**Danielle: Bonus**

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

**Danielle: Bonus Ch. 01**

On the car ride back to the fraternity, Danielle leaned against Russell's ribcage, his arm around her in what she interpreted to be a genuinely caring manner. Her lower back was stinging from the tattoo, her asshole and pussy felt raw, and her mind was spinning with everything that had occurred that night. And yet, in his arms, she felt secure.

She knew that, although his actions were the catalyst for her being sold, gangbanged, pierced and tattooed, none of this was ever his intention. And the fact that he showed up like an action hero with his frat boys to save her confirmed, theoretically, that he cared for her. Sure, he had put her through the ringer, had blackmailed her into what was supposed to be a week of servitude to the frat. And yes, he was clearly turned on by the site of her with other men and the girls of the house. But there was a tenderness to his fucking, something she held onto through this entire ordeal that gave her hope.

If only she could get him to admit it, she knew they could be happy together. She steadied her nerves, not wanting her voice to quiver as she asked him.

"Russell, thank you for rescuing me," she started, but his finger came to her lips, insisting on silence.

"Shhhhhh," he hushed her up. "You do not need to thank me. Of course I was going to rescue you. I am responsible for you."

'Responsible' seemed an odd word, Danielle thought. At this point, though, she would take what she could get, and 'responsible' at least implied some level of commitment.

"You will need a couple days to recuperate," he said. "You can stay in your room, undisturbed by me or anyone else, until you are back to full strength. I can tell those guys really did a number on you."

As he said this, his hand slipped under her towel and caressed her body over all the cane marks that had been inflicted on her.

"Those guys took things too far," he said.

Danielle felt the warmth of his hand assuage her stinging flesh, and allowed herself to drift into unconsciousness at his touch.

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When Danielle awoke the following morning, she was back in her pristine, white room. Compared to the hell she had just been through, she now felt like a princess, rescued by her proverbial knight in shining armor. She immediately set to rationalizing her feelings or him. Yes, he was a chauvinist, and yes, he and the rest of the frat had forced her to compromise her morals and sexual boundaries. But, in the instances she had been with Russell, he had brought her to multiple orgasms.

She thought back to the night they met, when he answered her dating profile online. The way he dominated her, cocksure and omnipotent. He made sure she came first, and then brought her to two more orgasms before he came. It was glorious, even as she recalled the camera flash disrupting her enjoyment at the time. She had gone online to find a real man, and she had found one in him.

If only she could get a definitive answer from him, if he could make his feeling for her clear, she could put her mind at rest, one way or the other.

Then she started thinking about something her mother had sad a long time ago. 'Most people think the opposite of love is hate,' she had said, trying to help Danielle through her mixed feelings towards a boy in high school. 'But that is not the case. The opposite of love is apathy: the complete absence of caring. Both love and hate are the result of a deep, emotional connection.'

This was profound advice at the time, and it stuck with Danielle to this moment. She could at least conclude that what she was experiencing towards Russell was the opposite of apathy. Not love, perhaps, but at least an infatuation.

Through her mental self-persuasion of her feelings for Russell, at some point Danielle slightly spread her legs and started stroking her dampening slit. She had not made a conscious decision to start masturbating, but once she realized she had started, she was even more convinced that she felt something for Russell.

Just as she started to get into it, Russell opened the door and poked his head inside.

"Hey, Danielle," he said with an almost fatherly tone. "I brought you some coffee."

He entered, not asking permission, and set the coffee down on the nightstand beside her bed. Then, smelling her sex, sniffed the air demonstratively and cocked his head.

"Did I interrupt something?" he asked with a smile.

Danielle blushed, but improvised, seeing a chance to get some answers. "Well, its not an interruption if you are invited to partake," she said, starting to slide the sheets off the top of her naked body. She was sure she was too tempting to pass on.

But Russell passed, nonetheless. Grabbing her arm to keep her covered, he explained.

"Danielle, not right now. The marks from last nights caning are still fading on your skin. I would not feel right about fucking you like this."

Undeterred, Danielle insisted. "At least let me service you with my tongue, master," she implored coquettishly. But Russell was stoic.

"Sweetheart," he said, causing her heart to flutter. "Maybe someday you can thank me with your tongue, but right now it is not your best skill."

Danielle was stunned. How could he so bluntly deny a girl as cute as her offering him a blow job? Especially in so insulting a fashion.

"Look," he tried to explain as she covered herself in the sheets again. "If you want to make it up to me, you will have the opportunity shortly. I am trying to be gentlemanly and let you recover from last night."

Danielle turned her head away from him, that being her only way to fend off tears. But he put his fingers on her chin and turned her back to him.

"I promise, you and I will be spending a lot of quality time together. Just give it a couple days."

"OK," Danielle said, turning away again. He took his cue and walked out of the room.

Through their entire interaction Danielle's fingertips had been dancing on her clit. Only after his slight of her oral skills did she lose momentum, but she quickly reacquired it once he left. She closed her eyes and thrust her hips off the mattress in a glorious climax.

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In the late morning, Danielle decided a bubble bath would be a nice way to pass the time and easy her bruises. She tempered the water and added the bubbles, lit a couple candles and sunk in deep. The water poured out of the faucet and sloshed around her prime body.

When the water covered her breasts, she leaned forward and turned off the water, and a tranquil silence came over the bathroom. Unfortunately, her tranquility did not last long.

In the adjacent suite, through the wall of her shower, she could hear a conversation. The unmistakeable voices of Russell and Jenna.

"That was a really brave thing you did last night," Jenna was saying. "You never know what those guys could have been packing. Guns, knives, clubs..."

"We didn't really have much of a choice," Russell responded. "We couldn't let Andrea get away with that shit. She went rogue, and Danielle almost lost her freedom because of it. Can you imagine if she had went with that sleaze bag to Japan?"

"I know. But, Russell, even if you felt obliged, it was incredibly noble. And...I know Danielle cannot thank you the way you would like. May I express gratitude in her place?"

From there, Danielle could only make out muffled grunts and moans, but she had no doubt what was going on. Enraged that her friend and confidant would make a move on Russell, she quickly jumped out of the tub and wrapped herself in a towel.

She tiptoed down the hall and cracked the door to Jenna's room and confirmed her suspicion. She wanted to burst in and blow their cover, not that their screams were in any way subtle, but her pussy betrayed her. Russell was fucking Jenna from behind, his fist wrapped up in her hair pulling her head back. It looked as though it should have been painful, but Jenna had a lustful smile on her face. Her eyes rolled back in her head as Russell started spanking her. She bucked wildly against him, like an untamed bronco, and Russell did all he could to keep her in place.

Danielle's rage subsided into envy. All she wanted was to experience the pure, sexual elation of which Jenna was currently in the throws. She wanted Russell's perfect cock thrusting into her. She wanted him to pull her hair and spank her ass. She wanted him to pull out and deposit his sticky load on her bare back, as he currently was doing to Jenna. She wanted it all.

She scampered back to her room and got back into the tub, hoping she was not seen. She resolved to win Russell one way or another.

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The following morning began much the same way, with Russell bringing Danielle a cup of hot coffee to help wake her up. This time, though, he wanted to talk.

"Let's see how those bruises are healing up," he said, slowly pulling the sheets away from her.

Danielle raised her arms above her head, doing her best to seductively display her entire body to him. She looked at him with longing eyes as he traced his fingertips over her calves. With the faintest gesture, he guided her legs apart and slid up past her knees to her thighs. Danielle spread her legs wider, offering Russell a full view of everything he could possibly ask to see.

Russell momentarily obliged her, slipping his finger into her slit and measuring its warmth and moisture. He knew he could get her to do anything for him.

"Enjoying ourselves, are we?" he asked.

Danielle simply bit her lip and nodded.

"Turn over," he said.

Danielle rolled onto her stomach, allowing Russell to continue his inspection. He retraced her legs, from her ankles to the crux of her knees. Danielle started to get goosebumps all over her body as he deftly taunted her erogenous zones. As he approached her ass, he introduced his left hand and spread her apart.

With his right thumb he tested her asshole's tautness. He pushed against it, gently at first, and then, finding significant resistance, pushed a little harder. Danielle's calves instinctively shot off the mattress and rose back towards her thighs as the intrusion caused her to tense up. She gasped at the mix of excitement and potential pain. Russell was pleased with his findings.

"It seems like this has bounced back to its original tightness," he said, releasing her. "But it didn't seem like you would mind too much to have something in there again."

He flipped onto her back and continued to survey her landscape. Two fingertips touched against the bottom of her ribcage, which he followed up towards her sternum. He brought those fingers to the top of her right breast, and then lowered his palm onto her rock-hard nipple. He gave her a light squeeze, moving her flesh around so he could examine the full circumference of her perky tit.

"Mmmmmm," Danielle could not help but emit a tempting groan of ecstasy, her arms still above her head in full compliance.

After repeating this move with her left breast, Russell continued his dialog.

"I must say, you have healed up much better than I anticipated after only two days. How do you feel, Danielle?"

Danielle quickly racked her mind for a sexy response. "I fell....ready to pay my gratitude," she said.

"I was hoping you would say that," he said. Danielle expected him to whip out his cock and fuck her silly, but he instead explained further.

"So, I feel like we might owe each other a little bit. Yes, I rescued you, but you would never have been in that position if I had not brought you into this world in the first place."

"That's OK, Russell," Danielle pleaded. "That experience was horrible, but I do not blame you. We both know it was Andrea. The truth is I have never cum harder than when I was with you. And I really want to experience that again and again."

"That's good, my pet," he said, causing Danielle's pussy to almost instantly overflow. "So I have a proposition for you. As a means of apologizing, I am going to take you on vacation, just you and me. Summer break is coming up, and I want to take you to Miami for awhile. Have you ever been?"

Danielle shook her head, not fully understanding yet. "Why Miami?"

"Because it is the perfect town for what I have in mind for us. Crazy parties, lots of alcohol being thrown around, people wearing as little as possible on the beach to show off their bodies. People are free to get uninhibited."

"But Russell, I am willing to be uninhibited for you right here. Right now!"

"Danielle, you don't fully understand. As you can probably tell, I like to push the envelope sexually. I don't believe in monogamy, and take great pleasure in voyeurism."

"So you want me to display myself for you in public?" Danielle asked.

"That, yes, and much more. You are to be my slut. My slave. You will let me fuck you whenever I want, wherever I want. And you will also fuck, suck or submit to anyone else, if it pleases me. Man or woman."

"Well, haven't I been doing that here?"

"Yes, but I sense that, while you have certainly cum many times this week, you are still nervous about being exposed here. You see these people around campus, and they could spread the word of your activities here. Andrea threatened to tell your parents, for Christ's sake. This threat prevented you from truly embracing your inner submissive, am I correct?"

Danielle had not considered it, but he was probably right. This explained why she came so much despite the constant threat of exposure. Her body was betraying her mind, and her mind was too reasonable to allow herself to enjoy it fully.

"I think you are right," she said.

"I know I am right," Russell responded. "That is why we are going to Miami. Similar atmosphere, party every night, but nobody knows you. I can take you to a bar and arrange for you to blow some stranger in an alley, and you will love doing it. In exchange for you enabling my fetish, my cock be an instrument of pleasure exclusively for you. This does not mean that only I will fuck you, but it does mean that only you will fuck me. If you want to be my favorite, my special little personal slut, you will agree to this.

Also," he continued, "If you do this for me, I will pay to have that trashy tattoo removed."

Though she had been leaning yes the entire time, Danielle was still one the fence until this last line. Plus, if doing this meant that she would be the alpha female in Russell's pack, it was a very intriguing offer.

"I'm still not sure," she said.

"Well, how about a little convincing?"

Russell knelt on the bed and put his hands on her knees. He pushed them up to her chest and spread them wide as his head dipped down towards her beautiful shaved cunt. He smelled her with an exaggerated intake of air through his nostrils, taking in her scent and heightening her anticipation. Then, with a slow protrusion of his tongue, he began to dip in and out of her juicy box.

"Aaaahhhhhhh," Danielle moaned involuntarily. Russell extracted that reaction with just a few flicks of his tongue, and he knew he would not have to spend much time going down on her. He moved his head slightly north and bit her inner thigh, just enough to elicit a short yelp from his whore.

He shifted up the bed so that he was kneeling before her spread pussy lips and pushed her knees up towards her shoulders. The only way Danielle could accommodate this position was to rotate her hips off the bed. She looked down her body, between her tits, sloped to the side of her chest, and saw the smooth tip of Russell's cock head nuzzle against her warm entrance.

Still pinning her knees to her shoulders, Russell adjusted his stance so that he was lined up with her gaping hole and started to push into her.

To Danielle, it was as though his cock was made specifically for her. His head was just large enough to require pressure to get inside, but not so big that it caused pain. His length was was just right, too, filling her as much as she could ask for, but not so large that he pounded against her cervix.

But it was more than the cock itself, it was the technique. This position he had put her in allowed him to slide all the way into her on the first stroke. The perfect angle for her pleasure. He was like King Arthur with Excalibur: an expert cocksman wielding the perfect weapon.

As he accelerated his tempo, Danielle became more persuaded by his travel plans. And though she was currently on cloud nine, she was nervous about what would happen when this cock, perfect for her pussy, would inevitably be used to fuck her ass. But as she considered the pain that might cause, she only became more excited.

She wiggled her hips as best as her immobile position would allow, and Russell increased his velocity to 'power fuck.'

"Oh. Oh. OH. My. Godddd!!!" Danielle screamed, not caring who in the frat might hear her.

Russell grunted like an animal as he thrust balls deep into her and began to shower her insides with seed. This, in turn, brought Danielle to climax. Her legs bucked wildly against against the hands pinning them to her chest. As she started to squirt, it caught Russell off guard, and he released her knees.

Danielle's legs flopped down on either side of Russell as the last of her juices projected from around his impaling cock. He collapsed on top of her, feeling her sweat, her heat, her lungs rapidly inflating and deflating.

Danielle felt this omnipotent alpha male on top of her, pressing perfectly against her post-coital glow, and thought of only one thing to say.

"I'm in."

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The first thing Danielle noticed about Miami was the heat. When she stepped out of the terminal and into the summer air for the first time, it hit her like a ton of bricks. She had dressed appropriately, with daisy dukes and spaghetti strap tank top, but in the short distance from the terminal to the rental car she was already soaked through.

Russell guided her to the Red Mustang convertible he had chosen and opened the passenger door for her. But as she started to step inside, he grabbed her arm.

"Uh uh...not yet," he said. "I have something for you."

He dropped his bag in the back seat and opened it up, pulling out a light green string bikini.

"This is your uniform for the duration of our trip. We have a condo on the boardwalk, so you will blend in just fine. If we ever go somewhere that requires more clothing, I will alter your uniform. But you can plan on wearing this or less from now on. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Russell," she said, taking the flimsy material from him.

"Good. So what are you waiting for, slut?"

"You want me to put it on here?" Danielle expressed sincere shock.

"Sweetie, if you are expressing hesitation about changing clothes in a parking lot, we might as well turn around and head back now." His eyes were stern, and Danielle knew he was right. She would have to go through a whole lot worse than this in the coming days.

She stepped between the Mustang and the car adjacent, looked around for any passersby, and quickly stepped out of her shorts. Her thong was soaked through from the humidity, and the sight of it peeling away from her ass provided Russell great stimulation. They fell to the ground with a thud, and Danielle stepped out of them, too.

She quickly slipped the bikini bottom on and ran it up her legs. She considered her fortune that during what seemed like an eternity nobody passed their car.

"Keep going, Danielle. We are not leaving until you are in uniform."

Danielle gripped her tank top at her waist and raised it up and over her head. Her perky, braless tits felt the heat, and she could sense every drop of perspiration roll down her cleavage and onto the ground. She lost herself in the sensation, and neglected to hear the car driving past.

"Nice tits, baby!" she heard someone shout.

Danielle's eyes shot upward and made contact with the car, a yellow convertible with four male passengers. Catcalls and whistles came from each of them as Danielle covered her breasts with her heands.

"Take your time, lady. We got all day!"

"What's your going rate?"

"Can we see your ass?"

Danielle hung her head, not wanting to remove her hands until they drove past, but to her great horror, she heard the car roll to a stop beside her. She turned around and pressed against Russell, burying her face in his shoulder.

"Please, ask them to go," she implored.

"Not quite yet. This is a good test for you," he said. Then, addressing the guys in the car, "You want to see her ass?"

A chorus of "yeah" echoed around their corner of the garage. Danielle let her breasts go and grabbed onto Russell's biceps as he worked her backwards so that the guys could get a better view of her bikini-clad bottom. He held the back of her head, keeping her face tight to his shoulder, and wrapped his left hand around her, coming to rest between her shoulder blades.

Being nude and with her vision obstructed, Danielle felt all of her other senses heightened. She smelled Russell's musk, the rubber of tires and a wisp of gasoline. She could hear not only the bombastic grunts of approval from the guys in the car, but the shuffling of the ones in the back seat to get a better view. And as Russell's hand graced down her spine towards the top of her bikini bottoms, she felt every drop of sweat as it slid out of its way and rolled off her side. She felt him grab the thin green material, and anticipated that he would yank it off her body. But he had something more sinister in mind.

"You guys want a better look?" he asked.

After the expected yelps of affirmation, Russell grabbed her bikini roughly and yanked it upwards, giving Danielle a wedgie.

"OW!" Danielle yelled in utter shock as Russell converted her relatively modest bikini into a thong.

With one hand on her head and the other on her bikini like reins, Russell held her firmly in place, not that she would have moved at this point anyway. Danielle rose to her toes in her sandals as Russell wedged her bikini up her ass a little further.

"What do you think, boys?" Russell asked the group.

"Fucking hot, bro!"

"That's a real beauty!"

"Slut life?" said one, reading the tattoo given to her the night of the auction. "You got a real wild ho on your hands there."

"Can I give her a little spank?" asked the driver.

Danielle considered trying to protest, but she knew the answer would be whatever Russell wanted it to be. Her journey into becoming his submissive slut was beginning faster than she anticipated. She assumed they would settle into the condo and begin their adventures tonight, not jump right into the activities in the fucking airport garage.

"No," said Russell, giving false relief to Danielle. "But you can give her a hard one."

Danielle tensed her grip on his arms, knowing that the driver would be happy to oblige. For a brief moment, it was as though all of her heightened senses disappeared into a black hole. All was absent around her until the hard impact of his palm rocked her back to reality.

"Mmmmppphhhh," she stifled into Russell's shoulder. She felt a tear forming in her eye.

"Don't forget the other one," Russell suggested.

A split second later, another hard slap shook Danielle to her core, solidifying her vulnerability.

"OK, Danielle, I need you to stand up straight," said Russell. Sniffling, Danielle pushed herself upright, using his chiseled chest for support. He looked her in the eyes, and with his commanding gaze filled her with both trust and submission.

"Are you OK, my pet?" Russell asked. Danielle nodded quietly.

"I need you to be brave for me and turn around." Again, Danielle nodded her confirmation.

She took a few deep breaths, and then, bowing her head, turned around to face the car.

"God Damn!"

"Fuck me, those are some perfect titties!"

"You got yourself a keeper there, man," the driver said to Russell, though he was transfixed with her breasts.

"She's obedient, too," said Russell. Then, to prove the point, said, "Danielle, grab your elbows behind your back."

Danielle hesitated briefly, not wanting her last line of defense to be rendered immobile, but she relented. She had to arch the small of her back to make it work, but she understood that was the point. Her breasts thrust further out towards her audience.

The driver forwent asking permission and tenderly caressed her right boob. Russell pressed against her from behind and wrapped his arm around her waist.

"Look," he said to the driver. "Like this." With his left hand he gripped Danielle's left breast firmly, squeezing it at the center to make the tip more bulbous.

"Oooohhhh," Danielle squirmed, torn between the pleasure and the pain.

