

Claire Sinclair in bondage

By : GlobeTwo

Claire Sinclair, Miss October 2010 and Playmate of the Year 2011, finds her inner Bettie Page



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Claire Sinclair in bondage : Chapter 1

Claire Sinclair loved posing for Playboy. She especially loved all the lingerie and for her centerfold she loved the classic pin-up Bettie Page look: the piled up hairdo, the sheer garter belt and the thigh high silk stockings. Sure it was a little scary taking off her clothes in front of all those men but she got used to that real fast. Then she was selected to be a model for the Bettie Page clothing line, modeling in all those vintage cut dresses and even more lingerie. Cute and vivacious Claire was in pin-up heaven so when her mentor Olivia called her out to her studio to do some new sketches she leapt in her car, her cute face giggly with excitement.

She learned not to show ; too early but still she couldn't help zipping her beat up car through the busy traffic on the way to the Malibu studio.

She practically skipped into the studio; the space was divided into two rooms: a drawing and painting studio and the photo studio where Claire did most of her posing for the artist.

She went to the drawing studio first; the easel was empty except for an old paperback book from the Fifties. The yellowed pages seemed fragile and she picked the book up gingerly. The cover revealed everything: In the right hand corner it read, *No. 1, LDL Publications, \$5.00* which may have seemed like a lot in the 1950s but the title screamed out in bold letter '**BETTIE PAGE IN BONDAGE**' which made the young girl blush but she read on: *ILLUSTRATED WITH 32 actual bondage poses of Bettie Page.* The cover photo showed Claire's idol in a chair, shackles on her ankles and wrists and a metal collar around her neck and chained to the shackles.

The young girl swallowed, as if she felt attacked, but she turned the page and continued to read: "*Still an other hard bondage pose was the time the Bettie Page was tied to several iron pipes held up on wooden brackets. For these stringent poses Bettie was tied onto the pipes by another model, who bound ropes around and under Bettie's elbows and forearms. Bettie was posed in the photos so that she had to support most of her body weight on her elbows tied to the pipes. Strands of rope were criss-crossed over her thighs, knees and arms to hold her up firmly on the thin bars of iron. The customary rubber ball gag was in Bettie's mouth, which prevented her from telling the other model, with whom she was working, that her bondage was too tight. The iron pipe was cold and clammy to Bettie's body and the manner in which she was bound kept her from sliding around on the pipes. Thus, suspended off the floor, the luckless Bettie as the 'victim' had to suffer while she was portraying her role. Her brow furrowed deeply with both real and simulated pain, Bettie had to wait for many minutes while the photographer set the camera in focus in order to get a clear sharp picture.*"

Claire couldn't help gulping again as she read the text and stared at the pictures showing Bettie willingly climbing onto the parallel iron bars and gracefully draping her arms over the top line. She studied the model tying the white ropes onto Bettie's limbs, and she noted the delicate care being taken; Claire knew from reading many books about her idol that even though she showed panic on her face Bettie was never really in pain. Still, the ball gag, the wide eyes, the white rope against the black stockings, it sure looked scary.

"Are you scared, Claire?" Olivia had slipped in behind her. The young girl did startle a bit and hastily dropped the book.

"Um, no, we're just going to work on poses right? Some Bettie Page clothes?"

"Of course, dear," the older woman patted the nymphet's check. "Let me show you this outfit."

The tiny black dress glistened like patent leather but was thin as tissue paper. The hanger weighed more than the dress did. "It's latex," Olivia said in response to Claire's unasked question.

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"Latex? Like rubber?"

"Oh, it's very much a Bettie page thing. Try it on, you'll see."

The young girl felt ambivalent but Olivia was the artistic genius so she acquiesced. Using one finger to dangle the dress on the hanger she headed to the photo studio and the dressing room.

"Claire, just change behind the partition for now."

Claire gave a teenaged shrug, giving not a moment's thought as to why the dressing room in the studio couldn't be used, but once in front of the makeshift dressing table she was all business. She slipped out of her tight tee shirt and jeans only pausing for a moment to consider her voluptuously nude body. She was all curves and creamy pale flesh. She held up the few cubic inches of latex and wondered how all that body she saw in the mirror would fit in the tiny, tiny garment.

Sitting on a chair she let her feet slip into the top of the dress and wriggled it around her ankles. The latex seemed to lick her skin as she twisted the loop of material up her legs. She had to work the thing on like it was the world's smallest girdle.

The latex stretched to accommodate the width of her legs; it was, for a moment, a patent leather strap over her knees and she still had to work it over her hips. She parted her legs and the supple material gave way; she felt like her legs were in a cool embrace but she dedicated her focus on jiggling the latex over her hips. She had to stand now and she was doing a sexy little dance, shifting her weight from foot to foot and grunting with exertion as she tugged the dress up over the juicy curves of her ass.

Finally she got the thing around her waist and she pulled the hem down over her bare pussy and her shapely hips. She looked in the mirror and gasped. Wow, was it tight.

Now she had to work the top part of the thing over her belly and breasts and get the halter strap over her head. She spent a long time wriggling and writhing and grunting; she felt like she was wrestling a lover as the latex kissed over her soft skin but when she finally managed to push each bodacious breast into its snug-fitting cup she could stand straight and see herself.

Holy shit, she looked like a siren from a film noir. The latex shimmered like black onyx. She felt like she was being embraced by the snake in the Garden of Eden.

She slapped her palms on her hips and the latex made a satisfying kissing sound and she giggled as she set to work on her make-up.

Only the most ruby red streekwalker lipstick would do and she puckered her lips and vamped for the mirror as she worked. She brushed her long wavy hair over one shoulder like a dark Veronica Lake and then teardrop diamond earrings completed the picture. She gave the mirror a sultry look and giggled some more.

Fishnet stockings were perfect and so were thin strapped stiletto heels. She strutted out from behind the partition and was greeted by the hot burst of flashes from Olivia's camera.

"Perfect, Claire, just perfect. Work it for me. Jiggle that bottom. Give me a coy look. Yes, an over the shoulder double take. Yes! Bend down, yes, cleavage, yes! Perfect!" If Claire Sinclair as Miss October was pretty well a perfect Playboy centerfold Claire Sinclair in the tight black latex went further, she outstared perfection itself.

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The flash exploded a thousand times and Claire could have posed in a thousand more ways; the dress was inspiring her to be really really sexy and wicked.

Both artist and model were working themselves with a frenzy of erotic vigor and when they finished this part of the shoot both were panting as though they'd been having orgasms. Fully sated at last, Olivia put down the camera and both took a short break to drink water and catch their breaths. The artist held up another latex outfit. "Ready?" she asked? Claire didn't need to be asked twice.

OK, the latex dress had felt strange and was a bitch to struggle into and peel off but the next outfit was truly exciting. Claire felt that at last she was in the groove for the Bettie Page bondage look even though, while it was S&M latex, for sure she wasn't going to be tied up.

Because it was so skimpy it was much easier to writhe into. It was like a super tight swim suit except below the navel all it had were four straps hanging down with clamps to hold up the sheer black silk stockings. The slick and sleek black latex made the bare and pale skin of her juicy bottom glow excitement and her naked pussy tingle with eagerness. The snug garment cinched tightly around her waist and belly and was held up with halter straps with the halter missing. Her bare breasts surrounded by the tight black latex straps seemed to float in the air as a gift for a voracious mouth to gobble up. The shoes were the highest heels she'd ever worn and the thin straps showed off her shapely calves even as the tall spiked heels thrust her hips out in sensual poses. Her nimble hands wriggled into the shoulder length latex gloves and when she slapped her gloved hands against her bare thighs they made an intriguing noise that echoed through the studio.

What happens when a cute retro girl thinks some more about Bettie Page? The skipping of a few heart beats apparently! Claire was certainly a girl who merited considerable attention and justifiably turned heads everywhere. But seeing herself in full Bettie Page bondage regalia? Golly, she loved this transformation and contrast to the retro Betty and Veronica skirts she usually wore. She vamped for herself in the mirror and pursed her lips - it was so playful and SO saucy! Her Bettie Page admiration was well known and this transformation completed the picture. As she morphed into tight black it would appear that the bold Miss Sinclair was quite captivated with this shiny aesthetic and she was up for some real naughtiness! She was such a turn-on when she got all moody and sultry! And she never before felt so anxious and eager and aroused by the notion that she was about to pose. "Ready?" she called out to Olivia who was waiting patiently.

Like a stripper in Minsky's Burlesque Claire took her time revealing herself. She let a spiked heel peek out from behind the partition. Slowly the lovely calf, encased in clinging sheer silk slipped into view then the whole leg. Shiny black gloved fingers teased over the edge of the partition and Claire's beautiful face peered out for a second. Olivia found Claire devastatingly sexy, so young, so sweet; yet she seemed to have such a wicked and knowing twinkle in her eyes. From her teasing, she seemed to be quite the performer and dancer and Olivia could only imagine just how good a stripper she'd be if she was ever tempted. Not only was she the ultimate glamour sexpot of our time, but she surely had the potential to be an outrageously perfect stripper! One delicious thing about her was that she was so young, yet so into the classic glamour of a bygone era.

Olivia gazed with entranced focus as the young nymphet slinked into view; the girl had her back to the camera and she teasingly jiggled her naked bottom. Then with her gloved arms covering her chest she slowly turned around. With a fetchingly seductive smile she gracefully let her arms drop to her sides. When her bare breasts, so ripe and fresh surrounded by the black latex straps, were revealed, Olivia, who had seen many magnificent models in her studio, let out an audible gasp.

