**Danielle Meets a Guy Online**

by[**abob1**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1368626&page=submissions)©

She didn't know why she had resorted to the internet. She was incredibly beautiful. At 5'8", silky brunette hair that reached past her shoulders, a lush pair of 34Cs, and an ass and legs that wouldn't quit, she was easily one of the hottest girls on campus. She could have had her pick of the men around.  
  
Actually, she knew exactly why, though she hated to admit it. All the "men" who attended her liberal arts college were merely boys in the bedroom. Seeing few viable options, she had been with a series of three losers over the first four months of the semester. An act of purist optimism, she bedded each of them despite their timid nature, hoping to quell her voracious sexual appetite.  
  
But these hipster bookworms became klutzy, bumbling idiots once they saw her naked, pawing at her breasts and pussy like they were rolling out dough. She needed a man who would take ownership of her in bed, who could rile her into a sexual frenzy and bring her to orgasm again and again. In short, she was not looking for a soul mate.  
  
The man she met online was named Russell, or at least that is what he purported it to be. His picture was that of the tall, dark, handsome variety, and Danielle got wet just looking at his broad shoulders. As she browsed his profile, she noticed he listed domination and voyeurism as sexual interests. After they had arranged to meet, she reached her hand under her skirt right at her dorm room desk and masturbated herself to orgasm right through her panties.  
  
Despite wanting to bring Russell to bed the moment they met, she let her common sense get the best of her and asked him to meet her someplace public. 'You can never be to safe with online acquaintances,' she thought. So she arranged for them to meet at the local watering hole with two of her friends and their boyfriends.  
  
Danielle had her eyes pinned on the door from the moment she sat at the table, and the moment he walked in she let out a sigh of relief. His face matched his profile picture exactly. She stood up to meet him and he caught her eyes from across the room. They met with an embrace and a peck on the cheek, and sat down with her friends.  
  
"Everyone, this is Russell," she announced. The girls flirtatiously introduced themselves while their nervous boyfriends shook his hand. Danielle loved how they cowered around an alpha male.  
  
For the rest of the evening, the group exchanged mundane conversation, and Russell endeared himself quite well to Danielle's friends. She was expecting hard-headed, big-cocked butch, but Russell was engaging and warm. Each of Danielle's girlfriends was envious of her. When the check came, Russell insisted he pay and thanked everyone for being so welcoming. Danielle could barely container her excitement. She had found a winner.  
  
Russell was not surprised when Danielle invited him back to her dorm. He had been picked up all her signals, and knew that so long as he was not a complete jerk, he was going to have her tonight. Danielle hooked her arm around his as they strode toward her building. He was the consummate gentleman all evening, and now she was going to give herself to him.  
  
"I recall you have an interest in domination," she said as she opened the door to her dorm room. "I plan on letting you explore that interest tonight." "Oh really?" he said, knowingly, as if he was planning to explore it anyway. Danielle nodded seductively, "Just let me put something more comfortable on."  
  
She went into her bathroom and changed into a lace nightie and thong that she had laid out before she left. She admired herself in the mirror: the nightie had a build-in Wonderbra that forced her tits together, making them look like they were bursting out of the top of it. She did a quick spin to check out her ass, devilish with the thong wedged up it, but innocent with the lacy teddy covering the cheeks. Her pussy was already wet as she reached for the door knob.  
  
She she walked out of the room, she saw Russell standing bare naked facing the window. The window extended from six inches off the ground to six inches from the ceiling, but the area outside her window did not get much foot traffic. It was merely a wooded area with no path or walkway. "Do a lot of people walk by your window at night?" he asked. "No," Danielle replied, remembering his voyeuristic interests. "Good," he said, grabbing her desk chair and facing it towards the window.  
  
As he moved, Danielle noticed the giant hose hanging between his legs. Even in its flaccid state, it was bigger than the three she had seen since college began. Russell sat in the chair, facing the window, and started stroking his cock. He turned to her and said, "You look sexy as hell in that outfit." Danielle started to get out a seductive "Thank you," but was interrupted by his "Now get over here and suck my dick."  
  
This startled Danielle, but this is what she had signed up for. With some trepidation, she sank to her knees and crawled over to where he was sitting, approaching him from the side. When she reached him, she lifted her chest up so that here breasts rested on his left thigh, and let him guide his dick into her mouth. Once her lips were wrapped around his shaft, Russell grabbed a handful of hair and forced more of her onto him.  
  
There was no way Danielle could take him all, so she grabbed his cock at the base with her left hand and gently stroked. Holding her hair close to her scalp, Russell guided her up and down the length of his cock. As he pushed down hard and his dick hit the back of throat, Danielle realized she might have gotten herself into more than she had bargained for. Russell was a little rougher than she expected.  
  
As he continued to bob her head up and down, he reached his left hand down, lifted up her nightie, and pulled her thong aside. He slid two fingers between her ass cheeks, and continued down until they were spreading apart her pussy. "Oh my God, you horny slut," he mocked. "You are soaking wet!" He knew if she could still be this wet given what he was doing to her thus far, he could get away with anything. He was certainly going to try.  
  
From around his cock, Danielle groaned grunts of approval as he fingered her pussy. He pulled her up by her hair and stared right in her eyes. "If you want to cum, stand up right in front of me," he said. Danielle scrambled to her feet, not knowing what to expect. Once facing him on her feet, he ordered her to spread her legs past shoulder width and pull her panties aside. Danielle complied, knowing that her spread pussy was right at his eye level.  
  
Russell scooted his chair forward just a little and with his left hand reached around her and grabbed a big handful of her right ass cheek. He then extended his pointer and middle finger outward from his right hand and moved towards her juicy hole. As he pushed up into her, Danielle gripped his shoulders for support. She was so wet that he was able to push both fingers all the way into their base. Her knees buckled, and if it were not for his hand on her ass she might have fallen.  
  
Her mouth fell agape as she stood in silent ecstasy. He started pumping in and out of her at great speed. Russell normally would have started slower, but Danielle was so wet he so no need to warm her up. She was ready.  
  
Danielle held onto his shoulders for dear life as he rocked her pussy with his fingers. He slowly slid his left hand closer to her sphincter until the entire side of his forefinger was nestled against it. This pressure against her asshole only stimulated Danielle further. To drive her over the edge, Russell opened his mouth and planted his tongue on her throbbing clitoris.  
  
Danielle could not believe he was giving her oral. She had given up hope of finding a guy willing to go down on her. But her amazement quickly gave way to the realization that she was about to explode. She pulled his head hard and screamed in orgasm as she came with a bang.  
  
It was all Russell could do to prevent her from falling over. Her hips were bucking wildly and her legs were shaking, but he was able to keep her up with his fingers, still penetrating her pussy. Only after she was secure in her stance did he pull out.  
  
Danielle was on cloud nine. In all her time at college, this was the first time that a guy had made her cum. He was considerate, in her mind, for letting her cum first. So when he pulled her head down, forcing her to bend over at the waist, she gratefully took his dick back in her mouth.  
  
She was keenly aware that her ass and pussy were facing the window, but she knew that no one ever walked by out there. Still, the idea that a stray passerby could see her most private area increased her excitement. She understood now why voyeurism was so exciting.  
  
As she bobbed her head on his dick, her hands on his knees for support, Russell reached beneath her and pulled her nightie down, freeing her tits from their restraints. He grabbed each of them and clamped on tightly, taking full ownership of her breasts. Danielle muffled mild protests from around his cock as he pinched at her nipples, but let him have his way with her.  
  
When he was good and ready, he pulled her off him again. "Pull that thing over your head," he said. She smiled as she peeled off what little coverage she had left over her head. As she did, he grabbed her panties and yanked them to her feet. "Now turn around and sit down on my dick," he ordered.  
  
His legs were together with his erect cock sticking straight up in the air. Danielle turned around and backed up with his legs between hers, spreading her pussy as she squatted down towards its target. Russell grabbed her hips and pulled her down the rest of the way. Danielle gasped loudly as he speared her pussy, pulling her down to the base.  
  
Danielle had tried this position once before, but hated it. Now she realized what she was missing the first time. She had not been with Russell; she did not have a giant obelisk supporting her. Each time she sank down, she felt so full she instinctively rocked back upwards. When she reached his tip, she felt so empty she had to sink back down. No matter where she was in the movement, her compulsion was to keep going.  
  
Despite her desire to ride him like this forever, her thighs quickly tired. It was a difficult movement, after all, and she never had to resort to the gym to keep her figure. She reached her hands behind her back and rested her palms on Russell's firm pectorals, giving her some leverage and making the movement a bit easier for her.  
  
She raised her eyes to the ceiling in ecstasy as she bounced up and down. Russell reached his left hand around and grabbed her left tit, squeezing it like a stress ball, forcing her nipple outward towards the window. With his right hand, he reached around her and spread her pussy lips wide, stroking her clit again.  
  
Danielle was in absolute revelry as he brought her close to another orgasm. She tilted her head forward to observe his hands on her body, when she noticed a flash outside the window. Startled, slowed her motion to a standstill, impaled on the cock, and focussed her attention outside. She noticed a tree branch swaying, as if someone had just brushed past it.  
  
"Russell," she exclaimed. "I think there is someone outside!" "So what," he said. "Let them watch."  
  
"No!" she trembled. She considered how lewdly she was displayed. "Let's take a closer look," he threatened. Pushing he upwards, he rose off the chair for the first time that night and forced her tits-first into the glass window. Horrified, her eyes searched frantically for someone outside, especially someone with a camera. She saw nothing.  
  
Russell grabbed a fistful of hair and forced his elbow between her shoulder blades, arching her back and pressing her flush against the window. His cock found her pussy and reentered her. The chill outside stiffened her nipples through the glass, and soon she had goosebumps all over her body.  
  
As his warm hands rubbed over her, her senses were heightened, and her entire body seemed to become an erogenous zone. Danielle was overcome by the whole experience: his enormous cock exploring her depths, the chill of the window against his warm hands, the fear that someone may have been or still might be watching. But of everything, it was his large intrusion that captured her attention.  
  
She bit her lip and closed her eyes as she pushed back against him, coming for the second time that night. Russell grabbed her hips and slowed her humping to a halt. Weakened in her state of ecstasy, Danielle sank to the ground when he pulled out of her. As she caught her breath, Russell propped her up on her elbows and knees with her ass facing the window.  
  
He again mounted her and buried his dick inside her. Danielle was so warmed up at this point that she barely registered his dick as it entered her. Russell did not appreciate her lack of a response, so he grabbed her hair and yanked it up, keeping a hand on the small of her back to keep her in that position.  
  
Danielle snapped back to reality as Russell took ownership of her again. She yelped as he smacked down hard on her ass with his free hand and pounded into her with great velocity. Russell started to grunt louder and more rapidly, and Danielle knew he was about to cum.  
  
The next second, he pulled out of her, and Danielle could feel laces of cum landing up her back. But before the last drop landed, he pulled her up by her hair and craned her neck towards him. Danielle shuffled her knees to face him as the last two shots of cum hit her across the forehead and nose. As she left her mouth agape in shock, he pushed his salty, sticky shaft into her mouth.  
  
"Clean my dick you little slut," Russell belittled her. Had he not already given her the two best orgasms of her life, she would have been furious. But now, she felt the need to show him how thankful she was. Looking up into his eyes as he kept a firm grip on her hair, she lathered her tongue all over him, taking all of his cum and her own pussy juice into her mouth.  
  
He released her hair and she sank backwards away from him. She was as sexually satisfied as she had ever been, and from the hands of a relative stranger. She idly stroked her pussy as he started to gather his clothes. "Will I see you again?" she asked. "That's up to you," he said, cryptically, "But I have a good feeling we will see each other really soon."  
  
With that, he turned and walked out of her room, leaving Danielle to finger herself to one last climax. Exhausted and reveling in the evening's transgressions, she did not even make it to bed. She passed out on the floor, dreaming of Russell's enormous dick.  
  
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When she woke the next morning, she felt his dried cum caked on her face, pinning one of her eyes half closed. She made her way to the bathroom and rinsed herself with warm water. It felt great, and she could not help but feel a little excited and how dirty it was. She had let Russell have his way with her, and he had rewarded her with three amazing orgasms.  
  
Surprising herself, she was already in the mood again, and skipped out of the bathroom with the idea of stroking her clit on the bed. But she noticed, just inside the door, a manilla envelope with no writing on it. 'Probably something from Russell,' she thought to herself. Biting her lower lip, she popped the string and pulled out its contents.  
  
A half-second later, they were spilled on the floor, staring up at her, mocking. Danielle could not believe what was before her eyes. A series of pictures of the night before, taken from outside her window! She was right when she thought she saw a camera going off! Nervously, she picked up the jumbled mess and took a closer look.  
  
Picture one was of her on her knees, on Russell's side, her left hand on his cock, feeding it into her mouth. Her mouth was stretched seemingly painfully wide around his member as his right hand tried to force more of her down. His left hand was fingering her pussy.  
  
The second picture clearly detailed her from behind, her legs spread as Russell fingered her pussy hard. In the shot, he was palm-deep inside of her. She was supporting herself on his shoulders as she stood on her toes. Her legs looked incredible like this, toned and smooth. Her ass was clenched and solid. Her hair extended low as her face stared at the ceiling in obvious ecstasy.  
  
The third picture showed her with her feet in the same position, but she was bent at the waste taking his fleshy tool in her mouth again. Her pussy was slightly agape after his fingering, and the camera caught it clearly.  
  
The fourth, she knew, is the one she caught last night. Her legs were on either side of Russell's, his fuck wand spearing her spread pussy. His fingers were on her clit and breasts, squeezing it grotesquely towards the window as if he was posing for the shot.  
  
The fifth showed her flush against the glass, her tits smashed coldly against it. Russell had a grip on her waist and hair as he pumped her from behind. Her face had an air of trepidation in it, even though she knew she was enjoying it at the time. .  
  
The sixth show him balls deep inside of her pussy as she knelt doggy-style on the floor. He again was yanking her hair, arching her back. She could not make out much other than his balls, her pussy and the soles of her feet in the foreground.  
  
The final picture showed him force-feeding his cum-covered cock to her, her tongue extending past her lips as she held him in her mouth. The camera was obviously professional, as with great clarity she could make out the laces of cum on her face.  
  
Aside from the pictures, there was one brief note:  
  
"Unless you want these pictures to be released to your family and friends, you will join US tonight. Midnight."  
  
An address was given, but that was it. She stared at the note for awhile. 'Why is 'US' capitalized,' she wondered. 'What the hell have I gotten myself into?' One thing she knew, she could not let anyone see these pictures, especially her parents. She would go meet US tonight.

**Danielle Meets a Guy Online Ch. 02**

Danielle double and triple checked the address on the letter she had received. She was sure that she was at the correct address, but could not believe what stood in front of her.  
  
When she had read the note that came with all of the pictures that were being used to blackmail her, she should have assumed that it was composed by the deviant minds of frat boys. Google Earth had led her across town, to another university's campus, right to a fraternity house. It was just before midnight, so Danielle had one more chance to reconsider.  
  
While she was nervous as hell, she knew she could not let her parents, or anyone else for that matter, see the photos of her with Russell. She would be scarred for life if they came out. And to be honest, she was mildly excited at the thought of being used by some jocks. After all, if Russell could be as magical as he was, maybe she could find some more magic behind these doors.  
  
She knew it was a stupid was to justify what she was doing, but it helped her muster the courage to walk down the dimly-lit path towards the fraternity door. Standing on the porch, she took a deep breath, and extended her finger towards the doorbell. But just before she pushed it, the door swung open:  
  
"Hello, beautiful! So glad you decided to join us tonight!" Danielle recognized the voice before she raised her eyes to meet his face. Russell smiled at her, "I see you got my letter."  
  
"Russell! What the hell is going on?" she demanded. "It will all be explained shortly, love," he said as he ushered her inside. Holding her by her elbow with a firm grip, he led her into what appeared to be the gathering area for the fraternity. Bordering the room were about twenty frat guys, with a few girls mixed in. Danielle felt all of their eyes fixed on her, and crossed her arms over her chest by impulse.  
  
"Well done, Russell," one of the guys said. The general response of the room was that of agreement. Danielle could tell that she was only considered chopped meat by these guys, but still had no idea what could come of this. She envisioned some kind of gang bang request, and the thought made her sick to her stomach.  
  
"So I am sure you are wondering what the deal is, Danielle," Russell addressed her. "As you can probably imagine, this isn't the cleanest house on the block, a bunch of frat guys all in one place, and all. And, quite frankly, we need a maid." Danielle did a double take, not sure she heard him right. She raised her head to him and said, bluntly, "WHAT?"  
  
"A maid," Russell confirmed. "But not just any maid. For the next week, you will live here. As you help us clean the place up, you will be the full-on servant and property of everyone in this room. Whatever they need, you do. Got it?" "And then what," Danielle asked. "And then, after a week, you can go. Although the girls who are in this room loved it so much, they opted to stay. And now they get to control the new girls, too. In this case, obviously, that's you."  
  
Danielle looked at the girls, who had lascivious grins and were biting their nails in anticipation of her answer. "I assume that if I disagree, then the pictures get distributed," she questioned. "Smart girl," answered Russell. With a sigh of resignation, Danielle nodded, consenting to a week of submission.  
  
