**The Sex Slave Program**

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**The Sex Slave Program Part 1**

**Introduction:**

What would you do for a million dollars?

My heart pounded as I stood in front of the door. Once I walked through there would be no going back, this would be my life for the next two years. I was terrified and excited at the same time.  
A few weeks into my freshman year of high school I received an email that would change everything. Life was going great for me, but once I clicked on that message it forced me to reevaluate my entire plans. It was always important to me to have a strictly planed out life: I was going to play volleyball throughout my four years of high school, continue making straight A’s throughout school, and my boyfriend Andrew and I were going to attend the University of Florida together. I would most likely receive a volleyball scholarship. Soon before graduating college Andrew would propose to me, and we would get married after about a year. I would have a job as a nurse, and he would be an engineer. We would move to Orlando together and have two kids. That was the plan. That was supposed to happen, and it probably would have if I hadn’t opened that email. But I did. I clicked on it and I had no idea that everything I had ever planned had just been shot to hell.  
  
To Miss Jenna Caldwell ,  
Dear Miss Caldwell. I am emailing you because you have been chosen to have the opportunity to take part in a special two year program upon your high school graduation. You may not inform anyone of this program regardless of your decision to participate, as it is highly illegal. Every year we send scouts to high schools across the nation. These scouts are usually posing as military recruits or college professors. Because we are serious about the privacy of our participants we only choose one student per high school, and we are pleased to inform you that you are the student we have chosen. This decision is a very life changing one, which is why we have contacted you so early in your high school career. This way you will have plenty of time to make your decision, and make arrangements to leave for two years. After your two year service is over, you will be rewarded with $500,000. There are ways to increase this amount which we will explain later in this message.  
Now on to the specifics of what your service will include. You will serve as a live in slave for a certain man during this two year process. These men are incredibly wealthy and must go through a strict screening process before being accepted into the program. This is to ensure your safety. You will have to obey your masters every command whether it is sexually or domestically. You may be punished in any way your master sees fit, as long as it is not life threatening. There are only two ways in which your life may be threatened: If you try to escape during your service, or if you ever inform any unauthorized parties of this program. If, upon your arrival, you are still a virgin, your payment amount will be doubled. If you decide to join us, it will be your responsibility to make arrangements for your two year absence, as you will not be permitted any contact with anyone your master does not approve of. We, however will be able to stage a fake lottery win to explain your sudden increase in money.  
Jenna, we hope you will seriously consider our proposal. You have until the 5th of September of your senior year to give us an answer. If you do not contact us by then, we will assume that you have declined. If you have any questions please feel free to contact us.  
  
“Oh my god” I said, barely whispering. My first instinct was to tell my mom, but then I remembered a line from the email. There are only two ways in which your life may be threatened: If you try to escape during your service, or if you ever inform any unauthorized parties of this program. It didn’t seem like a good idea to cross these people, especially since my life could have been in danger. I just sat there in front of my computer for about ten minutes. This was a million dollars! How could I pass this up? Of course it was only a million if I stayed a virgin, and how could I do that? How the hell is a girl supposed to go through high school without having at least one cock inside her? After only a few seconds of contemplating I picked up my cell phone and called Andrew.  
“Hey babe. What’s up?”  
“Andrew we need to talk”  
“Is everything okay?” Andrew sounded worried.  
“No. I’m breaking up with you.”  
“What? Why?”  
“I just don’t feel like that spark is there anymore.” I was trying so hard not to cry.  
“Can’t we please just talk about this?”  
“No we can’t. It will only make things worse. I have to go”  
He started to say something but I hung up too fast. I didn’t want him to hear me sobbing on the other end. I didn’t want to break up with him. I still loved him, and it broke my heart that he thought I didn’t anymore. But I couldn’t risk losing my virginity to him. I hadn’t made my decision yet, but I wanted to keep my options open. I had however, made the first step to my three year decision.  
  
The next day at school, I guess the news that Andrew and I had broken up was already well known throughout the school. Before my lunch period a senior boy named Jeremy Miller asked me to go to that night’s football game with him. I knew that I shouldn’t, but he was like the hottest guy in school. He was so sexy and confident that I wanted to jump him right then in the middle of the hall. Plus he had a nice car. I said yes, I knew it was a mistake but I did it anyway. I knew that Jeremy had sex with plenty of girls and he would definitely try to have sex with me, and it would be damn near impossible to resist.  
I couldn’t tell my parents that I was going on a date with a senior. They would absolutely flip out. So I told them I was going to the game with my friend Ashley instead. As I was getting ready (I wore a thong, and made sure my bra matched. I knew I was making a mistake while I was putting them on.) I noticed that I had a Facebook message from Andrew. I inhaled deeply and read it:  
  
I cant believe ur going out with jeremy miller. We just broke up yesterday!!!!  
  