Artist and model took their time posing and Claire vamped and teased with the imaginative zeal that only one so young and wicked could bring to the camera. So focused were both of them on capturing this sexy moment and channeling the spirit of the immortal Bettie Page that neither of them heard the van pull up behind Claire's car. Five burly young men piled out and let themselves into the photo studio while the artist and model

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continued to shoot in the other room.

Olivia's cell phone suddenly vibrated angrily. The artist shot one more frame before putting down the camera. She knew who was calling. "I have to take this," she said solemnly, "Take a break." She flipped the phone open, giving Claire a guilty look as the girl skipped innocently to the couch. "Hello," she said flatly. She recognized the number.

"We're here."

Olivia gave the smiling Claire another guilty glance before turning her back as if that would make the conversation more secret. Her voice was now conspiratorial. "Give me a few minutes."

"We're ready to go. We've been studying those Bettie Page books you gave us. Man, are we ready to go. Is she ready?"

"I need a few minutes."

"Man, we are ready to go."

"I understand. Occupy yourselves."

"How? The whole place is nothing but chains and whips and shit."

"Play some card." Olivia snapped the phone closed and turned back to Claire.

The young girl looked like a wild creature, a wood nymph Olivia had stumbled on in a clearing. The girl had her head cocked to one side and her eyes sparkled with curiosity and mischief. "Who was that?" she asked.

Olivia sat next to the luscious nymphet and gently pushed a stray lock of the girl's hair back into place, her fingertips softly caressing the young girl's cheek. "Claire, you always pose so well for me." Claire nodded smiling. "And I want this session to be special."

"Me too," Claire said, her face radiant. She looked down on her own bare breasts and the tight latex hugging her voluptuous body. "I love the outfits."

Olivia rose and took Claire by the hand. "Let's go in the photo studio. You'll understand what I have in mind."

Chapter 2

Claire entered first and her eyes went immediately to the set built in one corner. Brick walls that the girl knew were really just painted flats and a wooden floor panel made to look like stone. There was an antique red velvet couch and a pile of furs on the floor in front of it. Dangling from the ceiling was a long chain. The girl turned and saw the five men sitting at a card table; one of them was actually dealing cards but he stopped as all five pairs of male eyes locked in on the luscious Claire. "Shit," one of them whispered reverently.

Between the card table and the set were aluminum trunks, the kind used on movie sets to move props and gear. The tops were flipped open the boxes were filled with ropes and chains and all sorts of paraphernalia the girl recognized from the Bettie Page bondage photos. "Shit," she said with panic in her voice but Olivia was already escorting her towards the set.

The artist firmly guided the nubile model to a stool and sat her down. "Claire, these gentlemen you may know; they are going to be helping us."

Claire nodded; she realized that they weren't going to be introduced. She did recognize a few of them though; they were members of the Kappa Omicron Xi fraternity, the Cocksman. They were dressed now in full fratboy regalia: backwards baseball caps, expensive jeans, tight tee shirts. They were part of the boisterous crew that pursued playmates at parties and around the pool. Claire had never been in their thrall but she had heard stories. She looked at their eager faces and she gulped.

Olivia was all business while addressing the men directly. "You studied the videos I sent you? You know how to do the ropes?"

Five male heads nodded in unison; Claire screamed in her head, "*Ropes?!?*"

The stool holding Claire was tall so she was just leaning, her supple legs stretched out in front of her and her arms slightly behind and holding her weight. Her gorgeous chest heaved and quivered as her limbs tensed and she gripped the edges of the stool with white knuckle vehemence. "What ropes?" she said softly, her eyes darting from Olivia to the men and then back to Olivia; she could almost see herself reflected in their lust filled eyes-- a gorgeous playmate, sexy hair and makeup, dolled up in latex and ready for rope!

"Claire, you need to trust me. I'm being careful." The artist walked over to one of the trunks and lifted a white coil. "This rope came from Rainbow Rope. It's three sixteenth inches, solid diamond braid nylon, so it won't tighten when it's pulled, when you struggle. You need to trust that I know what I'm talking about."

Claire kept her eyes fixed on the artist. "Struggle?"

Olivia ignored the girl's question and explained to the men as if giving a lecture, "The biggest thing you need to think about when buying rope is how soft it is. A lot of rope has a core or is woven too tightly. Hard rope is bad rope."

The crew nodded at this sage advice. Claire gulped.

Olivia was crisp and in command. She inspected the men's faces like a general sending a squad on a dangerous mission. "Who's doing the rigging?" She held the coil out to the men but she kept her hand on Claire's bare shoulder and she felt the girl's body tense with fear.

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Claire gulped again and she may have leapt off the stool except for Olivia's firm hand holding her in place. The sweet captive peered at the five male faces and watched four droop forlornly and a fifth beam with delight.

The owner of the beaming face rose and Claire was overwhelmed by his size; he must have stood eleven inches over six feet but he was trim and fit like a well trained athlete. He moved with grace but each step toward Claire was a heavy thud. "House practiced on his girl friend," one of the others explained as House accepted the rope from Olivia.

He towered over her and she looked up at him, her face helpless and wide-eyed. Her jaw came unhinged for a moment and when she could speak all she could think to ask was, "What size are your shoes?"

He chuckled and grinned back at his buddies then stepped behind her as he answered. "Size eighteen and a half, ma'am." A soft voice, curiously at odds with his appearance. He spoke with a New Orleans drawl and Claire was always intrigued by Southern accents. She couldn't resist turning her head and giving him a tightlipped smile. "Ma'am, it's better if you just look straight ahead, OK?" She shivered noticeably and he added, almost gently, "It won't hurt Ma'am, the rope. Like Miss Olivia said, it's real soft."

Like he was cracking a whip he held one end of the coil and shot the rest out across the floor in a long white line, whipping it along the wood like a lariat until the line was almost straight across the room.

"It's a long." Claire's voice was hushed and meek.

"Yes Ma'am, about twenty-four feet." He followed the line out to the half way point and picked it up. He made eye contact with his captive and he smiled. "Guess it takes a lot of rope for a pretty body like yours." Claire blushed. He sauntered forward and made a U shape at the middle of the rope. "I'm going to put this over your head." He draped the rope over her shoulders and arranged the two twelve foot halves in front of her. "Now don't worry; it won't be tight at all."

He worked now with a fierce concentration like a man anxious to remember complicated steps to a dance. His large hands were surprisingly gentle and nimble. He tied the first knot right above her breasts and the next one right between them and then another an inch or two below. Even though his hands were working near her luscious naked nipples and flesh he was almost fastidious about not touching her. Still Claire's nipples rose to full bloom as she held her breath and watched him bind her. Soft little mewls and murmurs escaped her lips as he worked and these gentle sounds of hesitant resistance urged him on.

With the three knots completed he bent and guided both strands between her legs. He stepped around to the back and pulled until the soft rope slithered up her thighs and as he pulled it caressed down her belly, then with a unanticipated tingle over the lips of her bare pussy and then up between the round cheeks of her bottom. She had to lift herself for a moment so he could get the rope under her. She felt the white cord snake up her spine and she felt his nimble fingers guide both lines under the loop around her neck.

Once the remaining length of rope was dangling from the loop he ran one line down the back of each of her gloved arms. He softly wrapped her fingers around the cord. "Hold these ropes please Ma'am." He stepped to the front again.

He guided the ends of the rope under her arms between the little loop created by the first two knots he had made in the front. Then tugged them back behind her. He weaved the rope into the double line of cord down her back and started the process again. Suddenly the white cord was pressing into the milky white of her breasts. Claire gasped and he paused. "Did I hurt you m'am?"

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"No, go on," she said breathlessly barely understanding why she said it.

He worked more quickly now, clearly aroused by the girl's obvious arousal as his hands worked over her moist warm skin and the slick shimmer of the latex. After about ten minutes Claire had the loop around her slender throat and two diamond shaped loops above and below her naked breasts that held the complex web of ropes around her breasts as the cord pressed gently into the flesh. Because of the double line of rope between her thighs and over her pussy and then up her back every slight shift of any part of her torso caused the cord to caress over the soft bare lips of her sex, even her breathing was enough to cause this chain reaction and she was panting rapidly.

House stood back and examined his work with a critical eye. Claire stared back at him, her eyes almost flashing lightning and her mouth a sultry pout. Her hair was becoming sexily disheveled as she wriggled with pleasure. The tight ropes around her full breasts made the flesh throb and quiver in animated arousal. House couldn't help himself but he was a gentleman. He spoke to Olivia while staring at his lovely prisoner. "I need to kiss her."

"Can he kiss you Claire?"

"You may kiss me House."

He loomed over her like a storm cloud and wrapped a huge arm around her soft shoulders. He bent her back on the stool and kissed her the way Rhett Butler kissed Scarlett but Rhett didn't paw Scarlett's luscious breasts the way House pawed Claire's as she wriggled in his embrace with her legs shooting out in front of her. And Rhett didn't bend in deep and take one of Scarlett's breasts into his greedy mouth but House spent a long bunch of minutes sucking and gobbling Claire's naked and irresistible flesh. When he finished he kissed her gently once more.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said and Claire was relieved to see that he didn't wipe his mouth with the back of his hand like a greedy child after gorging on ice cream. House lumbered away but another man rose. "I came in second," he said proudly.