The driver copied Russell, mashing her tit flesh with his fingers. But where Russell was skillfully massaging her breast, this guy was simply clenching onto it like he was hanging onto the railing of a bridge.

Danielle wanted desperately to release her arms and push his hand away, but she dared not disobey Russell. Instead, her legs writhed, coming off the ground one at a time, and her hips swiveled to accommodate the pain.

To her great surprise, as her pussy ground against the taut bikini and her chafing thighs, she found herself getting wet. The sweat between her legs only moved things along faster, and she secretly hoped that Russell would release her breast and start stroking her clit.

"Oh...oh...oh fuck!" Danielle started to whisper, her breath shortening. It was equally in response to the rough treatment of her breasts and her rapidly juicing cunt. She pushed her ass back against Russell's stiff cock, still secure in his shorts.

"OK," Russell said. "One quick slap and that is it."

No sooner had he said it the driver released her tit and sharply smacked her stiffened nipple.

"Ah!" Danielle yelled at the stinging pain. Again the sound reverberated around their area of the garage. She let go of her elbows and returned her arms to her breasts, both to sooth them and to hide herself.

Russell dangled her bikini top in front of her and told her to put it on. Danielle gratefully took it from him and started to slide it on, still facing the car.

"Where are you guys staying?" Russell asked the driver.

"We are right on Miami beach," he said. "Here all week."

"Perfect," said Russell. "We are on the beach, too. Let me give you my cell. Danielle, you would not mind seeing these guys again in a more...intimate environment, correct?"

Danielle was torn between the truth and the answer she knew he wanted. When she had agreed to this trip, she was filled with Russell's glorious cock, and the promise of more and won her over. Now, the thought of potentially being given to this neanderthal, with his poor understanding of how to handle a breast, to use as he wanted, filled her with trepidation.

Still, she gave the answer Russell wanted. "I would like that," she said. She had not even made up her mind, truth be told, but the silence that hung in the air caused her to give an answer faster than she wanted to.

Holding her tight to him, Russell gave them his number. "Danielle here likes it up the ass, DP, she likes to suck cock, although she is not that good at it yet. She has been gang-banged, pierced, tattooed and spanked. She always gets off and gets her partners off, man or woman. Call me if you want to spend some time with her this week."

"Will do, dude!" said the driver, and the other passengers backed him up. "See you later, sweetie. Me and my boys are going to fuck that ass up!" They then peeled out of the parking lot, tired screeching.

When the car peeled away, Danielle felt a sense of calm start to wash over her. She turned to face Russell, hoping to implore him to take things a bit slower, but he preempted her.

"Get in the car," he said.

Danielle walked around to the other side of the car and climbed into the passenger seat.

"I have to be honest, Danielle, I'm a little disappointed in you. Too much hesitation on your part. We do not want to give anyone the impression that you are unwilling."

"I'm sorry, Russell. I just did not expect to jump into the deep end so quickly."

"Jump into the deep end? Danielle, the deep end will be when I let those guys have their way with you. This was wading into the shallow end. Are you going to be a good girl and obey my commands? Because if not, you can head back home right now and I will enjoy myself with all the horny college girls who inhabit this beach."

"I understand, Russell. I will be your good girl."

"Very good, slut," Russell said as he started to pull down his shorts.

His cock sprang up, firm and ready for servicing. "What are you doing now?" Danielle asked.

"It is twenty minute to our hotel. If you can get me off before we get there, I will give you the rest of the day off. If not, then tonight you will be punished."

"You want me to give you head while we drive through Miami in a convertible?"

Russell looked at her as he put the car in gear. "Time starts now."

Danielle, trying to spare herself the humiliation of sucking cock in public, discretely put her left hand onto his cock and started to stroke it. Russell was unfazed as he pulled out of the garage and onto the expressway.

"If you are trying to avoid being seen by pedestrians, you better start sucking now. We have a few minutes before we pull of into the city streets."

Danielle undid her seatbelt and shifted her thighs in her seat. She raised the arm rest so she could have easier access, and tilted her torso down towards his lap. She took the head of his cock into her lips and licked it slowly.

As fast as Russell was driving, she was too scared to make any sudden movements. She envisioned making him cum, causing him to lose control of the car, and the coroner explaining to her parents that she died with a mouth full of ejaculate.

But Russell was confident in his ability to receive great head and drive. He released his right hand from the wheel and fashioned a pony tale on the back of Danielle's head. He pushed down until he felt the back of her throat, then held her there.

"Get your knees up on your seat, slut. Kneel towards me so I can push more of my dick in your throat."

Danielle felt completely vulnerable, not only because her scantily clad ass was on display to any car passing on their right, but because any sudden jolt of the car and she would fly into the dashboard. Still, she did as she was told, and her new position improved the angle of her throat. She tilted his cock towards her a bit, and Russell pushed harder on the back of her head.

"Fuck yeah, baby. That's it. All you needed was a little practice."

Danielle sensed the car decelerate and knew they were getting off the highway. As they started to approach the center of town, Russell pulled up to a red light in the left lane. In the right lane, a tractor trailer pulled up next to them. Russell noticed the driver looking down on Danielle's wedged bikini, nodding his approval at Russell's current situation.

Russell held Danielle's head still, then gave the standard "honk your horn" gesture to the driver. He was happy to be a part of the action. He gave the horn two long, loud blasts, startling Danielle to the point that she almost fell over to the front of the seat. The last thing she needed was a giant horn drawing attention her way.

Russell snickered, and Danielle knew she had no chance of getting him off in time. He had the stamina of a Thoroughbred, and as he had mentioned several times recently, she was not an expert cock sucker.

As they pulled into the hotel, Russell allowed her to get up. Danielle gratefully returned to her upright position, but noticed at least three bellhops who noticed her rise. They looked at each other and then back at her, making it clear that they knew what she had been doing. She blushed and hung her head again.

Russell zipped up his shorts and and stepped out of the car, handing his keys to the valet.

"I would say 'enjoy your stay,'" the valet said, "But I don't thin you are going to have any trouble enjoying yourself." He gestured towards Danielle to emphasize the point.

"Thanks, pal. Maybe you can get in on the action, if you want."

Danielle blushed harder, unable to comprehend how Russell could continue to invite so many strangers to their bed. Russell opened the door for her and she stepped out, and the bellhop grabbed their bags. As Danielle and Russell walked towards check-in, all the bellhop checked out her ass, taking mental notes for his spank bank.

Danielle could feel hundreds of eyes on her, some lusting, some judgmental, all intense.

It took forever to get to their room. Or at least it felt like forever. In the elevator, the bellhop was not shy about staring at her, even being only two feet away he scanned her body without discretion.

When the bellhop left the bags in their room, he stood still, awaiting the customary tip.

"Do you want a five, or do you want this slut to show you her tits?" Russell asked.

"Tits, please!" said the bar hop.

"You heard the man, Danielle," Russell said. "Pull that bikini to the side."

Danielle looked down at her tits as she pulled the fabric off to the side, forcing them closer together and amplifying her cleavage.

"Come on, now, baby. That is not $5 worth! Give the man a show. Cup your tits together with your hands and bend at the waist."

Humiliated, Danielle did as she was told, offering a full view of her lush tits to this stranger, who she would undoubtedly see again during her stay here. She pushed her breasts together and bent over, giving him a great view of her cleavage as he pushed them up to him.

"Those are some great tits, man. You are a lucky guy."

"Thanks, sir. Tell you what, this bitch is due a punishment tonight. If you want to participate in the action, come back here around 10pm."

"I'll be here!" said the bellhop, "Thanks, mister!" He jolted out the door.

"Are you going to invite everyone we meet to fuck me?" Danielle asked, standing up for herself for the first time.

"I never said they could fuck you. They might just enjoy watching me punish you. I don't know. Haven't made up my mind. Now, let's finish what we started."

He dropped his shorts to the floor and gripped his erection as he approached her.

"On your knees," he said with such authority that Danielle did not think twice.

He steered his dick into her mouth and pushed it against the insides of her cheek, distending the thin membrane until he could make out the impression of his cock head. He smacked his pulsing fuck tool through her cheek, bringing both stimulation to himself and humiliation to Danielle. Even in privacy, she was so bad at giving head that he needed to do all the work himself.

"Stick out your tongue," he ordered, and Danielle obeyed. He ground the bottom of his wand over her tongue and back into her cheek. Back and forth, over and over.

When she could tell he was about to cum, he straightened out and shoved his way into her throat.

The first spurt shot straight down her throat, but Russell quickly pulled out, shooting some on her tongue before taking aim at her face. He held her hair tight to the wall behind her, keeping her visage within firing range. He laced rope after rope of salty, sticky goo all over her face. When he was done with her, he released her hair and collapsed back on the bed.

"Let that cum dry on your face before you wash it off. Remove our bikini and relax in bed in the meantime."

Danielle obediently stripped herself bare and climbed into bed next to Russell. She tried to cuddle up under his arm, but her refused.

"If you want to cuddle, you will learn to be more obedient in the future. No more stalling when I give a command. I need quick, submissive responses. Understood?"

"Yes, Russell. I just did not expect things to escalate so quickly...Did I not serve you well in the car?"

"You served me adequately, but not well," demeaned Russell, knowing that this response would keep her wanting to improve. "It should not take more than twenty minutes of sucking to get me off."

"I'm sorry, Russell. I will try to be better. I want to be your good little whore."

"You have a long way to go, but I appreciate your dedication. Now get some rest. Who knows what tonight might hold."

**Danielle: Bonus Ch. 02**

It was easy for Danielle to fall asleep. The combination of travel, humidity and sexual submission had her completely worn out, and she quickly dozed off in a cloud of white linens. Her face was caked with Russell's glory, his scent wafting through her nostrils and into her subconscious.

She dreamt of him, his perfect cock sliding up into her pussy, filling her gloriously. She fantasized about submitting to him fully, giving anything to have that experience again.

The sound of Russell's cell phone ringing slowly brought her back to her present reality, though it did not deter her from spreading her legs slightly and dipping a finger into her warm and juicy crack.

"Hello?" Russell answered. "Yeah, of course I remember. It was only a couple hours ago...No, we have no plans...Sounds like a good idea...About an hour?...Good."

Danielle heard just bits and pieces, but was able to conclude that Russell was speaking with the boys from the airport parking lot, and that she now had arrangements with them at seven o'clock.

The slow speed with which she was awakening accelerated when Russell grabbed a hold of her arm.

"Let's go, Danielle. Clean yourself up. You are entertaining tonight."

Remembering Russell's call for quicker obedience, Danielle shook off her post-nap lethargy and trotted to the bathroom. Despite the arousing effect the cum had on her, Danielle was anxious to wash it off her face. The last thing she needed was for the quartet of perverts to come over her and find her with caked up jism gracing her visage.

She looked in the mirror and was shocked at how expansive the white film had become. It had flowed down her neck, and dripped off her chin onto her left breast. Her cheeks and especially her lips were a few shades paler than the rest of her skin.

She turned on the hot water and splashed it everywhere there was cum, and was relieved by how quickly it came away from her. As she lathered her face with soap and toweled off, she saw something truly appetizing in the mirror. As if not trusting the reflected image, she turned to see it face to face. A huge, deep jacuzzi.

"Russell!" she called. "You got us a room with a jacuzzi?" She could hardly contain her excitement.

Russell came in and wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her against him.

"Of course, Danielle. What is a vacation of sexual submission without a hot tub?"

"Do we have time to use it right now?"

"You can use if you want. I am saving myself for later."

"Please," Danielle pouted, sliding a hand between his legs, trying to grab his cock. But Russell grabbed her forearm, a look of pure disappointment in his eyes. Danielle realized that she had crossed a line, but before she could express an apology, Russell grabbed her hair at the back of her head.

"Russell, please! I'm sorry," she said as he practically lifted her off her toes and dragged her towards the toilet. He nimbly kicked the seat up and forced her down to face the empty basin.

"Stop, Russell! This is too far!" Russell, thinking that he had been to easy on her, pushed her further. He forced her head into the bowl and closed the lid onto her shoulder blades.

"I said, Danielle, that you need to be more obedient. And yet you continue to defy me." He began spanking her prone ass. "If you want my cock again, you will accept every opinion of mine as a statement of fact. You will react without thought. Comply without second guessing."

"Owwww!" Danielle shrieked as his hand continued to pummel her ass. "I understand. Please!" she begged. Her hands were flat on the floor, trying to provide enough support to prevent her face from coming in contact with the water. The tips of her hair were already wet, and she was only inches away from it getting in her mouth.

Russell stopped smacking her for a second to address her again. "I am worried you do not understand, Danielle. You keep saying you understand, and then you disobey. This is your final warning. Next misstep and I am sending you home."

"OK...I promise! No more mistakes!" Danielle cried into the echoic pot.

Russell had intended on letting their guests have their way with her before dominating her alone after they left. But the sight of her sweet ass and pussy sticking up at him was too tempting. He raised the toilet lid off her back and grabbed her hair. As he stood, he pulled her to her feet and dragged her to the sink.

Danielle was still unsure what to expect even as he bent her over the counter. Her mindset quickly went from relief at not being in the toilet anymore to great anticipation when she heard his zipper. Shortly thereafter, she heard his shorts hit the floor and felt his smooth cock at the entrance to her pussy.

"Oh, thank you, master!" she moaned like a wanton slut. He had never asked her to call him master, but it came out of her lips organically as she became more accustomed to her submission.

"Shut up, slut. This isn't for you. For the next five minutes you are nothing but a meat hole to me."

Danielle didn't care. She wanted him to like her, maybe to love her, she wasn't sure. But in this moment those desires were dwarfed by her want of his perfect cock owning her cunt.

He released her hair so that he could hold her hip with one hand and guide his cock into her with the other. It was another moment of glory for both of them. Russell was reveling in his ownership of this gorgeous little slave, and Danielle was once again at peak physical elation as he sliced into her.

Russell gripped each of her hips with is muscular hands and started pounding her hard. Danielle could tell he was escalating things quickly, and knew it was because their company would be arriving soon. She looked up into the mirror, above her head and into contorted face of her master, grinding his teeth as he bore into her. She watched his chiseled shoulders and chest twitch as he gripped her harder, pulling her back onto his dick even as he thrust forward.

"Uhhhh," he started to grunt as he got close. He returned his hand to her hair, pulling hard and straining her neck backwards. Danielle's eyes remained on the mirror, loving the effect her body was having on him. She smiled an open mouthed smile, nearing climax herself.

Pushing on the small of her back and pulling on her hair, Russell skewered her completely and spewed her insides with his cum. The sensation drove Danielle over the edge, and she came too, bucking her hips wildly against him as best she could. Russell released her hair and unceremoniously pulled out of her.

"Get in the jacuzzi and wash that out," he commanded. "I want our guests to have an unspoiled cunt to play with. And make it fast. They will be here soon."

Danielle, having just experienced the reason she came on this trip, was too happy to oblige. She started the hot water and climbed in, anxious not only to wash out her pussy but rinse the toilet water out of her hair.

When the water was high enough, she started the jets and maneuvered herself so that one of them was shooting right between her legs. She draped her calves over the side of the jacuzzi and pressed her pussy flush against the nozzle. Danielle felt the cum wash out of her, but got a little carried away and started stroking her clit. She did not know if Russell would have forbid this had he been in the room with her, but since he had returned to the bedroom she took the risk.

Unfortunately for her, she was not able to get herself off before the doorbell rang.

"Danielle, answer the door," Russell called from the other room.

Danielle thrust her head backwards in disappointment, but reacted quickly to his demand. She climbed out of the jacuzzi and wrapped herself in a towel before stepping out into the hallway.

"No. Take off the towel," Russell ordered.

Every fiber of her being wanted to protest, but she had learned her lesson. She immediately dropped the towel and opened the door.

She was taken aback by the amount of testosterone that greeted her in the hallway. All four guys were there, somewhat stunned by the soaked, naked beauty before them, but still oozing confidence that they are going to fuck her raw tonight. She was instantaneously excited and afraid of their chiseled physiques, rippling through their Affliction and Ed Hardy shirts.

"Now that is a fucking welcome!" said the guy in front, who had been the driver that morning.

"Please come in, boys," Danielle said, not knowing what else would be appropriate.

The boys followed her into the bedroom where Russell was waiting for them. They were salivating over the sight of her tight butt strolling down the hall.

"What are your names, boys?" Russell asked.

"I'm Jeff," said the driver. "This is , Tim and Brandon." Each guy raised their hand as their name was called.

"I'm Russell, and this cock hungry slut is Danielle. You guys think you can give her what she needs?"

Danielle stood nervously as Russell challenged them to fuck her hard.

"Fuck yeah, bro!" said Jeff. "You just have to let us know if there are any boundaries."

"Boundaries?" Russell thought. "Basically, just don't kill her."

Danielle and the four boys had the same reaction, a bug-eyed look of shock. For the boys, it turned them instantly hard, knowing that they could do whatever they wanted. Danielle, on the other hand, was racked with trepidation.

"Now, drop your pants, boys, I need to make sure you are clean. Don't want my favorite slave to have an STD."

Danielle blushed at his referring to her as his favorite, which re-instilled in her a commitment to obedience.

"No problem, bro," Jeff again acted the leader. He and the other three all dropped their trousers and stroked their erect cocks.

Not wanting to get up close to them, Russell asked Danielle if she was satisfied. Danielle sat on the bed for a better look. During her inspection, she noticed that each of these cocks were smaller than Russell's, but still formidable. This would not be an easy night for her.

"They look good to me," she said.

"I bet she's never seen a cock that didn't look good to her," said Kevin, eliciting a round of laughter from all the guys in the room.

"Too true," said Russell as he held Danielle's hand and pulled her to her feet. He hooked her arms behind her back and held them with his right arm.

"Now, Danielle, speak only if I say something that isn't true. Boys, Danielle here likes it rough. I have witnessed her take a strap on up the ass. I have seen her get caned by five guys at once while strung up in bondage. I watched her get these nipple piercings and her all-too-telling tattoo that you noticed this morning. I have seen her gag on cock, take double penetration, eat pussy and stroke her own clit while another girl spanked her. She likes to be degraded, humiliated and abused. Oh, and she loves to swallow. Did I leave anything out, Danielle?"

Danielle, knowing not to talk unless he spoke an untruth, simply shook her head.

"I want you guys to live out any fantasy you have had tonight. I will be watching just in case anything gets out of hand, but I am confident you will provide me with great entertainment tonight. Maybe even give me a few ideas for when we are alone together. Get creative. Do your thing. I suggest starting in the jacuzzi. Danielle just drew the water, and it will easily fit all of you."

"What are we waiting for?" said Jeff. "Show us the way, cunt!"

On wobbly legs, Danielle silently pushed through the boys and led them down the hall to the bathroom. She could feel their eyes on her naked body as she stepped into the room and they surrounded her. During their walk, they had removed socks, shoes and shirts, and were now bare naked, erect and ready.

Kevin, Tim and Brandon climbed into the tub, but Jeff insisted that Danielle go in before her. Danielle climbed up the short stairway and sank into the water. She was sitting in between Brandon and Tim, with Kevin directly across from her. The water came up to her rib cage and her breasts floated temptingly above the water level.

"Let's warm her up, boys," said Jeff, still standing outside the jacuzzi.

As if it had been rehearsed, Brandon and Tim each grabbed one of her legs and pulled them apart, draping her calves on their laps.

"Put your arms up here," Jeff said, pulling her left arm onto the edge of the tub behind Tim's back. Danielle managed her right arm on her own. Tim and Brandon now turned towards her, placing their arms on top of hers and, still holding her legs with their other hands, secured her spread and on display.

"Lay your head backwards," Jeff said. Danielle did as she was told, and watched as Jeff climbed up onto the edge of the Jacuzzi, on his knees, and straddled her head. "Open up, bitch. You know what to do."

Danielle opened her mouth and let Jeff dip his balls inside. She immediately set to sucking him and stroking his sack with her tongue.

