilt trip I provided her with was enough to make certain of that.

We had a lot of talks early on. She thought it was because I really cared and wanted to be sure about us. She was always worried that I was ready to end things and was always ready to talk. Truth be told, I just wanted to know how far I could push her and how far she had already gone. As it turns out, not only did her personal issues allow me to completely dominate her, but I was also able to drive her into a more needy emotional level.

Putting my control over her to work, one night, I decided to bind her to my bed. She was not happy about it but still suffered it with fair stoicism.

I applied leather cuffs to each wrist and ankle and then applied a nylon strap to the corners of my bed and each cuff. Then I cranked the nylon straps tight, stretching her to the point of pain. In fact, it was her cries of pain that told me that I had tightened her enough. And, though I really didn't care, I asked her if I should loosen her a little, telling her that I wouldn't want to hurt her - not really - and if she really needed me to loosen her up and let her go that I would. Of course, she declined, preferring to please me.

Soon after, I climbed up onto the bed and straddled her face. Already hard, I unzipped my fly and pushed my cock into her mouth, sliding clear to the back of her throat, only pulling back as she gagged. Still, I wasn't easy on her.'

She gagged, coughed and sputtered here and there, tears flowing from her eyes, but I never stopped forcing my cock into her throat. Amazingly, she never stopped trying to suck me. Soon, I filled her mouth with cum, making her choke and cough with a whole new enthusiasm. Watching her cough up my cum was almost comical.

Seeing her suffering, coughing and her face dripping in coughed up cum, excited me further. Generously, I used my cock to wipe the cum from her face and into her mouth. More than anything it spread it all around her face, giving her a sort of glow that can only be achieved with severe discomfort and disgust.

After I was done with her for that moment I dressed and left the bedroom, heading to the living room to watch TV. As I left her, I told her to remain quiet until I told her she could talk again. About an hour later I returned to her stretched body. She was red faced and sweaty. Clearly she was in pain. I could see the tendons in her limbs, tight and straining under her skin. She looked to me as if to ask for release. Still, she said nothing, obeying me as I hoped she would.

I undressed and climbed onto the bed to lie on her stretched body. My body weight combined with the painful bondage must have been terribly painful. Still, she said nothing, whimpering through the pain.

I began rubbing my hardening cock between her legs. At long last, I thrust inside her nearly dry cunt. I fucked her hard, eliciting more pain filled moans. From time to time I climbed off of her to straddle her face and push my cock into her mouth. She grimaced each time, disliking being forced to taste her own juices. As for me, I savored every moment of discomfort that I gave her.

I was near to climaxing after only a short time, knowing how disgusted she was at having to taste her own juices. I must say that the site of her lips wrapped around my cock as I thrust into her mouth was almost too much for me to take. Still, I managed to hold back, wanting to savor this torture.

Finally, after an hour of fucking her pussy and mouth I was ready. Pulling out of her, I grabbed hold of my cock and stroked the rest of my way to climax. Moments later, I was squirting cum onto her belly and chest. When I was spent, I rubbed my cock across her body, spreading my jizz as much as possible.

Finally, I released her from her bondage and let her use the bathroom. I ordered her not to wash her face or anyplace that I had cum. Her look told me that she was not too pleased with the command. The sweat and cum that remained on her face and belly when she exited the bathroom were the evidence of her submission to my

command.'

The next few months played out very similarly. Sometimes I would cum on her body and other times I would cum in her mouth or on her face. Never once was she allowed to clean herself after I was through, always having to spend her night covered in our sweat and, often, my cum.

During that period of time she did manage to learn to take my cock into her throat without choking. I made certain to utilize that to my advantage. Many were the times that I fucked her throat, sliding in and out as if it were her pussy. Though she never complained, it was clear that she never liked having to swallow my cum or have it cover her body for the entire night.

Weekends were the worst for her, I think. On those days I did not have to work so I could abuse her in the mornings. Often, I would pull out of her mouth or pussy and shoot my semen on her face and not allow her to clean it up, forcing her to wear my cum for entire days at a time.

