**Kelli's Descent**

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**Kelli's Descent Ch. 01**

It had been difficult for Kelli for a while, constantly trying to live up to her parent's expectations for her future. Kelli felt that she had an obligation to them. Like most good Asian girls, she came home early, focused on her studies, and never messed around with boys. Not that she didn't want to. She did, but Kelli always worried about the potential consequences if her parents ever found out. It didn't matter that she was in college, the same rules applied. Kelli was thorough like that in just about everything she did; she wanted to be the best at whatever she was doing.

Two semesters ago, her grades started to slip. Kelli just wasn't into medicine, and as the classes became more intense, she found it hard to keep up. A friend was sleeping with the TA in her biochem class, and offered to give her copies of the exams. If the options were doing her best and that not being good enough, or cheating and not disappointing her family, the choice was clear. Kelli was getting slightly nervous that the cheating would be discovered, when her roommate Stephanie returned, and asked if she was alright. "Fine, uh...I'm fine."

"What are your plans for the summer?"

"Oh, um. Nothing really. Probably just going home to work and stuff."

"Yeah, me too. I might even..." Just then the phone in their room rang. Stephanie answered it and immediately stood straighter, and a concerned look came across her features as she stole quick glances at Kelli.

"It's for you. Dean's office," and handed Kelli the phone.

Kelli felt like she had been punched in the stomach, and took the phone.

"Yes. Yes, ok, thank you," she spoke into the phone, her voice wavering.

"Is everything alright?" Stephanie asked.

"I think so. She said there was a summer opportunity for me. Hmm. Good thing I don't have any definite plans for summer. Odd that you and I were just talking about that."

It was late spring, so Kelli didn't need any additional clothing. She had a skirt on, and a comfortable top with some cute shoes she had bought last month and a pair of socks pulled up to her knees.

"I'm going to head over there now." The walk was quick, but she needed to be by herself for a minute to think. Opportunity? That was probably just because they didn't want to say anything over the phone. She was convinced that she was ruined, and the thought began to surface that maybe she would be free of her life of constantly trying to fulfill the expectations of her family.

The secretary at the dean's office had her take a seat and wait for him to finish some other business. Five minutes later she was directed to enter his office.

There was a smaller chair in front of the desk, which he indicated she should sit in. Too scared to say anything, she did as she was told, and waited for him to say what the "opportunity" he called her was all about.

"I will get directly to the point, young lady. It has come to my attention that you have been receiving the exams, and cheating your way through your classes."

Kelli could hardly breathe, and the oiled leather and old book smell in the room seemed to be suffocating her now. She looked up at him with scared eyes, on the verge of breaking down and crying, stammering nonsensically. This was everything that she feared would happen.

"I am so disappointed in you, Kelli. You were a promising student when we accepted you and for the first two years here, you were near the top of your class and you have just thrown away every opportunity we have given you!"

Kelli was crushed; this was exactly what she imagined her father and mother would be screaming at her when she finally faced them. The Dean just kept yelling. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

She muttered at first, trying to think of something that could get her out of the situation she was in.

"Well, Kelli. Your record here suggests that you were a model student before this was brought to our attention. You should still know that does not excuse what you have done. The customary thing to do is to make an example of you, to deter students from making these mistakes in the future. It seems several students know of your transgression, and I am under a lot of pressure to punish you."

"Isn't there anything I can do?" She was nearly frantic at this point, on the verge of yelling.

"There are some choices to be made, but maybe there is still something we can do. The first, and most obvious course of action is to begin the expulsion paperwork and notify your parents." She let out a small whimper, almost involuntarily at the mention of her nightmare. "Or, you work with me to find a way to avoid that unpleasant outcome." She looked up into his eyes, pleading, unable to believe what she was hearing.

"You know that tuition has been increasing year after year, and there are a large number of students who would be willing to volunteer in order to pay down some of their fees. This is a very serious commitment, Kelli. It will take all summer, and you will probably not have the opportunity to see or even speak to your family." That would be difficult to get past her parents, but if it would prevent her from being expelled, she would have to find a way.

The Dean did call her parents, but rather than telling them that she was expelled, he outlined the program, detailed why Kelli had been chosen, and gave them a few reasons why they should support her in this challenging work. They were not supportive at first, but in the end, they agreed. Kelli could not believe it.

The day had been such a complete roller coaster. On the way back to her room, she thought about what had happened since that morning. The dean had been incredibly supportive. Before she left, he had given her an envelope with some information about the program she would need when it started after the weekend. Most of the other students would be gone by then, it might be nice to have the campus to herself for a change.

The information in the folder instructed her to go to one of the old houses on campus for a meet-up Monday afternoon. The other participants in the program would probably be there and whatever faculty advisor runs the program. She spent the weekend relaxing, catching up on some of her favorite programs, thinking about the amazing opportunity she had been given.

The meet-up started just as she expected, there were snacks and drinks, and there were a few people she already knew there. She was surprised to see her roommate, Stephanie, there. "I thought you were packing up and leaving, girl?"

"I didn't want to say anything about the program, in case you weren't accepted. You know how you get, super competitive and stuff. Here, take this drink and relax, we don't really start until tomorrow anyway, this is just for fun, and to get to know one another. I'm going to get another drink, I'll be right back. In the meantime, why don't you talk to that guy over there, I think he was checking you out." She giggled as she went to the bar to grab another drink. Kelli was still out of sorts from the ordeal of the cheating scandal. She downed the drink Stephanie had given her, and checked out the guy she was talking about.

He was cute, she thought. He looked well built, and taller than she was. He was talking to a group of people, but he kept looking back at her. Stephanie returned with two drinks, gave one to Kelli and started giggling again. "I told you he was checking you out. He's kinda hot."

Kelli agreed, but she had promised herself to stick to her principles after she was nearly caught. It was a good thing Stephanie brought another drink because she was pretty thirsty. They mingled and talked with the other guests, and as they kept drinking, they danced and generally were having a good time. She was definitely buzzed by the time he came over with more drinks.

Kelli had never really been with a guy before, the farthest she had ever gone was feeling one of the boys through his pants before she became too scared and backed off. Kelli and Stephanie had danced together in the past, they had even kissed to tease the boys at some of the parties they had been to. Feeling good about herself, she wanted to loosen up just a bit. The drinks were helping. Unfortunately, some of the university types took that time to make some speeches about service and how much this or that alumni group did for the school.

Stephanie grabbed her hand, and started to pull her out of the room by a side door. The cute guy had Stephanie's other hand, and he took them down the hall and upstairs to some kind of sitting room. It had couches and a couple of chairs; the walls were lined with books. Once they were inside, he closed the door behind them, and went over to the stereo and began playing music. Stephanie laughed, put her hands on Kelli's hips and started swaying to the music. He turned the blinds on the windows, and took a seat at the edge of the sofa and watched as they moved together. He was clearly getting excited by their little show, and that made her feel very sexy. She didn't resist when Stephanie began to lick at her lips, and kissed her back softly and slowly. As the kissing became more and more intense, both girls were trying to steal glances at him.

At first, he just watched with a slight smile, but they made a point of rubbing their tongues together in the tight space between their lips, and making eye contact with him. He shifted in his seat a little, the growing bulge in his pants the cause of his discomfort. Stephanie started using her hands to rub Kelli's thighs and hips. He let out a soft moan and began rubbing himself through his pants which made both girls excited to see. Stephanie pulled at Kelli's hand again, and brought her over to the couch, sitting next to him. He kept staring intently at the two of them, lust clearly written all over him. It made Kelli a little wet to make him writhe like that.

The girls were still kissing, their faces inches from his. Kelli kept shifting her gaze between his eyes and the hand he used to stroke the erection only barely contained by his pants. She saw Stephanie's hand replace his, and began to pull his zipper down.

Kelli was pinned to the couch, with Stephanie leaning on her and kissing her pretty hard. Stephanie had released his cock from his pants, but then she turned her complete attention to Kelli. He moaned again as she left him, which made the two girls giggle a little. Enjoying his responses, they continued to make out. He started stroking his own cock then, clearly enjoying what he was seeing. Kelli was nervous that he had it out, she had never seen one in person before, and that looked pretty big.

Things got even more nervous when Stephanie put her hands in Kelli's panties, and began lightly rubbing her pussy. Kelli immediately started to protest, and to squirm away when he said "Shh! You have to be quiet, or they will hear us and find us here." Kelli froze, realizing that if she were caught here, she might be dropped from the program, so she let Stephanie continue to work her pussy with her fingers.

"Kiss him, Kelli." She was afraid, and it must have shown in her eyes. He just stared at her, slowly massaging his dick with one hand, and used the other to cradle her head and bring her lips closer to his. Boys kissed differently than girls, and Kelli wasn't sure if this is what she wanted to be doing; but his arousal, Stephanie rubbing her pussy and the threat of discovery made her extremely excited and she did not want to stop just yet.

Stephanie had her pretty wet when she stopped and pulled off her shirt. He didn't stop kissing Kelli, but angled his head so he could see Stephanie's breasts. He started beating off harder as Stephanie wiggled in Kelli's lap, putting on a show for him.

"You like these?" she teased as she grabbed and giggled her tits for him, pinching lightly at her nipples. He stopped kissing Kelli and nodded, his mouth open. He removed his hand from the back of Kelli's head, and reached out to fondle Stephanie. Stephanie slid off her lap away from his grasp, and took two steps back.

"Come here, Kelli. Show him your tits, bet he'll stroke that cock even more." Kelli didn't move, and definitely didn't want things to go any further, but the alcohol was lowering her inhibitions.

Stephanie added: "You can't just leave us here, it'll be too obvious what was going on. Now, have a drink and come over here."

Kelli got up, grabbed one of the drinks, downed it, and walked over to Stephanie. His one hand continued to stroke at it, slowly again, and the other arm was over his head as he reclined on the sofa watching them perform for him. Stephanie lifted Kelli's top off, and undid her bra, teasing him with each exposure.

"You are getting off, being a cock tease. One of you needs to come over here and put your mouth on this cock. You want me to call security downstairs, so they can come up here and see you two topless sluts fingering each other's pussies?" Kelli looked at Stephanie, trying to think or find a way out of the situation. She looked nervous too.

