**Model Slave**

by[Oupa99](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1439151&page=submissions)©

**Model Slave Ch. 03**

Penny sat in the limo twittering nervously about what the next few hours would bring. The photographer had told her that she would be meeting all kinds of influential people at this club. She hoped this would help launch her modeling career and enable her to make a decent living doing something she loved. She stared at her lap noticing her satiny glistening skin showing through the fishnet dress.

Her time at the dress shop had been exciting, exhilarating and passionate. She felt like she had made some new friends there, but they had also taught her much about how to present herself. This dress was like nothing she had ever worn. It was well designed and easily the sexiest thing she had ever worn. The dress hid nothing, but only enhanced the incredible body displayed underneath.

With all the body makeup any perceived flaws she might have had were covered. All her skin from the tip all of her toes to the top of her head was a scintillating expanse of erotic presentation. Her dress only enhanced the dazzling presentation by making her audience look through the dress to the virtually naked body beneath.

As the limo continued through the city, Penny continued to look down at her body covered by the wide open fishnet. She thought she looked like a mermaid caught in a fisherman's net. Her breasts were encased in the net with only the white pasties over her aureoles preserving any modesty. They wobbled with the movements of the car, providing an arousing show as they bobbed and trembled beneath the fishnet. The rest of her body was a naked poignant display of sensual womanhood, with only the strings her tiny thong interrupting the show.

The limo pulled into a rather deserted warehouse district and Penny thought this was a rather odd location for what she thought was an upscale club. There were large, dark and haunting multi-story buildings on all sides of her giving an ominous feel to the location. Penny felt fear and doubt creep into her belly and as the limo began to wind its way through the dark streets around the warehouses. As the lights flickered past the windows she thought about changes in her life over the last two days.

A week ago she would've never been caught in a dress like this, going to a place she knew nothing about, to meet people she didn't know. However, being bound naked, while writhing in multiple orgasms and being broadcast thousands of people on the web, had changed her. Penny now craved all the excitement, the thrill of being exhibited naked to a crowd and the supernatural high of unrelenting orgasms. She had discovered desires she never knew she had and now her body hungered for more. She looked out the limos windows and prayed her cravings weren't leading her into danger.

The limo came to a stop amidst several other limos in front of rather blank warehouse. There was no sign outside or glittery banner, only two rather severe looking bouncers. The driver opened the door and Penny got out a straightening and pulling down on the very short dress, trying to cover her ass. It had been different wearing this in the dress shop, but now she was out in the open, showing off everything she had. She shivered as she suddenly felt very exposed.

Her stomach trembled with both fear and excitement. She had no idea what awaited her beyond the doors to the club, but everything in her life had led to something good. She smoothed out her dress, straightened her shoulders, thrust out her breasts and held her head high as she regally walked towards the door.

Upon her approach the men stood to attention and then opened the door to let her pass. She nodded a thank you to both men and noticed their eyes greedily appraising her body as she passed through the door. Their hungry looks gave her excited confidence as she passed into the noisy interior. The club contained a bar on one side and a huge dance floor with a curtained stage at other end. There was an elegant dual staircase leading to a balcony that overlooked the dance floor.

The entire club was stylishly appointed and Penny had never been anywhere so opulent. The club was decorated with a combination of stainless steel and rich grainy woods. On closer inspection many of the club's designs were in the shape of female forms, but all were of women contorted in various forms of bondage. They were so elegantly done you had to look carefully to distinguish the tightly stretched female forms and they were gorgeous as well as erotic.

Penny felt like Alice in Wonderland, only this one had a decidedly erotic and sexual leaning. Around the dance floor there were dozens of lithe, sensual female dancers, all dressed in tiny micro-kinis and matching leg warmers. Some were on the stage while others were scattered on pedestals around the dance floor and these women were obviously part of the decorations.

The dance floor was filled with likewise scantily clad women and muscle-bound hunky men. Some are dancing together and others alone, but all men and women were beautifully toned and gorgeous. All of the outfits were skimpy and exposed to lots of skin.

Most of the men were topless or at most were wearing an open vest revealing their ripped, muscular torso. Likewise, their pants were skintight highlighting their bulging thighs and stuffed groins. The women's outfits varied depending on the assets of the woman and presented a beautiful array of spectacular breasts, abs, legs or ass. This was an overwhelming array of mouth watering eye candy and Penny was awe struck, feeling even more like Alice in Wonderland.

Penny lifted her eyes and followed the elegant staircase to the crowd on the balcony. Everyone in the balcony was either dressed in tuxedos or elegantly dramatic evening gowns. These were obviously the rich and powerful patrons as opposed to the eye candy on the dance floor. As Penny stood on the edge of the dance floor taking in all the sights and sounds, a tall statuesque redhead approached her from the balcony.

"You must be Penny, why don't you have a drink and dance a little until everyone arrives." She said in a sultry English accent.

After her initial introduction Penny decided to do what the redhead suggested. She went for a glass of wine to bolster her courage and then she sashayed to the dance floor attracting a lot of attention. The first reason she was attracting attention was her outfit, the white diamond fishnet mini-dress hid nothing and only accentuated and displayed her entire stunning body. Even among all the gorgeous, scantily clad dancers Penny was a spectacular scintillating stand out and her porous dress only heightened her display.

Penny remembered how her movements looked in the dress shops mirrors and she tried to mimic those moves creating a slow seductive dance. Her artful dance was being noticed by everyone, but there were four guys crowding around her vying for her attention. She ignored them, because Penny knew this is all about wowing the modeling movers and shakers on the balcony and her slow seduction was aimed at them. If she wanted a modeling contract she knew she had to stand out among the beautiful assortment of sensually displayed flesh. Every once in a while she would cast a furtive glance to the balcony to make sure the patrons were watching and all the eyes on her gave her goose bumps.

All these eyes on her created a needful ache in her sexual core, electrifying her. She glanced at her body's slow twisting seductive movements under the fishnet and it excited her even more. Her breasts were sensuously pushing the fishnet around alternately hiding or creating tantalizing views. Her hard throbbing nipples created lumps beneath the pasties that would occasionally poke through the fishnet. Penny wanted the pasties gone so everyone could see her delight at being exhibited with her engorged nipples thrusting proudly through the dress.

The fluid rocking of her hips beckoned as they swiveled on separate gimbals from the rest of her body creating their own sexual fantasy. Her taut belly twisted in a seductive beguiling display trying to unite the two blistering parts of her body into an enthralling temptation. As a result of her swaying hips the back of the dress pulled half way up her sneakily displayed ass, revealing her tight firm tantalizing cheeks. The uncovering of her ass also left her shapely, toned legs totally on parade.

Penny tried pulling down the bottom of her dress from the moment she got out of the limo. The act of walking seemed to make the very short dress crawl up her ass revealing her enticing derrière. By the time she made it to the dance floor she had blushingly given up on pulling down the dress. When she saw the looks her uncovered ass received she breathlessly sought to display it in its most seductive light. Once again the trills of exhibiting herself flowed through her creating a pool of wetness between her legs.

Suddenly she felt a soft hand caressing her naked ass and turned abruptly to see the gorgeous redhead that greeted her standing behind her. Penny blushed as the woman continued to caress her naked skin and then she leaned in to whisper in her ear. "It's time you came upstairs, my seductive little vixen."

Penny was very conscious of all the eyes on her. Everyone on the dance floor looked jealous and was wondering why she got to go upstairs. However, the people upstairs looked at her as though she was a piece of livestock or a piece of meat they were appraising. She honestly didn't feel comfortable in either scenario, but she knew this was her chance and she knew she had to wow the powerful people. She tried to walk elegantly and at the same time sexily as she followed the redhead to the balcony.

As she reached the top of the staircase the photographer from yesterday's photo shoot approached her and grabbed her hand. Penny cast her eyes downwards, blushing in remembrance of what he had done to her and the incredible ecstasy she felt as he did it. He gently kissed her cheek and then began to pull her behind him as he introduced her to person after person.

