Bound To Happen - a Samantha's Shame Story

 by Delta Venus

Betsy caught me. It was bound to happen eventually, but it took

longer than I thought it would, and I enjoyed every minute I

could in the meantime. If you've been reading about me, you know

what I'm talking about, but just in case you haven't, I'll

explain. My name is Sam, short for Samantha, and I'm required to

keep a journal of all the humiliating and degrading things I am

forced to do by my older sister, Betsy. She forces me to do these

things partly because she knows that while I truly hate doing

them, I also find them terribly exciting and I really get off,

but mostly she does so because she is a sadistic bitch who enjoys

tormenting me, and she'd do it even if I didn't respond the way I

do. That it turns me on is just icing on the cake.

She recently forced me to wear a chastity belt at all times.

There were two reasons for this: first was to keep all the guys

she keeps exposing me to from fucking me, second was to make sure

I had no way of releasing my pent up sexual energies without

first asking her for permission. I hated that second reason, and

I would only make a request for relief when I really could no

longer stand the hormonal pressures. At our last event, I

accidentally discovered a way to achieve an orgasm with the damn

belt on, using the water jets in our pool, so I could cum without

having to beg her. I took full advantage of this new found

release, knowing that I would eventually get caught, and getting

caught would really suck. Luckily Betsy had become a little more

focused on her boyfriend Jack, and was ignoring me more than

usual.

When Betsy ignored me in the past, I would get very nervous,

because it almost always meant she was plotting something devious

to do to me. This time, I was still nervous, but for a different

reason. I wasn't as worried about what she might be plotting, I

was scared because I knew I'd eventually get caught and the

punishment Betsy would think up would be fucked up for sure. In

spite of that nervousness, I would rush home from school to jump

in the pool, and cum and cum again. Whenever Betsy wasn't around,

I was grinding my pussy against that strong blast of water, and

experiencing the intense pleasures it gave me. The relief after

being denied so frequently was incredible! I was very careful to

request to be released from the belt so I could masturbate about

as often as I had before, even though that usually meant I had to

put on a show for her and Jack. She denied me frequently, which

was actually what I wanted now.

Betsy finally came home when I wasn't expecting her. I was

getting pounded by the pulse, and pulsing heavily myself, when I

got caught.

"What the fuck do you think you are doing!? GODDAMMIT!!" Betsy

screamed at the top of her lungs. I knew I was in for it. Her

face was bright red with rage, and she was shaking she was so

pissed off. This was really going to be bad! Suddenly her face

turned to stone, and she calmly, evenly said "You are going to be

punished for that, you will regret not following my orders," and

turned and walked away. The cold, even tone of voice scared me

much more than the screaming had.

Betsy let me stew for two weeks, before she even spoke about it

again. I lived in constant fear of what was going to happen, and

that was probably part of the punishment. It worked, too. She

made sure I was never alone to use the pool, but she didn't need

to because I didn't even think about the jets again. When she

finally did say something, it was short and to the point: "Your

punishment will take place this weekend." Not a word about what

it might be, which did nothing to alleviate my nerves. I was

practically shitting bricks.

That weekend, our parents were out of town again, at yet another

of the charity functions they seem to constantly attend, and

Betsy held a party. I was to be a major element of both

decoration and entertainment for the event. My new boyfriend

Paul, Betsy's choice not mine, was allowed to attend and help

out. As usual, she really went all out to embarrass and humiliate

me.

I don't know where she got it, but set up in our den was

something straight out of a gynecologists office, a metal

examination table complete with stirrups. Laying on top of the

table was an assortment of hardcore bondage gear. Several leather

cuff-style restraints, a wiffle ball looking plastic gag with

straps, a leather hood, a butt plug, and an assortment of small

locks. Betsy had me strip naked, except for the chastity belt.

Then she showed me the butt plug, completely made of metal, with

a small ring at the very base. She made me lick it to get it nice

and slick, undid one of the clasps of the chastity belt, slid the

cable through the ring at the base so that the plug couldn't be

removed if the belt was fastened, and shoved the cold metal

roughly into my ass. I was glad I slobbered on it as much as I

had, or it would have been really painful going in. As it was, it

wasn't real comfortable, but then having things shoved up your

ass usually isn't.