"I think we'd better do what he says." Stephanie even giggled a little, "I'll share it with you." She knelt between his knees, and brought Kelli close. She wrapped her left hand around his cock and began playing at Kelli's pussy again with her right hand. "I want this big cock in my mouth," she said as she looked up at him, just beginning to stroke the shaft, and then turned to wink at Kelli, watching it all happen.

He moved his hand and cupped Kelli's breast, kneading her nipples and saying "Shh," again in a loud whisper, as he pinched her nipples harder, almost daring her to call out. Kelli bit her lip and let him continue.

"Kelli, why don't you play with his balls while I jack it off? See it's not scary, but it is the biggest cock I've ever seen." They took some time, slowly fondling him, getting him to the point where small amounts of pre-cum began to dribble from the tip. He leaned his head back and let out a long, low moan.

"Steph, let me help you." Kelli licked the palm of her hand and began to work his cock too, while Stephanie switched to his balls.

"Do you like that?" Stephanie said as she leaned closer to him. "Here Kelli, let me spit on it for you." Stephanie moved away from him again, arched up, and let some saliva drip off her tongue onto the tip of his cock, which Kelli rubbed, making it slick in her hand. He quivered underneath them.

"Now you spit on it." Kelli mimicked her actions, and let a line of drool flow over his cock. "Get it nice and wet."

"Okay, what am I supposed to do?" She was pretty hazy from a night of drinking, and was nearly completely open to suggestion.

"Come here, put your head down and you can start by licking it, like this." Stephanie stuck her tongue out as far as it would go and began to slide her tongue up and down the shaft of his cock. She was staring right into Kelli's eyes and she used her tongue to massage him.

"Now you do it, cock tease." Kelli was surprised to hear her roommate talking to her like that, but she did as she was told, and rubbed her tongue on his wet cock. "When he's good and ready, you suck on just the tip, lightly at first, like this."

She opened her mouth wide and slowly wrapped her lips around the head of his dick, making small slurping noises as she sucked on it just slightly. After some demonstration time, she passed the cock to Kelli, and began encouraging her. "Just like that. That's really sexy. I bet your pussy is really wet, you little slut." As if to check, Stephanie began to rub at Kelli's pussy through her panties, feeling her excitement.

"It's too big, I'm not sure I want to do this any more, Stephanie."

"You don't have a choice anymore Kelli; we're here now," she said, whispering in her ear. "You want him getting us in trouble? Just keep it wet with your spit, that makes it easier. You know you love the way his cock feels in your mouth."

"Why don't you show me what to do?" Stephanie took the cock back from her and lapped her tongue on the underside of his tip, gathering spit and then dribbling it on his cock as she stroked it. When it was wet and slick to her satisfaction, she plunged down on it, and came back up, keeping the stroking rhythm with her hand, and then repeated the process several more times. After five or six of these, she pushed her head way down on his cock, almost taking the whole thing in.

He groaned and as she pulled herself off of him. he suggested they both do it. "Yeah, let's both suck on his cock. Put your mouth on it, and we will both suck up the shaft at the same time, meeting at the tip. I'll give you a kiss." Kelli looked up at her friend with a stunned expression. "Come on, hon. We will double team him and drive him insane," Stephanie urged.

They did just that, practicing until they got it down. Then they alternately licked, kissed and stroked his cock for several more minutes, kissing deeply over the tip. Sometimes he would thrust between their mouths, and they responded with lips and tongues.

"Let me take some pictures of you two dirty sluts worshipping my cock." It seemed as if he already had his phone in his hand, and it had already gone too far to stop now. Stephanie began posing with his cock in her hand, near her mouth, resting on her lips, or sometimes, kissing Kelli with his erection waving somewhere near them. Stephanie was still rubbing Kelli's pussy, and she forgot all about her inhibitions and started to play along, too. He took pictures of their bodies, and got them to talk to the camera. He wanted to record her saying that she loved his cock. Stephanie did it first, and sounded so sexy. She was really into it, and when it was Kelli's turn, she basically repeated what Stephanie had said.

"Yes, show me what your greedy mouths need. You can't get enough of this big cock in your mouth, can you?" After they worshiped his cock for the camera, he seemed satisfied, but held onto the camera.

Without saying a word, he grabbed Stephanie and put her in position on the couch. Deeply at first, and slowly, with his hand covering her mouth to keep her quiet, he entered her love tunnel. He quickened his pace. So close to cumming for so long did not take him long to spasm, and pull out, pulling Stephanie to the floor as he started shooting his load all over Stephanie's face.

Kelli just stared in awe, yet she had to admit that it was sexy making him so aroused, and that she was disappointed when he ignored her for her roommate. That didn't last long as he grabbed her by the hair and pulled her close. She did not realize how closely she had been watching them fuck, or even that her mouth was open as he shot thick ropes of cum all over Stephanie's mouth and lips. He pulled the two of them close together and gave one last command as he aimed the camera. "Share."

Stephanie grabbed Kelli's head and brought her close. "You be my cum slut, Kell. You want to act like a little whore, teasing cocks, and never taking any dick? Well, lick his cum off my face, bitch, and tell him how much you love the taste of his cum."

With that, she planted a sloppy, semen-filled kiss on Kelli, who was horrified at what she was doing, but she took it all and even, at Stephanie's insistence, licked his cum off her face while he recorded the whole thing. As Kelli leaned in close, and began licking her face, slowly taking his semen in her mouth, he pressed something hard against her neck, and locked it in place with an audible click. Her mind registered the sound and feel, but her defenses were at an all time low.

"Tell him how much you love licking his cum off my pretty face, cum slut."

Kelli closed her eyes, exhausted and close to passing out at this point.

"Kell, look at him, tell him how much you love his cum and licking off my face," Stephanie repeated, this time pinching her hard nipple for emphasis.

"I love the taste of your cum, and when you shot it on Stephanie's pretty face, I couldn't wait to lick it off. I am pretty Stephanie's little cum slut." The words flowed from her mouth without thinking.

By the time they were home, Kelli had come to her senses a little bit. Stephanie went to her room, and closed the door. Kelli decided she needed a shower badly. She walked to the bathroom, and just let her clothes drop to the floor. Looking in the mirror, she was suddenly quite alert, remembering the collar and the sound of it shutting around her neck. She tugged at the metal, but it would not yield. She turned it around her neck, looking for a latch, but all she could find was a barely visible vertical theme. She considered going to her roomie and asking for help, but it was too late. She showered, deciding to confront Stephanie in the morning, and ask for her help getting it off.

**Kelli's Descent Ch. 02**

She hardly slept. Her hands kept reaching at the collar at her neck. The only thing she felt was how permanent and visible it was. She felt like anyone who saw her would know what she had done. When she thought she had waited long enough, she woke Stephanie up, pleading for her help to remove the steel band. Though half asleep, her roomie seemed to try to help, but gave up.

"Please, come with me back to the house so I can get this off before classes today."

Stephanie didn't seem that worried, but then again, she wasn't the one wearing the collar. It was a struggle just to find something to wear that might cover it without looking ridiculous. She cursed at Stephanie almost the entire drive, now thinking clearly about what had happened. Stephanie calmly explained that it was just a misunderstanding, that Derek, the guy from last night, was probably playing a joke, or there was a meaning, or that it forced her to come back. The last thing she said before being screamed at was that it was romantic, in a way.

Derek met them in the room they had occupied the night before. Today's clarity hadn't changed the room much, though when she entered the room, she was flooded with the shame of her memories. Kelli's shame made her defiant, and she strode across the room to confront Derek.

"I don't know what you think this is," she said as she displayed her collar, "but it isn't funny anymore, and I want it removed right this instant."

He didn't say a word, but calmly rose, walked over to the door and closed it. "For privacy. Good morning ladies, I was hoping you would be back soon. Kelli, you signed up for the service program. What kind of service did you think you would be providing?"

Stunned, she just blinked at him. What did this mean? What could they think she would do? Kelli said as much once she found her voice.

Derek moved to the bookshelf, grabbed a large envelope, and brought it over to both Kelli and Stephanie. "Open it" were his only instructions.

Heart racing, Kelli opened the envelop and discovered pictures of things she barely remembered from the night before. There she was, being used sexually, and looked like she was enjoying it. Pictures of her with his cock in her mouth, worshipping his cock and others with his cum on her face.

"There are videos as well."

He held his phone out to her so she could see the clip of her calling herself a cock tease and a cum slut. Mouth agape, Kelli vaguely remembered last night, but the pictures and vid showed a willing and total slut.

"What is this?" Kelli responded, trying to sound forceful, but inside she was shaking with fear and shock.

"Exactly what it looks like," Derek responded, with a smile.

"Please delete that and whatever other pictures and videos you have of me. That is not the way I am; I just drank too much." Derek just shrugged.

Kelli looked at her friend, Stephanie. "Tell him, Steph!"

Her roommate just looked at Kelli and said, "I tried to warn you last night, that we should go home before you did something stupid."

"Whatya mean, you tried to warn me! You were the one encouraging me to join in the fun. You must have just as many pictures of her," Kelli said to Derek.

"Why would I? She never went 'slut' like you. Stephanie is going to be assigned different tasks for her summer program. You can go now, Stephanie. Close the door behind you." Stephanie responded immediately, and rushed out of the room without looking at Kelli. Kelli had a second to process how alone she was in this nightmare. She couldn't possibly believe that this had something to do with the service program.

Kelli felt like she had to put in a strong defense. "I'm outta here, too," and headed towards the same door that Stephanie just left.

"You are forgetting one small thing, slut," grinned Derek. Kelli paused, her back to him. "The collar." She stopped moving to the door and her hands reflexively went to her neck, her fingers brushing across the collar. "It was explained to me that you need to be a part of the service program because you want to keep some school information a secret. If you do not obey me, I will have you removed from the program and the Dean would be forced to contact your parents."

"Obey you? Who do you think you are? I am not going to obey you. I am not some slave for you to order around like this!"