"Excellent! Now, the ground rules," Russell began. "First of all, you do not leave the house for a week. This is your universe for the foreseeable future. Second, the first rule should be easy for you to follow, because while you are here you will wear no clothing except for these four inch stiletto heels." One of the girls brought her a pair from the other side of the room. Danielle nodded in understanding again. "Finally, if you deny the request of anyone in this house, you can either leave the house and explain the pictures to your family, or you can submit to a group punishment. Understood?"  
  
Danielle gave one last consent, and asked "When do we begin?" "Right now," Russell said. The four girls approached her and guided her into an adjacent room. Once alone, one of them addressed her. "My name is Sarah. This is Andrea, Jenna and Michelle," she pointed to each one as she said their name. Danielle thought any of them could have been models. They were all blondes, which Danielle found odd as she was a brunette, and assumed this crowd of frat guys might have been looking for a specific type of guy. She did not have much time to consider it further, though.  
  
"Hands over your head, right now," Sarah ordered. Danielle obeyed. As Andrea pulled her tank top over her head, Jenna undid the clasp of her bra, pulled it over her head and past her arms. As Michelle undid the buttons of her jeans and pulled down the zipper, Sarah explained, "We are a great group of girls, very supportive of each other. And while we hope you can be a member of our group in a week, you have to understand that for the next seven days we are not your friends."  
  
"I gathered that," Danielle said, somewhat cockily. As Michelle pulled her jeans down, and panties with them, Sarah went on. "You will also wear these at all times," she said as Andrea grabbed a fistful of Danielle's hair and raised it away from her neck. Jenna wrapped a leather collar with a metal ring around her neck, and Michelle secured similar bands around her wrists and ankles.  
  
"In every room in this house, there are chains, hooks and leashes for the guys to use. They can secure you in any position they want." Danielle regarded her new accessories: there was some kind of fur, or faux-fur, padding between her skin and the leather, so at least they were comfortable on her.  
  
Jenna pinched her ass and questioned her, "How many times have you done anal?" Danielle stalwartly replied, "I don't do anal." The girls all giggled in response. "You don't do anal, YET, you mean," Sarah corrected. "I encourage you to obey, the group punishment is much worse than anything any one guy here will do to you. Those are the last words of niceties you will hear from us. Are you ready to go?"  
  
Danielle was a sight to behold, bare-ass naked, her legs looked toned standing in the stilettos, her perfect tits and ass prominently on display for anyone to see, and her restraints ready to be used at anyone's discretion. She again could only muster a nod as the girls pulled her back towards the room with all the boys.  
  
Back in the main gathering room, the boys whooped and hollered at he newly-primed Danielle. She was at least flattered that they approved of her naked body. Danielle noticed Russell sitting on the stairway, naked and erect. He addressed her, "Danielle, tomorrow is your first full day here. Tonight, I will take it easy on you. One, good blow job right here on these stairs, and I will let the girls take you to your room. OK, sweetie?"  
  
Danielle knew that she had no choice in the matter, so in resignation, she simply replied "OK." For the second time in two nights, she crawled over to him, this time up five stairs so that her BJ could be on display for the rest of the room. She grabbed the base of his cock and admired the half that protruded from her fingers.  
  
"Spit on it, get it good and slippery before you start sucking." Sarah directed her from behind, and Danielle complied, spitting a giant wad of saliva onto his glistening prick. She jerked his cock, spreading her saliva all over it. At Sarah's command, she spit again, getting him good and ready.  
  
As she prepared to take him in her mouth, she felt Sarah clip a leash onto her collar and hand it to Russell. Sarah then grabbed her head and forced her onto the head of his cock. From there, Russell pushed the back of her head until she was halfway down his dick.  
  
Danielle struggled to take him, as she had the night before, but Russell only mad it worse. He pulled the leash underneath him and sat on it, leaving only enough slack for Danielle to raise her head to the top of his cock, but not off it. The room applauded Russell's genius, and watched in joy as Danielle bounced up and down his length.  
  
Sarah pushed Danielle's knees apart so that she could access her holes, and addressed the crowd. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have an anal virgin on our hands!" Again the room roared in excitement. "Who thinks I should loosen her up a little?" Danielle was not surprised to hear a series of affirmatives. Sarah winked at Russell, who knew what to do.  
  
He pinched Danielle's nose, blocking off her air supply. Danielle let out a loud "MMMPPPHHHHH" from around his dick as she struggled to breathe. The only way she could intake air was to pause her BJ and hold her mouth open around his cock. There was just enough space for her to get some air, and out of that crevice oozed a wad of drool.  
  
Sarah wiped the drool off of Russell's dick and lathered it on Danielle's ass. Russell let go of her nose and Danielle took deep breaths again, thrusting her breasts into the carpeted stairs beneath her. Sarah smeared the saliva onto her puckering asshole and pushed her middle finger in up to the knuckle. Danielle tensed up again, but Sarah could care less.  
  
As Russell started aggressively bouncing her head up and down, Sarah slowly but steadily slid her middle finger in to the base. Danielle screamed from around the cock her mouth, bud could do literally nothing to stop the onslaught. So that she wouldn't be traumatized by her first anal experience, Sarah moved her left hand beneath Danielle and started massaging her clit.  
  
Danielle was dry. Sarah was determined. She rubbed her clit hard with her wet fingers, trying to get Danielle excited. Slowly but surely, it worked. Danielle started bucking her hips back against Sarah's invading hands as she felt Russell throb in her mouth. "She's starting to like it, everyone! We might just have a little anal slut on our hands!" The room approved.  
  
Danielle's body betrayed her as she felt herself mount towards orgasm. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on the stimulation against her clitoris. But just when she felt she was almost there, she began gagging. Russell was shooting load after salty load directly down her throat, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Russell held her head down with his left hand and raised a clenched fist with his right, demonstrating his ownership over her. For one final time, the room applauded and cheered.  
  
Sarah pulled out of her ass and pussy, leaving Danielle dissatisfied and with a stomach full of cum. Without any further acknowledgment from Russell, Sarah unclipped the leash and pulled Danielle to her feet by the collar. "Upstairs," she said. "Time for bed." At the top of the stairs, Sarah led Danielle into the first door on the left and closed it behind her, leaving Danielle alone with her thoughts.  
  
Exhausted and frustrated, Danielle lay down in the surprisingly clean bed and passed out.

**Danielle Meets a Guy Online Ch. 03**

As Danielle slept that night she had ravenous dreams. She envisioned a train of the frat boys ploughing away at her pussy, one at a time, in missionary position. Guy after guy, unrecognizable faces, mounted her and entered her, thrusting away, pawing at her breasts, until they unloaded on her face. She took it like a slut, reveling in the attention. When she found Russell, she had been looking for a real man, and if there is one thing she could say for this group of frat guys, they all knew how to fuck. At least she dreamed they could.  
  
When the sunlight flooded into her room at 7:30am, her eyelids flickered she quickly found herself back in the real world. She tried to move her hand to the sheet to shield her eyes from the invasive luminescence, but they were stuck. She peered up the corners of the headboard, where she saw her wrist cuffs secured in place. In a panic, she began squirming, and soon realized that her ankles were cuffed to the corners of the bed frame, leaving her spread eagle, lewdly displayed for anyone who walked through the door.  
  
What else she realized, and she was surprised that she did recognize it sooner, was a sticky substance laced all over her breasts. She immediately identified it as cum. When she gasped, she realized that there was some caked on the corners of her mouth as well. The more she observed, the more she found: her cheeks, her neck, her stomach...she must have been the victim of a mid-night bukake, she thought.  
  
As she resigned herself to her situation, she looked around the room, taking inventory of her environment. For the most part, the room was pretty plain: white walls and drapes, very little furniture, a recliner in the corner. The wall opposite the window, though, caught her eye. She saw five pictures on the wall, and recognized one: it was the picture of her in profile with her mouth wrapped around Russell's cock, the one that had been sent to her as part of the blackmail package. Beneath it was her name, Danielle, with a single gold star beneath that.  
  
As her eyes focussed on the other pictures and names, she realized that they were the four girls that had helped initiate her last night: Jenna, Sarah, Michelle and Andrea each with 10 gold stars beneath them. Danielle assumed that each of them had been subject to the same treatment that she would receive this week, and, after each new deviant act, they received a star. Danielle looked at the row with her gold star and followed it across to "Anal Fingering." She knew she was in for a long week.  
  
As she was reading the other challenges on the wall, the door opened and Jenna entered. She stared Danielle up and down, her spread pussy and cum-covered body, and couldn't help but chuckle. "Good morning, sunshine!" she chirped. Danielle asked an obvious question," What happened last night?" "Oh, no big deal," Jenna replied. "Three of the guys could not wait to get their hands on you, so they came up here, tied you in your current position, and took turns with you." Just as Danielle suspected.  
  
"And I just slept through it?" Danielle asked. "You were clearly exhausted, but that doesn't mean you didn't enjoy it. You spent the whole half hour moaning like a whore. You came at least twice!" Danielle blushed. Was she being serious?  
  
Jenna walked around the bed unclasping her locks, and told her to get up. Once Danielle worked her way to her feet, Jenna pointed to the sheets, just below where Danielle's ass had rested. There was a giant wet spot there. "You squirted," Jenna said. "You squirted as three guys had their way with you while you were passed out. Can you say 'slut?'" Danielle wanted to run and hide somewhere, but she knew it was not an option.  
  
"Lets get you cleaned up," Jenna said, taking Danielle by the hand and leading her to her bathroom. Danielle followed her into what appeared to be her private bathroom. Jenna turned the knobs of the shower, regulating the water for Danielle. "Listen," Jenna said, "I am the most recent convert here, and I know what you are about to go through. The other girls are going to be mean, but in private, I will try to be nice to you. OK?"  
  
Danielle smiled in appreciation. It would certainly help to have someone coach her through this week. "Thank you," she said. "Get in the shower and rinse off that ejaculate," Jenna encouraged. Danielle stepped into the steamy shower, letting the water cascade through her hair and down her body. She felt the semen melt away from her, the heat reviving her senses as she made herself sudsy.  
  
"Jenna?" she called through the shower stall. "Yeah?" she replied. "I am nervous about the anal. Is it terrible?" Jenna giggled. "What was it like last night, with just the finger?" she asked. "It was uncomfortable, it felt tight, but not all together painful." "Well, once you get a cock in there, it will feel the same way, but amplified. Painful at first, but it really just heightens your erogenous zone, and usually makes your orgasm more extraordinary. Basically, if you can survive the first five minutes, you will be a fan for life!"  
  
Danielle was skeptical, but was at least somewhat relieved to hear this. Jenna told her to keep showering, and that she would be right back. A few minutes later, Danielle heard Jenna reenter the room. "Lets go, I will help you warm up," she said. Danielle stepped out of the shower and into the towel Jenna was holding out to her. Steam filled the bathroom, keeping her warm as she toweled herself down.  
  
When she was all dry, she turned towards Jenna, who was smiling and holding a plastic syringe. "Trust me, this will help," she said. She instructed Danielle to kneel and place her chest on the floor, ass in the air. Danielle complied, preparing herself mentally for what was about to come. Jenna pressed the tip of the syringe against her sphincter and through into her ass. Danielle felt next to nothing, a sign, she thought, that she was still loose from Sarah's finger.  
  
Jenna unleashed a stream of saline solution up Danielle's ass, refilled the syringe in the sink and did it again. "Just wait there for a few minutes, then sit on the toilet and relieve yourself. Once the pressure swells, you will know it is time. Let me know when you are ready." With that, she left.  
  
Danielle stayed in her obscene position for five minutes, and then followed Jenna instructions thoroughly. When she flushed, Jenna came back in, with some guy Danielle did not know but assumed was a frat guy. "Don't worry," Jenna said, "He is not going to take your anal cherry now. He is going to help me help you enjoy anal, though."  
  
In her left hand was a tiny vibrator, and she unveiled it to Danielle, who took a deep breath to calm her nerves. "On your hands and knees," Jenna said, a bit more forcefully than Danielle expected. Danielle turned and knelt back on the ground, head near the toilet, ass facing her observers. Jenna stood over her and slid the vibrator into her ass with little resistance. It was tiny enough to slid in easily, another relief to Danielle.  
  
Jenna flipped it on remotely, and Danielle jumped in shock. Looking over her shoulder, she watched as the guy knelt behind her and cupped her ass in his hands. In an instant, his dick found her slit and pushed into her wet pussy. He put his right hand between her shoulder blades and forced her chest down to the floor, the same position she was in when Jenna gave her the enema.  
  
"Danielle, you should know that the boy you are fucking is a senior in high school, looking to pledge here this year. If he does you well enough, I will pass a good word on to Russell." Danielle was stunned, and concerned that it was not even legal to be with a guy this young. She opened her mouth to complain, but upon hearing that this was an audition, the guy started pounding her harder.  
  
He slammed into her hard, forcing her further up the floor, wedging her shoulders between the toilet and the wall of the shower. The boy grabbed her anal vibrator with two fingers and moved it in and out of her, matching the motion of his cock. Danielle lost herself in the sensation, and felt her climax approaching. Jenna whispered something in his ear, but Danielle could not make it out.  
  
He increased his speed, plunging into her sopping, juicy box until it was gushing like a slip and slide. Despite being pinned against a toilet, this high school kid had Danielle on the verge of orgasm. The obstruction in her ass did not deter her. In fact, Jenna was right. The anal stimulation was making was causing the throbbing in her clitoris to amplify.  
  
Jenna pushed the boy's ass hard, and with Danielle stuck in her spot, he bottomed out into her pussy. Danielle screamed and bucked her ass as she came with an explosion. While he loved the feeling of her warm cunt around his dick, he had to obey Jenna's whispered command. He pulled his dick and the vibrator out of Danielle and stood, jacking his cock above her. Danielle worked her way to her knees and watched in disgust as the kid unloaded his sperm on the toilet seat.  
  
"Clean that up, bitch!" he barked at her. Danielle looked at Jenna, seeking consult. She shrugged and offered "You are the maid!" Danielle turned back towards the toilet seat. "Use only your mouth," the boy said. Danielle was on the verge of tears, humiliated on so many levels. Not only was she about to lick a stranger's cum off a toilet seat, but this stranger, who had just fucked her, had only spoken eight words to her, ordering her to do so.  
  
She lowered her mouth to the largest wad of cum and slurped. The salty mayo spread over her tongue and filled her cheeks. She closed her eyes and laid her tongue flat on the seat, trying to mop up the flecks that remained. She was able to get most of it, with a few strands falling into the water beneath her. The guy grabbed her hair and held her in place as he looked at Jenna. "Good enough?" he asked.  
  
"Above and beyond," she answered. "I will put in a good ward with Russell." He let go of Danielle's hair and walked out without a word. Danielle was gasping deep breaths on the floor when Jenna turned her attention back to her. From beneath the sink cabinet, she withdrew bathroom cleaner and paper towels. She left them at Danielle's feet. "I will be back in an hour. Make sure you are clean, and that this bathroom is spotless. You have another test in the afternoon."  
  
Danielle looked at the clock on the wall. 10am. This was going to be a long week.  
  
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When Jenna returned, she was pleased with Danielle's performance. The bathroom was spotless, and Danielle had done her hair in a manner that showed effort. As there were no clothes to prepare, it was all she could do. "Very nice," said Jenna. "Let's go downstairs." She attached a leash to Danielle's collar and led her to the main room of the house, where at least half of the guys in the house were watching a game on TV.  
  
The whistled and hooted at them as they continued into the kitchen. There were trays of food laid out all over the place. "This afternoon, you are to serve this food to the guys. You are to constantly be in the room with a tray in hand. You are to let the guys do whatever they want to you, and obey their command. OK?" "All I have to do is serve food for now?" Danielle asked. "All you have to do is whatever they want. Got it?" Danielle nodded.  
  
Jenna handed her the first tray, crudite, and pushed her into the TV room. Danielle was keenly aware of all the eyes on her, and knew that there was nothing she could do to hide herself. She was surrounded by guys, and they would see her if they wanted.  
  
At this exact moment, Danielle decided to try and enjoy herself. After all, there did not seem to be any sex in the plan for this afternoon. Maybe she could use this as a gateway to enjoy exhibitionism. She walked over to the closest guy and suggestively bent towards him, proffering the vegetables to him. As he met her gaze and picked up a carrot, and dipped it into the sauce. Before she went onto the next guy, Danielle turned and eyed the guy behind her, staring squarely at her ass and pussy. She could practically feel her asshole winking at him, having had it stretched by Jenna earlier. She blushed, and smiled a wry smile.  
  
Flipping her hair, Danielle straightened herself and moved on to the next couch. She repeated the motion with the next guy, who was staring madly at her hanging tits. With a mischievous grin, he brought the cream cheese dip to her nipple and gooped it onto her breast. He then took a stick of celery and rubbed it along the inside of her cleavage, and put it in his mouth. Danielle giggled, even though she thought this was stupid.  
  
She made her way around the room, enduring mild groping and prodding from the guys. It was harmless, she reasoned, and allowed herself to get into it. When she made her way to the last guy, who had ben the one ogling her ass while she was with the first guy, he had an evil grin. He took two carrots from the tray and asked her to turn around.  
  