The names ran together and she had no idea who any of these people were. A few of the women were kind and understanding giving her a soft hug or light kiss on the cheek. However, for the most part everyone, man or woman, looked at her with an appraising eye. Some even touched her like you would a piece of livestock during an appraisal at an auction. Penny felt very uncomfortable with the whole process, but she assumed that they were appraising her modeling potential. She tried to be stoic, while trying to present as beautiful a package as she could to potential investors.

Shortly after her arrival Penny was offered her second glass of wine and even though she rarely drank she greedily gulped it down trying to calm her nerves. After her second glass of wine she was feeling kind of tipsy, but it loosened her up and she began to flirt with the powerful people. Despite her giggling flirtations none of the people upstairs responded with anything except a vaguely interested scowl. They all seemed to be interested in her, but no one seemed to want to get to know her. She assumed these people were just all business and really weren't interested in who she was, only her marketability as a model.

After about an hour of schmoozing the photographer grabbed her arm and led her to a back spiral staircase that led down to the stage behind a drawn curtain. There she found herself with 11 other women lined up behind the curtain and all had their hands bound in manacles. All the women had their hands stretched above their head with the manacles attached to a ring on a post. They all had a anxious or scared fearful looks on their face and Penny had no idea what was happening. She felt the fear start to gnaw in her belly as she noticed an empty post on the stage.

Her flight or fight reflexes took over and she turned to run the minute her feet hit the stage. Unfortunately, the bouncers had anticipated her move and caught her arms quickly binding them in a set of manacles in front of her. She started struggling but knew she didn't stand a chance. The bouncers were at least a foot and a half taller and triple her weight. The bouncers started laughing as one of them easily scooped her up and tucked her under his arm as he carried her across the stage.

Within seconds Penny's manacled hands were stretched high above her head tied to the ring on the post. Her 3" heeled boots were the only reason she was not dangling from the ring, but still her petite 5' height left her straining to touch the floor. Her mind whirled trying to figure out what was happening and she twisted looking at the 11 other women. All of the women were young and beautiful catering to all kinds of body types, ethnicity, eye and hair color.

She looked at each woman and each had terror or anguish written on their face. Some were openly crying, others were angry trying to break free while others were trying to use their feminine wiles to seduce the bouncers. Penny looked at the exotically beautiful woman next to her and she instinctively knew this was her main competition for any modeling position.

The woman next to her looked to be a very exotic combination of Asian, African and European ethnicities. Her skin was a creamy chocolate color and she looked to be about her height. Her body seemed to be an exaggerated version of her own, with extremely large breasts and a big bubble butt held together with a tiny waist. Her face was beautiful with high cheek bones and full lips with a straight regal nose. Her eyes were a stunning emerald green and were large, dominating her face while still having a decidedly Asian slant. Her short platinum colored hair seemed the perfect counterpoint to the color of her eyes and skin.

Penny saw the woman appraising her as well and despite her discomfort she started the conversation. "Hi my name is Penny. What is happening, do you know what kind of a show we are going to be doing?"

The stunningly gorgeous Black woman looked at Penny with a mixture of amusement and pity as she gave an incredulous laugh. Then in a soft English accented voice said, "No Penny, this is not a show it is a slave auction and we are going to be sold as a sexual slaves."

Penny's mouth hung open as the depth of her predicament began to sink in and then the tears began to flow down her cheeks. No this can't be, slavery was abolished over a 100 years ago, she thought. She looked over at the woman next to her and seeing the honest resignation on her face, Penny knew she believed this was indeed a slave auction. Penny's voice quivered as she stutteringly ask, "H How do you know? Slavery is outlawed, th they can't do that."

"Penny, my name is Charlene and this is my second auction ... that's how I know. This is what I am, what I want, to know that I am someone's property, someone I will always belong to and care for me. Most of us choose this life. My first master is selling me because I lied to him and that's why I'm here."

Penny was about to respond when a man knelt behind her, pulled up her dress and began to apply a tattoo to the right cheek of her ass. She looked behind her and saw him using a black light. Penny had never been tattooed and was surprised at how much it hurt. She whimpered as the needle buzzed over her skin, but fairly soon he was finished. The tattoo artist would occasionally remove the black light and the tattoo would disappear, apparently it was only visible under the black light.

As he moved over to Charlene, Penny looked at her quizzically. She responded the silent question, "This is to mark you as a slave from this auction house and I'm just getting a second mark."

Penny's mind was spinning, the last couple of days had been an erotic awakening and she had discovered her body's true desires. She felt the need to be bound, teased and forced to cum over and over and if it was in front of an audience it was even better. She realized she was addicted and like any drug addiction she would do anything for the endorphin high. Her quest for her orgasmic high had resulted in her now being auctioned off as a slave.

It was surreal and almost felt like a dream, but even in her darkest fantasies she never envisaged something like this. Her gut was churning with fear and how to escape, but there was part of her that was excited by the fantasy. The thoughts of being a harem slave and to be taken at the whim of her master sent erotic chills through her body. She had a hundred questions for Charlene, but before she could ask them one of the large bouncers addressed the twelve erotic slave candidates.

"My fair bitches you are here at one of the premier slave auction houses and we cater to only high end merchandise. Each of you has been specially selected and each in turn will be presented to the buyers and their surrogates. You will not talk and you are expected to act like the gorgeous sluts you are. If you speak or resist inspections you will be further bound, gagged and punished in front of the audience. We have brutal ways to punish you and ways that won't leave marks."

"Such punishment will result in a lower sales price for your sponsor and you will catch the eyes of the more harsh and brutal Masters. Both of which will be catastrophic for your long term future and could hurt the reputation of this auction house. So you see it is a win-win if you behave and follow every command quickly without hesitation or it's a life time of hell if you don't."

"Okay, number one ... Go." He concluded.

One of the bouncers rolled out a large wooden rolling cart with an elaborately carved wooden arch spanning the cart. The cart was extremely large, larger than the huge bouncers. So Penny figured it had to be at least ten foot square. They rolled it out in front of the first woman and pushed on a foot peddle that seemed to lock the wheels in place.

There was a large cut out in the middle and Penny had no idea what it was for until two of the bouncers picked up the pole with the first slave attached. The bottom of the pole had a large wooden base that fit inside the cut out of the cart's wooden base. When everything was put together the woman was still dressed and attached to the pole with her arms bound over her head, but that is where the similarities ended.

The arch artfully framed the woman, deviously while making her look even more beautiful than she was. The whole presentation seemed to hide any flaws and when they turned on the lights attached to the arch she looked almost angelic. Her red hair shone brightly with her voluptuous figure encased in the lighted arch. Penny thought the woman was beautifully merchandised as they wheeled the cart through the curtains to face the crowd outside. Strange that she thought of the woman as merchandise, because that meant that she was too.

When the curtain closed behind the first slave Penny heard the crowd voice its approval of the displayed beauty. The muted voices of a presenter and auctioneer were a constant drumbeat that could be heard over the crowd. Over the next quarter of an hour she heard cloth ripping, the smack of something against flesh and screams of pain, as well as, passion from the woman being auctioned.

With every sound from the other side of the curtain Penny's fear, apprehension and excitement grew. Her mind was still spinning in a fog of crazy fright, trembling passion and irrational eagerness. She was petrified with fear, but at the same time the thought of being used and auctioned in front of an audience had her agitated and smoldering with ravenous desire. She looked over at Charlene and saw her staring intently at the curtain.

"Charlene, what is going on out there?" She whispered breathlessly.

Without taking her eyes from the curtain she whispered. "She is being presented and displayed by her sponsor. He is stripping her clothes and showing her assets in their best light and then he will demonstrate her talents. If she is a pain slut, a cock slut, oral, anal, if she cums easily or often he will show her special talents to the audience. The auctioneer heightens the bidding with every demonstration and when it is all over she will have a new master."