He was less gentle with the girl and he tugged her arms behind her and quickly wrapped white rope around her wrists and tied them. Claire made wordless noises of protest, and little monosyllable curses muttered breathlessly like "fuck" and "shit."

He tied more rope around her upper arms and then he claimed his kiss too, bending back and kissing her upside down while pawing over her body. Claire's silk stockinged legs kicked in the air as she struggled. But when he was done another man was right behind him; this one was considerably shorter than the others, shorter than Claire even, but he had an air of command about himself, like Napoleon. He put an arm around her and kissed her gently, almost romantically. His caresses over her nipples and breasts and ass were almost tender and when he finished he looked deep into her eyes and Claire thought she was going to fall in love. He held up the ball gag and said softly, "We need to put something in that pretty mouth of yours. Open your mouth, Claire."

She couldn't say no. He affectionately placed it between her lips and he breathed in her honey hair as he lifted it so he could strap the gag around her head. He lovingly dropped her hair and arranged her locks over her bare shoulders. Her crotch rope was digging into her tender bits as he shoved the big ball into her mouth to keep her quiet.

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The fourth man approached with a long rod. Claire's eyes were panicky but she had no choice but to let him slide the rod across her back, under her arms. He guided her off the stool and onto the set where the last man was waiting. They linked a chain to the ends of the rod and linked that chain to the one dangling from the ceiling. House himself hoisted the chain, tightening it so that the girl could touch the floor if she lifted herself on her toes.

Olivia had been busy with her camera the entire time. And when the men inexplicably withdrew the artist came closer to the lovely captive. The floor seemed to be wired with mics so that the tap of Claire's shoes hitting the wood as she struggled to keep upright echoed in the studio. Olivia stroked her cheek. "You're doing fine, Claire, so good. You look so pretty. I wish I could do you myself."

Claire moaned into the gag.

"Shhhh," Olivia pressed her fingers over the gag. "Save your self. There's a lot to happen yet." Olivia glanced at storyboards that Claire couldn't see.

Once more the luscious captive moaned into the gag while the artist snapped frame after frame of her struggles. "Oh you are so beautiful Claire." She put down the camera for a moment and picked up a piece of gear from one of the trunks. She delicately lifted one of the girl's legs and strapped a red leather belt onto her ankle. A small metal loop dangled from the belt. Next she buckled a similar belt around her throat. She touched the girl's cheek affectionately. "I'm going to set up the video now." And she set to work positioning several tripods and cameras to catch all the writhing and contortions of her delicious prisoner.

And Claire did not disappoint. Draped over the pole hanging from the chain the amazing supple and flexible playmate was able to arch her back to send her hair streaming down her spine then snap herself forward so the lustrous locks danced over her face. She jiggled and wriggled and whimpered and her murmurs and moans were picked up by the mics and played live on speakers throughout the studio. The tapping and stamping of her stiletto heels added to the erotic symphony of her struggle. She lifted both legs and swung in the air like an angel then stomped her feet on the floor in angry resistance to her captivity.

She finally managed to get herself turned around to where she could see the men and they were, to her surprise, chagrin, and even anger, playing cards. "What the hell!" she thought to herself and growled into the gag and gestured toward the men with her head, letting her hair fly wildly.

Olivia immediately understood the question. "They're playing for who's first."

Claire didn't need any more explanation. Her feet beat furiously over the floor and her snarls filled the room as her bucking and thrashing rattled the chain. She was a one woman tempest of rage and defiance.

The men who already were having difficulty focusing on the cards now stared mesmerized by the display of fury from the beautiful captive. Only House kept his cool as he insisted on finishing the hand. Claire stilled herself and watched in silent wrath; the men's voices were low and intense as they played out her fate in the cards. She shot daggers at the men as she wiggled against the rope binding into her and the tiny playmate's rage intimidated all who dared to meet her eyes.

Chapter 3

Finally the game was at an end and each player wordlessly revealed his hand.

House was last and he said in a loud voice as he gazed at his prize dangling from the chain, "Three queens. I believe that it's winner take all." His Southern accent had the oozing charm of the conquering general. He rose and looked magnificent in his victory and his progress to the girl was the triumph of the warrior and Claire was the prisoner for sacrifice.

Claire watched his approach and she was entranced the way a virgin on an altar is entranced by the high priest and his dagger. House paused long enough to accept a short length of chain from Olivia.

Claire's muffled grunts and growls flowed out of the speakers; House just grinned confidently. He dropped to her feet and she tried kicking him but lost her balance and spun in the air helplessly. He easily took hold of the ankle wearing the red strap and he buckled one end of the short chain to the loop. As he rose he lifted her leg by hooking the ankle over his shoulder so that she was soon doing a split parallel to the dangling chain. He reached above her head and clipped the free end of the short chain to the longer one supporting the rod behind her back so she was now suspended with one foot high above her head. She stomped her other foot in rage as House stepped away to admire his work; his size eighteen and a half shoes made a thundering noise on the amplified floor.

When Claire realized that he was unbuckling his trousers she suddenly froze. A moment later she discovered that the relationship between shoe size and cock size was real and she screamed into the gag, struggling with newfound ferocity, her muffled screams and the stomping foot shook the walls as she spun around like a raging Bacchante.

Olivia zoomed the camera in for lots of close ups in this struggle. Fresh, sweet, innocent Claire was struggling in a very shiny latex dress that was hugging her every curve. That ball gag sat so beautifully in her mouth, her lips wrapped so perfectly around the ball. That crotch rope - that crotch rope was digging in deeply, almost cutting her in two! The more she struggled and pulled on her hands, the deeper the crotch rope dug in. How dastardly!

Playboy playmate of the Year Claire Sinclair slowly discovered the joy of bondage as her heart raced with anxious cravings. The dread and the ropes would feed her and fill her with pain and, in turn, pleasure. Elbows pulled tightly behind her with her wrist crossed, one leg chained above her head and a crotchrope pulled tightly between her legs. Miss October was such a great struggler, all she could think to do was to writhe and buck and struggle to keep herself upright on the chain. She spun around and around but went nowhere. She could barely move at all tied to the contraption.

As if to emphasize her helplessness House reached out and removed the shoe above her head by flicking it with his finger. Claire kicked out with her free foot but without any part of her touching the floor she began to spin even more wildly. She screamed curses into the gag as her hair flew over her face. House was careful to avoid her kicking leg but he managed to grab the ankle over her head. Held now in place the beautiful captive sputtered and snarled with even more vehemence; her bucking and writhing rattled the chain above her.

House chuckled and with his free hand tickled poor Claire's silk soles. She yelped and howled and pleaded into the gag and every tremor of struggle made the rope over her pussy tease her into a more frenzied erotic tail spin. By time he stopped she was out of breath and House was able to get close enough to loosen the rope on her crotch enough so that he could push it to one side. She gave little resistance as he mauled her breasts with his mouth and hands and ground his cock over the hyper-sensitive lips of her sex.

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When the head of his cock kissed her bare pussy lips she started to scream but he held her bound body tight. With one leg up in the air she was completely vulnerable to his assault. He took his time, letting her wriggle and struggle and protest into the gag. With an arm tight around her waist her own bucking was pushing the cock into her; the massive knob thrust in, the cockhead alone seemed to fill her with impossibility. Her body froze and tensed and this tension increased the sweet pressure around his shaft. The tight heat of her honeyed slit poured glory over every nerve and vein of his monster cock as it entered her with an excruciatingly unhurried display of his power. Once he was all the way inside her he let loose though; he fucked hard and mercilessly, the chain hanging from the ceiling snapping and jangling like a metallic whip. She screamed for mercy in wordless shrieks. And she screamed out her own orgasm when he finally blasted his load deep into her in a fury of masculine energy.

House staggered back after completely emptying into her and he collapsed on to the couch and stared at the beautiful captive as if he were in a trance.

The other four applauded and hooted his performance and Claire too collapsed onto the bar under her shoulders. She was a helpless doe watching the men as they talked about the next phase of their playtime.

She mewed meekly when House rose and unchained the leg in the air; like a grim prince in a fairy tale he slipped her shoe back onto her bare foot and she didn't struggle at all as he tied a rope above her knees and another around her ankles. She murmured into the gag when the bar was released from the ceiling chain and she sobbed when he slid the bar from under her arms. When he laid her bound body onto the fur she started to struggle a bit and this slowed the card game as the men paused to admire her jiggling breasts and frantic writhing.

Claire, still in a transcendently erotic state, lost herself in the coils of rope binding her. Her body rocked gently over the fur as the tension of her bonds lifted her into higher arousal; she passed from the outermost portal of pain to the shrine where a sin is a prayer. She looked deliciously sinful. The tiny and tight latex outfit covered very little of her skin. Except for the four straps hanging down and clamped to the sheer black silk stockings she was naked from just below her navel. The glossy and glassy jet black latex made her smooth pale flesh glow alluringly. The close-fitting costume tightened over her waist and stopped just above her cute little navel; the halter straps bit into the soft flesh around bare breasts and shoulders; with every palpitation of her body the white ropes binding her breasts and arms and legs seemed to tighten in the desire of furious embraces. Her chest heaved with her excitement and the creamy flesh quivered in a dream of lusciousness. Her shapely legs, even tightly bound together, shifted and caressed enough to send warmth over the bare skin of her thighs; where the silk stockings met the writhing caused soft glissades of shimmering sounds. Her shoulders rolled in a seductive dance and her hair flickered against the fur on the floor.