There were even a few occasions when I made her suck my cock in the car on the way to breakfast. Those days I would make certain she had a fresh layer of cum on her face when we entered a local eatery. Sometimes people would notice, especially if she had a particularly large dab of cum on her face. Other times no one would notice. Either way, she was thoroughly humiliated.

The next little perversion that I tried on her was to make her fuck me with her ass. She was not happy with that. She wasn't particularly cooperative, either. Well, at least, not at first.

I was talking to her one night after dinner. She was between my legs giving me my standard after-dinner-blowjob. I was talking about wanting to try different things. That's when I told her that it was time for her to learn to like getting ass fucked.

So, I pushed her away and told her to go get something to lubricate her ass with. That got her to talking fast and hard. She told me how there was no way she was going to let me fuck her ass and she was not about to get any lubrication! According to her, I could just forget about the whole idea!

I think I smiled at her. "I'll be right back, honey" I told her as I left the room, "Be naked when I get back."

A few moments later, when I returned, she was naked, as I had told her. Her eyes grew wide when she saw the can of lard that I was carrying. "What's the lard for?" she asked.

She knew exactly what it was for and I didn't offer anything other than some quiet commands. "I want you to go around to the back of the couch. Then I want you to bend over and grab hold of the couch back. I am going to fuck you up the ass. Do you understand?" I asked.

She nodded 'No' at the same time that she complied with my order. It was funny to hear her tell me how she would not allow me to fuck her ass while complying with my orders.

To be quite honest, I was surprised that I did not have to tie her down. That she was obeying me as she fought was of great pleasure to me. Never before had I been with a woman who was so compliant as she was. Though I had gauged her as being submissive and needy to extremes, I had no idea that she would be so compliant at this stage of the game.

Casually, I walked over behind her and sat the can of lard down on her back. She was rattling on and on about how she wouldn't allow me to fuck her ass and how I 'had another thing coming' if I thought I was going to shove my cock up her ass. But, when I pulled the cheeks of her ass wide and pushed my finger into her ass, she shut up, gasping in shock.

Pulling my finger out of her ass I dipped it into the can of lard, pulling out a large dollop and spread it over her asshole. She gasped again, complaining and telling me that I was not going to fuck her ass "no matter what I thought!"

After greasing her asshole with lard I pushed my finger back into her ass. She pulled her right hand from the couch, toppling the can of lard from her back, and yanked my finger from her hole. She looked into my eyes and told me that that was enough and that she was done with this.

I hardly moved. I merely stared back at her and told her to put her hand back on the couch immediately. She didn't move, still staring me down.

'NOW!' I told her. 'Put your hand back on the couch.'

She looked shocked as she let go of my hand and turned back to face the couch. It was all that I could do to keep from giggling like a child with a new toy.

I bent down and picked the can of lard up, setting it on her back, and continued with my intentions. For the next several minutes I slid my fingers in and out of her ass, greasing her up with more and more lard.

Her constant chatter only increased my excitement as every word from her mouth detailed how I was not going to accomplish what I was, obviously, about to accomplish. All the while, she stood, bent over and grasping the couch in obeisance to my orders.

By the time she was greased up to my satisfaction I was ready to burst. I had been so excited at her protesting cooperation that I was close to orgasm without even getting my cock inside of her.

She was still going on about how she did not want her ass fucked and how she was not going to let me fuck her ass when I pulled the can of lard off of her back and put it on the ground beside her.

Soon as the can was on the floor I began removing my pants. She was still chattering at me about how I could fuck her pussy or her mouth but never her ass. Still, she was bent over, lubricated and ripe for the taking.

I stood behind her with my cock in my lard-covered hand, stroking myself. I looked up from her ass to see her looking back at me rattling on and on. Then, I pressed my cock against her closed and well-greased asshole and pushed in. She stopped talking immediately, sucking in air and throwing her head back and forth.' A sudden "NO!" screamed out of her as I pulled back and began fucking her.

I grabbed her hips and began thrusting in long and slow motions. She looked back at me, tears in her eyes and begged me to stop. 'Please, I'll do anything if you stop' she

begged.

I stopped moving.' Her begging had only made this more enticing but my sadistic streak was aroused again. Standing behind her with my cock in her ass, not moving I told her that if she wanted I would not fuck her ass. Instead, I told her, she could fuck me with her ass.