Penny gazed at the wistful look in Charlene's eyes and knew she was envisioning herself on the stage. Likewise, Penny quivered wondering what it would be like to be naked in front of the crowd of buyers. As much as she feared being sold, the thought of having all those eyes caressing silky skin sent passionate chills through her body. Then the first slave was pushed back through the curtain and as Charlene had said she had been stripped naked and was still tied to the post.

Her alabaster body was crisscrossed with dozens of red marks from her knees to her neck. Her huge breasts were wobbling excitedly as she gasps deeply in her attempts to overcome her orgasmic anguish. Her chest, neck and face were a strawberry red from the evident heart pounding cums that had been heaped upon her.

However, it was her face that Penny couldn't stop staring at. She had a rapturous glow that made all other emotions pale in comparison. Her eyes were lost in a distant euphoric thousand yard stare, but the smile on her face told everyone that she was exactly where she wanted to be. Penny looked at her face and felt a little jealous of the slave's enraptured look, but she knew she must have looked like that yesterday.

The bouncers quickly removed the first slave from the cart and replaced her with the second slave. They made the second slave ready, the lights on the arch were turned on and after everything was set they rolled her beyond the curtain. Afterwards they came back to unbind the first slave girl and deliver her to her new master. So it went with slave after slave and as they got closer and closer Penny began to get more anxious. Her fear was being replaced by a jittery passion building in her belly.

Yesterday she had been displayed in front of a web audience, but tonight there would be real people watching her. Just the thought of all those eyes, licking tongues and sweaty palms all drooling over her erotically displayed body had her womanly folds soaked in her essence. Likewise her nipples were so hard they began to push the pasties pealing back one of the edges still covering only a portion of her aureoles.

After the tenth slave had passed beyond the curtain Penny ask Charlene. "What's it like to be a sexual slave? I mean you said you choose this life, so what is it like?"

Charlene looked off in the distance and then slowly answered. "It's hard to describe until you do it, but to me it is a kind of blissful freedom." She swiveled her head to look at Penny and continued. "Yeah, I know freedom and slave are not often used together. But, you never have to worry about keeping up with your neighbors, accumulating possessions, making a living or paying bills. You only have to look beautiful for and make your master happy."

"It's a simple life full of joy, happiness and bliss. With a good master you will know bliss like you have never known before, you will discover feelings and passions you never knew existed. The more you please you master the greater the heights of passion you will both achieve. As long as you have a good Master and obey him you will never have heart ache or pain."

However, if you get a bad master he will abuse you, give you to others and beat you just because he can. That is why it is important to present yourself well up on the stage ... so you capture the eyes of the good ones, the Master's that will make your life heaven on earth." She concluded.

Penny listened to Charlene and wondered if she was crazy or brain washed. Being a slave was certainly not what someone aspired to be and she had painted this idyllic life full of love and passion. Penny had pictured whips and chains, certainly not love and crazy, wonderful eroticism. Now she was really confused, what kind of future awaits her?

"So why are you here and how did you mess up?" Penny queried.

"There were times my master couldn't make me cum and I faked orgasms. That is lying and lying is one of the most unforgivable things that a slave can do. Since I lied my Master couldn't trust me anymore and I had to be sold." Tears began to stream down her cheeks as she concluded, "I loved him so much and I ruined everything when I lied."

Penny could see the heartache and anguish in Charlene's eyes. Her master had given her everything she wanted and hoped for and she had betrayed his trust. It seemed like a small thing faking an orgasm to show that she loved him, but it was still lying and he couldn't abide lying. Before either could say anything the tenth slave was rolled back through the curtain and it was Charlene's turn.

Charlene looked at Penny and sadly forced a smile just before bouncers grabbed her and put her on the cart. They made her ready and soon she was on the way through the curtain. Once again Penny heard rips of fabric, the sound of assaults against flesh, Charlene's screams of pain and ecstasy. Her mind's eye visualized what the audience was seeing, that was Charlene naked, writhing, with rapture showing on her face.

All too soon she was back through the curtain, with tears streaming down her face. Her face had a kind of euphoric glow and through her tears she choked saying, "Master bought me again, he loves me."

Charlene's relief and loving gratification brought a lump to Penny's throat with her eyes starting to mist. She was so happy for her and wanted to share in her delight at having been bought again by the master she loved. Before she could rejoice in Charlene's happiness she was being lifted and placed in the cart. She lost sight of Charlene as the lights on the arch were turned on and she began to move towards the curtain.

Nervous anxiety hit her square in the face, along with panic and a thousand other emotions as the curtain approached. She found herself gasping for breath, but still couldn't seem to get enough air in her lungs. Her head was spinning with her eyes darting to and fro looking for an escape. If she hadn't been bound she would have been in full flight mode and ran for her life. She knew her life was about to change, but would it be good or bad, she didn't know and was scared to find out.

As the curtain parted Penny saw a huge crowd amassed before her. There were three rows of tables in front of the stage and at least six laptops with WebCams on each table. Obviously these were the rich recluse that chose to participate anonymously. There was a delegate behind each laptop and many of these were the people she had met on the balcony.

Beyond the tables were masses of people sitting on chairs or couches continuing further and further back until they faded into the darkness. The lights from the stage lit only about half the audience and penny visualized hundreds more watching her that she couldn't see. The balcony was the same with people lined along the balcony in chairs and couches and people standing behind them. As her eyes darted along the crowd she noticed her image on Jumbotrons located on each side of the club.

Penny's scrutiny of the crowd was short-lived as yesterdays photographer stepped in front of her. She released the breath she didn't realize she was holding as she looked into his expectant face. Based on what Charlotte said she figured the photographer that got her into this, must be her sponsor. He reached out and caressed her face lightly and almost lovingly as he said.

"My God Penny, you really are incredibly beautiful. With that haircut and dress you are the most gorgeous as well as the hottest woman I have ever seen. If I didn't need the money I would keep you for myself."

As her eyes started to cloud with tears she chokingly said. "But, you selling me into slavery and betraying all my trust. How could you do this?" She choked and then whispered, "How could you do this?"

The photographer didn't answer, just gazed wistfully as his eyes roamed over her bound and craftily presented body. He sorrowfully shook his head and then turned to the audience saying.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have saved the best for last. This young woman, as you can plainly see, is an incredibly stunning and beautiful woman, but she is much more than that. She is new to this scene and until yesterday had never experienced any of what this life has to offer. However, yesterday's performance convinced me and those of you that saw it, that she is a natural submissive. She is foremost a reluctant, but enchanting exhibitionist and she needs bondage to release her inner fire. With the right training and the right master she can become the most amazing submissive any of us have ever seen."

He looked out into the audience and ask, "So are any of you man enough ... or woman enough to take on the training of the most spectacular submissive I've ever seen? If you are she will fulfill your every fantasy. Most of you know my reputation and I can easily say this woman is like none I have ever brought before you. She is special and demands special treatment and a special price."

He continued to stare into the crowd for several heartbeats and then said, "Ok let's see what we have."

Penny's eyes were moving from face to face, feeling their eyes pour their lust, passion and desire into her. She once again felt that craving fluttering in her belly, that throbbing hunger awakening her body and making everything feel sexually intense. She knew what was coming and part of it horrified her; however, the red-hot searing excitement over ruled all common sense. She looked the photographer in the eye, defiantly telling him to do his worst.

The photographer gave a crooked smile that told her he was going to enjoy this. He stepped to the side so that Penny was fully exposed to the audience and with a pair of scissors in his hand began to slowly cutting the knots of the fishnet dress. Penny tried to look defiant as the knots were slowly opened, exposing more and more of her lustrous skin beneath. However, passionate goose bumps erupted on the newly exposed skin showed her true feelings and true desires.

The dress was open from her neck to just above her navel when he stopped cutting. He studied her for a second and then reached beneath the dress for her left breast and removed the pasty freeing her hard thrusting nipple. Penny moaned lustily as the cords of the fishnet scraped her nipple as it poked through the holes. The photographer removed the other pasty and Penny quivered as both of her nipples were being incessantly rubbed and teased by the fishnet.