She rolled and writhed for a long time, lost in her reverie as she made delicate little moans and grunts into the gag. She was on her side now, her body undulating like a wave; then she was face down and as she wriggled against the bonds, the fur caressed over her naked breasts and bare pussy. The flawless orbs of her ass glowed a pale rose against the black latex straps and silk stockings.

Even through this gloriously erotic display the men, while gazing on her beauty, managed to come to an agreement about her fate. While she gyrated and whimpered face down on the fur one of them approached her, the short one who reminded her of Napoleon; he gently lifted her in his arms. Claire mewed sweetly as he sat on the antique red velvet couch and arranged his lovely prisoner on his lap. She snuggled against his shoulder as best she could with her arms bound behind her back; he was so short that sitting in his lap Claire had to bend her head to meet his eyes. His hand caressed over her breasts and shoulders and eventually lifted her hair and undid the gag.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

Claire gulped for air like a fish on the deck of a boat and she gulped gratefully when he lifted a cup of water to her lips. Little rivulets dripped down her chin and over her naked breasts. When the cup was removed she sighed and pressed a cheek against his chest. "Thank you, kind sir," she looked at him with large worshipful eyes. "Are you going to have your way with me?" she asked with hope vibrating in her husky voice.

He stroked her hair and squeezed his arm around her waist. "You'd like that wouldn't you? You're a naughty girl."

"I want to please you," she said. Her gaze held his.

"I'm going to hurt you Claire," he said flatly. "You're going on a wild trip."

Claire closed her eyes for a moment and contemplated the agony in store. For a girl trapped like she was it was always the same. First comes the chill of fear- then a stupor as the mind calculates the fate of the body- then the letting go - a brilliance takes over.

She nodded. "I know." Her soft ruby red lips parted. Without conscious thought she leaned down to meet him as he bent his head up. He brushed his lips across hers, his hands skimming up her sides, brushing the sides of her breasts as he moved them up to cup her face. His lips brushed hers again and then he caught her bottom lip with his teeth. A soft nip soothed by the rub of his tongue. His thumb pressed gently at her chin, urging her to open for him. Gladly, willingly, she did. His tongue eased in and stroked along hers, coaxing her to follow him back into his mouth. He closed his lips around her tongue and sucked gently on it. She pulled it out slowly, tugging against the suction he plied, breaking the kiss. Their eyes were open, each watching the other.

The kiss went on, warm and generous. Claire whimpered meekly into his mouth as he greedily caressed her naked breasts; his fingers paid special attention to where the latex pressed into her tender skin. His nails followed the bite of the ropes around her shoulders and under her breasts. She wriggled and writhed against the ropes binding her wrists and legs, feeling his arousal grow against her bare bottom.

She needed to breathe but she wouldn't give up his mouth. When he finally pulled her hair, cruelly bending her head back, she gasped for air. He gave her an intense look and Claire, in his eyes, could read the violent erotic pleasures coming to her. "You're going to hurt me," she said. It was a compliant statement of the inevitable. He smiled knowingly and she shuddered. "I want you to do things to me," she said softly. She turned her head to one of the video cameras Olivia had set up. The other men were standing behind it watching her surrender. "All of you." Her voice was intense with desire, lips full of lust and of laughter, her eyes full of unquenchable fire.

Keeping her in his lap Claire's captor bent her body so her face was in her knees. She wriggled slightly as he untied her wrists and arms. She giggled as he pulled her upright but he immediately tied her wrists in front of her. House came close and pulled the rope until she was stretched over the antique red velvet couch with her arms, still encased in the black latex gloves, drawn above her head and with her legs across her captor's hips. House tied the rope to the base of the couch and went back to the camera.

For a brief moment nobody moved. Claire was spread out for them, a delicious feast. The scanty latex costume emphasized her glorious nakedness. The juicy flesh from her navel to the edge of the thigh high silk stockings glowed with warmth. The halter straps seemed to embrace their captive as they tightened over the tender flesh of her unprotected breasts and shoulders. Her chest heaved with her excitement and the creamy flesh quivered in a dream of lusciousness. She was perfection with her naked breasts heaving with each of her rapid breaths and her nipples glowing bright with eagerness. She squirmed slowly looking from face to face as if pleading for mercy and finally looked up at the man on the couch with her. "Oh dear," she moaned, confronting her fate.

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Working with an efficient expertise he undid the ropes around her legs and ankles but quickly re-set them so she could spread her thighs slightly apart. Claire watched him work, her eyes bright with fascination. She murmured slightly when he re-arranged the ropes around her waist and thigh; the line caressing over her pussy was gone and that sweet spot was now exposed.

With both hands he parted her legs until the lines were taut and the ropes bit into her ankles. Claire's body stiffened as his fingers caressed her legs, running from her calves to her thighs.

Claire was ready for anything and everything. Her vivid imagination recalled image after image of her beloved Bettie Page in various poses of torture. Claire could have handled a lash across her thighs and belly as she writhed or the cruel bite of clamps on her nipples. She wriggled with arousal and anticipation, ready for anything except what came next. He suddenly jammed his right hand between her thighs so that his wrist pressed over the lips of her baby soft sex; he held his arm there so that Claire could not close her legs. With his left hand he casually flipped the shoes off her now kicking feet.

Because of her bindings she could not escape his hand and he proceeded to tickle her ruthlessly. Claire had no chance; he tortured her feet and her giggles and writhing and kicking sent spasms of ecstasy up her spine. She shrieked and laughed and pleaded for mercy but he had no mercy to give. As her back arched and snapped up and down her soft sex caressed over his arm and she was driving herself wild. Her bucking and thrashing intensified with each brush of his fingers over the bottom of her pretty feet and in a flood of ecstasy she knew she was having an orgasm even as she howled and giggled; she trembled and rattled now in bliss's wrath and still he persisted with his tickling.

He stopped when she began to moan in a deep wildcat growl, her eyes blazing. He let his left hand caress over the silk stockings and against her thighs. Holding her legs in place he began to finger her sweetness with his right hand. Her giggling stopped, replaced by desperate panting and pleading as she twisted her head in agony.

"No, please, no, I can'tâstop, oh god, stop, please oh pleaseâ!" Her sobs and prayers filled the room.

Her begging only made him go at it with more vigor; his fingers greedily probed and teased and his left hand was tightly gripping her thigh. Her free leg kicked as much as the ropes allowed and she started to helplessly thrust herself onto the finger fucking her. Her ecstasy spiraled like a hurricane and for a moment she was in the eye of the storm; completely consumed by bliss she looked at him with a misty gaze. "I'm coming," she said dreamily. "What's your name?"

"Charlie," he answered and worked his finger deep inside her.

She bit her lip for a moment, letting the pain float over the delight. "You make me come, Charlie; I love the way you make me come."

"I'm still going to hurt you," he said flatly.

"I know, Charlie, I know."

To make sure she understood he pinched a nipple brutally and fingered her soft sex as if he was an invading monster.

Chapter 4

A glorious pain gripped her like a new god and when this new god came to woo her captive was she, helpless, dumb. She swirled into another wave of orgasm and barely noticed that Charlie had released her leg and rose from his seat, slipping out his finger. Claire's lips formed a sulking mew for a second to protest but Charlie's ministrations to her sex withdrew only to have another man step up and begin to torture her sex with a vibrator. Her mouth went from a pouty little o to a wide O of astonishment.

The man with the vibrator pierced her sex like a demon lover. Claire's body shook in arousal as she strained to lift her chin to witness the device's rape of her body. Her entire body was a question mark; a blurred misstamped question mark snaked out of her glance as she watched the vibrator glide into her. Her brain worked hard, trying to jiggle her apprehension as little as possible, not to wake pain, not to raise a shade on the thoughts rushing through her, if raising a shade in the dark wakes pain. Mere curious pain became ingenious pleasure as the vibrating shaft fucked into her depths.

But even as she gave herself over Charlie straddled over her belly and gazed down on her luscious face and sweet creamy breasts.

Just then the vibrator pitilessly drilled into her and she screamed and thrashed, suddenly seeing Charlie over her and the other four men surrounding the couch. After great pain, a ritualistic feeling comes; the nerves sit solemn, like tombs and the mind rushes to figure out everything-All pain seems to rush between the brain and the toes. The feet mechanically kick out and the breath always goes out of the lungs in a scream or a gasp. Claire felt all this; the pain and the ecstasy blasted through her from head to toe and for that brief second her brain had to sort out the pleasure and pain and her lovely legs did kick as much as they could and she screamed that scream of ecstasy.

She was frantic and a bit panicked. Charlie bent down and grabbed her behind the neck and pulled her to his lips and she sank into his kiss. His tongue explored her mouth as if for the first time, and she moaned and gave it back to him while House ran his hands up and down the curve of her waist and another man worked the vibrator like a swordsman. Finally, Charlie broke the kiss and grinned at her. The hand around her neck slipped down, cupped her breast. He rubbed the side of his hand over the rope at the fleshy mound's base while he caressed her soft skin with his palm and then pinched the still aching nipple. The binding ropes around them seemed to make them swell and blush. She whimpered and felt a tingling rushing from her breasts to the sweet spot between her legs. She heard herself inhale deeply and groan at the same time.

