

Survival - By Thunder
Chapter One

Vicky was a striking woman, respected by her peers at the prestigious law firm. She never failed to catch the men in the office admiring her 5'10" athletic body she worked so hard on. She needed the attention to re-assure herself that she had not lost her appeal. At 45, she was starting over again since her husband Jim of 18 years was killed in an automobile accident a year ago. Now, she was alone to raise their only daughter Megan. Megan, at 17 is a mirror image of her mom. She is tall, long blond hair, ample breasts, but not as large as her mothers still perky 38D's. Both were proud of their long, shapely legs. Both Vicky and Megan could share the same jeans with a 34" inseam. After their loss of Jim, they grew closer together and became more like close friends than mother and daughter. Megan helped Vicky stay young in appearance by suggesting a more revealing style of dress. Megan suggested skirts a little shorter than normal, blouses that enhanced her large breasts, stylish hair makeover and even talked her into wearing higher spike heels again to make her legs more attractive.

After winning a very important civil case recently, Vicky was being considered for a partnership in the firm. She was presented with a large cash bonus for her hard work on the case. She also received a pair of tickets to the Bahamas for her and Megan to enjoy a two week vacation. The bonus and vacation was a welcome adventure for Vicky since she had not really had an opportunity to enjoy life since the accident.

Megan was delighted as well and started planning their fun. The first trip was to the swim wear shop for new bikinis. At Megan's insistence, Vicky tried on a skimpy thong bikini with a half cup demi style top with push up pads that made Vicky look even bigger with lots of cleavage. Vicky almost put her foot down but Megan prevailed and she bought the outrageous little thing just to appease Megan. When they got home, Megan insisted on seeing what it really looked like on her mom. When they both tried on their new purchases to model for each other, it was very evident that a bikini wax was needed for both. They giggled together and talked about just shaving completely instead of the pain of a wax.

Megan didn't hesitate and ran off to perform the task at once. Vicky went into her own bathroom and drew a nice hot bath. After soaking for a while, she decided to go through with it and picked up her razor. A few minutes later, Vicky held a hand mirror in proper position to admire her handy work. She was surprised at the feeling of arousal she had just looking at her nakedness. Nothing to hide her charms now. She was having some very naughty thoughts of the men at the office trying to peek up her skirt and getting an eye full of what she was admiring in the mirror. She knew it would drive them wild. She mused a bit about the suggestion Megan kept making about getting rid of the suffocating pantyhose and going for the lace top thigh high stocking she and Megan had discovered at Victoria's Secret. Megan had purchased several pair and told Vicky how wonderful they felt. Vicky made a mental note to pick up a few pair for the trip.

After the bath and shave, Vicky went into the kitchen to fix some dinner and Megan

came in to help. Like a school girl, Vicky would look at Megan and just start giggling and laughing about both of them now being even more alike with bald pussies. They ate dinner and then got down to the serious part of planning for the trip.

Three weeks later and it was the day of the big vacation. Everything packed and ready to go, they went to the airport in a limo. They were both dressed like twins and fairly hard to tell apart. Both wore a white satin, button up the front blouse, black skirt that stopped at mid thigh, identical heels, and for Vicky, her new thigh high stocking and frilly panties. At the airport, the driver came around to open the door for them. Megan was the first out and Vicky was shocked to see Megan slide one leg out first and was obviously giving the driver a good look up her skirt. He had a smile a mile wide. Vicky got out and kept both legs together and could tell the driver was disappointed as soon as his smile disappeared. As soon as they got in the airport, Vicky asked Megan what she thought she was doing. Megan just replied for Vicky to lighten up and this was a vacation and they were supposed to have fun. Attracting men's attention was fun. Vicky made an off hand comment that she hoped the driver liked the panties Megan had shown him. Megan just smiled at Vicky, put her finger to her cheek and said innocently, "what panties?" Vicky smacked Megan on her bottom in a playful manner. Arm and arm, they went off to the ticket counter with the sky cap and bags following close behind admiring the sight of these two exceptional women.

The flight was long but uneventful and they were met by a limo driver to take them to their hotel. Megan pulled the same stunt with the new driver and Vicky sternly warned Megan against causing such an attraction that would get them in trouble. Megan just giggled.

They got to the hotel and were very pleased at the upscale surroundings. They were shown to their spacious two bedroom suite and Megan kept running between the bedrooms trying to decide which one she wanted while Vicky took care of the bell hop that delivered the baggage. Megan chose her room and went off to put on her bikini and told Vicky to get moving so they could hit the pool before dinner and soak up some rays. Vicky went to the empty room and changed. After admiring her body in the mirror for a few minutes she felt good about the way the new suit flattered her figure. She had never been in public before wearing a thong and was a bit self conscious about sporting her ass cheeks for the world to see. She stood there for a few minutes, looking at her rear end in the mirror and decided she worked hard for what she was looking at, she might as well show them off. She met Megan at the door and off they went.

They found lounge chairs by the pool and each took turns rubbing sun screen on each other bodies. Vicky felt a bit awkward standing there with Megan seeming to take extra time rubbing lotion on her ass cheeks. Megan was making them bounce and dance by rubbing back and forth and up and down almost as if to show her mom off to anyone that wanted to see her firm ass cheeks. Vicky finally pulled away from Megan and spun around to see Megan grinning up at her with a devilish look in her eyes. Megan giggled and said, "C'mon Mom, flaunt it, you got it."

They both lay on the lounge chairs and enjoyed the sun. It felt so good to be warmed to the bone and the oil just made their skin tingle with vitality. Vicky had thoughts of wishing Jim could be with them to enjoy the rewards of her hard work. Vicky must have fallen asleep because she was startled when a waiter from the bar asked her if she wanted a drink. She ordered an alcoholic drink served in a pineapple for both her and Megan. Vicky was allowing Megan to drink every so often to show her how to drink responsibly.

After they finished their drinks, they decided to go up to their rooms to get ready for dinner. They showered and dressed for dinner in the dining room. Megan pleaded for just one more exotic drink in the pineapple and Vicky called room service and had two more sent to the room while they finished getting ready.

Room service knocked and Vicky came out of her room to answer the door and was shocked to see Megan had already let the waiter into the room. Megan was just holding a towel in front of her and didn't even have it wrapped around her naked body. When Vicky saw this she called Megan's name out loud and Megan turned to face Vicky, exposing her naked ass to the waiter. Vicky was a bit angry and told Megan to leave the room. Megan walked into her bedroom but didn't cover up her backside as she went. Vicky shot the waiter a stern look when she caught him admiring Megan's ass.

When the waiter left, Vicky took the drink into Megan and scolded her about the dangers of flaunting it too much that it would do nothing but get them into trouble. They sipped the drinks and finished dressing. Megan put on a short white pleated shirt, dark red silk blouse and matching red pumps with a moderate heel. At Megan's instance, Vicky was dressed the same, even to the thigh highs that Vicky had to admit were comfortable. Vicky insisted Megan wear panties this time and though pouting, she put on a pair of red lacy thong panties.

As they were about to leave, there was a knock on the door. There stood the same waiter holding two more drinks, apologizing for his rude behavior earlier and said the drinks were on the house. He set them down and retreated in a hurry leaving the two women looking at each other. Vicky shrugged her shoulders and said 'what the hell' and handed the squealing and jumping Megan another pineapple drink. They took the drinks to the balcony to admire the sunset and sip their drinks.

About half way through the drink, Vicky started feeling dizzy. She looked at Megan and saw Megan's eyes half closed and her pupils dilated. Vicky knew they were in trouble and instinct took over. Vicky stood and tried to walk into the living room area to call for help. Her legs just didn't want to move. As she staggered into the living area, frantically looking for the phone, she looked up to see the door open and four men enter. The waiter that had brought the drinks was one of them. She tried to speak but lost consciousness.

Vicky woke with a crashing headache. Disoriented, her eyes started to focus in the dim light. As she was coming to full consciousness, she realized her hands were above her head for some reason and tried to pull them down. She froze in panic when she realized she couldn't free her hands. As she moved and tried to free herself, she realized her

muscles were sore when she tried to move. She thought she must have been hanging there for quite some time to have made her sore. As her eyes began to focus more, she realized she was facing Megan who was hanging by her wrists less than five feet away. Megan's hair was disheveled and covering her face. There was a puddle at Megan's feet and Vicky knew she must have lost control of her bladder in her drug induced sleep. Vicky wanted to go to Megan and hold her and make every thing OK but she knew she had to keep her wits and survival instincts sharp. There would be time later for consoling.

Vicky heard a door open behind her and spun around to confront the threat. A small, well dressed oriental woman and a large, rather ugly man entered together. The pair walked across the room and stood on either side of Megan so they faced Vicky. The oriental woman finally spoke after surveying the puddle under Megan. She told Vicky her name was Mistress Kim and that Vicky and the little kitten that needed house breaking was now her property. Vicky asked what that meant and Mistress Kim replied she had purchased Vicky and Megan from a slave trader from the Bahamas. When Vicky insisted on knowing where they were and when they would be released, Mistress Kim just laughed and walked up to Vicky.

Mistress Kim was quite a bit shorter than Vicky but she looked up at Vicky with an evil look and just reached out with her delicate small hand and stroked Vicky between her legs. Vicky was appalled and drew back from the assault. Mistress Kim snapped her fingers and the ugly thug knelt behind Vicky, grabbed her ankles and roughly spread them apart. Mistress Kim again reached out her hand and slipped it under Vicky's short skirt. Vicky tried to move away from the unwanted touch but could not. Mistress Kim smiled up at Vicky and said, "get used to being touched, that is what I bought you two for".

Vicky almost passed out with rage at being touched in this manner. Mistress Kim went on to explain that Vicky and Megan were now the property of Mistress Kim's sex club in Thailand. The clientele would pay big bucks to spend intimate time with such a tall striking blond. Vicky struggled and wept at the cruel words Mistress Kim was speaking. This was just too much to take and Vicky lapsed back into unconsciousness.

The next time she woke, she was in a different room, sitting in a chair. She was alone in the small room. She checked herself over and she was still dressed as before, nothing wrong. But then she felt the metal collar around her neck and the pad lock holding it in place. A long chain was lying on the table next to her. There was also a small ear piece like a hearing aid on the table. Next to the table was a TV monitor. She called out to see if anyone was there. No one responded.

A long time went by, or at least it seemed like a long time. Vicky jerked in surprise as the monitor snapped on like magic and Mistress Kim was on the monitor. She was seated and was talking into the camera like she was just chatting with Vicky like they were old friends. Vicky was repulsed by the woman, remembering the stroking Mistress Kim had given her just before she passed out again. Mistress Kim explained to Vicky that she was

going to go on stage in a few moments and do her first live performance. Vicky shot back something like when hell freezes over.

Mistress Kim smiled gently and snapped her fingers. The camera lens swung wide to the left and the new image shocked Vicky to her toes. Megan was still hanging from her wrists with the ugly thug standing very close. The camera swung back to Mistress Kim and zoomed in for a close up of her face. Mistress Kim stared into the camera and her whole face seemed to warp into something evil. She spat the words out to Vicky that if Vicky did not do exactly what she was told to do and without hesitation; the little virgin of a daughter would lose her virginity to the ugly thug just waiting to take care of the deed.

Vicky got so angry she was red in the face, her fists clenched in rage. Mistress Kim changed her demeanor back to the sweet gentle voice and asked Vicky to pick up the ear piece and put it in her ear. Vicky got the ear piece and stuck it in. Mistress Kim spoke into a microphone and Vicky could hear the awful voice in her ear as if the evil woman was inside her head. The TV monitor went black.

The ear piece crackled and Vicky heard the voice tell her to stand up, face the wall and place her hands against it. Vicky did as she was told and she heard the door open. Two large men came in and took her by the arms and on the way out the door; one of them grabbed the chain from the table. Vicky was taken to a dimly lit area that was pretty large with a curtain on one side of the room and a table at the other side against a wall. There was a curious metal pole mounted in the middle of the room.

The two men took Vicky into the center of the room and locked one end of the chain with a padlock to the metal collar around her neck. With that done, one of the men got a step ladder and climbed a few rungs to reach a hook suspended from a long wire that went to the ceiling. When Vicky looked up to see what was going on, she saw large lights suspended from the ceiling, the type used in stage productions. How odd Vicky thought. The men then wheeled in a large TV monitor and placed it up next to the large curtained wall and about ten feet to Vicky's left. The monitor sparked on and the image showed poor Megan still hanging there with the thug standing next to her. This time, the pig had his cock out, stroking it with one hand and squeezing Megan's breast with the other. Vicky screamed only to hear the ear piece bark the order to shut up.

Mistress Kim explained in a firm tone that Vicky would perform exactly as she was instructed to do or the ugly thug would rape both of Megan's virgin holes while Vicky was forced to watch the monitor. Vicky stiffened and agreed by shaking her head. Mistress Kim's voice ordered Vicky to stand facing the curtain with her legs apart and her head bowed. When Vicky complied, the curtain parted and blazing lights blasted her in the face.

A roar went up from a crowd of men somewhere in the room. The lights were so bright Vicky could not see them. She held up her hands and the ear piece barked to get her hands away from her face. In shock, Vicky dropped her hands immediately.

The ear piece talked to Vicky's brain and ordered Vicky to remove her panties. Vicky hesitated and looked in fear at the monitor. The thug reached under Megan's skirt and ripped the red lace panties off her helpless body and held them up for Vicky to see. Vicky started to tear up and reached for the hem of her skirt. As she was raising the hem, the ear piece told her not to raise it too high and give the crowd a look too soon. Vicky awkwardly peeled the thong panties from between the cheeks of her ass and dropped them on the floor. She was immediately ordered to pick them up and throw them into the audience. As she started to reach for them, the chain attached to her collar stopped her short and damn near choked her.

She stood back up and screamed, "HOW"! The ear piece told her to use her imagination and be quick about it. Vicky put the toe of her shoe under the panties and kicked them into the audience. The crowd cheered loudly.

The ear piece ordered Vicky to take off her blouse and bra. Vicky froze and more tears welled up. Through the haze of tears, she could see the monitor and was horrified to see the thug ripping poor Megan's blouse to shreds. Vicky wailed but started to unbutton her blouse. The crowd cheered again.

As Vicky was letting the blouse slide off the last arm, the ear piece barked, "in the crowd, throw it NOW". Like a zombie, Vicky tossed the blouse in the crowd. She could hear the mad scramble for it. The ear piece barked for the bra next and Vicky glanced at the monitor and saw poor Megan had already lost her bra and the thug was pawing both naked breasts. Vicky screamed again and in one quick movement, unhooked the bra and flung it away. In an act of involuntary modesty, Vicky folded her arms across her breasts. The ear piece barked an evil hiss into her brain, "stand up straight you cunt and let them look at your tits." Vicky was so shocked at this command and the way it was said and the language used, she stood up straight like she had been shocked. Her hands now at her sides, the crowd hooted and cat called yelling for her to bounce her tits for them. The evil ear piece cooed in her ear, "give them what they want slut, bounce your tits for them".

Vicky glanced at the monitor again and tried to squeeze the image away by shutting her eyes tight. The thug was mauling Megan's breasts. Vicky was sure there were going to be bruises on poor Megan. She sucked in a breath and slowly started to hop up and down to make her breasts bounce for the creatures in the crowd. A roar went up again. Vicky thought she would die of humiliation.

The ear piece cooed the evil hiss again and ordered Vicky to remove her skirt. Vicky reached for her skirt and at the same time looked at the monitor. The thug was stripping Megan's skirt from her. Vicky wailed "I'm doing it" but it was too late. Megan was hanging there now with only her thigh highs and heels. Vicky was almost blind with rage and kicked her skirt into the audience. There was another scramble to capture the discarded skirt. More cheers, more humiliating cat calls. Then Vicky suddenly remembered the shaving she had given herself and how exposed she was at that moment.

She wanted to desperately to conceal her nakedness from these creatures yelling for more.

She could barely see the monitor through her tear filled eyes but she was horrified in a new way to see the thug kneeling between Megan's dangling legs, attaching a long spreader bar between her ankles. Poor Megan looked so helpless and so naked with her hairless crotch. The thug leaned in close and stuck his tongue out and gave Megan a big lick right between the legs. Vicky went wild with rage.

The evil ear piece hissed again and ordered Vicky to the table at the back of the stage. Vicky found a pair of black high heels with ankle straps. The damn heels were so high Vicky thought there was no way to sand up in them. The ear piece told Vicky to put the shoes on and walk back to the center of the stage.