I didn’t respond to the message but I made a promise to myself to write back once I got home. I told my parents that I was going to walk over to Ashley’s house and her mom was going to drive us to the game. In reality, I walked a couple blocks away and waited in front of the Presbyterian Church for Jeremy to pick me up. He was ten minutes late, but for some reason I found that incredibly sexy. I sat down next to him and he eyed me up and down, and I blushed a little. He said “You look nice” but I knew that he wanted to say “I can’t wait to get those pesky clothes off tonight”. This must be what a deer feels like as it stares down a car that will inevitably kill it.  
  
We watched the game for about fifteen minutes, and without notice Jeremy grabbed my hand and led me behind the concession stand. There were already five couples making out, but Jeremy motioned for them to leave and they all obeyed. I had no idea how he got people do listen to him like that without saying a word, but it made me want him so bad. He pushed me up against the wall, holding my wrists above my head. He smelled nice, not like the boys in my grade who all wore Axe. He was wearing some kind of sophisticated cologne. I was afraid that once I opened my mouth to kiss him, all of the butterflies in my stomach would fly out. I knew this was a stupid and illogical thought, but I still kept my mouth closed. He leaned forward, I thought he was going to kiss me on the lips, but instead he placed his mouth on my neck and I felt him softly bite. That was the moment that I fell completely out of love with Andrew and I knew I would never respond to his silly little Facebook message. I was so turned on by Jeremy. I lifted my right leg and wrapped it around his waist because I wanted every possible inch of my body to be touching his. After about a minute of the most arousing neck biting possible he finally kissed me. It was amazing. He knew exactly how to move his lips, and he used just the right amount of tongue. Even though he was only kissing my lips, I could feel it all over my body. My hands were still above my head, which made it a lot easier for him to lift my shirt off and toss it aside. I was standing there in my bra. I wanted him to do something but he just stared at my C cup breasts. I think he knew it was driving me crazy that he wasn't doing anything so I pushed my body up against his, making sure my boobs were pressed up against him. I felt him reach behind, grab my bra strap and rip it as hard as he could. I didn't even care that my bra was ruined. I just stepped back and let it fall to the ground. I was topless. He grabbed my boobs. He grabbed them too hard, but I liked it. He sucked on my tits and I rubbed his sexy biceps and kissed his head. After a few minutes he stood straight up and looked me in the eyes. “Get on your knees” He said. I obeyed. I knew what was about to happen. I knew he would take out his cock and I would suck on it. But that isn't what happened. Instead he pushed my head into his crotch with his pants still on. I could feel his hard cock through his jeans against my face. I ran my lips up and down the outline of it. I tried to take it out but he wouldn't let me.  
“Not yet. Stand back up”  
I stood up. He caressed my breasts and slowly worked his way down into my pants. He slowly rubbed my pussy, and quickly became ferocious. I knew that he would soon start fingering me, and if he put too many fingers in he would break my hymen. I thought about the half million dollars I could be losing, just because I was horny.  
“Wait stop!” I said, probably too loud. I pulled his hand out of my pants and said “I have to go” before putting my shirt back on and running away. My shirt was inside out, and it was obvious that I wasn’t wearing a bra. It was a few minutes before I found Ashley. Thank god she had decided to come to the game. I begged her to let me ride home with her parents.  
“Sure” She said. “Why is your shirt inside out?”  
“I almost had sex with Jeremy Miller”  
“What? Why didn’t you?”  
“I don’t know. I guess I was thinking about Andrew.” This wasn’t the case at all. Andrew was old news at this point. But I certainly wasn’t going to tell her the real reason.  
After I got home, I immediately ran to the kitchen and grabbed a trash bag.  
“What’s that for?” My Dad asked.  
“I have to clean my room” I lied, and ran upstairs before he could say another word.  
Once I got to my room I immediately took of my pants. The thong I was wearing came off and went straight into the trash bag. I opened my underwear drawer and threw away every thong, and anything even remotely sexy. Then I went to the bathroom and threw away all of my razors and shaving cream. If my legs and pussy weren’t shaved, and I didn’t have sexy underwear , then I would be far less inclined to have any sort of sexual relationship with anyone. I climbed in bed and masturbated while I thought about Jeremy: The only sexual experience I would have throughout my entire high school career. I was going to have to do this a lot if I wanted to calm my urges.  
  