"You see sweetheart," Charlie toyed with her nipples, slowly licking the hard nubs as he spoke. "We come with a certain set of rules." She was lost, half paying attention. Charlie could tell, his laughter tipping her off and him pulling away enough to make her focus on his words. "We are your masters. We control, we dominate, and we own. We own you, sweetheart." He ran his fingers up and down her exposed throat and teased her with kisses. "I know you are new to this, but we have to do this, we have to hurt you because you are hot damned the sweetest piece of ass any of us have ever seen. The pain will be your gateway to pleasure. You understand that Claire?"

"Yes." Her breath was shallow and moist.

"I love your body," he told her, idly running his fingers over her smooth skin.

"I hope so." She smiled fearfully. The man with the vibrator suddenly gave her a good deep thrust and she howled; her belly arced up against Charlie as he straddled her.

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He stroked her cheek to calm her. "You're being so good Claire. You're going to be so good. You like this don't you?"

She nodded frantically. Her lower body was rocking in rhythm with the fucking from the vibrator and her arms were white with strain as she tried to jut her chest out to Charlie.

"And why not? You're a feast we can't get enough of." He cupped one full breast in his palm, once more letting the side of his hand brush over the rope below. "Your breasts are so firm and warm. I love holding them." A thumb brushed over a swollen nipple. "And your nipples. I think I could suck on them forever."

Putting actions to words, he lowered his head and wrapped his lips around the nipple, pulling it into his mouth. He loved the feel of it as he swirled his tongue around it. When he gently closed his teeth over it, Claire moaned and arched into him. Her hands struggled against the ropes and she yearned to pull his head closer to her. Moving his mouth to the other nipple, he rested

his palm on her breast and rubbed his thumb along the edge of the silver dollar sized areola. Claire shifted under his touch; she shifted her hips too, silently urging the second man to move his toy to the place she needed it most.

Charlie chuckled against her breast. "Anxious, are we? I'm beginning to think we might never satisfy you."

"Then I guess you'd better try harder," she said breathlessly. The vibrator fucked in forcefully and she spent a long minute in a wild animal howl. Charlie watched her as she writhed and he waited calmly until she rode the pain into a blissful look of satisfaction.

"God," she gasped finally and giggled. "I can't believe this."

"Believe it," Charlie said. He caressed her breasts lovingly. "And we're just getting started."

Claire gulped but thrust her chest up proudly.

"I could suck your nipples endlessly," he told her. "Firm little pebbles. Delicious. I love to roll them around on my tongue and nip with my teeth. You like it when I bite them, sugar?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I do."

There were those perfect nipples, staring at him, tempting him. "You know what I'm going to do later? I'm going to get a pair of nipple clamps. Thin bars that squeeze these little berries real tight. Then I'm going to suck on them and bite them until they swell to twice their size and turn that dark shade of red I love so much. But for now this will have to do."

He pinched one nipple between his thumb and forefinger, squeezing its hardness, and flicked his tongue back and forth against the tip. Claire moaned with each pass of his tongue and rocked back and forth slightly.

Charlie raised his head. "Don't move," he ordered. "No matter what I do, I do not want you to move. Not one part of your body. You may nod if you understand."

When she indicated her understanding, electricity sizzled through him. He turned to the other man. "Give it to her."

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Suddenly everything went red as the vibrator drilled her with a fury she'd never known before. Her body trembled and her eyes brimmed with tears but she struggled to hold herself rigid for him as the other man fucked her hard.

Drawing himself back for the moment, Charlie used his teeth and tongue on her compressed nipple until it darkened and plumped even more. Sweet, little sounds rolled from her throat, and he felt the tension in her body as she struggled to keep herself still. He turned to the other nipple, giving it the same treatment, loving her small moans and whimpers.

The pace of the vibrator was more gentle now; waves of ecstasy lapped over her like whitecaps on a beach.

She thought he would suck and kiss her nipples forever but then he abruptly sat up straight and looked down at her with cruel eyes. Olivia herself handed the candle to him.

He held it up for her to see. "Red tonight. Is that your favorite color?"

She smiled at him nervously, her brown eyes darkening to the color of rich coffee. Everything was magnified as in close-ups on the big screen. Her soft round glowing face and the shimmer of her dark hair, the tension of her lithe and supple arms stretched over her head so her naked breast, creamy and quivering and almost pale with fear, were spread out in offering. The lustful faces gazing down on her and the vibrator inside her constantly lifting her to greater heights of arousal. And the bright red candle, matching the bright red of her aching nipples.

"Let's decorate you, shall we?" He held the candle high, striking a match with his thumb. The flame hissed and glowed and set off a sparkle in the girl's wide eyes. For a brief second Claire giggled, marveling at the trick with his thumb but then he lit the wick and held the candle over one of her breasts. Her eyes were locked on the candle, watching as red wax began to melt and drip down the side. Her cute little nose twitched and the aroma of cherry scent filled the air. She would have giggled again but the candle, even with its sweet perfume, was looking very menacing.

Charlie held it just above her nipple, a thick bubble of wax sliding down until it dropped onto the soft flesh around it. The red of the wax glowed like fire against her pale skin. She flinched slightly, but the expression on her face wasn't one of pain. She showed pain and pleasure simultaneously. Pain and pleasure came like arrows of unquivered light.

Charlie circled the candle over her, dripping enough wax to form a swirl over the softness of her breast. The wax was hot, a quick burst of pain but then a warm embrace. Only when a large drip landed directly over the tip of her sensitive nipple did she let out an agonized gasp but Olivia was crouching close to her face and she stroked the young girl's cheek and gave her some soothing clucks.

"You look so pretty Claire; you're being so good," the artist whispered. Claire gave her a brave smile.

The wax had hardened over her skin but Charlie brushed it all away. "That was the warm up Claire." He now held the candle closer to her skin so the wax was hotter. And in his other hand he held an ice cube.

He tenderly glided the ice over her delicate and sensitive skin; her breasts quivered under his touch. The ice was cool and caressing but suddenly a drip of hot wax erupted like fireworks onto the coolest spot on her breast. Claire clamped her mouth shut to keep from screaming but her eyes bulged in fury.

Chapter 5

Now a punishing dance started. A stroke of the ice to cool the skin then a surge of hot wax to send the girl into a spasm of agony and then a thrust of the vibrator to bring on a burst of ecstasy.

Sweat broke out on Claire's body as she steeled herself to remain completely still, even as each bead of hot wax settled and hardened. Olivia kept stroking and murmuring, "Good girl, good girl," and Claire could feel the eyes of the other men on her. The vibrator was working more aggressively now inside her sex and matching the rhythms of the ice and wax over her breasts. The girl had to break and she did in an explosion of screams and thrashes. Seeming to concede to her fury the vibrator withdrew and the ice and candle were gone moments later. Charlie bent down and gave her tender breasts some loving licks and kisses. Slowly he engulfed a nipple in his mouth and taunted it with his tongue. Without warning he clamped down hard and Claire went crazy, bucking so hard she tossed him off of her and almost broke her bonds.

Suddenly she was alone, still bound to the antique red velvet couch. She writhed slowly in her own private reverie and oblivious to the preparations being made for her. Lying nude and bound on the bed she glowed a raw and primal sexual power. She was no victim or weak damsel in distress; she vibrated with erotic energy. The black latex shimmered against the fine plush crimson of the velvet and her smooth soft skin, soaked with sex sweat shimmered too. Her pussy glistened with arousal and bliss and her breasts quivered with hunger for more attention. She stared at the ceiling and let her ecstasy sweep over her like a desert wind. Somewhere above the roof the stars were awake, smilingâ ready to frown on her agony.

The men returned and surrounded her once more. Claire gasped and trembled with dread. They were all naked except for menacing leather masks. House stood out for his size but the group now looked like demons come to rape her. And they were. With an efficiency that hinted at how hungry they were for what they planned for her they undid the bonds. The rope was undone and flew off her body in a furious white tornado.

Five pairs of powerful arms engulfed her and lifted her off the couch. The sweat and latex made Claire as slick and slippery as a fish and she struggled mightily as they carried her way; grunting and snarling showed her fury, still her protests were of course futile. Five pairs of hands tried to grip her body as she twisted and bucked; her eyes blazed with a lustful rage.

Her lithe body twisted and wriggled but they kept her in their arms even as she kicked and scratched with each limb she managed to free even if only briefly. Her mouth sputtered with curses and her teeth snapped with a vengeful wrath. House was wrestling, bearlike, unused to combat with a woman. She hit him in the face, the fingers of her hand slightly curled and stiff. He was having a hard time with her. He finally got hold of her arm but her leg was free and she attached the man who had held it and she tried to kick him between the legs. He lowered one shoulder, pushed it under her hip, brought it up hard to smash across one breast.

"It's OK, ma'am," House grunted stupidly and Claire spat at him. She spat until her mouth was dry, and clawed at the top of his head through the mask. Hair hung down on her face. She tried to thumb his eyes, but he kept his face down. One of her feet kicked a man in the head blood gleamed at her ankle.

"Jesus, she can fight," her victim shouted gleefully.

The raw animal fury in her face slowed their steps for an instant. There was a flood of tears from her storming eyes. She screamed hoarsely, over and over. The men muttered guttural curses.

They stumbled forward for a few feet more then stopped. Claire's screams were punctuated by the rattle of some metal. Miss October was suddenly still. She tried to kick her leg out one more time but man's grip was

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tight. She wasn't screaming any more, but breathed with a slight snarl, like a cornered lioness. There was a chilling blank look in her eyes, as if she saw nothing.

