**IT**

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She stood, silent, with her head bowed, her feet spread beyond shoulder width apart and her hands held behind her back. She was wearing only the heels, stockings and garters. The rest of her clothing lay piled around her feet where she had dropped them off at his direction.

She stood on a platform raised slightly above floor level from the rest of the room. The platform occupied the center of the large room and around it were arrayed chairs, set up in theatre fashion. Much like theater in the round, it put the focus of attention on the huge round mattress that dominated the center of the raised platform.

She stood at the edge of the platform. He had arrayed the lights such that she was the center of a bright spot in the center of a room that remained so dark as to be almost impenetrable to the eye.. He had brought her in and placed her there. At the time she was wearing her street clothing and didn't think to much about it. Then he had begun to talk to her. He talked about her sluttish ways and her need to be used. He recounted all the deviant and perverse acts in which she had willingly participated. He described her body in ways that made her feel humiliated. He talked to her in this fashion because he knew it aroused her. He knew how uncomfortable it was for her to hear him talk about the things she found arousing. The only thing she found more degrading was to be forced to talk about them herself. He ordered her to begin undressing.

He had her remove the blouse she wore. She wore the half cup shelf bra as he had ordered. Her nipples were already hard and erect. He ordered her to remove the skirt. She slipped it down her legs and let it pool around her feet. He had moved around her just out of sight in the darkness beyond the scope of the stage lights. He commented on her ass and her tits. He ordered her to remove the bra leaving her as she was now.

She could barely see him because of the glare from the spotlights focused on her. She knew where he was but could not make out any details. She knew that, as he talked, he was moving around her. What lay beyond the lights was a mystery.

"Listen to me, Erica. I am bringing a few friends in to look at you. So try to not embarrass me."

"Yes Sir."

He moved away and the room became silent, the darkness seeming to swallow any sounds save her breathing and the sound of her beating heart. This was new. He had never done anything like this before and a slight sense of dread gnawed at her.

She heard a door open at the back of the room and could make out the sound of feet shuffling on the hard surface of the floor. The low murmur of voices oozed out of the darkness. A thin stream of light flashed into the room and then disappeared as the door shut. She heard the lock being thrown.

Footsteps approached the edge of the stage. The faint squeak of some sort of rubber soled shoe was the only indication that anyone else was in the room. Slowly, her Master and a man appeared as ghostly apparitions in the darkness. They stopped just short of the full glow of the lights, remaining faintly shadowed. The other man was of average build and really rather plain looking. He was the sort that unless something out of the ordinary happened in a crowd, he would go unnoticed. She watched as the mans eyes moved up and down her body as they approached.

"Erica, this is Bill. Say hello to Bill."

"Hello Bill."

"Ok, Bill. Tell her what you just told me."

Erica saw Bill's unremarkable face split into a wide toothy grin as his eyes seemed to focus intently on her breasts. He seemed to be talking to them instead of to her.

"I think you have great tits. I want to slap them back and forth while my cock is in your pussy so I can feel it clench."

She felt her nipples tighten again as he spoke. She shifted slightly on her feet causing her breasts to sway slightly back and forth. Bill licked his lips hungrily.

"Thanks Bill. Now Erica, tell Bill how that makes you feel."

She instantly colored. He knew that she hated to have to talk about her emotions or how she was feeling or reacting to something. To have to describe her arousal was intensely humiliating. She also knew that it turned her on unbelievably.

"Please Sir."

"Tell him, Erica!"

She stammered for a moment.

"I. . . It... .I'm turned on."

"Describe to Bill how turned on your are."

The flush on her face deepened.

"It makes my nipples hard, Sir."

"Hear that Bill? Her nipples get hard when she hears you talk about slapping her tits around and fucking her. She is certainly quite the slut."

Bill nodded.

The two men turned and stepped back out of the light. The light flashed briefly and she was again alone in the pool of light in the lake of darkness. The door opened again and in a few minutes he reappeared with another man. She could not see this man as well. He seemed to be part of the darkness. She could tell that he was a huge black man with wide shoulders and huge hands. No other discernable details could be seen in the darkness with the exception of the huge smile as he looked at her.