She redid the clasp on the belt, and checked to make sure

everything was nice and snug. It was. The plastic cup pressed

against my mound and slit, and was held there tightly enough that

you couldn't get a finger underneath. Business as usual, except

now my backdoor was also closed and locked tight.

"Now I don't have to keep an eye on you to make sure the guys

don't stuff your ass full of cock, or God knows what else..." Her

laughter had a wicked quality to it.

At Betsy's order, I got up on the examination table, which was

also quite cold, and made me shiver. I think the shivers weren't

just from the cold, this thing would make any woman nervous, even

in its normal setting. My legs were fastened to the stirrups with

leather cuffs and secured by some of the small locks. She cranked

the stirrups up so my knees were bent, and then apart so that my

legs were held up high and spread wide. I could wiggle a little

bit by flexing my knees, but I couldn't rotate my legs or move

them in any other direction at all, so I was going to stay spread

open no matter what. Except for the belt cup tightly covering my

pussy, and the plug sealing my anus, I was very exposed and

totally vulnerable.

The ball gag was next, inserted into my mouth and forcing it wide

open, the straps fastened tightly at the back of my head, and

also secured with a lock. Then Betsy pulled the leather bondage

hood over my head, completely covering my head and face just past

my nose, making it so I couldn't see a thing. I heard the click

of another lock as she secured the hood so it couldn't be

removed. Once she had me all laid out, and going nowhere, she

began to explain to Paul what his duties for the evening would

be.

"You are going to watch over her, Paul. Stand guard. Here's a

little remote, if there is trouble, you press that button and two

of my football player buddies will be in here instantly to sort

it out. Now, what I mean by trouble is this and only this: if

anyone tries to remove the chastity belt, the plug, or the hood,

or if they are going to cause Sam permanent harm. I do mean

\*permanent\* harm. I don't want anyone burning her with

cigarettes, or cutting her, or tattooing her, or anything like

that. Anything short of that does not count as permanent harm,

and if you press the button for anything less, I'll remove that

belt myself and you can watch Sam get gang banged. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. My friends should start showing up any time. Keep an eye

on her, you are her only protection this evening. You can play

around with her yourself, if you want, but don't interfere with

anyone else unless they are violating the rules."

I heard Betsy walk out, and Paul whispered in my ear "Don't

worry, I'll keep you safe."

Being so exposed and vulnerable, and not able to see what was

happening, was more than a little frightening. The lecture she

had just given Paul didn't help in the least. What the fuck was

Betsy expecting her guests to do to me? It was also very

embarrassing. I knew Paul had see it all before, even more than

now because he had seen me without the protective covering of the

chastity belt, but I still felt humiliated at being exposed to

him like this. What must he think of me for letting my sister do

things like this? I knew that it wouldn't be long before lots of

other people saw me, too, and I was already blushing at the

thought, and that embarrassment was having its usual effect on

me, and my pussy was quite wet.

I lost track of time in my sightless, tightly restricted world. I

heard some guests start to arrive, and the usual party noises,

clinking glasses, endless chatter. Finally I was brought out of

my daydreaming state by the first person to come into the den.

"Why, what do we have here? Kinky! She's sort of cute, too,

although she could be a real dog under that mask. A sexy dog,

though. Hey, Brad, come in here and check this shit out!"

I heard the guy walk out, and then the footsteps of many people

coming into the room. More than a few guests must have been

curious to see what Brad was supposed to come check out. The

comments started flying. I couldn't make them all out, lots of

degrading terms, descriptions of my anatomy, musings about my

sexual habits, curiosity about what lay under the hood, or under

the belt. At least so far, no one was touching me, they were just

talking shit, and looking. I couldn't see them, but I could feel

their eyes on me anyways. It was quite humiliating to hear a lot

of what was said, but at least I wasn't being outright molested.

Yet. I knew again that it was bound to happen, which was why I

was bound - so it could happen. Betsy wouldn't have taken the

precaution of plugging my ass if she didn't think someone would

try to penetrate it.

The novelty of a bound, helpless, naked girl wore off and some of

the crowd got bored of looking, and wandered away to other parts

of the house, or to freshen their drinks. No one was loose enough

yet to start playing with me, but the degrading talk continued,

and the anticipation of what would happen next was overwhelming.

I squirmed and wiggled with pent up energy, and my pussy was

flowing like a leaky faucet. It was my juices obviously dripping

from under the cup of the chastity belt that finally broke the

ice.