He waited some time before answering her, staring at her, and clearly making her more uncomfortable as the silence continued. "If you do not, these videos will be emailed to your parents. We can mail the photos to their offices." He paused again. "Or you can continue with the program, and they will never know. Your choice is simple, obey me as your Master or you will be exposed."

Kelli was stunned by the bluntness of his words. She tugged vainly at the collar, the symbol of her hopeless situation.

"Obey you, how? I've never..." He walked over to her, staring as he moved. The sentence died on her lips, the empty feeling of helplessness was like cold hands touching her all over, from her head to her toes. Kelli knew right there that she would submit, that she would obey his commands. She did not have a choice other than to do whatever he said. Her train of thought was cut short as he continued to walk around her, looking her up and down.

"You were assigned to me, slave. Master is to prepare you for your service to this house. You agreed to serve, but you are not ready, yet." His mouth was right by her left ear as he whispered. She dreaded to think about how she would be used. Despite her fear, it did excite her. She hated that part of herself that was aroused by her helplessness. She wished away the part that made her wet when she imagined the depraved things he could command her to do while she was helpless to resist. He slowly wrapped his hands around her arms, and held them at her sides.

"You will be made to serve, but you do not know how. Before last night, the only thing you knew how to do that could be of any use is teasing cocks. Being a cum slut hardly makes you stand out, there are a hundred little bitches around here that would do what you did last night."

"Last night," she gasped. "I won't have to again, will I?" She already knew the answer. She knew it would happen again and again, but she still held out hope that this would all end.

"The organization I work for wants girls like you, but they prefer them a certain way. Master will teach you to worship his cock and mean it. You will want so badly to please your Master that you will be begging for his cum in your mouth." He backed away, and she was surprised to find herself aching for his touch again. "We will begin. It is time for your inspection, slut."

He then proceeded to unbutton the top two buttons of her blouse. She didn't help, but she did not protest, nor make it difficult. Her eyes were mesmerized by his fingers. It was though she was frozen in fear. As he reached for the third of five buttons, she willed herself to resist.

"No, stop!" she spoke, but only slightly above a whisper, stepping back from Derek.

"Nothing there I didn't see last night, slut." The mention of last night made her weak, as the feelings of shame returned. When Derek stepped forward, she allowed him to continue undressing her. Kelli bit her lower lip, unsure of herself.

Kelli was fit, with large breasts for her size. When he released them from her bra, he brushed his hand across her dark nipples. This was the first time a man had touched her nakedness. As she gasped, he turned her forcefully, and pushed her up against a wall. She moved her hands up to brace herself. He kept his hands on her hips, as he sank slowly to the floor. He was so close to her now, she could feel his breath on her back as he descended. Unconsciously, she spread her legs slightly in response to his movements.

He lowered his hands slightly, and began to remove her shorts. As arousing as his touch and smell were to Kelli, she still had to resist. She was not a whore!

"No, please don't. "I'm, I'm a virgin, not like this," she stuttered. She knew her pussy was betraying her. In the past, she was able to resist, to push back. This time was different. This time, she did not get to make decisions. She only had to obey, and then she would be safe from exposure.

Derek seemed to know what she was thinking, and after a brief pause, his hands continued to explore her hips and thighs. Her shorts dropped to the ground. His hands moved to the inside of her thighs, and when he pressed, she spread her legs even further. He was touching her in places she had never permitted before, and it made her feel ashamed, aroused, guilty and hot all at the same time.

When he ran his fingers up the back of her legs, grabbing her rear, he turned a long, slow grope into a quick pull of her panties. She let out a gasp at being completely naked in front of him, and just pressed herself into the wall, wishing she could melt into it, and out of this situation. Before she could even try to resist, he smacked her hard across the ass. The stinging sensation prevented her from resisting further.

"Bend more. I want to see this pussy you have kept hidden so long." He pulled at her hips, and she complied, still pressing her hands to the wall for balance. He grabbed at her ass, and spread her cheeks so he could see everything she had previously kept private. Kelli said nothing, not sure if it was fear, or because she wanted to be the object of desire. She continued to let him spread her wide. As he held her there, Kelli's pussy began to drip with her wetness. She was ripe and decided then and there to yield to him.

He noticed that she was not shaved, and tugged her pubic hair gently. She had trimmed it, and it was clear she took pride in her appearance. She heard him inhale deeply, then utter, "tsk, tsk." He left her in this position, thinking about his disapproval until he saw her beginning to squirm.

"This will not do at all, slave. That pussy is totally unacceptable. No one here would touch it. We will have to work on something else for now." He abruptly stood and walked over to one of the chairs, and sat facing her. She was confused and ashamed. Put in a vulnerable position with no clothes on, Kelli was just coming to terms with having a man this close to her while naked, and he rejected her in such a blunt tone! Her skin burned with frustration as she realized she was still bent forward in front of him, leaning against the wall. She wanted to scream aloud, voicing her disappointment.

He must have noticed, because he said, "I have not told you to move, slave." He sat there, watching her. He occasionally sipped at a drink he had nearby. His gaze, combined with the waiting continued to make her wet. Her juices began to trickle down her thighs, and she began to sway as she tried to stop its descent from tickling her too much. He must have seen this too, because he began to give her orders again.

"Do you see what it means to be teased, slave? Your master is not so cruel as you can be. I offer you release, if you can prove that you deserve it. Get down on your hands and knees, slave, and crawl to your Master. You will beg me to fuck your worthless pussy."

She turned, the thought of release for her aching pussy made her comply instantly, but the thought of begging went too far. "No," she said quietly.

"What was that, slave?"

"I said, no. I'm not going to beg." She expected him to speak, but instead he rose quietly from his chair. She heard movement, but dared not turn around. With his left hand, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and pressed her forehead against the wall. "No, is not an acceptable response from a slave." She heard the wind whistle before his belt whipped against her naked ass.

"Aggggghhhhhh," she screamed, trying to wriggle from his grasp. But he was much too strong and her head was pressed against the wall. He turned away from her, and returned to a chair without another word. She remained positioned against the wall, tears streaming down her face, sobbing with pain and humiliation.

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"Do as you are told." She dropped to the floor and crawled to him. Still ashamed of herself for being degraded this way, she kept her eyes down. She could not see him, but she heard him undoing his zipper. When she reached him, he put his foot on her shoulder. "Stop there, slave. You were instructed to crawl to me. You have done that, so you stop. You do not think of altering my orders in any way. Your only thought is doing exactly what I instruct you to do, whore."

Kelli quivered in humiliation.

"Kneel and then sit back on your feet. Spread your legs apart and place your hands, palm up on your knees." She moved immediately to comply.

"You are doing well. This is how you will present yourself to your Master. This position is called nadu. Remember this. If you want to think of it as a code word between us, fine. Knees spread widely, back straight, and your breasts thrust out, as though offering them to me. You can practice what I have taught you just now on your own." He used the back of his hand to brush her cheek, and then cupped her chin in his hand, and lifted, so that he could look into her eyes. As he brought her up, she could see his erection. The first thing she thought of was how excited it made her to think that it was her body that made it hard. Kelli forgot everything else in that instant, focusing only on his cock. His words brought her back into focus. "And I suggest you practice. If you are found wanting, you will be punished. Do you understand me, slave?"

"Yes," she said, meekly.

"Yes, what?" His tone was sharp, and the words clipped, as if she were straining his great patience.

"Yes, Master," she said, catching on to what he wanted from her.

"Good, slave. Now, practice what you learned last night. Suck my cock."

"Yes, Master," she said again, softly. Closing her eyes, and losing her thoughts to the moment, she reached up, to take his erection in her hands, and begin to stroke it. He took Kelli's hands in his, and pressed them together, holding her by the wrists, and looked her right in the eyes and spoke in an even tone.

"No hands."

He drew a long piece of lace attached to a ribbon and wrapped it around her wrists. The sensation of the fabric and the act of tying her wrists together was very arousing. She could hardly stand what was happening to her. "Show me what you can do with that mouth and tongue, you little slut." He used her tied wrists to move her closer to his throbbing member. He brought her face next to the base of his shaft. She stuck out her tongue and licked up the length. After licking briefly at the tip, she closed her mouth, letting her saliva gather and let out a satisfied hum.

"Acceptable, slut, but again, no better than a common whore on Hollywood Boulevard."

Kelli was taken aback by this declaration. She was not a common whore, in fact she knew she was not a whore at all. She was a college coed, hard working, and she respected herself too much to be demeaned like this. As she thought about all of this, she lost concentration on him, and stopped working his cock with her mouth.

"Does calling you a common whore offend you, slave? What is more offensive, do you think? Being called a cock whore and a worthless slut, or having your mom watch videos of you licking my cum and telling me you fucking love it?" He pulled at her bindings hard, causing her to angle and shift to accommodate. "Now, tell Master how much you love it, and make Master believe it."

Working past the rage and shame she felt, she paused for a moment, and then looked up at him, touched his cock to her lips, and spoke to him, leaving it there as it rubbed against her lips when she spoke very quietly. "I love the way your cock tastes, Master. It makes my tongue and pussy tingle, I've never felt like this before." Kelli let her spit drip out of her mouth on his cock, which she then swirled it with her tongue, licking him all over, panting heavily as she worked. She had to please him, knowing that was the only way the collar would ever be removed.

She kissed the tip. Why did she do that, she wondered? Something she remembered from last night. Lips to tip, it made her tingle. "Thank...thank you, Master, for letting me take your strong cock into my mouth. Thank you, Master, for letting me have the chance to make you cum."

"Too much 'me and my.' Your mouth belongs to me. Your pussy belongs to me, you belong to me. Rephrase your words to express this, slut. Third person pronouns."

She was panting, saliva dripping, but she responded. "Thank you, Master, for letting your slave take your strong cock into...into..."

"Her mouth," he finished the sentence for her as he thrust into her again.

"Yessss" he said, the rhythm he was forcing on her became quicker and more insistent, his grip on her hair becoming tighter. She could feel his cock beginning to pulse in her mouth when he pulled out.