Penny watched the audience intently as her nipples came into view. The intensity of the audience's hunger escalated as more of her was revealed. Some of the audience leaned forward in their seats to get a better view while others looked to the Jumbotron for close-ups. Penny felt the crowd demanding more from her and her body responded with an agonizingly intense, heated desire. She felt engulfed in the still unfamiliar but, insatiable wanton ache between her thighs.

His hand with the scissors moved towards the dress as though to begin cutting again, but before he did a smirk appeared on his face and then he tugged on the dress. Penny threw her head back against the pole as the tug on the fishnet pulled and scraped her enflamed nipples, sending white-hot jolts of ecstasy through her body. She gasp, sucking in a lung full of passionate air and moaned erotically as she stutteringly released the breath. Her chest was heaving trying to catch her breath forcing her breasts to wobble enticingly and making the fishnet stimulate her nipples even more. Her belly clinched as she tried to rein in the insatiable desire in her womb, but the eyes of the audience demanded more.

The photographer went back to cutting the knots of the dress and when he was an inch or so below her navel, he stopped. He repositioned the scissors and cut through the cords on her left shoulder that held the dress in place. The left side of the dress collapsed sliding down her breast with her nipple grabbing at each hole as it passed until finally the nipple caught a hole it could hold onto. Every caress and tug on her nipple electrified her body blazing a trail to her already soaked womanly folds. All of the fear and anguish had been swept away on a tide of blistering passion. Left in its place was a craving hunger clutched in her belly and her womanly treasure ablaze with need.

The photographer moved to the right side of the dress and cut the cords that held the dress in place. Once again her nipple grabbed at each hole and the knots caressed her nipple, shooting flames of enraged passion through her body. Finally her nipple grabbed an unexpected knot and both sides of the dress hung precariously from her taut, distended nipples. Penny's head was thrashing back and forth as stimulating tremors raced through her sexual core.

Penny arched her back, thrusting over stimulated nipples into the wrestling match with the knots and holes the dress. The constant nipple play was making it hard to breathe and her deep gasping breaths shook her breasts to the point where nipples could no longer support the dress. Her nipples finally released her hold on the dress with it sliding down her body hanging on her hips, leaving her topless and on display to the audience. Penny gazed into the audience and their hungry appreciation for her flaunted body was readily apparent.

The photographer continued to cut the knots of the dress until it parted completely cascading to the floor of the cart. The photographer stepped to the side to make sure the audience had a good view of Penny's spectacular figure. He reached up and caressed her breasts, pinching and tweaking her nipples. Penny tried to resist the rousing stimulation, but her body had thoughts of its own as her back arched, thrusting her breasts into more of the harsh treatment.

The photographer lightly caressed her body before pulling the thong away from her body and cutting the strings on the side. As he discarded her soaking wet garment, he snapped his finger and four of the dancers advanced on her. There were two women plus two men still in their skimpy dancing attire as they moved in unison towards the bound and naked Penny.

The men unbound her arms from the pole and replaced her manacles with a set of soft leather cuffs. The women encased her ankles in the same kind of soft leather cuffs and then each limb was stretched and bound to previously hidden connections in the arch. The pole she had been tied to was removed by two of the bouncers.

Now Penny was stretched and bound in the shape of an X, all within the confines of the arch. The presentation of Penny's naked body within the arch was as spectacularly beautiful as it was erotic. The lights within the arch were positioned to highlight certain areas or creating dramatic shadows in others. With her arms stretched above her head, her breasts were lifted into the light with her turgid nipples pleading for carnal stimulation.

Her ribs were pulled tight against her skin with shadows defining their structure. The shadows obscured her concave belly, but the lights behind her left her tiny waist in a beautiful silhouette. Another light highlighted her nether regions with her arousing nectar coating her bald, succulent pussy lips, leaving it shimmering in the light. Her golden hair swirled around her face and shoulders making her look like an erotic angel.

The photographer began to present various parts of her body like a hostess would on a game show. For a second Penny imagined a game show hostess presenting her breasts saying, "and these breasts will provide you many hours of erotic pleasure." It felt good to make light of her situation for a second, but it was brought back to reality on the other side of the stage.

A light snapped on the far side of the stage and the house lights came up as the auctioneer began the bidding process. Bidding started off fast and furious and was soon at a number that Penny thought was outrageous. However, there was a certain pride that people would spend this much money to possess her. As the bidding went on she felt dejected as people focused on the auctioneer instead of her.

The photographer noticed Penny's passionate ardor beginning to wane and he gave a nod to the two men and women that had bound Penny previously. Penny gave a small shriek as suddenly eight hands and four mouths were devouring sensitive flesh. The slightly diminished fire in her loins roared back to life and was soon an unstoppable bonfire roaring through her body, reigniting the desperate craving inside her.

The two men took her upper body with their hands caressing and pinching as their mouths latched on to her nipples. They used their lips, teeth, tongue and mouth to thrill and electrify her already sensitive and inflamed breast flesh. Her nipples were hard as diamonds aching with fanatical need. Her nipples were so swollen and enflamed that Penny they felt like they were going to burst.

The women concentrated on her lower body with mouths ravenously attacking her pussy and sphincter. They were soft and gentle, but at the same time hard and challenging her to give into their demands. She felt deliriously wanton, sexy and even dirty as their mouths probed her pussy and anus. She whimpered as they started, but these turned into deeply erotic moans as they continued their onslaught.

Without her willing it, her hips started to move up and down as their mouths and long finger sawed in and out of her most intimate parts. Her mind could no longer process the risk of being sold; there was only the women's mouths, their tongues, and their fingers, sliding deep into her. As the men chewed her nipples they joined her loins in surrendering to the rapture that enthusiastically tormented her entire body.

As if she needed to their approval, her lust lidded eyes probed the audience for their reactions. Most were dividing their attention between her and the auctioneer, but when they looked at her there was fire in their eyes and lust in their heart. As her eyes probed the crowd several were licking their lips wishing they could be the ones ravishing her. The crowds lust poured into her, driving her lust higher and more desperate. Then her heart jumped in her chest, with her torso twisting with a heart stopping surrender.

He was there in the third row, the incredibly handsome distinguished gentleman from the dress shop. As she met his eyes her breath caught in her chest as his dark ravenous stare went straight to her heart. He was not listening to the auctioneer, but paying attention to only her, watching every shutter and every passionate gasping breath. Her breath locked in her chest as she waited for his reaction and his approval.

She couldn't look away as the audience, the stage, the auctioneer, everything faded away. There were only his eyes commanding her. His eyes were telling her to let the fingers and mouths sweep her away, let the bliss consume her. As if obeying his commands her body tingled, letting the tease carry her engorged pussy and ass to the crest of a wave. She did as he commanded, letting the erotic wave crest, feeling it crash over her with her illicit pleasure sending her body into blissful contortions.

She passionately screamed her completion, letting the audience know that she obeyed the command in his eyes. She let everyone know that her body and her orgasms belonged to him as she screamed, "God, OH my God, Yes, OH God Yes Master."

As her body shattered into a mind numbing cum, her eyes never left his dark demanding gaze. But, the mouths and fingers of the four dancers continued their devilish torment of Penny's body, despite her writhing spasms. The dancers switched places with the women gently teasing her breasts and nipples and the men harshly demanding more from her sensitive and burning pussy and asshole.

The handsome stranger's eyes told her to let the wave build and Penny felt flush all over as the heat inside her continued to build. As if he could see inside her heart he frowned and shook his head from side to side, telling her not to cum yet. Somehow she pushed the orgasm back, but it continued to build until Penny thought she would lost her mind. The volatile power inside her was like nothing she had every felt and she knew she would die if she didn't cum soon.