Then, I slapped her posterior and commanded she begin fucking me. 'Now.' I hissed at her. She sniffed. Then, she bowed her head down to the couch back and started to work.

I watched as her ass slide back and forth over my cock, making it disappear inside of her only to re-appear instants later. I watched the tears flow from her eyes when she would turn her head towards me and beg me to let her stop fucking me. I almost shot my load right there but I managed to hold back, even as she obeyed my command to fuck me harder.

Eventually, I pulled from her ass and walked into the bedroom, pulling her by the hand. Then I lay on the bed and told her to straddle me facing my feet. Once she was straddling me I told her to sit up, take my cock in her hand and slide it in her ass. She did so, crying and begging not to do it. Then I made her fuck me again.

After only a few minutes I had her bouncing on my cock, crying and begging to stop, telling me how much it hurt. Still, I was relentless. Really, there was no way, at this point, that I could have stopped, even if I wanted to do so.

She hated it. She hated thrusting her ass down on my cock. She hated the pain and the degradation of it all. She begged to stop, crying and asking why I would make her do something so painful and awful. And the more she begged and cried the more excited I got.

I made her lay down on top of me and then I rolled us over so that I was on top of her. Now it was me who was fucking her. And then, too soon, it was over. I climaxed hard, jabbing my cock deeper into her ass. She cried out in pain from my sudden spasms that jerked her ass up and down. And then, I filled her ass with cum.

For the next several minutes we didn't move.' Finally, my cock had grown limp and I

rolled off of her. Mel, humiliated and broken, lay still and quiet but for the soft sobs emanating from her.

It's a fine line that people like me walk. People like me tend to humiliate people beyond their boundaries and give them a good mind fuck that is generally damaging to their psyches. The fine line is in the knowing where to stop and how far to push a particular individual. This night, I gambled that I could push further.

She was lying on her side. I noticed that there was fluid coming from out of her ass. It was cum mixed with lard and whatever the hell else resides in there. Softly, I reached out and rubbed my finger in the liquid. Then, I slipped closer, put my arm around her and then slipped that finger in her mouth.

I must have done it 3 times when she finally wondered what I was doing. I will tell you that she was not pleased when I told her. Frankly, I didn't give a rat's ass. I knew that I could do anything to her, at this point, and it wouldn't matter. She needed me and she was going to do whatever I wanted her to do. Tonight had proven her vulnerability to me.

Sure she might protest. But I knew she would not stop me with anything I wanted to do. It's good being a crutch for a submissive woman with an inferiority complex.

Part 2

I didn't fuck her ass for about a week after that first time. I wanted to give her a little time to soak it up. She told me that the whole ordeal made feel ashamed. She told me a lot of other bullshit too. I didn't care. But I did want to work it a bit. So, rather than just jump right back I worked it, telling her there was no shame in what we did, while encouraging her to feel shame in subtle ways.

When I did finally fuck her ass again it was very similar to the first time. She protested and complained. But, in the end ' that's a pun - she still took it up her ass like I knew she would.

Pretty soon, I was fucking her ass every night, despite her protests. And, disgusted as she was by eating cum from her ass the first time, she never failed to eat it when offered.

One of the most surprising twists in our 'relationship' was her lack of fire when I would fuck her ass and then her mouth, alternating back and forth. In fact, there was not even a tiny bit of protest when I began having her clean my cock after cumming in her ass.' That was a bit of a disappointment. Still, I had a little thrill knowing she hated doing it.

I am not certain how long we were in this little routine but it was for a few months, at least. She never liked getting ass fucked or eating cum, whether it was fresh from my cock or fresh from her ass. Still, there was never any more protest than a groan of disdain.

Something that I found interesting was that she could never cum from sex. It didn't matter how long I took or what I did, she couldn't cum vaginally or anally. In fact, she told me, at some point, that she never liked how sex felt and that it always caused her discomfort. The only way she had ever cum was through clitoral stimulus with a vibrator.

I don't have a vibrator. I never bought her one. Really, her admission of her feelings toward sex only made things more enjoyable for me.