Danielle had an idea of what he had in mind, but dared not protest. She turned, and at his urging leaned forward a little, exposing herself to him. He stood and presented both carrots, side-by-side, to her mouth, and told her to open wide. She opened her mouth, and he forced the vegetables onto her tongue. "Now close," he insisted. She did as she was told.  
  
He slid the carrots seductively in and out of her mouth, a crude euphemism, and tried to get them moist in her saliva. After about thirty seconds of this, he sat back on the couch, facing her ass. He pulled at her thigh, implying that she should spread her feet a little more. Danielle opened her legs and braced for the invasion.  
  
He brazenly put a finger right between her slit to expand her opening, and slide one of the carrots inside her. He had no trouble working it all the way in, with just the green sprouts sticking out of her. Danielle gasped as she felt yet another phallus exploring her depths.  
  
By now, no one in the room was watching the game, and all eyes were on the beautiful brunette suffering at the hands of their fraternity brother. With an evil grin, he spread her ass and placed the tip of the other carrot inside her sphincter. The vibrator had loosened it to the point that he could ease the tip in, but from there, he met resistance.  
  
Danielle closed her eyes and slowed her breath as she felt him try to push deeper. Her tray started shaking in her hands, which gave the guy an idea. "If anything on that tray falls off, you will submit to tit torture tonight." Danielle nodded in understanding, and altered her grip in the tray, securing it tightly.  
  
Her conquerer continued his assault, jamming her anal carrot halfway inside her. Danielle rocked forward on her tip-toes, but held the tray in balance and sank back to her heels. The guy left it like that for now, and started easing her vaginal carrot in and out. He let go of the carrot in her ass and started massaging her clit.  
  
"Come on, baby," he mocked. "Let a couple sticks of carrot get you off. We want to see you come at the hands of a pair of veggies." Danielle was embarrassed beyond belief, especially as she started to feel juices emerge from around the carrot in her pussy. The guy pinched and pulled at her clit, causing her to leave her mouth agape in awe. She held onto the tray for dear life, keeping it level in fear of whatever "tit torture" he had planned.  
  
Her knees started to shake as he brought her close to the edge again. Danielle was afraid to think about it, but it would be the second time today that she would have cum in a submissive, humiliating position. But before she could think too much about it, he got it out of her.  
  
Danielle screamed out loud as her orgasm rocked her body. Her knees gave way to the point that she was almost squatting, but she managed to keep the tray level, not spilling a thing. The boy looked over her shoulder at it and admired, "Good Job," he said. He then brought his right hand down, palm extended, onto her ass carrot, driving it the rest of the way in in one thrust.  
  
She had done all that she could up until that point, but in her weekend state, she could do nothing to stop the inevitable. She fell forward, the tray practically flying out of her hands towards the middle of the room. She landed on her hands and knees, and stared ahead of her, at the mess she created.  
  
"Oops," said her assailant. "Tonight's entertainment will be Danielle's Breast Abuse," he proclaimed. The crowd roared their approval as Danielle fought back tears. Jenna took Danielle back into the kitchen to help her prep the next tray. "That was unfair," she said in an effort to comfort Danielle. "Take my advice, and leave the carrot in your ass. Might as well take advantage of this and get used to the feeling. You will thank me later." Danielle sobbed and agreed, taking the next tray into the assembly.  
  
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That night, Danielle found herself in the same room, on her knees in the middle of the floor in front of every inhabitant of the house. Chris had laid out some tools of the trade, as it were, to intimidate Danielle and increase her anxiety. He took her wrist cuffs and pulled them behind her neck, attaching them to her collar. Danielle did not even know that this was a possibility, but knew that it as once her hands were locked behind her head, her gorgeous globes proudly announcing themselves to the room.  
  
After she was secure, the boy brought out a ball gag. "We all love seeing you endure this torture, but hearing you scream can really make a guy go limp. Think of this as your muffler," he proposed as he pushed it between her lips. Danielle opened wide and took it, not wanting to piss him off. He locked it behind her head.  
  
Standing behind her, he leant over her and gripped each of her tits in his hands, squeezing them harshly. "MMM," he admired. "These are just about as good as they come. We are going to have fun with these." He moved to his table of implements and returned with two leather straps, each with notches in them like miniature belts. He lifted her left breast in his right hand, admiring its heft, and wrapped the belt around it at the base. He pulled it as tight as it would go and clasped it in place.  
  
After repeating the process with the other, he stepped back and admired her beautiful form. Her tits extended painfully from her chest, already a lighter shade of red from the blood that was trapped from circulation. He picked up a riding crop and started running it over her breasts. She looked down in horror in anticipation f what he could do. Even if she had the nerve to protest, her ball gag was preventing anything but strings of saliva from escaping her mouth.  
  
He gently raised and lowered the crop on her right tit, wanting to hurt her but not to leave any permanent marks. Danielle assumed that he had done this before, as he seemed to be an expert. He gently but firmly hit every square inch of her breasts. No single shot hurt her, but the accumulation of all of them created a loud, stinging sensation. She wanted nothing more than to hold them and caress them.  
  
After she was significantly red, he hit each of them with a newfound fierceness, and Danielle screamed six loud screams into the room, muffled as they were by the gag. As her breath quickened to help ease the pain, the guy put down the crop and undid the belts on her tits. As the blood started running through her veins, the stinging increased. She moaned in pain as she could do nothing else to help her cause.  
  
The boy came forth with two nipple clamps attached by a chain. The clamps had rubber padding, at least, and Danielle realized it was not anyone's intent to scar her permanently. Still, she anticipated great pain from this. She had never wished that he nipples were not aroused like she did right now, but they had betrayed her, easy targets poking away from her.

Her master easily took each one in his hands and applied the clamps, securing them in place with a tiny screw. He could tell when she was primed by the volume of her scream, easing up once he was confident they were stable. He then had her lie on her back, which was amusingly awkward to watch. From her kneeling position, she rocked herself forward and planted a foot on the floor. She then sat back on her ass, and from there laid down as he liked.  
  
He then unclipped her wrist cuffs and brought them down to her ankles, binding her right hand to her right ankle, and her left to her left. She was flat on her back with her knees in the air, feet soles-down on the floor up by her ass. She resented how easily he could position her helplessly like this. She resented him more in a couple seconds.  
  
He returned from his table of tricks with a lit candle, and Danielle's eyes shot open in fear. She tried to wiggle on the floor, but knew there was no escaping it. He stood over her and slowly dropped molten wax on her already-burning tits. For the next five minutes, he steadily drizzled more and more over her. Danielle whimpered protests through her ball gag, but got nowhere with them.  
  
By the time the candle had burned out, there was red wax almost completely encasing her round mounds. He left the insides of her tits and the chest between them free of wax, but Danielle did not know if this was intentional or not. He announced the grand finale, and stripped his pants and underwear off, revealing an already-erect, eight-incher to the room. He straddled her chest and placed his cock between her tits, and Danielle immediately understood why he left them unwaxed.  
  
With a secured handle on the chain between her clamps, he pulled her tits up, engorging his cock in an instant. Then, imitating a cowboy riding a steer, he held her reins and started bucking.  
  
Pinned to the floor without a modicum of hope, all Danielle could do was scream it out as the room cheered. Her nipples were distended much further than they ever should have been as her captor pulled them hard. To make matters worse, his dick was rocking through her tits, hitting her chin and causing further tension in her breasts. Tears started to stream down her face as everyone in the room started taunting.  
  
Whoops and hollers from around the room flooded her ears. Her vision was that of this cruel frat boy, pulled her tits up so they could enrobe his cock, his cock head poking through her tits every other second. Her pussy and ass were open to the room, the carrot green still protruding from her ass, at Jenna's suggestion. Her back and stomach were rivers of sweat.  
  
From above the sound in the room, her rider screamed and came with a bang. He shot ropes of cum from between her tits onto her right cheek, all over her chin, and left pools of it on her neck. He sat back down, his bare ass and balls on her stomach and sternum. Reaching behind him while maintaining eye contact with her, he undid her clasps and let her hands go free. He then undid her ball gag, wiping residual cum on her upper lip as he removed it.  
  
He stood, garnering high-fives from his brothers, and stared down at Danielle. With her hands free, she did not know whether to wipe the cum off her face or hold her swollen breasts. She wanted to run to her room and hide, but felt she should ask. "May I please go to my room now?" she asked. "What a good girl for asking," he responded. "We are done with you for tonight. You can go."  
  
She practically ran upstairs, where she washed her face and neck and collapsed in bed as she had the night before. She did not fall asleep as easily this night, as every time she turned or the sheets brushed against her tits, she felt their sting. She pushed the sheets down to her waist and laid on her back, forcing herself to stay in that position until she fell asleep.

**Danielle Meets a Guy Online Ch. 04**

As Danielle came to the following morning, she realized she was again shackled to the corners of the bed. She assumed the worst, that she had been abused by more of the frat boys as she slept, but as she opened her eyes, she was surprised to see Jenna sitting on the bed by her side.  
  
"Don't worry," Jenna smiled at her bound understudy. "I locked your arms there this morning. No one did anything to you last night." As she spoke, she was rubbing some kind of ointment on Danielle's beaten breasts. "What is that?" Danielle asked.  
  
"Its a balm," answered Jenna. "It will not cure the sting you are feeling, but it should numb your breasts for long enough that by the time it wears off, you will not be in pain anymore. I tied your wrists because you kept rolling over in your sleep. I was just trying to help."  
  
"Oh, thank you," Danielle sighed. She was starting to trust that Jenna was actually a friend. "Can you feel this?" Jenna asked, flicking each of Danielle's nipples with her finger nails. Danielle shook her head. She could only see the contact, but otherwise would not have known there was anything at her breasts. "Good," said Jenna. She unhooked Danielle's clasps.  
  
"Danielle, as someone who is trying to assist you where I can, I need to make you aware of something. Andrea, for whatever reason, really seems to despise you." "I feel like everyone here despises me, except for you," replied Danielle. "No, no. The guys just don't consider your pain, and they love abusing and humiliating you. But they don't hate you personally. Sarah and Michelle are just grateful to have passed through Hell Week, and again don't hate or like you one way or the other. Andrea, though, has some kind of vendetta."  
  
"Why is that? I don't even know Andrea," said Danielle in shock. "Well, she was the first girl to go through this treatment from the guys. And she feels like the three girls since have gotten off easy compared to what she went through. She is tired of being the one who had the hardest initiation, and wants to make sure you earn your keep."  
  
"Well, does she have a say in the matter?" asked Danielle, her mind already racing with images of what Andrea might do to her. "Technically, any abuse is supposed to be approved by Russell before it occurs, but you have to be careful of her. She is awfully persuasive, and it is not like the other guys need to be told multiple times to do things to you."  
  
"This is all relevant, because your first chore this morning is to clean Jamie's room. Jamie is her boyfriend, and if anything happens between you two, Andrea might go ape shit! So be careful, please." Danielle nodded.  
  
She rose out of bed, and after a few minutes of prepping her face in the bathroom, Jenna led her down the hall to Jamie's bedroom. She knocked three times, heard nothing, and opened the door. She pushed Danielle inside and closed it behind her.  
  
"What the fuck!" Danielle heard from her side as she entered. She turned to see Andrea, lying on the bed with her legs spread, and a man, she presumed Jamie, with his head buried between her thighs. Jamie pulled his head back from under her skirt and looked in the direction of Danielle. "Did anyone say 'Enter'?" screamed Andrea.  
  
"No, I'm so sorry. Jenna..." "Shut up, bitch," Andrea ordered angrily. "Don't blame Jenna for this. I'm glad you're here, anyway." She got off the bed and strutted over to Danielle. She pulled her arms behind her back and clasped her wrists to each other. Danielle could not believe that so soon after receiving Jenna's advice she was already at the merciless hands of Andrea.  
  
"You might not know my boyfriend, Jamie," said Andrea. "But I bet you know his work." She emerged from behind Danielle with the photographs of her with Russell, the ones being used by the frat to blackmail her. "Russell does not know we have copies of these, but that is irrelevant. You understand that the same rules apply with me. If you disobey me, your family sees these pictures. They will go up on the Facebook page of all of your friends. OK?" Danielle could do nothing but nod, in fear that if she spoke her voice would crack in fear and add to her humiliation.  
  
"Good," said Andrea, who pushed her onto the bed and rolled her onto her back, her arms pinned beneath her. Jamie pulled her head past the foot of the bed so that it hung towards the floor. He grabbed her neck and squeezed gently, almost a warning, "Open your mouth, bitch," he said. Danielle made the mistake of delaying just briefly, and was reprimanded with a hard slap to the face. "Open your fucking mouth!" he said in a harder tone.  
  
Danielle obeyed much quicker this time, spring her lips apart at his word. She was met with the all-too-familiar sight of a cock headed at her mouth, but this time it was upside-down. Jamie pushed his erection past her lips and onto her tongue, and Danielle instinctively closed her mouth around it. Jamie did not warm her up at all, forcing himself all the way into her throat, and back out to her lips, back and forth, back and forth, hard and fast.  
  
Every few seconds he would pause his thrusting, lean back, and slap her hard across the face with the palm of his hand. Between slaps and her own gagging sounds, Danielle could hear Andrea rustling around in the room. As her head was pinned in one direction, and her eyes were blocked by Jamie's thighs, she could only count on her ears to decipher what was going on. She heard Andrea approached the bed, and then felt her climb onto it.  
  
A second later, she felt Andrea straddle her stomach. She could sense Andrea's hands on her rib cage, moving towards her breasts, but once they arrive there, she could feel nothing. Jenna's balm was working very well, she thought.  
  
What Andrea had been doing was scouring the room for her tools. She really did hate Danielle, for no particular reason other than wanting her to feel worse shame than she had. She did not care about Russell's rules. She grabbed Danielle's left nipple and teased it, pinching and rolling it until it was erect. Danielle had no idea, oblivious to anything going on around her chest.  
  
Jamie kept pounding her face, his balls slapping against her nose and upper lip, his hand still on her neck. He was ferocious, and Danielle was powerless against him. With ever withdrawal, a wad of drool would leak from the side of her mouth, spilling onto her cheeks and into her nostrils, making breath an even harder task.  
  
Andrea now had her nipple rock hard, as was the goal, and snickered to herself at her own deviousness. She brought forth the item for which she was searching: a long, piercing needle. Danielle was lucky that she could not feel her tits, because in less than five seconds, Andrea flattened her nipple into a broad, flat target, brought the tip of the pin to it, and slid it through. Continuing with her vile sneering, she slid the needle all the way through and replaced it with a miniature barbell-esque stud. She admired her work, clean and professional.  
  
Danielle, meanwhile, could only guess as to what was going on above her. She was coping with the invasive cock in her mouth, fighting for breath. Jamie pushed all the way into her throat and let it rest there for a few moments. Danielle started to tear up, not because of the pain or humiliation, which she was learning to tolerate, but because of the image of passing out from lack of air because of a cock in her throat.  
  
When she started to give up hope, Jamie pulled out of her entirely, and she took deep gasps of air. He held her by her hair and put his cock just past her lips again, stroking himself towards climax.  
  
"Don't cum yet, babe," Andrea pleaded. "I want you to fuck this bitch in the ass." Just hearing it caused Danielle's sphincter to tighten. "I can't do that, sweetie. And you know why." "Why, because of Russell?" "Yes, because of Russell. You know he likes to save the anal deflowering for the grand finale, day seven. Danielle just waited patiently as her two tormentors decided the fate of her sphincter.  
  
Andrea was pissed, but knew she was not going to get anywhere with Jamie on this subject. Jamie and Russell were best friends, and they would not let a woman get in the way of their friendship. Frustrated, she slapped Danielle across her breasts, not that she could feel it, and dismounted her. She whispered into Danielle's ear, "Do not swallow." Danielle nodded her understanding, and waited patiently for Jamie to finish himself off.  
  
With a grunt, Jamie prepared her, "Here it comes." He tilted his dick downward and emptied his cum into the roof of her mouth and backed away. "Close your mouth and roll onto your stomach," Andrea commanded. After Danielle obeyed, Andrea pulled her by her hair off the bed and into a standing position. She stood face to face with her, and put her palm at Danielle's chin. "Give it to me," she said.  
  
Danielle tilted her head down and opened her mouth, letting Jamie's cum leak out of her and onto Andrea's hand, pooling in her palm. Without warning, Andrea then slapped the cum hard onto Danielle's cheek, causing it to splatter all over her face. She continued to rub her hand around Danielle's face, smearing the cum all over her until there was a thin layer of ejaculate evenly spread across her.  
  
Andrea turned Danielle towards the dresser mirror and stood behind her. "Notice anything new?" Andrea asked with a smirk. Danielle did not see it at first, so andrea grabbed her left breast, squeezing it hard and thrusting her nipple forward towards the nipple. "Jesus!" exclaimed Danielle. "What the fuck, Andrea," she started to cry.  
  
"Hey babe, you should thank me," retorted Andrea. "That is usually very painful, and I did it to you pain-free. I just made you much more sexy, whether you like it or not." Danielle could do nothing but shake in fear and anger. There was no fixing it. What's done is done. She quickly got over her remorse and tried to focus her attention on coping.  
  