Her whole body was quivering with the barely contained explosive power ready to be set free. Her eyes pleaded with him to let her cum and he shook his head no with his eyes giving her a hard look warning her not to fail him. Penny closed her eyes trying to keep balanced on the ridge of her colossal climax. Then the man licking her pussy sucked her clit into his mouth began to roll it between his lips and tongue.

Penny's eyes flew open in terror as the wild pulses in her clit pushed over the edge and she started her uncontrolled slide into orgasmic oblivion. She was cumming, couldn't stop it and in a panic her eyes begged the stranger to let her cum and with a single nod he relented. In that moment every cell in Penny's body rejoiced as they simultaneously detonated in an explosive cum the likes of which she had never felt before. In that moment she felt like a rocket with her orgasmic blast lifting her free of her earthly bounds. She was floating through the heavens with fireworks surrounding her in her blissful journey.

Penny' arms and legs pulled and jerked against her bounds as the commanded orgasmic tidal wave washed through her. The explosive power was unlike anything Penny had ever felt and for several heartbeats she was rigid in a muscle clinching euphoria. She was thrown into a weightless abyss where nothing mattered except the nirvana that seized body and soul. As her climax surged through her, all of her body's muscles knotted fighting the engulfing intensity that clutched her very soul.

Her body bowed tight as a guitar string as she let the breath-taking rapture carry her away on the crest of her orgasmic tsunami. Her eyes were still pointed at the dark stranger, but her climax had blinded her to anything except the firework display in her head. Her mouth hung slack jawed, in a breathless scream of passion, with only little squeaks with bits of air escaping rigid lungs. Penny was lost in the space where only the only thing that mattered was glorious sexual pinnacle that the stranger had ordered her to achieve.

The auction came to a stop as Penny exploded in the most awe inspiring cum anyone in the audience had seen. Everyone watched with mouths agape as Penny was consumed with an orgasmic fervor that few had ever seen. Only one man sat in the crowd with a self-satisfied smile as he gazed at this most perfect woman, a perfect submissive.

The dancers continued to tease, suck and probe Penny's spastic body, driving her higher and higher. She couldn't stop cumming and she was past the point of reason. Her mind was lost in her special area of space with stars and supernovas swirling around her. She didn't know where she was and only knew the rapture that the dark stranger had given her and now controlled her. Her body was glistening with perspiration as her muscles continued their euphoric celebration in fine olympic fashion.

The audience was aghast as the stunning woman bound in front of them shattered into the most incredible show of orgasmic athleticism. The heads of the ravaging dancers obscured her breasts and loins, but her undulating belly demonstrated her exquisite rapture. Her stomach would knot in six-pack revealing clinches and then ripple as she thrust her hips back into the voracious mouth for more of the continuing onslaught. Her already gorgeous face was glowing with her overwhelming bliss plainly there for all to see. Her eyes were wide open as though surprised, but stayed wide open in an unseeing stare. Her mouth stayed open in an oval shape as she alternately gasp trying to catch her breath and then moaned, whimpered and screamed her intense rapture.

As the next orgasmic tsunami rushed through her she threw her head back and screamed unintelligible sounds. As her thrashing head and banshee screams announced her latest gut twisting cum, her hair swirled around her head like a golden cloud. Her golden locks began sticking to her neck and shoulders, grabbed by the perspiration from her jubilant body.

The photographer clapped his hands twice and the dancers backed away from Penny's euphorically spastic and quivering body. The auctioneer started again and the bidding quickly rose to new heights on renewed enthusiasm. Very quickly a new record bid had been achieved and the photographer was gleefully smiling. Four anonymous bidders wanted Penny, but the high price soon eliminated one, then another until there was only one. A new record had been established, one that shattered the old record and was unlikely to be broken any time soon.

Penny's body began to calm, but the passion still coursing through her veins sent shivers down her still convulsive body. As her eyes cleared she sought the approval of the stranger whose orders she unhesitatingly followed. Her eyes only found an empty seat where he had been sitting and in a panic she began scanning the audience. She did everything he wanted and she had given him the show he needed from her. He couldn't leave her, he was supposed to buy her, she wanted to be his.

She turned her head and watched the bidding conclude with an anonymous bidder purchasing her. Her eyes began to mist as reality sunk in. She had been bought by someone to fat or ugly to show themselves and she had given herself to a man that didn't want her. Tears rolled down her cheeks and a sob broke from her lips as her heart lay shattered in her chest.

Her life was over and all she had to look forward to was being some fat old man's eye candy. The love, the fire and passion she had hoped for had disappeared along with the stranger. Suddenly she felt ashamed to be naked in front of the audience, ashamed of what just happened and her tears became a torrent as she cried her eyes out.

Hidden in the shadows behind the bar the stranger watched as Penny was taken behind the curtain and made ready for her new master. She had affected him like no other and if circumstances were different he would have her as his, but the plan was moving forward. The show she had put on had guaranteed that the correct man had purchased her, now he had to make sure everything went according to the plan.

**Model Slave Ch. 04**

Behind the curtain Penny continued to pour out her broken heart through her tears. The man who ruled her passion, the man she desperately wanted to take her, didn't even bid on her. An anonymous buyer purchased her and now she was to be taken to someone she had never seen. The bouncers unbuckled her wrists and ankles from the arch and buckled her arms together and feet together. She was effectively hog tied. They wrapped a cape over her nude body and then one of the bouncers picked her up in his arms and carried her to a van outside.

Inside the van were two disreputable looking characters, they immediately put a cloth over Penny's mouth and nose with something pungent in the cloth. With one breath she started to become woozy, the rocking of the van and a second breath guaranteed she is put to sleep. The guy not driving then hooks her bound hands to a hook at the top of the van and the cape comes open revealing her luscious naked body. Now she was hanging from the hooks in the van with her head lolling on arms.

The guy not driving looks at her with lust and desire, but knows he can't touch the merchandise, so all he does is leer at her lecherously as they drive off into the night. The driver is paying attention to the road and the guy in the back is all alone with this tempting creature. The thug in the back of the van knew he would never get the opportunity like this again and took advantage of the situation by opening her cape for a better look.

His eyes bugged out and he licked his lips as his eyes greedily devoured the scrumptious package in front of him. He didn't think he had ever seen a more perfect woman in his life. Even the girls in all the dirty magazines he wacked off to didn't hold a candle to this hot, luscious babe. He knew the boss would never know if he had a little feel and his rough calloused hand reached out to caress her belly. He had never felt anything as soft and silky as her skin and he wished his hands weren't so rough so he could truly appreciate her satiny, refined and delicate skin.

His hand moved up to cup her full magnificent breast and once again he marveled at how flawless it was. The full weight of her breast filled his hand perfectly and her playful, hard nipple seemed to be begging for him. He leaned forward with his tongue ready to lick that tasty morsel when the driver shouted at him to leave her alone. He reluctantly backed away, but making sure the cape was still open and her body fully exposed. He sat cross legged on the floor with his eyes scanning and memorizing every curve of her incredible body. He rubbed his crotch knowing that she would be the center of his late night fantasies for a long time to come.

About a block behind the van a black Nissan Rogue with black tinted windows followed. Patrick McKinney had conceived of this plan and put it into motion and if everything worked he could bring in the FBI and Interpol. He had worked for the CIA for ten years before his sister was kidnapped and sold into slavery. After they finally located her mutilated body, he had one mission in life, to make them all pay dearly for what they did to his sister.

He went uncover and had spent six years developing his BDSM business discovering how the slave trade worked. Along the way his dominate side flourished and he discovered he had a natural talent for pushing a submissive into sensory overload. His natural talent and enthusiasm for the lifestyle quickly elevated him to the top of his small community of dominates. He had found a life he was meant for and he knew he would stay in this life even after his business with the slavers was done. However, now was the time to take down the slave traders, but what he hadn't counted on was Penny.