Eventually, I decided to try more ways to humiliate her. So, I took her out into my back yard and had her strip. As she was stripping I told her exactly what I was going to do. She protested as heartily as she protested her first ass fucking, even telling me she wouldn't cooperate. Of course, just like that first ass fuck, she did exactly what she was told.

Hands behind her back, mouth agape and tears rolling down her cheeks, she knelt. She was still protesting as she tilted her head back and opened her mouth. A moment later found her choking on a bright yellow stream of piss. She turned away, coughing and sputtering, disgusted at her current state. Then she screamed at me for what I was doing. Sympathy not being a part of my vocabulary, I told her to get back into position and open her mouth. I almost chuckled when she obeyed.

This time she did not turn away. When I stopped the stream and told her to close her mouth and swallow she nodded "No" while closing her mouth."

“Swallow.” I commanded her. Again, she nodded her head in negation of my command. Then, of course, the little tramp swallowed. I think it was easier for her after that because she didn’t bother to protest when I told her to ready herself for another swallow. Instead, she looked at me with her big sad eyes and tilted her head back, opening her mouth to receive her beverage. A few more mouthfuls and she had swallowed a bladder full of my piss. When all was said and done she remained on her knees, tears streaming from her eyes as I hosed her off.

I didn’t bother to comfort her. I didn’t really care how she felt. I did praise her a bit, bolstering her feeling of my approval. Somehow, that was enough for Mel. Somehow, that made everything all right for her. She was one fucked up girl and I was going to fuck her up some more.

A few weeks after her first piss swallowing she officially moved in with me. She held a rummage sale and sold most of the useless items and stored the rest in my garage. I was a bit surprised that it was so easy getting her to move in with me, considering all that she had been through. But, she needed me. I was the only thing keeping her sane. I almost burst out laughing when she told me so.

It was about the fourth week after she began living with me that I had her quit her job. That was the last anyone ever saw of her. At least, it was the last time anyone of her old friends and acquaintances ever saw of her.

As soon as she got home from her final day at work I locked a stainless steel collar on her neck, adorning her extremities with similar steel encasings.’ The only clothing she was allowed to wear at home, from that day forward, was some red stiletto heels. Those were a requirement.

She learned very quickly how handy it was to have her in permanent restraints. The first night in her cuffs I bound her to my bed. Her wrists were locked to my headboard and so were her ankles. She received her first beating, followed by a good hard ass fucking. She cried had that night but I never let up, nor did I have mercy on her. When I came, pushing my cock into her mouth, I commanded she hold the viscous liquid in her mouth. An hour later she was allowed to swallow it down.

A month or so into living together she asked if she could have a serious talk with me.

Of course, I agreed. During this talk she explained how she really did not like being fucked or giving blowjobs but that she understood that it was a necessary part of any relationship. She said she didn't much care for the bondage either but that she could endure it fairly easily. Also, she told me that she detested getting ass fucked and swallowing my piss. Then she had the audacity to ask me to please not fuck her ass or make her swallow piss anymore.

I told her that I understood. And I told her that I sympathized with her. Basically, I told her all of the bullshit that she needed to hear from me. Then I told her that I needed everything that I was doing to her and more. I told her I was likely to put her through worse ordeals.

Finally, I dropped the anchor on her head when I told her that I understood that she was leaving me and that I didn't blame her. We could remain friends if she wanted to do so and I would never have any bad feelings for her.

I would have gagged at the things I was saying, had I meant any one of them. But, I am a manipulator and cared only to have my own interests and lust satisfied.

As I predicted, she did not want to break up with me and she loved me and needed me and blah, blah, blah. Basically, I now had free reign to abuse her in any way I wanted because she understood that I had "unusual" needs.

Besides, she told me how she knew that I needed and loved her and I was only taking out my aggressions on her as a result of some 'deeply repressed emotions'. It was like I was writing her lines for her.

The next weekend she spent sucking my cock and swallowing cum and piss. The only time when her mouth was not on my cock was when she was using the bathroom or getting something for me. As for me, I hardly moved that weekend. It's nice not to have to leave the couch to piss.