Over the next few years guys asked me out a lot, but I turned them down every time. Even if they were as hot as Jeremy, there was no way I was going to risk losing my virginity. I wouldn’t admit it to myself but deep down I had already made my choice to become a two year sex slave.  
I won’t lie, it was hard. There were so many guys who I wanted to go out with but I knew I couldn’t. I exclusively hung out with girls, because every guy who is friends with a hot girl just wants to fuck her. I never went to school dances. I never went to any kind of event that was even remotely designed for romantic interaction. I went from being one of the most popular girls in school to almost a social outcast, but I didn’t care. My eyes were on the bigger prize. I still hadn’t returned their email because I hadn’t fully accepted the fact that I had made my decision. Eventually the date came around. My senior year, September 5th. My heart was racing as I woke up. The first thing I did was get on my computer and log into my email. I scrolled through three years’ worth of accumulated messages until I found the one. I read through it one more time. One million dollars. A lot of girls would kill for the opportunity that I had. I finally replied to their message. My fingers trembling as I typed. I proofread the email four or five times, before I pushed the send button with only a moment of hesitation.  
  
I had a long time to think of an excuse for my two year departure, and now was the time to use the best one I had come up with. I went downstairs and sat with my parents who were already eating breakfast.  
“Mom, Dad. Can I talk to you?” I asked.  
“Sure honey” My mom replied. “Is everything okay?”  
“Yeah everything is fine. I just wanted to talk to you about what I wanted to do after graduation”  
“As long as it involves college” my dad said firmly.  
“It does” I said. “But not right away. I want to join the Peace Corps. I think it will be really good for me, and after that I can go to college.”  
“The Peace Corps is a very serious decision” said Mom “and you have to apply a long time in advance.”  
“I know. I’ve been thinking about it for a long time. I applied a while ago and I just got my acceptance email this morning.” I was lying through my teeth but they were eating it up.   
“I think it’s great that you want to do something like this with your life, but you know you will have to live in another country for two years right?” Said my mom.  
“Yes Mom, I’ve done a lot of research.”  
“Then I support your decision.” My dad said. “I’m very proud of you”  
He wouldn’t be proud if he knew what I was actually doing.  
“Thanks Dad. I’m going to go confirm my acceptance.” And I ran upstairs without even eating breakfast.  
About six months later, I told my family that I would be serving in Africa and I wouldn’t be able to call them or write because they didn’t provide that kind of service there. Of course my parents were upset to hear this, but it was a necessary lie.  
  
The day before I left I finally was able to shave my pussy and legs. It was so nice, I was getting pretty gross down there and I finally got to see the pretty pussy that I hadn’t seen since freshman year. The pussy that almost got fucked by Jeremy Miller, but thank god it didn’t. For the first time in three years I felt sexy again. My parents bought me so much stuff to take with me to the “Peace Corps”. I felt bad because all of it would go to waste, but I still thanked them and told them I loved them. After a long tear filled goodbye I finally boarded the plane. This was it. The start of my new life.  
  
After I got off the plane I headed outside and began looking for my ride. I looked at the piece of paper I had written on before I left. I was given specific instructions to get inside a black van, and the license plate number was written on my paper. After only a couple minutes of searching I found the van and climbed into the back seat. There was no one there. Only a blindfold with a note that said “Put this on.” I obeyed the note. After about ten minutes of waiting I heard someone get in the car. He or she didn’t say a word, He/She just started up the car and we drove away. It was about a fifteen hour drive, and that’s not an easy thing to wait through while your blindfolded and the most nervous you have ever been in your entire life. I eventually found out that the person driving the car was a man when I heard him toss something to my back seat and said “This is your food. Make it last”. After searching for a few minutes with my hands I found a large paper bag and inside were three apples, two large bottles of vitamin water, large can of mixed nuts, and a loaf of bread. Wow I guess there was no way they were going to let me gain any weight.  
  
After what seemed like the longest drive of my entire life, we finally stopped. I thought it was just another pit stop, but for the second time I heard the drivers deep voice.  
“In about five minutes this alarm is going to go off” I guess he was pointing at an alarm in the car but I don’t know how he expected me to see it. “Once that happens, take off your blindfold and get out of the car. You’ll know what to do next.”  
I obeyed his orders (This was something I was going to have to get used to), and sure enough after five minutes, which seemed like much longer, I heard an alarm go off. I took off my blindfold, and the sunlight was almost too much to bear. I had no idea what time of day it would be but I was hoping it would be nighttime. After my eyes got somewhat adjusted, I reached forward to the dashboard and turned off the alarm. I stepped out of the car and I was starting at an enormous mansion. The man told me that I would know what to do. I guessed that the only thing was to go inside. I walked up the door, and stood there for a couple of minutes. And here I was. My hand trembled as I opened the door and stepped inside.

**The Sex Slave Program Part 2**

I was in a large empty room. No furniture. No windows. Just a few closed doors, and a large spiral staircase. What was I supposed to do now?  
  
“Hello?” I called out timidly.  
  
Immediately a young man came down stairs. He was good looking. He couldn’t have been any older than twenty five. He looked at the clipboard in his hand.  
  
“Jenna Caldwell?” He asked.  
  
“That’s me” I said. “Are you going to be my…”  
  
He raised his eyebrows as if expecting me to finish my sentence.  
  