"Take it in your mouth, slave. Suck on my cock and make me cum." She complied, her wrists still being tugged by his binding, and took as much of his cock into her mouth as she could. He held her wrists above her head, and used his other hand to grab a fistful of her hair, and thrust himself deeper. She did what she could to make way for him, but she started to gag, and her mouth filled with saliva which started to drool out of her mouth. He continued to fuck her mouth, faster and deeper, 'gak, gak' sounds coming from her mouth. Just before she thought she would pass out, he would pull out, and as soon as she caught her breath, he would again plunge into her throat. In and out, fucking her throat, her mind blank, thinking only of survival and of pleasing him.

Tears were falling down her face again, and her lower mouth and his cock were thick with her drool. "Practice, slave. You must practice taking my cock not just in your mouth, but in your throat. You are learning fast, suck-toy," he said once, as she gasped for air.

"Thank you, Master."

"Thank you Master, what?"

"Thank you Master for teaching me to suck your beautiful white cock."

"Say that louder," he said, wondering where that came from. He made a mental note to pursue her 'white' comment. He held her face next to his saliva-slick shaft.

"Thank you Master for teaching me to suck your beautiful white cock," she said it louder this time, Derek's cock only inches from her lips.

"More practice, slut," and he plunged into her mouth to the back of her throat again. She struggle, making gagging sounds and gasping for breath. He told her to worship his cock each time her mouth wasn't being stuffed.

"Again!"

"Again!!"

Kelli was so lost in a semi-conscious state that she did not realize two other slaves had entered the room.

"Yes, come, sluts!" he said.

Kelli heard his words, but did not register their meaning. She heard "come" and thought she heard "sluts." She could not cum; she was too focused on just breathing.

And then suddenly only a few steps away, "Yes, Master," two female voices echoing their response.

With his cock still in her mouth, Kelli turned to see what was going on. When she let out a gasp, Derek regrabbed more of her hair and jerked her closer to his crotch. "Focus, slave!" he yelled, pulling her hair until it hurt.

He continued to pump her mouth, in and out, "This," thrust, "is,"

thrust, "our," thrust, "new," thrust, "slave!" And then, with his cock only half in her mouth, "Unf," he grunted, shooting his load into her open mouth and over her face. She tried to catch as much as possible in her mouth, but the copious amount was too much. She choked and swallowed and gagged and coughed, overwhelmed by the amount of his ejaculation.

It took several moments for both slave and Master to recover. Derek was breathing deeply, while Kelli was trying to calm her beating heart. He had released his grip and she used her bound hands to wipe gobs of his cum from her face. And then she noticed the two girls smiling at her and she wanted to die, hoping a hole would swallow her completely. She had humiliated herself in front of two girls just about her age.

But as she wiped the stinging goo from her eyes, she couldn't help but stare in awe. They had identical styles of long hair bunched at the top of their heads in a topknot secured with gold bands. It fell across their backs, and looked very sensual. Both girls were naked, except for steel around their ankles, wrists, and neck. Both had an identical cursive K on their left thigh. It was not a tattoo. It was like a very deep purple/red birthmark. They wore high heels that accentuated their perfect bodies. One was Asian, somewhat taller than Kelli, and one was white, with beautiful round, blue eyes. They were completely shaved below the neck, their bodies perfectly sculpted.

But what really caught Kelli's attention were the rings and piercings that each girl had. Their nipples had been pierced with half inch silver rings. Kelli realized now that the topknots were designed to leave their ears exposed. Their ears were adorned with multiple hoops of different sizes that jingled together as their heads moved. Light reflected off rings that were evident in their denuded crotches, but the most barbaric of all were the septum rings. Kelli could not help but gaze in awe.

"Take her," Derek commanded.

"Come with us, slut. Let's get you clean," the blonde one said as they helped Kelli to her feet and released her wrists. Stunned, she let them guide her down the hall. At the end of the hall, they directed her into a large bathroom area. There was a walk-in shower and racks of towels. The room was warm, but stark, with nothing in the way of decoration.

The Asian spoke first. "This girl is called Doreen. She is called Lana," pointing to the blonde. "You have all you need, shower gel, shampoo, conditioner, and here is a wash cloth. And don't forget. Shave your pussy completely. There is a razor in the soap caddie. Lana and this girl will return in 15 minutes. By then, you must be showered, dry and in the nadu position on this rug." Doreen pointed to a throw rug to the side of the shower. "Is this clear, slut?"

Kelli nodded, grateful to be left alone to shower. She felt the warm water wash away the remnants of Derek's cum. She shampooed her hair twice and then had to shave her already-trimmed pussy hair. Carefully, and with some sadness, she removed all her pubic hair and watched as it washed down the drain. She would have stayed under the warm cascade far longer, but she did not want to displease Doreen nor Lana.

Lana and Doreen returned with chains draped gracefully over their forearm. Both inspected Kelli, to make sure that their instructions were followed completely. Doreen leaned in closely, putting her nose into Kelli's moist hair, just above her ear. She whispered, "You are a tasty slut."

Kelli's heartbeat increased dramatically. Meanwhile, Lana reached between Kelli's legs, and "mmmmmm," was satisfied as she rubbed her fingers across Kelli's mound. She held her wet fingers to her nose and smiled, taking in Kelli's musk.

Kelli gasped.

"Shhh, don't be afraid," Doreen cooed and Kelli found that she could almost let this whole ordeal slip from her mind

"Please," Kelli whispered, her voice sounded as though it was echoing from within a cave.

"Please what, slut?"

"Please don't. It's not right, I mean, I don't do this with girls," Kelli replied.

Doreen and Lana laughed and helped Kelli to her feet. Lana reached for the strands of chains.

"Stand still, slut, spread your legs," Doreen commanded. Lana handed Doreen two metal cuffs and she snapped them on Kelli's wrists.

"Don't do this to me. You are doing this against my will, please stop!"

"Don't be silly, slut," said Lana as she knelt and snapped two ankle cuffs on Kelli, who began to struggle. Doreen gripped Kelli from the back, with a strength that surprised Kelli. "Stand still, slut."

"Noooooooooo," Kelli wailed, but Doreen's grip was too powerful. Lana picked up the coils of chain and using small carabiner-type clips, wound the chains from Kelli's collar to her wrists and eventually to her ankles. They adjusted the links so that Kelli could not lower her bound hands completely, nor spread her ankles more than 18 inches apart.

"Come along, pet. We will take you to your room now."

Bound as she was, Kelli had no choice but to shuffle along between the two slave girls.

"You look yummy in a sirik, slut" said Doreen

'A sirik?" Kelli thought. "What do you mean, a sirik?" Her voice was quivering. She had lost every bit of control over this situation once the chains were in place, and could barely make herself audible.

"The arrangement of chains that accentuates your slave body, slut," Lana responded.

Numb, she allowed herself to be led to her "room," which was little more than a single bed. It was soft, with plenty of blankets and pillows. There was a chair and an empty shelf. One of them said "Rest, pet. Just rest." As they departed, the door shut with a definitive locking sound.

Kelli sat on the bed testing her chains for only a few moments, when the door unlatched and a different girl entered with food on a fine silver tray. Kelli noted she was Latina in appearance and as beautiful as Doreen and Lana. And she was adorned in the exact same way, with multiple piercings, a topknot bound in gold bands, heels, collar, metal cuffs, the cursive K on her thigh, and nothing else.

She set the tray on the counter. There were several small dishes and a glass of steaming tea or coffee. "Eat, Kajira, you will need your strength."

"I'm Kelli, but thank you. Can I ask you some questions?"

"No, Kajira, just eat. This girl is called Vela and she is not allowed to answer your questions. You are a tasty looking slave, Kajira," she said quietly, with a smile as she left the room.

Kelli sampled the dishes; they were very well prepared and each was delicious. Alone with her thoughts, she struggled to make sense of what was happening to her, eventually, drifting off to sleep.

**Kelli's Descent Ch. 04**

Kelli awoke, renewed in her determination to find a way to end the situation she found herself in. Yesterday was so full of new experiences and information; it was difficult to keep it all straight in her head.

Breakfast arrived, brought by Vela. She noticed Kelli staring at her piercings, so she made a little show of displaying them to her. She locked her hands behind her neck and leaned backwards, showing her pierced pussy lips. Her smile said it all. She gave Kelli a wink, and then left her alone in the room again. Kelli just stared, amazed how freely the girl shared her signs of enslavement.

No one came to her for quite some time, so she tried to recollect everything that happened since the party two days ago. The combination of the isolation, the sexual interactions, and the humiliation were clearly breaking her resistance down. Kelli had been willing to give her virginity to a man that demeaned her, and following her shower, she was abused and chained by two of the sexiest girls she had ever seen. Kelli lay down on the bed, her head swimming, trying to make sense of it all, and found it very difficult to concentrate. Before she realized what she was doing, her left hand began lightly caressing her collar.

Kelli wanted desperately to play with her needy pussy, but the chains prevented her from doing so. The throbbing intensity had been building. The now familiar warm feeling began to spread throughout her body. She split her legs on the bed and tried to rub her pussy against the corner of the mattress, but with only a few inches of separation, this did nothing to satisfy her growing need. The door opened and Derek walked in. Immediately Kelli tried to sit up, extending her legs and hiding her attempt to stimulate her pussy.

"What do you think you're doing, slut?" he asked.

"Nothing."

He walked over to her, where she sat on the edge of the bed. Suddenly his right hand shot forward and slapped her across the face, enough to knock her on the side.

"Your response was unacceptable. I do not like repeating lessons. First, you did not address me as Master. Second, you lied. I was watching you through the peep hole in the door. I know exactly what you were doing. I own your body. I say if you can stimulate that worthless cunt and cum, because it is mine. You obey your Master. You do not initiate. Is that clear, or is additional punishment in order?"

Kelli's hand still touched her hot cheek, stunned by his attack, and she quietly answered, "Yes, Master."

"Do you wish to play with my property, slut? Do you wish to stimulate that pussy that belongs to me?"

"No, Master."

Derek laughed knowingly at her feeble and obviously false response. He pulled out his phone again and played a video of her saying, "Thank you, Master, for teaching me to suck your beautiful cock," loud and in a clear voice. He didn't sneer, or seek to shame her further. The implication and the threat were clear. Even if she could escape, she would never be free from her own actions.