With some difficulty, Vicky got the shoes on and walked back to center stage to face the creatures on the other side of the blinding lights. The ear piece told Vicky to spread her legs, squat a little and to masturbate for the crowd. Vicky was already anticipating this is what she was going to be ordered to do so she didn't hesitate, she just did it. Like a zombie, standing center stage, she was numb to the reality she was standing in front of unknown number of yelling screaming men and masturbating her shaved crotch for them. Oh why did she ever give in to Megan? Well, she thought, if I'm going to save Megan's virginity, I better get to it. She closed her eyes and tried to block out everything around her. She almost managed to get into a blank zone and the ear piece barked for her to stop. She did and stood up but still faced the crowd. The ear piece told her to get her nipples hard and she reach up without thinking and twisted them erect. There was no think about the consequences now. She had to do what they wanted. Saving Megan became the ultimate.

The ear piece hissed again and told her to go back to the table and get the hand cuffs. Vicky slowly walked back and got them. The ear piece told her to walk back to center stage and stand behind the metal pole in the floor. When she did, the crowd went wild. This puzzled Vicky. Then the ear piece explained. Vicky went wide eyed with panic as she stared at the pole. The ear piece reminded Vicky to look at the monitor and Vicky's heart skipped a beat at seeing the thug holding up a monster dildo and was spreading lubricant on the tip. The ear piece barked again, "you cunt, get to it or your virgin slut will become just a slut". The ear piece then repeated Vicky's orders. She was to hand cuff her wrists behind her back, straddle the pole, squat on it and then squat fuck herself to orgasm.

Vicky whimpered and snapped the last cuff closed on her wrist. She stared at the pole. It was made of stainless steel, highly polished, about 7" in circumference with a smooth rounded cap on top. It was about 28" tall. With her long legs and the monster heels she was wearing, she had no problem straddling it. The problem was keeping her balance on the heels with her hands behind her. She tried to stand in front of the pole and sort of sit back on it and the ear piece snapped in her ear to keep her back straight so they could see her tits. The ear piece ordered her to hurry and she better look at the monitor. The tip of

the dildo was resting against Megan's pussy.

Vicky tossed all abandon and centered herself over the damn pole. She spread her legs wide and lowered herself to rest her pussy on the rounded cap of the pole. She thanked herself for all the aerobics she had done. She was still having a little difficulty with her balance so she pointed her toes out and found that worked better. Unfortunately though, this gave the audience exactly what they wanted to see. Long shapely legs, arched in an obscene position, the high heels making the muscles jump up and define themselves. At the apex of the arch was her shaved and very dry pussy. She tried to impale herself on the huge pole but her dry lips would not part to allow the pole to penetrate. In panic, she looked at the monitor and saw the thug grinning ear to ear. The ear piece barked that this was her final warning, to get it up her or else. Vicky snapped upright, rolled her tongue around her mouth to retrieve all the saliva she could find in her dry mouth and spit the wad of moisture on the rounded cap. The crowd yelled their approval. She frantically positioned herself over the cold pole in the same obscene fashion as before, closed her eyes and dropped.

The shock of the cold wetness of the rounded cap caught her by surprise and she involuntarily opened her mouth. The crowd went crazy. She could feel the pole slowly sliding in. She felt as if she would split in two it was so round. Now that she was impaled and she was becoming accustomed to it's size, she realized it was also giving her some stability so she was no longer afraid of falling over. She knew that if she fell, she would hang herself with the chain attached to the collar.

The ear piece barked for her to pump herself to orgasm. Vicky just knew that was going to be impossible. She looked at the monitor and the thug was still kneeling with the dildo at the ready. Megan had tears streaming down her cheeks. Vicky closed her eyes and tried to retreat to a black hole.

The relentless ear piece softly cooed into her ear. Mistress Kim was talking very low and sexy, telling Vicky what a beautiful woman she was, how much the crowd was going to enjoy watching her do this show on a nightly basis. As Vicky's horror grew at the realization she might have to do this ever night, a strange warmth started coming from the pole. Vicky knew it wasn't from the friction of her squatting up and down on it. Then Vicky thought she could sense a slight vibration coming from the pole. Yes, there was a definite warmth and vibration. It wasn't unpleasant, just a surprise. As Vicky pumped up and down with her legs spread wide, the muscles in her legs started to get tired. Vicky wondered how long she would be able to keep up the charade. There was no way she would be able to orgasm.

A strange thing happened next. The pole started vibrating faster and faster and Vicky started to get concerned. Then the vibration turned into slow pulses of vibration. Then Vicky could tell the pole was actually growing and extending from the floor. Slowly, it moved higher and higher and the pulse got a little faster. Vicky was now standing fully erect with her legs almost closed yet the pole continued to extend even farther. Ever so slowly the pole extended so high, Vicky thought she would be killed if it went much

higher. Standing on her tip toes now, she tried to keep the pole from rupturing something inside. All of a sudden she realized the cable attached to the chain was getting shorter and tighter. It was being raised as well and soon had her standing as erect as she possibly could without being choked. She was frozen in that position now and the ear piece hissed an incredible liquid word, ENJOY.

The pole she was now helplessly impaled on started to move up and down all by itself, slowly, but there was definite movement. The pulsing vibration started to come faster and faster. Then, there was a new strange sensation. The Pole was actually rotating like a record player while it was pumping up and down and that damn vibration.

Vicky could not believe the feeling. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced. There was absolutely nothing she could do now but stand there with this pole up her and let the creatures beyond the lights watch.

The speed of the pumping action increased as did the pulse and Vicky could feel a flush come to her cheeks. She could not believe her body was betraying her mind. Her mind was swimming now with intense pleasure but how could she prevent the orgasm that was building to the point of no return. No way, she had to fight it, fake it somehow. That's it, fake it!

Vicky started to grind her hips into the pole a bit and then let out a howl to fake an orgasm. The crowd cheered and the evil ear piece hissed, "Nice try cunt" and the pulse of vibration went even higher and the length of the pumping stroke got longer. Vicky could not believe how her body reacted. It felt so damn good to have the horrible pole up her, she was starting to loose it.

Her eyes flew open at the next sensation. She couldn't be sure but she knew she felt a little shock like going across a carpet and touching something metal and getting zapped. OH, there it was again, and that damn vibration, "I can't let this beat me; I will not orgasm for these damn people". OH, the zap again.

Then the little zap got stronger and steadier and then more often. The vibrating pulse grew faster and faster and Vicky realized she was soaked and her juice was running down the pole. It had to be the little zapping she felt. Those damn vibration too. She tried to shift her weight and rise off the pole and discovered there was no way. She started to squirm a bit as the zapping got a little stronger and the vibration changed rate and strength to an unbearable, delicious, sensation. She couldn't be sure but it was like the little zapping was moving around from the front of her spread opening to the back and then around the other way. It wasn't unpleasant, it was almost erotic. Just enough pain to keep things focused on her open and well lubricated pussy. She started thinking about the sight she must be for the crowd. The body she was so proud of displayed for their eyes. She knew the pole was stretching her lips wide and without hair, she was positive her swollen clit was plainly visible. The zapping felt like it could reach right out to the end of her clit and each time it did, she would squirm that much more.

Vicky closed her eyes and lost herself in the sensation between her legs. The zapping was now concentrated in one spot, it seemed it was right on her clit. The vibration had reached a pitch that could not be ignored, the pumping was getting deeper inside her but it was not unpleasant. She could feel herself building to the point of no return.

Just as she abandoned the fight and was ready to step over the line to reach her orgasm, the sensation stopped completely and the pole dropped leaving her pussy thrusting in mid air with nothing to get friction against. Vicky screamed and her eyes flew open and the evil ear piece snapped, "Fuck yourself, NOW, cunt".

Vicky dropped into the earlier obscene spread position and squatted on the pole. There was no hesitation this time, she plunged down on the damn thing and squat fucked it in a hurry. She built and built and let it go. Her orgasm caused her legs to shake and her breasts to quiver and her breath came in quick little gulps. In mid orgasm, the pole came back to life again and she had to move quickly to stand straight before it lifted her off the ground. The chain attached to her collar snapped her head up again and she was once again being stimulated beyond belief with the vibrating pulse and little electric snaps to her clit.

Vicky lost control and reached another orgasm from the depths of her toes. Her whole body shook and quivered and yet the vibration and zapping did not let up. Vicky desperately needed to stop and rest but the pole and collar held her fast in the grip of a continuous orgasm. She was now letting out a low guttural moan that built into a primal scream like she had never heard from herself before.

The zapping and the vibration slowed at once and she was able to catch her breath. She allowed her body to relax for just an instant, only to be horrified by the pole coming back to full power again without the slow build she had become used to. Her body instantly reacted to the stimulation and reached yet another ear splitting orgasm.

The crowd was in a wild frenzy. Vicky was squirming and grinding her hips and fucking the damn pole like her life depended on it. In fact it did, but all she wanted now was this pole deep inside her to give her one more of these exquisite orgasms.

She lost count after 8 orgasms and collapsed. She was hanging limp by the collar which was cutting off her air passage. The two men came on stage and held her up so the pole could be withdrawn to a level they could get her off it. The chain to her collar was let go slack and the men placed her on the floor in an exhausted heap. They tied her ankles together and left her lying on the floor.

Vicky snapped to full attention when the crowd came to life with a loud cheer. "Now what", she thought? The two men walked over and picked her up to a kneeling position, facing the pole. She was helpless to move with her hands cuffed behind her and her ankles tied. She watched in horror as Mistress Kim led poor naked Megan on stage by a leash attached to a collar. Megan was wearing the same "fuck me" heels that she had been forced to put on and her hands were cuffed behind her back.

Mistress Kim forced Megan to center stage and made her face the crowd. Megan was displayed for the crowd by Mistress Kim holding Megan's pussy lips open and asking the crowd if Megan should ride the pole. The crowd roared their approval. Money was thrown on stage and the crowd went wild. Mistress Kim looked at Vicky and grinned in an evil grin and asked Vicky if she wanted to save Megan. Vicky nodded her head yes and pleaded with Mistress Kim to spare Megan.

Mistress Kim had the two men pick up Vicky and lay her on her back with her head near the pole. Vicky was so exhausted, she could not resist. A young nude oriental girl, about the same age as Megan, came out on stage with a long flexible rod. She handed the rod to Mistress Kim. Mistress Kim ordered the young girl to stand over Vicky, spread her legs and squat on Vicky's face. Vicky screwed her face in a disgusted look and Mistress Kim laid the rod across Megan's ass so hard it brought instant tears. The crowd yelled their approval. Vicky was horrified. Mistress Kim hissed at Vicky to lick. When Vicky hesitated, Mistress Kim gave Megan another welt across her naked ass and then glared down at Vicky. Vicky parted her lips and her tongue found the damp little hole and plunged her tongue up it and immediately tasted her fist pussy juice.

Mistress Kim leaned close to the young oriental girl's ear. She spoke softly and told her to lean forward and lick the pole clean of the juices Vicky dripped on the pole. The girl leaned forward and started licking the pole without hesitation. Mistress Kim hissed at Vicky, "See, you will be this well trained before the week is out. No hesitation to my orders".

Mistress Kim leaned down again to examine the sucking lip lock Vicky had on the young girl's clit. Mistress Kim smiled and used the end of the rod to probe the girl's exposed holes. Vicky was doing her best to keep Megan off the pole and was going in for the kill on the girl's clit. The girl was bucking and squirming and leaning forward to lap the drying juices from the pole. The girl came in a tremendous shudder and moan and fell forward unable to support her own weight.

The men moved in and grabbed Megan and made her stand next to the pole. They did the same with Vicky. The crowd screamed the word POLE, POLE, POLE. Mistress Kim waved her arms to encourage the frenzy. The men took Megan and forced her to stand over the pole. Vicky wailed in protest. Mistress Kim just looked at Vicky and shook her head and asked Vicky if she would take Megan's place. Vicky hung her head and shook it yes.

Mistress Kim motioned for the men to remove Megan and they did. They immediately returned and grabbed Vicky. They un-cuffed her wrists and attached a new set of restraints to her wrists and then to the cable from the ceiling. They centered Vicky over the pole and Mistress Kim produced a control box with lots of knobs and switches.

A switch was flipped and Vicky found herself being hoisted by her wrists to just off the ground. She could just barely touch the ground if she strained with her toes to do so.

The crowd now started chanting, FUCK HER, FUCK HER. Another switch was activated and the pole climbed upward. Vicky could feel it crawling between her legs and she spread them wide to take it inside. Mistress Kim was brutal this time and the pole rose higher and higher, lifting Vicky higher in the air. The Pole was dropped an inch or two and that took the pressure off Vicky. The controls were rotated and switches flipped and there was no warm up this time. The pole was fully powered and Vicky could not believe how her body reacted. She felt like she went from stone cold to an orgasm in the blink of an eye. Her body arched and shook and she flailed her legs to try to get off the pole but there was no way, it was buried too deep up her pussy.

Mistress Kim laughed and waved her arms for the crowd to chant and Vicky could do nothing but hang there in a squirming continuous orgasm. This orgasm was so intense she felt a sensation so deep, she let fly with a steam of piss that reached the edge of the stage. Vicky was so humiliated but at the same time the sensation was unlike anything she had ever experienced. She had heard about women that were able to orgasm and actually squirt similar to a man's ejaculate. This must be what her body had just produced. It was nothing like the feeling she got when she urinated. This was exquisite and so intense.

Exhausted, she begged Mistress Kim to stop. The evil look Mistress Kim shot back told Vicky she was doomed to die being fucked to death by this horrible pole.

Vicky squirmed and kicked and tried to get some relief from the continuous orgasm she was being forced to endure. Once again, she felt that deep tingle from inside and her next orgasm shot the stream of "ejaculate" even further and there was much more this time. Her whole body stiffened in a spasm so intense, she lost consciousness.

When Vicky regained consciousness, she was laying on a bed in a small room. There was a small table and chair, the bed she was laying on, a sink and toilet. A florescent light burned overhead. There was nothing else in the room. The door was like a cell door with a small opening at eye level and a wide slit in the middle of the door. Vicky tried to push against it and found it locked fast from the outside. She looked around and up at the ceiling and found the ceiling was a wire mesh she could see through. It was dark but she could tell there was a walkway of some kind that ran the length of her small room.

She was dressed in a warm soft terry robe that was short and stopped just at her upper thighs. She was grateful for the robe. At least she had something on. She went to the sink and splashed water on her face and that made her feel a bit better and brought back some focus. She realized how sore her crotch was. My god how could she have cum that hard?

The door rattled and opened and Mistress Kim stepped in with two men. They grabbed Vicky and cuffed her and sat her on the bed. Mistress Kim sat on the small chair at the table and Megan was led in by her leash. Mistress Kim told Vicky how brave she was for sparing Megan the humiliation and torment of the pole. She told Vicky that her decision

was made to spare Megan until she was 18 as long as Vicky remained her star performer. To help Vicky make up her mind, Megan could stay for a short time so they could talk alone. Mistress Kim got up and left along with the guards, leaving Vicky and Megan alone.

Megan hurried to Vicky and sat next to her on the bed. Because they were both handcuffed with their hands behind them, they simply leaned into each other and both burst into tears.

Vicky snapped back to reality after a short cry and told Megan to be quiet and listen. Vicky asked Megan if she had been violated and Megan told of probing fingers, a horrible examination by Mistress Kim and the rudeness of the guards. She had not been violated. Vicky promised Megan she would do what ever it took to keep her safe and not to worry. Vicky tried to boost Megan by saying she was sure someone would be looking for them. In the back of her mind though, she doubted if anyone knew even where to begin searching.

Mistress Kim entered the room again and the two guards took the whimpering Megan away. Mistress Kim reached behind Vicky and unlocked the cuffs. She spoke to Vicky in a very kind manner and told Vicky there was nothing she could do but obey. Vicky was assured no physical harm would come to Megan as long as Vicky performed as directed, without hesitation. Mistress Kim looked Vicky eye to eye and asked in a more stern voice if Vicky understood what was expected. Vicky nodded her head in agreement and her eyes filled with tears. Mistress Kim asked Vicky to repeat the words out loud and Vicky spoke the words in a cracking whimper of a voice. "Yes Mistress, I'll obey your orders" and hung her head.

Mistress Kim put her small hand under Vicky's chin and raised her head. The twinkle in her eyes caught Vicky by surprise. There was such playfulness from such an evil woman. Mistress Kim asked Vicky if she remembered how repulsed she had acted when Mistress Kim first tried to touch her. Vicky shook her head that she remembered. Mistress Kim placed her hand on Vicky's knee and with a little pressure, encouraged Vicky to spread her legs while sitting on the edge of the bed. Mistress Kim pulled up the chair to face Vicky and sat down. Vicky, wearing only the short robe, was completely exposed by spreading her legs. She was nude under the robe and what earlier felt was protection, now just enhanced her nakedness. Vicky bit her lower lip as she saw Mistress Kim reach her small hand toward Vicky's spread crotch.