“You’re master?” he finally asked. I nodded. “No, I’m just your handler. I’m here to explain the specifics of what you can expect before you begin your servitude. My name is Paul.”  
  
“Nice to meet you” I said.  
  
“The others are downstairs. There are about thirty of them. Some of them have been here over a week. We only bring in five new slaves a day, and we have to space them out a few hours, so it doesn’t look suspicious that we’re bringing a bunch of teenagers to the same place at the same time. You’ll be waiting downstairs with the rest for the next three days while the others are being shuttled it. Get to know them. Make some friends. Enjoy what little freedom you have while you still have it. After everyone gets here, you’ll have a two day training session. It will be rough, but there’s no going back now. Every year someone chickens out at the last minute. Don’t let that person be you. If they sense that you aren't willing to cooperate… Well, you read the email. It says here that you’re still a virgin. Is that true?”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“I’ll have to inspect you then. Come with me.”  
  
He led me through one of the doors. Inside was a hospital room. I certainly wasn’t expecting this.  
  
“Take off your pants and panties and hop up on that table.”  
  
I was so nervous. I unbuttoned my jeans and let them fall to the floor, but hesitated to take of my panties.  
  
“Are you nervous?” Paul asked.  
  
“Just a little bit.” I let out a nervous laugh.  
  
“It’s okay. Virgins usually are. Just get on the table and lay back. I’ll do the rest.”  
  
I sat on the table with my panties still on and laid down. Paul pulled my legs closer to him. I felt his hand touch my pussy over my panties. He started to rub his thumb in circles over me. I was getting wet.  
  
“I shouldn't be touching you like that” Paul said. “We have very strict rules about how we’re allowed to touch the virgins. We can do whatever we want to the non-virgins, but you are off limits.”  
He slid off my panties and spread my pussy in a very professional way. It didn't take him long to confirm that I was in fact a virgin.  
  
“You can sit up now” He said. “Well now the fun part is over. Now we just have to run some basic tests.”  
  
He then proceeded to give me a routine physical. It was nothing I hadn't experienced many times. I had to get one every year at school so that I could play volleyball.  
  
“So what’s next?” I asked.  
  
“Next you go to the basement and meet your fellow slaves. But first you need to put this on.” He handed me a bright red bracelet. “This let’s everyone know that you are a virgin. No one can have sex with you as long as you wear it. If you don’t wear it, you risk losing your virginity and your extra stipend.”  
  
So were all the girls here at the sexual mercy of any guy who wanted them?  
  
“That door leads to the basement” He pointed at a door in the corner. “You can go ahead and go down there.”  
  
“Thanks” I said as I left to go meet my new friends downstairs.  
  
The first thing I noticed was that not all of the slaves were girls. At least ten of them were guys. I guess it made sense that there would be some masters who wanted boy slaves. The second thing I noticed was that there were all different types of slaves. Blonde, brunette, redhead, small and petite, chubby, tall and sexy. There were muscular guys, skinny guys, and average sized guys. They were all just sitting around, talking. There were cots all over the place. I guess they all slept together in the same room. I just stood there looking at them, not knowing what to do.  
  
“Do you want to come over and sit with us?”  
  
I looked up. A pretty girl with curly blonde hair was talking to me. I immediately accepted her offer and sat on one of the cots with her and one of the skinnier boys.  
  
“I’m Jenna" I said  
  
“I’m Alex” Said the boy “and this is Amber”  
  
He wasn't my type at all. He had a brown hair and a baby face. He was probably only a couple inches taller than me, and he had very little muscle or fat. Not the type of guy I usually find attractive, but for some reason I thought he was really cute.  
  
“I just got here two days ago” Said Amber. “Alex was one of the first to show up.”  
  
“Has everyone just been in this room the whole time?” I asked.  
  
“Mostly” Said Amber. “We eat here. We sleep here. We hang out here. We’re only allowed to leave to go to the bathroom or shower. But it’s alright. We just talk to pass the time.”  
  
“Sometimes our potential masters will come here and talk to us” Said Alex. “They let us know what it would be like to serve them. There’s only one woman who owns slaves. I hope I get her.  
  
“She said she only likes guys with muscles” Amber teased him.  
  
“Maybe she’ll like me” He suggested.  
  
“Are you a virgin?” Amber asked pointing at my bracelet.  
  
“What? Oh yeah” I said, holding up my wrist to show her my bracelet.  
  
“Lucky you” she said. “I couldn’t hold out. I really wish I could have gotten that extra money.”  
  
“What extra money?” Asked Alex.  
  
“You didn’t now?” Said Amber.  
  
“We get an extra five hundred thousand dollars for being virgins” I said.  
  
“What?!” Said Alex. “I’m a virgin and I only get two hundred grand.  
  
“Girls are worth more than guys” Amber said.  
  