"Oh, fuck yeah," said Jeff. "This bitch knows hot to treat a cock, boys. Kev, why don't you loosen her up a little bit?"

At that, Kevin knelt in the water before Danielle's spread pussy and slowly pushed a finger inside her.

"Seems like she is already a little loose," he said.

"How about her asshole?" asked Brandon.

Kevin tested her rear entrance and was please to find more resistance. "This can use a little work," he said.

As Kevin started to work his pinky finger into her ass, Jeff pulled his scrotum out of her mouth and tilted his dick down towards her. He pushed into her, feeling her tongue on the top of his dick.

"Lift her up a bit, guys," he requested of Tim and Brandon. They lifted her body out of the water and slid her back, knowing that Jeff wanted to push her head down and drive his cock into her throat.

That is exactly what he did. He pushed her forehead down, creating a straight line from her open mouth to her throat, and started jamming into her.

"Mpphhh...Mpphhh...Mpphhh..." Danielle choked as her mouth was assaulted. She tried to put her hands on his waist to slow his rhythm, but her arms were still pinned by Brandon and Tim. Meanwhile, Kevin had his pinky buried in her asshole, and was forcing his middle and forefinger into her pussy.

"MMMMPPPPPHHHHHHH!!!! UUUUUGGGGGHHHHH!!!" Danielle screamed again. But her vibrating vocal chords only stimulated Jeff further. Wanting to make her scream louder, he took aim at her beautiful, prone tits.

With her arms and legs still held tight by the boys on her right and left, Jeff grabbed her right breasts and squeezed it at the base. Danielle groaned again, but not sufficiently enough for Jeff. Her hard, pierced nipple was sticking straight up in the air, bulging from the grip he had on her. With his free left hand, he smacked it with a quick, sharp side-swipe.

"MMMMMMMMMMPPPPHHHHH!!!!" Danielle wailed.

"Yeah, baby. Fucking scream for me," sneered Jeff, smacking her nipple over and over.

Danielle repeatedly yelped, and though it was muted by the thick cock in her mouth, her pain was apparent. After her tit started to turn red from the smacking, Jeff released her and pulled out of her throat.

"Make room, guys. I'm coming in."

As he climbed the stairs to enter the jacuzzi, Brandon and Tim pulled Danielle all the way into the water. Kevin pulled out of her ass and pussy and grabbed her hair.

"Open wide," he said.

Danielle, weary already but with Russell's ultimatum fresh in her mind, quickly dropped her jaw. Kevin pushed his fingers into her mouth and ordered her to lick them clean.

Danielle could taste her own juices as Kevin smeared his fingers around the insides of her mouth. She was kneeling in the middle of the tub, raging cocks surrounding her, but the only orifice they were using was her mouth, and it was only serving three fingers. She sensed that these guys were going to take their time with her. They were going to enjoy every minute of her slavery to them.

Once satisfied, Kevin pulled his fingers out and stood up.

"Take a deep breath and open your mouth, whore," he said as he looked down at her.

Danielle anticipated that he was going to plug her up and hold her tight until she nearly passed out. She took one deep breath through her nose, then exhaled. Then breathed in again and opened her mouth, extending her tongue to prove her whorish nature. Kevin put the head of his dick on the tip of her tongue and slid forward, feeling her tongue up the entire length of his cock. He pushed in to the base, feeling his cock at the top of her esophagus, and held her forehead tight to his stomach.

"Ready?" he asked.

Danielle nodded, expecting him to hold her there. Instead, she felt his grip tighten on her head as he sat back down into the water, pulling her beneath the surface. She was stunned. Her eyes went wide as she realized her predicament. She could not even crack the sides of her mouth in the hopes of getting some air. Her arms started flailing, splashing water out of the tub and up the walls.

Her instinct was to scream, which is exactly what she did. What little air was in her lungs expelled from her lips as she shouted her concern. A split second later, bubbled ran up the side of the cock in her mouth and into her throat. That bubble effect is exactly what Kevin was waiting for.

"Fuck me! That is incredible!" he said just before pulling her by the hair back above water.

As Danielle heaved oxygen back into her lungs, Kevin explained the sensation to the other guys, who of course wanted the same treatment.

"You fucking asshole," Danielle said, too angry and scared to consider the repercussions.

"Hey, slut. You better get used to it, and quick. You are going to have to do that three more times," mocked Kevin.

Brandon grabbed her next and told her to prepare herself. Danielle at least knew what was coming this time. She took a few deep breaths, steadied herself, and opened her mouth.

In no time, Brandon impaled her and pulled her under water. She was calmer this time, keeping still under water instead of flailing wildly. Brandon pumped up and down insider her, overly anxious to break the seal of her lips on his cock and let in the bubbles.

It worked. The effervescence raced up the sides of Brandon's dick and into her throat. As she started to gag, Brandon pulled her up and turned her to face Jeff.

The entire process repeated itself. Only this time, as Jeff pulled her underwater, Brandon pulled on her hips and lifted her ass out of the water. It was a piece of porcelain beauty, pristine and shinning from the water rolling off it. With her ass in the air, Danielle's torso was angled down towards the dick in her mouth, making it a little more difficult to maneuver.

"Make her breathe, boys," said Jeff. Not needing further instruction, Tim and Brandon each smacked a different check. Danielle recoiled and involuntarily opened her mouth wider than she anticipated. Instead of bubbles, it was more a rush of water straight into her mouth.

Jeff held her tight as she closed her lips around him again, locking the water inside her. She started to panic, realizing Jeff was not letting her up. She planted her hands on his knees and tried to force herself upwards, but Jeff held her still until he was ready.

When he sensed the fight leaving her, he quickly pulled her up. Water shot out of her mouth like a fountain.

"Fuck, asshole! Russell's only command was to not kill me, and you have to push that envelope?"

All the guys chuckled.

"I wasn't going to let her drown, Russ," Jeff said to the sole observer in the room, who was leaning against the vanity.

"If I think you are crossing the line, I will intervene. I like what I have seen so far," Russell responded.

"Come on, slut. One more," said Tim.

Danielle gulped, not knowing how much further they would push her with this stunt.

Still, knowing Russell was there to protect her, she turned towards Tim and repeated the routine. This time, while submerged, Jeff started stroking her pussy. Danielle both loved and hated this. She loved that he was trying to emit pleasure from her, but hated that it was coming from a guy she was quickly learning to despise.

Still, he was an expert with his hands, and in a mater of moments Danielle moaned in lustful elation. The familiar feeling of bubbles raced into her mouth, followed, shockingly by a much saltier substance. Tim forced her down as he emptied his balls inside her, causing Danielle to gag and struggle beneath the surface.

Finally, he released her and allowed her to bring herself up. Danielle sheepishly wiped her chin clean of his semen, collapsing against the side of the jacuzzi. She was gasping for air, her breasts heaving up and down as her lungs refilled with oxygen.

"Sorry, guys. I couldn't hold out," said Tim.

"No problem, bro," said Jeff. "Before we leave here tonight you will cum again. Maybe twice more. We are a long way from being done with this ho."

"Get over here, slut," said Kevin. "That's enough time to recover." He pulled Danielle forward and onto his lap. She was facing him and her legs were straddling his own. With a firm grip on her waist, Kevin brought her pussy to his dick and urged her to sit down on it.

Danielle slid down the length of his cock and, gasping deeply, wrapped her arms around his neck. She could not deny that he felt good inside her, and their skin pressing together as the water sloshed around them only heightened her sensations. She felt Kevin reach behind her and grab a handful of her butt cheeks with both hands and pull them apart.

Brandon pressed against her from behind, also straddling Kevin but standing. As he lowered himself, his cock slid down her spine and straight down her crack. Danielle shivered at the near-tickling sensation this caused, but braced herself for what she knew was coming.

"Now the fun really begins," growled Brandon in her ear as he found her entrance. Danielle arched her back and pressed her chest harder against Kevin as Brandon's enraged cock demanded entrance to her asshole.

"Aaaaahhhhhh!" Danielle uttered as Brandon worked his way inside her. It was the first anal she had endured since the auction, and the pain was as acute and piercing as it was then.

"Please, start slow," she begged, even as her ass checks involuntarily flinched at the intrusion.

"I thought you said this slut was well trained," said Jeff over his shoulder to Russell.

"She is still learning," Russell replied. "Sometimes she needs to be reminded of her place."

Brandon reached around her and grabbed her neck, gripping her tightly enough to warn her but not so tight that she could not breathe.

"Have you forgotten that you are nothing but a collection of three holes for us? Do not ask for favors, whore, or we will only make things harder on you."

Danielle strained against his grip on her, putting her hand on his to try to wrestle it off of her neck. But Brandon was too strong, and Kevin distracted her by taking her right breast into his mouth and biting it hard.

It was quickly becoming too much for Danielle. The asphyxiation and the teeth on her nipple were causing her to panic, while the thrusting dicks inside her were forcing her to cope with unwanted pleasure. As they pushed into her, the dicks forced quick shots of water deep inside her pussy and ass, and as they withdrew they sucked the water back into the tub.

Her eyes rolled upwards as she started to get light-headed from the confusing mix of emotions. Then Brandon held things up.

"Hold on, Kev," he said. "Why are we doing all the work here? Let's go, whore. Bounce on these cocks!"

Danielle was too delirious from the underwater experience, but mustered all her strength to comply. She unwrapped her arms from behind Kevin's neck and planted them on the edge of the jacuzzi, lifting herself away from his warm and sweaty chest. She then raised her hips, and as the boys remained still their dicks nearly vacated her.

They were about the same length, so Danielle could feel each of their heads at the threshold of her ass and pussy. She held it there for just a second, a second that seemed like an eternity to all three of them, before sitting back down and fully impaling herself.

Feeling these two, thick slabs of meat grind against each other inside of her, at a rhythm that she was currently conducting, was mind-bending. Brandon released her neck and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Go faster, slut. We are not making love here." He pulled her down at a speed that was more satisfactory to him.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck!" Danielle started to percolate with excitement, especially now that she was not being choked.

"I told you, boys," said Russell. "Can't be too rough. She is going go cum."

"Is that right?" asked Jeff as he climbed out of the tub and walked towards the threesome. "Do you want to cum, bitch?"

"Ohhh...ohhhh...ohhh....yess!" Danielle ended up shouting despite herself.

"Well, lets see if you can cum with this in your mouth," replied Jeff, swinging his dick in her face.

Danielle obediently took him in her mouth, which forced her to pump the cocks behind her with small pelvic thrusts. To Russell and Tim it was quite the sight. Danielle, her head still on Jeff's cock, was rolling her back from her shoulder blades to her asshole so that she could move up and down on the double penetration. Regardless of what Russell said about her oral ability, she had some skills.

For Danielle, the dick in her mouth was a small deterrent, and one with which she was familiar. It retarded her acceleration towards climax only slightly, and in a few short minutes was on the verge again.

As she humped harder, she made waves in the jacuzzi, splashing up the walls and onto the floor. She assumed absentmindedly that Russell would make her clean it up later, but could not care less at this moment.

With one final thrust, she bottomed out on the boys behind her and blurted a cock-muffled scream as she came. Her motions slowed to a halt, which only encouraged the boys to start fucking her again.

"Ready for a change of scenery?" Russell asked.

"Not quite yet," said Jeff. "Before I get that asshole I want to make sure it is tight again. Come here, bitch."

He grabbed Danielle by the hair and pulled her out of the tub as Russell headed into the bedroom for a moment. The other three boys climbed out, too, and encircled their slave.

"How do you plan on doing that, Jeff?" asked Tim.

"Well, I'm not sure if it will work, but I have an idea," he said. He walked over to the shower and turned it on to its coldest setting.

"Hold on a sec," said Russell, returning from the other room. "I have something you might enjoy."

Danielle had thought that he was going to break things up, but instead he was presenting the cuffs and collar that she had to wear in the frat to her bitch masters.

"These can be attached to each other, or easily to other items around the room," said Russell. "I am sure you can put these to use."

He handed a cuff to each of the four guys, who each took an arm or a leg and applied it. Danielle stood still as she was reintroduced to the feel of leather on her skin. Russell himself but the collar around her neck. He whispered to her, "You are doing great. Keep it up, my pet."

There was something about the way he called her his pet that strengthened her resolve. She nodded in understanding.

Russell symbolically handed the leash to Jeff, who clipped it onto her collar.

"Perfect," he said. "Get on all fours, dog, and crawl into the shower."

Danielle, freshly resolved to obey from Russell's words, sank to her knees and leaned forward onto her hands. She crawled as Jeff led her to the shower. As soon as the ice cold water hit her back, though, she paused.

"Get in there, you bad dog," Jeff jeered. He smacked her ass hard with an open palm.

Danielle took another deep breath and climbed into the shower, facing away from the shower head but feeling the full chill of the water on her spine. She instantly started to flinch, muscles all over her body tightening as they resisted the temperature shock.

"Put your face on the ground and get that ass in the air," Jeff said. Danielle laid her cheek flat on the blue tiled surface and pushed her ass out. Jeff than lowered the shower head to focus it on her reamed asshole.

"This guy is a genius," said Kevin, watching in amazement as Danielle's ass clenched tight rapidly and repeatedly. She had goosebumps all over her body, but only after her face started to lose its complexion did Russell intervene.

"I think she has had enough, pal," warned Russell.

"You're the boss," said Jeff. He reached in and turned off the water, and as it slowed to a drip the sound of running water was replaced by Danielle chattering teeth. Jeff grabbed the leash and pulled the quivering slave out of the shower. Danielle stumbled and fell on her side, clenching at her body in hopes of regaining some warmth. Genuine tears of distress leaked form her eyes and onto the floor. But Jeff offered no time for licking wounds.

"Follow me into the bedroom," he ordered, holding the leash taut in front of her. Danielle knew he would drag her by her neck if she did not get up on her knees, so she quickly complied. Jeff pulled harshly, forcing her to move at a quick, jilted pace, her breasts swinging wildly beneath her.

The rest of the crew followed her, staring at her pasty white ass, covered in horripilation. Her asshole looked as though it had tightened up a bit from the cold, which only made their cocks harder.

Jeff rolled the leash around his hand several times until there was only a few inches of slack, then, without warning, pulled up on it. Danielle understood that he wanted her on her feet, and quickly stood.

"Turn around," he said. Danielle turned to face the other four boys as they followed her into the room.

Holding the collar tight against her throat, Jeff asked, "Kevin, Brandon or Tim?"

"What?" Danielle asked.

Jeff yanked her collar upwards and gave her three quick smacks on the ass. Danielle tried to slip her fingers between her neck and the collar, but it was pulled too tight. Her eyes clenched tight and her mouth hung open as she struggled for air. Jeff's rippling forearm muscles held her in the air for a few seconds as he roared:

"Answer the fucking question!"

Danielle, none the wiser, blurted out the first name that she could remember. "Brandon!"

"Brandon, you're up," Jeff said. Brandon approached the still-shivering Danielle as Jeff eased his hold on her leash. He wrapped his arms around her and grabbed her ass, pulling her tight against him. His warmth was a welcome feeling, and Danielle impulsively embraced him tightly. She nuzzled her cheek into the nape of his neck, and her left leg wrapped around him, seeking his heat.

"She's fucking freezing," said Brandon, nearly wanting to push her away. But he held her firm.

"Let me help you," he said. Holding her ass tightly, he hoisted her off the ground and up above his northward dick. Danielle knew what he wanted, and for the moment was happy to give it to him. She wrapped her right leg around him, too, and he lowered her towards his spear.

As her frigid pussy made contact with the tip of his cock, she wiggled her hips a bit to make sure he was properly aligned. Once she was prepared, he lowered her all the way down.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuckkkkk," Danielle let out in her deepest tone. It was like a shot of adrenaline to the heart, the way his hot cock impaled her icy core. She held him tight, both to avoid falling and to absorb as much of his body temperature as possible. She quickly started coming back to ninety-eight degrees.

Brandon proved to be incredibly strong, holding her up in the air as he spread her ass cheeks. Jeff approached her from behind, stroking his erection in angst. Brandon was making her newly-puckered asshole an easy target for him.

Danielle only noticed his presence when his hot cock head touched her sphincter. But it was not a moment of sharp pain so much as it was an awareness. The freezing shower had tightened her up but it had also made her somewhat numb.

As Jeff pushed into her, he found her to be his desired tautness, but Danielle was not experiencing it as if it were the first time as he had hoped. She barely felt him as he worked his way inside her, identifying more of a sensation that an intrusion.

But more than anything, his cock was warming her up from her core outwards. It was a euphoric sensation, and her eyes shot open in astonishment. His warmth was the cure for her arctic state, and, wanting more, she reached her arm awkwardly behind her to try to pull him closer.

She wanted desperately to speak, to plead with him to move closer and provide the body heat she so desperately craved. But at the same time, she did not want to risk subjecting herself to further punishment by making requests. But Jeff gave her what she wanted anyway, pressing against her back with his chest.

He and Brandon were wielding their cocks like pillars of strength, lodging them firmly in Danielle's puckered holes as their hands explored her chest and back. Danielle felt as though they could have let go and her body would have remained suspended in mid air just from the support of their throbbing members.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!" Danielle screamed as the sensations overwhelmed her. The thrusting cocks were filling her deeply, creating the effect of some plunger-vaccuum hybrid as they worked like pistons in and out of her.

"Yeah, you like that, 'Slut Life,'" Brandon said in front of her, mocking her tattoo. At this point and time, Danielle did not care what they called her. She was on cloud nine.

"YESSSS!" she practically hissed at him.

"Then we must not be doing it right," said Jeff.

He pulled out of her ass and wrapped his arms around her, above her breast but below her shoulders. With Brandon's help, he elevated her, removing her from the cock in her pussy.

"Oh, fuck!" she groaned as her gaping holes flooded with the warm Miami air. She was tingling all over as the humidity enveloped her vaginal and anal passages. She practically thrust her hips at the air, even as Jeff lowered her to the ground.

"Look at this fucking slut," Jeff demeaned her. "It's as though she has no shame."

Danielle continued to gently hump the damp atmosphere as Jeff and Brandon rotated around her weakened form. As Brandon grabbed her wrist cuffs and locked them behind her back, Jeff pushed his rock hard cock against her lips and demanded entry. But Danielle was a little bleary, and did not immediately reply to his obvious gesture.

Jeff took a half stem back and smacked her hard across the face. "Open up, bitch!" he demanded.

Danielle let her jaw hang, both in response to his order and as an impulsive reacting to the slap. As soon as her tongue presented itself, Jeff slid forward onto it. He lodged himself deep inside her mouth, then slowly started to step backwards.

As he moved back, Danielle had to shuffle forward on her knees. Her head was pinned in place by Jeff's hands, tightly wound in her hair.

"Mmmppp....mmpphh...ugh," she grunted as he pulled her along towards the bed. Once there, he sat down, leaving Danielle on her knees on the ground, still slobbering his knob.

Kevin came forward and grabbed her waist, pulling her up in the air.

"Let's go, slut. On your feet," he said. Danielle obeyed, pulling her legs beneath her even as she remained locked on Jeff's dick. Once standing, she was bent at the waist, her back parallel to the ground, her arms twisted behind her back and locked at the wrists.

She felt Kevin push persistently at her asshole. She was keenly aware that the numbing sensation caused by the cold water had expired. She could feel his thick erection force its way inside her.

"UUUUuuggggghhhhh," she screamed into her cock microphone as Kevin jammed forward. Her barrier was not as hard to overcome as it was earlier in the night, but she was still unfamiliar with a cock of Kevin's girth. It felt like four fingers were trying to wedge their way into her asshole.

But for the ten seconds it took him to get past her sphincter, his cock delved deep within her once he loosened her up. As he fucked her, Tim grabbed Danielle's wrists and raised them towards the ceiling. This caused her to crest her back and drive her throat further onto Jeff's erection.