"Now, bitch. Back to business." Andrea dumped a bag of cleaning supplies on the floor. "You are to clean my boyfriend's room top to bottom, and I encourage you to do it well, or your pictures will be leaked." She and Jamie left the room, arms around one another, and shut the door. Danielle spent about a minute leering down at her pierced left nipple, amazed and furious, but quickly realized that if Andrea was capable of this, she was probably capable of much worse. She snapped out of her thoughts and started cleaning. She did not want to deal with Andrea's wrath again.  
  
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After two hours, Danielle was confident the room would be clean to their liking. She had made the bed, vacuumed, dusted, scoured the bathroom...if there was anything else, it would be unreasonable, and she could do nothing to control that. She left.  
  
Jenna met her in the hallway, and instantly noticed her new apparel. "How the hell did that happen?" she exclaimed. Danielle just shook her head, giving only the answer "Andrea." Jenna had to admit, though, it did look good, and Danielle found herself giggling at Jenna's encouragement. "Thank you, she said. I don't know what I would do without you."  
  
Jenna escorted Danielle to the other rooms she had to clean, and Danielle diligently completed her tasks. For the rest of the day, she saw few people, and was amazed when she looked at the clock and realized it was 9pm. "Is it OK with you if I just turn in? I have a lot of sleep to catch up on," she addressed Jenna. "OK by be, but it doesn't matter what I think. If anyone asks where you are, I will let them know you are in your room." They hugged, and Danielle retired to her chamber.  
  
She slept peacefully for a few hours, dreaming of what she hoped would be an easier final five days. But she was awoken with a startle, hands at her mouth and eyes, blinding and muting her. There were at least two men on her, and a frighteningly recognizable voice. "Let's go! Hurry up and be quiet," she heard Andrea bark.  
  
In an instant, the hand on her mouth moved and was replaced by a strap of duct tape. She screamed a muffled protest, but not much sound emitted. A cloth bag covered her head and she was rolled onto her stomach. Again, her wrists were clasped behind her back, and the two men picked her off the bed. One of them swung her over their shoulder and carried her towards the door, Danielle kicking at them with no affect.  
  
The door creaked open, and Danielle could make out Andrea telling them the coast was clear. With rapid, light steps, the trio moved down the hall and down the stairs. Danielle did not know the house well enough to know where she was, but soon found herself outside, and the man carrying her accelerated to a full sprint.  
  
Danielle was keenly aware of her nudity, so she assumed it was pitch black outside. It was all pitch black to her with the cloak on her head, but she doubted anyone would take the risk of carrying a naked, bound woman through anything but the veil of darkness.  
  
After what seemed like one hundred yards, she felt herself being carried up a brief flight of stairs and into a different house. A few more steps, and she sensed a crowd again. She was getting used to that sensation. There was an eruption of glee and applause when she was brought into the room and deposited on the floor.  
  
Andrea ripped the cloak off of her head so she could observe her surroundings. It all seemed the same, just in a different house. "This is the house of your rival fraternity, Danielle. My limp dick, sorry excuse for a boyfriend is taking this 'Bros before Hoes' mentality with me, and will not assist me in fucking your shit up. So I just had to find some real men to take care of things for me. Right, boys?" She addressed the room and was met with a loud roar of testosterone.  
  
Danielle instantly had goosebumps all over her body as a new pack of frat boys eyed her grotesquely. "That carrot you experienced yesterday is nothing. You are going to get that fresh asshole raped by everyone here. By the time Russell experiences it, it will be as loose as your sopping wet pussy."  
  
Danielle had the urge to get up and run, and even considered it for a brief moment. But she knew she had no chance in hell of escaping. Compliance was her easiest way out of here. The two guys who carried her here forced her onto her knees and pushed her chest to the ground. Andrea brought each of her wrists down to her ankles and locked them together.  
  
Danielle was such a beautiful sight, her ass sticking straight up in the air, her tits and the side of her face mashed into the carpet, her hands wrenched backwards towards her feet. Any slight movement she made, she snapped back into this position. There was no escape. She was theirs.  
  
Her carrier dropped his shorts to his feet and stepped out of them. Unceremoniously, he spit into her prone asshole, and using the tip of his dick, smeared it around. Andrea straddled her head, facing her ass, and grabbed each cheek, spreading them wide. Danielle braced herself as tears again started to stream from her eyes, dampening the carpet beneath her.  
  
The man applied force with a downward thrust, sinking his knees until the head of his penis broke through. He was easily twice as wide as the carrot, which was to this point the only intrusion Danielle's ass had ever known. It hurt, but more specifically, it made her feel full, tight. As he pushed further into her, she felt more and more stuffed. When she let out an intense scream at the pressure, the crowd roared again.  
  
Without any regard for this submissive girl, he sank lower and deeper into her until she was balling. From between Andrea's legs, Danielle's screaming filled the room, but was matched by the cheers of the crowd, egging on the assault. Danielle felt his balls rest against her taint, and knew he was as deep as he could go. He pulled out slowly, every inch seeming like an eternity to Danielle as her anal passage burned with friction. It seemed like an eternity to him, too, because she was clenched so hard around him that he thought he might explode right there.  
  
He raised his eyes to the ceiling, trying to remove himself mentally from the moment in order to make the moment last longer. "Take her ass," Andrea told the guy. He obliged. Andrea stood up and looked down at the prone Danielle. Danielle's screaming was annoying her, so she extended her big toe and the adjacent one into her gaped mouth and pressed her cheek to the floor. Danielle was instantly muted, unable to form her mouth into a screaming formation. She resorted to panting.  
  
Within seconds, her first assailant deposited his load in her ass. His distraction method did not work, and he pulled his flaccid cock from her less than three minutes after he started. Danielle found little relief, however, as the next guy replaced him almost instantly, hardly skipping a beat. He had a bit more stamina than the guy before him, and was much more vicious. He rocketed in and out of her as he smacked her ass, and five minutes later he left her with another load and glowing red ass cheeks.  
  
As the third guy entered her, the carpet was so damp from her tears a small puddle was forming. But this guy was a little smaller, and Danielle was able to accommodate him without as much trouble. He sank to his knees behind her and pumped hard, rocking her entire body forward up the carpet, giving her rug burn on her knees and tits. She screamed again at this new pain, but not so much from the pain in her ass.  
  
This guy, too, was overcome by her tightness and the public performance, and shot his load up her ass in just a few minutes. Danielle hoped that each new cock would get easier and easier moving forward. Wishful thinking.  
  
Two more men took her up the ass in this position before Andrea grew bored of it. Before the sixth man entered, she called a halt to the action, and released Danielle's ankles and wrists, knowing that she was not going anywhere. "Tell you what, bitch. I will make you a deal," she spoke down to Danielle as she rubbed her sore shoulders and wrists. "Before each of these guys takes you in the ass, you can suck them off. This way they are nice and greased before they fuck you."  
  
She picked Danielle up by her hair and spoke right into her face, "Hell, if you can get them off with your mouth, you save your asshole one dick's worth of torture. Aren't I kind?" As she posed the question, she slapped Danielle hard across the mouth, and then smacked her harder on her newly-pierced nipple.  
  
"Aahhhhhhh!" Danielle's scream scorched the room as Andrea released her hair and she fell to her hands and knees. The sixth cock of the evening line up with her asshole and slipped inside her. Andrea's offer of lubricating the cock with her mouth was enticing, but Danielle realized that the five loads of cum that had been deposited inside her were already making for a smoother fuck. This guy had no trouble sliding in and out of her once-tight sphincter.  
  
Guy number seven knelt in front of her and put his erect dick in her face. "No hands," said Andrea. "Either of you." The guy put his hands in the air in compliance, and Danielle left hers flat on the floor. She opened her mouth, and her seventh cock entered her. With no hands allowed, she bobbed her head, gliding her tongue up and down the length of his shaft. She couldn't help but realize it was the third different dick in her mouth in the last three days. She knew that number would grow quickly.  
  
The men at opposite sides of her rocked her back and forth. She moved her body back against the cock in her ass, and her mouth slid almost all the way off the one in front of her. Then she slid forward, having the inverse affect. The tears in her face started to dry as the pain subsided, the cum in her ass easing the friction she felt earlier.  
  
Both men came in her at the same time. It barely registered to her in her ass, but she couldn't help but notice her mouth flood with warm, sticky cum. She gagged and gasped for air, jism leaking out the side of her mouth. The boys pulled out of her, and Andrea forced her jaw closed. "Swallow," she commanded. Danielle clenched her eyes in disgust and gulped, taking the load into her stomach.

"Next two!" shouted Andrea. Danielle had no time to recover as two more dicks were inside her in no time. Her ass was starting to get so loose that she barely felt him enter it. "This is much looser than I expected," the guy told Andrea. "So stick a finger in next to your dick, moron," Andrea chided. The guy shrugged at the ease of this solution. Danielle could not believe her ears, but believed it when she felt his finger force its way inside her.  
  
She tensed up again, as if her ass was being fucked for the first time. Her fingers clenched into the carpet her entire body felt the impact of this new invasion. With her attention on her ass, she disregarded the cock in her mouth, so the guy grabbed her ears and started fucking her mouth. He moved closer to her so that both he and the guy in her ass were balls deep inside of her, mashing her back and forth instead of a smooth glide like the previous guys.  
  
Danielle was on the verge of passing out. The pain in her ass was immense, and the dick in her throat was making it nearly impossible to breathe. Andrea admired her work, Danielle's back convulsing from the pressure, grunts and muted screams coming forth from around her mouth. The guy in her ass could not hold out any longer, and shot the seventh load of the night up her ass.  
  
As she screamed, her throat vibrated against the head of of the dick in her mouth, and that guy erupted, too. He was so far inside her that his load went straight down her gullet. Danielle was starting to feel sick from all the cum inside her. Danielle looked around and saw just one guy remaining. A sense of relief overcame her. She stayed in her prone position while Andrea disappeared for a minute.  
  
When she returned, she had a large, black butt plug. With the help of two of the guys, who peeled her ass apart, she forced the plug inside Danielle, locking seven loads of semen inside her. She then moved to her side, planted the sole of her foot against Danielle's ribs, and pushed her over onto her side. The motion, coupled with the cum she had swallowed, made Danielle feel like she was going to vomit.  
  
She closed her eyes and tried not to spit up as Andrea rolled her onto her back. "You," she said, pointing to the last guy in the room, "Fuck her pussy. Make this slut cum." He was happy to oblige, kneeling by her waist and lifting her legs into the air by her ankles. Her pussy was a beautiful target, framed by her spread lips, the base of the butt plug, and her throbbing clit.  
  
Andrea squatted over her face, letting her pussy land on Danielle's lips with her asshole against Danielle's nose. She took Danielle's ankles from the boy and pulled, opening her up as much as possible. As the boy entered her pussy, Andrea slowly ground herself on Danielle's face.  
  
Soon, the room was filled with the sound of balls slapping against pussy, and the screams of Danielle, muffled by Andrea's ass. Andrea bounced up and down against Danielle's nose, rapidly approaching orgasm at the humiliation of her slave. Danielle was stuffed to the brim, not only with her cum-filled ass and butt plug, but with this guy's nine inches plunging into her depths.  
  
She began rocking her hips up against his thrusts, and the entire room was keenly aware that she was on the brink of orgasm. "Look at that!" Andrea exclaimed. "After taking nine loads of cum inside her, and with a plug in her ass and a pussy on her face, she still is ready to cum. What a slut!" Andrea mocked her, hoping to prolong the orgasm. She reached down to the piercing she had given her earlier in the day and pulled at it, distending Danielle's nipple up towards the ceiling.  
  
Danielle screamed again, but the added sensation, however painful, only accelerated her drive towards climax. The guy ground his entire length inside her and held it there. That was all Danielle needed. She experienced a mind-numbing orgasm at the hands of her tormentors, while the chief tormentor ground her pussy against her face.  
  
Her shame escalated as Andrea came above her, squirting her juices into her mouth and up her nostrils. Andrea dismounted and smeared her liquids all over Danielle's face, just as she had with Jamie's cum earlier that day.  
  
To conclude the night's festivities, the guy in her pussy pulled out and moved up her body, aiming his loaded weapon at her face. Danielle was beyond the point of protest or resistance, and instinctively held her mouth open as he fired upon her. His cum laced across her face and inside her mouth, staining her a pearly white. Danielle let her head collapse on the floor.  
  
Then, as quickly as when the charade began, her mouth was taped shut and she was hooded. Strong arms pulled her to her feet, and again her hands were shackled behind her back. In an instant, she was hoisted over a shoulder and out into the night air again.  
  
As they approached Russell's fraternity, Andrea realized the lights were on in several rooms. She knew they would be looking for Danielle and questioning everyone. She whispered through the hood at her slave. "Remember, you rat me out, your parents see your pictures. Think of me as you think of Russell, only I am more dangerous."  
  
With that, the guys carrying her deposited her on the porch, her ass towards the door. Andrea removed a hand-written note from her bag along with a stapler. Danielle felt the paper on her ass, and then the immediate sting of the staple securing it there. She screamed into the quiet night. Andrea roughly pulled the plug out of her ass, and the seven loads of cum slowly started seeping out of it.  
  
She rang the bell, and the three of them ran off into hiding. Russell himself answered the door, expecting some news of Danielle, but not expecting this. He almost tripped over her, and then, realizing something was at his feet, turned on the porch light.  
  
He stared down at his prize, the one he himself had claimed and expected to dominate and direct for a week. He knew it was her even with the hood on. Her arms were pinned behind her and she lay motionless. He could make out the bold writing on the paper: "We got this ass first!" It was signed with the Greek letters of his rival fraternity.  
  
Red-faced with anger, his muscles clenched, wishing one of those guys were right here in front of him. Instead, he picked up his broken trophy and carried her to her room. He left her on the bed and took off her hood. She was passed out. He wanted answer immediately, but opted instead to let her rest. He would get her story tomorrow. He undid her hands and left the room quietly.

**Danielle Meets a Guy Online Ch. 05**

When Danielle woke the following morning, she immediately sensed the presence of two people. She quickly sat up in her bed, expecting the worst, but was relieved to see only Jenna and Russell in the room with her. She let her guard down, letting the white linens fall from her breasts and pool on her lap.  
  
"Good morning, Danielle," Russell began.  
  
"Hi," she responded.  
  
"Danielle, I know what happened last night," Russell continued. "Jenna saw Andrea and two guys carrying you away last night." Danielle turned to Jenna, looking for confirmation. Jenna obliged, nodding silently.  
  
"Russell, please," Danielle pleaded, "Don't do anything to her. I felt that girl's hatred, and do not want to do anything to piss her off even more."  
  
"Danielle, that bitch is not going to bother you any more. She is in the basement right now serving a punishment that will last all day."  
  
"What is in the basement?" Danielle asked.  
  
"Our own little S and M set-up," answered Russell. "She will be the frat sex slave for today, and I am giving you off. The day she serves will count as one of the days you would have had to."  
  
This was starting to sound a little better to Danielle. At least Andrea's assault last night had earned her a day off today.  
  
"Tonight, Danielle," Jenna started, "Russell wants to dominate Andrea with your help. You will serve as her master, and she will make you cum before the night is over. How does that sound?"  
  
"Well, it would be nice to exact some measure of revenge," Danielle admitted. "But I do not know how to be a dominatrix. I will probably just fuck the whole thing up."  
  
"Just do what comes naturally, Danielle. Remember everything she did to you last night, and late your hate flow out of you."  
  
Danielle considered how her ass felt even now, slightly throbbing from last night's fuck-a-thon. She recalled how it felt like her asshole was getting fucked with sand paper because the guys were so brutal. Memories of cocks jammed in her throat and butt flooded her conscious. She gulped and nodded in an understanding notion.  
  
"OK, I'll do it." she consented.  
  
"Good," said Russell, rising from his chair and dropping his shorts. "Now I want you to show me some appreciation." He knelt on the bed next to her torso. Danielle stared at his throbbing erection and knew what to do.  
  
As she lowered her lips to his dick, she considered the irony that he had just told her that he was giving her the day off, and now he was asking her to suck him off. Still, she at least appreciated that he was doing right by her, letting her have her revenge against Andrea.  
  
She gripped his slab with her left hand and tickled his tip with her tongue. He did not want to be teased, though, and pushed the back of her head down a bit, sliding his head into her moist mouth. As Danielle sucked on his knob, he reached past her head and gripped her left breast. She flinched, as her pierced nipple was still a little tender, but bore the pain. She was getting used to coping.  
  
Russell continued to massage her supple, malleable flesh as Jenna slipped under the covers. Danielle had turned onto her side to better service Russell's cock. Jenna lifted Danielle's left leg a bit, and slid between her legs from behind Danielle's ass.  
  
Danielle jumped as Jenna's tongue slipped into her pussy and started lapping at her hole. She realized that Jenna was trying to compensate for the brutality that Andrea had inflicted on her, but the thought of being with another woman was still a bit of a turn off to her. Regardless, Jenna's tongue was doing wonders on the folds of her pussy, and she was soon glistening with excitement.  
  
Russell had Danielle half-way down his cock, savoring the moment, when Jenna spoke from between Danielle's thighs.  
  
"She's ready," Jenna said.  
  