As Mistress Kim's hand made contact with Vicky's sensitive pussy, she sucked in her breath involuntarily. She didn't dare close her legs and forced herself to keep them open to the evil little woman's touch. Mistress Kim smiled an evil little smile and told Vicky to loosen the robe to expose her wonderful large breast. Vicky complied and Mistress Kim told Vicky to place her hands under her breasts and hold them up for examination. Vicky felt so humiliated, sitting there with her legs open and actually holding her own breasts up for this evil woman to play with them and pinch her nipples.

While playing with Vicky's pussy and pinching and squeezing her nipples with her free hand, Mistress Kim explained to Vicky she would be required to repeat the same performance that she had just experienced a short while ago, on a nightly basis. Vicky sobbed. "Don't worry", Mistress Kim said, "you will soon get very used to your performance and we will add new things each time so you won't get bored". Vicky shuddered to think of the torment she would have to endure.

Mistress Kim took both nipples now. One in between the thumb and index finger of each of her small hands and pinched with a powerful grip. Vicky yelped but did not dare move. Mistress Kim, delighted at the reaction told Vicky as part of the performance tomorrow night, right after her pole ride, she would be given a present of body jewelry. Mistress Kim reached in her pocket and produced a pair of very large gage metal rings. After your performance she continued, you will have both of your lovely nipple pierced for the pleasure of our audience.

Vicky just sat there with her mouth open and watched Mistress Kim leave the room. At the door, Mistress Kim turned and told Vicky to get some rest. Rest, Vicky thought. How the hell could she rest with the anticipation of having to ride that damn pole again tomorrow as well as the pain of the piercing?

Sobbing, she lay on the bed and closed her eyes.

Survival - By Thunder

Chapter Two

Vicky was resting when the guard came for her. She was very apprehensive because tonight was "piercing" night. She would have done anything to save her beautiful breasts from being "decorated" as Mistress Kim wanted but that would be to sacrifice Megan. She had to go through with it. Vicky thought it very cruel of Mistress Kim to make her think about it all night and all day long. She wondered how far into her performance she would have to go before the event would be sprung. She thought of what the pain must be like. She shut the thoughts from her mind when she heard the snap of the lock at her collar.

Wearing her slut heels and her robe, she was led by the collar and chain leash to the curtained stage area. It was dark as usual but lit enough to see the damn pole and something new, a platform measuring about 5' by 5', on rollers. It had two vertical metal poles mounted on one end. They were about waist high and a metal bar running horizontal across the top of the two vertical poles. They appeared to Vicky to perhaps be a handle for pushing the platform. She was wrong. She was led to the platform and she stepped up on it. She was forced up against the metal bar which contacted her at just below her belly button. Straps were placed around her ankles. Her robe was removed and she was cuffed in front this time. The hoist cable was attached directly to the cuffs. The guard knelt down behind her and forced her leg to the outer edge of the platform and attached the ankle strap to a large eye bolt. The bolt was about a foot and a half from the vertical poles. He did the same with the other ankle and this forced her ankles apart to the full 5' of the platform. She had to lean over the bar for balance. She could just imagine how spread she must be if someone looked at her from behind. The guard then pushed the platform back away from the curtain causing the hoist cable tight and forced her to lean further over the bar so her breasts swung free.

The guard left and Mistress Kim came out and placed the damn ear piece in Vicky's ear. Mistress Kim stood in front of Vicky looking up at her. Because Vicky was on the platform and Mistress Kim was so small, Vicky's breasts were staring Mistress Kim right in the eyes. Mistress Kim reached up with her small hands and pinched and squeezed Vicky's nipples without mercy. Vicky winced and involuntarily pulled back. Mistress Kim swatted Vicky's breasts like a pair of punching bags and in her evil hissing tone said, "no hesitation, follow direction or else kitten not so safe". She smiled an evil smile and walked to the rear of the platform and got up behind Vicky. Vicky could feel the small hands of the evil woman rubbing between her legs and then parting her exposed lips. Vicky could feel her lips spread and then her clit was being tongued. It was like electricity to Vicky. How revolting and pleasurable at the same time. Mistress Kim then walked around to face Vicky again and grabbed her hair and kissed her full on the mouth. Not only was Vicky revolted by this evil woman kissing her, Vicky could immediately taste her own juices on the woman's mouth. Vicky swallowed hard and then almost lost it when Mistress Kim darted her tongue deep in Vicky's mouth. As Mistress Kim let go of Vicky and started to leave, she turned and wagged a finger at Vicky saying, "be good so nothing happen to kitten".

Vicky barely had time to get over the revolting kiss when the curtain split open and the lights hit her again. She blinked and closed her eyes. The ear piece hissed for her to open her eyes. She did but had to blink until she could adjust. The crowd was clapping and stomping loudly.

Vicky heard footsteps and turned to see a tall thin man, dressed in a long white coat. He was carrying a small black bag, pulling a little tray table along behind him. He walked up to Vicky and slid the tray close. He opened his bag and took out two very long medical forceps that had open triangles at the tip. He showed them to Vicky as he pulled them out. He smirked and laid them on the tray. He then produced a couple of cotton swabs and a bottle of some orange colored liquid. Next came two large metal rings that had a split. The two ends of the split twisted apart. The rings were large in gage but only about a half an inch in diameter. Two hefty looking needles that looked hollow came out next and were placed next to the other stuff. The bag was snapped shut and the thin man walked to the edge of the stage and retrieved a chair on rollers. He scooted the chair to in front of Vicky and sat down and moved forward. He was almost under her breasts like a car mechanic would work on the under side of a car on a hoist.

He reached up and grabbed and twisted her breasts in a very rude manner. Batted them back and forth like a cat playing with a hanging toy. Vicky's breasts swung free and heavy to this torment and the crowd hooted and yelled. The man then placed his palms against both nipples, sort of cupping her breasts in his open hands. He jiggled his hands rapidly up and down and side to side making her breasts danced an obscene little dance all on their own. The crowd yelled for more.

He then took both hands and squeezing from the base of the breast to the nipple. He performed a milking action that brought blood to the nipple and then he squeezed causing Vicky to squirm at the uncomfortable feeling. He performed this milking action until Vicky's nipples were engorged and larger than normal. She always thought she had large nipples anyhow after breast feeding Megan but what this man had done, made them the size and color of a ripe cherry.

He reached to the tray and got a swab and dipped it in the orange liquid. He painted her nipples with the liquid. It stung a bit because of the torment he had just put them through. He reached up and placed the bottle and swab on the tray and came back with the forceps. He grabbed a big handful of her left breast about mid way to the base and just squeezed. As the nipple popped to attention, he placed the triangular tips of the forceps on either side of her nipple. He carefully centered the opening in the triangular end piece behind the nipple where it melted into the breast tissue. He squeezed the handles of the forceps together. The pain made her cry out in agony. As the handles of the forceps closed, Vicky could hear a ratcheting sound and instinctively knew the forceps was locked in place. He let the forceps drop and hang, swinging from her nipple. The man didn't hesitate, he grabbed the other breast and performed the same agonizing clamping of her other nipple and let the forceps swing and hang.

He moved quickly now and snatched a needle from the tray. Vicky closed her eyes and felt the sharpest pain since giving birth to Megan. The man passed the needle all the way through and then pushed it out with the split end of one of the rings. The needle made a tinkling sound as it hit the floor. He pushed the split ends of the ring closed against a small bead and she heard and felt it click closed. She tried to summon the strength for the next one.

The same process was done on the other breast and Vicky could not hold back the scream. She could feel blood trickle from both rings. The man opened the bag again and took out a white towel and spray bottle. He sprayed something on her nipples that was cold and smelled of antiseptic. Almost at once, her nipples ceased to hurt. She imagined there must have been some Novocain or something to take away the pain. He wiped her breasts with the towel and she could see the red of her blood from the rings. After a couple of sprays from the bottle and more wiping, there was no more blood on the white towel. She was thankful she would not bleed to death.

The man opened the bag and tossed all the gear into it, placed it on the tray and then slid the tray and chair to the side of the stage. He returned and got up on the platform behind Vicky. He reached around her and grabbing the base of her breasts, swung them back and forth and shook them up and down making the rings dance. The crowd loved the show.

The man let go of her breasts and reached for her pussy. She was panic stricken. He massaged her clit and probed her with his fingers. To her horror, he placed three fingers up her pussy and she felt his thumb forcing its way up her bottom. She thrashed her head around to try to see him and screamed "NO".

The second the word came out of her mouth, the ear piece hissed to life. She knew she had done something that would cause severe consequences. She closed her eyes to the thoughts that she just flashed in her mind. Mistress Kim hissed into the ear piece, "you were warned". Vicky's heart skipped a beat.

The man behind her removed his fingers and she felt him fumbling with the front of his trousers. Before she could even blink, she felt him violate her. He rammed his cock deep up her with one swift motion causing her to suck her breath in. He was pounding her savagely making her breasts heave and bounce because of the position she was in. They swung and danced to the pounding she was receiving from behind. The crowd roared.

As she was being pounded, wishing he would just finish and get it over with, the crowd roared again. She whipped her head around and almost died to see Megan strapped to an identical platform being wheeled to the center and parked. The guard stopped Megan's platform close to Vicky so Megan was able to see what was being done to her mother. When Vicky looked at Megan, she saw tears in Megan's eyes as well as intense fear. Megan's mouth had also been taped shut. She wanted to comfort Megan in the worst way but was strapped to this damn platform with a cock up her pussy.

The man arched his back and unloaded a tremendous load of cum inside Vicky. She was so disgusted, she had to swallow to keep from throwing up. The man pulled out and zipped up his fly.

As he was getting off the stage, two guards came out and the hoist cable lowered. As they were taking Vicky's cuffs off, the ear piece told Vicky "better be good, last chance". The guards spun the platform Vicky was on so her ass was now facing the crowd. The ear piece told Vicky to lean over the bar, grab the cheeks of her ass and spread them wide. Vicky quickly did what she was told and she could feel the foul load of cum the man had just deposited, start to run out of her still open pussy. The crowd yelled and cheered as the liquid ran out and pooled between Vicky's spread legs.

The guards came back out and spun Vicky's platform so Vicky was face to face with Megan. One guard slapped a piece of tape across Vicky's mouth and pressed it tight. The guards then attached the hoist cable to Megan's cuffs and the hoist raised Megan's arms well above her head. This forced her to lean forward and stand in the same spread, leaning position Vicky was in earlier. Megan's breasts were not as large as Vicky's but were still large by oriental standards and hung heavy.

The ear piece hissed to life again and told Vicky to cup her own breasts, lean forward and display the new rings for Megan. Megan's eyes grew wide with fear. Vicky tried to give Megan a look with her own eyes that conveyed that they didn't hurt anymore. The tape prevented communications between them.

Mistress Kim pranced back on stage, waving her arms and chattering something in a language Vicky did not understand. The crowd roared. Vicky glanced over and men were pressing close to the stage waving wads of what appeared to be money. Arms waving, shouting, jumping up and down as Mistress Kim walked up and down the front of the stage. Vicky just knew this was about Megan. Her heart skipped a beat.

Mistress Kim stopped, snatched the wad of money from one short, fat oriental in a shabby business suite. He raised his arms above his head as he leaped on stage and did a little dance. As she went down the line, Mistress Kim snatched three more wads of money and three more disgusting looking little men jumped and pranced on stage.

Mistress Kim clapped her hands and lined them up in a straight line, facing the two bound and helpless women. Mistress Kim came face to face with Vicky who was still leaning forward, cupping her own breast in a display posture. Vicky did not dare move. Mistress Kim came so close to Vicky's face, Vicky could smell the foul breath of the evil little woman. Mistress Kim looked Vicky in the eyes and hissed, "you learn big lesson tonight, follow orders, not hesitation, no matter what".

Vicky wanted to reach out and choke the evil bitch but she knew she was helpless to resist. She could barely see through the tears as Mistress Kim told her Megan had to match her mother so Megan would have her nipple pierced as well. Vicky was warned if she moved from the position she was presently in, the "doctor" would get to fuck Megan

while Vicky watched. Mistress Kim asked Vicky if she would hold still and Vicky nodded yes.

Still facing each other, naked, helpless and obscenely displayed, Megan and Vicky locked eyes. The "doctor" came back out dragging his tray and chair and proceed to set up for Megan's piercing. He sat in the chair and manipulated Megan's breasts as he had done Vicky's. He grabbed the base of each breast and squeezed down in the milking action to engorge Megan's tiny nipples. As Vicky watched in horror at what was about to be done to her poor sweet Megan, the ear pieced hissed that the four disgusting men would "entertain" Vicky while the "doctor" did his work. The ear piece warned Vicky not to move and hold her tits up for the men. Vicky froze in the leaning position and took a firm grip on her breast and squeezed them up. She closed her eyes when she heard Mistress Kim seemingly going through a count down.

All of a sudden, at what must have been the last number of the count down, the little men were on her like a pack of wolves. They pushed and shoved and jockeyed for position. The first target was her spread and helpless pussy and ass hole. The first two men on the platform dove for the holes and penetrated both almost at the same time. Vicky gasped against the tape. The other two men raced around front and each grabbed and squeezed one breast each almost tearing them loose from Vicky's grip. Vicky sucked air in hard through her nose when the little bastards attacking her tits started pulling on the fresh new nipple rings. Vicky looked down at her nipples and could not believe how far the little bastards were stretching them. About the time she was starting to worry about her nipples being ripped off, she heard Megan scream through her tape gag and saw the same gage ring being forced through the first nipple.

Mistress Kim's voice came over the loudspeakers and barked something in the foreign language again. The four men that were attacking Vicky stopped and exchanged positions. The two from behind now twisted and stretched Vicky's nipple rings and her pussy and ass hole were assaulted with new enthusiasm. Vicky was distracted once again by the tugging and pulling on her nipples and one of the little bastards behind her had almost his entire fist up her pussy and was twisting it wildly while pulling and pinching her clit. She thought her ass hole would be ripped by the other man because he was digging and gouging without mercy. She was brought back from her distraction by another scream from Megan. Vicky thought, "thank god, at least she is through it".

Vicky kept a firm grip on her breasts while the men continued to torment her by stretching her nipples. She tried to tune out the unholy assault on her pussy and ass hole. The "doctor" was spraying Megan with the liquid that took away the pain and stopped the bleeding. He wiped away with the towel and toyed with Megan's rings, adjusting them so the little bead that snapped the ring together hung to the bottom. He bounced Megan's breasts up and down and watched the rings bounce along with the breasts.

The ear piece snapped her brain to focus from the hatred she was projecting toward the "doctor". Mistress Kim's evil voice told Vicky to let go of her tits and lock her hands behind her head and lean forward even more. Vicky didn't even think to hesitate, she just

reacted as ordered. The men at her tits had free swinging toys to play with now and attacked them with more energy. One man on each breast, they jiggled and bounced and swung them. One man put his palm flat and pushed the breast he controlled up into a flattened position. He then just dropped his hand away and the breast fell on it's own and just wiggled. The other little bastard liked what he saw and did the same with the breast he controlled. Both men alternated flattening a breast and letting it fall and jiggle. Vicky was so humiliated by all this obscene probing and disgusting display of her body she wanted to just close her eyes and wish everything away.

She opened her eyes again when she heard Mistress Kim clapping and yelling commands to be heard over the din of the crowd noise. The crowd was into frenzy. The men tormenting Vicky quickly got off the platform and lined up again. Two guards came out and unhooked Megan's arms and cuffed her hands behind her back. Megan tried to rise up a bit and the "doctor" got up on the platform and pushed her forward into a leaning position again. Mistress Kim was standing in front of Vicky and said, "You learn big lesson, yes?" Vicky shook her head. "You do what you ordered". Vicky shook her head again. "We see about that". Mistress Kim said in a hiss and barked something to the guards.

The guards unhooked Vicky's ankles and took her off the platform. They tied her ankles back together and cuffed her hands behind her back. Vicky was in a kneeling position, facing Megan so her profile was to the crowd who had quieted, waiting to see what Mistress Kim was about to make her do. The guard hooked the hoist cable to Vicky's wrist cuffs and the cable started up. This brought Vicky's arms back and up, forcing her to lean forward or have her arms ripped from their sockets.

Mistress Kim barked at the "doctor" who undid his trousers and let them fall. Vicky looked up in horror as she could see the "doctor" masturbating himself to erection with one hand while pushing Megan forward over the bar with the other. The look in the man's eyes was perverse. Mistress Kim walked over to Vicky and ripped the tape from her mouth with one swift motion causing Vicky to stifle a scream of pain. Mistress Kim leaned down and stared Vicky in the face again. "You keep head up and mouth open. You close mouth or drop head and kitten get fucked for first time". Vicky immediately opened her mouth and held her head as erect as she possibly could which was difficult because of the position her arms were in. The pressure this put on her arms was intense but she knew she had to try and save Megan.