"Erica, this is Al. Say hello to Al."

"Hello Al."

"Al tell Erica what you told me just now."

"Erica, I want to ram all 14 inches of my big cock up your cunt. I want to pound it into your cervix and stretch you wider than your pussy has ever been stretched. I want to use my monster cock to make scream and then fill you with cum."

She stifled a groan as she listened. Her knees trembled and she felt the wetness oozing from her pussy, threatening to drip and run down her thigh.

"Ok, Erica. Tell Al how that made you feel."

She looked down at the floor. She wanted to curl into a ball on the carpeted stage.

"It made my pussy tingle Sir."

"And are you turned on slut?"

"Yes Sir."

"Do you want to feel Al's monster cock in your cunt."

She whimpered.

"ANSWER ME BITCH!"

She jumped at the sudden tone and intensity of his voice.

"Yes Sir."

His eyes never left her as he spoke to the giant beside him.

"Al, I think she wants to feel that big cock of yours up close and personal."

The big man chuckled.

"It will be up close and personal. Up close to the bottom of her pussy and personal enough that she will beg for mercy."

They turned and left the light. Erica closed her eyes. She struggled to regain control of herself. She was totally humiliated and debased. She felt as if she would faint. She was still dealing with her reactions when rotund fat man. Erica looked at him. Her first impression was that he was disgusting. He wasn't just fat, he was grossly obese. Small piggish eyes glared at her from the swollen fleshy face. His arms did not hang down at this sides. The enormous bulk of his body forced them to stand out slightly to the sides. Each arm was terminated with a small hand with fingers that looked more like sausages than appendages. When he walked, he seemed to roll from side to side, almost teetering to the brink of faling.

"Cunt, this is Ronald. Say hello to Ronald."

"Hello Ronald."

"Ronald, tell Erica what you told me."

The fat man chuckled. Erica quaked inside as she heard the high pitched shrill sound that came from the pink mouth in the red face.

"Heheheheheh. . . .I want to bend that cunt over and fill her asshole with my cock and then fuck her till I can creampie her ass."

"Erica, tell Ronald how that makes you feel."

She wanted to crawl in a hole she was so embarrassed but at the same time her pussy was pulsating from hearing what he wanted. The thought of such a repulsive person having her in such a perverse manner caused her to shiver, yet only increased the throbbing heat now emanating from her pussy.

"Sir, my pussy is really wet now and it made my asshole pucker."

"Now Ronald. What do you think about that. Erica wants to feel your cock in her ass!"

Ronald grinned, a horrid grimace, and took another look at her as they walked out of the light.

Soon, he appeared with another man. Before she could see them she heard them approach. A strange tapping sound accompanied them as they approached. As they entered the light, she saw that this man was older, perhaps in his mid to late 50, sort of distinguished looking and the sound she had heard was the cane he used as he walked.

"Erica. This is my good friend Oscar. Say hello to Oscar."

"Hello Oscar."

"Oscar, tell Erica what you told me."

What she had taken at first to be a kindly old man, almost grandfatherly in appearance morphed into something grotesquely different. His face hardened and his eyes developed a dark intense hungry look. He seemed to now be part of the darkness about her rather than just standing in it. A foreboding of evil seemed to emanate from him and surround her. It was frightening.

"I want to whip this worthless fuck toy until she screams and begs for mercy. I want to paint her body with welts and marks. I want to see her on the floor, limp, unable to react. I want to fuck her face so deep that she chokes and passes out, gagging on my cock and fighting to get a breath of air."

She nearly swooned as he spoke. She had to shift to keep her quaking knees from buckling and sending her to the floor.

"Now Erica, tell Oscar how that makes you feel."

Her voice broke. He knew how much embarrassment and humiliation it cost her to talk about this. As she tried to work the words past her mortification, he spat at her."

"Answer the man you piece of fuck meat!"