From the first moment their eyes met he knew she was special. She was stunningly beautiful, innocent, untouched with incredible untapped passion lurking inside her. She was a natural submissive and craved bondage and exhibitionism. It had been years since he had a submissive affect him and somehow he knew she was meant for him. It wasn't her beauty, innocence, pose or even her untapped submissive side, but Penny tugged at him and he had to keep her safe.

He had built a powerful reputation and had bought into a BDSM club as a partner and had become the lead trainer. His reputation grew and he was in huge demand for seminars and private training sessions. He and several other BDSM trainers had dovetailed these seminars into a BDSM cable network and all of them had shows on training either Dominates or Submissives. Their goal was to elevate their sensual art through the combined use of pleasure, bondage and some pain to overwhelm the senses.

Patrick believed that a woman is her most beautiful in the mist of unrelenting orgasms. She finally shows who she really is when her senses completely take over. Finally there is no more game playing, only the real woman inside. Many women had discovered they couldn't take this life, but others discovered that they were destined to be a submissive. On the auction stage Penny had revealed her true self when she shattered on his command and he knew what he was seeing in Penny. She was Patrick's perfect woman and submissive, but there was something more and she tugged at his lonely heart.

Relationships with women didn't last long in his world. He had trained hundreds of subs and want-to-be subs with only a few short term relationships. He had been in love once and vowed never to do it again, but something about Penny made him long for something a little more permanent. For Patrick she was the most perfect woman he had ever encountered and that was something he hadn't counted on.

He also knew he was perfect for her. The first time she looked into his eyes she begged him to command her, to take her and validate her inner most desires. She followed his every command and she could read his thoughts through his eyes. She knew what his eyes were telling her and she passionately fulfilled ever desire she saw in his eyes, without hesitation or questioning. When she looked at him he knew she was pleading to be his, she wanted him to be her master.

The plan had been to use the GPS tracker implanted during her tattoo, to follow Penny to the scum that purchased her. Then use the FBI and Interpol human trafficking task force to grab her and shut down the whole operation. Patrick knew if the bidding went high enough who would purchase her and where they were, but he needed the resources of the FBI and Interpol to take down the network.

The key was to have a witness that would enable them to secure warrants to go after the rich and powerful ... Penny was originally going to be that person. However, now she had a hold of him, they had connected and he wanted her. She would be his no matter what he had to do and he couldn't let that scum ever touch her.

As he was following the van, he was trying to formulate a new plan. A plan where the group that kidnapped, tortured, abused and ultimately killed his little sister would be punished and destroyed. A plan where Penny would not be harmed abused or even touched by these scum. A plan where Penny would be his after it is all over.

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The van pulled up to a desolate airport hangar and drives into the interior, parking next to a cargo plane. Penny is hanging unconscious, naked and exposed as the vans side door is opened by two men standing by the plane. The two men next to the plane are joined by the two men in the van with all of them silently staring at the spectacular naked womanly vision hanging in front of them. They all stood dumbfounded taking in every gorgeous inch of Penny's nude form, playing their flashlights like caresses over her body. Suddenly a very large man came from the other side of the plane startling the men.

"Quit gawking and make everything ready for transport. Master demands she be cleaned, oiled and perfumed before transport. I will take care of that, but all of you make sure the transport is ready."

The four workers said, "Yes, boss" in unison and disbursed while the manger stepped inside the van quickly unhooking Penny's hands. He unhooked her cape and cradled her naked body in his arms as he exited the van. He marveled at how her succulent, petite body was so light and delicate in his arms. Her skin was incredibly soft and silky against is rough hands and he was in awe of her tantalizing beauty. Her face was so beautiful with her golden hair spun around her neck and head. She looked like an innocent angel, untouched and yet full of passionate promise.

He shook his head and once again began to think of her as merchandise. He carried her to a back room where he sat her by a wooden pole and attached the leather manacles on her wrists to a spreader bar then pulled on a clanking chain to hoist her into the air. Her feet were about a foot off the ground which put her at eye level with him. She was still under the influence of the chloroform, but she would occasionally move her head around and moan as if she was coming out of it.

The boss stepped back, rubbed his hands together and saying, "Oh master is going to love you. Master is going to have lots of fun with you."

He knelt down before her, grabbed her left ankle and moved it to the side to fasten her leather manacle on the next pole. He then did the same thing to her right ankle, and now she was hoisted in the air with her arms and legs spread wide. She started blinking her eyes, rolling her head and moaning, "Where am I?"

Penny started squirming, twisting and shouting, "Where am I? What are you doing to me?" The boss knew that discipline had to be enforced and he responded in a menacing tone.

"Shut up."

Penny just knew that the worst had happened. She had been bought by a sadist and with his first act he was going to torture her. She panicked with her eyes widening in horror and promptly screamed, then started pleading, "Please let me go. I won't tell anybody, just let me go. Please let me go!"

"I SAID SHUT UP." The boss yelled.

Penny screamed and pleaded again to be let go and the boss grabbed both her nipples and pulled on them eliciting another scream from Penny, but this time it was excruciating pain.

"I SAID SHUT UP." The boss yelled.

The boss stalked over to a table and brought back a pair of nipple clamps connected with a chain and proceeded to clip them on each of Penny's nipples. Penny had no idea what this evil looking device was, but their cruel look panicked her and she screamed again. When the nipple clamps bit into her nipples painful fire engulfed her nipples with her stomach knotting as she tried to curl into a protective ball. Penny's head fell back in an opened mouth silent scream of pain.

The boss gave a firm tug on the chain connecting the clamps. Penny screamed never having felt pain like this as it ripped through her body. It felt like her nipples were being ripped off and she even looked down to make sure they were still attached. The pain robbed her of her breath and as soon as she could breathe again she exhaled a pain filled moan. Penny's worse nightmare was coming true and tears from pain and heartache streamed down her face.

"Every time you scream I'm going to yank on the chain, and if that doesn't shut you up I've got lots more toys I can use on you. SO SHUT UP." The boss said.

Penny moaned and whimpered but did not say anything else. Then, the boss decided that even her moans or whimpers annoyed him so he pulled a ball gag out of his pocket, stuck it in her mouth, and buckled it behind her head.

Penny began to scream into the ball gag though not much sound made it out. The boss looked satisfied and then rolled a cart up next to her body. The cart contained several buckets of liquid, sponges, rags and some bottles of what looked like lotion or massage oil.

The boss said, "Master wants you cleaned, oiled and scented before you see him."

Penny took a little solace that this brute was not the person that purchased her, but still the one who purchased her had the brute doing something to her. The boss took one of the natural sponges and dipped it into soapy water. First he had a quick wash all over Penny's body, from her head to her toes and even washed her face. Then he went to a smaller sponge and started paying special attention to her more sensitive spots.

The boss unclipped the nipple clamps and Penny whimpered through the gag. As the blood rushed back into the tips of her nipples the tingling pain felt different and almost erotic. Her tortured nipples throbbed with the beat of her heart and as the blood rushed in, they engorged thrusting towards the boss. He took advantage taking each nipple into his mouth and gave them a long tongue washing to sooth the pain from the alligator clips.

Penny felt as though she was going crazy as her nipples were whipsawed from intense burning pain, to throbbing heat and now soft soothing erotic feelings. The bosses sucking and licking of her tormented and now ultrasensitive nipples created unwanted electrifying passion. Her body was alive with pain and erotic agony. It traveled from her nipples through her body leaving no area unaffected.

The boss then began washing her nipples with one of the sea sponges, sometimes the sponge would slip away and he would use his fingers to tweak and pinch her nipples into prominence. The boss was thorough and even lifted each breast to make sure the underside was cleaned as well.

When it came to the washing of her pussy, the boss knelt down and carefully spread her lips to make sure her inner and outer labia and clit were thoroughly cleaned. He stuck his tongue into her pussy to make sure it was completely clean and promptly proclaimed it "Very Tasty". The boss also cleaned her ass and rosebud with the same thoroughness and even went so far as sticking fingers in her asshole.