Mistress Kim chattered again and the four little bastards lined up in a line facing the crowd. They lined up so they could easily be seen by the crowd and were framed with Megan on one end of the line and the kneeling Vicky at the other. When the men unzipped their pants and hauled out their little penises, Vicky knew what was coming next and closed her eyes. She could hear the little bastards pumping and slapping their cocks. Their grunts and breathing could be heard because the crowd was in a silent hush.

Vicky could feel her saliva building and wanted to swallow but dared not close her mouth. A long string of drool dripped from Vicky's mouth. Mistress Kim made some

remark and the crowd roared with laughter. Vicky could only guess the crowd was told she could not wait for the vile cum bath soon to follow.

The crowd was silent again and she could hear the slapping of masturbating men and then heard hurried footsteps. She kept her eyes tightly shut and didn't anticipate the first blast of cum that hit her square in the back of the throat. It gagged her and she choked but held her mouth open and her head as still as she could. The little bastard kept pumping his cock and spewed even more cum all over her face. She opened her eyes just in time to see the first man being pushed aside and a second man, stroking furiously, blasted her mouth and chin with an enormous load. While the second man was still spewing cum, a third man raced to stand next to the second one and hit her open mouth with his own load. Cum was dripping like a river out of her mouth with the fourth man pushing the other two out of the way and yelled something at the top of his lungs as he let loose his load. This little bastard had put the end of his cock so close to Vicky's open mouth, the entire load found the back of her throat and she fought back the gagging sensation with all her might.

Before the load dribbled out of her open mouth, Vicky could hardly believe what she heard Mistress Kim say. "Close mouth, cunt, but do not swallow". Vicky snapped her mouth shut and was sickened by the feeling of the slimy load rolling around in her mouth.

Mistress Kim clapped and barked and the four men ran off stage. The "doctor" stepped away from Megan with a disgusted look on his face. One guard pushed the platform Megan was on and wheeled it off the stage. The other guard unhooked Vicky's arms and untied her legs. Vicky was helped to her feet and she stood still with her arms at her sides, fighting the urge to spit the wad of cum into Mistress Kim's evil little face.

The chain leash was attached to Vicky's collar and the stage lights dimmed. As Vicky regained the ability to see clearly, she was horrified at how large the audience was. She could see the first couple of rows of tables. The place was packed with what appeared to be business men in suits and ties. As she grew more accustomed to the light, she realized there was a naked woman under each table. The women were on all fours and their heads were buried in a man's crotch. The men were obviously enjoying a blow job while watching the performance.

Mistress Kim hissed at Vicky. "Lock hands behind neck and keep there. Don't swallow cum". She barked at the guard and Vicky was half dragged by her chain leash into the crowd. As she was dragged along, men would reach out and probe and fondle and grab at her body. She didn't dare try to defend her honor, she was beyond that. Her nipple rings were yanked and her clit played with and her ass hole probed as she walked.

The guard took Vicky all the way to the back of the large room and back again making sure Vicky was passed by each and every table. Vicky's body was violated so many times by so many hands she knew there much have been a thousand hands that had touched her in some obscene manner.

When the guard had reached the last row of tables and the last finger found its target, he brought Vicky back to center stage. Mistress Kim held up a Champaign glass and placed it under Vicky's chin. "Open mouth now" was all she said and Vicky complied letting the disgusting wad of cum flow into the glass. The crowd cheered their approval. "You learn lesson, yes" Mistress Kim asked. Vicky shook her head and said "Yes, Mistress." and hung her head.

Vicky was handed the glass containing her own saliva and the evil cum wad that had now turned into a slimy liquid of combined juices. "Drink" was the order that hissed from Mistress Kim. Vicky parted her lips and let the vial mess slide down her throat, fighting the urge to vomit. "Good girl" Mistress Kim screamed and waved her hands for the crowd to cheer which they did with gusto.

The guard snapped cuffs on Vicky again pinning her arms behind her back. The curtain closed and the Guard was given orders by Mistress Kim. The guard led Vicky back to the small dim cell she was imprisoned in on her first night.

As she was pushed into the cell by the guard, she was shocked to see the "doctor" sitting at the little desk. In a scratchy horrible voice, he spat his words at her. "You cunt, you cost me a cherry tonight. I get you as the booby prize" and reached out and took hold of her left nipple ring. He dragged Vicky by the nipple ring over to the end of the metal cot along the wall and pulled the ring to force Vicky to bend over until the nipple ring was held fast to the end of the cot with his thumb. He produced a leather cord and tied Vicky's nipple ring to the cot, forcing her to stay bent over. He then walked behind her and dropped his trousers. He penetrated Vicky with the same brutal force as he had before and she stifled a gasp. He pumped her pussy for what seemed like hours and then pulled out abruptly and scurried around and grabbed her hair, yanked her head up and forced his spewing cock into her mouth. He was yelling, "Suck it cunt, don't miss a drop or I get the cherry". Vicky gobbled and sucked and swallowed as best she could while her hair was being pulled and the cock being forced down the back of her throat. She was helpless to stop this crazed man and his cock was so deep down her throat, she could not breathe. As a last desperate effort to get air, she squirmed and fought and he held her head fast. Just as she was about to lose consciousness, he pulled his cock out of her throat and the sweet air she so desperately needed rushed in with a loud sucking sound. She immediately choked and coughed uncontrollably. Fresh cum was hacked up and spewed out of her nose.

He untied her nipple ring and shoved her on the bed where she lay gasping for air. He banged on the door and the guard outside unlocked it and let him out. The door slammed and she was alone.

She lay on the bed for a few minutes trying to catch her breath and regain her wits. Hands cuffed behind her, naked, dried cum in her hair and all over her face from the earlier cum bath. Now fresh cum in her mouth and up her nostrils from the brutal mouth fucking the "doctor" just provided. She spat the foul taste but could not get rid of it. The

smell of cum in her nostrils was a torment that kept the memory of the brutal attack fresh in her mind until she faded into unconsciousness.

Survival - By Thunder

Chapter Three

Vicky was jarred by the sound of heavy footsteps on metal. She blinked and tried to focus and sat straight up at the realization she had not been dreaming. She really was in a small cell in some hole called Mistress Kim's Sex Club. The act of sitting up abruptly reminded her of what she had been through the night before. Every bone in her body ached and she could hardly move. She thought to herself, "How can my hair hurt"? The sound of boots was coming back and she identified the sound as coming from above. She looked up and there was a man walking along the cat walk above her cell. He paused and then she heard him speak in a language she did not understand as if talking into a radio. She had to pee but waited until the man walked away and then she raced to the toilet. She had just finished draining her bladder when the door rattled and opened. Because she still had her hands cuffed behind her, she was unable to clean herself. A guard stepped in, hooked a leash to her collar and motioned for her to follow him. She followed along a dark hallway and then through a door that opened onto a beautifully decorated room. There were potted plants everywhere, ornate furniture, tapestries on the walls and floor. The guard continued through the room and into a smaller room that appeared to be an old English library. She was led to a table near a window that overlooked a courtyard. There were statues and beautiful landscaping she could see from the window. The guard motioned for Vicky to sit in one of the chairs and then locked the loose end of the chain leash to a ring on the floor under the table. The guard left.

Vicky heard the shuffle of feet and turned around to see a woman in kitchen garb carrying a tray with what appeared to be a pot of coffee, cups, some croissants and fresh sliced fruit. The smallish woman poured a cup of coffee for Vicky, bowed and then backed away. Another small woman appeared with a small basin of warm water and a towel. She washed the thick coating of dried cum from Vicky's face and hair. Her wrists were released and Vicky grabbed the cup of coffee to relieve the horrible taste of cum still in her mouth. Vicky had never smelt and tasted coffee this delicious and gulped it. She added nothing of her usual disguises to the coffee and drank the cup black. As she was getting ready to pour another cup, more rustling coming through a door at the other end of the library and she heard Megan scream "MOM". Mistress Kim was in the lead with a guard leading a Megan by a similar chain leash. Megan was nude except for the slut heels. The two women were almost identical twins, including the fresh nipple rings that made their nipples protrude from their breasts and they wore the same 6" "fuck me" heels. As much as Megan wanted to break and run to her mom, the guard held fast to the leash. The high heels Megan was wearing made her walk in a pronounced fashion and Vicky saw this caused Megan's breasts to bounce. The bouncing was also causing the new nipple rings to bounce. When they were close enough, Megan and Vicky embraced and both wept. The guard fastened Megan's chain to the same floor anchor as Vicky's chain.

Mistress Kim clapped her hands rapidly and said "enough, enough, enough, plenty of time for this later, first we eat and discuss rules and business". Megan took a seat opposite Vicky and Mistress Kim sat at the head of the table facing the window. Mistress

Kim spoke and told the two women that this would be part of their normal life now. They would eat breakfast together at this table and enjoy the view and be well taken care of. After breakfast they would be taken for a bath, massage, and generally would be pampered like queens. This would all be theirs to enjoy as long as Vicky was a good performer each night. Any hesitation to follow directions would be met with severe consequences. As Mistress Kim reminded Vicky of her ordeal the night before, Megan just stared at Vicky and her eyes filled with tears. She wailed she was sorry and Mistress Kim slammed a crop across the top of the table. "No whimpering", she yelled. Megan choked down a sob and Vicky just stared straight at Mistress Kim.

Vicky spoke to Mistress Kim in a sharp voice. "If you expect me to perform your filthy acts for you, I want your promise no harm will come to Megan". Mistress Kim smiled and in a little playful tone said, "You follow direction, no harm to kitten". Vicky asked if she could be alone with Megan. Mistress Kim got up and said, "Half hour, be ready for bath and massage" and turned and disappeared.

The two got up and embraced each other and then Vicky examined the nipple rings in Megan's breasts. Trying to comfort Megan, Vicky said she would make sure no further harm would come to her. A thought in the back of her mind wondered if that would really be true. Vicky examined her own rings with Megan looking on and just tossed her breast as she let it go as if her own body disgusted her now.

They sat and ate fresh fruit, drank coffee and tried to catch up on what had happened to the other. Vicky did not reveal the brutal mouth rape by the "doctor". Vicky kept telling Megan not to lose hope of being rescued. Vicky secretly wondered how that would be possible.

The half an hour was gone way too soon and two guards came for the women. They were led down a hall and through a large opening to a spa area. A large whirl pool bath was swirling with bubbles in the center of the room and there were massage tables set up next to each other at one end of the pool. There were four small women dressed in terry robes. The guards locked the loose ends of the chain leash to a hook in the floor between the massage table and the pool. Vicky looked at Megan and with one shrug of her shoulders, reached for the straps on the high heels and Megan got the idea and did the same. Both women were sinking into the tub with sounds of pleasure coming from both of them. What a soothing relief Vicky felt. It was marvelous.

The four attendants were quiet and sitting along a bench against the wall. Vicky looked over at them after a while and then winked at Megan. "Hey", she said, "let's go be queen for a day". They got out of the pool and lay on the massage table, face down with their heads pointing toward each other. The attendants jumped up and picked up oil bottles and doused the two women with a liberal application and then Vicky and Megan had two attendants each, rubbing and stroking every muscle and limb from one end of their bodies to the other. They were in heaven. After a long while, the attendants helped the two almost liquid women to lie on their backs. The massage continued and every inch of their front side was massaged and pampered. Their breasts and crotch received special

attention. Vicky could not help but remember this luxury came with a terrible price.

After the massage, they were toweled off and given robes and the attendants put the outrageous high heels back on their feet. Mistress Kim came into the room with two guards and led the women to a small sitting room with an old fashioned phonograph and books and a collection of parlor games. Mistress Kim told them they would stay here until lunch. After lunch, they would be shown to their permanent rooms.

Jazz was playing on the phonograph and the two were lying on the sofa in a cuddling position. Lunch was brought in and consisted of fresh fruit, lean cuts of turkey breast, salad and water. They ate lunch in silence and were just finished when Mistress Kim came back in with the guards.

The two women were collected by their leash and were escorted down another hall to a large living room. It was beautifully furnished, more book shelves, plush carpet and doors at either side of the room. The guards split the women up and each was taken to the opposite room. When the doors opened, they were led into a beautifully appointed bedroom with a four posted bed and a small closet. A bathroom led off the bedroom. Both rooms were identical with the living room as the common area. Mistress Kim explained they could spend time together in the living room when they had their free time. When it was time for Vicky to perform, Megan would be chained to her bed and would remain there until the next morning unless Vicky did not follow orders.

Mistress Kim told Vicky she better get some rest because her performance was going to be in three hours. The guards took the women into their respective room and chained their collars to a bolt mounted in the headboard of the bed. The chain leash was extra long and allowed the distance to the bathroom for use of the toilet.

Vicky lay on her bed staring at the ornate ceiling tile, wondering what was in store for her tonight. Megan lay on her bed, toying with the new rings in her nipples, wondering if her mom could really keep her safe. Megan knew all this was changing her mom. She could tell the subtle difference at the breakfast meeting. Vicky was strong but Megan knew her mom has been pushed close to a breaking point.

Vicky must have dosed off because she was awakened by the guard unhooking her chain. He led her through the living room, out the door and down the hall. The trip was short to the stage. Her robe was removed and her wrists cuffed in front. The hoist cable attached to the cuffs and raised so her arms were just above her head. The guard put a spreader bar between her ankles and locked them in place.

Mistress Kim came out holding a tray. On the tray were three objects. The most noticeable object was a long and very large dildo shaped like an ice cream cone. At the big end, it was about as round as the pole Vicky had been made to ride the first night and then it tapered to a point. She noticed it had a wire the size of a man's little finger coming from the pointed end. The dildo appeared to be made of rubber and had little metal dots

all over it. The other object was a rounded mushroom looking thing. The bulbous end had the same little metal dots as did the small shaft that looked like the stem of a mushroom. The head of the mushroom was a little larger than a golf ball. The same sized wire came out from the bottom of the stem part. The third item worried Vicky. It was a long wire like was attached to the other objects but the free end had a metal alligator type clamp attached. The tray was laid on the floor in front of Vicky. Mistress Kim stepped back and the curtain opened to the cheer of the crowd.

Mistress Kim spoke in the language Vicky could not understand and the crowd was hushed and listened carefully. In mid sentence, the crowd erupted in screams and yells and clapped like mad. Vicky knew it was because they had been told what to expect tonight. She was still trying to figure it out.

Three Microphones on stands were brought out on stage. One was placed in the center edge of the stage pointing at the center of the crowd. The other two were placed at opposite ends of the stage and pointed to that third of the audience. The lead wires from the microphones were brought back to a box laying on the stage and attached. The big ugly thug that had threatened and molested Megan on their first night came out on stage. He was carrying a bottle of clear looking liquid. He knelt down next to Vicky and ran his rude fingers from her ass hole to her clit and back again. Vicky squirmed but didn't say anything. He picked up the mushroom looking thing and poured liquid on it. He walked over to the part of the crowd on Vicky's left and showed them. He came back behind Vicky and with one swift motion, the mushroom was up Vicky's ass. She was unprepared for the force with which he stabbed the plug up her ass and she shrieked. When the large head of the probe passed her sphincter, it slammed shut around the stem part and helped hold the head just inside the opening. This made Vicky feel very full and uncomfortable. She squirmed at the intense feeling and the burning sensation from having her ass hole violated like that. The ugly man picked up the ice cream cone looking thing and went to the stage to Vicky's right and showed them. He came back and poured liquid on the large rounded head and in the same uncaring manner slapped the big head between Vicky's pussy lips and shoved. The violation brought Vicky to her toes. The conical shape of this intruder made her vagina squeeze tight which forced it deeper in side. If she tried to squeeze to expel it, the opposite reaction was achieved and she just made it go deeper. The thug picked up the clamp and showed it to the center of the audience. He brought it back to Vicky, leaned down and with the thumb and index finger of one hand, spread her lips wide apart and just snapped the clamp right on her clit. Her knees buckled and she hung by the hoist cable, unable to close her legs for relief because of the spreader bar. The wires to each of the three items intruding Vicky's crotch were plugged into the opposite end of the box that the microphones were plugged into.

Mistress Kim came prancing back on stage. She waved her arms in the air to incite the crowd to a fever pitch. She continued to speak over the loud speaker in the language Vicky could not understand so she had no idea what was in store for her. She just knew she had to do something to get relief from the clamp on her clit. As she wiggled and pumped her hips she realized there was no relief to be accomplished by her movement. The motion made the mushroom up her ass squish and the dildo crawled deeper. In

agony she just stood there waiting.