She didn't say anything at first. Having been slapped and caught trying to satisfy her sexual needs cost her pride dearly. His next words filled her with a kind of hope that he was in some way interested. "You would have made yourself cum if I didn't enter?"

"Yes, Master," she answered honestly, knowing any other response would have earned her another slap or worse.

"Show me that you remember your lessons from last night and I may reward you, slut. Nadu!" She quickly slid off the bed and presented herself to him. He observed her intently, which only made her wetter. When he was done, he said "Crawl to me, slut."

"Yes, Master," she said with hint of sarcasm. She knelt down on all fours, grateful for the solid surface beneath her. Kelli hated herself for being in a position where she obeyed the commands of a man. She went to school to be educated, and considered herself an independent, modern woman. She also hated herself for trying as hard as she could to be sexy for him while she obeyed. As she approached him, Derek undid the buckle to his belt and pulled it through the loops one by one. She was at his feet now, waiting and looking downward. Was she in for a belt whipping, she wondered, suddenly fearful that she might have displeased him in some way? She felt overpowered by his presence.

He undid his zipper with a fluid motion of his right hand, reaching inside his pants for his engorged penis. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her head back. Kelli looked up and was surprised when she noticed she was running her tongue along her upper lip, waiting. Her memory of his cock was not unpleasant and she began to salivate at the thought of tasting him again. What is wrong with me? she asked herself.

"Good girls maintain eye contact." She slowly knelt back down, never taking her eyes from his. Kelli was close enough to smell him now, and the scent reminded her of her throbbing pussy. "But cock hungry sluts do not," as he used her hair to pull her gaze downward to his cock. "A slut has only one thought in mind, to please her Master and worship his cock, so keep your eyes on the object of your worship.

His words cut deeply, but the belt reminded her of the punishment she received when she displeased him. Kelli's mind flashed to the spanking she had been given the day before. It shamed her that she could be debased like this, left panting and salivating. The threatening way he held her face in front of his erect penis; how he clearly removed his belt in such a way as to remind her of previous punishment made her want to resist.

The continued threat of exposure made resistance impossible. The choices left to her included abject submission which would mean that she might just escape this situation, or a kind of defiant compliance, which would mean she would continue to be punished. For now, her aching pussy told her she should try submission, to see if she could eventually work herself out of danger.

Kelli kept her focus with an open mouth, rubbing her breasts with her hands, pulling and teasing her nipples, as she made small gyrating motions with her body. In part, all of this was to play along, but it made her feel hot. "Master, your slut has waited since yesterday for your big cock."

To demonstrate the fact, she began to slowly work his cock, making corkscrew motions with her hands, making sure that the tip rubbed against her cheeks, her chin and across her lips, letting out small moans.

"Master has such a big cock. This slut is lucky to be the one to serve it pleasure." Kelli continued in this way until she began to taste the pre-cum dribbling from his engorged cock. She stopped talking then and used her tongue to swirl around the thick tip of his cock, savoring his taste. He used his hand to grab a fistful of hair, and pulled her face down to the base of his cock. She used her right hand to stroke his shaft while she licked and sucked his balls. Her earlier doubts about his desire were obliterated by the lustful way he was using her now. Her pussy began to throb like a metronome again, broadcasting a need to the rest of her body, and she gave herself over to her task. Faked or not, she was getting hot.

"You may finger your pussy while you swallow my cock." She moaned in response, but she immediately tried to obey, only then realizing the chains would not allow it. She looked up at him with concern on her face.

"Finger your pussy, slut," he repeated the command.

Again she tried, but the chains left her several inches short.

"Are you disobeying, slut?" he asked, anger in his voice.

"Master, please! Your slut is trying, but the chains are too tight!"

He moved closer as if to see whether she was telling the truth or not, and then abruptly the whistling sound of the belt, and he sharply swiped her ass, causing her to yelp and jump a little; the shock, as well as the pain bringing her some focus. With tears filling her eyes, she looked up at him. He looked calmly back at her and delivered a second lash to her buttocks, making them red and slightly raised welts appeared.

"Please, Master, no more! I want to obey, please release these chains so I can obey you," she wailed frantically, forgetting the prohibited use of 'I' and clearly in anguish.

"I will release the chains, a little, slut. But you need to know that you are to obey at all times. No excuses."

She struggled in the chains to obey. The jangling of the links of chain echoed in the scantly furnished room.

When she was in position, and quietly sobbing, he loosed the clips of the chains a few scant inches, just enough to allow her access to her dripping hole. Before he let her, he took his hand and slid his fingers up her slit.

"Now, touch yourself. Put your hands between your legs and rub that cunt for your Master." Once her fingers were slick with her own lust, she began to rub her clit, working it in small circles as she serviced Derek. She let out an occasional moan, feeling waves of pleasure crash across her body again and again.

Kelli stuck out her tongue and held it there as she lapped around his balls over and over again. Her tongue still out, she slowly licked up to the top where she gave the head a long, deep tongue kiss. She then crouched lower and repeated the process several times. Each time, the kiss lasted longer and longer. She was not even conscious of when he started pumping his cock into her mouth, going deeper and deeper inside with each thrust. Both his hands gripped her hair with desire and lust as the pace quickened.

She could still not take the whole thing, gagging furiously as she crammed his cock in her again and again. Her face was wet with tears and saliva, but she just kept taking him in, rubbing her tongue along him when she could, stroking as she moved up the shaft and massaging his balls until she began to feel his spasms signal he was ready to cum. At the tip she said, "Oh, please Master, cum in your slave's mouth," and proceeded to dive on his cock and engulf as much of it as she could.

"Make yourself cum, slave." She prepared for him to pull out, so she could be painted with his cum, like yesterday, but he held her head down on his cock as he spasmed, and shot his load into her mouth and throat. As she fought to suppress a gag, and avoid suffocating, she worked her clit even more furiously, building to a massive climax. She came right there, kneeling on the floor with his cock pumping semen into her mouth. His grip was tight, and the sensation was too much for her, because she had a problem taking it all down as he gushed inside her. Cum and saliva streamed down his shaft, escaping from her pursed lips.

He allowed her to lift herself off of his cock. He breathed in, as if to issue new commands, but before he could utter a word, she worked her tongue up and down the shaft, licking his cock clean while he twitched beneath her. "You are an eager little slut," he panted, his breathing erratic. "I told you Master would reward his slave, if she proved worthy; and I will show you how generous Master can be. I have rewarded you with my cum in your mouth, I have rewarded you by allowing you to cum, and I will bestow a final reward. We will go shopping. There are accessories you will need."

He opened the door and another chained slave brought in a set of clothes for Kelli and a small briefcase, which Derek took and put off to the side, by the door.

"Release the sirik and ankle cuffs, but the steel collar and wrist cuffs stay," he ordered the girl. In a few moments, Kelli was elated as she was free of the restrictive chains.

He watched her as she dressed, and Kelli was completely conscious of it, the thought of his arousal making her every move seem sexier to her.

At first Kelli thought is was a leather tube top, but when she saw the leather vest, she knew it had to be the "skirt." There was also a pair of thigh high boots. Everything was in black. The vest tied in the front, but left plenty of skin. The boots screamed tramp from heels to thigh. The skirt shimmied up her body and did little more than panties to hide her striped and warmed ass. She winced as the material brushed against her punished buttocks.

He ordered her to dress him, and she responded dutifully, carefully threading the punishment belt through the loops. She needed to get out of the house, where he could not take her deeper into submission. She was careful to dress him properly and not make mistakes.

Kelli did not like how being this close to him made her feel, she still felt small in his presence, and Kelli was clearly aroused by him. She had never experienced the kind of intimacy with a man as she buttoned his shirt for him, and worked to make him look good. It threw her resolution to engage in pretend submission into doubt.

Finally, she reached to pull up his zipper.

"Stop, slave. Use your teeth, not your hands. Drop to your knees and proceed, slave."

Her mouth agape, she slowly fell to her knees and moving her head into his crotch, she sought the zipper with her teeth. She needed her tongue to lift the zipper pull. She managed to grip it with her teeth, and tugging in spurts, she pulled the zipper to the top. The smell of his manhood was strong and her senses were highly piqued.

"Follow me out of the house by walking two steps behind me at all times. You will not speak unless I permit it, and you will follow my instructions immediately and at all times. Is all of this clear, slave?" Derek seemed to know exactly when she needed to be commanded, to take her mind away from thinking too much about her situation. The sound of his voice snapped her back into focus.

"Yes, Master." They walked through the house saying nothing. Kelli thought it was odd that there wasn't another person in the house as far as she could tell. All of this must be planned. It was perverse, but she marveled at the scope of...she did not even know what to call it. When he opened the door, she felt the breeze on her skin and it felt wonderful as the open air touched her pussy. It had only been yesterday since she had been outside, but it felt like an eternity. Kelli felt like an entirely different person since coming here. And certainly she would not have been caught dead in either the collar or the clothes she now wore.

She followed him down the stairs to the parking circle. It was not easy walking in the high heeled boots. They sat in the back seat of a black towncar. Derek gave no instructions to the driver, but once the door was closed, the car took off. Derek said nothing, and ignored Kelli for a half hour until he turned to her and said, "We are almost there. When we are in public, you will walk with me, but I will lead you. You say nothing, and do what I tell you at all times. Do not make me repeat myself, or you will be severely punished. Am I making myself clear, slave?"

"Yes, Master." They emerged from the car and immediately Kelli saw the sign of an adult shop. Dressed as she was, she naturally hesitated.

"Please," she whispered. "I can't go in there dressed like this."

When Derek turned, for a moment she thought he would strike her, but instead reached in his jacket pocket and pulled out a leash. With his eyes boring deep into her soul, he clipped the leash to her collar and with a voice that allowed no dissent said, "Follow me. Now." He started to walk before she could react, and Kelli found herself being tugged along the sidewalk in public. She tried to move, so that it would not be apparent to anyone that she was being led around like a dog. It took Kelli several fumbling steps to keep up with the pace he set.

It was a relatively large establishment, with other patrons milling around and shopping. But the moment they entered the shop, she felt as though silence descended upon them. All eyes stared at the handsome man leading his Asian slave on a leash. Kelly could not see it herself because she was too shamed to see it; many of the patrons, both male and female, looked at them with jealousy.