Danielle felt his cock plug her throat, and once again she was at their mercy. She gagged on him, involuntarily twitched in response to her lack of oxygen, sobbed real tears until her face turned red, but Tim held her firm. Finally, as she started to grow light-headed, Jeff pulled her up and Tim let go.

As she gasped for air, Kevin grabbed her collar, placing his fingers squarely between it and the back of her neck. The front of the collar pulled against her throat, and she quickly found herself gasping for air again.

Still holding onto her collar, Kevin began spanking her ass.

"Let's go, whore. Buck for me, bitch," he said, making exaggerated movements with his hips as he imitated a cowboy riding and bronco. Danielle bucked for him, but it was not because he asked. Being short of breath and getting thoroughly pummeled by his ferocious hand was more than enough to cause her to flinch. She bucked against both cocks in her, hoping for some sliver of air to breathe.

When Kevin sensed the life draining out of her legs, he let go of her collar, but maintained a strong grip on her waist as he continued the spanking.

"Please," Danielle begged, genuinely concerned for her health. "Let me breathe a minute."

"Come here, guys," said Kevin to his friends. He slid his arms between Danielle's tethered arms and up her sides, coming to a stop on each of her shoulders. He pulled her up into a standing position, but held tight to her shoulders as he started to thrust his dick up into her ass again.

This position left her entire front bare and exposed to the other three boys. "Punish her for continuing to ask for considerations," said Kevin.

As Kevin pumped her ass, Danielle's breasts bounced and swayed like easy moving targets. The guys took aim and started smacking her.

Danielle let out yelp after yelp as Tim, Brandon and Jeff started smacking her tits and face. They were relentless and hard, intent on reddening her skin from the tits up. Jeff smacked her right breast towards her left, Tim smacked her left towards her right. Brandon smacked one up, Jeff smacked the other down. Tim smacked her face.

Tears started to run down Danielle's face again. The abuse of her tits and face was enough, but Kevin was fucking her ass hard at an awkward angle, and her anal chute felt like it was on fire.

"Please, I'm sorry!" she begged. "I'll be good!"

"We don't want you to be good," Jeff said, grabbing her face and forcing her to look at him. "We want you to suffer in silence and take what is coming to you."

"I will! I promise!" Danielle implored.

"Slut," said Kevin, taking a brief hiatus from his severe pounding. "Your master said that the only rule was not to kill you. If we break that rule, then you can complain."

Danielle hung her head, trying to prevent a full-fledged bawling. Kevin started fucking her again, but Jeff put a halt to it.

"OK, man. Let some of the rest of us share. She has three holes, after all."

"Hold on," said Kevin. He stepped forward, Danielle still impaled on his cock, until they reached the side of the bed. He bent her over the mattress and started rocketing in and out of her again. With his hands on her shoulder blades, Kevin forced her flat on the mattress and fucked her without any regard for her well-being.

"Ugh...Ugh...Ugh..." Danielle grunted loudly as she felt his spear slice in and out of her. As she had warmed up again, she sensed every ounce of his brutality. She felt him jam into her ass with long but fast strokes. Her sphincter was adhered to the base of his cock, pulling out and plunging in with his trusts.

"Nnnnnnggguuhhhh," Danielle bit her teeth and groaned, trying her best to bear the pain. It would not much longer.

Kevin pulled out until just his head was inside her, then plowed all the way up her ass and made his deposit.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" he yelled as he hosed her insides with white hot jizz. Danielle's legs twitch and convulsed, bending at the knees as Kevin stuck her deep. He released her shoulder blades and grabbed her ass, spreading her open as he slowly backed out of her.

Her ass clenched tight to him, draining him thoroughly. His discharged pistol shriveled under the pressure and practically fell out of her loosened hole. With a pop, he was free, a small bit of cum clinging to his glistening, veiny monster. He closed her ass cheeks around his cock and slid it out, wiping himself clean of his own excrement before collapsing in a lounging chair behind him.

"Thanks a lot, Kev," said Brandon. "You want us all to fuck that ass with your cum smeared all over it?"

"Sorry, Bran. I wasn't going to be able to hold out any longer."

"This is no problem we can't fix, bro," Jeff said to Brandon. He grabbed Danielle by the shoulders and pulled her off the bed, so that she was now facing the side of it on her knees. He grabbed a hand towel and tucked it between Danielle's legs.

"Squat over that and let the cum leak out of your ass," he said.

Still with her hands behind her back, Danielle lowered her hips until her battered asshole was just off the carpet. She could feel the cum slowly drain down her anal pipe and drip out of her. She was surprised to learn that as the cum glazed her inner walls, it eased the sting of her ass fucking. She clenched her muscles over and over, trying to work the sticky substance out of her and onto the towel.

Meanwhile, Brandon sat on the bed in front of her, wanting his dick sucked.

"While you're down there," he said as he pulled her head forward to meet him.

Danielle took him mindlessly, issuing no rebuttal but an "Umph" as he plugged her up. Of all the dicks that had been in her mouth today, this was easily the most disgusting. Brandon had been in her ass in the tub and her pussy just a few minutes ago. She could taste it all, and it was as though his main intent was to make her savor it.

He grabbed his cock at the base and swung it around the insides of her mouth, smearing her own juices onto her tongue and the insides of her cheeks. Danielle choked and gagged again, overwhelmed not by the physical presence of cock, but by the putrid aroma and taste of it.

Brandon pulled her down as far as he could and laid back on the bed, forcing Danielle to raise her hips up and straighten her back. She now bobbed down on his erection instead of sideways onto it.

Content with the amount of cum that had pooled onto the towel, Jeff picked it up and wiped her ass with it, absorbing all the excess that had stuck there. He laid the towel next to Brandon on the bed, then knelt behind Danielle again.

"When you are ready, cum on that towel, dude," he said.

"Won't be long," said Brandon.

Having witnessed his friends taunt her with breath play, he wanted to try it for himself. He held Danielle tight to him and pinched her nose. Danielle again found herself fighting for breath, but was able to manage a bit easier this time. She opened her mouth a crack, letting in just enough oxygen to maintain the position without convulsing.

Still, as her throat gasped for what little air there was, she tickled the tip of his cock, driving him crazy.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum," Brandon strained as he released her nose and pushed her off of him. Danielle collapsed on the floor next to Jeff as Brandon started jerking his cock onto the towel.

Jeff momentarily unhooked her cuffs and rolled her onto her back.

"Put your ankles on my shoulders," he said to her.

Still heaving her breasts as her lungs flushed with air, Danielle put her palms flat on the carpet and brought her knees up to her chest. She then extended her legs and laid her ankles on either side of Jeff's head.

"You are becoming a nice, obedient little slut, aren't you?" said Jeff. "Now give me your wrists."

Without a word, Danielle reached her hands up to him. Jeff snared her right hand in his and attached it to her right food with the cuffs. He then repeated this with her left hand and foot. He pushed her legs wide apart, dragging her arms with them as he splayed her lewdly for his viewing pleasure.

"Tell me where you want me to fuck you, whore," he commanded.

Danielle was unaccustomed to being given a choice. She was unsure if he wanted the truth or if he just wanted her to ask for an ass fucking. She decided to offer him the truth.

"Please fuck my pussy," she said.

"Are you saying that because you want to avoid more pain, or because you want me to bring you to orgasm with this monstrous cock?"

"Both," she again answered honestly. "But more because I want to cum so bad."

"Well, I think you have been a worthy slave tonight, one deserving a reward. Let me see what I can do for you."

Danielle was actually surprised that he acknowledged her request, even as she felt his cock head slip inside her wet and gaping pussy. He grabbed her breasts as he started jackhammering in and out of her. He pinched at her pierced nipples and rolled them in his fingers, and loved how Danielle ground her teeth in response.

"Tim, Kev, would you help me out here?" he asked. "Hold her legs down as low as they will go, please."

Tim and Kevin each came to either side of Danielle and forced her legs lower, practically leaning all of their weight onto her as they tried to get them flat on the ground.

Danielle felt the strain on her hips, but focused instead on how this strain actually tightened up her pussy a little. Jeff noticed it, too, and his pace towards climax accelerated.

He picked the towel off the bed, held it taut in both hands, and lowered onto her face.

"No!" Danielle shouted just before it made contact. But she knew her complaint would go unanswered. Jeff laid the towel flat on her face and smoothed it over her cheeks. Danielle felt Brandon and Kevin's cum, sticky and salty, on her cheeks, forehead and eyes. She clenched her eyes tight, trying at least to prevent contact with her eyeballs.

Jeff kept one hand on the towel and the other used the other to start vigorously rubbing her clit. The last thing Danielle needed was this haunting helix of emotions fucking with her mind. The paste of ejaculate on her face was invading her nostrils, at once humiliating and exciting her. Kevin and Tim were holding her spread wide for the five guys in the room to ogle, and there was still cum leaking from her ass and onto the floor.

But Jeff, thrusting deep and rubbing hard, was going to get her off. He knew it. She knew it. Even beneath her cum mask, Danielle started thrusting her hips up off the ground to match his rhythm.

"Ohhhhh....yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!" Danielle screamed as he brought her close. Jeff kept launching himself into her until he felt her start to erupt.

"Ahhhh!" Danielle screamed as the squirted shot after shot of juices onto Jeff's cock. They ricocheted onto his thighs and onto the floor beneath him.

"You ready to cum again, Tim?" asked Jeff.

"Fuck yeah," Tim answered.

"Release her hands," Jeff ordered.

Tim and Kevin released her bindings, and Jeff joined Tim at the side of Danielle's head. He peeled back the towel, and Danielle flickered her eyes open. As her vision narrowed, she saw Tim and Jeff's cocks on either side of her face.

"Let's go, bitch. Jerk these cocks until we empty on your face."

Danielle was so delirious from her orgasm that she could have passed out, but she fought through that bleariness. She grabbed each cock and started stroking.

"This won't take long if you go faster," said Jeff. "We are both ready to burst right now."

Seeing the end in sight, Danielle started jerking each cock as hard as she could. The boys were being honest. In just a few seconds she felt more cum land on her face.

Jeff hit her on the side of the cheek, by her ear, and landed much of his spunk in her hair. Tim aimed his load towards her forehead. Most of what he shot hit her beneath her hair line, but the final two spurts hit the bridge of her nose and funneled into her eyes. Jeff lowered the towel back over her face again.

Thinking that she was done, Danielle closed her eyes, and let her hands fall to the ground. Even as the boys continued to discuss her fate, she drifted towards the unconscious.

"Mind if I hit the head before I go?" asked Jeff.

"Go for it," said Russell, thoroughly impressed with the show he had put on.

Jeff started down the hall, then stopped, and returned.

"Say, uh...I know you said 'So long as you don't kill her,' but I figure I should ask permission for this first. You think it would be OK if we dumped her in the tub and relieved ourselves on her?"

Russell paused to consider it. This was extreme, even for him.

"The slut certainly deserves it," he said. "But, no. Ultimately, I have to spend the next few days with her. I don't think I could get over seeing her covered in your piss."

"That's fair, dude. Thought it was worth a shot."

"Thanks for understanding," said Russell. "I plan on calling you again in the next week or so. You guys put on quite a show."

"Well, your slut is incredible. She can really take a cock."

The boys dressed and left, leaving Russell and his well-used slave to themselves. He contemplated fucking her quickly before bed, but opted to let her be. She was completely asleep already, and her holes were all too loose for him to truly enjoy himself.

He left her on the floor, caked in cum, and laid down on the bed for the night.

**Danielle: Bonus Ch. 03**

Danielle awoke slowly the following morning. At first, she was only blearily aware of the cum-stained towel draped on her face. It stuck to her weary visage as she foggily rolled her head side to side. The scent wafted up through her nostrils and into the vortex of her memory, eliciting images of last night's events.

The underwater gagging. The double penetration. The way one of them had bent her over the bed and fucked her ass until he unloaded in her. And, of course, the towel with the dried ejaculate. It all rushed into her conscience like a tidal wave, causing her to jolt up off the floor.

She peeled the caked-on towel off of her face, reminding her of grade school and how she would let glue dry on her fingers for fun. Though her left eye was still moderately sealed shut with spunk, through her right she was able to see Russell, still lying asleep in bed. She decided to clean herself up before her master saw her like this.

In the bathroom, she tempered the water to spa-like temperatures and climbed into the shower. The heat practically melted the cum away. She could feel the humidity penetrating its adhesiveness and dislodging it from her face and neck. She liberally applied shampoo and facial soap, trying both to expel the visual evidence of the previous night and to make herself presentable to Russell.

When she was comfortable with her face, she removed the shower head from its wall brace and brought it between her legs. Lifting her right leg onto the shower ledge, she shot the hot stream of water up her asshole, creating a slurry of juices that washed out of her. She repeated the process with her pussy.

She stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her. As she brushed her teeth, she looked in the mirror and noticed that the towel provided a hint of modesty. It was the first time since they landed in Florida that she had anything more than a bikini on. It reminded her of a time before Russell, before becoming the frat slave and before this trip. It reminded her of a time before she took pleasure in this complete degradation and humiliation to which she was being subjected.

Forcing those memories out of her mind, she made her way back to the bedroom. Remembering Russell's order to wear the bikini or nothing, she left the towel on the floor in the hall. She was glad she did, for as she turned the corner, she found Russell wide awake and lying in bed waiting for her.

"Good morning, Danielle," he said, using her name instead of one of his preferred monikers.

"Good morning, sir," Danielle replied, not wanting to take his informality as an invitation to reciprocate.

"I have a present for you," he said. "Come lie next to me."

Danielle was quick to obey, sauntering over to him and lying on top of the sheets. Russell reached his arm under his pillow and presented her reward. Danielle was nonplussed. In his hand he held a shiny, silver dildo, about five inches in length and not too wide.

"I can tell you were hoping for more," Russell said, uncaring.

"No, sir, I just do not understand."

"Well, Danielle, I plan on sticking my dick up your ass soon, and it is probably a good idea to keep yourself limber for me. From now on, unless you are using the restroom, I want you to keep this in your ass. Starting now."

He handed it over to a reluctant Danielle, who took it in her left hand like she had never seen one before. It lay flat on her palm as Danielle considered this demand, but Russell folded her fingers around it and gave her a simple command.

"Go."

Danielle was glad she had used the morning to clean out her ass. It had kept her loose, and removed any filth that would otherwise have lingered. She rolled over onto her stomach, lying flat as a board on the bed, and brought the tip of the dildo to her sphincter with her right hand. It was not wide or long enough to cause her much discomfort. Instead, she felt a small amount of pressure as the silver prong found its place inside her.

"Very good, pet," Russell said, stroking her back. "Now, how about a little morning fuck?"

Though it was phrased as a question, Danielle knew it was not. But she did not mind, especially knowing that he was not yet planning on taking her ass, she could experience his perfect cock in her pussy again. Through all of the obedience training and last night's trial, she had forgotten to even look forward to this portion of the trip. But at his suggestion, her pussy started juicing instinctively.

"With pleasure, sir," she said as she got up on her knees. She prepared to straddle his lap, but he stopped her.

"Uh uh," he said, shaking his head. "Suck me first."

Danielle smiled a lascivious smile as she dismounted him. "Does that mean you like the way I suck now?"

"It means you are getting better, but you still need the practice. But even when you are the perfect little cocksucker you are to always start our fucking with your mouth. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," she replied as she gripped the base of his cock with her left hand. Her body was perpendicular to his, and she brought her lips around his head from the side. Even with her hand clenching the bottom of his dick, the head of it hit the back of her throat before her lips reached her fingers. She closed her lips around him and pressed her tongue flat against the side of his dick before sliding up his entire length.

She swiveled her head around him, using his dick as a pivot point, doing her best to lubricate him before he entered her pussy. As she bobbed her head, she slowly rotated her body so that she was between his legs. She then let his cock pop out of her mouth and lowered her attention to her balls. As she took one into her mouth, his erection fell forward on her face, blocking half of her vision.

She was like a peasant kneeling in praise before a great, stone obelisk. Her tongue lapped at his scrotum as she slowly jerked his cock with her left hand. A generous amount of saliva was glistening on his veiny member, making her hand job particularly pleasurable for him.

"Fuck yeah, baby," he said. "Put your mouth back on it."

Encouraged by his groans of ecstasy, Danielle put her mouth back on his dick and started pumping. Russell grabbed her hair, forming a pony tail behind her head, and helped control her pace. As he repeatedly rammed the back of her throat onto him, muted gagging sounds escaped from her lips.

"Gug, gug, gug." she struggled around his throbbing member.

As she choked, saliva pooled out of her mouth and onto his tool. She used her hands to slather it over his entire length.

"Yeah, baby," he said, pulling her pony tail up towards his chest. "Get up here."

Danielle slowly crawled up his body, kissing up his rippled abdomen as she went. She flicked her tongue over his nipple, but quickly moved north as he continued to pull her hair. Their lips locked, and as they kissed passionately she swiveled her hips until her hot hole was hovering above his stiff missile.

"Sink down on it, baby. Ride that dick."

Danielle grabbed his cock and positioned it against her soaking pussy and slowly sat down on it. This was the first time since she had inserted the dildo that she even noticed it was in her ass. His cock had originally felt utterly perfect in her pussy before. Now it felt like perfection amplified.

"Oh fuck!" she screamed in pure shock and excitement as she bottomed out on him.

She laid her chest flat against his and kissed him again, sticking her tongue in his mouth and searching for his. He gently bit her tongue, reminding her that though she was on top, he was in charge.

Danielle felt his hot breath penetrate her mouth as he snarled at her, and then flinched as he grabbed her ass and slowly pulled her up his cock. She slid up his body until only the head of his cock remained in her, and then she slid back down to his balls. His stiff scrotum tickled her labia, which she encouraged by gyrating her hips against him sensually.

"Come on, baby. Slide up and down my dick," Russell commanded.

Danielle happily obeyed, gliding her ever-dampening pussy all over his well-lubricated cock. He continued to fit into her fully, exploring the depths of her passage with every thrust.

"Uh, uh, uh," Danielle let out as she rode him faster.

As she started to move at her own pace, Russell let go of her ass and grabbed her tits, forcing her off of his chest. He squeezed each of them roughly, causing her supple fat to spill out from between his fingers. Eyeing up the silver barbell piercings lodged in tender buds, he took the left one between his teeth and clenched his jaw shut.

"Oh, yes, master, treat me rough," Danielle encouraged despite feeling genuine pain. The pleasure in her pussy trumped any other emotion she could feel right now. She pulled him tightly against her and gasped in shock as he bit harder. Though she was nearly smothering him with his breast, he went on undeterred, basking in her buoyant flesh.

He let go of her left breast, freeing up his hand to smack her engorged right nipple.

"Mmmppphhhhh!!!" Danielle muffled herself with her lips, though the searing pain this caused nearly elicited an screeching yell.

Russell sat up against her, maintaining his grip on her right tit, and reached around her back with his left hand. As she continued to bounce up and down on his shaft, he slid his hand down the small of her back, causing her to shiver. He went lower, spreading her ass apart and grabbing the base of the dildo.

"No!" Danielle shouted involuntarily as he slowly slid it out of her. The motion of it dragging out of her ass had a vacuum-like effect on her, causing her to sink lower on his dick. Holding her low by pulling down on her boob, he slid the dildo back up her asshole.

The effect was mind-blowing for each of them. Neither of them moved, but each felt the silver phallus inside Danielle. Danielle's eyes rolled into the back of her head as she struggled to make miniscule movements with her pelvis. Conversely, Russell clenched his eyes shut and bit onto her shoulder as the dildo repeatedly flicked against the crown of his cock through the thin membrane inside Danielle.

Danielle wrapped both arms around him as she started to shutter, her orgasm having reached the state of inevitability.

"Yes, yes, fuck me, fuck me," she whimpered into his ears, nearly on the verge of tears from pure erotic ecstasy.