The whole washing progress was starting to get to Penny, and the boss could see her panting through her nose as her beautiful tits heaved with excited breaths. She would occasionally scream into the ball gag, and other times she would let out some of the most sensuous moans the boss had ever heard.

The boss took a clean pail of water and rinsed Penny off and then used a towel to pat her dry. He then took a bottle of oil and poured a little into his hand, applying it liberally. Starting at her neck and shoulders, he let it run down her breasts and her sunken, muscled belly. Using his hands, he started rubbing the oil over every part of her body from her neck to her toes, paying special attention to her breasts and pussy.

The boss said, "Oh by the way, the oil that I just applied to your skin has a sensitivity agent to allow you to feel everything that will be done to you tonight. The oils brings all the nerves to the surface and sensitizes all your skin, but especially places that already have bundles of nerves, like your nipples and clit." The boss stepped back to appraise his handiwork and his victim was indeed a rare thing of beauty.

Hoisted in the air, her body had been stretched tight with her fabulous breasts standing up on her chest with nipples begging to be played with. The skin on her chest was pulled tightly over her ribs which brought them into prominence. Likewise, her muscled belly was sunken in and made her tiny waist almost disappear. Her shallow belly left a prominent valley between her hips that culminated in her glossy pussy lips. Her legs were stretched wide and the chords of her muscles stood out in relief against her skin. All of her now glistening, bound, nude body was a thing to behold.

The boss went behind her and undid the ball gag. Immediately Penny started begging between her gasping breaths and panting, "Oh, what are you doing to me? Every touch goes straight to my pussy. What's happening to me? You have to let me go before this goes too far. Please stop this? Oh, what is happening to me?"

Reaching up, the boss began to lightly pinch both nipples creating a scorching heat that spread from her nipples to the rest of her body. A shiver ran through her body and she started bucking her hips, looking for something to ease the fire within her pussy. She added, "Oh, I'm on fire ... what are you doing to me, what is happening to my body?"

While Penny was crying out, the boss slid his hands down to her pussy lips and easily slid a finger inside her drenched womanly folds. As he began sliding it in and out of her pussy, her endless pleadings immediately ceased, and soft moans took their place.

"Oh please, more, oh God please more. I'm on fire, anything to quench the fire, please ... more."

A smirk crossed the boss's face as he looked at this beautiful bound woman begging for his fingers to continue tormenting her pussy. With his other hand the boss began to pinch and pull on Penny's sensitive nipples. Penny began to gasp, taking hard breaths trying to make sense of the sensations that were taking her body captive.

Penny didn't want to have anything to do with this brute, so why was her body betraying her like this. She began to fantasize about the dark stranger and she pretended that he was doing this to her and that helped make sense of the white-hot fire flowing through her veins. She was having a really hard time catching her breath as wave after wave of sensation crashed through her body. Her whole body was trembling but her breasts and pussy were reaching trying to find more of the exquisite torture. Her young body had no experience with the feelings consuming her. As she tried to make sense of what was happening to her she kept up a mantra.

"Oh God, Oh God, Oh God."

The boss was smiling a cruel little smile as he added a finger and then slid two fingers into Penny's pussy. Penny's body arched towards the fingers trying to get more and deeper fingers into her pussy to try and quench the fires burning out of control. She continued to fantasize that the dark stranger was making love to her, bound for his pleasure. His pleasure translated into wild pleasure for her as well.

The boss had one more thing to accomplish. The boss pulled out a small bottle of perfume and misted her neck, breasts, belly, the juncture of her thighs and behind her knees. He took out a hypodermic, slid it beneath the skin of her arm and pushed the plunger. Within seconds Penny began to sag in her bonds and was soon hanging limp and boneless, the drugs had taken effect and she would sleep through the journey.

The boss shook his head in a satisfying manner pulled his fingers out of Penny's pussy, and claimed, "She is ready, she is ready master, she is ready for you now."

He disconnected her legs from the poles leaving the leather cuffs on her ankles. He then wrapped a new burgundy colored cape around her and cradled her in his arms as he unbuckled her arms. Once again he left the cuffs on her wrists and then he carried her back to the airplane hangar. He savored his last few minutes of having delicate, gorgeous creature in his arms and then placed her in the shipping crate.

He had designed this crate for his Masters fragile cargo. The bottom of the crate was a satin pillow for Penny to lie on. On the inside of the crate were tie downs at the top and bottom. Her hands and feet were secured to the tie downs, before he lovingly covered her with a cashmere blanket to keep her warm during the trip. He took one last look at this extraordinary woman and artfully arranged her hair around her face before closing the hinged lid. He turned the locking hasp and lifted the crate into the cargo area of the plane.

It was only then that he noticed none of the workers or the pilot was in the hangar. He went looking for them back in the break room, muttering under his breath about "lazy scum". After a search he finally found all the workers gathered around the bathroom door. They were all bickering about something and finally they told him that the door was jammed shut with the pilot inside.

The boss took charge and first tried his keys, but that didn't work and neither did trying to crash through the steel door. After about 10 minutes of frustrating work he decided to remove the pins in the hinges and within minutes the pilot was free. Everyone had a quick discussion about what had happened and then the boss told the pilot to get underway.

The boss pondered the door suddenly freezing up until he heard the airplanes engines start. He slowly walked out to the hangar door and watched as the plane took off carrying its special cargo. When it was but a dot in the sky he turned to clean and lock up the hangar.

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Penny woke in a soft bed between a set of soft luxurious cotton sheets. She was naked, but she had expected that. She was still groggy from the drugs and her mouth felt like a desert. She noticed a bottle of water next to the bed and quickly consumed the whole bottle. Then she rolled over and went back to sleep.

She may have dreamed before, but she didn't remember them. Now she dreamt of the stranger from the dress shop and the auction. Her dreams were a modern variation of the prince riding in the save the damsel in distress. She dreamt that he saved her from whoever her master was and then her dreams turned erotic as he made her his. In her dreams she willingly became his sex toy and he was just about to consummate her greatest fantasy when she woke up.

The next time she woke she needed to find the restroom. She glanced around the spartan room noticing an empty closet, a TV and a door that led to the bathroom. She rose to avail herself of the facilities and when she came back a new bottle of water greeted her. She drank about half of this bottle before she crawled back under the covers. She lay staring at the ceiling wondering where she was and her eyes began to mist as she contemplated what was going to happen to her.

Her desire and drive to become a famous model had led her to the city. Here she had been bound naked, abused and even photographed in positions that would have made her blush a week ago. Next she had been bound naked and auctioned in front of a massive audience. Tears rolled out of her eyes as she thought about her future, or lacked of a future. The brute that had cleaned her proved that the man who purchased her was some kind of a sadist and all she had to look forward too was pain and degradation. She remembered her dream and longed for the mysterious stranger to come and save her. Her musing were interrupted as her stomach rumbled with hunger.

As if that was a cue, the door to the room opened and the rugged handsome dark stranger that had captured her attention in the dress shop walked in. He was carrying a full breakfast of eggs, toast, bacon, juice and coffee. Her stomach rumbled again as the delicious smell reached her. Her hands automatically pulled the sheets up beneath her chin as she sat up to greet her dream lover.

Penny's heart pounded in her chest, could this still be part of her dream? She had prayed and pleaded with God that if someone was going to take her please let it be the dark stranger. All it took was one look from him and she quivered excitedly with her nipples hardening and her pussy gushing with need. At the same time her heart yearned for him and she knew she would do anything to please him.

He walked towards her and set the tray of food on the end table next to the bed. He then reached over and gently pulled the sheet covering her away. Penny felt mesmerized as she gazed into his eyes and let go of the sheet and she sat little straighter, hoping to please him. His eyes roamed over the luscious hills and valleys of her body like a caress leaving excited goosebumps on her body wherever they went.

Penny's eyes never left his hard demanding gaze. Not a word had been spoken but Penny knew she was his and her heart pounded in her chest desperate for him to validate her desire. Likewise, he knew she was his for the taking, but he didn't want to just possess her, he wanted her to freely give her heart and body to him.