They had brought her to a large steel rectangle, the ends two eight foot square frames connected by two twelve foot rails on the floor and four twelve foot rails above. Along the overhead rails hung an intricate series of pulleys and ropes and hanging from the center was a complicated leather harness.

This harness was a work of art, its lines balanced and symmetrical, the leather buttery and supple. The brass fastenings gleamed in the light as the men approached with their writhing and trembling captive.

The straps of the harness formed three positions. The center would be Claire's and it had two loops to hold her arms under her shoulders; a strap would hang down her spine to her waist with a belt to go around her when she was in place and the other end of this strap had a collar for her slender throat. Two more straps were connected to the waist belt and loops for her hips hung from these.

The second set of straps and loops would hold a man facing her, his body close to hers and the third set would hold a man behind her.

All of them, the five men, the beautiful prisoner and the artist taking pictures, stared at the set up, each seeming to imagine what to do with it. Claire had a long time to study the harness and the intricate network of ropes and pulleys above it; she did not like what she saw and she struggled again, less fervently now as though her fate weighed her down.

One of the men gloated foolishly, "This is the good stuff, baby." This redoubled her fury and she fought with more violence now.

She got a hand free for a moment and scratched and clawed at one of the leather masks and when her arm was recaptured she let loose a furious kick from one of her shapely legs. House staggered back with a sharp grunt pushed out of his stomach where Claire's foot kicked it again.

The entire time she snarled and shrieked wordlessly but once they began to slide her into the harness she became more frightened; her struggles of rage gave way to tremors of fear and she began to plead softly. "No, please no," she begged as one luscious leg was slipped into a loop. "Please, I can't," she sobbed as the other leg was buckled into place.

Ten efficient hands worked as if governed by one mind with one goal: to ensnare her beautiful body and possess her completely. The belt was cinched tight around her waist; she watched with eyes closed to mere slits as dexterous fingers worked the brass and leather into a prison. And her arms seemed to float through the straps waiting for them. She was shaking her head from side to side and murmuring, "No, no, no." At last, the collar wrapped around her delicate throat.

These men were cunning animals now, smelling the fear in their prey and looking forward to their feast. Two men eagerly hoisted themselves into the other harnesses, front and back and they held the overhead straps as all three people floated in the air.

Inside the loops Claire's arms were free with all her weight held under her shoulders and hips. She dropped her arms to her sides and her hands fluttered helplessly. She dropped her head back and the man behind her, pouncing on the opportunity, kissed her mouth fiercely. Her lips settled on his, tasting the flavors of cigars and liquor and masculinity. She smelled the leather mask. Her tongue slipped into his mouth, gliding over the smooth surfaces, urging his to dance with hers. She took the kiss deeper, her body writhing in the air and her hands fluttering now with excitement. She purred, swallowing his responsive groans with satisfaction. When

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she'd eaten her fill of his mouth, she straightened her head and gazed into the leather mask of the man in front of her; judging by his height it had to be Charlie. He kissed her cheeks, her eyelids, her neck, even as her ragged breathing cut the air. He brought his hands up and held her head. His mouth covered hers and kissed her, so hard and deep and erotically her head swam. He coaxed her tongue to dance with his and licked every slick surface of her mouth. She wrapped her fingers around his wrists, not to push him away but to hold on to him. When he finally broke the kiss, his gaze locked with hers.

The eyes were cold inside the mask. The mouth moved in a cruel snarl. His gaze stayed on her but his words were for all of them; it was Charlie's voice who spoke, "Let's get it going."

The massive masked figure that was House went to the end of the frame and took control of some ropes. The pulleys groaned and so did Claire as her body shifted from vertical to horizontal. The man behind her let out a rebel yell as he sank down; Claire could feel his cock grinding over her bare bottom. Charlie's weight poured on top of her and she could feel his cock press against her.

Two men on either side of her gripped her arms and in unison peeled off the black latex gloves. They took their time caressing over the skin of her lithe and graceful limbs. The sudden rush of air on her skin as the latex stripped away made Claire tingle all over.

The glove on her left suddenly popped off completely and Claire's lithe little fingers danced for a brief moment in freedom then a firm hand wrapped hers around a rock hard cock. The girl turned her head in the harness and looked into the masked face. Her eyes glowed warmly. "Let me," she said softly. She pulled her hand away but he tightened his grip. "No, let me," she said again softly but insistently.

He released her wrist and she drew her fingers into her mouth and made them warm with her moist sweetness. She herself reached out to touch him, gently taking hold of the base of his cock and slowly gliding her fingers over it. "Oooohhh," she mewed like a sex-starved kitten as the shaft throbbed under her touch. The cock on her other side soon had her attention and her arms were spread wide as she dangled in the horizontal position of the harness, arms spread wide and hands busy like butterflies over the two cocks. Charlie licked her breasts again and her head dropped back in a reverie of arousal and it was House's enormous shaft that lunged down her throat. In one move, Claire swung her body to take his cock into those full, wet lips. House bucked at the attention, his hands digging into Claire's thick dark hair.

"God, yes!" shouted House. His body ached for release.

Charlie, presented with her sweet sex, pulled up to arrange his shaft for action. Rubbing the head of his cock against her wet heat, he enjoyed the feel of her against his throbbing member. Claire was writhing and struggling as House rammed his cock down her throat. From below the man behind squeezed her breasts until she shoved her ass back at him, silently demanding more.

The man supported her weight as he kissed her throat and toyed with her generous breasts. Her hands moved to circle the hard cocks that glided across her palms. Charlie sucked in a breath and plunged into her sweet pussy. She rammed

backwards; the man behind held his cock in position and Claire's bottom engulfed it, burying him to his hilt. He gritted his teeth, trying to hold out as the pleasure made him want to explode from her writhing on his body.

Claire looked up at the sleek cock in her mouth and she wanted to taste it forever. She wanted that rock hardness in her mouth forever. She circled the head of House's cock with her lips. Slithering and writhing, in one move and timed to a thrust from behind, she enjoyed the gasp House seemed unable to control. His

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fingers entangled her hair, guiding her head. She ran her tongue along his slit then went back to her repetitive sucking.

The two cocks inside her began pumping hard. Bowed between the two of them, she endured the ultimate power of their hardness; Charlie drilling between her legs and another man riding her from behind, she had a hard time focusing. Her body ached for release—so close—so close.

With a grunt and a demanding move,

House pulled her head back into position,

and she agreeably pursued her work. Reaching around the man behind her drove his fingers between her legs and began to work her clit as Charlie continued to thrust into her pussy.

Claire's rhythm faltered. She furiously jerked the two shafts in her hands and almost lost her grip as the cock in her bottom thrust in deep and hard. She bucked in earnest, crying out against House's cock.

Her body shook as she tried to contain the tidal wave within her. And then, as if they had timed it, the men thrust harder. Fingers moved fast and hard against her clit, tugging it out of its protection to rub the sensitive spot perfectly. As heat and moisture erupted inside her from Charlie's release, her body shattered into a million fragments. In the same moment, House shot jets of spicy heat down her throat.

Claire swallowed, her body trembling, overtaken by her release. House released her head and she gasped for air.

Charlie rode off the last of the orgasm, his dick twitching inside Claire as her channel clenched him with her fulfillment. And then the cock in her rear exploded too. She still worked the two cocks in her hands and they were throbbing and ready to burst. Still shooting into her Charlie kissed her breasts; the man behind arched back separating his chest from her skin but thrusting deeper into her ass and cool air swept over her back creating

goose bumps down her overheated skin, making her shiver. Falling limp into the leather loops, Claire looked at the ceiling and tried to remember how

to breathe. Charlie kissed her, slowly, sweetly

before letting her turn her head to join the man fucking her ass in an equally long kiss. Her hands still worked over the last two cocks; after breaking the kiss with the man firing load after load into her juicy rear, she looked at the man on her left with her dreamy eyes. "In my mouth," she panted and the man needed no further explanation. She held onto to him until he stepped around and gripped her head. One stroke in her warm mouth, then and other, then a deep lunge down her throat and he was in orgasm heaven. The last man was right behind him and she began to feast on his load as soon as the other had staggered back in ecstasy.

The frame holding the harness was rocking and swaying and when Claire began to buck and thrash in the final throes of her agonizing bliss Olivia feared it would collapse but after a five minute Claire quake that shifted the earth on its axis the girl calmed down and merely quivered in the pleasant after shocks.

Chapter 6

The men may have been sated but they were not finished. Slowly as the kittenish girl purred sweetly they undid themselves from the harness. House stepped away and returned with several whips and the sight of these set Claire off in another frenzy of futile resistance.

She fought like a banshee as they pulled her out of the harness. This time the men were exhausted from the sensational fucking she'd given them. Still they managed to drag her, kicking and screaming, to the outside of the frame. A shackle snapped onto her left wrist then another on her right. Once more House pulled ropes and the helpless girl was stretched out and dangling in air. Charlie had a knife in his hand and the girl screamed with primal fear. One man held her tight around the waist as Charlie cut the halter straps of the latex dress. The shiny black garment peeled off her body like a second skin and dangled around her waist like a fringed belt.

Everyone suddenly stepped away and the first sharp lash snapped over her bare back. Claire looked out at them, her eyes pleading. She was trying to string together three words when she realized that words no longer counted for much at all.

Just one of the whips was working and just barely caressing over her blushing skin. Just enough to take her to the sweet edge of pain, to stimulate her endorphins so she was high on the drugs her body produced.