Russell pulled out and moved his way down the bed. He pushed Danielle's legs apart and knelt between them, his penis resting against her warmth. Jenna now grabbed his cock and directed it towards Danielle's wet hole. He slowly pushed in to her, and Danielle gasped at the mix of surprise and pleasure.  
  
As much as she wanted to hate him, and at times she certainly did, when the walls of her pussy spasmed around his enormous, thrusting fuck tool, she forgave him everything. She had sought out a man on-line for no other reason than to fuck her senseless, and she found that in Russell. She knew that, physically, she never felt better than when his cock was buried inside her.  
  
Russell slowly increased his rhythm as he felt her open up to accommodate him. He could tell by the way she thrust her hips off the bed to meet him that he had complete control of this bitch. He wondered how far he would be able to go with her, and knew that if he would have her complete compliance, he needed to win back her confidence now. Andrea could not be a factor in her development.  
  
He held still above her and marveled at her willingness to hump against his cock from beneath him. Danielle did not care in the least. He felt so good inside her, she was willing to do all the work here. She planted her feet on the bed and rocked her hips upwards, forcing more of Russell inside her. She moaned uncontrollably, biting her lip at the sounds escaping her whorish mouth.  
  
Danielle turned her head to the side and saw Jenna on the recliner, her legs swung up on either arm rest, vigorously rubbing her clit. Danielle was glad that her friend was able to get herself off by watching her get fucked, as opposed to being abused, the way Andrea preferred.  
  
Russell turned her head back to face him and started kissing her passionately. Danielle responded in kind, opening her lips to his and tickling his tongue with her own. This level of intimacy drove Russell wild, and he started humping faster and faster. Danielle thrashed in ecstasy beneath him, and soon erupted in climax.  
  
It was all Russell could do to hold out as her pussy vibrated all over his erection. He sensed his load at the tip of his cock and pulled out.  
  
"Oh, shit!" he exclaimed, realizing that he almost came inside her. Cum was shooting out of him from the moment he exited her. He aimed his dick at her stomach, coating her in sticky goo.  
  
"Very good, babe," he said. "I will see you later tonight."  
  
With that, he got up, got dressed and walked out. Jenna had finished herself off in the recliner and was idling until Danielle came down from her high. Danielle was absentmindedly fingering herself in postcoital revelry, when the stillness of the moment was split by a blood-curdling scream.  
  
"What was that?" Danielle asked.  
  
"That is undoubtedly Andrea," answered Jenna. "She's probably strung up in some apparatus in the basement, serving her punishment for what she did to you."  
  
Danielle got wetter just thinking about it. The fact that Andrea was being punished for brutalizing her made her feel protected, like there was a group of men watching over her. She continued to stroke herself at the thought of Andrea suffering, and she forgot about the company in the room. Jenna came over to her on the bed and grabbed her wrists.  
  
"Don't worry," she said. "I'm still your friend."  
  
Jenna guided her wrists above her head and secured them to the head board.  
  
"I trust you," Danielle said lustfully.  
  
"Spread your legs," Jenna replied. Danielle let her knees flop to the side, exposing her soaked, well-used pussy to her companion.  
  
Jenna began fingering Danielle, and while her intent was to start slowly, she realized quickly that Danielle did not have to be warmed up. As her right hand caressed Danielle's mound, her left hand squeezed at Danielle's un-pierced right breast. She lowered her mouth to the nipple and lightly sucked at it.  
  
Danielle responded very well, lifting her hips towards Jenna's caring fingers. Jenna quickly had Danielle on the verge, but wanted the fun to last a little longer. Every time Danielle was on the precipice of cumming, Jenna lifted her fingers off her clit. Danielle giggled and pouted simultaneously.  
  
"Please, Jenna. Make me cum!" Jenna smiled, enjoying the gentle teasing of her friend. She was holding her hands about two inches above Danielle's pussy, and enjoyed watching Danielle try to thrust her hips up to graze against them. She sporadically tapped at her clit, just to keep her on her toes, but refused to let Danielle cum just yet.  
  
Danielle had her eyes closed and back arched in euphoria, so it came as a surprise to her when she felt Jenna's lips press against hers. Her eyes shot open in shock, but took Jenna's tongue inside her mouth. She had never kissed a girl before, and found it moderately humorous that she would have both given and received oral from a girl before kissing one.  
  
Somehow, the pain inflicted by Andrea and the atonement by Jenna had not registered to her as lesbianism. But now that she was locking lips with another female, it all felt more real. She had never self-identified as bisexual; she never had a reason to before this week.  
  
As Jenna's tongue swirled inside her mouth, she considered whether she would be so receptive to this if she were not tied to the bed and so close to cumming. She had to admit, it felt great. Jenna was soft and loving in her kiss, and her hand had returned to her clit. Despite the whirlwind of confusion this caused Danielle, she found herself about to erupt again.  
  
Sensing her crescendoing enthusiasm, Jenna rubbed harder and faster, and reached her desired result. Danielle lifted her hips as high as she could off the mattress and pressed hard into her hand as she came for the second time that morning. Jenna felt juices ejecting from Danielle's hole as her motion slowed to a halt.  
  
Jenna bit Danielle's lower lip to help her come down from her high. Danielle was on cloud nine, and even after Jenna released her she lay sprawled in the bed, her hands above her head. Jenna stood up and prepared to leave.  
  
"I will see you tonight, babe. I want to see you punish that bitch." She kissed her on the forehead and left Danielle alone.  
  
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Danielle took the rest of the day easy, trying to revive her abused body. Her breasts had returned to their pre-tortured state. She was growing accustomed to her pierced nipple. Her asshole was no longer burning from the gang-fuck the night before. She was starting to feel herself again.  
  
She only left her room once, to grab some lunch from the kitchen. On her way down the stairs and through the living room, she was ogled by at least four guys, but she was getting used to it. She had been exposed to so much in the last four days, being started out while naked was nothing. She now felt flattered at the attention instead of appalled at their lewdness.  
  
After finishing off a salad and fruit, she started back for her room, but was drawn off course by sounds emitting from the basement. She approached the door and put her ear to it. It was difficult to make out, but she thought she heard the sounds of leather against flesh, followed quickly by the moans and yelps of a woman.  
  
Danielle let her imagination get the best of her, envisioning Andrea tied up, or shackled down, serving as a target for a whip of paddle or strap. Danielle wanted to know how hard they were taking it on her, but dared not enter the door. She did not was to test her boundaries.  
  
One of the frat boys approached her from the side, and startled her out of her imaginative state.  
  
"Hey babe," he addressed her. Danielle turned to see the guy who had punished her breasts so thoroughly two nights before. "I just want you to know that we all think what Andrea did to you is deplorable. She was way too rough on you, and had no right trying to claim you for her own."  
  
Danielle raised an eyebrow at this. "And what you did to me wasn't too rough?" she cracked.  
  
"Well, that was all part of the initiation. There are benefits to you for getting through the week," he said. "I just have to make sure you earn it. Andrea stepped outside the routine and tried to change the game. She is paying her dues for it right now."  
  
Danielle listened to him out of one ear while she listened to Andrea suffering with the other.  
  
"Hey," he continued. "I am sorry I didn't get you off. I usually am able to keep a girl right on the line between pain and pleasure, but I think with you I tipped too far into the pain half of the affair."  
  
Danielle could not explain what was coming over her, but somehow his words turned her on. She felt her juices start to flow, and needed to be satiated.  
  
"Would you like to atone for it right now?" she asked, her eyes full of sin. Before he could even reply, she had grabbed his cock through his shorts.  
  
"Right here, or up stairs?" he asked.  
  
"Right here," she said.  
  
She yanked on his shorts until they hit the floor and gripped his firm erection in her left hand. As she started jacking it, she guided his right hand to her pussy, already wet with excitement. They worked each other manually, which proved slightly awkward as they were both standing. Any slight reflex of pleasure nearly caused them to buckle at the knees and fall.  
  
To help him keep his balance, he grabbed her ass with his left hand, squeezing her right cheek hard into his palm. His pointer finger rested against her asshole, bud did not penetrate it. Danielle bucked back and forth against his hands on either side of her body, humping hard as she tried to get off.  
  
He pushed her back against the door to the basement and kissed her hard as she kept pumping his dick. Danielle was ready to cum, but was waiting for some kind of trigger. She found it when her ears were filled with the sound of a particularly hard slap, and the sound of Andrea bellowing in pain.  
  
Danielle climaxed at the sound of Andrea's scream piercing the still living area. In her elation, she squeezed the boy's dick really hard, and his jism shot onto her thighs and legs.  
  
"Thank you," Danielle moaned, sounding more and more like a slut every minute. She smeared the residual ejaculate that was stuck on her fingers onto her legs, and left the boy to his lonesome.  
  
When she got back to her room, she realized that despite all she had been through with that guy, she did not know his name. It only made her feel dirtier, like her inner self was starting to crave this kind of depravity. She set her mind to what she might do to Andrea that night.  
  
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Later that night, Russell came to her door and knocked it gently. Danielle answered, looking glorious in her pure nudity, and quickly noticed that Russell was fully nude as well.  
  
"Let's go," he said, taking her hand. Danielle followed him down the stairs, through the living room and to the door to the basement. She blushed, recalling her escapade at this exact spot just a few hours ago. The hinges on the door creaked as Russell pulled it open.  
  
"Everyone is downstairs, waiting for us," he explained. "Andrea is in a compromising position, and you can have your way with her for a few minutes. Then, you and I are going to punish her together. OK?" Danielle nodded in understanding.  
  
They made their way down the straight, stone staircase, and Danielle was astonished at what she saw. In the middle of the room was Andrea, a hood on her head, and arms tied to a hook in the ceiling. Sitting against the walls on every side were members of the fraternity, dressed in some kind of ritualistic robe, like monks. That sat in silence, as if they were awaiting instruction.  
  
Danielle noticed four or five different stations in the room, each with some kind of twisted set-up with deviant intentions. A heavy, medieval chair with a phallic protrusion extending from the seat, for instance, and a pommel horse with chains and restraints nearby. There was much more, but Danielle did not take it all in immediately.  
  
She looked at Andrea, and surmised that she had run the gauntlet today. She recognized the marks on her body from having examined them herself in the mirror the last couple days. But as used as she looked, Andrea maintained a stoic pose. Her legs were together, feet flat on the floor, her chest out proudly. Danielle sensed from this pose that this was not the first time Andrea had been put through this. From there, she surmised that this might be in line for her later in the week.  
  
"Pick your implement," Russell instructed Danielle, pointing to a wall with all kinds of gadgets hanging from it. Danielle, giddy with the anticipation of revenge, nearly jogged to the wall. The frat quietly leered at her bouncing tits and perky ass as she moved across the room.  
  
Having a choice of all kinds of whips, candles and chains, Danielle opted instead for a large, leather-covred paddle. It was one of the few things on the wall that was not stained with sweat, so Danielle presumed that it had not been used yet today.  
  
Russell joined the circle of frat guys and gestured for her to proceed. Danielle tested the leather paddle against her palm, making sounds loud enough for Andrea to hear, but Andrea did not flinch.  
  
Danielle pulled her arm back and brought the paddle half-strength down on Andrea's ass. Andrea barely made a sound, other than a quick, muted gasp, and Danielle could not help but admire how little her firm ass giggled.  
  
With greater force, Danielle brought the paddle down again on the other cheek, but again Andrea would not give her the satisfaction of a scream. Danielle knew she was not a very good dominatrix, but she hoped that she would be able to inflict a little pain.  
  
She continued to assault Andrea's ass with the paddle for several minutes, and over the course of that time the only sounds in the room were the whiz of the paddle through the air and the strike of it against flesh. The guys made no reaction at all, and Andrea barely even whimpered. Danielle had no way of knowing if this was tradition, or if the guys were quiet because she was not performing well, which is what she assumed.  
  
Her assumptions were confirmed when Russell rose from his seat and approached the two women.  
  
"That is good enough for now, Danielle. No go lay on that table," he said, gesturing to a table a few feet away. Danielle laid on the table, which was only about three feet long, but she got the gist of it. At one end of it was a medieval stock set-up with two planks of wood coming together to form three holes. The middle hole was for a neck, and the wider two holes for wrists.  
  
Russell released Andrea's hands and pulled her to the stocks. One of the other frat guys lifted the top piece of wood, and Russell bent Andrea over at the waist and positioned her neck in the middle hole. Andrea did not protest as he moved her wrists to the proper location as well. Russell's assistant locked Andrea in place and secured the wood with a lock.  
  
Andrea's face was right in front of Danielle's pussy, although it was still covered by the hood. Standing behind Andrea's ass, Russell explained to Danielle:  
  
"You can take her hood off now, Danielle. I am going to fuck this whore in the ass while she eats you out. Her punishment ends when you cum, and not a second earlier. Now get to it."  
  
This did not thrill Danielle, as she was still not in love with the idea of another girl eating her out, but she remembered to consider her hatred of Andrea and let that guide her. With a snarl, she grabbed the top of the hood and yanked it off, expecting to sneer down at her former owner. Instead, she almost cowered at what she saw.  
  
Andrea was glaring straight into her eyes and smiling. But it wasn't a smile that said she was enjoying this. It had a deeper meaning, and Danielle could read it clearly. This smile showed that Andrea could handle whatever they were going to dole out, and when it was over, she still had control over Danielle. Whatever rules Russell wanted to create, she still had the blackmail photos, and Danielle would always have to do her bidding.

Andrea winced as she felt Russell penetrate her ass, and Danielle used the opportunity to break herself of the from the spell that Andrea had caused with her smile. She leaned forward and grabbed Andrea's hair and pulled her face into her pussy.  
  
Even though she was in control now, she knew that the future could be very bad for her. She was not sure if she should take it easy on Andrea, in hopes of reciprocation in the days to come, or if she should be hard on her while she had the chance. One thing was certain, Andrea knew how to use her tongue. She had Danielle good and wet in a matter of minutes.  
  
Danielle knew she did not want to come so early, she at least wanted this brief suffering to last a little longer. She pulled Andrea up by the hair and back-hand slapped her across the right cheek. Then again with a forehand across the left. The blow knocked Andrea's hair across her eyes, but she whipped her head to reveal her staunch stare and smile to Danielle.  
  
The only thing Danielle could do to hide her from the gaze was to push Andrea back between her thighs. Russell was pounding hard into her ass, driving Andrea's shoulders hard into the stocks, but her head was even and buried between Danielle's legs.  
  
Danielle looked past Andrea and noticed Jamie sitting amongst the frat boys behind Russell. He had a perfect shot of Russell ass-fucking his girlfriend, and he had a look of bitter hatred in his eyes. Danielle decided that it would be best to take it easy on Andrea, not wanting to bear her or Jamie's wrath any worse that need be. She allowed herself to get into Andrea's tongue, and her orgasm rapidly approached.  
  
She stared into Russell's eyes and could tell he was about to blow his load, and she worked herself into a frenzy trying to climax at the same time he did. She planted her feet against the stocks, and put her left hand behind her. With her right hand, she held the back of Andrea's head in place, and ground her hips up off the table into her mouth, all the while staring Russell in the eyes.  
  
This motion was all Russell needed, and he shot his load up Andrea's ass. Danielle timed her orgasm perfectly, cumming onto Andrea's tongue as Andrea had done to her the night before. As Russell pulled out, the fraternity erupted in applause. It was the first time they had made a sound all night, although Danielle was keenly aware that Jamie was sitting in silence.  
  
Danielle dismounted the table and stood in the center of the room, instinctively awaiting instruction. Russell moved from around Andrea to give her a kiss on the lips.  
  
"Good job, babe," he said. Danielle smiled in response.  
  
Jamie and one of the other frat guys unlocked Andrea and helped her to her feet. Danielle felt chills as she realized Andrea was still smiling that deviant, loud smile at her. Her eyes were piercing. For now, though, she was safe; the boys had to help Andrea up the stairs and to her room.  
  
"Never mind her," Russell tried to comfort her. "Let's go to bed."  
  
Russell walked Danielle up to her room, kissed her again, and left her alone for the night.  
  
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An hour or so later, Danielle was startled awake with a pounding on the door. She turned to put the light on, and noticed a slip of paper slide under the door. She picked it up and unfolded it, and immediately knew who it was from, although it was comprised of only two words: "You're fucked."  
  
She made sure her door and windows were securely locked and went back to bed, but even still, sleep was hard to come by that night. She knew she had pushed Andrea too far, and that she would soon be paying a high price.

**Danielle Meets a Guy Online Ch. 06**

As Danielle lay restless in bed, nervous about the wrath that she anticipated Andrea would bring down on her, Andrea was awake in her own bed. But she was not kept awake by fear or anticipation or excitement. The lashes and welts on her body stung at her every curve, shocking her into a state of alertness with each turn between the sheets.  
  
Frustrated, and too angry to sleep anyway, she got up and started pacing her bedroom. She knew she still had the blackmail material to control Danielle a while longer, but she could not settle on a plan. She racked her mind for ideas, but ultimately decided to call someone who could help her. Her father.  
  
She disconnected her cell phone from the charger on her night stand and called her dad. It was 12:30am, but she knew he would not care. As a pornography producer, he was up at all hours of the night. He would be glad to hear from her.  
  
"Hello?" he answered, perky beyond what anyone should be at this hour.  
  