I laughed.  
  
Over the next two days Amber, Alex and I became closer. I met a few other people. A few of the guys tried hitting on me, but I wasn't allowed to have sex with them anyway.  
  
Finally the morning of our final day came. After the final girls arrived, we were instructed to gather our belongings and head upstairs. We were all waiting in line. At the front of the line, there was a man who was taking every ones information, instructing the slaves to strip down to nothing, taking their belongings and sending them with one of three handlers. Amber was in front of me, and Alex was behind me. We were fairly ahead in line. One by one, the girls stated their names stripped their clothes, left their belongings, and were sent on their way. Finally Amber reached the man at the front of the line. He was a middle aged man, muscular, with a military haircut and a goatee. His nametag said “Chad.”  
  
“What’s your name?” Chad asked Amber.  
  
“Amber Haines” she replied.  
  
“Take off your clothes Amber.” Chad said, as he scanned a clipboard.   
  
Amber stripped down to just her bra and panties. Chad looked at her lustfully. Amber nervously slid off her panties, and removed her bra. She looked much better naked than I did. While Amber was curvier with bigger tits, I was more petite with average sized tits.  
  
Amber knew by watching the other girls that she should put the clothes she had just removed into her bag and set her bag on the table. As she was setting her bag on the table Chad grabbed her arm.  
  
“Don’t move” Chad said. “You are the hottest piece of ass to come through my line so far. I have to get some of it”  
  
Chad grabbed Amber’s ass with his hand. His other hand let go of her arm and moved to her breast. He squeezed hard. Amber’s head turned around fast. She had a shocked look on her face.  
  
“Turn back around!” He bent her over the table. One hand held her back down, the other hand moved toward his zipper. He unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock, and rubbed it on Ambers ass. “You ready for this cock?”  
  
He rammed it into her pussy and began to thrust hard. He was fucking Amber right in front of everybody.  
  
I was absolutely mesmerized. I hadn’t let myself watch much porn, so it was strange to watch someone else having sex right in front of me. It was strange, but I was also turned on. Would he fuck me too? No. He’s not allowed. I’m off limits.  
  
Chad pulled out and shot his load all over ambers lower back. He grabbed the top she had previously been wearing out of her back and wiped the cum off with it. He then shoved it back into her back and sent her on her way.  
  
“Go to that man right there” He pointed at another man on the other end of the room. Amber obeyed.  
  
I could tell that she was feeling very overwhelmed at the moment. She had just been surprise-fucked, and sent on her way before she could even process it.  
There were three men at the end of the room. The first man, the man who Amber had just been sent to, already had five girls with him. The other two men were alone.  
It was my turn next.  
  
“What’s your name?” Chad asked.  
  
“Jenna Caldwell” I responded timidly.  
  
“Take off your clothes Jenna.”  
  
I hesitated for a moment, and then began to take off my shirt.  
  
“So you’re our first virgin?” He said, as he found my name on his clipboard. “You girls are the most tempting.”  
  
I didn’t know what to say. So I just finished removing my clothes. It was the first time I had ever been completely naked in front of anyone. It was a strange new sensation. I put my bag with my clothes in it on the table.  
  
“Go to that man over there” Chad said. He was pointing at the second man. The first of two men who were alone. I nodded and walked over. As I was walking, I felt a hand slap my ass. I turned and Chad was smirking at me. As I greeted the second man (His name tag said Bruce) I could hear Chads interaction with Alex behind me.  
  
“Well it’s our first faggot” Said Chad. “What’s your name faggot?”  
  
“Alex Wilson” Alex replied.  
  
“You know what to do.”  
  
Alex took off his clothes. He looked about how I would have expected. Skinny, and pale. His dick was hard which he was visibly embarrassed by. Chad instructed him to go over to the third guy just a few feet away from me. I assumed that the third guy was the handler for the guys, the guy who I was with was the handler for the virgins, and the first guy, who had the most girls, was the handler for the rest.  
Alex smiled at me as he walked by. I figured he must have been pretty happy to see me naked. I decided to poke some fun at him by mouthing the words “nice penis” and holding my index finger an inch from my thumb. He immediately stopped smiling and turned red.  
  
As I waited for all of the other girls and boys to make their way through the line, I talked to Alex to pass the time (Bruce said that it was okay). Every once in a while Chad would fuck another girl in the line, and Ambers handler fucked a few of the girls in his group. As I was talking to Alex I could hear the familiar sound of Chad with his hands on another girl who he intended on claiming for the next few minutes. I looked up, Chad was fucking another girl. It was a girl that I had talked to on a few occasions. Her name was Haley. She was a short girl with sandy blonde hair and a mousy face.  
He pushed her up against the wall. One hand was pushing the side of her face against the wall. The other hand was on her ass. Her breasts mashed against the wall as he shoved his cock deeper inside her pussy. Haley was moaning but I wasn’t sure she was enjoying herself.  
  