Charlie stepped around so she could see him. "Are you feeling it? Are you excited?"

"God, yes." Her voice hissed and her soft acquiescence stirred his blood and made his pulse race. The thrill of domination always brought him more pleasure than he could ever have imagined.

Focusing on the task of arousing the girl, he drew back his hand and applied a sharp stroke. The leather struck Claire's skin on her belly with a soft thwack, and he was rewarded with the sight of the first red welts. She jerked slightly but otherwise held her position.

Another stroke and another. Three did her from behind and two in the front. Slap, slap, slap, leather kissed skin until each cheek of her ass was a bright red. Each time

her body reacted to the smack of the flogger, but she never uttered a word, never cried out. Olivia almost expected her to ask for more. Pain was becoming her aphrodisiac.

They flogged her expertly and she realized as she struggled to internalize the pain that she was beginning to come. It started as a faint echo but soon she was rattling and kicking ecstasy and screaming "Yes, yes, YES!"

As if some secret signal had passed among them the whips stopped and the men and Olivia gathered to watch Claire writhe in her bliss. They all smiled and nodded, pleased at the glazed look in her eyes.

In a solemn silent ritual the men finally approached her and unshackled her arms. Olivia gestured toward the dressing room and Claire nodded a quiet statement of understanding. The latex outfit was in tatters and she tossed it in the trash. All she wanted was a hot shower. She turned instinctively back to the door to flip closed the barrel lock but it wasn't there. The holes from where the screws had been were still fresh. Claire shrugged. She brushed her teeth while the water got hotter and hotter in the shower stall and filled the entire bathroom with a misty cloud.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

Once in the shower she let the hot water dance over her naked skin for a long time before she picked up the expensive soap and lathered herself up. Her body looked like a sweet confection all covered with the softly scented white foam. She tingled with exotic oils and spices. Hot water rained down in a refreshing roar like a mountain waterfall and she lathered herself again just because it felt so good.

That's when House crowded into the stall. She resisted mildly but in moments she was dangling from his neck and kissing him wildly. She didn't object when he lifted her up and turned her face to the tiles, her cheek and palms and breasts pressed against the wall. And her screams as he began to fuck her tight and juicy bottom were almost drowned out by the roar of the water but her fists bounding the wall could be heard in the studio.

House took his time ravaging the young girl and when he came out eventually he was alone. He staggered to the couch and flopped down exhaustedly. He looked at the others and noted the rearrangement of the studio. "She'll be out in a while. She wants to do her hair. She knows what's next."

They waited patiently for their sweet captive and when she emerged from the dressing room she did not disappoint. All she wore was a bath towel barely large enough to cover her hips and her breasts. Her skin shone with a fresh farm girl scrubbed glow of warmth and health. Her tiny feet padded the floor in almost a musical rhythm. Her make up was minimal, just enough to accent the gleam in her eyes and the moist eager blush of her lips. Her hair was artfully piled high on her head with delicate pink ribbons arrayed to highlight the rich dark luster of each lock. She smiled faintly, peering into each face. The masks were gone now so she could see their appreciative examination of her presentation before them. Olivia looked at her with affection and pity. Beyond the crowd she could see a round bed with satin sheets. Cameras and lights were organized around it. Claire gestured with her chin. "That's for me." Her statement was almost hopeful and she took her own sweet time sashaying to the bed, letting her luscious bottom dance under the towel.

She climbed into the bed like she was mounting a throne or an altar. And she managed to keep herself covered with the towel as she arranged her body on the satin sheet. House stayed on the couch to watch as the others approached her. Her arms were seized and spread wide and another pair of hands pinned her ankles down. Charlie once more straddled her hips. He held up the chains and clamps. "Just like I promised."

Claire began to struggle but she was held fast to the bed. She managed to twist her head and snap her jaws menacingly and her carefully coiffed hair was soon in disarray. With a magician's flourish Charlie whipped away the towel and her breasts danced into view, ripe and eager.

She could feel her heart thumping and her nipples hardening; still she continued the futile writhing and thrashing as strong arms and hands kept her arms spread wide and her ankles pressed together and down on the satin sheets.

His hands caressed her

breasts, thumbs wandering to rub her nipples too often to be ignored by the rebellious captive. It was distracting, and worse, each time he moved his hands, it

sent ripples all the way down to her core. Slowly her resistance faded as his caresses worked over her creamy flesh. Her chest, as far as his weight and the force of the arms holding her down allowed, jutted up towards him.

"When you kiss them Iâll die."

"I know." He cupped one breast and pulled it into his ravenous mouth. Slowly he brushed her other nipple with his thumb.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

She began to quiver, anticipating what lay ahead for them.

"Will I come with the clamps on?" Desire thickened her tongue.

Olivia standing at the head of the bed looked down at her face. "Shhhh, Claire, everything will be fine.

The girl nodded nervously and Charlie's lips and tongue made love to her left breast as his right hand worked the other breast into quivering arousal. She closed her eyes in a swoon and Olivia herself moved in and with a sharp snap let the fierce clamp feast on her exposed nipple.

Claire exploded once more but it was too late. Charlie raised his head and Olivia moved in with the second clamp. Charlie held the chain between like a rein and rode the bucking and wild girl as she thrashed and screamed through the pain. "Oh yeah," one of the men howled gleefully. Look at her go." Charlie, riding over her waist like a cowboy on a rearing mare worked the chain expertly, pulling and twisting so her breasts swelled with agonizing arousal. She fought for several minutes before her body gave in. Her energy exhausted she sank back into the sheets. She had trouble catching her breath. Now Charlie bent in again and sucked and licked her captured nipples and the tender flesh around them. The man holding her legs spread them apart and Charlie stretched his own legs over hers.

Olivia bent in close and took the chain from Charlie and held it over the girl's lips. "Take it, honey, you want this in your mouth." Claire twisted her head in tight-lipped refusal but Olivia persisted so soon enough the chain holding the clamps was between the luscious girl's teeth. "When you come, you'll pull the chain, OK Claire?" The girl nodded and then let out a muffled sob. Charlie's cock was entering her slowly.

Her entire body shivered delicately as pleasure ripped through her, the walls of her pussy clutching and clamping at the vibrating shaft. Sensations racked her

from head to toe, and still his hand was firm on her swelling breasts, his cock filling her. She tried to monitor herself so she pulled back at the right moment, and when she felt ready to explode she cried out around the thickness in her delicate slit. The men had released her arms but she kept them spread out as if offering her body in holy ritual.

"All right, Claire." He released her breasts. "Now." With an arm under her back he lifted her torso and tipped her back on the bed, her legs spread even wider. He bent over her, watching her face, one hand massaging her clit.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Her moans echoed through the chain between her lips.

"Keep your eyes open, Claire."

She wanted to close them, but she didn't dare, instead keeping them locked on his face, flushed with erotic desire. His eyes hot and demanding. Cresting the wave she crashed, spinning and whirling, her entire body shaking. She tried again to squeeze her legs together, but Charlie would have none of it.

"Wide open, Claire." He stroked her clit over and over while the cock did its work. "God, you're beautiful when you're being fucked."

She was still shivering with anguished bliss when he pulled the cock from her, drew up his body in coiled wrath, and plunged into her.

"Oh, oh, oh!"

Claire Sinclair in bondage

He was so big. So thick. So enormous. But she was wet and soft and her pussy molded around him.

"Wrap your legs around me," he ordered.

"And grab my shoulders."

When she did, he pushed into her even deeper, his hands gripping her

tender ass. Her internal walls were still pulsing from her unfinished orgasm, and he was pushing her toward the peak again.

"Get ready," he whispered.

Using his strength to hold her against him, he pounded into her, thrust after thrust, riding her like a stallion with a mare in heat. Her nipples cried out from the clamps, and his fingers tormented her burning buttocks. But every part of her focused on his cock inside her and the intense pleasure building and building and building. He seemed to know exactly when she reached that point again.

"I'm there, sugar. Come with me."

As if she could hold herself back. He drove into her once, twice, his body

stiffened and this time they spun out together. She could feel the hot gush of his seed as he erupted, and she was right there with him, drenching him with her own liquid.

Chapter 7

She lost all sense of where she was. Of self. Of anything except the powerful spasms gripping and shaking her until she thought she would fly apart. And then her head snapped back, the chain tightened and the clamps flew off leaving a flood of glorious release. She howled in ecstatic fury.

Everything faded to black except this man, his cock inside her, and the uncontrolled riot of sensations that plucked at every nerve and muscle. He held her to him, her body riding his, until the last of the spasms had died away from both of them. Then he eased her back down on the bed, slid carefully from her body.

When he pulled the nipple clamps away, he soothed each tortured bud with his mouth through the first surge of pain. Then he lay down on the bed, curling her against his chest while her heartbeat returned to something like normal and her breathing evened out. He caressed her back, her very sore buttocks, and her arm with incredible tenderness.

Then he cupped her chin, tilted her head. He turned her to see the other faces waiting. "Who do you want to be next?" he asked.

Claire blinked and smiled slyly.

The room was thick with silence. Charlie became impatient and ran his fingers into her hair. Three men stood over the bed and their eyes were lust stoked furnaces. Loosing patience completely Charlie tugged on her hair. "Who's next?"

Claire jutted her chin silently to the man in the middle of the trio. "Andy." Charlie said and he got off the bed and took a seat so he could watch.