"My deliciously enticing Penny, never hide who you are from me. I know who you are and what you want and need. From now on I expect you to be open and honest with me. I expect you to be naked and adorned with only what God has blessed you with. You are incredibly beautiful and such beauty shouldn't be hidden, but exaulted."

He sat next to her on the bed with her head swiveling to keep her eyes glued to his. She was melting under his intense gaze, but she had butterflies in her stomach with hard flaming desire coursing through the rest of her body. She silently pleaded for him to touch her and he seemed to head her prayers as his hand suddenly covered diminutive belly. His touch seemed like a high voltage electric jolt of desire and Penny gasp a shuttering breath before expelling a passionate moan.

Penny felt the rest of the world fade away their eyes locked together. His hand caressed up her belly until it cupped her left breast and the trail of desire it left behind once again robbed Penny of her breath. Her lust lidded eyes, deep halting breaths and passionate whimpers let him know she desperately wanted anything he had to give.

His hand reluctantly released her soft full breast before gently cupping her face in his hand. Then in a deep gravelly voice that seemed to vibrate inside her, Penny heard him say.

"Penny, my name is Patrick McKinney and I have taken you from those that would've sold you. I can't tell you everything right now, but this is the culmination of a vow I made many years ago. I'm trying to take down this kidnapping, slavery abomination and must see it through to its conclusion. I am truly sorry that you have had to go through this ordeal, but it was necessary and hopefully your part is done. For your safety you must stay here for the time being, so please don't try to escape."

"When I can, I will tell you everything, but for the time being I need you to trust me and do as I say. If you don't I will have to punish you and keep you restrained. Will you do as I asked Penny?"

His touch, his gaze, even his very presence had penny captivated and she couldn't disobey him even if she wanted to. She nodded her head up and down indicating her assent. Suddenly his eyes turned hard and in a harsh menacing tone he said.

"Penny, I expect you to be silent and not talk unless invited too, likewise, if I ask you a question I expect an answer. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir, I understand." She whispered in a soft conciliatory tone and then dropped her eyes, ashamed that she had disappointed him.

His hand on her cheek lifted her face until she was looking at him again. "Penny you are not my submissive ... yet and even if you were I know you are new and require training. For now do as you're told and we will address your training later. Now eat your breakfast."

Patrick leaned over and gently kissed her on the lips and then stood up and began walking to the door. Penny was still reeling with unrealized desire and panicked when she saw him leaving the room. Never had she wanted anything more than for him to keep touching her, for him to take her and make love to her.

"Master, can we make love soon?" She said with a sensual voice that had equal elements of panic and desire.

He stopped, turned and looked softly at her. "Penny you are temptation personified. When this is all over and if you still want to give yourself completely to me I promise to take you to heights of passion you have only dreamed of. However, to keep you safe I must concentrate on the destruction of those that would have enslaved and destroyed you."

With that he left the room and Penny was left quivering in her desire. Her hands loving caressed all the places he had touched her, reliving how it felt. What was this hold he had over her? She almost crazy with need for him and yet he had barely touched or kissed her. Whenever he looked at her she couldn't think, only feel and the feelings were like nothing she had ever felt before. She wondered if it was love or an addiction, but it didn't matter, because she wanted more. She couldn't stop feeling his eyes devouring her most secret thoughts, how her heart pounded in her chest when he was near and now his searing touch.

Her hands shakily lifted the breakfast tray and set it in her lap. She had lost her appetite the minute she saw him, but the smell of everything in her lap rekindled her stomach. She took her first tentative bite of the eggs, once her taste buds sampled the food she dug in and ravenously consumed the entire plate.

Penny set the tray back on the end table and lay back on the bed thinking of Patrick. He was risking his life to save her and take her away from the people that wanted to enslave her. However, her feelings for him had nothing to do with saving her. His eyes had captured her very soul the first time he saw her and if love at first sight was possible she had in that moment fallen for him.

He had said she was temptation personified and said he would take her to the heights of passion after this was over. She knew he felt something for her as well, but she knew he wouldn't take her until she gave all of herself to him. Penny had seen enough of this lifestyle that she knew he meant her heart, her body and her absolute obedience. Could she give herself to him like that?

She wanted to ... oh God how she wanted to. She never wanted anything more than for him to take her and make her his, but she didn't know how to give herself to him like that. She couldn't give up, she would have him and she just had to figure out how to make it happen.

She didn't have long to contemplate because the door opened and a man entered rolling a cart before him. Penny quickly covered herself with a sheet, wondering what was going on and who this guy was.

"Master McKinney sent me in to remove your tracking device and change or modify your tattoo. So roll over and let me see that gorgeous ass everyone has been raving about." He said with a deep southern drawl.

Penny suddenly felt very shy and showing her butt to this man felt like cheating on Patrick, but the guy said Patrick sent him. So Penny rolled over onto her stomach and pulled away the sheet covering her ass. The southern tattoo artist gave a low wolf whistle and then said, "Well they weren't lying ... that is one succulent piece of grade A ass."

Penny was glad she had her face buried in the pillow so he didn't see her blush. He quickly unpacked his tools, sat on the edge of the bed and with a quick painful prick removed the tracking device. He hemmed and hawed about the tattoo saying there wasn't enough contrast for a laser removal so he would have to incorporate the tattoo into another design.

"Hey sweetheart, is there anything you would like to have tattooed on your butt?" He queried.

Penny thought for a second and said. "Well I like hummingbirds or butterflies, but I think it should be something that shows I belong to Master Patrick."

Penny felt him stiffen; he rose from the bed, walked across the room and began talking into his cell phone. When he finished he came over, sat on the bed and began to work with more purpose. He first drew a design with his pen and then the painful buzzing began as he cleaved the design into her flesh. It seemed to go on and on with Penny gritting her teeth against the pain and then finally it was over.

She felt him rub some soothing cream over the new tattoo and told her put the cream over the tattoo every morning and night for the next four days. Then he was gone, leaving a tube of cream on the end table. Penny got up and stretched walking to the bathroom so she could see the tattoo. Unfortunately, the mirrors were above the sink and she couldn't get high enough to see her ass.

She walked to the door and to no surprise found it locked. So she turned on the television and found the channels severely limited. There were no channels that might possibly have any news feeds, so they were limited to several movie channels, cartoons, classic TV shows and then she stopped looking. There on the screen was the man she loved, the man that dominated her thoughts. Master Patrick was giving new submissive lessons on what to do, when to do it and general guidelines on being a good submissive.

She stayed on that channel for the rest of the day, practicing the form and postures for many of the presentation poses. She also participated in several exercise routines to keep her flexible and limber and she loved the stretches. Penny found herself throbbing with desire as she watched the Masters put their subs through their paces. Every time Master Patrick came on she fantasized about being the sub under his tutelage and several times found herself unable to stop cumming.

She found the erotic rope bondage to be especially stimulating and she had to masturbate every time she watched. The more she saw, the wilder her fantasies became and only Master Patrick could touch her in her daydreams. By the time her lunch was delivered by an obvious sub Penny was a quivering mass of desire. She had cum four times, but nothing seemed to sedate her hunger, only Master Patrick could fulfill her fantasies and feed her craving.

The thought of him tying her up, stretching her skin tight and contorting her into helpless positions had her in a constant state of sexual anguish. She longed to have him stroke and caress taut body, endlessly teasing her and keeping her passion verging on the edge of sanity. She could imagine her body shattering into a million pieces as he finally took her over the edge and let her cum. She knew she wanted, no needed this and it was Master Patrick that she needed.

She was learning a lot about the lifestyle and found she liked what she was hearing. However, in her fantasies it was only when Master Patrick touched her that she went crazy. She didn't know if she was in love with him or just lusted after him, but he was the center of all her fantasies. None of this would be anything without him directing her. She knew she had to get ready and when he came to see her she wanted to present an image he couldn't resist.