Eventually Chad finished. He kept her pushed up against the wall though.  
  
“Did you enjoy yourself?” He asked.  
  
She didn’t answer. He turned her around.  
  
“I asked you a question” He said.  
  
“I—I think I made a mistake” She replied. “I can’t do this. I want to go home.”  
  
“You can’t go home” He said. “We own you for the next two years.” He let her go. “Now get back in line.”  
  
Haley hesitated for a moment, and then ran. She only got a few feet away before Chad grabbed her and pulled her back.  
  
“You want out?” He asked. She nodded. “Have it your way.”  
  
A few of the guards who had heard the commotion came to see what the problem was. Chad pulled Haley over to the guards and handed her to them.  
  
“Take her” Chad said. “She tried to run.”  
  
The guards took the crying girl away and through a door in the back. I knew what was going to happen. She was about to be executed. This suddenly got very real. For the rest of our time waiting, I didn't say a single word. Nobody did. None of the girls were forced to have sex with any of the handlers. Nobody dared to step a toe out of line.  
  
The whole process took a little over an hour. A few more girls joined me in the virgin group, but the majority were with Amber. A man approached the group. He was an older man in a business suit.  
  
“Hello ladies and gentlemen. My name is Mr. Peterson, and I am the chairman of The Sex Slave Program. You are all about to go through an intense two day training session, and after that you will be up for sale at our annual slave auction. I myself always purchase a slave. I wish you all luck. We are very happy to have you here. You may now begin your training."

**The Sex Slave Program Part 3**

**Introduction:**

Jenna begins her training

I was sitting alone in small dark room. I was still naked. I didn’t know what was going to happen, but I knew that this was step one of my training. After a few minutes of pondering what was about to happen, a woman entered the room. She was young, pretty, she had tattoos up and down her arms, a nose ring, a lip, ring, and an eyebrow ring. She had bleached blonde hair with dyed red tips. She had a briefcase with her. I wondered what would be inside. Sex toys? Nipple clamps? Handcuffs? Ball gags?   
  
“My name is Sabrina” She said  
.  
“I’m Jenna” I replied.   
  
She opened the briefcase.  
  
“Don’t freak out Jenna. Everybody has to do this.”  
  
She reached her hand into the briefcase and pulled out a pair of clippers. She instructed me to hold still, and then she turned them on. I could hear the buzzing coming closer and closer. I knew what was about to happen, but it wasn’t enough to prepare me for the clippers coming to contact with the side of my head, and shaving all the hair from my right temple to the bottom of the back of my head. I was in shock. All I could think about was the cold air on the patch of my head where there was no longer any hair. Sabrina must have noticed that I was shocked and upset, because she immediately turned off the clippers.  
  
“You okay?” She asked.  
  
I don’t remember how I answered. I don’t even remember if I answered at all. I don’t remember her turning the clippers back on. The next thing I did remember was the feeling of the next cold and hairless section of my head, and the next, and the next until finally the clippers turned off for the final time.  
  
“I’m all finished.” Said Sabrina. “Why don’t you take a look?” She handed me a mirror.  
  
I couldn’t believe it. I was completely bald. I felt my face suddenly become hot. Tears were pouring down my face. I felt hideous. I didn’t want to look at my reflection anymore, but I couldn’t bring myself to put the mirror down. Before I knew it, Sabrina took the mirror from my hand.  
  
“It’s okay” She said. “Almost everyone cries afterwards. The good news is that after training is over, you’ll get a wig to wear until it grows back.”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“Now I’m afraid it’s going to have to get a little worse before it gets better.”  
  
She pulled something else from the briefcase. It looked like a handgun with a needle at the end.  
  
“This is a tattoo gun” Sabrina said. “Everyone is required to get a tattoo. It’s going to be on your head, which is why we had to shave it."  
  
I nodded my head, and closed my eyes tight. I felt my chair recline back, and heard Sabrina telling me to try to relax. Relaxing was not an easy thing to do. I had never gotten a tattoo before so I didn’t know how to judge the pain. But if the pain of a head tattoo was similar to the pain of a tattoo anywhere else then I never wanted to get another one in my entire life. The pain, the anxiety, and the buzzing of the tattoo gun pressed against my head made it a pretty unbearable experience. After what seemed like hours, it was finally over. I slowly opened my eyes and felt my chair rise back up.  
  
“Do you want to see it?” Sabrina asked.  
  
“I don’t know. Do I?” I responded.  
  
Sabrina laughed. She took a picture with her phone and showed me. On the side of my head, There was a tattoo of a chain link circle with handcuffs on the ends linked together. Inside the circle were the words “Slave Jenna C XXX” written in calligraphy. And under that were the words “This slut is the property of” and there was a blank space seemingly to be filled by my future master.  
  