As the months went by we settled into a nice routine. I would go to work every day and she would clean the house. When I arrived at home she was expected to be kneeling by the door with her hands behind her. As soon as I sat on the couch she was expected to unzip my fly and service me. After that she would fix us dinner and

we would talk for a while ' she always wanted to talk. The rest of the evening was up in the air, as were the weekends.

Some time after we had settled into our routine I had an idea hit me. So, I sallied out into my garage and began designing a model for a new toy that Mel would hate. When I finally had the design laid out I put my sweat to it. Soon, I had a full working model that was ready to install in my house.

I am sure that she was curious about what I was doing, pulling up some carpet near a wall and then drilling holes in the floor beneath. I never told her what I was doing, she would find out soon enough. Once my preparations were finished I began installing my newest creation.

I bolted the round base to the floor. Then, I attached the platform to the base. It was round and about 2 feet in diameter and had a short rod jutting out of it with a small hand crank to adjust the rod's length. Attached to the short rod was another, thicker rod that had a small banana shaped seat at the top. Protruding vertically from the 'seat' was a short threaded post. To this I attached a six-inch phallus. I can't tell you the diameter but I can tell you that the bottom three inches of the phallus was as big around as a Coke can. The top four inches as big around as a half dollar, tapering into the larger section.

Once I had the device assembled I told Mel to step up on to its base. Slowly and rather mournfully she approached, asking me for mercy after she realized what it was for. Once she was up on the base I backed her to the phallus that jutted from the tiny seat and began turning the crank at the bottom of the post.

Soon, the phallus was inside her ass with the thickest part just beginning to force entry. She squirmed and begged me not to make her take the thick part in her ass. For a change, I was merciful. I told her that she did not have to take the thickest part up her ass but that she would have to endure standing here for the next hour or so.

I don't think I have to say that she was a bit relieved. The phallus, at its thickest point, was rather large and likely to cause her a bit of pain. Too bad her relief was so short lived.

I stood back for a moment and admired how she looked standing on this 'display stand', as I quickly named it. She was quite lovely standing with her legs slightly apart, a long rod pushing up from her feet and disappearing into her ass.

Of course, I was not satisfied and had no intentions of leaving her like this. It was too easy. So, I had her lift her left foot so I could remove her red stiletto. After releasing that foot I performed the same task with the other foot. That was when she discovered that, in order to keep the thick portion of the phallus from entering her ass, she had to remain on her toes.

One of the things that I liked most about my little invention was that it was a relatively safe little gadget. It was also not an easy thing to escape from, even with free arms. The phallus extended far enough into her ass to keep her from being able to jump from it. The tiny seat would keep her from sliding down too far, thus preventing injury. Finally, while the seat was big enough to keep her from injuring herself, it was too small to aid in her escape.

After only fifteen minutes of standing on her toes she was sweating profusely. It was clear that her calves were burning and that she would soon give out. Still, she fought the inevitable, detesting what was already filling her ass while fearing what would be in her ass.

After only thirty minutes she was flat footed and fully impaled on the thickest part of the phallus. She stood crying, begging me to take her down. I only smiled as I sat on the couch and flipped on the TV.

After about three hours, I took her down. She collapsed into my arms the moment she was free. From there, I carried her into the bathroom and showered with her.

Once clean I took her to bed, locked her hands together and to the headboard for the night. Then, I rolled her to her belly and fucked her sore ass, rolling her over to cum in her mouth. She uttered not a word and put up no fight, only moaning a bit when I fucked her.

She has since gotten used to the stand. It is a daily ordeal for her. From time to time I enlarge the size of the phallus. She is well capable of taking in a phallus the size of

large beer bottle. She still doesn't like it, but she does it for me 'because she knows I need her'.

I guess the human mind can rationalize anything.

I guess, it was about a year into living together that I started parading her around a couple of my friends. Actually, it was her choice to parade around them. Previously, I had put her in the bedroom on the display stand until my friends had left. When I gave her the choice of being naked in front of my friends or enduring the display stand for hours at a time, she chose against the stand. It was an unhappy choice, but it was relatively easy for her.

Since she was out and about, in her heels, I determined to make good use of her. She was required to serve us by getting us drinks or food or whatever suited us at the moment.