"Hi, daddy!" Andrea replied with equal perkiness. Just hearing his voice, she knew he would have the answer she needed.  
  
"Sweetheart! What are you doing calling this late at night?"  
  
"Daddy, I need your help breaking the spirit of this girl."  
  
"Oh, I see. Sounds exciting! Tell me everything," her father encouraged.  
  
"Well, you know the fraternity that I have been involved with for the last few months, and how they find blackmail material on a new girl every week and use it to train her as a sex slave?"  
  
"Yes, I remember," he said. "I am thinking about making a movie out of it."  
  
"OK, well, I was getting a little tired of the guys taking it so easy on the new girls, especially since they were so hard on me. And this most current bitch, Danielle, I just happen to have the pictures they are using to coerce her into giving into their will. Only, when I took advantage two nights ago, I got caught, and spent all day today in the dungeon downstairs."  
  
"Oh, honey," he replied. "Were they too hard on you?"  
  
"It was pretty rough, dad. They even let Danielle in on the act towards the end, but she was a novice and caused no pain. Still, the combination of the entire day's worth of whips, lashes and spanks has me in such a condition that I cannot sleep!  
  
But that is not why I am calling. I can still use the pictures to control Danielle, but this humiliation has to be ultimate. It has to be thorough and complete. I might not have this chance again, and I cannot waste it. I called you for ideas."  
  
"Hmmm..." he said, trailing off. Danielle could hear him breathing, but he was not talking. She could see him thinking, taking it all in and processing what he had been told.  
  
"You know," he finally broke the silence. "I think we can help each other out."  
  
"Really, daddy! Anything!" exclaimed Andrea.  
  
"Well, you recall the secret society of which I am a member? The sex community comprised of wealthy derelicts and their sex slaves?"  
  
"Vaguely, dad. You never told me too much about it."  
  
"Well, we meet on a monthly basis, and have an upscale orgy in the style of Eyes Wide Shut. Did you see that movie?"  
  
"Of course, daddy," Andrea answered.  
  
"I assumed as much...Anyway, at the end of the night, we each offer up one of our harem to the other members, and we auction them off to the highest bidder."  
  
"I like where this is going, daddy," Andrea led him on.  
  
"So here's the thing, sweetie. If you can get this Danielle girl over here tomorrow night, and can assure her compliance, I will ask some of the other members to meet me at our home and we will auction her off to the highest bidder. How does that sound?"  
  
Andrea's pussy had turned into a juicy mess as she heard her father's idea. "That sounds perfect! I can assure compliance, daddy. Tell your guys to be there at 7pm."  
  
He told her he would have a limo pick them up around noon. They exchanged their goodbyes, Andrea returning to bed, her father to his computer screen. They both had evil smiles on their faces, and Andrea's remained even as she fell asleep.  
  
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When Danielle woke after her night of semi-sleeping, she was greeted by Andrea's mischievous grin, which had remained on her face all night and all morning.  
  
"Good morning, bitch!" she said, with mocking joviality. She could sense that Danielle was too stunned or too nervous to speak, so she continued.  
  
"Today, you are going to be my slave. All day. You do what I want when I want, with and in front of whomever I want." She held up a manilla envelope so that Danielle could read her parents' address on it.  
  
"You know what's in here. Don't make me send it out!"  
  
"Andrea, please," Danielle finally mustered. "I will do anything, please do not send that package."  
  
"Good, bitch. You can start by referring to me as 'Mistress,' not Andrea." She waited for Danielle to get the hint, and then she replied,  
  
"Yes, mistress."  
  
"Good. Now, I am going to attach this leash to your collar and lead you down the stairs. All the guys are watching some dumb-ass pre-game show in the living room. In front of them all, you are going to request that Russell relinquishes his control over you to me just for the day. That is your request because you know he will enjoy watching me humiliate you. Is that understood?"  
  
Danielle was fighting off tears, but still managed to get out a "Yes, mistress."  
  
"Very good!" Andrea squealed. She attached her leash to Danielle's collar and pulled Danielle until she was on the floor on her hands and knees. "Now move!"  
  
Danielle began her crawl out the door and to the top of the stairs. Moving down the flight proved awkward, but Andrea, following her, enjoyed the view of Danielle's ass and pussy swaying side to side. As Danielle got half way down the stairs, most of the guys had noticed her. Russell, especially, was staring intently at the scene.  
  
Andrea overtook Danielle and pulled her into the center of the room.  
  
"Everyone, Danielle has an announcement she would like to make."  
  
Danielle cleared her throat. "Russell, I would like to request that you turn over control of my body to Andrea for the day. I ask this only because I know you will enjoy watching her humiliate me in front of you and your fraternity brothers."  
  
Russell was glaring skeptically at Andrea. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked.  
  
"You heard her, she wants to do this for you." Andrea answered.  
  
Russell turned to Danielle, "Danielle, you do not have to go through this if you do not want to. Andrea has no authority here."  
  
But Danielle knew that Andrea had authority over her. If Andrea sent the contents of that package to her parents, she would probably be disowned. She had to keep Andrea happy.  
  
"I do want to do this, master. I know she will use me to put on a great show for you."  
  
Russell did not really want to prevent this. Part of the reason he was so mad at Andrea about the other night is that he did not get to witness Danielle's depravation. If Danielle was insisting, why would he deny himself this pleasure?  
  
"You have my consent." he said with faux-reluctancy. Both girls said "Thank you" in unison, before Andrea addressed the room.  
  
"If any of you want to witness the willing and total submission of this little slut, please follow us to the basement." Andrea pulled on the leash and Danielle obediently moved on her hands and knees to the top of the stairs. As she started down, Andrea ahead of her, she heard the stampede of frat guys running to the top of the steps. She could feel their eyes on her obscenely displayed ass and pussy, but she had no way of hiding herself.  
  
Andrea led her into the center of the room, and the boys spilled out of the stair case, flooding the room with their presence. They found their seats against the walls as Danielle was dragged towards the heavy, medieval chair with the phallus protrusion that she had noticed the night before. Andrea left her there and traversed the room towards a closet.  
  
She returned with a tube of lube, left it on the seat of the chair, and addressed Danielle.  
  
"You have two minutes to get your ass down on that dildo. In 120 seconds, Jamie and I will finish the job if you have not done so already."  
  
Danielle knew Andrea was not messing around, so she grabbed the lube and squirted a giant wad of it into her hand. She brought it to the phallus, and started smearing it all over. As she did, she noticed the dildo move up and down a little, and for the first time became aware that it was not attached to the chair, but instead was protruding through a hole. Before she could contemplate the horror of what this entailed, Andrea snapped her back to reality.  
  
"Ninety seconds, slave!" she shouted.  
  
Danielle squirted more lube into her hand, and cupped it towards her own ass, doing her best to make it slippery. She really had no idea what she was doing, and was certain that this fact was obvious to everyone else in the room. She stood and backed herself onto the chair, standing on the seat and squatting over the rubber cock.  
  
"One minute left, whore," Andrea warned.  
  
Danielle swiveled her hips until she felt the tip of the cock at her asshole. She then slowly lowered herself down. As the head forced her sphincter open, she gasped at the intrusion.  
  
"Thirty seconds, bitch. Better hurry!"  
  
Danielle did not want their assistance, knowing that they would somehow make it brutal. She slowly eased the muscles in her arms, allowing her own body weight to force her lower on the cock. After she got about half way down, the guys in the room started counting backwards from ten.  
  
When they got to three, Danielle just lifted her arms off the chair completely, and she sank the rest of the way down the dick. Her eyes shot open and her jaw fell down in a silent scream as she absorbed the plastic invasion. She felt instantly stuffed, and in her state of shock could do nothing but sit in the chair as Andrea and Jamie approached her.  
  
From the back of the chair, Andrea swung a curved metal bar around Danielle's chest and locked it in place. It came to rest just beneath Danielle's breasts, and snugly secured her to the back of the chair.  
  
On the armrests were two clasps that were clearly intended for wrists, but Jamie lifted her knees and pushed them to her chest, guiding her ankles to the wrist cuffs instead. Danielle let him set her ankles in place and secure them in the metal bindings. This position tilted her pelvis forward a bit, exposing her spread pussy to the crowd.  
  
Jamie then grabbed her wrists and linked them together in her cuffs, and passed them over the top of the chair to Andrea. Andrea latched them onto a hook on the back of the chair, rendering Danielle immobile and fully exposed.  
  
Andrea emerged from behind the chair holding a button trigger attached to a chord that ran under the chair. Without a word of explanation, she hit the button, and Danielle felt the dildo start moving up and down. Danielle let out a shocked gasp, but quickly sealed her lips again so as to not upset her mistress. Andrea just smiled.  
  
As the cock moved at a slow, steady pace inside her ass, Jamie brought his girlfriend some more things to play with. Danielle was able to turn her head enough to follow him as he approached, and identified the items in his hand as a bucket of ice, a needle, and a vibrator. She had a feeling a new piercing was on the horizon. She prayed that it was not going to be anywhere in or near her pussy. So she was relieved when Andrea started applying the ice to her right nipple.  
  
"That left nipple has looked awfully lonely, don't you think? Its time to balance this out." Andrea went through three ice cubes trying to numb Danielle sufficiently. As she did, Jamie turned on the vibrator and pressed it against Danielle's clit. As he did, he playfully-yet-forcefully slapped her left breast repeatedly, up and down, over and over, drawing yelps and gasps from the bound girl.  
  
Danielle's pussy betrayed her, again. The vibrator was working its magic, and in a matter of minutes, she was wet. Her juices pooled with the lube that was leaking from her ass on the seat beneath her. She hated that it felt so good, and she was ashamed to admit it, but she was starting to get used to the feeling of a cock in her ass. What was worse, she thought, is that not only was she used to it, but she was deriving pleasure from it.  
  
"She is ready," Andrea announced. Jamie let go of Danielle's tit to pass Andrea the needle. Danielle clenched her eyes, unable to watch, as Andrea lined up her tool to its target. Danielle was grateful that she could not feel it as Andrea nimbly passed the needle through her right nipple, withdrew, and filled the hole with another barbell stud. She smeared some ointment on it, and Danielle was at least appreciative that Andrea was being sanitary.  
  
Of course, Andrea just wanted to make sure that Danielle was not infected or in any way compromised for her auction later that night. She juiced at the thought of auctioning off this bitch to some socially elite character from potentially anywhere in the world. But for now, she still wanted to have some fun with her.  
  
She took the vibrator from Jamie and whispered some instructions to him. As she returned the vibrator to Danielle's clit, Jamie started rearranging some of the furniture in the middle of the room.  
  
"What do you think of your piercings, slave?" Andrea asked, expecting an answer. But Danielle thought the question was rhetorical, so she did not respond.  
  
"Hey, slut, wake up!" Andrea snapped as she flicked a switch on the remote, causing the dildo to quicken its pace inside Danielle's ass.  
  
"Aaahhh," Danielle groaned into the room. "I like them because I know they please you, mistress," she lied. She could barely get it out. Her restraints kept her so firmly in position that she could not move with the motion of the rubber piston in her ass. She wanted to rock or sway with it, but instead just took the intrusion. She could not even wiggle her pussy against the vibrator, and had to rely completely on Andrea's motion.  
  
Andrea really wanted her to cum. The more pleasure Danielle garnered from this experience, the more willing she would be as she led her down this path of humiliation. She slid the vibrator up and down, gliding over Danielle's clit, until she, and the rest of the room, could see her glistening juices oozing out of her hole.  
  
Danielle clenched her eyes shut to hide her shame of going through this publicly, but her voice belied her enjoyment. She started to scream, her breasts heaving as much as her restraints would allow. She would have preferred to rock her hips towards her orgasm, but this position prevented it. Still, her climax was fast approaching.  
  
Andrea turned the dildo speed to high, and Danielle let out a scream that filled the room. Her orgasm rocked her body, and with no ability to recoil against it, it shot through her torso, down her arms and out her fingers. Andrea snickered.  
  
"So all I had to do to get you to cum was fuck your ass faster?" The frat guys laughed their asses off, and Danielle, eyes closed, let their laughter flood her ears. She did not know if the humiliation aspect had anything to do with it, but she was certain she had just experienced one of the best orgasms of her life.  
  
She felt the dildo turn off and withdrawal, and Andrea freed her hands and chest. Once Andrea unlocked her ankles, she slumped forward in the chair, weary beyond belief.  
  
"Aww, is our little pet spent already?" Andrea taunted. "Here, slut, lets lie you down." She and Jamie picked up her limp body and carried her to Jamie's simple but deviant contraption. As she was carried, Danielle opened her eyes to see what was coming, and noticed that several of the frat guys, Russell included, had lowered their boxers and were jerking themselves off. She knew that if Russell was turned on by this, Andrea could control her for the rest of the week.  
  
She then found herself with her knees on the seat of a metal folding chair, facing the back. Andrea pushed her back until she was bending over the back of the chair, and her torso came to rest on a plain, flat table. Andrea and Jamie each took one of her wrists and attached them to the corners of the table, so that her arms were extended above her head, flat on the table.  
  
Danielle's ass was facing the crowd, and she had a feeling that Andrea would retaliate against her for the night before. She was correct. Andrea brought the exact same paddle that Danielle had used on her over to her prone slave and dangled it in front of her face.  
  
"Let me show you how to use this," she mocked. Danielle could do nothing but brace herself, and did so by slowing her breath as best she could. Whatever happened, she did not want to give Andrea the satisfaction of screaming, just as Andrea had denied her that satisfaction the night before.  
  
A fraction of a second before the first slap stung her ass, Danielle heard the paddle whizzing through the air. It was a sound that she was unable to produce last night, but she did not have time to ponder it. The sting came down hard and rippled through her body.  
  
"Fuck!" she yelled, and just like that she had betrayed her desire to keep quiet. One smack, and her left ass cheek felt as though it was glowing. She wondered how the hell Andrea was able to remain so stoic last night.  
  
Again, the whiz proceeded the contact, and Danielle clenched her ass in anticipation of the blow. This one landed on her right cheek, and had the same affect. It felt as though the paddle initiated a shock wave the rippled up the right side of her body, stopping at her rib cage.  
  
Andrea ran her fingernails over Danielle's glowing orbs, causing Danielle's ass and legs to twitch. Faint and quick gasps emerged from Danielle's mouth as Andrea's nails heightened the sensations in her ass.  
  
Two more blows from Andrea, one on each cheek, and Danielle began to openly sob. Andrea turned up the degree of difficulty a bit. She leaned close to Danielle's ass and spit on her right cheek. When the next swing made contact, it landed right on the wad she had left there. Somehow, it made the stinging worse, and Danielle let out another scream.  
  
Andrea repeated the motion on her left cheek, and realized as this blow came down that Danielle was clenching her ass as a method of bracing for the pain. This gave her an idea.  
  
She again ran her fingernails over Danielle's glowing ass, her splattered spit providing a kind of sheen finish to her masterpiece. As Danielle lay whimpering on the table, Andrea stepped back, implying more strokes. But she swung the paddle above Danielle's body, not making contact, but still creating the whizzing sound.  
  
She giggled as she watched Danielle clench her ass in anticipation of a spank that was not coming. As the frat guys caught on, they chuckled, too. Andrea did it three more times, and each time Danielle clenched her ass.  
  
On the fifth time, Danielle did not clench her ass, and Andrea wailed on it with one final blow. Danielle let out a deep, guttural moan as she was taken by surprise. Her ass had been beaten to the point of numbness, so it was not so much the pain as the mental anguish that humiliated her.  
  
Andrea turned towards the guys and bowed to their applause. Jamie unclasped Danielle's wrists and awaited Andrea's instruction.  
  
"Well, boys, as much as Danielle and I have enjoyed entertaining you this morning, I think we are going to go upstairs and spend some time to ourselves." She turned to the other girls in the room.  
  
"Sarah, Jenna, Michelle, would you mind helping these guys finish up?" she suggested, nodding towards the flock of masturbators.  
  
"With pleasure!" agreed Sarah. The guys circled around the three girls as Andrea led Danielle upstairs.  
  
Once upstairs, Andrea addressed Danielle with fake urgency.  
  
"OK, let's go. I am getting you out of here." She peaked through the front window and smiled as she saw the limo in the driveway.

"What? Where are we going?" asked Danielle as Andrea pulled her to her feet.  
  
"Shut up, slave, and get in the car." Andrea stepped outside first to make sure the coast was clear, and then pulled Danielle, naked, into the early afternoon sun. Shocked, Danielle tried to cover herself as they ran to the car. Danielle ducked into the limo, and Andrea pushed her ass so that she fell forward onto the seat.  
  
Danielle landed on the lap of a big, burly man dressed in a suit, one of Andrea's father's hired hands. He grabbed the naked beauty and brought a chloroform-soaked cloth to her face. Danielle was only able to get out a "What the fu...." before the gas took affect. She passed out in the back seat as the limo pulled out of the driveway.  
  
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As the limo wound its way through the sylvan country roads, Danielle faded in and out of consciousness. Through her fogginess, she occasionally caught glimpses of Andrea and the henchman in various sexual positions. One minute her eyes fluttered and she saw Andrea on her knees sucking his cock. Some time later she was able to identify Andrea riding him cowgirl style.  
  