Derek took her down this aisle and that, selecting items for her. As Kelli drew each from the shelf, he described how they would be used. She was to use the implements he chose to prepare herself for her upcoming assignment. He gave no indication of what the assignment was, but the selection of items left little doubt what she would be preparing for. Dildos with suction bottoms, vibrators, whips, crops, spreader bar, lube, butt-plugs and different kinds of gags- one with a penis, a ball gag and one that forced her mouth open.

He led her around the store with his right hand firmly pressing against her back, just above the curve of her ass, leading her where he wanted her to walk. He never touched anything other than her. Instead, he pointed with his left hand. Kelli knew it was obvious to everyone that his behavior and her collar meant that she was his. During the entire time, she felt this as a burden that weighed heavily. She repeatedly thought about what the other people must be thinking about her. In some instances, it was clear. Several young men near the counter were clearly looking at her. When Derek noticed, he put Kelli on display. "Turn around for them."

Kelli looked at the ground, and turned around in place while several people gawked at her. At any time, Derek could reveal who she was, so she complied without saying a word. She was ashamed at being made to feel like an object in front of people, but was aroused by their stares. At the counter, a young tattooed woman with blue hair and multiple piercings looked from Derek to Kelli and then back to Derek. "Someone was either a very good girl, or a very bad girl." She looked back at Kelli as she laughed, starting to ring up the items, one by one.

"This is a reward." She nodded back at him, smiling at Kelli.

Humiliated, scared and aroused all at the same time, she was relieved when the shopping was done and they returned to the car. As the car drove away, the pressure she felt being out in public began to lift and she was able to breathe deeply and comfortably. Derek didn't seem to notice; he continued to look out the window. Kelli was not sure if the restriction on talking meant in the car or not, but she did not want to test him. He removed the leash and said once again, "Next time, you will be punished."

When the car stopped, they were not back at the house, which confused Kelli for a minute. They had pulled into a mini-mall with several shops. When they got out of the car, Derek rested his hand on the small of her back directed her to a tattoo parlor. She hesitated for a moment when she realized his plan, but the hand firmly planted above her ass reminded her of what would happen if she resisted.

"Kelli. You will say nothing." He pulled an envelope from his pocket. It had her parent's address on the outside, and looked relatively thick. It was unsealed, and he opened it in front of her using his thumb and forefinger. She saw pictures of scenes from the last two days in the house. Derek tossed it in the driver's window while Kelly gasped. "He has instructions to deposit that parcel at the address provided. You will do as you are told, slave."

She had the look of a deer in the headlights. She wanted to speak, to tell him "No!", but he held all four aces. Her lower lip trembled. They went inside, and Kelli could see all of the different designs that were on display on the walls in between large mirrors. There was a young man getting some design on his right arm. When he saw them enter, the man with the ink needle paused in his work, and went to the front door to lock it. He smiled at Derek as they passed each other.

"Thanks, Jas," Derek said.

"No problem, man. Hot canvas you got there," and Kelli wanted to die. He was good looking, if you ignored his arms, fully covered in tats. His face was unmarked, but his ears were both pierced with spikes. "Just give me a sec to wrap it up with this client."

Kelli and Derek waited there for him to finish. Derek absently flipped through magazines that were sitting on a low table, again ignoring Kelli. She sat there and looked at the tattoos, concerned about what was about to happen. The collar was bad enough, but nothing would remove a tattoo. Fear prevented her from thinking about anything else. She felt paralyzed and did not notice that the young man getting work done had left. The three of them went to a room closed off from the rest of the shop. There were screens and monitors all over three walls and on the fourth was a bank of electronic equipment. Derek stood in a corner near the equipment and leaned against the wall, looking at slave, who had followed him docilely.

He ordered her to strip. She was sick to her stomach. Walking around the house naked seemed normal at this point; she had seen more naked girls in the last day or two than in her entire life. But this was something entirely different. Kelli looked at the stranger as she slowly unlaced her vest, biting her lip, goose bumps rising at being exposed. Next, she wriggled out of her leather skirt that offered almost no protection. In seconds, she stood there completely naked, except for the boots. She looked over at Derek, who seemed to be able to read her mind.

"The boots can stay." She stood with her legs apart, the distance learned from the chains she had worn for days. She locked her hands behind her neck, which thrust out her breasts as though she was offering them to her Master. Neither of them seemed all that interested, busying themselves with their work. The man was getting his tools ready, and Derek was dealing with the electronics.

"Like the rest, Derek?"

"Not quite, but I can clarify that later. For now, yes."

"You got it."

"Sit in that chair as I work, slut, and you will not move," Jason ordered. His voice was like gravel, and had the same tone of command that Derek spoke with. The chair looked like an archaic torture device. It had a high back, and clamps to hold legs, and several straps to make sure that the person in the chair could not move. It reminded her of an electric chair, and she quickly looked away. Kelli was taking in more details about the room now, and she noticed now that the screens were arranged so that anyone sitting on the chair would be able to see all three screens at one time.

Jason walked her to the chair, sat her down, clamped her legs in place, and tightened the straps across her abdomen. He looped a chain through slots in the chair arms, and once tough her collar, pretty much immobilizing her. He continued to work around her. Kelli heard him open the briefcase behind her. She had no idea what he was doing.

The screens around her came to life and Kelli saw multiple videos of herself over the last few days. There were vids of her trying to get herself off by rubbing against the mattress. On one screen she was giving Derek a blowjob and talking to the camera. On another, she was being degraded by Lana and Doreen. On yet another, she was licking cum and smiling. She gasped as Derek left the room and the man behind her laughed. Kelli's skin burned with embarrassment, becoming flushed and red with shame.

"What's the matter, whore? Didn't know how much you loved to suck cock until you saw yourself begging for it on screen, did you?" She shivered, now feeling cold and numb, the evidence of her depravity felt like a hard smack.

"Not to worry, we are going to make you pretty." Kelli would probably have been insulted by that statement another lifetime ago. Kelli thought she looked good; she worked hard to stay fit, she kept her body nice even if it was only for herself up until recently. And now a stranger with tattoos all over his arms casually dismissed all of that effort and hard work. Again, her train of thought shattered when Derek returned.

"Wh..what are you going to do to me?" Kelli wanted to sound brave, but the stammer in her voice was certain to make her sound weak and small. She could not take her eyes from the screens, horrified that anyone should see her sitting, naked except for her boots and a collar, on the chair, with all of the damning evidence of her sexuality on display on the screens around the room.

"You will receive the house mark. It will identify you as owned by the house. No matter where you are, or what you are doing, you will forever be the property of a Master of this house." Derek spoke in such a calm and even tone, it was hard for her to believe that he really said it at all. Tears began to stream down her face, and her whole body was wracked with sobs.

Jason continued to prepare his gear, rattling around behind her. Kelli wanted to become invisible, or wake up from this nightmare. She stared at the screens, mesmerized by the scenes that streamed past her teary eyes. Her pussy was throbbing, making it difficult to concentrate on anything.

Suddenly, her hair was grabbed from behind and her head pulled back. In seconds, she heard and then felt it, as a scissor sliced through her beautiful hair. "Noooooooooooo," she screamed, twisting as much as she could, but unable to move enough to prevent anything from happening to her.

The same blast of depression that hit her when Jason suggested she wasn't pretty hit her again like a whip, with the first snip of the scissors. It didn't take Kelli long to realize that she was being given a topknot, just like the other girls of the house. In a small way, that fact made Kelli feel a little better about it. The reason for it was even more alluring. Kelli was no fool, she knew that her hair was being pulled up from her neck so that she would be unable to hide either the collar or the earrings.

Kelli barely noticed them tending to her earlobes and bending lower near her. She hardly felt gloved hands manipulate her head and earlobe, getting it into the right position. She did register the pressure she felt right before the lobe was first pierced, but did not move nor resist. The sudden lance of pain shocked her out of her reverie and she shuddered as waves of excitement swept over her. She noticed that her pussy juiced at the pain, and forced herself to concentrate on the experience in her other ear. It was like she was hypnotized by the dirty slut so eager to swallow a cock on the screens. As so often had been happening to her lately, Kelli found herself able to shut everything else out.

She watched herself force Derek's cock down into her throat and gag as the man pierced the other ear, and she was so close to cumming, she squealed. He tended to her ears for a short time as she squirmed around on the chair, feeling her wetness puddle underneath her. By the time he was done with her ears, inserting large hoops, her pussy was dripping freely, and she let out soft moans at a quickening pace.

Jason was already at work on her thigh before she realized that something was happening to her, and she was completely unprepared for the searing pain that she felt once she did notice.

"Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii," she screamed, trying to recoil from the assault on her thigh. She turned to see Jason pressing a branding iron into her thigh. He held the iron for so long, her screams became ragged and she was gasping for air and control.

"Nooooooooooooooooo," she rasped, her voice strained in pain.

Finally Jason pulled the iron from her leg and she saw the inverted cursive K molded into the still steaming iron. She looked wildly at Derek, who stood smiling. Her eyes were red with tears of shock, humiliation and pain.

Derek walked over to her. She stared blankly into his face, unable to come to grips with what had happened. He had her branded like an animal.

He reached to the table and opened a jar of cream. Tenderly, he applied the salve to her throbbing thigh. She stared at him, still breathing raggedly in gasps.

"Why...why," was all she could say.

"I told you, slut. You are forever the property of this House. A tat can be lasered, but this is indeed forever. You are now Tuka. Kelli is gone. She was a free woman, you are a slave and your slave name is Tuka."

She stared at him, hardly comprehending, closer to shock from the branding. While Derek spoke, Jason unbuckled her, and removed the chain from her collar. She sat there, shaking and in a little bit of shock. No one spoke to her, as they tended to their various tools. She must have been there for a few minutes before Derek began giving commands. He ordered her up out of the chair, and on her knees in front of it. He inspected the chair, dabbing one finger in the wet spot she left behind. He looked at her and smiled.

Jason looked over and said "This one is a pain-slut." As he walked over to her, he unzipped his pants, and pulled out his cock, pumping it in her direction. When he got closer, he said, "Now it's my turn, slut."