Russell increased the pace of the dildo-fucking, and achieved the desired result for each of them. He roared like a bear as he started to shoot his thick seed inside her. The feel of his sticky warmth hosing away inside her was the perfect trigger for Danielle. She dug her nails into his back and came with him.

They both basked in the glow of her moist pussy gently clasping at the base of his cock. It coaxed out the last of his cum, which leaked out of his tip and mixed with the medley of juices inside her. They held this position until his dick started to softened, Danielle's pussy clasping at it as it went, hoping to prolong the sensation. When it had returned to full flaccidity, he rolled her over onto the bed and withdrew.

Danielle let her legs flop open on the cloud-like comforter and dipped her fingers into her humid pussy. "Thank you, master," she said, genuinely grateful.

"Very good, pet. You are getting better and better at oral. I expect that you are appreciative for the training I have put you through. You now really know how to please a man."

"I am grateful, master. Thank you for taking me from clueless and inexperienced to a cock-hungry slut." Danielle massaged her clit as she debased herself.

"You better still have an appetite, slut. We are going out. Clean up and put on your bikini."

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As they walked through the hotel lobby and towards the boardwalk, Danielle was unusually conscious of her stride. Walking with a dildo in her ass in public was as humiliating as she imagined it would be, but forced herself to come to terms with the fact that most of the people were not looking at her. There were beautiful girls everywhere, most of them Puerto Rican or Cuban, with classical, hourglass figures and bikinis that were much skimpier than hers. Compared to these girls, she looked like a prude.

Bust still, she was nervous that her gait was a tad bowlegged, and that anyone who noticed would immediately jump to the conclusion that there was a dildo in her ass. She eyed everyone who walked passed them, trying to gauge whether or not they noticed. While many of them checked her out, they were not doing so in a style atypical for college boys. They were unable to hide their gaze, but it did not seem as though they suspected her dirty secret.

A few minutes later, Danielle and Russell were sitting at a Cantina on the boardwalk. The sun was already assaulting them with with a humid ninety degrees, and Danielle's entire body was gleaming as the rays reflected off her suntan lotion. Just yesterday, Danielle felt exposed in her string bikini. But after the last eighteen hours, she felt comforted by what shreds of modesty it provided.

As her nerves started to settle, she fixed her attention on the menu. She had not eaten since the flight, and was hoping for a substantial breakfast.

A beautiful, latino waitress arrived at their table to take their order.

"I will have the Huevos Racheros and a coffee," said Russell. Before Danielle could offer her order, Russell continued, "She will have a bowl of yogurt and a fruit salad."

"Very good, I will have the right out for you," she said.

"Yogurt and fruit salad?" Danielle complained. "I'm starving, Russell!"

"Pet, you are spending the week in only that bikini. I do not want you eating scrambled eggs, beans or hot sauce and getting bloated."

Danielle's shoulders slumped at the thought that Russell would be controlling her diet, too.

"Besides," he continued, "I have a plan in the works, and yogurt is a part of it."

Danielle had no idea what that plan could be, but quickly accepted her fate.

"I understand, master."

"Good. Now, scan the restaurant for a guy you want to take to the restroom and fuck."

"Excuse me!" Danielle nearly shouted in shock.

"This is my gift to you, pet, for performing so well last night. But, although it is a gift, you have no choice but to accept it."

"OK," Danielle said. This was at least not as bad as what she had been through since she arrived in Miami. "Anyone?"

"Anyone," Russell confirmed.

Danielle had already noticed a couple of handsome guys, each about her age, muscled and oozing confidence. But one, sitting three tables behind Russell, was particularly attractive. Long, wavy brown hair, brown eyes, about six feet tall. His well-toned arms and shoulders were on display in a white wife beater, which contrasted his khaki shorts and sandals.

"OK, now what?" Danielle asked.

"Make eye contact, and make it clear that you are interested in him."

As Danielle stared unabashedly at him, she continued to talk with Russell. "Are you sure this will work, with you sitting there? Don't you think he will be intimidated by you?"

"Just make it clear that he will get sex if he follows you to the bathroom. Any guy would be a fool not to take that chance," Russell said, paying her a compliment in a circuitous fashion.

Danielle blushed, which only amplified the effect of her flirting when the guy finally looked at her. She smiled, and brushed her hair out of her face, tucking it behind her ear.

He smiled back, but returned his gaze to his plate.

"Going to have to try harder than that," said Russell. "Blow him a kiss."

Danielle's heart started racing as she waited for him to look back up at her. He did, and she flicked her eyebrows up, making sure he was paying attention. Then she puckered her lips and subtly kissed the space between them.

This time, the guy checked behind him, making sure she was not looking at someone else, and then turned back to her and put his finger to his sternum, silently asking if she was motioning to him.

Danielle nodded and licked her lips, making her intentions clear. But before she could go forward, the waitress returned with their food.

"Perfect timing," said Russell. "Take one of those strawberries, dip it in the yogurt, and then lick it clean for him."

Danielle's hands started to quiver as she grabbed one of the strawberries by the stem. Hoping that no one else in the restaurant was watching, she dipped it into the yogurt and brought it to her mouth.

Making eye contact with her unknown man, she extended her tongue and dragged it across the ripe, red fruit. The yogurt pooled on her tongue, and she took it into her mouth. When he put his hands between his legs and adjusted his shorts, Danielle knew she was having the desired effect.

"I think he is interested," she said to Russell.

"Then drive the point home. I want you to pop out one of your tits for him."

"Russell, please? This place is packed! I could go to jail for exposing myself!"

"Then you better make sure to do it discretely."

Danielle clenched her legs tightly together, as if some mental stigmatism suggested that she could balance her exposure by securing access to her pussy. She kept her gaze fixed on him as she brought her right hand to the string above her right breast.

He started to get the idea as she grabbed the string in her fist and slid it down towards the cup. She felt her fingertips graze against the soft flesh at the top of her breast, and then down further along the side of it. As she lowered her hand, her bikini lowered with it and her tit started to spill over.

In the moment before her nipple revealed itself, Danielle felt a rush of excitement invade her pussy. This sensation was amplified by the friction between her clamped thighs. She lost herself in the wave of energy and pulled the bikini all the way down. As her tit popped into the open air, she pushed it up and out towards the astonished man.

"Hey, lady," an voice called from a table to her right. Danielle turned in horror. "Those are awesome, but I don't think this is that kind of a bar!"

Some meathead jock, sitting at a table of six guys, called her situation out to the rest of his crew. They all laughed out loud, and Danielle quickly concealed her breast.

She did not know what to do, or even who to look at. She wanted to admonish them, but she knew they were in the right. She wanted Russell to stand up for her, and she wanted to make sure she had not lost the interest of her counterpart in flirtation.

Of all these options, she looked back at the man she was trying to impress. She smiled when their eyes met, knowing instantly that he was still on board.

"Don't worry about them, pet. They are not going to do anything about it. You are doing great. Now, tell me how our pussy feels."

Danielle was not in the mood to stall. She wanted to get this guy alone. Still, she obliged her master.

"My pussy feels incredibly wet, and is grateful to its master for allowing her this opportunity."

"That is what I like to hear. Now, you may claim your reward. Invite him to the bathroom and do your thing."

Without saying another word, Danielle looked back at the guy and gestured towards the restrooms. He faintly nodded, and rose when she did, following her to the back about ten paces behind her.

Danielle beat him to the men's room by just a few seconds, and was relieved to find all three stalls unoccupied. As she started to inspect each of them for cleanliness, her pursuer burst into the room, the door slamming open and crashing into the wall. He scanned the room for her and found her quickly, catching her gaze and walking towards her with a fast and confident stride.

Danielle's already-sopping pussy juiced harder as he closed the gap between them. He was moving like a predator picking off easy prey, and Danielle was deeply aroused by his self-assuredness. Her knees and elbows were jittery as he planted himself directly in front of her. As he reached up to grab her arm, she gasped.

He grabbed her upper arm firmly, as if, despite all of her advances, he thought there was some shred of possibility that she would object. She didn't. He pulled her into the handicap stall.

"There is more room in this one," he said, Danielle soaking in his sonorous bass for the first time.

"OK," was all she could muster, at least without revealing her wavering tone.

Pressing her shoulders against the wall, he forced his mouth onto hers and kissed her deeply. Her view obstructed, Danielle fumbled for his belt. This caused him to grab her wrist and break the kiss.

"Hold on," he said. "I feel like this is a once in a lifetime opportunity here, and I don't want to blow it, but who the hell is that guy you were sitting with?"

"He's my..." Danielle paused, realizing that she had never explained her situation to anyone, other than the other girls who had been through the same initiation. How do you explain to someone that you have a master? She considered synonyms with nicer connotations: owner, boss, possessor...none of them seemed right. She considered lying, too: brother, cousin, plutonic friend. She would never be able to convince him of any of those. To fill the void of silence created by her stalling, she caved and gave her original answer.

"He's my master."

"Your master? What does that mean?"

Finding relief in her honesty, that technique proved contagious.

"I am his sexual slave. We came to Miami so that we could explore my whorish tendencies while remaining somewhat anonymous. We are here right now because he told me to identify a man in the restaurant that I found attractive, flirt with him, and then bring him to the bathroom and fuck him. And I chose you."

His erection was fighting to be released from his shorts, and as she explained he gripped her wrist harder and harder.

"So, just to be clear, this is something you want, right? You are not just doing it because he wants you to?"

Danielle opted for physical proof over words. "Feel how wet my pussy is and see if you have any doubts."

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Meanwhile out in the dining room, Russell turned to the table that had mocked her for flashing.

"Hey, you," he said specifically to the guy who spoke.

"Yeah?" he responded, unintimidated by Russell's superior strength while surrounded by his crew.

"You know that girl you called out?"

"Yeah?" he repeated.

"She just took that guy into the bathroom to fuck him."

"Sounds like you got yourself a real winner, pal," he said. His friends chuckled at his attempt at humor. "Your girl leaves you at your table to go bang a stranger?"

"She did it because I told her to. She does whatever I tell her to."

"Whatever you tell her to, huh?" said the guy as he started to understand his meaning.

"Whatever, whoever, wherever, whenever," said Russell driving home the point. "I will pay for your meal if you help me out."

"What do you want us to do?"

"Follow them in there, catch the whole thing on your camera phone. I need proof that she is being obedient to my command. When it is all done, bring it back here and transfer the video to my phone, and your breakfast is on me."

Two of the boys were already on their way before Russell even offered to pay. Did they really need incentive to do this?

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Danielle was vaguely aware of the door opening, but assumed, reasonably, that it was a patron who needed to use the restroom. She bit her tongue, trying to stifle moans of pleasure that were aching to escape from her mouth. Her unknown fuck partner was sitting on the toilet, and she was standing, facing him with her legs spread. His fingers had found her throbbing clit through her bikini and were vigorously rubbing it.

Danielle gripped his shoulders for support as her knees started to buckle. She wrapped her arm around his head and held it close to her chest as she started to sway. She recalled her first night with Russell, as he had done this exact same thing to her in her room. Her lust for this man grew deeper as she drew parallels between him and Russell.

She whispered in his ear, hoping to avoid being heard by the new entrants to the room. "Yes...faster!" Her breath quickened and escalated in pitch.

It was at this point, unbeknownst to Danielle, that two camera phones emerged. One over the top of the wall from the adjacent stall, one from underneath the door. The guy rubbing her pussy did not notice either, as his ear was held tight to her chest and he was staring down at her pussy.

He wrapped his left hand around her waist and held her tight as his right hand slipped under her bikini and straight into her soaking wet hole. Danielle felt his hand graze against the dildo in her ass, and, for the first time since entering the stall, was embarrassed of herself. She looked down to see how he would react, and found him looking up at her inquisitively.

"What is that?" he asked.

"What is what?" she replied, stepping back from him so that his fingers came out of her. She was not prepared to give him the truth on that just yet. To change the subject, she reached behind her back with both hands and undid her bikini top. She held it at arms length and dropped it on the floor as her fuck toy stared unabashedly at her exposed tits.

He practically charged at her, grabbing her breasts like oversized stress balls and pushed her back against the wall. As he nibbled at her neck, Danielle looked behind him and saw the camera phone peaking out from the adjacent stall.

"Wait!" she said in a heightened whisper. "We're being filmed!"

He paused for a second to turn, and saw the camera phone retract into the stall. Then, two guys pushed their way into the handicap stall, taking advantage of the mediocre locking mechanism.

"Don't mind us," said the guy who had mocked her in the dining room. "Your master asked us to film this for him. He wanted to make sure you were being obedient."

"We have another guy watching the door, so go crazy," said the other photographer.

Danielle looked back at her partner, who was still mauling her breasts even as he had turned towards the other guys. "Are you OK with this?"

His wordless response was to pin her against the wall and kiss her hard. Danielle embraced him and held him tight, but he was not interested in kissing for long. He let go of her tits to put his hand on her shoulders and suggestively pushed her lower.

Danielle kept her back flush against the wall and the soles of her feet against the floor, choosing to squat instead of kneel in front of him. Her knees spread on either side of his legs, leaving her pussy hidden by only a thin, damp piece of green cloth. When she was level with his cock, he lowered his shorts and stepped out of them.

His dick was fully erect, and even though it was not as large as Russell's, it looked angrier, more vindictive. 'You invite me into a bathroom stall only to make me fuck on camera,' Danielle imagined it saying. 'Just wait to see what I do to you.'

Danielle quieted this ridiculous conversation by taking the taunting flesh into her mouth.

"Yeah, slut!" he said. "Suck me good. Make your master proud."

Remembering that she was being filmed, Danielle increased the energy with which she sucked.

"Mmmmm," she moaned like a whore in heat as she bounced on his cock.

The second cameraman knelt behind the guy and got his camera close to Danielle's spread legs. "Spread that bikini to the side, slut," he said.

Danielle complied, pulling the fabric away with her right hand and dipped her middle finger into her slurry of juices. She obediently swirled her fingers around inside herself, more concerned with Russell's reaction when he watched the video than what any of these guys thought.

The guy in her mouth, though, turned out to be a bit of a showman. "You know," he said, "I usually get to know a girl's name before I let her suck my cock. What is your name, slut?"

Danielle tried to back off his cock to answer him, but he pushed forward so that the distance between his cock and the wall was less than the size of her head. He wanted her to answer him with his cock in her mouth.

Danielle looked up to him with pleading eyes, but he insisted. "Answer me."

She opened her mouth wide, trying to give her tongue enough space to answer clearly, but his gag stifled her significantly.

" -an, -el" was the best she could muster.

"Oh, nice to meet you, -an, -el," he replied, hanging his mouth open to imitate her appearance and sound when answering as he said her name.

He and the two cameramen could not contain themselves, erupting in laughter and high-fiving each other. Danielle's cheeks flushed a dark shade of rouge as these three strangers mocked her. She had not considered that they did not know each other's names, and the implications this had on how much of a whore she was being both humiliated and excited her.

She rubbed her pussy harder for the camera. "Mph, mph, mphhh," she groaned around the cock gag. Tears started to smart in her eyes as the shame sank in, but still she sucked harder and faster. The cock was smooth and clean in her mouth, and she actually enjoyed the sensation of its veiny underside running up the length of her tongue.

"Damn, look at her go!" said one of the cameramen. "She is not ashamed of anything!"

"Hey, come on bro," said the other photographer. "Let's fast-forward the action a bit."

Silently agreeing, they guy pulled out of her mouth and entwined his hands with her hair. She stood as he pulled her upwards. Only now did she realize the drool that had spilled out of her mouth and collected on her breasts.

"Bend over and put your hands on the toilet seat," he said. "I want to see what it was that I felt earlier."

Danielle braced herself physically on the toilet and braced herself mentally for the taunting she would surely receive in a few seconds. She took solace in the fact that the toilet looked as though it had just been cleaned. Not a spot of filth anywhere on it.

Her counterpart slipped his hand between her legs, rubbing the side of his forefinger against her pussy. Danielle swiveled her hips against his intruding digits, even as she felt his thumb slide between her cheeks and press against her sphincter. Danielle blushed a deep shade of burgundy as he found the obstruction, even if he had yet to identify exactly what it is.

"You dirty little slut," he said. "Tell me what is in your asshole."

There was no sense hiding it. He would see it for himself in a moment.

"Its a dildo, sir," she said, still not knowing his name.

"Do you always walk around with dildo in your ass, you filthy fucking whore?"

One of the cameramen repositioned himself for a close-up.

"No, sir. My master wants me to keep it in as training for when he takes my ass."

Just admitting facts like these caused her arousal to heighten. She felt her pussy leaking all over his fingers, and she slowly rocked back and forth against him in response.

"Let's get a closer look, shall we?" he said as he grabbed the flimsy knots on her hips and pulled. The tiniest modicum of humility that remained slipped away from her as her bikini peeled off.

"Well," he said. "She wasn't lying."

He grabbed the base of the dildo and slowly slid it out of her ass.

"Please," she whimpered. "It is supposed to stay in there."

"I don't think your master will mind if we play with it a bit," he said as he continued to pull.

"No! Please, don't take it out. I have instructions!" She might not have resisted were it not for both cameras. She at least needed to make it seem like she was against this.

Unworried of any repercussions that would be brought onto him, he pulled the dildo all the way out of her ass and showed it off to the camera. "Look what we found!" he proclaimed, as if showing off to Russell in the future.

Danielle tried to turn to him and get it back, but he put his palm between her shoulder blades and kept her in place. He held the dildo to her mouth.

"I am going to count to three," he said. "On three, I am going to let go of this dildo. If you do not hold it in your mouth, it will drop into the toilet."

"No....please," Danielle tried.

"One..."

"....."

"Two..."

Danielle submitted, closing her mouth over the dildo and holding it in place as he let go.

"I knew you would see things my way," he said. Then, turning to the onlookers, "Either of you guys have a rubber?"

"Yeah, man," one of them said, pulling out his wallet and removing a condom. "Can't believe you came down to Miami without these."

"Yeah, I know. I have some in my room, but was not anticipating this. Definitely don't want to fuck this slut bareback."

"I'd say that is a pretty smart idea," said the cameraman. "This girl has probably been with at least twenty guys."

Danielle just hung her head in shame as they talked about how diseased she might be. She knew she was clean, or at least that she was before last night, but these guys were right to question it. Here she was, bent over in front of three strangers, gripping the toilet in a public bathroom, holding a dildo that had just been in her ass between her lips, and was waiting for one of them to fuck her while the other two filmed it.

Just when she was starting to hate what she had become, a hard cock filled her pussy and reignited her lust. He aggressively pushed his crown against her slit, expecting to meet more resistance. But she was so wet that he slid right into her and nearly fell against her.

Danielle nearly lost her supporting grasp on the toilet as his thighs powerfully slapped against hers, but she quickly clenched her forearm muscles and braced herself for a pummeling.

"Fuuuuuuck," they said in near-unison, Danielle as an impulsive response to pure elation, her partner in shock at how wet she had become. Danielle did not muster much sound, though, as the dildo started to slide out of her mouth the minute she opened her lips. She abruptly closed her teeth around it, preventing it from dropping into the toilet bowl.

"Damn!" said one of the photographers. "Balls deep on the first thrust, dude? That must feel like rubbing your dick down a slip n slide!"

"This is the wettest I've ever felt," he responded. "Good thing, too, because my cock is going to need to be well-lubricated for where it is going next."

It was clear to Danielle want he meant, but she could not offer any rebuttal while the dildo hung precariously in her mouth.

He grabbed her hips and started rocketing in and out of her. He fucked her with great vigor, and just as anxiously pulled her back against him. Danielle encouraged him with some subtle, lateral movement to her hips. This not only looked amazing to him, as she swiveled on his cock, but caused her vaginal walls to rub against his erect tool at different angles.

He spread her cheeks wide, eyeing up his next target, which gaped open to him thanks to the dildo she had been concealing there. He slid his thumb down her crack into her hole, plugging it with something slightly smaller for the time being.