"Look at that, the slut is so horny she can't hold still, and her

cunt is creaming!"

"God, I'd love to fuck a hot young thing like that. I guess

that's why the belt is on her, huh? Still, nothing says we can't

help her out a little..."

Pressure right on the plastic cup covering my dripping hole,

pushing it tight against my lips. The person pressing on it

started vibrating their hand, sending tremors through my whole

body. I knew this wouldn't be enough to get me off, although it

was very stimulating, but they didn't know I couldn't cum without

something more direct, and they sure gave it a go. I would have

been thrusting against this pressing hand, involuntarily, except

I was trussed to the table too securely to move like that. It was

driving me crazy! Just enough stimulation to really push my

buttons, but not enough to take me over the edge to relief. The

rubbing pressure stopped, and I felt probing at the edges of the

belt, trying to get underneath the cup. If I couldn't get my

dainty fingers under there, these big, rough digits certainly

weren't going to fit, although at that point I really wished they

would!

They gave up, laughing, and I heard the two of them wander off

for more beer. Just then, I heard a nasty hissing in my ear, a

girl was giving me a piece of her mind!

"You fucking bitch," she sputtered in a low, horrible tone of

voice. "I will get even with you! My boyfriend has been bugging

me to let him tie me up, and now that he has seen your slutty

body all trussed up on display, I'll never hear then end of it.

I'll have to do some of the nasty shit he wants, or break up with

him. Bitch!" She pinched my nipple, hard! Giving it a nasty

twist, without letting go until she couldn't hold on any longer.

I thought she was going to rip it off! I tried to scream, but the

ball gag kept it muffled into a moaning mourn. "Shit, you like

this stuff, slutty cunt!" She spit right in my face, then slapped

it, and it really hurt! Luckily the heavy leather of the hood cut

the sting of the blow, but she had really put some energy into

it. I could feel her spit running down my chin, and dribbling

through the holes in the ball gag, but there wasn't anything I

could do about it.

Then I was alone, for who knows how long, and I wondered if Paul

was still there watching over me. I was scared. The fright didn't

do anything to diminish how turned on I was, and neither had the

harsh treatment from the girl with the bondage craving boyfriend.

Being turned on didn't do anything to lessen my fear, either.

Worried sick, and horny as a mink, what a combination of

feelings! My head was reeling, and the only thing I was sure of

was that I would never again do anything other than what Betsy

told me to do. I was broken, and the evening was still young.

As the guests began to get buzzed and loose, the action began to

pick up. I was poked, pinched, and fondled by both guys and

girls. I had to listen to them all talking about what a stupid

bitch, nasty whore, and slutty cunt I was. Sometimes I was

addressed directly, and told in no uncertain terms what I should

have done to me. I should be spanked, whipped, forced to suck

cock, lick pussy, get fucked in my pussy and my ass, swallow cum,

and all sorts of other nasty things. The rest of the time they

talked as if I wasn't there, a low, base creature to be chatted

about at their whim, unworthy of direct attention, other than the

wandering hands that now never seemed to stop.

Some guy, who knows who because I was still hooded and in the

dark, finally got up the gumption to take things to a higher

level. I heard his zipper go down, so it wasn't a total shock

when I felt the silky skin of a hard cock rubbing against my

smooth inner thigh. While he was rubbing off his raging hard on,

someone else started sucking and nibbling on my nipples. I hope

the guy enjoying the direct contact with my skin didn't have a

lover to satisfy, because he sure didn't last very long, and I

felt hot jets of semen gushing from the head of his cock to run

and drip down my thigh. It was only the first load of cum I would

feel on my skin that night, and he had been much more considerate

than those who would follow about where he shot it.

Laughter. All the laughter. The nasty words were bad, and stung

my ego, but the constant laughing was like a spike driven

straight into my soul. Not only was I a filthy, disgusting slut,

but I was a fucking joke to these people. A plaything for their

amusement, a toy to be enjoyed and tossed away without concern.

Trash. Of all the things Betsy had done to me, this had me

feeling the lowest. Worst of all, the sublimely stinging

humiliation seemed to bypass my brain entirely, and sent

shockingly strong signals throughout my body.