Mistress Kim waved her arms in a downward motion and the crowd got really quiet. Vicky watched intently. Mistress Kim walked over to the box on the floor and flipped a switch located on the top of the box, just above the connection leading to the mushroom up her ass. She then walked over to the microphone on the left side of the stage and clapped her hands once into the microphone. A slow vibrating electric shock encircled Vicky's ass hole and made her thrust her hips forward in an involuntary movement. The movement caused the big dildo to be driven deeper because it tightened her muscles and the clamp tugged the wire so her clit was stretched. The vibrating shock lasted about 10 seconds and then ceased.

Mistress Kim clapped into the microphone one more time and the same uncomfortable but erotic sensation gripped Vicky's ass hole. Again, her body betrayed her desire to hold perfectly still and again the dildo went deeper and her clit was tugged.

Mistress Kim walked back to the box and flipped the switch off and activated the one on the right side. She walked over to the microphone on the right side and clapped once. The dildo surged to an incredible sensation that caused Vicky to involuntarily close her legs and squeeze her pussy muscles tight, driving the damn dildo to incredible pressure. The sensation lasted about 10 seconds and Vicky was able to relax and separate her legs to a comfortable spread position. With a smile, a second clap into the microphone and the duplicate response of buckling knees and deeper penetration. The sensation ceased and she stood up again.

Mistress Kim walked to the box and turned the switch off and activated the center switch. Vicky knew what was coming and tensed. The clap into the microphone brought an intense buzzing shock to her clit and she stiffened. She pushed her hips backward trying to bend in the middle in an involuntary effort to protect her clit. Again, the mushroom squished and the dildo probed as she tried to close her legs and bend forward. A second test clap and Mistress Kim was ready.

The switches were turned off and Mistress Kim spoke to the crowd again and the cheers and hoots echoed around the room. She walked to the little box, lowered her hands demanding quiet from the crowd and flipped the activation switch for the mushroom. Vicky tenses and watched Mistress Kim with intense eyes. Like a conductor, Mistress Kim lowered both hands and then raised them to waist high. The left side of the room erupted in soft applause and Vicky's ass was immediately gripped in the intense sensation as before. She threw her hips forward and her legs shook as she tried to escape the mushroom. Mistress Kim dropped her hands and the applause stopped. Vicky slumped. Mistress Kim raised her hands again and the soft applause brought the mushroom back to life and Vicky was again thrown into her involuntary dance. Mistress Kim raised her hands to shoulder level and the audience clapped harder and louder and Vicky was caught in a wicked grip centered at her ass hole. Her legs shook and she strained to close her legs. Mistress Kim's arms shot over her head and when the audience responded with a thunderous applause, Vicky shook uncontrollably making her breasts

heave and bounce. Like an evil little director, Mistress Kim raised and lowered her arms and the crowd responded with softer or louder applause. The mushroom kept tempo and strength with the applause. Vicky knew she would not survive this torment. She had only been subjected to this form of stimulation from only one of the probes for about 5 minutes.

Mistress Kim snapped the lever off for the mushroom and activated the right side switch for the dildo. Vicky sucked in her breath and the audience responded to the signal and Vicky's knees buckled and the dildo tried to crawl through her throat. Like the mushroom, the louder the applause was the stimulation from the dildo grew more intense. Vicky's mind was reeling when the applause stopped and she was allowed to relax. There was a thin film of sweat already forming on her body.

As Mistress Kim reached down and adjusted the proper switches to turn off the dildo and turn on the clit switch, she looked at Vicky and winked. She said, "You learn a new dance tonight". When she raised her arms, Vicky shot her hips violently backward and fucked herself hard with the dildo without thinking of the consequences. The vibration was so intense on her clit she almost reached an orgasm out of sheer surprise. When the applause reached peak, an intense orgasm was ripped from her body and she shook like a leaf in a strong wind. The sensation stopped as abruptly as it started as soon as the applause stopped. Vicky was breathing hard and gasping for air.

Mistress Kim snapped on all the switches and stood next to Vicky. She pointed to the left side of the stage and the mushroom burst to life at almost full force. Vicky thrust her hips forward. Mistress Kim waved her hand down at the left side and waved her right hand high toward the middle. The clit clamp caught Vicky with her hips thrust forward and she immediately shot them backward. Mistress Kim lowered her hand for the middle group and then raised her other hand for the left side and again, Vicky was caught with her hips in the wrong position again and the mushroom gripped her ass hole and she shot her hips forward.

Mistress Kim waved her hands for both groups to stay quiet and shaking her hands vigorously she raised the right side of the crowd from a soft applause to a thunder roar and Vicky's knees tried to close and the dildo had her quivering inside. Mistress Kim raised and lowered her arms for the groups to controlling the intensity of the applause. Everyone in the crowd understood they could now control what effect the stimulation had on Vicky by the strength of the applause.

Mistress Kim played orchestra leader and with her hands, built or lowered the applause from the three groups until Vicky was caught in an uncontrollable dance of pain and pleasure. The sensation from the mushroom and clamp had her hips thrusting forward and backward while the dildo forced her legs to buckle. She lost track of the orgasms the clamp ripped from her. Her body was soaked and dripping with sweat and it was hard for her to catch her breath. She was feeling faint and tried to slump and tune out the sensation but the grip was too powerful. At one point all three sensations were activated on an equal level. With her knees buckled and her hips in a sort of idle, they were

rocking back and forth from front to back. Vicky thought she would be ripped apart by the orgasm she was forced to experience. She didn't remember much after that because she passed out.

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Chapter Four

Vicky woke with a start and laid very still to try to get her wits about her. She was laying down on something soft. The last thing she remembered was being electrically stimulated beyond belief. As she came more and more awake, she realized she was in the room she was told would be her permanent living quarters. The chain leash attached to her collar was anchored to the wall as before. She sat up and then weakly made her way into the bathroom to use the toilet. The chain was just long enough to allow this.

She came back into the bedroom and lay on the bed for a few minutes. She drifted back into a restful sleep until she awoke to the guard removing her chain from the wall anchor. As she stood to follow the guard, she realized how sore her crotch was from the over stimulation of the muscles. She was led nude to the living area and she saw Megan, sleepy and rubbing her eyes, being led from her room. Both women were nude except for those ridiculous high heels that made them bend slightly at the waist for balance. The act of bending also caused their breasts to bounce with each step.

The women were led to the little breakfast area again and were chained to the anchor in the floor. The attendants brought in a wonderful array of fresh fruit and breakfast breads along with coffee. Megan asked Vicky to tell what had happened during her performance. Vicky winced at the memories and told Megan that she wanted to block out these thoughts and would not share any of the details. Vicky told Megan that she had decided the way to get through this ordeal until they were rescued was to become a zombie. As a zombie, she could tolerate what ever happened as long as she kept a blank mind. Vicky told Megan to try and do the same because when they were rescued, Megan would meet a wonderful man that would love her and provide her with tender caring sexual gratification.

Obviously interested in what that sort of experience felt like, Megan pressed a bit. She asked Vicky about the few times she had been forced to watch her mom orgasm. She wanted to know if Vicky had achieved any pleasure from those times. Vicky winced again and tried to explain how the pole and other devices used on her were designed to rip an orgasm from an unwilling victim. Vicky assured Megan that in the right circumstances an orgasm achieved through tender caresses or even animal lust between two loving partners was much better. Megan tucked these words of motherly wisdom away.

Breakfast done, the guards collected the woman and led them to the bathing area. Vicky was in dire need to soak and try to relieve the soreness in her crotch, legs and back muscles. Being electrically stimulated to orgasm beyond endurance was one performance Vicky did not want to repeat.

They took off their ridiculous heels and entered the pool of warm swirling water. This time, the four female attendants dropped their robes and joined Vicky and Megan. They soaked and relaxed while the attendants soaped and rubbed their bodies. Vicky was in

heaven letting her mind go blank. The two attendants working on Vicky rubbed the back of her neck and her thighs helping to rub the soreness away. As the attendant rubbing her legs got closer, she gently rubbed Vicky's sensitive pussy. It felt too good to object so Vicky just laid there with her legs wrapped around the attendant. The attendant used one hand to massage Vicky's sore lips and clit and used her other hand to rub and massage Vicky's ass hole. The attendant was so gentle and the sensation so powerful, Vicky was lost in the sensation of the moment. The attendant moved a finger against Vicky's ass hole and gently and slowly pushed until she penetrated to the second knuckle. She moved the finger in and out very slowly and at the same time, the other hand had Vicky's clit, slowly and skillfully making Vicky forget everything except the gentle sensation.

Vicky relaxed deeper and deeper and her desire to release a powerful orgasm increased. Just as she was about to step over the point of no return, she heard Megan gasp a guttural animal moan and saw Megan in much the same position with the attendants working between Megan's legs. Vicky's last thought before stepping into her own private release was, "enjoy baby".

The attendants helped Vicky and Megan to the massage table and both women just collapsed onto them, exhausted by the powerful release they had both achieved almost at the same time. The attendants busied themselves to the task at hand and oiled their bodies. Vicky looked over at Megan who was just laying there with her eyes glazed over. Vicky had anger in her soul for the way they were both being treated but at the same time, was thankful the experience was gentle for Megan.

As the attendants rubbed and massaged, they also shaved both women to a smooth silky touch. Vicky was almost glad she didn't have to perform the difficult task of keeping shaved. Vicky got irritated when the attendant started going after her crotch again. Looking over at Megan, the attendant already had Megan's legs spread wide and was working on her clit. Megan was just lying there moaning softly. The attendant working on Vicky said, "Mistress Kim give orders to make you cum together. Much practice planned for you".

Vicky tried to sit up and the attendant at her head grabbed her collar and held her head to the table. The attendant whispered in Vicky's ear, "No, guard come, you be sorry" Vicky closed her eyes and lay back, lost in thoughts of the torture she would perform on Mistress Kim. The attendant worked on Vicky's clit and got no response. Megan gasped and quivered on her table to a second thunderous orgasm. The attendant leaned close to Vicky's ears and said, "Mistress Kim said cum together, we keep kitten going until you cum". Vicky looked over and the two attendants had changed position on Megan and now her pussy and clit was under energetic attack by the mouth and tongue of the fresh attendant. Megan was somewhere off in her own world, oblivious to her surroundings. Vicky closed her eyes again and drifted into her zombie state. The expert tongue of the attendant drove Vicky to another point of release. As Vicky started to moan, she heard Megan hit a high pitched groan that lasted until Vicky's body went limp at the end of her own release.

Both women were toweled off and given robes and their heels placed back on their feet. They were led to their living quarters and almost as soon as they sat on the sofa and hugged each other, Megan fell asleep. Vicky held her daughter, vowing to get even for this outrage.

After lunch, Vicky was taken to her bed and forced to rest for her performance. Megan was taken to her bed and left alone. Megan lay there with thoughts of the intense orgasms she was so skillfully brought to.

The guard came in to collect Vicky. As they entered the living area, Vicky tugged at the chain and stopped. She held up a finger to motion for just a minute and with her fingers, pointed to her eyes and then to Megan's closed bedroom door. The guard stopped for a second, thought and then let the chain go slack. Vicky walked to Megan's door and quietly opened it. There on the bed was Megan, her legs wide and both her hands busy at her own crotch. Vicky winced and softly closed the door. With her head down and a new rage of hatred for Mistress Kim, Vicky was lead to her nightly performance.

Vicky was already slipping into her zombie like escape when her robe was removed, her hands cuffed behind her and her ankles tied together. She did notice a strange woven basket attached to the hoist cable. The basket hung directly over a large table with a soft padded top. The basket was tall and wider at the top than at the bottom. Its shape was similar to a peach basket she used to use to harvest peaches at a pick your own orchard back home. Home, those thoughts seemed like a hundred years ago right now.

The curtain opened and the thunder of the crowd shocked her back to reality. Mistress Kim pranced on stage followed by six nude women in heels. The six women lined up behind the table, which was positioned side ways to the crowd. Mistress Kim pranced around speaking loudly over the public address system. Vicky could not understand what was said but the crowd obviously was eating it up.

Vicky stood there watching the evil little bitch wishing looks could kill. The crowd rushed the stage again waving wads of money. Vicky figured it was cum bath time again and fought down a gag reflex. Mistress Kim went down the line and snatched the large wads of bills from six men. Vicky hung her head and swallowed hard.

The men came on stage and stood behind the table with the six nude women. The women busied themselves helping the men out of their clothes. When the men were naked, chairs were brought out for five of them and Mistress Kim lined them up and changed their order from left to right. The man left standing was receiving an expert cock sucking by the naked woman assigned to him. When he was hard, he was helped up on the table and laid on his back. His little penis stuck up and the naked women continued to stroke and suck it.

The basket was lowered to the floor and two guards came over to Vicky. She was lifted and her ass set directly over the basket. As Vicky slid down the cone shape of the basket, her legs were forced to her chest. She looked like a broken mannequin with the torso and

legs sticking out of the top of the basket. As she slid to the bottom, the hoist cable started to rise and she realized there was no bottom in the basket. She slipped further and finally wedged tightly to a stop with her ass hanging helplessly from the bottom of the basket. This position was very restrictive and she could barely catch her breath.

The motor hummed and the basket raised high above the table. As it descended again, the naked woman working on the man lying on the table reached for the basket. As the basket continued its decent, the naked woman guided Vicky's exposed pussy to just above the man's stiff penis. As the hoist let the basket slowly descend, Vicky felt the head of the man's penis come in contact with her pussy. The crowd had an unobstructed view of what was happening. As his penis started to penetrate, Vicky realized the hanging position she was forced into caused her pussy to be squeezed tight as a fist. The man on the table moaned loudly as he entered her tight hole.

The motor of the hoist hummed and clunked and the cable was raised and lowered about two inches. The man just lay there with his penis up Vicky's tight hole as the hoist raised and lowered the basket in a precise fucking motion. The man was moaning and reaching for Vicky's ass to stroke it. The naked woman was playing with the man's balls and rubbing his inner thighs.

The naked woman reached up and took hold of the basket and gently pushed. It started to freely rotate in a circle. The hoist never stopped pumping the basket up and down. The naked woman stopped the basket from its circular motion and pushed it in the opposite direction. Vicky was getting dizzy. Up and down and round and round on the man's penis, Vicky's tight hole was being used like a drill being poked through an object only in this case, the object turned and not the drill.

The hanging position she was forced into caused Vicky's opening to be so tightly squeezed that the man on the table did not last long. He erupted inside her with an arch of his back and loud scream of something Vicky was sure had an obscene meaning.

The hoist raised the basket and the man rolled to the floor. The naked woman came over to the basket and as it descended, got directly under it and attached her mouth to Vicky's dripping hole and sucked and licked, draining Vicky of the man's load. Vicky hated the feeling but soon gave in and shuddered to an orgasm.

The second man jumped on the table and was soon licked and sucked to erection and Vicky was again lowered on the man's penis. The woman assigned to this man did the same thing. Caressing the man and stroking his legs along with spinning the basket to drill his penis up Vicky. This man lasted longer but the same effect, Vicky was squirted with hot cum as the man yelled and squirmed.

The hoist raised and the woman grabbed the basket and maneuvered Vicky's helpless hole to her mouth. Again Vicky was repulsed by the woman's tongue probing but had to hang there unable to stop the well skilled woman. Vicky again shuddered and bucked as much she could in the helpless position.

On her torment went until all six men had fired their hot load up Vicky and each time, the woman attendant sucked and cleaned Vicky to orgasm. It took almost 20 minutes for Vicky to find release for her sixth orgasm but the last woman did not give up until she achieved her goal.

Vicky was so exhausted she just hung in the basket wishing for the restful bed in her chambers. The motor of the hoist hummed, the basket was lifted, the women pushed the table out of the way and basked started to descend again.. Vicky was in such a position; she couldn't really see what was happening. She felt it before she knew what it was. She was being lowered on the damn pole. It has been raised from the floor.

The hoist lowered her and the women helped guide her tight hole to the rounded cap of the pole. Lubricant was spread on the pole cap and Vicky engulfed the pole with one swift and smooth motion. The initial shock of the pole coming to life made her buck and squirm her legs. After the gentle sensation of being tongued to orgasm, the brutality of the pole was like night and day. There was very little warm up and the pole had Vicky firing off her first orgasm in less than a minute. Before she could catch her breath, her second and third orgasm ripped through her. A half a minute later, with the pole at full power, Vicky squirted a powerful stream of cum toward the crowd. A full minute of full power and fucking by the pole and she shot a second stream and the pole was dropped leaving her hole gaping and quivering.

The basket was lowered to the floor and two guards came out. They pulled Vicky from the basket, put a small hobble chain between her ankles and blindfolded her. Her wrists were still cuffed behind her. Mistress Kim had the microphone again and was whipping up the crowd. Vicky thought they were ready to close the performance for the evening. She had to rest. She was very shaky and could hardly stand without help from the guards.