When the man came, he screamed loud enough to temporarily jolt Danielle to semi-clarity, and she saw him shooting his load onto Andrea's back, Andrea on her hands and knees in front of him. After that scene, the only glimpses that Danielle was able to see were of Andrea reclining on him in a state of postcoital bliss.  
  
The ride, which took about three hours, seemed like all day to Danielle. She had no idea how long she had been out, but by the time she was able to sit up take stock of her situation, the limo was pulling into the driveway of a lavish estate.  
  
"Just in time," Andrea announced as she realized Danielle was coming to.  
  
"What the fuck, Andrea? Where are we?" Danielle spoke, disregarding her order to refer to Andrea as 'Mistress.'  
  
"Don't forget your place, slut. We are at my father's house. He has arranged a little surprise for you."  
  
"Your father's house? What is wrong with you? Why would you let your father take part in this sick ritual?" Danielle was all questions, but Andrea provided all the answers.  
  
"My daddy is very much into what the whole BDSM thing. Odds are he has a harem of willing sex slaves taking care of him right now. He is proud that I am so open about my sexuality, but we don't do anything incestuous, if that is what you are worried about."  
  
"There is something wrong with you," was all Danielle could muster.  
  
"I know. Isn't it fun?" Andrea said as the limo pulled into the garage.  
  
Andrea climbed out of the door and the guard grabbed Danielle and pulled her out of the car. In an instant, he had swung her over his shoulder, and was carrying her into the house.  
  
The mansion oozed class. High ceilings loomed over the atrium; marble columns and staircases provided the backdrop for leather furniture, persian rugs and stained glass windows. Danielle could not believe that someone as depraved and debased as Andrea could have grown up in the lap of luxury.  
  
Andrea eyed the gold-accented grandfather clock:  
  
"6:45." she said. "Just enough time."  
  
The henchman deposited Danielle on the love seat, and Andrea forced her head down and sat down on her ear, forcing her head into the cushion. Out of view, the man grabbed a leather cord and approached the pinned girl.  
  
Andrea pulled Danielle's arms behind her back and forced her elbows together. The man tied the cord around her elbows, locking them to each other. He then tightly wound the cord towards her wrists, enrobing Danielle's forearms in a sleeve of rope behind her back. As he stood, Danielle tested its strength. She could not move her arms at all.  
  
Danielle heard the massive oak doors swing open, which was followed quickly with Andrea's squeal.  
  
"Hi, daddy!" she shouted shamelessly, rising off of Danielle as her father approached. He kissed her on the forehead and wrapped his arm around her waist.  
  
"Hello, love," he said in an surprisingly affectionate manner. "I wanted a preview of tonight's item up for bid." He turned towards Danielle. "Stand up, whore," he ordered.  
  
Danielle was flabbergasted by this twist. How demented was this family that both Andrea and her father were behaving as if this was an every day occurrence. With her arms bound behind her back, she had to improvise her way to a standing position. She rolled off the couch onto a knee, and then set her feet on the ground and stood erect. She turned to face this sick man.  
  
While she had been naked all day, she never felt more exposed than this instant. His eyes explored her body, scanning her from head to toe, circling around her for a full view. Danielle jumped slightly when he grabbed her ass and squeezed it. She bit her lip as his right hand slid up her thighs to her stomach and latched onto her right breast.  
  
"Mmmmm. So firm," he praised. "You have done well, sweetie."  
  
"Thank you, daddy!" Andrea beamed.  
  
"She might be a trace too small, so make sure she puts these on," he said handing Andrea a pair of four inch stilettos. "And you should probably equip her with this," now handing her a ball gag.  
  
"Of course daddy."  
  
"Very good. I will send in the cage momentarily. My handlers will take it from there. You are welcome to watch, if you want."  
  
"Thank you, daddy," Andrea gleefully replied. Then, turning to her henchman, "Help me put these on her."  
  
The man lifted Danielle's feet one at a time so Andrea could slide on the heels. Now standing at an even 6'0", Danielle was a two inches taller than Andrea. She looked down at her as Andrea prepped the gag.  
  
"Whatever happens to me tonight, you should know that you are one fucked up bitch," Danielle said, no longer caring if Andrea would retaliate.  
  
"I am surprised it took you so long to figure out, you dumb slut. Just don't lie to me and act like you didn't enjoy yourself. When those strangers gang-fucked your ass, you came that night. When you had me between your legs as Russell took my ass, I got you off then, too. And this morning, I got you off with two toys. So be careful what you say as an insult. You might end up like me some day."  
  
Danielle had no retort. As much as she despised Andrea, she had brought her to orgasm each day that they had been together. As she thought about it, wishing some form of an argument would come to her, Andrea forced the red rubber ball into her mouth and belted it behind her head.  
  
Again the oak doors swung open, and two men in suits pushed a narrow cage on wheels towards the girls. As it approached, Andrea grabbed Danielle by the hair and pulled it behind her head, forming a pony tail. She then tied a short length of rope into it, and pulled down on it so that she could interlace the other end of the rope with the cord at her forearms.  
  
This final adjustment prevented Danielle from tilting her head forward, which for now Danielle did not really understand. But she did not have time to think about it anyway as the cage was now directly in front of her. It was a tall, ornate cylindrical design, about three feet in diameter. A latch was released and the door opened towards Danielle.  
  
With a push at her back, Danielle stepped up into the cage and heard the door close behind her. Andrea met her face to face on the other side of the metal framework, grabbed her leash and tied it to one of the bars.  
  
"She's all yours, boys," Andrea addressed the men in control of the cage. "See you in a few, sugar," she said to Danielle. Danielle stared straight ahead, trying to portray a stoicism that was not actually there.  
  
Then the cage started to move, and Danielle braced herself by spreading her feet. With her arms behind her back, the two minute trip down the hall was an arduous adventure. She kept losing her balance and falling towards one side of the cage or the other. The two men pushing her too turns pinching her ass, causing her to yelp around her gag. They chuckled at her discomfort.  
  
Danielle was wheeled into what could have been the living room: more lavish furniture and carpets, a fireplace. Cozy but regal at the same time. Unlike the other room, this one was well occupied. Danielle could see a man in a suit and a cowboy hat, a Japanese man in a perfectly tailored suit, an Arab main in traditional robes and an enormous, muscled black man in jeans and a white wife beater.  
  
To her left was Andrea's father, who now addressed the room.  
  
"Gentlemen, may I present the evening's main event: Danielle. Please take a few minutes to get a closer look, and then we will let the bidding begin."  
  
Danielle wondered what the hell was going on as the men approached her. She guessed from context that she was in some fashion being auctioned off, but for what? For how long? She had no idea. She was under the impression, given the arrangement that she and Andrea had agreed upon this morning, that the winner of this auction would only be able to have her for the rest of the night. But she also knew that she could not trust Andrea.  
  
The men had encircled her now, and were reaching towards her from all angles. She felt hands groping her tits and rubbing between her thighs. Behind her, hands from two different men were on her ass, spreading it apart. She again suffered from a lack of balance as the hands forced her this way and that. The cage was too narrow for her to fall to the floor, so she simply rested against the sides until a new set of hands forced her another direction.  
  
As the men sized her up, the discussed what they might do with her if they won her. The cowboy went first.  
  
"This hussy would be fine practice for my boys. First they could try lassoing and tying her like cattle, and then they could practice their cocksmanship."  
  
"Fuck that, cowboy," said the black man. "I am going to let my gang run a train on this bitch. They love some grade A white meat, and this face would look great covered in a gallon of cum." As he said it, he pinched her cheeks in, causing her lips to purse as much as they could around the gag.  
  
"Well, you can forget about that, friend," spoke the Japanese man. "I have been looking for an American model for my website for years, and this girl would do just the trick. It is time to see some race other than the Japanese take part in our twisted take on sexual perversions."  
  
"Mmmm," said the arab, cupping her pussy. "She would be a fine addition to my harem. We would shave her of all hair except for her head, add some piercings," he said, clicking her nipples. "These are a nice start. Some artfully placed tattoos. She could keep me happy for a long time."  
  
And with that, Danielle knew this auction was not just for the night. She was being sold.  
  
"Well, gentlemen," interrupted Andrea's father. "Shall we start the bidding at $50,000?"

**Danielle Meets a Guy Online Ch. 07**

If there was a flaw in Andrea's master plan, it was that she had dropped too many hints. Even before Danielle began her week at the frat, Andrea had bragged to the other girls about her sexuality. She had made them awkwardly aware that her father was a pornographer, and that he was the reason she was so comfortable running this sexual gauntlet the boys put them through.  
  
So, when Jenna, Sarah and MIchelle learned that Andrea and Danielle had disappeared, they knew exactly where they were headed. Less than an hour after Andrea's limo had pulled out of their drive way, three carfuls of frat guys were on their way to the same destination. With Russell driving and Jenna navigating on her smart phone, they knew exactly where to go.  
  
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Meanwhile, back at the house, the auction began.  
  
"$50,000?" questioned Tex. "I am not sure she is worth even that, Al." Danielle banked his name in her memory. Al. The guy who somehow felt entitled to sell her to these perverts.  
  
"What complaints could you possibly have, Tex?" Al demanded. "This is Grade A American Prime, right here!"  
  
"Check this out, friend," said Tex, walking to the back of the cage. He grabbed Danielle's ass and spread it apart. "Look at how easy my finger slides in here."  
  
With ease, he slid his middle finger into her ass. Danielle clenched a little, but was even surprised herself at how little pain she felt. A minor "mmmphhhh" escaped from around her ball gag.  
  
"And here," Tex added, reaching around and grabbing her pussy. "It is like she has been fucked every day of her life. This is the least-tight pussy I have ever felt."  
  
Al started to get flustered. He was not expecting to barter down from $50k.  
  
"If I may, gentlemen," said Andrea, stepping forward. "This girl is actually seldom-used. The reason she is so loose at the moment is because I tested her abilities just a couple hours ago. I swear to you she took an eight inch dildo up that asshole. By tomorrow, she will be tight as ever."  
  
"Hmmmm," thought Tex out loud. "I have to be honest. Even if that is a lie, I would pay $50k to fuck that face." He reached up and pinched her cheek. Danielle could smell her ass on his fingers as he squeezed her face.  
  
"I'm in for $50k," Tex announced.  
  
"$75," said the Arab, rubbing his chin like a movie villain.  
  
"Well, shit," said Tex. "Make it $100."  
  
Al was delighted as his opening offer had quickly doubled. But it would not stop there. In increments of ten and twenty thousand, the four bidders worked their way up to $190k.  
  
But Tex's bid was outdone, ultimately, by the Japanese man, in at $200k.  
  
"Gentlemen, the bid is two hundred thousand," said Al. Even Danielle was impressed. She doubted whether she was even worth $200k right now. If her parents knew what she had done in the last week, would they put up $200k to keep her at home?  
  
"Fuck," said Tex. "Enjoy her, friend. I'm not going over $200k."  
  
"Very good," said the Japanese man, emotionless. "Let me put her to use right now." His two body guards opened the door of the cage and lifted Danielle out of it. She kicked and screamed until they placed her feet and told her to walk over to her owner.  
  
She whimpered as she tried to catch her breath, a tall task with the gag still in place. This was all so surreal to Danielle. Had she really just been sold? How was this legal? What would her parents think if she just disappeared?  
  
These questions swelled inside of her until her eyes started to water. With a forceful prod from behind, she began her wobbly march towards her Japanese owner. He beckoned her with a single finger, and kept motioning until she was face to face with him. Her nipples brushed against his meticulously cut suit.  
  
He was level with her in stature, with her heels on, but Danielle felt like he was a foot taller. His stoicism and silence dominated her. Even if she had not just been sold to him, this was not the kind of man she would disobey. Her anxiety grew as the left side of his mouth twisted into a sneer. Her breath quickened as he reached for her.  
  
Like vipers snatching at prey, his fingers and nails clasped onto her nipples. Danielle jumped onto her toes in shock, a muffled scream leaking from behind the gag. She stared her captor in the eyes and watched as he motioned for the men behind her. She felt her ball gag being released and pulled from between her lips. Scissors snipped the line connecting her hair to her forearms, and her head drooped forward.  
  
Her owner again twisted her nipples hard, pulling them outward and upward towards her chin. Danielle took a deep breath, dropped her draw and let loose into the regal room.  
  
"AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!" she shouted, writhing on her tippy-toes. "Fuuuuuuck! PLEEEEASE!" He let go of her nipples, but kept her breasts firmly in his hands, weighing them against each other like the scales of justice. Her nipples throbbed, especially the recently-pierced right one.  
  
"Very nice body," he said, breaking his silence. "But such a dirty mouth. Show me what else that mouth can do."  
  
Danielle got the hint, but found it very difficult to kneel in front of him. Her arms we too tightly bound behind her back and her heels were too tall. So, with another nod from her master, one of the Japanese henchmen grabbed her shoulders and put his foot at the back of her calves. She fell to her knees with a thud, another screech escaping her mouth.  
  
"You know what to do," said the man, undoing his trousers. He quickly had his semi-erect penis dangling in front of her face. He did not touch her or guide her in any way. He stood straight and still, waiting for her to bring her head forward and take him inside her.  
  
Danielle was just getting used to being able to move her jaw, so she was not thrilled about stuffing something new inside it. But she knew better than to disobey a man who just paid a fifth of a million dollars for her. She leaned forward and too him into her mouth. She gently swirled her tongue against the underside of his cock, and she instantly felt him twitch inside her, growing in length and girth.  
  
The man loomed large over her, his hands intertwined behind his back. He stared down at her, admiring her obedience and skill. In less than a minute, he was fully erect. This is what he had been waiting for. Now that he was firm, her was ready to fuck her face.  
  
He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her down his cock. He was of respectable size, but small compared to what Danielle had had in her mouth this week. She was able to take him right into the back of her throat.  
  
"Guh, guh, guh," she gargled as he fucked her face hard. He pulled her against him until his balls hit her chin and her forehead pressed against his stomach. The sounds of her struggling for breath echoed throughout the room, and her captor reveled in it. He grabbed her hair above the ears and jerked her back and forth on his cock.  
  
"Yes, slut. Take it," he said. "I love taking a beautiful woman like this and reducing her to nothing but her mouth." His dick hammered over the length of her tongue as her struggling sounds filled the room.  
  
"Gack, gack, gack," she choked, three per second with each penetration.  
  
As Danielle struggled to handle this assault, Andrea emerged from her right and knelt next to her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Danielle holding up the envelope with her parents' address on it. Andrea then filled her ears with the most horrific oration she could imagine.  
  
"Dear mom and dad. Inserted in this envelope you will find pictures of the real me. I am sorry to show you this way, but I could not bring myself to tell you in person. In shame, I am going to spend a year abroad. In fact, by the time you receive this, I will be gone. Please do not worry about me. I will be back. I just need to get away for awhile. I hope you understand. Your loving daughter, Danielle."  
  
She tucked the note into the envelope and sealed it.  
  
"Do you think they will buy that?" Andrea taunted.  
  
"Mmphh, mmphh, mmphh," Danielle stammered, wanting to argue or scream or fight or reach or anything, but she could not. On her knees, arms twisted and tied behind her back, and mouth stuffed full, she could do nothing as Andrea took the envelope out the front door of the house.  
  
Tears started streaming down Danielle's cheeks as her head continued to be violently jerked around the cock in her mouth. It all started to seem real, this situation. What if her parents received and believed the package? She could be taken anywhere, and no one would care enough to search for her. This man would take her to Japan, and her classmates wouldn't think anything of her absence until the guy in her dorm who spent all day jacking off online saw her on some sick Japanese tentacle porn website.  
  
But her minds meandering was startlingly interrupted by the sound of a scream from outside, followed quickly by the front door slamming open.  
  
Russell and his crew led Andrea back inside, envelope in hand, and barged into the auction room. He arrived at the threshold just in time to see the Japanese man bury his dick in Danielle's throat and unload his semen inside her. He pulled out, a wad of cum falling out of her mouth as she gasped for breath and collapsed on her side.  
  
"Andrea, what the fuck is going on?" her father asked. "Who the fuck are these guys?"  
  
"This is the frat, daddy. They want Danielle back."  
  
"Well, its too late for that, boys," said Al. "The auction is over. You missed your chance."  
  
"She was never yours to sell, you sick fuck," Russell retorted. He squeezed Andrea's upper arm hard, showing Al that he was not messing around. Andrea twisted in his arms but could not wrestle free.  
  
"Sick fuck?" Al chuckled. "I believe there is evidence in that package that you are no different from me. Am I wrong?"  
  
Russell searched for a response, but found nothing.  
  
"Taping a girl having sex with you, and then using that to blackmail her into a week of sexual torture?"  
  
"That is irrelevant. She was never yours to sell. Your daughter stole her from us."  
  
A chorus of "Yeah"s came from the gang of frat guys. They gathered around Russell as a show of support, their muscles twitching in anger.  
  
"Boys, boys," Al said evenly. "Lets stay calm here. I am sure we can figure out a resolution."  
  
"If I may," said the Japanese man, not wanting to release his prize. "What if we just offered you a finder's fee? You are certainly entitled to 10%. How does $20k sound to you?"  
  
The boys quickly did the mental math. $200k? Even Russell stammered a bit before replying.  
  