"Mmmmmppphhhhh," Danielle groaned as he thumbed her asshole.

"Yeah, whore," he goaded. "Moan like the slut you are."

Danielle kept sending guttural sounds of approval into the echoic room. She knew that if someone were to walk in at that exact moment, they would instantly be able to know what was happening in the handicap stall. This only stimulated her further, and she bucked back against him with aplomb.

The guy pulled out of her pussy and watched it twitch in his absence. Danielle looked over her shoulder at him, her eyes imploring him to go on.

"Don't look at me, Danielle. If you want something phallic in your cunt, use what is in your mouth."

She removed the dildo from her mouth with her left hand.

"Please," she said. "Don't fuck my ass. It is for my master only!"

"As far as you are concerned, slut, I am your master now."

He put the head of his dick at her sphincter.

"No!" Danielle shouted, and then quickly rescinded. She did not want anyone to think that a rape was occurring, and for anyone else to see her in here. She resigned herself to the fact that this was happening, and hoped that Russell might check on her and take care of these guys. To prevent herself from instinctively yelling again, she put the dildo back in her mouth.

After working just his head inside her, he kicked her feet further apart. This caused her to sink to a more level position, allowing him to rest the heels of his feet on the floor and trudge onward.

In her ass, he met the resistance he was expecting in her pussy. It enrobed him like a soft vice, clenching him with the perfect amount of pressure. Securing her waist firmly in his grasp, he pushed into her and pulled her onto him all at once.

"Nnnnggggg!" Danielle screamed into her dildo gag.

"Yeah, slut. Take my cock in your slutty little hole."

He pushed all the way in to the hilt, and Danielle felt lightheadedness coming on. Her knees softened a bit, and she felt his hands grip her harder, propping her up.

"Hey!" he said in a sightly amplified voice. "Stay awake, slut!" He moved his right hand to her hair, wrapping his fingers in it and pulling her head back. "I don't want to fuck a limp fish."

He let go of her hair and turned his attention to her supple ass cheeks. He spanked each of them hard, bringing yelps of shock and, more importantly, alertness from his obedient whore.

"Good girl," he said. "Now fuck my dick with your ass."

Danielle did not understand immediately, but after a few seconds of him standing perfectly still, she realized he wanted her to do all the work. Reinforcing her hold on the toilet, she pushed back against him, feeling his cock fill her up. She then rocked forward, causing half of him to slide out of her.

Now that she was doing all the work, his hands were free to survey her body. He leaned forward, running his hands up her back, tracing her spine. As they reached her collarbone, he split his hands and grabbed her shoulders, momentarily helping her keep the rhythm of her backward thrusting.

He then traced his fingertips over her shoulders, feeling the contour of her triceps, before sliding down her chest and cupping her breasts. Here, his sensuality halted for a moment, giving each of them two quick squeezes, mashing her flesh out from between his fingers. Danielle groaned as he did so, but continued to buck against him, knowing that Russell would have wanted her to.

Finally, the stranger in her asshole moved his hand to her pussy and started rubbing her clit. This is what Danielle needed.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned, increasing the speed with which her ass bounced on his cock.

This accelerated rhythm was all he needed, too. He moved his free hand to her shoulder, holding her in place while he took over and started fucking her with everything she had.

Just as he was able to finger her to climax, he gave one final shutter and pulled out of her.

"Uuuuugggghhhhh....take it, bitch!" he screamed, disregarding the potential presence of anyone else in the bathroom. He slid his fist up her cock, relieving it of the condom, and pointed his dick back towards her asshole. He shot his entire load inside her.

At this point, Danielle was too worn out and too sexually satiated to care if anyone else knew. She wanted to turn and collapse on the toilet, but he held her in place. She was very thankful when he reached in front of her and grabbed the dildo. Pulling it from her mouth, he placed the silver phallus by her asshole. Danielle barely registered it entering her.

He pulled her up, lowered the seat, and turned her around, dropping her securely on top of it. He then turned to the two cameramen.

"Want to take a shot at her?"

"No," Danielle barely mustered. "Russell just said one."

"But Russell also said to obey me, yes?" he asked.

Danielle opened her mouth to reply, but could not formulate a response.

"And I want you to relieve them of the erections you caused. Have at her, boys."

He took one of their cameras and aimed it at the prone girl, unable to resist as the two new men approached her. In her reclined position, her breasts were level with their cocks. Taking advantage of this, one of them straddled her chest, pinning her arms at her sides, and nestled his dick in her cleavage.

"Spit on my dick, slut," he said. Danielle let her head tilt forward, fighting off tears, and unleashed a wad of spit between her breasts. Satisfied with the lubrication, he started fucking her breasts, thrusting in an upward motion.

As he was doing that, his buddy knelt on the floor before her and spread her legs. He pussy was dripping wet, so he wasted no time slipping his dick inside. He went zero to sixty in two seconds, and Danielle felt like he would have launched her into the ceiling if she were not held down by the other guy.

Danielle rationalized that Russell had sent these two in to fuck her, too. That, so long as she was obedient, she would be rewarded. With that in mind, she managed to maneuver her forearm over her pelvis, and started stroking her clit.

"God damn!" said the guy in her pussy. "This whore is insatiable!"

Watching her stroke herself was all he needed. He bottomed out inside her and sprayed her with his sticky seed. Feeling herself flood with his jizz was enough to bring her to her third orgasm of the morning. Her nipples hardened, pushing into the palms of the guy riding her rib cage.

A few moments later, he erupted, spewing semen onto her neck and chin. One shot eclipsed her face and landed in her hair, but most of it dripped out of his hole and pooled just above her tits.

Danielle was panting heavily as he dismounted her, the cum glistening on her chest as it heaved up and down. Her fingers were still dancing in her pussy, her legs spread grotesquely to the cameras. Her eyelids, heavy from fatigue, collapsed on her eyes as she fought to remain conscious.

As she idled, the three guys dressed and turned off their videos.

"Thanks, slut," said the guy who had fucked her ass. Danielle did not reply.

He collected her bikini and walked out of the bathroom with the other two guys. In the main dining room, they handed her bikini to Russell, and the two cameramen transmitted their videos to him via bluetooth. Russell paid for their meals, as promised.

Before bringing Danielle here bikini, he watched the videos at his table. By the time he was done, he was fuming. Not only had Danielle allowed them to remove the dildo, but she fucked all three of the guys. He had graciously allowed her one cock, and she greedily took two more. He closed the video application and slowly made his way to the bathroom, contemplating the numerous ways he might punish her.

**Danielle: Bonus Ch. 04**

Danielle did not linger in her post-climactic euphoria for long. Her slow, heavy breathing quickly gave way to an anxious hyperventilation. She closed her legs tightly together, raised her back off the tank of the toilet, and surveyed her situation.

She quickly confirmed her worst fear: the boys had taken her bikini with them. She had no cell phone at her disposal, no means of communicating with anyone who did not come into the bathroom and sit down in the stall next to her.

Arising from her seated position, she frantically paced around the handicap stall, praying that the boys gave her bikini to Russell, and that he would come to her rescue any second now. But, after a few minutes of zero contact, her mind started following every tangental plot this story could follow.

It only now registered to her that her chin and breasts were covered in cum. God forbid someone other than Russell find her like this. She wondered what the odds were that someone would come into the bathroom in the thirty seconds it would take for her to run to the sink and wash away the spunk. At least, she thought, she could spare herself this humiliation were she to be discovered by a stranger, naked in a bathroom.

She unlatched the door and peeked outside. The coast was clear, and the sink was literally right across from the stall, maybe six feet away. She sprinted the short distance and flipped on the hot water. With an ungraceful flailing of her arms, she splashed water over her face and chest, rubbing her skin aggressively. Because it was so recently applied, the semen easily washed away from her.

She pulled a paper towel from the dispenser and pressed it to her eyes, wiping away the water, before lowering it to her chest and drying off her breasts. Only now did she look in the mirror and see her bare self. All this time, she understood that she was completely naked, but somehow the full gravity of it did not land on her until she observed her reflection.

Her near-perfect form stood before her, and she was surprised at her beauty. In the past few weeks, she had developed an incredibly poor opinion of herself. Not because she allowed so many men and women to have their way with her, and not because she had put up with such utter humiliation, but because she had enjoyed it. Because she had agreed to come to Florida with a guy she had only known for a week, to be his slave and fuck anyone he wanted, just because he promised to fuck her.

When she first went online to find a guy like him, she would have considered herself the prize, that she should be the one guys jump through hoops for. But here she was, naked in a restaurant bathroom, cleaning the cum from three strangers off her body, in the hopes that it would please Russell enough that he would fuck her in appreciation.

As she contemplated how far she had fallen, she noticed a two-inch strand of cum hanging from her bangs. But as she turned the water back on, she heard the bathroom door open, and she quickly shut the water back off and ran back into her stall. She focused her attention on slowing her breath, hoping that she would not make so much sound as to be discovered.

If she were told that it was not Russell, she would have been disappointed, but still could not have imagined a situation as awful as what was about to play out. She kept her arms flush against the door, holding it closed, and peered through the crack to see who was outside. Her heart sunk as a boy, no more than 12, approached her stall in a wheel chair.

He pushed against the door, felt it braced shut, and wheeled back from it to peer underneath, hoping to identify whether the person occupying this stall was indeed handicapped. Seeing Danielle's two bare feet by the door, his face took on a look of clear frustration.

"Hello?" he shouted.

Danielle could not reply.

"You know that is the handicapped stall, right? All the other stalls are free and you take the handicapped stall?"

"I'm sorry," Danielle said, trying to steady her nerves so as to not break down and cry in front of him. "I won't be much longer."

"I can see you standing by the door. What are you doing? I need to use that stall!" He was starting to yell.

"Please, do me a favor," Danielle begged, knowing that she was in no position to ask. "Please go out to the dining room and ask for a guy named Russell. I need his help." She hoped that this simple plea, expressing a situation outside of her control, might get him to back off.

"What?" he scoffed. "Go ask him yourself. I really have to go!"

Just then, the door opened again. Before waiting for whoever it was to walk her way, Danielle found herself blurting out: "Russell?"

"Which stall?" he said.

"Thank God! Last one, furthest from the door."

"This one," said the boy, pointing straight towards the door.

Russell, realizing that she had been found, quickly made his way to the last stall.

"Here you go," he said, handing her bikini over the stall door. "Meet me back at the table."

With that, he turned and left.

Danielle slid the bikini bottom on and tied the top around her chest, not taking the time to adjust her breasts. She wanted to get out of there as fast as possible.

She opened the door, finding the boy staring at her in disbelief.

"Slut," he said.

Danielle opened her mouth to object, altered her thought process to issue an apology, and then left without saying anything. She practically sprinted for the door.

As she walked back into the dining room, the drying crusts of cum and her own juices announced themselves on her bikini. She did not know if they were visible to others in the restaurant, but was concerned that if she looked down to inspect herself, she would only attract unwanted attention.

"Did you enjoy yourself, pet?" Russell asked as she sat across from him. What a loaded question.

"I did for a while, during the sex part," she answered honestly. "But I was so nervous, especially after they left me naked in the stall."

"Yeah, I did not ask them to do that. Just some smart improvisation on their part."

"Russell, that boy really needed that stall. We shouldn't have done that to him."

"We?" he asked. "I did not tell you to use the handicapped stall."

"I..." she started. "I know. It just made the most sense as far as space goes."

"I suppose you are wondering why it took me so long to come get you."

"No. I assumed you were just making me wait to torture me."

"Well, that is true, but while I was waiting I watched the videos. Those boys got some explicit shots."

"Oh." Danielle did not know what to say, and felt that she was about to be reprimanded.

"So. You let them take the dildo out of your asshole?"

"Yes, but I protested, master," she said, reverting to her submissive vernacular in hopes of appeasing him. "They said that you said I should follow their every command."

"I never said that. If I had, I surely would have said it front of you. Is that how they convinced you to fuck the other two guys? You know I only gave you permission for one."

"Yes, master. The guy I went in there with said that he was my boss at that moment, at your consent, and he wished to see me get fucked by the two cameramen."

"Well, needless to say, you broke some rules, and you will have to be punished for that. However, I must admit that I am glad to see your whorish tendencies taking over. A few weeks ago you would have argued and tried to stand up to those guys, but now you cave to the slightest urging. Tell me, how did it feel to get gang banged by strangers in a public restroom."

"It was...exhilarating."

"How so?"

"Knowing that at any moment we could be discovered? All of my senses were heightened, which really made his cock tingle inside me. And knowing, or at least assuming, that none of these guys would see me again, I was more willing to give into their desires."

"I noticed."

Danielle blushed and lowered her gaze, not wanting to overstep her freedom to speak.

"Anyway, you will pay for your indiscretions tonight. In the meantime, we will go next door and buy you a new bikini. You can't walk around in that stained disaster anymore."

Danielle looked at her bikini. It looked warn and tattered, wrinkled and certainly stained. Her saving grace is that the stains were not obviously from jism. It looked more like she just spilled something on herself.

Russell paid the tab and led her to the bikini spot next door. After a short time perusing the racks, he selected something stringy and white and handed it to Danielle.

"Go try this on."

Danielle took it in her hands, letting it cascade between her fingers. She was not even sure how this kind of bikini worked. It looked like there was nothing to cover her up.

Russell patted her on the ass. "Let's go," he said.

Danielle made her way back to the dressing room and locked the door. She removed her bikini and stood naked as she tried to decipher the white one in her hand. After several failed attempts, she had it figured out. She observed herself in the mirror again, and found it hard to believe that a bikini of this nature existed.

The white string wrapped around her hips, meeting at the top of her ass crack before disappearing inside it. A miniscule white triangle covered her slit and only a few inches above it. She knew she would have to keep herself well-trimmed.

Her top was equally scant. A white string that encircled her just beneath the breasts, tying behind her back. Another string came around the back of her neck and attached to the previous string, crossing her nipples. There was enough of an oval-shaped fabric over her nipples to hide them and a few inches in radius in all directions.

Despite the exposure this bikini forced upon her, she did not feel too much shame. Instead, she found herself excited. She knew that Russell would approve, and that with his approval would come another glorious fuck session. She went out to show herself off.

He stood stoically as she approached him, and watched as she stopped just a few feet away and did a pirouette.

"Does this please you, master?" she said.

"That depends. How does that bikini make you feel?"

"It feels fitting for a whore of my level," she said, laying on the submission in hopes of turning him on. Half of her wanted him to take her back to the fitting room and fuck her brains out right now.

"Good answer. Then I like it," he said.

He walked her to the register with his hand on her ass. Danielle welcomed the attention, and did not care if anyone else in the shop noticed. After paying, Russell walked her to the door and paused.

"Here is the plan," he said. "You are going to walk out of here, turn left, and walk for about half a mile. I will follow about fifty feet behind you the entire way. I want to see the effect that this bikini has on other people on the beach. Understand so far?"

"Yes, sir."

"After half a mile, find a spot on the beach and I will join you there. But here is the deal. If you turn around and look for me; if you check to make sure that I am following you, to give you assurance or protection, this whole week is over. We go back to the hotel, pack our bags, and go straight to the airport. Do you understand?"

"You are not going to do that anyway, are you? Let me walk a half mile away, while you run back to the hotel and leave me in Miami alone?"

"While I am sure you would not have any trouble finding a bed to sleep in, my pet, that is not my plan, and will not be what happens unless you doubt me and turn to confirm that I am following you."

"OK. I understand. Do you want me to go now?"

"This instant."

...

Taking her first step out onto the boardwalk was like bungee jumping off a bridge. At first, it felt like a nosedive into a canyon of humiliation and public judgment. Danielle took five steps out of the shop and paused. She felt eyes on her from every direction, and received no solace from her string bikini. She was fully on display.

She looked briefly to her right, towards the hotel, then took a deep breath, turned left and continued her downward decent. She avoided eye contact, thinking that if she could resist their stares, she could spare herself some of the shame. Still, with a dildo in her ass and nothing but some small shreds of fabric to cover her most private areas, she did not need the opinions of others to feel their disapproving gaze.

But once she hit the nadir of her plummet, feeling that she could not blush any harder, she slowly raised her eyes. It was as though the bungee chord snapped her back up, and her spirits heightened. Though her opinions of herself were unchanged, it did not seem as though anyone was paying her any particular attention. She did notice lots of guys check her out, but they did not seem to think as poorly of her as she did of herself.

She raised her shoulders and started to walk more confidently. Looking around, she noticed lots of women dressed as scantily as her. Most were Latino, and, if anything, they seemed to stare her down more than the men, as if they were sizing up the competition. Some of them made her feel a bit nervous, as if they were going to start some kind of altercation. But Danielle remained calm, trusting that Russell was close behind her to rescue her should it come to that.

After she had walked what she guessed to be a half mile, she started to look for a spot on the sand. The beach was so crowded with sunbathers that she found it difficult to see any sand at all, but soon she found a small patch and decided to stake her claim.

She descended the steps of the boardwalk and felt the hot sand on the soles of her feet. Tiptoeing between the towels, she could feel the eyes of everyone lying on their back staring up at her. She knew she was giving them a great show, but did not care. In fact, for the first time in a long time she began to feel a bit of confidence. She knew that she looked great, even if she would never have worn this of her own accord.

She reached her small plot of sand and, for the first time, turned to look for Russell. He was nowhere to be seen. She shielded her eyes with her hand, peering off towards the boardwalk in the hopes that he had not have caught up to her yet. But before she could scan the vast multitudes for Russell, a voice interrupted her.

"Down in front, bitch!" an unknown female voice said from just in front of her.

"Excuse me?" Danielle said, surprised at the utter disregard this girl was paying to her.

"Don't just stand there blocking my view, ho. Lie down or get out of the way!"

Danielle squinted in the sunlight, trying to gauge whether or not she was serious. She had only been standing there a few seconds, so this girl would have had to be particularly short-tempered to start cursing so quickly. Danielle could make out that she was latin, Puerto Rican, she guessed, and was lying next to an black girl. They were each beautiful, and, like Danielle, wearing next to nothing.

"I'll just be a minute," Danielle replied. "I'm trying to find someone."

"Ain't no way you are standing there for another minute, chica. And what are you trying to pull in that bikini?" The girl stood up to face Danielle directly.

Danielle quickly regretted talking back to her. Though this girl was only an inch or two taller, and equally as fit, she clearly had a rage within her that could easily boil over. Her presence alone caused Danielle to take as step back.

"You think you have the ass to pull off that string bikini?" She backed it up by stepping towards Danielle, reaching around her and slapping her ass.

"Hey!" Danielle shouted, growing ever more anxious.

"Come on, bitch! Get lost!" the Latina threatened her, putting her hands on Danielle's shoulders and pushing her backwards. Danielle instinctively shifted her left leg behind her to prevent herself from ending up vertical. With her legs spread, Danielle knew she was giving a great view to anyone lying down around them. And they were all looking at this spectacle.

A tempestuous concoction of embarrassment and rage swelled inside her. If she had thought it over for a split second longer, she would have done things differently. But, acting supremely impulsively, she lurched forward and pushed the darker-skinned girl with all her strength.

She watched what ensued in slow motion. The girl flew back against against her friend, and they both started to fall backwards into their blanket set-up. The black girl tripped over a man's leg and ended up on his lap, while the Latina girl balanced herself well enough to turn and land on her knees. It was as though the ocean had become mute, with time standing still as Danielle awaited their rebuttal.

A medley of heightened yells, obscenities and polysyllabic words in Spanish broke through the stunned silence. Danielle understood that threats were being hurled her way, but was too astonished her own irrational reaction to respond.

In a moment, both girls were on their feet and approaching Danielle as if they were going to flay her alive. Danielle squinted and brought her hands to her face as they both formed fists and cocked their arms.

But the punches did not come. Knowing that if they were to be thrown, they would have been thrown already, Danielle cracked her eyelids open to see what happened.