The crowd was still noisy, clapping and banging the tables. The guards grabbed Vicky and lifted her. She thought to her self, "No more, I can't take any more". She realized the guards were lowering her off the stage as she felt hands reaching for her. She screamed and tried to get away. In her blind panic she tried to run and the hobble chain caught her short and she started to fall. There were so many hands reaching for her there was no possibility she would hit the floor. Her breasts were squeezed, her nipple rings yanked and twisted, her legs forced apart to the extent the hobble chain would allow and her crotch brutally probed and penetrated. She felt as though she was being violated by what seemed like a thousand hands. She moved and staggered and fell in her blindness. When she fell, she was grabbed by hands and supported and positioned for new hands to take the place of the ones she just escaped from. She was jostled and pushed and tugged in so many different directions she felt like an out of control newspaper being blown down a wind swept street.

Finally after what seemed like hours, she was lifted back to the stage. The curtain was apparently closed and she was carried back to her quarters. The blindfold, hobble and

cuffs were removed and her chain attached to the wall anchor for the night. She drifted to a fitful sleep still feeling the phantom pawing from her overloaded sensory organs.

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Chapter Five

Their ordeal went, week after week, stretching into months. Vicky had her nightly performance and then each morning she was allowed to visit with Megan at breakfast. The daily routine of being pampered, bathed, massaged, shaved and tongued to orgasm with Megan became routine. Vicky had once thought that all the orgasms she was forced to achieve would leave her body unresponsive but just the opposite had occurred. Vicky found herself reaching orgasm after orgasm with just the slightest stimulation. She could tell Megan looked forward to her morning ritual. Megan was really getting quite vocal and seemed to get deeper and deeper into her own little world.

Mistress Kim kept things off balance for Vicky. The nightly performance never repeated during the same week. The ordeal of being tossed to the crowd got to be unbearable. The pawing and probing by the crazed men drove Vicky to violent fits of hatred toward Mistress Kim. The latest twist the evil little bitch came up with horrified Vicky to even think about it. After she was weak from her performance, she was forced to go into the crowd, on her own, no restraints. Vicky had to get on top of each table, spread her legs and squat. In this open and obscene position, the small groups of men at each table were given ample opportunity to explore her holes as she squatted there, cupping her breasts, offering them to the men for their abuse.

Vicky learned to tolerate this particular horror of the tables because the consequences of not cooperating were severe. It became obvious as time went on, Mistress Kim had made the decision to leave Megan a virgin until her 18th birthday. Vicky was generally not threatened with Megan much any more. The punishment for Vicky became more a focus on debasing her to new levels when she did not cooperate. On the first time she was forced to do the table squat, she bolted and ran during the third table. She didn't get far because the crowd closed in and the guards took her away.

The next night, instead of performing on stage, she was bound with hands behind her, blindfolded, her chain attached to a bolt in the ceiling just outside the men's room. Her legs were spread to almost doing the splits. This caused her to keep her balance by leaning back against the wall. If she came away from the wall, the collar would choke her. As the men would go in and out of the bathroom, they would take the opportunity to pinch, probe and torment Vicky. Some men would tug her nipple rings and pull her away from the wall. To keep from choking, she had to pull back causing further pressure. If the bastard that had the rings let go in a sudden release, she would flop back against the wall causing her ample breast to shake and bounce. This became a game for many of the men. With each disgusting touch, Vicky built more and more hate for Mistress Kim.

As Mistress Kim's club became more and more popular with the "elite" of the high rollers of the region, she started holding private parties. Vicky became a popular "toy" at these private gatherings. The private parties were held just prior to the club opening for the evening so the honored guest could have dinner, relax and enjoy Mistress Kim's hospitality. As the entertainment for these special gatherings, Vicky was forced into

numerous activities that sapped her energy and made her evening performance even more arduous. At one party she was tied spread eagle to the table, nude. As the dinner was laid out for the guests, Vicky's body was used as the serving platter. She had food piled on her, around her and in her. The guests just picked and prodded Vicky as they ate the food from her body. At another party she was chained under the massive dining table, nude, with her hands tied behind her. As the mood struck the guest, he would beckon for her mouth and she would service his penis while he ate.

As the horror of their captivity continued, Vicky grew intent on designing a way to kill Mistress Kim and escape. Her mind was full of rage and hatred for the evil little bitch. Even when in the moment of having orgasms ripped from her body, these thoughts never went far from her mind. She had become an orgasm machine, able to let her body react to the stimulation with physical response but mentally block any pleasure that might have come from the experience.

One evening, Vicky was led to the stage to find a new horror. She had her hands tied and then hooked to the hoist cable. The cable was raised until she was on her toes. The curtain opened and Mistress Kim whipped up the crowd. Then a platform was wheeled out to the center of the stage next to Vicky. On the platform were two, naked, very dark skinned black men. They were facing each other with their legs spread to shoulder width and their ankles tied to bolts in the center of the platform. Their bodies were pulled back to supports at the ends of the platform. They looked like the letter "V". Their hands were tied to the bar they were leaning against so they could not lean forward. Both men had a ring around the base of their penis and balls with wires leading to a control box. Mistress Kim took the box and worked the controls. Both men squirmed and moaned but each limp penis raised like a serpent. The electric stimulation had both men hard in seconds. Vicky just stood there with her mouth open in shock because she was looking at two of the largest cocks she had ever seen. Not only about 14" in length but as big around as the pole she hated.

Four naked women, just wearing heels, came out on stage and proceeded to lubricate the stiff cocks of the black men. They slathered lube up and down the monster cocks until they glistened in the harsh light. Vicky felt the hoist cable start to lift her until she was suspended by her wrists. The platform was pushed under her until she was between the two men. She was lowered to just above their cocks and the women lubed and probed her holes in preparation to what Vicky knew was coming next.

Chains were attached to Vicky's ankles and then to the platform. In the suspended position she was in, with her legs so spread, she had no choice but to be lowered on the waiting cocks. As the hoist slowly lowered, the women guided the cocks up Vicky. Vicky tried her best to relax and accept such large cocks up her in a double penetration. Although Vicky was somewhat used to the pole, she had never had anything this large up her ass let alone something this large in both holes. She squirmed and kicked and fought but in the end, she was impaled.

With both cocks filling her beyond belief, the hoist started to lower further until Vicky knew she would be killed. Then it raised her and then lowered her in a slow rhythm. As the hoist would lower her, the chains at her ankles would force her into a squat which opened her holes to the cocks. She could do nothing but hang there and squirm on these massive cocks.

As the hoist started to raise and lower more rapidly, Mistress Kim started to work the controls of the electric box. Vicky could feel the instant response of the men as they squirmed and their cocks jumped and twitched inside her. The men were wincing and squirming, bucking their hips in an attempt to rid their cock and balls of the torture devices attached to them. As Mistress Kim worked the controls to higher and lower frequency, the frenzy became more and more intense. The motion of the hoist raising and lowering and the men bucking and squirming, Vicky knew she would be fucked to death.

Vicky's eyes flew open at the new sensation of hot cum squirting inside her and then the man up her ass let fly with his own load. There was so much filling up her insides she thought she had a fire hose up her. Mistress Kim was murder on the controls and kept working the men until their bodies jerked and jumped out of control.

Mistress Kim turned off the controls and the hoist stopped moving and the three bodies just froze in relief. The two men slumped against their restraints and Vicky just hung there with her legs stretched apart with the two cocks still in her. She hung there and hung there and nothing happened. Then, as the men were allowed to let their cocks go limp, first one and then the other just fell out of Vicky's stretched holes. As the cock fell out of her pussy, the man's load gushed out like a torrent, flooding the platform. The same happened with the cock up her ass. The platform and the men below were covered in their own juices running down their legs. Vicky's ankles were let loose and she was hoisted up again. The platform moved and she was lowered to just above the floor. In the hanging position, two naked women came out to tongue her holes clean. The other four women went to work on the black men and tongued their bodies clean as well.

When Vicky was "clean". She was hoisted up and then lowered on the damn pole. Slowly Mistress Kim worked the controls to bring Vicky to a body shaking orgasm for the crowd. The third and fourth orgasm produced the squirting stream of "ejaculate" as the crowd roared.

As Vicky was about to lose consciousness, the pole stopped and the performance was over for the evening. As she lay in her bed, chained to the wall, she was afraid to examine her burning ass hole for fear she would find it ripped and bleeding. The next morning she discovered she was OK and the burning had stopped.

As she was led to breakfast, she did notice she was having difficulty walking with her legs closed. She wondered how often she would have to go through that ordeal.

Survival - By Thunder

Chapter Six

The weeks passed, as did the months, day in and day out, the same routine. Vicky had breakfast with Megan, bathing, orgasms, massage, orgasms, rest and then Vicky's nightly performance. Vicky was always proud of her body but the months of physical activity and the high protein diet had changed her. Her body was now more hard and sculpted than she had ever been. When they were together, it was now even more difficult to tell who the mother was and who the daughter was. Only the refined experience and persona of Vicky's 45 years gave her age away. Even Megan had changed over the months with a more mature looking body. Her breasts were now almost as large as Vicky's, her young body just as hard and sculpted. The two women would be a show stopper for sure. Mistress Kim was very pleased at how things had worked out with her purchase of these fine sex slaves. It was almost time to double her income with Megan being added to the fray each evening. She was already counting the hundreds of thousands of dollars she would bankroll.

The morning of Megan's 18th birthday, there were flowers at the breakfast table just for her. There was also a box wrapped in festive bows and ribbons. When Megan opened the box, she found a new collar made of highly polished metal. Megan's name was engraved across the front. Mistress Kim unlocked Megan's old collar and locked on the new one. As the lock snapped shut, Vicky seethed in her seat knowing in her heart, someday, she would kill Mistress Kim.

After breakfast, they were led to the bath and massage. Even though the events were so routine by now, Vicky thought she noticed how much more attention was being given to Megan's crotch. The two attendants were in rare form today, working Megan into one orgasm after another. Vicky also wondered how much of an effect all this had on Megan. After all, she was told what would happen on her 18th birthday and here it was. Today was the day she would lose her virginity. The anticipation had to have been building for months. Instead of the attendants causing such a reaction, Vicky wondered if it was all coming from Megan.

They lounged and chatted in their quarters and Vicky could tell Megan was on edge. Both women avoided the obvious until Vicky was taken to her room to rest as was the usual routine. Vicky turned and looked at Megan and with a cracking voice, "I love you baby".

As it came time for her performance, the guard came in to get Vicky. Sure enough, there was Megan being led by her chain. The two women were led down the corridor, quiet, not really looking at each other. They approached the little room at the edge of the stage that Vicky was so familiar with. Mistress Kim was standing there, next to a nude woman holding a tray with Champaign glasses. At her insistence, Vicky and Megan drank a toast to Megan's "birthday party".

As they were brought on stage, Vicky saw a second hoist had been added. Vicky and

Megan were cuffed in front and then arms hoisted over head. Spreader bars were attached to their ankles. The bar stretched their legs so far apart they had to lean into the pull of the hoist cable to keep their balance. The outrageous high heels made it that much more difficult to not open their legs wider still.

Mistress Kim came up to Vicky, stroked her clit and then inserted the ear piece in her ear. She had not used the ear piece for quite a while and this disturbed Vicky. She walked over and patted Megan's pussy and twisted the poor girl's nipple rings while looking at Vicky with an evil look.

The curtain parted and the crowd howled at the sight of the two almost identical women. So obscenely spread, their breasts hanging and swaying as they tried to adjust to being stretched by the bar and the hoist cable. Mistress Kim pranced on stage and danced around waving her arm to incite the crowd. As she passed behind Vicky and Megan she gave them each a swat on the ass and reached up from behind and jiggled their breasts at the crowd. She clapped her hands together and four naked women in heels came racing out on stage. In pairs they kneeled facing each other between the spread legs of the suspended women. At Mistress Kim's command, the kneeling women attacked Vicky and Megan's clit and ass hole with their darting and twirling tongues. Megan's knees buckled and she just hung from her wrists, moaning loudly. Vicky was more used to this treatment and just endured.

Vicky's attention was snapped to focus at the roar of the crowd. The horrible "doctor" in his white coat was being wheeled out on stage standing on the platform used for the nipple piercing. Behind him were the two black studs, tied to the platform as they had been before when Vicky was ravaged by their huge cocks. Brining up the rear was the ugly thug that Vicky had nightmares about.

Vicky went stiff as a steel rod, straining every muscle in her body. The ear piece crackled and the evil bitch hissed in her ear. "You no like party" Mistress Kim said. Vicky twisted and fought the bonds. The ear piece giggled in her ear. "You no worry my pretty, this for show, they not get kitten's cherry, I have other plans".

Vicky stopped struggling and listened. Mistress Kim asked through the ear piece, not expecting an answer. "You like Champagne, taste good, it has surprise for you two". Vicky stood stone still as the evil bitch told her through the ear piece the drink had been spiked. The chemical was a watered down solution cattle breeders use to get the cow in the mood to mate with the bulls. The chemical they had been given would cause tiny blisters to form on their vaginal walls. The blisters would itch like crazy and the only way to get relief was to break them with friction. Once the blisters broke, the sensation was immediate relief.

Even as Vicky was hearing this, she could tell it was true because of the sensation deep in her pussy. She fought the thoughts and was curious about the last thing the ear piece said. "No man for kitten, you will know what to do in a little while".

At that, the ear piece went quiet leaving Vicky to ponder what the last comment meant. Mistress Kim came prancing back on stage screaming in her high shrill voice over the PA system. The crowd was overly active and Vicky was getting concerned. Mistress Kim stood by the "doctor" and raised her hands. The crowd roared. She then went to the thug and the crowd roared but not as loud. When she stopped at the pair of black studs, the crowd went wild.

At that moment, four more naked women in heels came scampering out on stage and replaced the four previous tongues with fresh, energetic, darting and twirling torment. Vicky was realizing now that the evil bitch has spoken true. The sensation of having her clit and ass hole tongued with new vigor was mixed with a sensation of needing to scratch the inside of her pussy lips. Each time the woman at her clit would slide her tongue between them, her lips ached for more. Vicky glanced at Megan and saw Megan looking back with a wildness in her eyes that she had never seen before. Megan was humping and rotating her hips trying to get the woman's tongue up her. Vicky knew they were in trouble.

The crowd moaned in disgust at something Mistress Kim said. The platforms and the thug were taken off stage leaving Vicky and Megan and the four tongues. Mistress Kim was jabbering on the PA again and this time, the crowd went wild. From a bag, Mistress Kim held up two very large pink dildos. The kind that had rubber spikes all around the head of the thing. Vicky went wild, thrashing and fighting her bonds. The tongues just went with the flow and never lost contact. Vicky was fighting in anger and wanted the tongues off, now. Mistress Kim reached in the bag again and pulled out what looked like a giant timer. She set the timer for 15 minutes, hit the plunger and set it on the floor facing the crowd. She waved to the crowd and started walking off the stage.

The crowd hushed to a low murmur and Vicky was struck with the little animal noises coming from Megan. The look in her daughter's eyes told Vicky there was a deep need boiling inside. A scurry sound made her look and she saw four new tongues, eager to take the place of the ones that were growing tired. The new tongues knelt and were busy immediately. Vicky felt something new. The women were sliding something very smooth across the opening of her pussy. Not enough to give any relief at all from the growing urgency to scratch the itch that was about to consume her. It almost intensified how badly she needed relief from the torment. It was like having ants or something moving on your skin only this was deep inside and it made her feel like she could squat fuck a dry wooden pole.

The ear piece hissed and the evil bitch spat "you like another drink". Vicky's eyes rolled back in her head with anger showing nothing but the whites of her eyes. Her sculpted body was strained to the max against her restraints. The maddening tongues were driving her insane along with the itching. She glanced at Megan and poor Megan was hanging limp with her mouth open. Megan was just groaning and every once in a while a shudder would course through her body and make her breasts swing.

The crowd came to life again and started to chant. Vicky knew it had to be some damn

count down. At the end, they screamed and Mistress Kim came prancing on stage holding the dildos. Vicky felt her arms dropping and the tongues at her feet were undoing her ankles. Vicky reached for her crotch and started trying to stick her fingers up herself to relieve the itch. Try as she might, she could not reach where she needed it the most. She screamed a long stream of profanity at Mistress Kim only to see the little bitch laughing and taunting her with the dildos. At each step toward the dildos, Mistress Kim would dodge away. In the outrageous heels, Vicky was no match. With nothing to distract from the itch now, it was growing worse by the second. Megan was jerking like she was in convulsions. Frantic, Vicky lunged and caught Mistress Kim by the ankle.