"I am very turned on by it Sir."

"How turned on slut."

"Really turned on Sir."

"BITCH! Describe to Oscar exactly how turned on your are."

She wanted to crawl under the stage.

"I am so turned on my pussy is about to drip."

"You want Oscar to whip you until you collapse and then face fuck you until you pass out?"

She spoke through a groan.

"Yes Sir."

"Oscar, "I told you she would like your style."

"That remains to be seen after I leave her in a puddle of piss and cum on the floor."

The two men left the lighted area.

Once more he returned but this time with a woman. She was petite and dressed. It was hard for Erica to judge the woman's age. She could be anywhere between 30 and 60.

"Erica, this is Agnes. Say hello to Agnes"

"Hello Agnes"

"Agnes, tell me what you told me earlier."

Agnes took a moment to study the woman on the stage.

"I want to fuck her with a huge strap on dildo. I want to tie her so that she cannot move an inch and sit on her face. Maybe she can tongue fuck me till I cum before or she passes out from lack of air. If she passes out before I cum I want to torture those delicious tits of hers and then let her try again until she gets it right."

Erica shivered visibly. She had never been used by a woman.

"Well, Erica. Tell Agnes how that made you feel."

She mewed piteously.

"It scares me."

"Yes, and what happens when you get scared."

"I get turned on."

"How turned on."

Erica felt as if she would fold into herself and disappear from sight.

"I need to cum. My pussy is throbbing and wet. MY clit is hard and sticking out. My nipples ache, Sir."

Agnes smiled coyly, almost demurely.

"I have to agree with you, she does have a face just made for sitting on. I do have to admit that I hope I can hold out until she passes out at least once. I would so like to spend a long while dealing some misery and pain to those tits."

They left like the others and this time he was gone for a while. When he returned he was alone.

"Are you still in need of a good fucking Erica?"

"Yes Sir."

"How bad do you want to get fucked."

"Really bad Sir."

"That doesn't sound like you need it very bad. Try again."

"Sir I need you to fuck me hard. I need to you take me and use me and make me your fuck slut."

"That's better. But I am going to do you even better than that. My five friends are now waiting outside to do exactly what they described and more. They will all have a chance to fuck any hole they want to fuck. They can whip you, spank you, torture your tits; whatever they want to do. Now how do you feel Erica?"

Her knees were weak and shaking. She wanted desperately to reach down and touch herself. She was deeply ashamed of herself. She shouldn't have these feelings or these reactions. Despite her own thoughts, she wanted nothing more than to experience everything she had heard.

"I think I would like that Sir."

"Of course you would. You are such a whore. Because you are such a whore and so eager to let anyone who wants to put a dick in any hole you have, I am no longer going to call you Erica. From now on you are IT. That is you, just IT. A thing to be fucked or whipped or used by anyone who needs a place to put a load of cum or have their cunt licked or a cock sucked. That is you. IT. Back up and lay down on the cushion in the center of the stage, IT. Pull ITs legs up and spread them wide. Open ITs pussy so everyone can all see how wet and ready Tt is to get fucked. IT is ready to get fucked isn't IT?"

"Yes Sir"

"Tell me. Tell me exactly how IT wants to be fucked."

"Sir, I want them to fuck me in my cunt and in my ass. I want them to stick their cocks in my throat and fill me with cum. I want them to whip me and make me scream."

"Not you. Not me. Not I. IT! you are IT! A nothing. A thing to be used. Now tell me again."

"Sir, IT wants them to fuck IT in the cunt and in ITs ass. IT wants them to stick their cocks in ITs throat and fill Tt with cum. IT wants them to whip IT until It screams."

She was near tears from having to verbally and openly admit these things. The fact that she had gone from having a name to being just an IT also caused her to nearly cum all on ITs own. She realized that she was nothing. She was just a thing. Something to be used and enjoyed with no care or consequence. Yet, this also aroused her even more, to be forced to say these things.

"Very good IT. IT gets to be center stage, the star of the show. IT is the gangbang queen."