I was permanently marked as a slave. Even though this would only last for two years, there would now always be a part of me that was nothing more than property.  
  
I finally allowed myself to feel my head. It was bizarre. I had always loved my hair. How long would it take for it to grow back. I started to cry again. I felt Sabrina take my hand and pull me up to my feet. She hugged me. At first I was very conscious of the fact that I was still naked, but immediately afterwards I started to sob. I couldn’t hold it back anymore.  
  
“It’s okay. Let it all out.” Sabrina said. She put her hands on my shoulders and pushed me back. She looked me right in the eyes and said “You have about 15 minutes until you have to be at your next session. You can cry as much as you want until then. But after that, you can’t cry at all for the rest of your training. Once they sense weakness, they’ll be even harder on you. Do you understand?”  
  
I nodded. I buried my face into her shoulder and continued to cry. She hugged me tight. After about a minute I felt her softly kiss me on the head. I looked up at her. I was naked, she was clothed. I felt her hands move from my upper back down to my waist. She never broke eye contact. And then it happened. She kissed me. I kissed her back. I felt her tongue slide into my mouth. Her hands moved to my ass. I responded to her advances by sliding my hand up her shirt. I could feel her breast over her bra. Sabrina broke the kiss and smiled at me. She lifted me off the ground and set me back down in my chair. She reclined the chair again and climbed on top of me.  
  
We were making out. I had never been with a girl before. I felt her lips against mine. She groped my breasts and was grinding her ass into my lap. Her lips moved from mine to my cheek, and then to my neck, my chest, lower and lower until she reached my tits. She kissed all around them and then all at once she was ferociously squeezing, sucking, and biting my tits. I could feel her tongue run circles around my nipple as she sucked on it. She spent a few more minutes on my boobs, and then began to make her way down again, to my upper torso, and my belly. As she reached my belly button I felt a rush of pleasure throughout my entire body. She could sense that I liked it so she lingered around the area. She continued to move down, she was right above my pussy. She placed a long wet kiss right above it, and then began to move to the side down my inner thigh. She bit my thigh. My pussy was throbbing. I was dying to for her to eat me out. She sat up, smiled at me, and in one swift motion removed her entire top. She had nice tits. Her nipples were pierced and on one of her breasts was a tattoo of a black rose. She then lowered her head back to my crotch and buried her face in my pussy. It was a relief like I had never had before. The first time in years that I had allowed myself to savor and enjoy my sexuality. I was writhing and convulsing in pleasure. I felt her tongue slide into my pussy. She clearly had some experience doing this. After several minutes I finally exploded with a mind blowing orgasm. She then climbed back up on top of me. We embraced, and kissed for a few minutes. A few minutes later she told me that we had to go.  
  
“I have to take you to your next session now.” She said as she put her clothes back on.  
  
“So do you do that with every girl?” I asked.  
  
She didn’t respond. She just smiled at me.  
  
“Let’s go” She said.  
  
Sabrina lead me down the hall and into another room. There were six other girls in the room. The same girls that were in the virgin group with me. They were all naked, tied up, and blindfolded. Each girl had her ankles tied together and their arms were held above their heads by a rope that was strung around an eye bolt in the ceiling. Sabrina instructed me to stand under the last vacant rope. I obeyed. First she bound my ankles together, and as she was binding my wrists with the rope, a man walked through the door. A man I had not yet seen.  
  
“Sabrina!” the man scowled. “Why isn’t that whore fully bound?”  
  
“I’m sorry sir” Sabrina responded. “We were running a little late.”  
  
“I’m already frustrated enough that I got stuck with the virgins today. Maybe I should just fuck you since I can’t fuck these bitches.”  
  
“I can’t stop you if you want to do that Mick.” Sabrina said as she finished binding my wrists.  
  
As soon Sabrina finished tying me up, Mick grabbed her. He held both her arms behind her back with one hand.  
  
“I’ve been waiting for my opportunity to get some of this nice piece of ass.” He said as he grabbed a handful of her breasts.  
  
I was the only one who could see what was going on. All of the other girls were blindfolded.   
  
“What do you think girls?” Mick asked the group. “Maybe if I get to bust a nut in this slut, then I might go easier on all of you.”  
  
Nobody said anything. Sabrina looked calm. I imagined this must happen to her a lot. Apparently all of the women who work here are also used as personal fuck toys.  
  
“Unfortunately, I don’t have time to fuck you. Get out of here before I change my mind” He slapped her ass as she walked out the door.  
  
Mick glanced around the room for a moment and then zeroed in on me.  
  
“Why aren’t you blindfolded?” he asked.  
  
“I don’t—She didn’t” I stammered. But Mick cut me off.  
  
“If you don’t wear a blindfold like a good little slut then you have to be punished.”  
  