"Russell!" she shrieked in relief and utter surprise. She had already considered herself abandoned, yet here he was, her knight.

He was holding both of the girls' arms, fending off their attack with ease. Once they relented their futile cause, Russell turned to Danielle.

"Go down to the water. I will meet you there in a moment."

"Thank you," she said, so happy that she thought she might cry.

She turned and traipsed off down to where the sand was soft from the tide, feeling the water caress her ankles, and turned to watch her hero assuage the tumultuous situation.

Russell was now standing calmly with both girls, who were speaking not only with great vigor, but were waving their arms violently, as if to emphasize their point. Russell remained stoic, speaking without moving, and slowly the girls seemed to accept his explanation.

Danielle noticed them looking around him and towards her, and was discomforted by their demonic smiles. Her stomach started to turn as she got the sense that Russell was arranging a meeting for them later this week. This was all but confirmed when she saw them all take out their cell phones and thumb them for a minute.

Russell returned to her.

"You did very well on your walk, pet," he said. "You did not turn around once, and did a fine job managing all of the attention thrown your way."

Danielle had nearly forgotten that ordeal.

"Thank you, master."

"My only regret is that you were not approached by more guys. I guess they were intimidated by your beauty."

Danielle blushed at the compliment, but could not focus on it.

"Master, did you invite them to our room?"

"I did, pet. They deserve retribution, and you need to be punished anyway."

"They deserve retribution!" Danielle shouted, losing her place for a moment. Russell raised an eyebrow, and she lowered her tone. "I'm sorry, master. But they started it...they called me 'bitch' and pushed me just because I was trying to set up in front of them."

"Pet, I don't care if there was no grey area and you were 100% right. I want to see you subject yourself to the wrath of two girls. The fact that they are black and Puerto Rican is a particular turn on for me. You will obey them as you obey me, is that understood?"

Danielle's legs were trembling at the thought. She had a feeling these girls would be particularly rough, even compared to the four guys from last night.

"I understand, yes, but can you please make them abide by some guidelines? They genuinely hate me, and I am scared they will do some permanent damage."

"Slave, my slave," he said, turning her towards the water and guiding her into it. "Do not forget your place, and do not forget the reward you receive for your obedience."

He put his arm around her waist, letting his palm slide to the top of her ass as they began to wade into the water.

"Tell me, pet. When those guys came over last night, were you scared?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did they do any permanent damage?"

"No, but they nearly drowned me, and they spanked me really hard!"

"So you had some moments of sharp pain and fear, but it only heightened your arousal, didn't it? How many times did you cum?"

Danielle blushed.

"Three or four times, I think."

"And this morning, with me, did you cum?"

"Yes, master. That was the best cum of my life."

"And in the restaurant bathroom...how many times did you cum then?"

"A couple...I'm not sure."

"So in the past eighteen hours, you have cum about seven or eight times, and you still question me?"

"I'm sorry, master. I just get really scared beforehand."

"Well, that seems to be a turn-on for you. And I am going to keep pushing your limits until I am bored with you."

The words 'bored with you?' haunted Danielle. She thought this week was an audition of sorts, a means of proving her worth to Russell. Was he really going to ditch her once he got bored?

"I hope you never get bored with me," she said, trying to keep the dialog on that subject.

"Me too, pet, but that is entirely up to you."

They had waded to a depth where Danielle had only her head above water. She appreciated the temporary concealment of her body, even if the entire beachfront was focussed on her slow jaunt to these depths.

"Come here," Russell said, putting his hands in her armpits and lifting her to his height. He pulled her close and Danielle wrapped her legs around his waist. Once she was secure there, Russell lowered his hand and wrapped them around her mid-back.

He kissed her with a passion that seemed out of place given the conversation they had been having. Danielle allowed herself to get lost in it, ignoring the recent past and reveling in the moment. On vacation, in the sun, in the water, her tongue dancing with the tongue of her lover. He was deftly skilled, and Danielle felt her trepidation washing away.

Then, Russell made it clear that a full cleansing was his mission. Breaking the kiss, he said:

"Is there cum still inside you?"

Danielle was rocked back to the reality of the situation.

"Yes," she said, her disappointment causing her to forget his proper address.

"I'm going to remove your dildo, OK?" he said, though he did not wait for her consent. He grabbed the thin string separating her cheeks and pulled it to the side. He then found the base of the dildo with his left hand and slid it out of her.

"Now, spread your asshole and let these waters rinse out whatever they left in you."

Danielle despised the near-medical timbre of his this dialog. It contrasted so starkly from the emotion in his kiss, and she found it nearly impossible to identify which Russell was the true Russell. Hoping that it was Russell the kisser, she left her weight is his arms and spread her own cheeks.

She felt the saltwater ooze inside her battered asshole, flooding her anal passage and mixing with the cum that had so recently been deposited. Clenching her ass muscles, she forced it out into the ocean, and envisioned the cloudy discharge disappear into the depths beneath her.

"Should I do the same with my pussy, master?"

"Yes you should, pet. Very good of you to ask permission."

Danielle gripped his shoulder with her left hand and sunk her right into the front of her thong. She slipped it to the side and spread her labia wide with her fore- and ring finger. She then gently probed her hole with her middle finger, enabling the water to work its way inside. She could feel the salt water dislodge the dried cum inside her, and then forced it all out with a cuif.

Upon completion, she giggled, despite herself, knowing that any onlookers from the shore could have no idea what was happening beneath the surface.

"All clean?" Russell asked matter-of-factly.

"Yes, master."

"Good slave," he said.

Danielle then jumped and gasped, initially out of fear that an eel had passed between her legs. In no time, though, she realized it was actually Russell, who had unleashed his cock from his trunks and was searching for her hole. She shifted her hips so that he was aligned, and he slid deep into her.

Danielle wrapped her arms around his shoulders, pulled herself tight to him, and buried her face in the crook of his neck. "Thank you!" she hushed into his chest as filled her again.

"Don't get your hopes up, slave. This won't last long."

"I don't need much time, master," she said.

"No, slave. I'm only fucking your cunt until I get hard, and then I want you to go underwater and finish me with your mouth the way you handled those boys last night."

Danielle wanted to object, but knew she would not get anywhere. And with his 'bored with you' line still fresh in her memory, she simply nodded her understanding.

"Tell me you want to be my slut," he said.

"I want to be your slut, master," she said.

"Tell me in your own words," he said, adding, "Be convincing."

Danielle knew that the truth was exactly what he wanted, so she started speaking her honest emotions.

"I don't care what you subject me to, or who you make me fuck. I don't care who watches, or where you make me perform. And I don't care what you call me, or anyone else thinks of me. The happiest moments of my life are when your cock is in my pussy. I live for those moments, and will happily serve as your slut until you are bored with me."

As she spoke, she could feel his cock hardening inside her. She knew she had done well.

"Very good, slut. You have earned the right to suck my cock. Now, take a deep breath."

Danielle knew what was coming. She inhaled as best she could, and sunk underwater. Russell, realizing she needed some help staying low enough, put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her down.

Danielle could hardly see, but knew exactly where he was and where to find her target. She gripped it with her hand and brought the tip to her lips. Doing her best to prevent water from entering her mouth, she quickly slid her lips down his cock, feeling him slide along her tongue.

A small amount of salty seawater did get into her mouth, and she gagged as it went down her throat. Above water, Russell experienced the sensation that one of the boys had described the night prior. The water rushed along the length of his cock as it flushed down her throat. It was the perfect stimulation.

Not wasting any time, he pulled her head against him and started to cum. Danielle was surprised it came so fast, and her mouth cracked open as an involuntary response. A doubly-salty mix of cum and ocean water washed around inside her, staining her tongue and the back of her throat. Her entire body convulsed as she struggled for air, but Russell held onto her hair and pulled her tight until he was done.

As soon as he released her, Danielle jerked back off his cock, planted her feet on the ocean floor, and pushed herself to the surface. She took a huge gasp of air, refilling her lungs and regaining her composure. Her face had reddened considerably while underwater, and though the air was returning to her face, she remained red. From the shore, she heard a small contingent of people applauding her invisible show.

"Good job, pet. See how much everyone likes you?"

Danielle covered her eyes with her hands, as if infantile reason applied, and these onlookers disappeared once she stopped being able to see them.

"No, pet. Remove your hands from your face, adjust your bikini, and walk out of the water with me with your head held high. You should be proud that you have had this moment of self-honesty, that you know you are a slut and revel in it. Let them see you for who you are."

Danielle started to obey him, removing her hands and adjusting her bikini. But Russell interrupted her one last time.

"Oh, and don't forget this," he said, holding it above the water for their audience to observe.

Danielle sheepishly took it from him, inserted it where it belonged, and covered it with the string of her bikini.

Walking out of the water with him, she forced her head up, looking towards the frat boys and sorority girls, here on spring break, who clapped for her. Though she was not sure if they were actually impressed, or if this applause was their form of mocking, she could not tell. But she found herself smiling at their response.

"See, my pet," Russell encouraged her, "You should be proud of what you are. Every guy over there wishes their girl were as adventurous as you, as shameless as you. And every girl who mocks you does so out of envy."

Danielle did not reply verbally, but moved her hip into his thigh and put her arm around him. As they continued down the beach, she let her head rest on his shoulder. The multitudes of women dressed as scantily as her, coupled with Russell's words and extreme proximity, washed away any shame she had felt for what she was wearing.

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Back at the hotel, Russell escorted her into the elevator and pressed the button for floor three.

"What is on floor three?" Danielle asked.

"Take your dildo out, now," Russell said.

The absence of any significant material in her ass made it easy for her to oblige. She pulled it out with little difficulty and placed it in Russell's upturned hand.

"You have been very good today, pet. You deserve a reward."

Wary of any of Russell's "rewards," Danielle allowed him to take her hand and lead her out the door. Her spirits brightened, though, when she saw that they were following the signs for the spa.

"Good afternoon," Russell said to the receptionist. "Do you have any availability on such short notice?"

"Yes we do, sir," she replied. "We always keep extra staff on hand for walk-ins."

"Excellent. My girl here was involved in a somewhat harrowing experience on the beach today. Not her fault, no damage done, but she is a little frazzled."

Danielle tensed just at the thought of the girls on the beach. She had actually allowed herself to forget.

"I'm so sorry to hear that. Are you OK?" asked the girl behind the desk.

"Yes," Danielle answered. "It is not too serious."

"I would like you to give her the royal treatment. Massage, manicure, pedicure, facial...whatever she wants."

"We can take care of that, sir. Absolutely."

"Danielle," he said. She was still startled when he used her real name. Russell kissed her flush on the lips. "Whatever you want, OK?"

"Yes. Thank you, Russell," she said as she wrapped her arms around his neck, enjoying this brief moment using their real names.

"Right this way, Danielle," said the girl.

As Danielle started to walk behind the desk, Russell called after them. Jogging a few steps towards them so that he didn't need to shout, he said, "One more thing. She is afraid to ask, but she has always wanted to be waxed clean. Is that something you do here?"

The girl looked at Danielle. "Yes, of course. We can take care of that, too."

"Fantastic," said Russell. "Just bill everything to our room, love."

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Three hours later, Danielle stepped out of the spa in a plush, white robe. She felt as if she were floating on a cloud. The staff had started with the wax, knowing that would be the only uncomfortable part, but spend the ensuing two and a half hours pampering her beyond her wildest imagination. Her nails and cuticles were immaculate, her skin as soft as the day she as born from head to toe, her muscles had been massaged to the point that they felt like pudding. For Russell, she had asked for an anal bleaching, and was very happy with the results. She drifted to the elevator and made her way to their room.

Only once she arrived at the door did she realize she did not have the entry card.

She knocked.

She was still on cloud nine when the door swung open, at which point she came crashing back to earth. There stood the two girls from the beach, naked except for leather, cupless bras and garters. Their arms were holding the each other closely, as Russell had with Danielle on the beach, and their smiles belied their mischievous intentions.

"Did you miss us, sweetie?"

**Danielle: Bonus Ch. 05**

Danielle did not reply. She was too stunned to think.

"Come on now, bitch, we know you're not shy."

They each grabbed an arm and pulled Danielle out of the hallway.

"No," Danielle whispered, unable to muster anything except for her most base response to this situation. She saw Russell arise from his chair and approach her.

"Did you have a good time at the spa, pet?"

The girls snickered at his name for her.

"Yes, Russell, but please..."

"Uh, uh, uh," Russell cut her off. "What's my name?"

"Master, sir, sorry," Danielle confessed. The girls snickered again.

"There are no buts, slave. You were very obedient on the boardwalk and the beach, and you were rewarded. But you strayed from my command this morning at the restaurant, and you need to be punished."

"Master, please. Punish me yourself."

"Slave, I am going to do you the courtesy of offering advice. These girls are not to be fucked with. I am giving them the full use of all of our toys tonight, and they will use them if you disobey.

Look," he said as he turned her towards the other side of the bed. On the floor was his full arsenal of sex gear. Paddles, whips, dildos, strap-ons, clamps, chains, candles...all neatly laid out so they would be easy to find in a hurry.

"These are two, tough dykes. You can play nice, and probably enjoy yourself, or you can resist and suffer. I will be in the chair enjoying myself either way."

The hispanic girl wrapped her arms over Danielle's shoulders from behind and grabbed the collar of her robe. She pulled it open and let it fall to the floor, and Danielle's hopes came crashing down with it.

She stood there in peace for a moment of brevity, looking like Venus. Her pristine form, post-spa, was about as close to perfection as the female body can be.

The black girl put the palm of her hand against Danielle's stomach gently. Danielle remained silent as the girl lowered her fingers to just above Danielle's bald pussy. She removed her entire hand except for the fingernail of her middle finger, and slowly walked a circle around Danielle. Danielle felt goosebumps arising on her hips as the nail traced a thin line around her midsection. She closed her eyes as the black girl came back into view, standing shoulder to shoulder with the hispanic girl in front of her.

"Damn, girl," she said. "I got to admit you got one hell of a body."

Danielle remained silent.

"What do you say when someone pays you a compliment, slave?" the Hispanic girl asked.

"Thank you," Danielle said under her breath, keeping her eyes closed.

The hispanic girl grabbed Danielle's left nipple and pinched it hard.

"You better answer loudly and clearly, slave. Tamika does not have much patience."

"Aiiiieeeee...Thank you, Tamika," Danielle said more audibly, though through the clenched teeth as she grimaced in pain. Her eyes shot open involuntarily.

"You're welcome, slave, but let that be the last time you use my name. Maria can call me Tamika, and I can call her Maria, but you are to call both of us Mistress."

"I understand," said Danielle.

Maria grabbed the note pad and pen off the desk and drew three straight lines on it. She then turned it towards Danielle, who observed twenty-three lines: four pre-existing sets of four vertical marks stricken by a diagonal line, plus the three new lines.

"Each of these represents the number of times you get spanked tonight, slut," Maria offered as explanation. "Ten for disobeying your master this morning. Ten for being a rude, inconsiderate little cunt to Tamika and myself at the beach, and three so far for not replying appropriately to Tamika's compliment. Do you understand?"

Danielle nodded silently.

"Obviously, you don't," said Maria, writing two more lines on the tab.

"I understand, mistress," Danielle quickly said before she added any more.

"What do you think, Maria. This is one beautiful slab of meat we get to play with."

"Yeah," Maria answered. "I bet she looks even better on her knees."

Danielle wasn't sure if this was a command, or if the official command had yet to come, but she decided to sink to her knees anyway. She was eye-level with their leather garters, and could sense that there were no panties beneath.

"Well, well, well," Tamika said. "We have a fast learner, don't we?" She walked behind Danielle and put her hand on the back of her neck. "Put your chest to the ground, with your mouth on your mistress's toe." Maria put out her bare foot, giving Danielle a target.

Danielle leaned forward, feeling her erect nipples brush against the carpet as her lips landed on Maria's left big toe.

"You owe my girl an apology for what you did at the beach today, slave. You are going to kiss your way up her left leg, then down her right leg. Five kisses each. With each kiss, I will be administering one smack on your ass. You will thank me after each slap."

There were tears welling in Danielle's eyes as she offered her mandatory response. These girls were going to degrade her all night, and if she committed any missteps, they would cause her great pain. They were driven not only by their enjoyment of the dom/sub game, but by revenge. She kissed Maria's big toe.

Tamika struck her left ass check with a vengeful blow.

"Ahhh!" The scream lurched from Danielle's throat. "Thank you, Mistress!"

Not knowing how she would be able to tolerate twenty four more, she raised her head a few inches and kissed Maria mid-calf.

Another blow from Tamika. It was not any less stinging than if she were using a paddle. Danielle thanked her again.

The process repeated as Danielle kissed Maria's knee, then again at mid-thigh. A tear was dribbling down her cheek when she pursed her lips and kissed Maria just below her garter belt, her final kiss on the left leg. Maria pulled Danielle's face against her bare pussy as the fifth spank came down.

Danielle's thank you was muffled by Maria's thighs, pinched around her face. She reached towards Maria's waist for leverage, but Tamika caught her hands and pulled them behind her back. Maria held her firm, moaning her approval.

"Get used to that smell, pig. You are going to be spending a lot of time there tonight."

She then pushed Danielle's head away so she could continue her laborious task. Danielle kissed her below the garter on her right leg, and continued down towards her knee.

After she kissed her right calf, she heard Tamika spit on her left cheek. The wad landed just before the hand did, and this time the hand lingered to smear the saliva around.

"Unngggg...Thank you, Mistress," Danielle obediently replied.

One final kiss on Maria's toe was followed with another wad of spit, a final firm spank, and another smearing of the spit. Danielle thanked her again.

"Oooohhhh, Tamika, you did such a great job!" Maria giggled. "You should see our ass, slut. Your left cheek is glowing red like there is a candle inside it."

This was appropriate imagery, as Danielle felt like her ass had been set on fire.

"The spit really makes it glow!" Maria added. "Now get up on the bed."

She grabbed Danielle's hair and pulled her to her feet. She steered Danielle towards the foot of the bed, where Danielle soon found herself in the same position. Only this time, Tamika was in front of her and Maria behind her.

"OK, bitch," Tamika said. "I want you to suck each one of my toes into your mouth, one at a time, and hold it there while Maria spanks you. After each spank, you can move onto the next toe."

She moved her foot towards Danielle's face and splayed her toes, giving Danielle a glimpse of her targets. "Be slow about it, though. Savor each one. Explore them with your tongue."

Swallowing her pride, and not wanting to give them any more reason to abuse her, Danielle uttered, "I understand, mistress," and opened her mouth towards the big toe.

She easily closed her lips around it, and was surprised to find that it was not at all foul. It tasted recently cleaned, which made the experience somewhat more bearable. So caught up was she in the hygienic nature of Tamika's feet, she forgot to brace for Maria's first spank.

It landed like a thunderclap, rocking Danielle back to her hellish reality. "Mmmpphhhh!" she screamed as Maria's hand landed on her right cheek.

"Next toe, slut," Tamika said.

Danielle lifted her head off the big toe and moved towards the next. It was a bit more difficult, as it did not stand out from the rest, and she found herself tonguing it in an effort to elevate it above the others.

"Good little slut," Tamika said as Danielle succeeded. "Now swirl that tongue around."

Danielle whirled her tongue over the second toe until Maria spanked her right cheek again.

"I'm going to make this cheek as red as the other," Maria taunted.

Danielle finished off the right foot, absorbing three more smacks, before moving towards the other big toe.

"That's right, suck it, bitch," Tamika said, jamming her toe up into Danielle's mouth.

"Good little slut," Maria complimented Danielle after she counted her tenth toe. "Now, I want you to spread your ass for me. Show me that well-used little asshole."

"Please, mistress," Danielle began, hating herself for using the term so freely, "Please just let me serve you with my mouth and pussy."