Mistress Kim dropped a dildo on Vicky's belly and laughed. As Vicky was cramming the dildo up her aching pussy, she felt the second dildo hit her belly. With the one already deep inside her own pussy, Vicky stood on shaky legs and hobbled to Megan holding the other dildo. She knelt at Megan's side and started to push the dildo up her virgin hole. Megan was fighting to swallow the dildo as fast as her pussy could take it. She was straining against the hoist cable trying to sink deeper on the wonderful feeling. Vicky was trying to be gentle and not hurt her daughter and at the same time, relieve her own needs. Megan needed that rubber cock up her so bad she would have impaled herself if she could. As the dildo broke the membrane keeping her virginity, she didn't notice. All she felt was the liquid flow of relief soothing through her aching pussy.

The crowd was wild and out of control watching Vicky fucking herself in a furious twisting motion. She was now doing the same to the helpless young woman that had just lost her cherry by her mother's hand. The dildo felt so damn good, Vicky could only think of the wonderful relief at the moment.

Vicky had her eyes closed when she was grabbed and her hands cuffed behind her. The dildo remained in Megan's pussy because of the rude interruption but slid out and fell on the floor. One of the guards grabbed the one that was still up Vicky and yanked it out and slung it across the stage. Megan was lowered and cuffed the same way and her ankles released. The two women were forced to stand facing each other and small padlocks were placed through each nipple ring of each woman. This effectively locked them together, nipple to nipple. Megan was still dry humping the air needing more relief than the brief gentle fucking Vicky had just provided. Vicky could still feel the effects of the chemical deep in her own pussy so she knew Megan was still in trouble. As Megan would fidget and squirm, it only pulled and tugged at Vicky's nipple rings so it forced both women's breasts to wiggle and pull on each other.

The guards blindfolded Vicky and she sucked in her breath for fear of what was next. She could feel the nipple rings tug as Megan tried to fight the blindfold. Vicky just leaned into Megan and tried to sooth her fear. "Its ok baby, just go with it. It will be over soon".

Both women were standing there, still in dire need of the dildo that had only just started to give them relief. The ear piece crackled and the voice said, "You want crowd to help?" and then the most evil laugh she had ever heard came into her ear. Vicky screamed at the

top of her lungs because she then knew what was about to happen.

As the word "NOOOOO" escaped her lips, Vicky felt her and Megan being lifted off the stage and into the waiting hands of the hundreds in the crowd. She could feel Megan being jostled and pulled away but the locks connecting their nipple rings held them fast together. Her nipples were being pulled so hard she was in fear of having the ring ripped out. The nipple rings lost their importance when she realized the feeling between her legs was relieving the itch. She spread her legs wider for the horrible men to get better and deeper access. She could not believe what she was doing. She heard Megan yelping and moaning with each new thrust she must be experiencing as well. Vicky was sure the men using Megan were providing the same relief. Blindfolded however, Vicky could not see what was going on and that brought back the fear.

For what seemed like hours, the two women were groped and fingered and probed by every hand in the place. They were finally lifted back on stage and their hands uncuffed and reattached so that each woman had to hug the other one. As Vicky stood there hugging Megan, she could hear and feel her daughter crying softly. She leaned close to Megan's ear and whispered. "Someday, I'll kill that bitch and get us out of here". Megan just sobbed softly into the blindfold.

Vicky became aware of the sensation about the same time Megan did. The incredible itch was still there. Way deep where the probing fingers had not been able to reach. The ear piece laughed in her ear and shocked Vicky to reality. "You help each other now" the voice said. Vicky felt something touch her hands and realized she was being offered the spiked dildo. She seized the damn thing and held on to it. Then she realized, she could not use it on herself in the position she was cuffed. She had relief just inches away from her needful pussy but there was no way to help satisfy her need. Then it hit her. She gripped the dildo at its base and lowered it down and started sliding it into Megan from behind. Megan squatted and spread her legs and Vicky brought the dildo up hard so it wouldn't slip out of her grip. Megan moaned and ground her hips back into the evil thing. Vicky held onto it with both hands and helped Megan ride it.

Megan felt something touch her hands and realized she had hold of a dildo as well. She whimpered, "Mom, I have one too, is it OK". The word "YEESSsssss" escaped Vicky's lips like a steam pipe. She squatted and spread her legs and Megan lowered the relief giving dildo. As it got close to Vicky, she said "Hold it tight baby" and thrust her hips back into it, sinking its length in one movement.

The crowd howled at the sight of the two women, humping the dildos each held for the other. Vicky and Megan had lost all modesty and were humping and panting and squirming on the dildos like their life depended on it. At that moment, they both thought it did unless they could relieve the itch.

As the two women were humping and panting, Vicky could hear the curtain being closed and the crowd mumbling on the other side. The women were released and taken to the bath area where they were given warm, salt water, douches. The itch was gone almost

instantly. The only sensation was the mild sting from the raw tissue left by the abuse of the hundreds of fingers and the chemical. They were taken to their quarters and both chained to their beds. Vicky laid there, her brain filled with evil thoughts directed to Mistress Kim. Megan was fast asleep almost as soon as her head his the pillow.

Survival - By Thunder

Chapter Seven

Vicky woke as the chain was being unlocked from the wall. She blinked the haze away to try and focus her eyes. She had a fitful night, full of hatred and her nerves were on edge this morning. The guard seems to be overly rude. She had to pee and was usually able to take care of this task before the guard arrived. This morning, she did not wake in time and was bitter about having to perform the task under his stare and smirk.

As she was dragged into the living space of their quarters, she was happy to see Megan being led from her room as well. She stretched the chain leash to go to her daughter and give her a hug. The guards snapped the chain tight and separated them. They walked to the breakfast area without words.

When they were seated and alone, Megan burst into tears and told her mother how sorry she was. She now realized what her mom had been put through so much for so long to keep her safe all those months. She now had fist hand experience of what it was like to be mauled and tormented each night. Vicky just put her fingers to Megan's lips and made a shushing sound.

As the attendant was setting the breakfast tray down, the pot of coffee tipped and spilled over Megan and Vicky. The hot liquid made them both jump and try to avoid contact but the chain leash prevented much movement and both women got splashed to the point of almost being scalded. Vicky was furious and was about to lash out but the attendant had stepped back just in time. Vicky was at the end of her tolerance.

Just then, Mistress Kim came prancing in, clapping her hands and ordering the attendant away. As she approached Vicky, something just snapped and Vicky snatched the butter knife from the tray and lunged at Mistress Kim. In mid strike, a large hand intercepted her hand and it froze against the strong grasp. The ever present thug had stopped what Vicky hoped would be a blow to the throat of the little evil bitch.

With mouth open in astonishment and face red as a crimson flower, Mistress Kim hissed between clenched teeth. "You pay missy, you pay".

The thug threw Vicky to the floor and she was grabbed by two guards. Her chain was undone and her robe torn from her body. She was cuffed behind her back and dragged by the hair down a dark corridor. As she was being tossed onto a grungy cot, she recognized the holding cell she was placed in when she first arrived.

She lay there quietly, weeping, tense with worry of the retribution she would suffer. All day she lay there, no one came to check on her. Not even the guard that normally walked the cat walk was present. She was left to her own terrible thoughts.

After a length of time she could not judge, two guards entered her cell. With her hands cuffed as they had been all day, she was unable to struggle as they forced her to stand.

Normally the guards did not molest her or Megan, but these guards were all over her body. They were very rough and seemed to have no regard to possibly bruising or chaffing her pale skin. One guard produced a metal ring with a leather thong tied to each side. Her mouth was forced open with no regard to how far she had to stretch her jaw. She tried to assist by opening wide but the metal ring was so round it had to be forced sideways so it locked behind her upper and lower teeth. The thong was brought behind her head and savagely tied so tight it caused her cheeks to burn.

The guards grabbed her and drug her to the stage area. Megan was already there, hands hoisted over her head by the hoist cable. She was naked and sobbing. The guards drug Vicky over and hooked her hands to the second cable and she was hoisted to a level of her toes just barely touching the floor. As she tried to glance at Megan, the curtain opened and the bright lights blinded her.

Mistress Kim pranced on stage and circled the two helpless women. After jiggling their breasts for the entertainment of the crowd, she turned the two women so they faced each other. The small padlocks were placed between their nipple rings as it had been done the night before. They were now locked together, nipple to nipple.

Vicky was suspended a slight bit higher than Megan so her breasts were being pulled down and Megan's breast were being pulled up. At Mistress Kim's command, Vicky's cable lowered a bit and Megan's was pulled up. Now Megan was pulling Vicky's breasts up. Back and forth for a while, the cable made the women tug and stretch each other's breasts. Because of the ring gag, Vicky was drooling down her own breasts and the saliva had reached her nipples. The slick drool caused her to feel a strange sensation as Megan's nipples were pulled and tugged against her own.

The thug brought out the control box for Mistress Kim. It was now larger and had more controls on it. With a flip of a switch, two poles ascended from the floor. Vicky screamed through the ring gag but there was no way she could make any noise that could be understood.

Two naked women scampered on stage and attached ankle straps to Vicky. A wide leather belt was also placed around her mid section. A chain was run from the ankle straps up to a ring in the back of the belt. When the chain was attached and it was released, Vicky was shocked at the effect it had on her. She had to keep her legs bent and raise her ankles or the act of lowering her legs to the limit of the chain caused the belt to tighten around her mid section. She was now fully suspended by her wrist cuffs.

Vicky looked at Megan and tears were streaming down her cheeks. Vicky wanted desperately to calm Megan but could not speak because of the ring gag. Vicky saw Megan's eyes go wide and then she knew why. The pole she was suspended over finally raised enough to rest against her pussy lips. The two attendants reached for Vicky's lips and spread them and the pole was in. They did the same for Megan and now both women were impaled on their own pole. The attendants scampered away.

The poles continued to rise until Vicky was sure it would kill her. Megan was trying to rise on her tip toes. Vicky felt her pole lower a bit but so did the hoist chain which seemed to keep pace with the pole. Because her legs were bent up behind her, the hoist could actually lower her to her knees. This caused Vicky's breasts to tug on Megan's and force Megan to squat lower taking her pole deeper and deeper as Vicky was lowered even further. By Megan's expression, Vicky could tell Megan's pole was not being lowered.

With Vicky's breasts forcing Megan to squat hard on her own pole, Mistress Kim powered the poles to about half power. Megan screamed at the sensation and Vicky bucked and squirmed. Vicky could feel the evil electric prickling sensation on her clit and knew Megan was getting the same treatment.

Mistress Kim turned the controls on the box and made the sensations the poles provided change and surge and torment. Long before Vicky, Megan was tossed into orgasmic passion that was so strong, her young body shuddered. As she was standing there shaking, Megan's pole started to drop and Vicky and her pole dropped as well. This forced Megan to squat further and spread her legs wider to keep balance.

Vicky was now kneeling on the floor with her pole rising and lowering in a fucking movement. Megan was forced to squat further on her pole with her legs wide. Vicky felt her pole hit full power and glanced at Mistress Kim to see an evil look and smirk across her face. Megan was lost in the sensation and all of a sudden, Vicky felt a warm sensation hit her in the belly. Megan had just squirted all over her mother.

Mistress Kim squealed with delight and the crowd roared their approval. Buttons were pushed again and Vicky was raised in the air. Higher and higher until she was pulling Megan's breasts forcing her daughter to stand on tip toes again. The pole Megan was riding raised as well and continued the fucking motion but Vicky could tell the power had been lowered. Vicky's pole went full power and she was lost to its sensation. In rapid succession, Vicky had one orgasm after another with the third time, squirting all over Megan.

Mistress Kim kept lowering and raising Vicky so it forced Megan to squat or rise to keep from having the nipple rings ripped out. Vicky was fighting to keep her ankles raised but at the point of orgasm her legs shook uncontrollable. This tightened the belt around her waist and caused her to be unable to catch her breath. She was panting hard and covered in more of Megan's "ejaculate" when the pole and hoist lowered her to the kneeling position on the floor allowing her to breathe again.

Vicky lost track of time but figured she and Megan had been tortured by the poles for almost an hour. Her arms were being pulled from their sockets and her legs were cramping and forcing her to pull down and tighten the belt. The attendants came back out and removed the chain from her ankles and allowed her to stand on very shaky legs. The poles dropped and both mother and daughter were drenched in their own sweat and the other's "ejaculate". Their bodies glistened in the harsh lights.

The guards came on stage and released Megan and Vicky and their breasts were unlocked. Vicky was cuffed behind her back and was thrown into a chair. Mistress Kim walked up to Vicky, leaning forward so they were face to face. With an evil hiss, "You pay", is all she could seem to say. Mistress Kim had a tube of lipstick. It was a whorish shade of red. Vicky could feel a circle being drawn around her mouth and then colored in to a form a wide band of garish red around her lips being held wide open by the ring.

A guard rolled up a small cage on wheels and Vicky was literally stuffed into the cramped space. As she was being forced into the compartment, her legs were being forced into a wide V shape stretching her legs apart so far she thought her hips would dislocate. Her knees fit into notches in the sides of the cage. The metal bars of the front of the small cage were brought down and locked into place. This held her legs in the open position and with her hands behind her, she had to lean forward. There was a square opening in the bars that afforded her room enough to put her face through and rest her chin on the lower edge of the square. Her collar was then locked to the bars forcing her to stick her head out of the square.

Her cage was wheeled to the center of the stage. Mistress Kim pranced out on stage with the microphone and was chattering over the PA. The crowd responded as usual. Vicky knew what was happening as soon as the first group of men formed, waving wads of money. She knew her mouth had been painted like a target.

Vicky lost count but thought there were at least 20 men lined up just out her eyesight. In horror, she realized Megan was forced to kneel next to the cage so she could see. A naked woman in heels came scampering on stage and took up a position on the other side of the cage. The man at the head of the line sauntered up to stand in front of the cage and waved back at the crowd. He unzipped his fly and took out his penis. The naked woman at the side of the cage came forward and stared masturbating the man.

Megan screwed up her face in a grimace and Mistress Kim whacked her across the ass with a large wooded paddle. The smack resounded off the walls it was so strong. Mistress Kim screamed at the top of her little lungs "Watch".

Megan whimpered but kept her eyes glued on her mother's wide open mouth. The man being jerked off, bucked and moaned and the attendant directed the load to the target. Vicky gagged as it hit squarely into the back of her throat. The sensation brought tears to her eyes.

The woman attendant left with the first man and a second man appeared and unzipped his fly. Mistress Kim grabbed Megan by the hair and dragged her next to the man. "You do, you miss, you get this" and she waved the paddle in the air and brought a thunder clap swat down across Megan's ass cheeks. Megan closed her eyes and grabbed the man's penis.

Having never held a penis before, she didn't know what she was doing and was fumbling quite badly. The man was getting rude and Mistress Kim whacked Megan again and

motioned for the attendant to come back out. "Watch", Mistress Kim screamed at Megan. This time, Megan was riveted on what the attendant was doing. As the man gave signs of being ready to unload, the attendant jerked and aimed the best she could. This time, the man was moving about so much, the attendant's aim was not so perfect and Vicky got an eye full of cum.

The attendant left with the second man and a third man appeared. Whack went the paddle across Megan's ass and again, "You do, no miss" came hissing out of Mistress Kim. Megan grabbed the penis and this time had a little more idea of what to do. With a little difficulty, she brought the man to the point of no return and missed the target completely. The load landed low and ran down Vicky's right breast. The paddle whistled through the air and WHACK. "NO MISS" Mistress Kim screamed.

A fourth man appeared and Megan set to the task. This one hit its mark dead center and Vicky gagged again. The thick slime ran down the back of her throat and there was no way for Vicky to close her jaw enough to contract her throat. She winced as it slid down. "GOOOOOD" Screamed the evil bitch.

A fifth man approached and Megan looked at the long line yet to follow. She looked at her mother and wanted to speak but was afraid to utter a sound. She grabbed the man's penis and jerked and stroked and again, the load found it's mark and Vicky gurgled.

During the long procession, Megan missed enough times that Vicky's face and breasts were covered with thick cum. As the line dwindled down, Megan tried harder and harder to hit the target of her mothers wide open mouth because the whacks with the paddle were getting more and more sever. She was sobbing out of frustration because there was nothing she could do but follow orders and drown her mother in cum.

When the last man had hit the target and made Vicky want to vomit, the thug grabbed Megan and cuffed her hands behind her. Megan was forced to her knees so she was almost face to face with Vicky, only inches away. The thug unzipped his fly and hauled out his heavy thick penis. He grabbed his cock in one hand and a big hunk of Megan's hair and forced his cock in the young girls mouth. Vicky screamed and fought in her helpless position in the cage. The thug brutally mouth fucked Megan while the young girl gasped for air and struggled. The thug pumped and pumped and just as his strokes were more rapid and urgent, he pulled his cock out of Megan's mouth and directed his monstrous load down the back of Vicky's open throat.

Vicky fought for air as the slime oozed down. She gagged and coughed and spewed some of the load up her nose. As she opened her eyes, Mistress Kim was face to face with her. "You no like", she hissed and turned to the crowd.