I opened my mouth to protest, but I was cut off again.  
  
“But that’s not fair?” Mick mocked me in a whiny voice. “Being a slave isn’t fair. If you don’t follow the rules, then you get punished. Sometimes it’s not your fault, but you still get punished. That is something that you are going to have to get used to… starting now.”  
  
He slapped me hard in the face.  
  
“Say thank you!” He demanded.  
  
“Thank you.” I said.  
  
“Thank you sir!” He demanded.  
  
“Thank you sir.”  
  
I thought about Sabrina’s advice. Don’t show weakness. I kept my head up and maintained eye contact with Mick. He grabbed my face with his hand and slid his thumb into my mouth. It was rough and calloused. I knew what he wanted me to do, so I didn’t hesitate to start sucking. I wanted him to know that I was serious about this, so despite never having sucked a real cock before, I did the best job I could. I sucked hard. I bobbed my head up and down, swirled my tongue around it multiple times. He slowly pulled his thumb away and I pulled against my restraints to move my head with his thumb. He finally pulled it out of my mouth. It left a bad taste in my mouth, but I made sure not to show it on my face. He looked at me expectantly.  
  
“Thank you sir” I said.  
  
"Good little slut" He said right before he placed a blindfold over my eyes.  
  
The next ten minutes He spend testing our pain threshold. He went behind every girl, whipped her lightly on the ass. Then whipped harder, and harder, until each girl begged him to stop, at which point he complied.  
  
"Do not try to get me to stop before you have reached your absolute pain limit" He warned "I have been doing this for years, and I can tell when you're bullshitting me. Anyone caught trying to do this will be punished.  
  
Most of the girls lasted until about the same point. Including myself. It didn't get too bad until the last few whips. After we were done, Mick came around to all of us and untied our wrists.  
  
“Now it’s time to play a little game. Everyone hold out your hands, palms up. I’m going to put a full glass of water on each of your hands. Hold them up as long as possible. If you drop one of them, you will get ten lashes on your ass. If you drop both of them, you will get ten lashes on your ass, and ten lashes on your tits. If you are the last one with both glasses, you will get no lashes. We’re going to start now.”  
  
I felt a two heavy glasses placed in my hands.  
  
“Hands flat. No gripping” Mick demanded. “Everyone ready? Good.”  
  
It was only a few seconds before I heard a glass hit the floor.  
  
“Well that didn’t take long at all.” Mick said. “What’s your name?” He asked the girl who had dropped her glass.  
  
“M-Megan” The girl stammered.  
  
“Well Megan. This is going to hurt”  
  
I heard a loud whip. Megan cried out in pain, and a second glass hit the floor.  
  
“Sorry Megan, ten lashes on your perky tits.”  
  
“But I only dropped it because you whipped me” Megan protested.  
  
“Did you hear that everyone? She only dropped it because I whipped her. Let that be a warning to all of you. When I’m whipping your ass, hold on to your other glass!”  
  
He whipped her again. Her cry was louder. After the fourth whip another glass hit the floor.  
  
“This is my favorite part” Mick said. “Once you girls hear someone else get whipped, you get nervous. You get so nervous that you drop your glass. Then the rest of the girls get even more nervous.”  
Mick was absolutely right. The more girls he whipped the more glasses fell. And the more loud cracks and painful shrieks I heard. Eventually only myself and one other girl remained. We each still had both of our glasses. I can do this. I can get away with no lashes. I Kept reminding myself not to move. My hands were getting sweaty. My face itched. But despite my best efforts, my first glass slipped out of my right hand. My heart sank. Without a single warning, I felt the first panful lash against my ass cheeks. I jumped. The lash was right at my pain threshold. I could feel the glass almost fall out of my left hand but luckily I was able to save it. Not a single girl had been able to save her second glass while her ass was being whipped. Some had lasted a couple lashes, but inevitably they dropped the second one and had their tits subsequently whipped. I felt the second lash against my ass. It was painful, but I concentrated all of that pain into holding my glass. The third lash, the fourth. Immediately after the fifth lash, I heard another glass hit the floor. I could still win this. I wouldn’t get out unscathed, but I could protect my breasts… for now anyway. I made it through the final five lashes without dropping my glass. I let out a sigh of relief. Without hesitation, I heard the first crack of the whip on the other girls glass. She immediately dropped her second glass. I had won. But I still held on to my glass just in case. I listened to the other girl get her remaining nineteen lashes. I heard her cry in pain the same way I had heard the other five girls. Eventually I felt my remaining glass lifted from my hands, and my blindfold taken off my face.   
  
“Congratulations” Mick said.  
  
I looked around the other girls were all crying. They each had red marks on their breasts and ass. It wasn’t until I wiped my eyes that I realized that I had also been crying.  
“Keep it together Jenna” I whispered to myself. “You still have a long way to go.”