"No deal," he said. "There are more than 20 guys in our frat. Less than a grand each is not worth the potential legal backlash. Instead, why don't we just beat the shit out of you and take Danielle home with us?"  
  
Al laughed, and told Russell to look around the room. As he did, Russell noticed that there were plenty of guards surrounding them They were outnumbered, and the guards were armed with clubs and brass knuckles. He gulped nervously, swallowing his pride.  
  
Al approached him and put his hand on his shoulder.  
  
"Look, son. You and I are not so different. We both enjoy humiliating women. Let's have some fun with this situation."  
  
"I'm listening," said Russell, realizing that he had led his crew into a dangerous situation, and appreciating that Al was offering a peaceful resolution.  
  
"Well, you have a girl there," said Al, nodding towards his daughter. "And we have one over there," he gestured over his shoulder to Danielle, now being propped up on her feet by the Japanese goons. Her head hanging low as these men decided her fate.  
  
"I propose a humiliation-off. You and your boys with my daughter. Me and my men with Danielle. Whichever group does a better job of disgracing their slave can have the other one."  
  
"Daddy! Nooo!" cried Andrea.  
  
"Deal!" Russell agreed enthusiastically. "What do you have to work with around here?"  
  
"What do I have to work with?" Al chuckled. "Follow me."  
  
The entire room emptied into the main hall and up a grand staircase. Al pushed open another giant set of doors, and the group entered a magnificent room. Thirty foot ceilings, at least, with windows making their way to the floor. Gold and crystal chandeliers hung down in all their sparkling grandeur. Leather and satin couches and chairs hugged the walls, surrounding contraptions that epitomized posh BDSM.  
  
The frat boys were lost in all the straps, chains, cuffs, whips and paddles. Their little dungeon was like a play pen compared to this place. Everything they ever could have imagined, and then some, were at their disposal. Regardless of which group won, this was going to be fun.  
  
"Tell you what, boy," Al began. "You are clearly amateurs compared to us. I can tell by the look in your eye at the wonders this room holds. Why don't we go first, with Danielle? Perhaps it will give you some inspiration."  
  
Russell could not believe a place like this existed anywhere but in the movies. He knew that Al was right...he was a little overwhelmed with this room. He nodded as a sign of his acquiescence, and the game was on.  
  
Danielle was standing weakly between the two Japanese guards, listening to the conversation and praying that some more-favorable resolution would have been reached. Her head hung at the realization that this night was still a long way from over. Al approached her and worked his way between her and the guard on her right.  
  
"Hands and knees, right now," he whispered in her ear. Danielle immediately fell to his requested position. She could tell that this guy could decide her future, and wanted him to be pleased with her. She was almost too weary to stand, anyway, so she welcomed the change in position.  
  
"Good little slave. Now crawl over to your new master." Danielle quickly identified the Japanese man in the middle of the room and began to crawl towards him. He was standing next to a sinister contraption, a metal ring about three feet in diameter hanging from the ceiling on two long chains. Running through the middle of it was another metal bar that had one large ring in the middle and two smaller wrings on the end. Danielle could tell that these were for her neck and wrists.  
  
As she made her way to him, she could feel 100 eyes on her sweaty, abused body. She still ached from the spanking that morning, and the anal fucking Andrea had forced on her with the dildo. She knew her asshole was loose, and that everyone behind her was eyeing her gaping holes. Still, she trudged onward, mindlessly obedient to the flow of the evening.  
  
When she reached her owner, he instructed her to stand. She did as she was told. He unlocked the central ring and had her stand inside, closing it around her neck and locking it in place with a padlock. He adjusted the height of the contraption so that she could stand, but only on her tip-toes. Her heels stood just a few inches off the ground.  
  
The cowboy and the black guy each took one of her hands and locked them in their respective shackles as the Arab went to the closet and returned with five centimeter-wide bamboo canes. He handed one to Al and each of the auction participants, circling around Danielle with their weapons and picking their targets.  
  
Danielle frantically looked around, but had trouble identifying what was in their hands with the metal ring blocking her view. She feared the worst, though, and soon it was confirmed.  
  
The Arab brought his cane down on her ass, causing her to scream in shock and jerk violently. The entire apparatus swayed with her beneath it. Danielle opened her mouth to protest, but another blow came down on her stomach, stunning her. He body recoiled as the stung rocked her back wards.  
  
Another on her ass, followed by one more on her stomach. Tears started to well in her eyes as the stinging increased. This hurt more than the paddling this morning. The pain was sharp, lingering, and she could do nothing to prepare herself for the next blow.  
  
Soon, all five men were lashing at her, although seemingly at only half strength. They struck her on her ass and stomach, on the undersides of her breasts, her thighs. With each blow, she let out a little scream, but more from surprise than the pain. The canes whipped at her sporadically, so that she could not anticipate where she would be hit next. She could only see the Texan in front of her, smiling evilly as he lashed the sides of her legs and stomach.  
  
Suddenly, the Arab behind her got more aggressive, caning the small of her back at full strength.  
  
"Owwww!" Danielle screamed, the blow nearly knocking a tear out of her eyes. She bared her teeth as a matter of coping, but the sting lingered. She watched as Tex pulled back his arm above his head and brought his cane down hard on her left thigh. Simultaneously, a blow came from behind against her left calf.  
  
"AAAHHHHH!" she yelled again, her left leg leaping off the ground in shock and pain. She dangled on just her right toes for a moment, until another cane lashed out at her behind the knee. Her right leg jumped and her left returned to the ground so that she was not hanging by her neck.  
  
They continued taunting her legs, trading blows, watching her jerk them up and down in response. Finally, they stopped, momentarily.  
  
"Slowly turn yourself around," Al said. "And keep turning until we tell you to stop."  
  
Danielle slowly turned on her toes, the contraption containing her pivoting easily. As she spun, she saw her five tormentors, as well as their goons and the frat against the walls behind them. Most of the men were jerking off, loving her abuse. She saw Andrea, sitting alone, nervously biting her nails knowing that she was going to get hers later.  
  
The men resumed their caning, each of them focusing their attention on her ass and pubic mound as she rotated. The strikes were so constant that if she jerked one way, she instantly jerked the other from a cane on the other side. The men were striking her hard, leaving long, thin red welts across her stomach and ass.  
  
They again took a break leaving Danielle whimpering and breathing heavily, her breasts heaving. The Arab man stood in front of her, and started attacking her pulsating breasts. He caned them from all angles, first attacking the sides, then her hitting her with an upward stroke against the bottom of her breasts, knocking them upwards to the room's delight. He then raised his hands above his head, reigning down hard on the tops of her tits.  
  
"Fuck! Please, have mercy!" Danielle cried. The Arab just grinned. With expert precision, he smacked each of her tits with the tip of his cane, again drawing pleads and screams from Danielle. He relented, and Al started turning a crank against the wall. Danielle felt the contraption lowering above her, allowing her to rest her feet on the floor.  
  
The ring around her continued to lower, until Danielle had to lower herself to her knees. Al unlocked the deadbolt and her wrists, allowing her to fall untethered to the floor. The let her rest for a moment while the huddle to decide what to do to her next.  
  
When they broke huddle, they pulled her over to another exhibition area. It was a simple but somehow deviant set-up of two metal poles, extending from the ground about three feet, connected by a third metal bar extending across the top.  
  
"Crawl underneath this right now, slave," Al ordered her again. Danielle crawled beneath the connecting bar and awaited further instruction. But there was none. Two of the men pulled her arms out from under her and lifted them up to the bar. The other two men applied a series of leather shackles to her arms, securing it to the bar. This left Danielle on her knees, her back on an upward angle, her arms out to her sides and her beautiful tits hanging beneath her.

The black man stepped in front of her and dropped his pants. Back in her dorm room, when Danielle would fantasize about having sex with a black guy, she would go online and search for interracial porn. She recalled a series of videos where the cover of the box was an enormous black dick covering half of a white girl's face. She always assumed this was an exaggeration or a digital alteration. She now knew this size cock actually did exist.  
  
He gripped his giant slab with his entire fist, implying its incredible heft, and stepped towards her face. With his free hand, he pulled her hair up so that her mouth was level with it, and tried to jam it inside. Danielle was legitimately concerned that it would not fit. She had to focus on extending her jaw downward just so he could get the head between her lips.  
  
He pushed forward and tucked the head of his cock inside. Her lips were tight around it, not because she was trying, but because he was so large she had no option. It was an air-tight seal around his tool, and she quickly adjusted to breathing through her nose.  
  
Meanwhile, Tex grabbed a dildo with a horse tail attached to it and brought it to her ass. She was still a little loose from the dildo chair that Andrea had subjected her to earlier that day, but she was not ready for what he was about to do. He placed the head of it as her sphincter and, without mercy, jammed the entire length up her ass.  
  
"MMMMMM!!" Danielle grunted, although it was severely muted by the cock in her mouth.  
  
"Yee Haw," said Tex, admiring the tail extending from her rear end. He bent over and smacked her ass once for good measure. Danielle breathed heavily through her nose, trying to cope with the pain.  
  
Al knelt on the floor behind her, his cock protruding through his zipper, and lined his erection up with her pussy. He grabbed the tail with his right hand and pulled it out of the way, then worked his dick into her hole.  
  
As he worked up a good rhythm, he pulled the tail upwards with each thrust, forcing the dildo inside her ass. This was the first time Danielle had been triple penetrated, and she felt absolutely stuffed. Al was above average in size, but coupled with the dildo and the dick in her ass, she was sufficiently full.  
  
The guy in her mouth was not even hard yet. His dick sat in her mouth like a dead eel, and she found it difficult to do anything for him. Her hands were bound, and her jaw ached from its painfully distended position. All she had was her tongue. More out of obligation than desire, she slid her tongue across the base of his cock, and instantly felt it start to twinge inside her.  
  
"This bitch is licking my cock!" he said. "This little whore fucking loves this!"  
  
"I can attest to that, too," said Al. "Her pussy is pretty wet!"  
  
The guys around her laughed and mocked her enjoying her own debasement.  
  
The Japanese man went to the closet and returned with a pair of nipple clamps. He preferred that his subjects not experience pleasure until he was ready.  
  
"Let's see if we can stem the tide," he said.  
  
He sat on the ground to her side and applied the clamps to her nipples. Like the ones the boy in the frat had used on her, these were padded and connected by a chain.  
  
Puppy dog whimpers tried to make their way to his ears, but were stifled by the enormous black dick. Danielle squeezed her eyes tight, tears leaking out, as he tightened them in place. He had succeeded in stalling her pleasure.  
  
To make matters worse, he reached into his pocket and retrieved a couple tiny hooked weights. He took the lightest one, 25 grams, and attached it to the center point of the chain.  
  
Danielle nipples were pulled lower, causing her to yell into the cock. The sound waves rippled against the dick, stimulating it and making it harder.  
  
Her owner than attached a second 25 gram weight, and her nipples were pulled harshly straight towards the ground. He then requested that both men inside her remove themselves.  
  
With a pop, the cock escaped her lips, and Danielle tested her jaw to make sure it was still functioning. Al pulled out of her pussy and stood back. The Japanese man grabbed his cane and walked around his prone slave.  
  
"Mario," he said to the black man, "Please go get your tattoo kit." Danielle went wide-eyed, and for the first time protested.  
  
"Please, not a tattoo! What are you planning to..."  
  
He interrupted her with a harsh strike on her upped back, just beneath where the bar crossed her shoulder blades.  
  
"Do not question me, slave. You have shamed me by taking pleasure in this abuse. You leave me no choice but to announce your whore status to the world."  
  
He removed a pen from the inside pocket of his jacket and knelt behind her ass. He wrote the words "SLUT LIFE" right above her ass, in the standard tramp stamp location.  
  
"Now everyone will know the real you." Mario then came forward with his tattoo gun and ink and sat on the floor behind her. Al slid a foot stool under her stomach for support, knowing that if she swayed too much the tattoo would be a mess.  
  
Danielle was weeping when she heard the gun turn on, and cringed when she felt the needle first make contact with her skin.  
  
"NOOOOO! Please DON'T!" she pleaded. But her master was having none of it. He pointed his cane at her chin, and then smacked it downward against the chain between her nipples.  
  
"Owww! Fuck!" Danielle was getting belligerent as she was humiliated from ends of her body.  
  
He raised the cane again, bouncing it between her cleavage, skillfully smacking it against the insides of her breasts. Danielle's chest heaved as she tolerated it, and then spasmed in pain when he smacked it down on the chain again.  
  
Meanwhile, on her back, Mario had finished the SLU and was working on the T. Russell emerged from the crowd to argue that this was taking it too far. But he was pushed back by some of the Arab guards. He knew he could not take them, so he backed off, hating himself for allowing this to go so far. He knew that he was responsible for what was happening to Danielle, and the only way he could save her was if he was more brutal to Andrea. He had to rack his mind for ideas.  
  
Danielle's tits and the small of her back were throbbing, but even if she wanted to do anything about it, she was stuck. She slowly became accustomed to it, which her owner could sense, so he bent over and released the clamps on her nipples. They shot back towards her breasts where they belonged, and blood circulation resumed.  
  
"Oh, thank you," she panted, legitimately grateful for this act of kindness.  
  
"Very good to express your thanks," he said.  
  
Mario turned off the tattoo gun and set it down. He squirted the sterilizer on her back and covered her new label, chuckling as he did so. Danielle still had no idea what it said, but was happy that the torture was over.  
  
"Gentlemen," said her owner, "I am sure you are familiar with the idea of bukake."  
  
They were, and did not need any more instruction. They lined up in front of her face, Tex first, followed by the Arab, Mario and Al. The Japanese man sat behind her ass, admiring her new artwork. As the men started working their way towards cumming, her started manipulating her pussy.  
  
WIth his right hand, he massaged her juicy clam, while with his left he stroked the horse-tail dildo in and out of her ass. Danielle was overwhelmed with everything that had happened to her, and her hyper-sensitive body was responding brilliantly to his nimble fingers.  
  
As the first laces of cum streamed over her face, Danielle felt him rubbing her clit. She was bucking back against him as best she could in her bound condition, disregarding the sticky ejaculate coating her cheeks.  
  
The Arab man stepped forward next and pulled her hair up, giving him a better angle towards her face. He was erect and ready to go, and shot his load into her left eyes and onto her nose, a few squirts hitting her chin and the top of her bruised tits.  
  
She didn't care. She had taken enough torture, and wanted to treat herself to an orgasm. As Mario stepped forward with his monster member, she opened her mouth. It was pure instinct, but even after realizing what she had done, she left it agape. Mario unleashed a wild flow of cum, splattering onto her tongue and nostrils. She could not hold it all in her mouth. It spilled out of the corners of her lips and lingered on her chin.  
  
"Ahh. Ahhh. Ahhhh," she moaned in quick succession. She was on the verge of cumming, and was not going to be deterred. She bounced her ass towards the fingers in her pussy as best she could, and helped her master get her off.  
  
As she came, the final cum shot landed on her face. Al covered her right eye and forehead, and watched it slowly work its way down her face. He let go of her hair, and her head fell forward.  
  
She hung there, on her knees, limp, bruised, sweaty and covered in cum. Yet she had cum herself, and that, more than anything, is what made her feel so humiliated.  
  
After the straps were removed from her arms, she was left on the floor to wallow in her own embarrassment.  
  
"Your turn," said Al to Russell. "Good luck."  
  
But Russell did not need luck. He had been inspired, and had a plan. He and his boys grabbed Andrea and laid her on the ground, pinning her by her shoulders. He grabbed a pen and scribed on Andrea's forehead "WHORE."  
  
"Grab the tattoo kit, Jamie." Yesterday, Jamie would not have even considered doing this to his girlfriend, but he was so angry at the position her renegade actions had put them in that he was at least willing to play along.  
  
He picked up the tattoo gun from where Mario had left it on the floor, but Al stepped forward.  
  
"Hold on, boys, this is taking it too far," he said.  
  
"Oh really, do you think?" responded Russell. "We were not allowed to interfere in Danielle's humiliation. You cannot interfere here. The only way this is not happening to your daughter is if you give Danielle back to us right now."  
  
Al was steaming. His fists clenched at his sides and his face turned red, but he knew that Russell was right. He cursed himself for going first, knowing that Russell would not have thought of this if he had not seen Mario do it to Danielle.  
  
"FUCK!" he screamed. "Fine! You win. Take your whore, just don't degrade my daughter like that."  
  
Russell smiled, and stepped past him. He knelt next to the spent Danielle and scooped her up in his arms. He carried her naked, cum-covered body back to his fraternity, where a robe was waiting for her.  
  
They cloaked her, and then led her out of the room and down the stairs. Andrea and four of the boys were behind them, her forehead still baring the mark of her true identity.  
  
Out in the late PM air, the gang dispersed and filed into their cars. Danielle was deposited in the back seat next to Jenna.  
  
"Oh, my sweet thing!" she began. "What did they do to you?"  
  
Danielle could not muster a response. She was still breathing heavy, her face still caked with cum. Her tits and ass and the small of her back were all throbbing with pain, making any position in the car uncomfortable. She replied simply by tilting her head against Jenna's shoulder and falling asleep.  
  
The procession of cars swerved out of the driveway and headed back to the fraternity.  
  
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