In spite of not being able to get enough direct stimulation

because of the tight plastic cup over my pussy, I was at the very

edge of orgasm. I stayed right at the peak of pleasure, almost

cumming, for most of the rest of the night. My excitement was

obvious to one and all, and they took it as a further sign of

what a total slut I was, clearly enjoying every disgusting thing

they did to me. My brain was screaming "No! I'm not like this, I

hate this, stop it. Stop it! STOP IT!" but my body refused to

listen, betraying me utterly and completely. What could it be but

my true nature pushing through? I was crying under the hood, but

the shakes that I had weren't from sobbing, they were from the

hyper stimulation of my senses. I felt like my entire nervous

system was just going to burn out, and part of me wanted it to.

It got worse, before it got better. Some bitch got the idea

first, and I felt something smooth and waxy rubbing on my belly.

It took me a minute, but I finally figured out she was writing on

me with her lipstick. Other lipsticks and mascara brushes, which

were really rough, soon followed. I was covered with writings and

crude drawings, and none of it was nice. Guys took pleasure in

reading them or describing the drawings aloud. Look, there's an

arrow point to her cunt, and it says "Insert dicks here", "shoot

your cum in here", "slutty whore, use the back door". I began to

receive more sticky loads of cum, too, coating me with slime, and

smearing the artwork. The ball gag soon was leaking a constant

stream of acrid man juice into my mouth, and I was glad the hood

kept my nose covered, so I could breathe without gagging.

I thought I might get a reprieved when some asshole was going to

burn me with a cigarette. That was across the line, and Betsy was

sure to end this nightmare. I didn't quite realize what was

happening, until I heard Paul gasp, and then what the jerk had

been saying finally sunk through. He wanted his initials on me, a

permanent or at least long lasting, scar. Paul told me later he

was about to press the panic button, but some other guy took

offense before he could, and a fight erupted between this good

Samaritan and the asshole smoker. One of the football players

broke up the fight - by breaking up the two of them, and tossing

their asses out of the house in damaged condition. My captivity

and degradation by the guests continued, the party went on, and I

zoned out in a haze of shameful sexual excitation, swept away by

strong emotion and physical sensation.

Most everyone had left, and things were winding down, when I

suffered my final humiliation. Left alone for a few moments, I

had swallowed most of the sticky seed dripping through the ball

gag, and managed to catch my breath. I was still peaking with

sexual excitement, my nerves twanging, my muscles jumping and

twitching. I heard the then familiar sound of a zipper going

down, and settled myself for some more dick rubbing and a cum

shot to be delivered who knows where. I was wrong.

The sensation was like a bolt of lightning up my spine! A hot,

direct pressure almost straight to my throbbing clit. I freaked

out, and started a strong series of multiple orgasms, all at the

same time. He was peeing on me! The stream was going right

through the tiny slit in the chastity device, and nailing me

right in the most sensitive area, just like I'd been doing with

the pool jets that got me into this mess in the first place. I

was floored! I couldn't believe he could be so crude. It was

sick, disgusting, yet the steamy pressure was too fucking much

for me to hold back, even though I really wanted to. I couldn't

cum with some guy pissing on me! I couldn't not cum with some guy

pissing on me! The total shock of this ultimate degradation and

the physical sensations of pleasure happening all at the same

time was the total overload I had been scared of, yet craving,

earlier. I was shaking like an epileptic in an earthquake as I

experienced the most intense sexual moment of my life with the

heat of intense shame flushing my head and the hot pee gushing

against my clit. Then I passed out.

When I woke up, I was unbound, and Paul was cradling me and

crooning softly, some nonsense meant to be soothing. It was. He

hadn't been my choice for a boyfriend, Betsy had chosen him for

me, but I realized right then that I loved him. I looked up, and

there was my bitch sister Betsy, looking at us. She almost looked

sorry for the ordeal she had put me through. Almost. I was a

total mess, the nasty writing smeared and runny from sweat, all

the semen that had been shot onto me, and the piss, too. My hair

was matted, I had minor bruises all over, red finger marks, and

scratches. I felt like butter left out on a hot desert sidewalk,

just melted away, with no form or substance.

"Take her upstairs, Paul, and get her cleaned up and into bed.

Sam, don't ever cross me again, or I'll do something to you that

will make this night seem tame. I'm sorry you forced me to do

this."

That was the closest she ever came to an apology. It wouldn't

stop her from continuing to torment me, though. There was more to

cum, for sure.

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