Initially, my friends were a bit uneasy around her. They weren't exactly sure what to make of it or how to treat her. After only a few times of enjoying her parading around, they became more comfortable with the situation and hardly gave her a thought except as a servant they could feel up.

It was soon after that when one of my friends mentioned how lucky I was to have a girl like her. He told me that he dreamed of having a girl that he could control the way I did. So, I rented her to him for a day. For only two hundred dollars he could do whatever he wanted to do to her. My only stipulation was that he couldn't hurt her or leave any marks.

When I revealed my plan to Mel she was furious. After a short talking to and a few tears, she became more agreeable. All it took was an 'I don't know why I want this, but I do' and an 'It will make me so happy'. Before long, three of my friends were regular customers, using her for menial chores and to fuck and humiliate.' Meanwhile, I was making a few extra bucks.

I had her down pat. She was eager to please, suffered from feelings of inferiority and she loved me. Besides, she told me that I would eventually see how much I loved her and that what I was doing to her was wrong. Eventually, she knew that we would be

married and have kids and all of this would be forgotten.

Too fucking easy, if you ask me.

After relating his story to his friend, he hatched a new idea to make more money off of the hapless girl, while further humiliating her. After a few phone calls he was quite satisfied at the expected windfall of money. His idea was, after all, not particularly common north of the Mexican border.

Once word got out, it was all a matter of setting a date and time, while making certain not to overbook the planned show. The night of the show, his house was teeming with men of various ages, each one eager to fill a curious and prurient need.

The room was well lit but not harshly so. In a corner in the room stood a girl dressed only in red stiletto heels. Her breasts were ridiculously large and her waist was almost too small for a woman of her height. It was quite apparent, to all present, that the post that run from between her legs and disappearing between her legs, was lodged in her ass.

Pointing to where the girl was standing, he told the men of his handiwork. 'The platform on which she stands was designed and constructed by yours truly. It is impossible for her to escape from it without assistance. And, yes, for those of you who are unsure, it is firmly planted in her asshole. If any of you want one, let me know.'

Then, he walked to the girl, knelt down and removed her shoes. 'It's a bit thicker at the base and, when I remove her shoes, she has to stand on her toes to keep from stretching her ass out even more than it is already. She hates this, you know?' he said, grinning. 'No matter how many times this thing has sunk into her ass, she fights it. It's quite enjoyable to watch.'

They all watched the girl struggle to keep from sliding further down onto the phallus. Before long she was sweating and grimacing as she fought the inevitable. Ignoring her struggles, he continued describing the girls plight to the staring men.

"I had her breasts enlarged from whatever size they were to this ridiculous basketball size." he told them. "The reason her waist is so small is because I had a couple of ribs removed, as well. I sort of have a fetish for extreme femininity to the point of freakishness."

The room was silent as they watched her struggle on the pole. Eventually, she began to lose her battle of resistance and started sinking down onto the thickest part of the phallus.

"Tonight, I have some fun plans, as you know", he told the men. "Tonight, for the first time, she is going to enjoy the pleasures of animal sex. In a few minutes, this girl and two dogs will be making 'animalistic love. I hope you all enjoy it as much as I will.'

Mel snapped to attention when she heard what he was saying. Unfortunately, she could not find it within herself to fight against his plans. She had tried before and failed. This would be, she knew, another such event. She resigned herself to be a dog fucker. Even running through her mind how it might look.

Stepping up to her, he slid his hand against her cheek, smiling. 'I'm sorry, I don't know why I need this, but I do', he whispered.

Tears rolling down her cheeks she smiled a pain filled smile and whispered 'Please don't make me fuck the dogs.'

He grimaced slightly and then smiled. 'It's what I want, darling', he said. Then he turned around and checked his watch, assuring the audience that the dogs would soon arrive.

By the time the dog trainer arrived Mel was standing flat footed. Her ass was thoroughly stretched and she was in quite a bit of discomfort. Despite her discomfort, she could only think of the beasts that had entered the room.'

As the dogs were paraded about the room, her mind went into an angry frenzy and she determined to free herself from this horrible scene. Her voice croaked out a near silent demand to be freed. Then, as before, she realized that it was hopeless. She could protest all she wanted. In the end, however, she would commit this heinous

act. She could not resist him; it was not within her power. Disgusted with herself, she decided that it was a just punishment for one so weak as her.