Her rage and fury boiled inside her and felt like the scorching on her leg. She was furious at Derek for making her do these things, she just wanted some way to get back at him. Before she could even think about it, she heard herself say: "Yes, feed Tuka that cock, I want to make you cum in my mouth, Sir."

He grabbed her tits in his hand and pinched at her hard nipples as he lunged forward slowly, impaling her throat with his cock. She licked and sucked at it hungrily, making slurping noises and a mess of herself with saliva. He grunted and groaned as he fucked her throat, pumping away, and pulling at her tits.

Each time Kelli, now Tuka, thought she could somehow turn the situation to her advantage, it crumbled in front of her, and it was happening again. She briefly thought that throwing herself at Jason would make Derek jealous. She couldn't have been more wrong. Derek started slapping her in the face with his cock and she moaned. She wanted it so bad, and felt so repulsed by her own emotions and desires.

"Hold up, man," Jason said. "She keeps working my cock like this, she won't be starved for cum for long. I'm gonna blow my load on her face." She moaned again, using her eyes to beg for more.

"She's a greedy cum slut, Jas. She'll do anything to taste my load." She used her left hand to pump Jason's cock, as she turned her head and swallowed as much of Derek as she could. She spat on their cocks as she jerked them, going back and forth. First she gagged on one, and then the other, force-fucking her face over and over. She held her tongue out and rubbed the heads of their cocks on it. Her eyes teared, leaving her makeup running down her face. The lipstick left red rings on their shafts, marking the extent she could take them in.

Jason grabbed her topknot and manipulated her head to service him, as he hit a continuous rhythm, his balls hitting her in the face. She would have screamed if she could have as the pain and the treatment overcame her. She reached orgasm again, this time shooting a stream of pussy juice out of her pussy and through her fingers, squealing as it happened. He wrapped his right hand around her neck and proceeded to pump his semen into her throat and mouth, all while Derek watched.

When he pulled out of her mouth, he handed her topknot to Derek. He had been jerking himself off while she took Jason's load, and he used his grip on her hair to line her up for his load too. This time, she looked up at him, mouth open waiting for his cum.

"You think you're a good girl, now that you obey orders and suck any cock that walks by? You are a dirty slant-eyed suck slut, Tuka. Only thing you've been good at so far has been being a target for my load." He shot thick ropes of cum on her face and tongue as she grabbed the base of his shaft and cupped his balls.

She kept licking, sucking and kissing his cock as he rubbed it across her face, slurping happily on his balls as he rubbed them to her open mouth.

"Thank you, Sir, thank you," she said in between slaps with his cock, and when he wasn't rubbing his balls on her outstretched tongue. She had no idea she could cum like that, and nearly forgot about the pain on her thigh. It came back to her when he was done. After she dressed, Derek put his hand on the small of her back and led her into the lobby of the tattoo parlor. It was still empty, but there were body-length mirrors there for her to see what she looked like.

In many ways, she thought she looked like Doreen, Lana and Vela, but not quite. Yes, the hair, collar, and brand, and the large hoop earrings. Then she remembered their septum rings, and her stomach churned. But the real difference now was that she looked like she had been abused. She had been crying, her makeup ran, and her lipstick was smeared. Everyone who saw her would think that she were some kind of used whore, being led around by Derek like this. Going outside was pure torture and humiliation, and just getting into the car was a relief.

She felt like she had lost all hope of ever escaping from her nightmare. Derek and Jason's comments had not been altogether off the mark. The pain did arouse her, making her pussy drip with juice. Over the last few days she had tried as hard as she could to hang on to her sense of self and resist what was happening to her. At the same time, she wanted Derek's approval, she wanted his cum. He had been right about her since that first night at the party.

When they returned to the house, she was ordered to strip at the doorway and assume nadu. Derek walked away, turning his back on her, but within moments, Lana and Doreen appeared. The sirik was draped over Lana's arm.

**Kelli's Descent Ch. 05**

"Well, little one, it looks like Master and you have been busy," Doreen said.

"Look up so we can get a good see, Tuka." Kelli had been staring at their shaved pussies, but raised her eyes upon command. It was obvious Derek had told them her new name.

"Notice the proud, free, coed look is gone, Lana."

"Exactly what this slut expected," Lana replied with a smirk. "Her ears are nicely pierced and the hoops tell all. I would like to see the brand, but best not to unbandage it, yet."

They thoroughly inspected her body, putting her in many erotic poses. They made comments about her appearance, some complimentary, some not. They asked her no questions, just appraised her as though she was not present. Kelli allowed them to manipulate her without protest; Derek had broken down her resistance and she just wanted to get it over with and sleep.

After several minutes, they put her in the sirik and ordered her to follow them.

At one point Doreen reached up and gripped Kelli's septum between her thumb and pointer finger, her sharp fingernails making Kelli gasp. "This slut is surprised she is not ringed here. That was done to this slut the first visit." She looked to Lana, who nodded in agreement. "It can only mean one thing," and looking at Kelli she said, "Tuka, are you white silk?"

Kelli's eyes were watering from the pinching sensation and her stomach was churning from being appraised by the two sexiest girls she had ever seen. She just stared, not understanding.

"This slave asked you a question," and pinching her nose with her fingernails, Doreen continued. "Are you white silk, a virgin?"

"Yes, Mistress, please Mistress, it hurts."

"She says it hurts, Lana," Doreen teased, twisting Kelli's nose, digging her fingernails in deeper, and making Kelli's eyes water.

Suddenly Lana cupped Kelli's exposed sex, and with her index finger inserted, began to stimulate Kelli's engorged clit. Kelli yelped and gyrated her chained body, but could not escape their hold on her. "Hard to believe Tuka is still a virgin, the way her body reacts," Lana said.

After several minutes of this abuse, Kelli was brought back to her room, locked inside, and left alone again. The bed was gone; now the only pieces of furniture in the room were the counter-top, the chair, and a blanket on the floor.

A dildo was suctioned on the wall at mouth level. And on the blanket was a note. Tuka, practice. Practice until you can take the entire wall dildo into your mouth and throat. Master.

Suddenly, the events of the day came cascading down upon Kelli, and she rolled onto the floor in a fetal position and broke down in tears.

Slowly she began to calm down, and within 30 minutes, having replayed the events over and over in her mind, she sniffled and rose, walking over to the dildo.

She stood before it and was conscious of the chains that bound her body. Her pussy began to juice. She took the suctioned dildo into her mouth and practiced sucking cock while she gyrated to imagined music by Brittney Spears, I'm A Slave 4U. Time evaporated. Her chained hands could not reach her pussy, nor her face, so some saliva dribbled to the floor, as she sucked on the cock stuck to the wall, forcing it into her throat and attempting to relax her gag reflex.

She let out a long groan, desperate to feel it deep inside, if only to relieve the pressure she felt in her pussy. The mattress was gone, and she recalled what happened last time she tried to bring herself off.

Her rhythm picked up as the dildo slid more easily in and out of her mouth, and soon she could feel a tingling sensation throughout her body. She shuffled over to the chair, and backed over an edge, sliding it back and forth over her needy pussy. She knew this was somehow wrong, but she couldn't stop. Even when Lana and Doreen suddenly entered her cell, she didn't stop, just looked up at them.

"And what do you think you are doing, Tuka?" asked Lana.

Kelli looked into Lana's face without responding, only slightly slowing her attempt at building friction. For some reason, Kelli felt more embarrassed that Doreen, the Asian slave, was watching with a scowl on her face.

"Stop, now. NOW! You know this is against house rules. Your cums belong to the masters. Go to all fours and crawl over here, Tuka."

Kelli had stopped grinding her pussy when Lana raised her voice and now crawled like a chastened puppy towards her. "Nadu, Tuka."

"She is a sizzling little slut, isn't she, Doreen?" Lana's words were like sharp barbs; Tuka did not wish to be found wanting in front of the beautiful slave.

"Yes, this slut is certain she would make her parents quite proud."

Kelli raised her eyes from their pussy level to Doreen's almond eyes. Her words were like a slap in the face. Her parents would be horrified if they could see her now. The thought made her blanche. She expected to see a sarcastic smile on Doreen's lips as she looked up, but instead Doreen met her gaze with a serious, steady gaze.

"It looks like you struck a note, Doreen." Lana bent down so that her face was level with Tuka's. Lana stared into her eyes as she reached down and gently began to roll one of Tuka's nipples between her fingers.

Doreen began to speak from behind Tuka in a low, sultry voice. "There are some times in this House, slut, where the girls are left alone by the men. These are times when we find each other and talk, kiss and touch one another. Our Masters encourage us, but we are not permitted to cum. There is no need to abuse the furniture."

Kelli flushed, embarrassed all over again, when Lana cupped her chin, tipping her head up. Then she gently stroked the top of Kelli's flared top-knotted hair, smoothing it out, and began to press the back of her head toward her waiting pussy.

Kelli had passionately kissed girls before, after several drinks, but never had she been this close to a girl's pussy. She knew her own musk, but this was different. For a moment, she wondered if white pussy was somehow different from Asian. Kelli knew what was expected of her here, and she did not hesitate. After the intimate abuse she had suffered with Jason, this felt right. She wanted to make a connection with someone other than Jason. She pressed her lips against Lana's smooth mound, gently rubbing her lips around her, guided gently by Lana's hand.

Tentatively, she stuck out her tongue and pressed herself against Lana's labia, spreading her slightly. Lana held her head close, but made no other motions, letting Kelli explore. Doreen was nearly forgotten, as Kelli licked more eagerly, suckling and kissing at Lana. Kelli began to feel her own pussy tingle as she reveled in the taste of another woman.

Before Kelli realized it, Lana had stepped away from her. Kelli was panting a little, and her lips and chin glistened with a combination of her saliva and Lana's lust. Lana left the room, without comment, and it took Kelli several breaths before she remembered that Doreen was still in the room, standing behind her. Kelli felt a moment of disappointment, that Lana had not said a word. She had probed another girl's inner sanctum, deeply feeling a sense of intimacy, yet not a word of praise did she hear.

"Turn, slave, it is my turn," Doreen said.