Megan was blindfolded and with her hands still cuffed behind her, she was tossed to the crowd. Vicky was screaming through the ring gag as her cage was being wheeled off the stage. Still screaming, she was wheeled back to her cell and the cage centered in the room. Mistress Kim came in behind the guards and produced a large vibrator. She held

up the four batteries that it held and said, "You pay missy, these fresh". She dropped the batteries in the vibrator, switched it on and rammed it between Vicky's helplessly spread legs. The sensation caused Vicky to squirm uncontrollably. "We see how much fight you have left tomorrow" the evil bitch snarled and Vicky was left alone.

Vicky wailed through the gag and tears streamed. Poor Megan she thought, alone with those animals in the crowd. Some how, some way, she knew in her heart, the evil bitch would pay for this with her life.

The horrible vibrator just buzzed and buzzed, never changing tempo. The vibrator created a nagging sensation, strong enough to focus Vicky's attention to her crotch. The slime in her mouth and throat was now starting to dry and cake. She could feel the tightness of the goop that had dried on her breasts and face. The ring gag was now almost unbearable. Her jaw felt as if it had been dislocated.

She realized she had to pee. "Oh god, no way", she thought. Her legs being held wide apart and the damn vibrator, she was unable to hold it and released her bladder. Her pee trickled at first because of the vibration and then flooded the bottom of her cage. There she sat, legs wide apart, the vibrator sloshing in the puddle of pee, helpless and alone with her own thoughts.

Survival - By Thunder

Chapter Eight

Vicky was horrified at the pain and humiliation she had to endure. Her leg muscles were cramping and her jaw ached like fire. She was sitting in a puddle of pee with the vibrator buzzing and sloshing. Her nerves were on edge because of the lack of sleep and the torment her body was having forced on it.

The hours dragged on and still the damn vibrator just would not die. Her crotch was numb now from the constant steady sensation. Her eyes closed in pain; she was startled as the door flew open. Mistress Kim walked in with two guards.

They unlocked Vicky's collar and opened the door of the cage. The sensation of the guards forcing her legs together was extremely painful. When they removed the ring gag, she could not speak because her jaw would not move. One guard held her up while the other guard started strapping a belt around her waist. A strap was locked to the front of the belt to a metal ring. The strap had two large dildos attached at mid length. Just in front of the first dildo was a round metal button. As the strap was drawn between her legs, Vicky was horrified to feel the dildos being slammed up both of her tortured holes. The strap was brought tight and locked to a ring in the back of the belt. There was a small black metal box at the end of the strap that was secured by the lock in the belt. Mistress Kim stood behind Vicky and did something to the box and instantly Vicky felt electric snaps to her clit and the dildos up her ass and pussy. The box produced alternating sensations of electric stimulation. They took off her cuffs and shoved her to the cot.

Mistress Kim and the guards left her alone in the room, naked, unrestrained except for the strap between her legs. Vicky went to the tiny sink and splashed water on her face and body and sucked the water into her mouth to rid herself of the horrible taste. Her jaw ached and she had a hard time moving her mouth. She stood up and walked slowly back to the bed and lay down. She was exhausted but now there was a new torment to prevent her from sleep.

She explored the belt and strap and discovered there was nothing she could do to remove it. The electric snaps seemed to alternate with intensity, speed and which part of the strap activated. The activation cycled from the button resting on her clit to the butt plug, back the clit and then the dildo up her pussy. It was maddening and the cycle never let her get used to the stimulation. Each snap of electricity was like a surprise to her body.

She realized how hungry she was and she missed the bath, massage and soft tongues. Where was Megan, was she safe? The torment of her own thoughts mixed with the horrible belt and strap caused her head to spin.

Steve walked into Than's office and was shown to a comfortable over stuffed chair. A well dressed servant came in with tea and coffee for the two gentlemen and served Steve

coffee and Than selected tea. Both men had been in negotiations for months and this was to be the final meeting.

Steve had produced a video game several months ago and now was ready to market it around the world. It would be a revolutionary virtual reality game that only required something like a pair of sun glasses instead of the monster goggles and head gear every one was used to. Steve's company had the technology and software, the partnership with Than and his company would provide the manufacturing.

It had been an uphill battle for Steve to get his dream launched to this point. He was so close to having it all, and now it just came to inking the deal with Than. All the lawyers from both sides had reviewed, edited, modified and blessed the contracts. All signatures were in place except for the two owners of the respective companies.

Steve had decided to visit Than in Thailand to see the manufacturing facility first hand. He had been impressed with the efficient layout and the high tech, modern, plastic injection molding units. There was no doubt this facility could produce the millions of units projected for this game. Steve knew he was sitting on a virtual gold mine and was willing to share a healthy share with a partner that could help bring the dream to reality. The contract he was about to sign would make Than one of the richest men in Thailand and perhaps the region.

The two men joked a bit and after they finished their refreshment, they both retreated to a large board room with a conference table in the center. All the contract paperwork was neatly spread out in proper sequence with marks to show where the signatures were to be placed. The lawyers had done a good job.

Steve wished he still had his star attorney working on this but she just disappeared shortly after she won the big civil case for him that made all this possible. The months that it had taken to win that case, Steve had become very attracted to Vicky, his attorney. He knew it was not ethical to become involved with Vicky during a big case but the desire was certainly there.

Steve had lost his wife of 23 years to cancer and at 54 was faced with the loneliness of wanting to share his success with his loved one. Vicky and her daughter would have made a wonderful outlet to lavish his love and new found success and wealth on.

After she disappeared, he and the law firm had hired detectives to track her down. The trail went cold at the hotel in the Bahamas. No trace was left, no clothes in the room, no sign of them. Steve knew in his heart that something had happened to them. He wondered what?

After the signing the two men relaxed and chatted for a while. Steve liked Than. Articulate, well educated, an easy laugh and style unlike most business men of the region. It was easy to see why Than was so successful.

The two men agreed to have dinner together that evening and Than said he had a surprise for Steve. Steve left and was escorted back to his hotel by Than's limo and armed body guards. Than had provided Steve with some very nice accommodations as well as the use of the limo and personal security.

Steve relaxed by the pool most of the afternoon and enjoyed the hospitality of the hotel. The management knew why he was in Thailand and that Than had given the hotel incentive to treat Steve like royalty.

Steve dressed for dinner and was met at the hotel entrance by the body guard and limo. He was taken to a very fine restaurant where he met Than. The dinner was fabulous and the service impeccable with the waiters hovering and anticipating every need. They dined in a private section of the place and were even visited by the chef to check on the acceptance of his cuisine.

Steve and Than joked and drank and ate and thoroughly enjoyed each others company. Toward the end of dinner, Than asked Steve if he was aware of the reputation Thailand had regarding its underground sex industry. Steve assured Than he knew the reputation and was curious about it but would not want to participate in any sexual activities. Steve did express an interest in perhaps a show of some type.

Than beamed as he described an acquaintance named Mistress Kim and how hot her show was each evening. Her star performer was a beautiful blond Western woman that performed unspeakable acts of sexual depravity each evening. Than described how the beautiful tall woman would come out into the crowded room and get up on the tables, squat, and allow herself to be fingered and probed while holding her breasts as an offering.

Steve was shocked that a woman would do this sort of show but was mildly stimulated by the visual image in his head of such an act. He agreed and after dinner they got into the limo with four of Than's body guards.

Vicky lay on the bunk, digging at the strap, trying to get some relief from the constant stimulation. There was just no way to get used to it because of the constant changing frequency and strength of the little electric snapping.

She lay there for what she thought was an eternity. Finally, the door flew open and two guards entered. They grabbed her and cuffed her hands behind her back and literally dragged her down the hall to the stage.

Vicky was a disheveled mess. She had not been able to clean herself completely and her hair was still matted and stuck together. She was hoping she was being taken to be cleaned up but she was dragged directly to the stage area, still wearing the belt and strap.

Vicky screamed at the sight she saw. Megan was already there, suspended in a face

down, spread eagle position, horizontal to the floor. The four cables attached to her wrists and ankles produced a visual effect that made it appear she was flying with outstretched arms. A fifth cable was attached to a wide leather belt around her mid section which supported her so her body was straight and rigid. Her breasts hung heavy with the nipple rings dangling. Her hair covered her face. Her body was about waist high off the floor.

Vicky was dragged out to the stage and a spreader bar was placed between her legs. She was standing by Megan's head, facing the curtain with her hands behind her back and that damn strap tormenting her continuously.

As the curtain opened to the roar of the crowd, Mistress Kim pranced on stage. Chattering into the microphone and waving her free hand wildly in the air. She whipped the crowd into a frenzy. Men raced to the edge of the stage waving money and Mistress Kim went down the line snatching the wads from the eager men. Vicky silently counted 30 men, now crowded at the end of the stage. This could not be happening. Vicky struggled but it was useless.

Mistress Kim walked over to Vicky and yanked the strap tighter forcing the metal button harder against her clit. Mistress Kim's face was red and flushed and her eyes had a wild look in them. "Kitten just a slut now, time to make real money" and held the wad of money in front of Vicky's face. "Each man to fuck kitten and you clean her after each one with your tongue".

Vicky was about to launch her helpless body at Mistress Kim when she was shocked to hear a male voice scream her name from the back of the room. Vicky snapped her head up but was blinded by the bright lights.

Steve and Than arrived at Mistress Kim's sex club and Than apologized for being a little late. They were delayed leaving the restaurant because the owner was bowing and scraping to Than thanking him for their patronage.

Steve and Than, accompanied by the four body guards, entered Mistress Kim's and space was immediately cleared for such important guest. As they were shown to their table in the center of the room, Steve's senses were on overload; looking around at the crowded room he noticed the ornate surroundings and the brightly lit stage. The stage was packed with a large group of jumping and fidgeting men at one end. In the center was a spectacular looking blond hanging from some awful contraption that suspended her in the air.

Steve's eyes caught the exquisite naked blond standing next to the suspended woman. His eyes immediately riveted on her shapely body and her shaved crotch. Steve's mouth watered at the sight.

Like an alarm bell in the back of his brain, he recognized Vicky to be the blond, helpless,

tied and displayed in such an obscene manner. His mind snapped and he screamed her name. "VICKY"

Steve was racing toward the stage with Than standing there in shock. As Steve reached the edge of the stage, the thug confronted him and grabbed his arm. Steve wheeled toward Than to find his new partner had followed him to the edge of the stage. Steve grabbed Than by the arm and screamed at him that the woman on stage had disappeared six months ago and he believed she had been kidnapped. He told Than that he needed make sure she was OK.

Than held up his hands as a gesture that he did not want to get involved. Steve's face went to a shadowy angry expression and he screamed if Than didn't help this instant, the whole deal was off for the partnership.

Than, seeing the millions disappearing like smoke before his eyes, chattered at the four body guards. In a blink of an eye, four Uzi machine guns appeared from under their coats. The thug released Steve and reached for something under his jacket. His hand never made contact with what he was reaching for. One of the body guards let fly a burst of 9mm rounds that caught the thug full in the face. His face disappeared in a cloud of red.

The group of men leaped off the stage and the crowd scampered for the exits. Steve leaped up onto the stage and started for Vicky. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a small woman running toward him with a long object like an ice pick. Steve avoided the strike, stepped to one side and landed a hard blow to the smallish woman's left jaw. She crumpled into a heap on the floor, unconscious.

There was panic in the room people were running every where, trampling each other to escape. The four body guards had surrounded Than at the edge of the stage and looked like a fortress of bristling Uzi's. Steve reached Vicky and she collapsed in his arms. He gently laid her on the floor of the stage and went to the small woman he had just knocked out. He took a key ring from her belt and found the proper keys and unlocked the belt and strap around Vicky. After releasing Vicky, he motioned for one of the body guards to help him release Megan. She was shaking and sobbing and frightened out of her wits.

When the two women were released and holding each other, Vicky blurted to Steve they had been kidnapped 6 months ago by this evil woman. Steve looked back at Than and he just shrugged his shoulders.

Vicky looked at the little heap that started to stir. Mistress Kim was regaining consciousness. Vicky grabbed the handcuffs that were lying on the floor next to her that Steve had removed from her wrists. She went to the evil little bitch and rolled her over and sat on her. Vicky grabbed her arms and almost broke them as she yanked them back behind the woman's back. Kim screamed in pain. Click, click and the cuffs were snapped tight.

Vicky stood up and ripped off the damn heels she detested. Now barefoot and able to keep her balance, she reached down and grabbed Kim by the hair. It was no trouble for Vicky to lift Kim from the floor by her hair. Screaming in pain and squirming, Kim was resisting. Vicky doubled up her fist and threw a right cross that made Steve take notice. Kim's face contorted and she was out cold again.

A rapid exchange between Than and the body guards and the guards fanned out to check for any new threat. There was none. The place was empty. The first burst from the guard's Uzi that had taken down the thug was enough incentive to clear the building. The small group was alone.

Vicky walked to the side of the stage and found robes for her and Megan. She returned and wrapped her daughter in the soft cloth. She looked at Steve and leaped into his arms, tears streaming down her face.

Kim stirred again and Vicky's face turned into an expression that made Steve take a step back. Without a word, Vicky walked over to Kim and started tearing the woman's clothes off. Vicky looked around and found the control box. After a few tries, she found the right switch and the hoist cable descended. Vicky brought it to the cuffs behind Kim's back and attached the cable.

A flick of the switch and Kim was being hoisted from the floor. Her arms were being stretched up behind her back, forcing her into a bent over position. Steve looked at Vicky and said, "C'mon, lets get the hell out of here". Vicky glared back at Steve and said, "Not yet, it's payback time".

Steve stepped back and thought he understood. He took Megan and helped her off the stage. The body guards moved with Than, Steve and Megan to the back of the room. Vicky grabbed Kim by the hair and yanked her head up almost snapping the woman's neck. Face to face, Vicky screamed "YOU PAY" and brought her knee up sharply into Kim's face while pulling down on her hair. Vicky could feel the cartilage in Kim's nose squish on contact. She knew she had broken the woman's nose. Blood poured from her nose and formed a puddle on the stage floor. Kim struggled to stand up but the hoist cable pulling her arms prevented any attempt.

Vicky went to the belt and strap she had been forced to wear and picked them up. She was about to insert the plugs up Kim when she stopped and looked around. She spotted what she wanted. She jumped off the stage and snatched a small brown bottle from one of the tables. Climbing back up on stage, she opened the bottle and the strong smell immediately reminded her of the first time she had smelled it.

Vicky remembered being chained under the dining table at one of Mistress Kim's parties. Hands cuffed behind her, she had been forced to suck the cocks of faceless men as they ate. One man had smeared this foul smelling Thai hot sauce on his cock and rammed it down Vicky's throat. The burning sensation had taken her breath away and the

only relief from the burning was to suck the cock until his cum washed the burning liquid down her throat. She remembered how everyone laughed and teased her about not being able to stand the heat.

Vicky poured the whole bottle of hot sauce on the dildo and butt plug. With it dripping the sauce, she slammed the butt plug first and then the dildo. She barely got the strap secured before Kim screamed in pain and ran in little circles like a headless chicken. Blood was flying from her nose as she jumped and kicked and tried to dislodge the burning probes. Her holes were on fire and she was in agony.

Vicky had an evil grin as she jumped off the stage. She got about half way to where Megan and the others waited for her and she stopped. She picked up a little oil lamp that was on one of the tables. She turned and heaved it up on stage. The lamp broke into a thousand small pieces and the oil caught fire. Vicky threw three more in rapid succession and then joined Megan.

Steve put his arm around Vicky and Megan and asked, "Are you done now"? Vicky looked back at Kim jumping and kicking and running in circles, tethered by the cable. The fire was spreading rapidly across the wooden stage and smoke was filling the room. Vicky looked at Steve and said, "I'm done, can you get us home"?

The group left the burning building and sped away in the limo. As Vicky and Megan were huddled together in the back seat, Steve and Than were in furious conversation. Than grabbed the car phone and was chattering like a mad man into the device. The limo picked up speed and Vicky looked out the window.

It wasn't long before Vicky recognized they were heading into a side gate at the end of an airport. The Limo screeched to a halt next to a small private jet. Than got out of the Limo. He handed something to a man wearing a uniform. He saluted Than and drove away. Everyone including the body guards went aboard the jet.

The door shut and the engines whined to life. Within minutes, they were heading down the runway in a rapid take off. They were airborne before Vicky realized what had just happened. Vicky finally realized Steve and Than were smuggling them out of Thailand, back to the real world and safety.

After the take off, Steve came over to Vicky and hugged her. With a soft kiss to her forehead, he said "Welcome home Vicky, I won't let you disappear on me again".

Vicky, Megan and Steve were hugging each other with the women crying joyful tears. Steve gave Than a look that told Than he had made the right choice. He had made a partner for life by helping Steve.

THE END