Suddenly, she was free. The phallus had been removed from her ass and she could move freely. She stepped from the stand and immediately fell to her knees, her legs giving out.

'Mel', his voice said. 'Mel, I want you to crawl over to the bench the trainer brought. Get on that bench and lie on your back.'

Looking up through the dark cave of her hair, she nodded grimly. Moments after taking her place atop the bench, her legs were pushed up so that her knees were at the sides of her enormous breasts. A wide leather strap was then wrapped around each thigh and secured to the bench, holding them in place. Above her head, hands were grasping her ankles and pushing them down so that her legs were straight and she was completely doubled and straining at the bondage.

A strange voice made a sound. Suddenly, she felt the weight of the animal. He was large and black and his legs wrapped around her. On command she reached to the dogs cock and guided him into her sex. In an instant, the large beast was pounding her hard, grunting with every thrust.

As the moments passed, he began thrusting harder, his excitement heightening. With a sudden jerk, the dogs knot pounded inside of the girl, stretching her to the point of pain. Then she felt the warmth of the beasts ejaculate as he pumped into her.

She was reeling at his orgasm, her humiliation growing as she felt herself being filled. She was a dog fucker ' an animal lover. How could she sink so low as to allow such a thing? She closed her eyes, basking in the horror of her life. Then, with a sudden jerk, the dog had left her.

She opened her eyes to see the face of the man she loved. He was smiling at her, telling her what a good girl she was and how she was pleasing him. His words were little comfort, though they did ease her humiliation.

Then, as suddenly as her first lover had left her, another was upon her, pressing his

heavy furry body against her. He was thrusting wildly, trying to find his mark. This time she was commanded to guide him into her ass. Without word or thought, she obeyed. Immediately, the dog began pumping his cock into her ass, brutalizing her stretched hole.

He had been inside her for only minutes when she felt a pop. Pain rippled through her and she knew that his knot had pushed into her ass. He gripped her tighter and thrust deeper and she knew that her ass must soon tear under his efforts.' Then, as before, she felt him fill her with his hot semen ' dog semen. Finally, the dog stopped his thrusting and became still but for occasional jerks. Then, impatiently, he pulled free, his knot bringing a painful pop to her, once again, as he withdrew from her ass.

After a few minutes of rest, she was assaulted again and then again and again. Finally, after what seemed like a hundred assaults, she was released from her bonds and left on her knees beside the bench.

At the foot of the bench was a wide and shallow bowl. She hardly noticed its presence until she heard his command. "Get over there, Mel. Clean up that dog cum.'

Looking at the bowl, she began crying, disgusted by what she was about to do. 'I can't' she whispered, even as she crawled to it. Then, lowering her head into the bowl, she began the task of cleaning the viscous liquid from the bowl.

Later that evening, after he had taken the time to bathe her, he held her in his arm. His words were soft and kind, praising of her actions. She cried, disgusted and humiliated at what she had done. Still, despite all that she had been put through, she felt happy that she had pleased him, certain that her terrible ordeals were near to ending.

It was, however, only the beginning for her. Her very next audience was granted the privilege of watching her suck her very first dog cock. They were also witness to his edict that her pussy was no longer of any use to man or beast. Never again did he allow any one, or any thing, to enter her pussy. Still she served. And much to her dismay it became easier with each occasion.

On those rare moments when she had a reprieve from his perversions, she would reflect on her life. It was those times when she would steel herself to leave him. She thought it bad enough that he had made a whore of her. To be a whore for animals was beyond thought.

To be sure, she hated everything about her life except for him. And since she loved him so much, she felt that she had to endure the terrible things that he put her through. She knew, deep down, that he needed her. She told him so many times. Eventually, she knew, he would see the error of his ways and make up for all of the heartache and humiliation that she had suffered for him. It had to be that way's how could it be otherwise? Never was anyone so wrong.

He never batted an eye when, three years later, he told her that they were though. She was too freakish for him with her ridiculously oversized breasts and miniature waist. 'Besides, how can I ever respect or love someone who fucks animals?'