Maria shook her head in disappointment, and left her post to retrieve the pad and pencil from the desk.

"Five, six, seven," she counted, adding spanks the tally.

After eight, Danielle reluctantly but quickly reached back and spread her ass to her tormentor. Maria wasted no time in raising her hand and smacking Danielle's puckered ass with a harsh smack.

"Unnggghhhh," Danielle grunted into Tamika's feet as the muscles in her arms impulsively flexed, causing her to lose her grip on her ass.

"You see, bitch, if you had just been more obedient, there would have only been two smacks to your butt hole. But since you disobeyed, I have more to dispense. Spread you ass again."

Danielle was quicker to respond this time, peeling her ass open again. The cool of the air conditioned hotel room helped to numb the burning of her sphincter, but the aloe-like affect did not last long.

Another piercing smack landed against her pink, and Danielle yelped again. This time, she was able to keep her ass spread.

"I want to hear her apologize again, Maria," Tamika said from her perch at the top of the bed.

"I'm sorry," Danielle offered meekly.

Maria smacked her again. "Try harder, slut."

Tamika gave more specific instructions. "Say, I am sorry for my behavior on the beach this morning."

Danielle repeated it word for word.

"I behaved like a spoiled little cunt, and I deserve the punishment I am receiving."

Danielle hesitated again, hating to use the c-word, but started speaking early enough to prevent Maria from adding to her spank tab.

"I behaved like a spoiled little...cunt...and I deserve the punishment I am receiving."

Tamika grabbed her hair and strained her neck backwards. "The only thing you are good for is being fucked. If it weren't for your three holes, you would be a useless slab of meat."

A fourth slap landed between her spread cheeks, and Danielle took it well. She could feel her asshole start to throb, but managed to keep her ass spread.

"That leaves four remaining, slut, unless you disobey again. Now roll onto your back."

Danielle complied, releasing her ass to brace herself before pushing herself onto her back. Her pierced nipples shot straight up towards the ceiling, as did her knees as she pulled her feet towards her ass.

"Spread your knees and pull them up towards your tits, cunt," said Maria as she and Tamika slowly circled the prone slave. Danielle did so, offering her open pussy to Tamika, who was now standing between her legs at the end of the bed. Maria climbed on the bed and straddled Danielle's head. Once settled into her position, she grabbed Danielle's calves and pulled her legs apart wider.

"You can let go of your knees now, whore. Now use those slutty fingers to spread your pussy lips to your mistress."

Beneath Maria's thighs, Danielle's cheeks flushed. She had fucked seven guys in the last two days, and knew that her pussy would be relatively loose. From her close view of Maria's tight and trimmed pussy, she could tell that these girls would be mocking the condition of her own. She began to legitimately feel like an inferior woman, as opposed to someone who was merely acting the part. These girls might be horrible people and sexually aware, but at least they knew how to take care of themselves. Danielle just knew how to be gullible, to give herself to anyone at a simple command of Russell.

"Damn, bitch? What did those guys fuck you with, a baseball bat?" Tamika said, much to the delight of Maria.

"How many guys did you say tapped this pussy?" Maria asked.

Danielle exhaled, ashamed as she answered honestly. "Seven."

"Since when?" Tamika asked.

"Since last night."

"Fuck me," Maria said. "I've never heard of anything like that."

Danielle continued to hold her lips open to Tamika as Maria spread her legs at the calves. Danielle did not anticipate the slap that was coming, but it came nonetheless, landing brutally on her exposed clit.

"Nnfffff," she exploded, her head shooting off the bed and hitting Maria's ass. Spittle erupted from her lips as the shock of pain caused her to convulse a bit. Her hips bounced up and down on the mattress.

But out of fear of adding to her spanks, she continued to hold herself open.

"One more, Tamika. Let's leave two for later," Maria said.

Danielle braced herself for another smack, trying to predict when it would come so she could bear it easier. But instead, Tamika gently brought her hand to Danielle's glowing clit and circled over it smoothly. Danielle initially reacted as if she had been smacked, flinching sharply at the slightest touch, but soon settled in and allowed Tamika to tease her.

"Come on, slut. Get that pussy wet for me. I know how you love to serve. I know deep down you are turned on by submitting to us."

And while this had been true many times in the recent past, Danielle was not getting turned on by this. She was being punished, for breaking an order against her will, and she was not enjoying it.

"Now you get to make a choice, slut," Maria said. "You can apologize to me by putting your tongue in my pussy and convince me that you love it. Or, if you prefer, I will plant my pussy right on your nose and ride your face to orgasm. You have five seconds to respond."

Danielle did not respond. She was despondent. This girl was going to get herself off one way or another, Danielle was not going to provide her tongue and humiliate herself even more.

"That was a mistake, you little cunt."

Tamika smacked her again, the full weight of her whip of an arm striking her clit. Danielle let out a scream, but Maria muffled it by sitting down on her mouth. Danielle's legs jerked free of Maria's control, and her hands released her pussy lips to cover her sore hole.

Tamika left her partner to smother Danielle while she retrieved a strap-on dildo from the pile of toys. She slid it up her toned legs and secured it in place before climbing onto the bed and handing Danielle's legs back to Maria.

Danielle tried to twist her head and crack her lips open for the slightest access to air, and managed to find a fissure between Maria's pussy lips. She inhaled deeply, her breasts heaving up into the air as she filled her lungs. She could feel Maria pull her legs back and spread them wide, and soon felt something hard and rubbery gliding over her clit.

"Mmmmppphhhh," she grunted as Tamika teased her. She knew she was splayed wide and powerless against them, but she refused to allow them to think they were turning her on.

"Get ready to take my cock, slut," Tamika said as she brought the head to Danielle's gaping, sopping hole.

She sliced all the way into her in one motion, and Danielle responded with a deep, guttural growl. The dildo was on par with the guy who fucked her in the bathroom this morning, and filled her nicely. Tamika started thrusting back and forth into her as Maria slid her pussy over Danielle's nose and onto her lips.

"Rub your little clitty, you fucking whore," Tamika ordered Danielle. Danielle resisted this command. The last thing she wanted was for these girls to get her off. Even if it made Russell happy, she hated these girls and refused to give into them.

"Are you sure you want me to do it for you, slut? I might rip it off," Tamika warned.

With her ego slumping, Danielle thought better of it. Tamika would twist her clit into oblivion if she disobeyed. Maybe it was better to play along. She reached between her legs and started rubbing her clit. Her fingertips could feel the motion of the dildo ploughing into her.

Danielle whimpered as she started to get herself off. This caused a round of laughter from her masters.

"Fucking slut loves it!" Tamika exclaimed, not believing her eyes.

This encouraged her to fuck her slave harder. Danielle was crying between Maria's legs as the swarm of emotions and physical sensations became too much for her. Maria continued to grind on her face as if she was riding a mechanical bull.

Just as she was on the verge of climaxing, Tamika slapped her hand away from her clit and withdrew her cock.

"You don't get to cum that easy, skank," she said.

Maria climbed off her and grabbed her by the hair, pulling her off the bed and back onto the floor.

"Get on your knees, now."

Danielle sank to her knees and watched as Maria grabbed her own strap on. She wiped away tears as Maria locked it in place and Tamika lit two candles.

"Put your face on the ground, ass in the air," Maria commanded. Danielle again complied.

Maria knelt behind her and aimed her thinner strap-on towards Danielle's asshole.

"I hear our master makes you wear a dildo up your ass to keep you ready for this," she said.

"Yes, mistress," Danielle sobbed, ashamed that her humiliating secrets had been shared while she was at the spa.

"You're lucky, because I was fucking you in the ass either way. Now get those hands back here and spread yourself open for me."

Danielle was losing all of her will to resist. She laid her cheek flat on the ground and spread her ass for Maria, who immediately forced a few inches of fake cock into her slave.

"Oohhhhh," Danielle grunted. While the dildo was smaller than most of the cock's she had taken in the last month, it was more rigid and unforgiving as it explored her bowels.

Tamika knelt in front of Danielle's face and placed her smeared strap-on at her lips.

"Put this in your mouth. Taste your whore juices."

Danielle opened wide and allowed Tamika to plug her mouth. She was used to tasting her own pussy on real cocks, so this was no challenge for her.

"OK, whore," said Maria behind her. "Keep one hand spreading your ass, and use the other to rub that clit. Get yourself off while I fuck your ass and Tamika fills your mouth with your own whorishness."

Danielle released her right ass cheek and moved her right hand underneath her. She could feel Maria replace her hand with her own, spreading her ass as far apart as possible, as she returned her nimble fingers to her clit.

Tamika inched closer, grabbed the back of her head, and forced herself further into Danielle's mouth. As she heard Danielle's nasal breathing accelerate, Tamika decided to torture her further and pinch her nose shut.

The lack of oxygen almost made it more exhilarating for Danielle, even though she did not know if she could trust Tamika to release her in time. Weak sounds of desperation worked their way out of her mouth, and her cheeks started to turn red.

Tamika released her nose, and she took in a huge breath. She was escalating towards an orgasm, a fact that she could not successfully hide from her captors. Just when she was on the verge of cumming, she felt a searing hot splash on her spine.

"Aaahhhhh!" she screamed. She opened her eyes and looked upward, only to find Tamika holding a candle over her. Tamika tilted it forward again, expertly landing more hot wax up her back towards her neck.

Danielle's eyes pleaded for Tamika to stop, but she found no mercy. Though she could see Tamika holding the candle upright, she continued to feel the burn, and soon realized that Maria had a candle, too. Maria was dropping wax all over Danielle's ass, stinging her reddening cheeks.

Danielle lost all her orgasmic momentum as she was forced to confront the pain.

"Oh, what's the matter, baby," Tamika mocked. "I thought you were going to cum for us?"

Danielle fought back tears as her torment continued. She was starting to want to cum, having been brought to the precipice so many times, but she could not bring herself to do it while also coping with the was assault.

"Here, let me help," Maria said.

Tamika pulled out of Danielle's mouth and Maria pulled her hair backwards until Danielle came off the ground. With her strap-on still lodged in Danielle's ass, Maria pulled Danielle upright until her chest was against Danielle's back. She pulled one of Danielle's arms behind her back and held in in place before moving her left hand around Danielle's body and towards her pussy.

Maria then tenderly stroked her fingers through Danielle's labia, finding her moisture and pulling it up against her clit. Almost lovingly, she played with her slave, seemingly trying to bring her to climax. Danielle tossed her head back against Maria's shoulder, allowing herself, against her better judgement, to trust her . She closed her eyes as she once again mounted towards an orgasm.

Maria pulled on Danielle as she rubbed her, drawing her ass back down onto the strap-on. The pressure and release as she bounced her ass on the cock had Danielle very close.

"Open your eyes, slut," Tamika's voice boomed from above her.

Danielle looked up to see Tamika holding a candle over her.

"Please," Danielle said. "Please, don't."

"Oh, I'm not going to. You are."

Danielle could not believe it. Was it not enough for them to humiliate her? They were going to make her humiliate herself?

"Pour this wax on your tits or I am going to pour into your pussy."

Danielle's hands trembled as she took the candle. It was warm, but nothing compared to the heat she was about to inflict on her breasts.

Maria started thrusting into her with more speed while rubbing her clit even harder. Had she done this before Tamika handed Danielle the candle, Danielle would have erupted in orgasm. But now, Danielle was again filled with trepidation.

Knowing that disobedience would only make things worse, Danielle reluctantly tilted the candle over her own breasts.

"Oh, fuck!" she screamed as the first drops splattered on her chest. Her tits heaved as she breathed more rapidly, trying to prepare herself to do it again.

"Do the left one now," said Tamika.

Danielle shifted her aim and poured more wax onto herself. Behind her, Maria was fucking her ass even harder. It was clear that this display of self-humiliation turned Maria on completely.

"Get more on the right one," ordered Tamika adroitly.

Danielle returned to her right tit and poured more wax onto it. Within a minute, both breasts were almost completely covered.

"Good little slut pet," said Tamika. "Just get those pierced whore nipples covered and I'll give you a break."

Danielle was foolishly hoping that Tamika would not notice that she had avoided waxing her nipples. She swallowed a deep gulp of air and braced herself.

"Let me help," Maria offered. She let go of Danielle's arm and pussy and grabbed each of Danielle's tits, mashing them together and pushing her nipples upward. She then started to fuck Danielle harder in anticipation.

Danielle finally complied and watching in horror as the wax fell off of the candle towards her hard, prone nipples.

"Aaaiiiiieeeee!" she screamed as the burning sensation struck her tender nubs. Tamika grabbed her wrist and tilted more, piling layer after layer of wax onto her pink nipples.

Maria released her tits, grabbed her hips and pulled her back onto the dildo as she thrust forward. She had seen what she was hoping for and came hard, humping against Danielle's ass until her orgasm subsided. She then sat back on the floor, allowing the dildo to slide out of Danielle's rectum.

With Maria temporarily out of commission, Tamika collapsed backwards into one of the chairs next to Russell.

"Fuck! That was hot!" she said. "Listen, bitch. Before we continue, I'm going to need a refresher. Crawl over to the mini fridge and grab me a bottle of water."

Danielle looked towards Russell, hoping that he would put an end to this soon, but he simply responded with an upturned eyebrow that said, "What are you waiting for?"

Danielle slumped onto her hands and knees and crawled over to the fridge. Withdrawing a bottle of water, she turned and started to bring it to Tamika.

"No, pet. Put it in your mouth and bring it to me like the dog you are."

Danielle could barely get her teeth around it, but managed, and brought it to her mistress. She realized that if she held her head low, the bottle would fall out, so she kept her head up and crawled across the room like an well-trained poodle.

"Good girl," Tamika said, patting her on the head as she removed the water. "Kneel."

Danielle sat back on her feet and waited for Tamika to finish her water. Tamika was in no rush, loving the sight of Danielle awaiting further punishment.

"Well," she said after a few minutes. "Maria got herself off while fucking your ass. I think it is only fair that I get a shot, don't you?"

Danielle knew Tamika would be a savage about this. Not only did she seem to be rougher, but her strap-on was slightly larger. Still, she had been sufficiently trained not to disobey.

"Yes, mistress."

"Good. Crawl out onto the balcony."

Danielle did as she was told, waiting for Maria to open the sliding door before crawling out into the ninety degree, humid Miami night. Ten floors beneath her, she could see throngs of people on the boardwalk, oblivious to her predicament. Would Tamika try to get their attention?

Tamika joined them on the balcony with a pair of handcuffs.

"Stand up."

Danielle rose to her feet. Tamika then cuffed each of her hands to the banister.

"We gave you all the chances in the world to cum you little bitch. Now you have lost the chance. You don't get to cum until I'm done with you."

Danielle knew that Tamika was being sarcastic, but it still stung. Tamika was going to fuck her raw without stimulating her clit at all. Out here on this balcony in the middle of the night, she was nothing but an asshole to be fucked by a cruel mistress.

"Bend over at the waist and grab the railing."

Danielle did, bracing herself for the worst. She felt one hand pull her left cheek to the side before encountering the familiar feel of a rubber cock at her sphincter.

Tamika pushed in somewhat slower than Maria had, primarily because of the girth of her strap-on. Once the head was secured inside, Tamika grabbed Danielle's hips and pulled back on them as she thrust forward.

Danielle let out a scream that pierced the night sky. This was now the largest intrusion she had ever taken in her asshole, and it was as if she was losing her anal virginity all over again.

Another thrust, another blood-curdling scream.

"Keep it up, slut. Draw a crowd!"

Danielle's eyes shot open, remembering that there were people below her. She looked down, and sure enough, there was a crowd gathering. A few of them were pointing up towards her, and she knew she had been discovered.

She tried to lower her head to hide her face, but Maria grabbed a fistful of hair and forced her to display herself to the crowd below. Danielle resorted to closing her eyes, but she could not remove herself from the situation.

Maria reached beneath her and jiggled her breasts, putting on a show for her audience. She then pumped her fist in the air, encouraging them to cheer. They obliged her, and Danielle could sense that the crowd was growing.

Meanwhile, Tamika had established a steady rhythm and was fucking her asshole with all she had. Danielle took solace in the fact that the crowd below was too far away to know that she was getting fucked up the butt. Or so she thought.

Maria cupped her hands around her mouth and shouted, "She's taking it up the butt!"

The crowd roared, thought it was feint by the time it reached Danielle's ears. Tamika's nails dug into Danielle's thighs as she quickened her pace, and Danielle could sense from her grunting that she was getting close.

"Ugh...ugh...ugh..." Danielle groaned as Tamika slapped against her ass over and over again. She clasped tightly onto the railing, her muscles tightening as she endured this savage fucking.

Finally, Tamika let out a primal roar and bottomed out in Danielle's ass. Her nails scratched against Danielle's thighs. Maria continued to squeeze her tits for the crowd. Danielle tried to squirm away, off of the dildo, but Tamika held her tight. Tamika pushed her forward until her legs were flush against the banister, driving the dildo further inside her and presenting her as openly as possible to the audience below.

Only after Tamika had come down from her high did she back out of Danielle's ass. She leaned over Danielle's back, pulled her hair roughly and growled into her ear, "Keep this in mind the next time you try to get tough with a stranger."

"Back on your knees, pet," Maria said in a slightly more sympathetic tone.

Danielle found the concrete platform with her knees. Maria released her left wrist from the cuffs.

"Now, turn around and put your back against the railing."

Danielle did as she was told, her right hand still secured the the railing that was now above her head.

"Spread your legs as wide as you can and start playing with your pussy. We want to see you get off after all we have done to you."

Danielle was in no mood for cumming at this point, but she knew she would be able to get this over with quickly. She had already been so close. It would not be hard for her to get off now.

She spread her legs wide, showing her dripping, well-used pussy to Maria, Tamika and Russell, who was standing in the doorway to the balcony. Closing her eyes and biting her lip, she started rubbing her clit.

She was correct: it would take no time to get off. She was sopping wet, her clit was swollen, and relative to everything else she had endured, this was not too humiliating. She only hoped that they allowed her to finish, and that this was not another one of their games.

She could hear iPhone pictures being taken, but did not care. Russell had so many, he could blackmail her just the same with or without this set. She voraciously rubbed her clit with four fingers, holding tight to the railing as her hips began to rise off the concrete.

Danielle climaxed despite herself, confident that they would have stopped her before she could reach orgasm. She left her fingers in her pussy to idly trace her labia as she returned to her senses.

When she opened her eyes, she saw Maria and Tamika each straddling one of her spread legs, standing very close to her. They each had their hands in their pussies, stepping forward as if they were about to squirt on her.

And then they did. Only it was not cum that they shot all over Danielle. It smelled much more pungent.

It took Danielle a moment to realize that they were peeing on her. As soon as it she knew what was happening, she screamed.

"Noooo! Stooooopppp!"

But this only enabled the girls to direct their streams towards her mouth.

Danielle gagged, the vinegary flavor overcoming her palate, the scent invading her nose. It splashed on her chin when she closed her mouth and splattered onto her hair and chest.

The streams dwindled to a trickle and then stopped. Danielle had been bathed in the putrid liquid, which dribbled over the wax that had covered her body. She was too stunned to cry. She simply sat there, one arm cuffed above her head, and said nothing.

The girls snickered as they walked back into the hotel room.

"Thank you, Russell. I've always wanted to put a bitch in her place that way."

Danielle now knew that Russell had suggested this, or at least knew about it ahead of time. He had prevented the boys from last night to pee on her. Why would he allow it tonight?

"Thank you, ladies," Russell replied. "She needed to be taught a lesson. I couldn't have done it better myself."

"I hope we see you again before you head back home," Maria offered.

"Perhaps. Depends on how disobedient she is, I guess."

"Here's hoping!" chimed Tamika. "And thanks for letting us take pics to remember this night."

Danielle cringed.

"Alright now, I've got to get her cleaned up. Maybe we'll see you later."

Russell walked the girls to the door and said goodnight.