Kelli obeyed, completely surprised to find Doreen taking the nadu position directly in front of her.

"Look at me." Kelli raised her eyes from Doreen's denuded crotch to her beautiful face.

"I think I know what you are going through, Tuka. Tell me, are you first or second generation?"

"First, Mistress."

"As am I," Doreen said. "I imagine that your commitment to your parents' ideals is fundamental." Kelli nodded. "Then do nothing to displease the masters. They have truthfully kept the secret from my parents, and as long as I obey, I am confident they will continue to do so."

Kelli felt a moment of warmth spread over her body, a feeling that everything was going to be ok, as long as she obeyed. "Thank you, Mistress."

Doreen rose to her feet and Kelli expected she would be ordered to pleasure this Asian beauty. Instead, Doreen moved towards the door. "Continue to practice and remember, you may not cum without permission."

Kelli was left alone with her thoughts. After a few moments, she rose to her feet with a sigh, and moved back to the suctioned dildo. She remembered how her mom made her practice piano scales for hours on end; she hated it. As her mouth moved up and down the shaft, as her tongue swirled and caressed, she realized this was different. She didn't hate it. In fact, it felt good.

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She never heard the door open. After some time of dildo practice, she had fallen into a deep sleep on the blanket.

"Nadu, slave!"

In a state of semi-consciousness, she slowly opened her eyes

"Slave! Nadu!" It all came back to her and she quickly rose to a kneeling position, knees spread, breast thrust out, mouth slightly opened, her body welcoming a master.

"Yes, Master, Tuka obeys," she responded, now totally awake.

"Tuka. I like that this slave calls herself by a slave name now. I will reward you, Tuka." He knelt on his haunches in front of her and produced a shining silver bauble from his pocket. Do you know what this is, slave?"

"N...no Master."

"This is a plug. I am going to put this in you to remind you that you are Tuka, slave girl to my house, three holes of pleasure." He held it lightly in front of her, suspending it with the tips of his fingers. It was roughly pear-shaped with a narrow top, widened around the middle and then a jeweled top. She was briefly distracted by the shining gem he held in front of her before he continued. "Kiss it, slave."

She balked at the thought. Kissing this thing he was going to put inside her seemed like an even worse humiliation than the others. Kiss it. As if she wanted it inside her. As if she wanted to be reminded how hopeless the situation was. As if she were eager to accept this from him. Yet, he was praising her, and this was his gift. Before she knew what she was doing, as all these thoughts raced through her head, her lips made contact with the cold metal, and she kissed it with full lips. "No. Really kiss it. You love it. Use your tongue. Show me how much you love my gift to you."

She hesitated for only a moment before her lips made contact with the metal plug again. Except this time, her lips parted, and her tongue slid across the smooth surface of the plug. She took the tip into her mouth and swirled her tongue around, making it wet with her saliva. She pursed her lips around it, aware that he was watching her intently, and after a final kiss, she used her tongue to dab her pooling drool on the plug.

Satisfied, he rose, and resumed his position behind her. After some ungentle adjustment to her posture, and a wait that seemed to take forever, she first started to feel the plug press against her tight little hole. The wetness allowed the pointed end to just make its way inside her.

"Ungghh," she hissed through gritted teeth. "Pleaseee," she intoned.

"Please, what, Tuka? What does slave Tuka desire?"

Kelli felt the mix of discomfort and pleasure against her rectum. She made fists with her chained hands, and her breathing was ragged. 'This is not right,' she wanted to blurt out, but instead her desire to obey him overcame her resistance. "Please, own Tuka's asshole, Master."

He began to twist the plug, and sensations she had never felt before began to course through her. She lowered her head to the floor, supporting herself on her knees and forearms. She could not be sure, but she imagined him spitting on her from behind; she did feel a new wetness begin to slide down her inner thigh. She thought of the state she was in, her asshole being spit on by a man who meant to plug her ass and call it a reward. It was unnatural, it wasn't right, and she wanted it to stop.

Her body began to betray her. Against any conscious decisions, her legs and hips began to move, pushing her ass up higher, and against the pressure of his hand on the plug. She knew what she was doing, but seemed utterly powerless to stop it from happening. Pushing back against his hand, she was pushing the plug in deeper and causing it to spread her hole wide open. With each roll of her hips, it slid in further, and the discomfort reached a point where she was ready to scream 'No!'

But suddenly, the plug passed the final resistance and with a humiliating sucking noise, her anal passage enveloped the plug. She whimpered in relief.

"Speak, Tuka. Express your gratitude for this lovely gift."

"Thank you, Master, for your gift that now impales Tuka's ass. Tuka feels your fullness within her and hopes she can keep it from popping out."

Derek laughed aloud, breaking the tension. "You silly slut, at this point, as tight as your sexy ass is, there is no way it will pop out, so don't concern yourself about such things. Concern yourself only with pleasing your Master. Would you like to please him now?"

Kelli heard these words, and though a temporary flame of anger passed her conscious thoughts, it was immediately suppressed by her desire to please. "Yes, Master," she responded. "Please tell Tuka how to please you."

"Nadu, Tuka," he commanded, and though in chains with her ass plugged, Kelli managed to quickly take position. She clenched her rectum muscles, because she was certain he was wrong and that the plug could pop out at any moment. Derek dragged the chair over and sat before her. As his body bent to the chair, she focused on his bulging crotch. "Speak, Tuka. You are an intelligent female by all indications. Tell your Master what you are thinking."

Kelli was surprised by his request, which seemed to be ill-timed. "Master, Tuka thinks only of your need, as she can see the bulge of your cock and wishes to please you."

"Yes, of course, Tuka, but I mean what are you thinking deep inside. Just a few short hours ago, you were a carefree coed, who focused on studies and who had managed to remain a virgin by suppressing your true sexual needs. Speak freely, and tell Master your deeper thoughts. If you lie, I will know." He reached down and with his finger under her chin, lifted her face so their eyes made contact. He could see the moisture as she blinked.

"I hate you," the tears now visibly forming in the corners of her eyes. "I hate what you have done to me. I hate that I cannot control my body, and so it looks like I am a fucked up slut," she sniffled, gaining strength in this emotional release. He stared impassively as she continued. "And I hate this place," she blurted out, clearly finished with her tirade.

He pulled her gently toward him, though he remained seated. He laid her head to rest near his groin, pressing her against his bulge. She was openly sobbing now as the permanence of her situation began to descend on her like a cold, wet blanket. He said nothing, simply stroking the back of her head as she cried into him. She knew everything had been done on purpose, sequentially, to render her helpless. The humiliation, the depravity, her growing eagerness to please, all planned for her total submission. She recognized that this man was at least, in part, responsible for everything that she had done and had been done to her. Everything that she had become. She realized that even now, his hands were encouraging her to serve him.

She let out a low moan as the tears flowed freely. She found her mouth moving along the bulge in his pants, and Derek let out a hiss of pleasure as he rubbed her crying face on his cock through his pants. She had nothing left. She was nothing.

The crying stopped. This was another thing she only consciously recognized after the fact. He was getting hard. She could feel him growing through the fabric. He was clearly enjoying this. She wondered what could be enjoyable about any of this when she became aware that her pussy was getting wet, and her hands were slowly moving up his thighs. The only thing she was immediately aware of was his growing erection. She became concerned that it would cease being pleasurable for him, if he remained clothed.

She slowly looked up at him with red and wet eyes, then lowered her face into his crotch. Using her teeth and lips, she began to tug at his zipper, looking to release him. In a sitting position, it was not possible. Still, he said nothing, just staring at her as she nibbled at the zipper. She did not give up and eventually the zipper slid down its tracks.

Once his cock stood erect in front of her, she put her hands flat against him, near the base, and kept eye contact with him as she slowly moved to kiss the head of his cock. The chain of her manacled hands looped gently between them; in one sense forgotten, and in another, a constant reminder of her position.

She kissed the sensitive underside of his cock and let her lips linger there, briefly exhaling as she held that position. She tilted her head slightly and ran her lips down his throbbing shaft. She used her tongue to push her saliva out of her mouth and moved back up the shaft to the tip. She moved back a fraction, and then kissed the head again. When she had lingered there long enough, she spit out some more onto the head, and ran her tongue all over his thick head. She took it into her mouth, her lips just passing his ridge, and she suckled the head of his cock while her tongue continued to swirl around it.

He rose from the chair. "Take it deep. You are a diva submissive cock slut, pampered by your parents, protected by their expectations."

His words stung, but she realized the truth. She was a princess, never deprived, always indulged.

He repeated, "Take it deep," as her mind had clearly wandered, and she eagerly complied, pushing him into her throat and making herself gag on his shaft because she knew it would grip him more tightly that way. When she rose off him, she spit a huge gob of drool on him, and began to stroke his cock as she caught her breath.

"Barely acceptable, diva slut." His words hurt, because she was giving all she had. "Maybe a tongue piercing would make it worth my time." At this, she gasped, opening her throat even more, and he timed it perfectly, totally impaling her hole.

She momentarily panicked, as her entire throat was filled and she could not breathe. Then she realized with total joy, that she could accept more of him than she thought possible, that her throat could be completely opened for him. Her eyes rolled back into her head in ecstasy. She heard what sounded like another voice say the words "Please, Master. Please fuck your slave. This slave only lives to please you." He didn't respond.

She pleasured him in this way for some time. She sucked and licked eagerly, hoping to please him. As she continued, he became more insistent, and moving her head more roughly, and with increasing speed. His cock tensed in her mouth, and with a series of jerking thrusts, he spurted thick gobs of his seed down her throat. He began to withdraw, and as he left, she began to feel an unexpected emptiness.

But he wasn't done. He held his pulsing cock in his hand as it splashed more of his cum on her tongue. Her previous thoughts of emptiness were replaced by her focused attention on the ropes of cum he was painting her face with. She never imagined there would be so much. Then, like a flash, he took a step back, reached down to tuck his cock into his pants, zippered, and walked out of the room, leaving her there alone, kneeling in chains, her cunt throbbing, his cum dripping from her face and the taste of him in her mouth. As her breathing returned to normal, the feeling of emptiness returned.