Andy moved with the efficient grace of a Olympic athlete; his firm hands were immediate manipulating the girl as if she was his toy. Claire was malleable and passive, letting out tiny sharp grunts and soft mewns as his fingers moved her limbs. He arranged her on the bed on her stomach, pillows propped beneath her, turning her head so she could watch him as he admired her nude body.

"I've been waiting for this," he told her. "I know how much it turns you on. As much as it does me."

Naked, he stood at the side of the bed, fingers wrapped around his cock, stroking it slowly. He smiled when she ran her tongue over her lips.

"I know you want this in your mouth, Claire. And you suck it like the perfect playmate. I think your mouth was made just for my cock. But tonight I have someplace else to put it. Spread your legs."

He reached between her thighs and probed between the folds of her pussy, making a sound of satisfaction when he found her soaking wet. Drawing his fingers back, he painted her lips with her juices.

"Lick your lips," he ordered. "See how good you taste."

Obediently, she ran her tongue over the surface of her mouth, loving the heat that danced in Andy's eyes as he watched her.

He slipped two fingers inside her again, bending over her slightly, his hand still on his erection as he slid his fingers in and out of her wet channel.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

"Don't move, no matter what I do. Stay completely still."

He pulled his fingers out and moved to her clit, stroking, stroking, and Claire had all she could do to hold still. Electricity jolted through her, the first tendrils of the climax stirring deep inside her. Gritting her teeth she forced the pleasure back, dropping into subspace where she cocooned herself in a sensual web.

When Andy moved away, she simply laid on the bed in erotic limbo, waiting for his next move, his next command. She sucked in her breath when she felt the dildo slipping its way into her pussy a little at a time until the tip touched her womb.

"Feeling good?" His voice was thick with lust.

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

Fuck me, Sir.

Then his fingers were probing at her bottom, cool gel thick on them, pressing into her tissues. She sucked in her breath.

"Yes, Claire." His chuckle was like a sexy tune. "Tonight I'm going to fuck

you in the ass." He bent over her so his mouth was next to her ear, his breath a warm breeze against her skin. "Oh yeah, you are mine to command. And to give pleasure to. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir. I do." Oh, she definitely did. Pleasure swamped her as she realized what he was telling her. She was his, completely, and he was going to anything he wanted with her. This time she didn't have to be afraid.

And she wasn't, only filled with anticipation and desire.

She waited impatiently while he bound her wrists at the small of her back.

Then he was between her thighs, pulling her to her knees, opening the cheeks of her ass, prodding at her tight opening with the head of his cock. Inch by inch, he pushed into her. The dildo in her cunt made everything so much tighter. So much more pleasurable.

And when he placed his hands on her hips and began to move, the coil of her release began unwinding in her body, rising rapidly, and threatening to swamp her. The walls of her pussy fluttered in anticipation, and her nipples ached and throbbed. Her body wanted that orgasm she was forced to deny. She had all she could do not to come at once.

Her mind screamed. Not until he tells me.

But oh god, he seemed to take forever, every slow glide of his shaft in and out exquisite torture. The pillows balanced her, allowing her to thrust back with her hips. The pleasure was incredibly intense, invading every inch. And she hung there, aroused beyond belief, in playmate space waiting for him to give her permission.

In, out, harder, harder, the dildo sliding back and forth with every movement of his cock, until she was sure she couldn't last another minute. Faster now, harder still. His hands tightened on her hips and his pace increased.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

Oh, please, Andy, I need to come so badly. Her brain screamed.

And he read her mind. "Now, Claire," he shouted. "Come now. Right now."

They exploded together, her pussy clutching convulsively at the dildo, his cock pulsing inside her ass. Nothing existed for her except the consuming sensations and this man.

This man.

On and on it went, hard spasms gripping them as they rocked together. And

then finally, it was done.

He flicked the knot on the rope binding her wrists, freeing them, and collapsed forward, catching his weight on his arms. His heart beat furiously against her back, his breath rasped at her ear. Her own heart was pounding wildly, and she wasn't sure she'd ever be able to draw a normal breath again.

Long moments passed before their bodies went slack and satisfaction wrapped around them. Andy had made no move to withdraw from her body.

"You are a great fuck," he said, as if reading her thoughts. "I could fuck you for the rest of my life."

She sighed. "Me, too."

He kissed her cheek and nudged her head so she could see another man standing by the bed. "I guess Jeff is next."

Jeff watched Claire take in the table he had brought closer to the bed. The surface was cluttered with many straps and manacles, an array of discipline items, and a variety of toys for naughty girls and lads.

"You'll enjoy this," he said, reassuring her as much as commanding her. "You know what safeword is?"

Claire's eyes were roaming over the leather and metal spread out; each device seemed to have a magnetic pull towards her. She tried to focus on his question. Safeword? She shook her head and her hair danced.

"A safeword," he chuckled. "It's what you say when it hurts so much you want it to stop." Claire's eyes were still on the table full of toys. Her pupils widened as her brain tried to imagine the purpose of some of the stranger shapes. "What's your safe word?" Andy insisted. He picked up a short thick paddle.

"Bunny," she whispered.

"Bunny," he repeated. Very cute. But you're not going to use it are you? We're going all the way."

"All the way," she repeated. Her eyes followed the paddle as he slapped it rhythmically against his hand.

"Good. Real good." He tossed the paddle onto the bed and pulled her toward him, gripped her face, and licked the entire surface of her lips. Very slowly. Her lips were like satin, smooth and warm. He could spend hours just tasting them. He outlined the edges with his tongue before pressing against the closed seam and thrusting inside.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

She opened to him willingly, her own tongue dancing with his. Her flavor was better than any bourbon he'd ever tasted, seeping into his system and flowing straight to his cock. His balls ached and his blood pounded as he tilted her head to give him a better angle.

And he hadn't done anything yet but kiss her!

Hell. He couldn't remember the last time, if ever, he'd felt this addicted to a woman. He'd better keep his wits about him or he'd lose the control so essential to this master and slave relationship.

He allowed himself another moment to trail his mouth down the column of her neck and suck on each rosy nipple. Then he forced himself to pull away, fisting his hands to get his breathing under control.

Jeff looked at her, flushed, her breasts heaving with each breath, and wondered if he'd ever get enough of her. "Lay face down on the pillows. Spread your arms wide."

Obediently, she arranged herself as he directed, her nicely rounded ass presented for him. He ran the palm of one hand over each cheek. Squeezing and lightly pinching. Claire raised on her tiptoes and wiggled her ass.

"You're so cute," he chuckled.

He studied her for a moment then brought the flat of his hand down on her skin. She jerked slightly, startled, but made no sound. He smiled at the reddened marks of his fingers on her skin.

"I think a little discipline might be in order here." He bent low and put his mouth next to her ear. "But you enjoy the punishment, don't you, Claire? The

pain ramps up your desire." When she didn't answer him right away, he spanked her again. Then his fingers dipped between her thighs to the folds of her cunt and found them coated with her cream.

Oh, yeah. She definitely was into this. His cock flexed.

"Well?" he prompted.

"Yes," she breathed. "I do."

"I can accommodate that." As he talked to her, his hand smoothed down her back and over her ass again in long slow glides. "I can give you the kind of pain that will bring you incredible pleasure. Last time was just a taste."

He stood up and looked at her for a long moment. Then he reached to one side of the bed and lifted a leather cuff attached to it. Buckling carefully around one wrist of an outstretched arm, he pulled a similar one from the other side and fastened it in place. Now she was completely immobilized. She could move her legs, but she wasn't going anywhere and her movement was very restricted.

Man, this was definitely going to be good.

He studied the display of instruments against the wall, finally deciding on a flat paddle and a crop. His hand itched for the cane, but Claire was so soft and sweet he'd have to work her up to it.

Jeff slid the paddle lightly back and forth across her ass, teasing her with the anticipation of its kiss on her body. She shifted her feet again, rising on tiptoe to lift herself to him. His cock throbbed in answer. He would

Claire Sinclair in bondage

punish her and tease her and then fuck her senseless.

"Ten strokes with the paddle," he said.

Lifting the instrument, he smacked one ass cheek, paused, then smacked the other one. Again. And again. Every stroke of the paddle brought a corresponding pulse to his cock, a tug to his balls. His body was hot but not from exertion. Just the sight of her reddened ass made him want to throw the damn paddle to the side and plunge inside her.

His gaze was locked on the quivering flesh of her buttocks. With each kiss of the leather on her flesh, low moans rolled from deep inside her. After five strokes, she began trying to evade the paddle yet at the same time he understood the sounds she made were as much from arousal as from pain.

Eight strokes.

"Ohh," she cried and danced on her toes, trying to pull away from him, then lifting to him. When he finished with the paddle, he dropped it onto the table and probed her with his fingers again. She was drenched, and Jeff wondered briefly if he could make her come just by disciplining her. Something else to work on.

He leaned over her again, brushed her damp hair aside and kissed her cheek streaked with perspiration. Her body still quivered slightly with the aftereffects of the paddling.

"So responsive," he murmured. "And your ass is such a gorgeous shade of red."

He slid his hand over the flaming skin and thrust his fingers back inside her.

Immediately, the walls of her pussy clamped down on them, and he felt tiny spasms ripple through her.

"Don't come," he warned. "Not until and unless I tell you to." He shifted his hand so one finger touched her clit. When he brushed it back and forth, she tensed and whimpered. "If I decided to I would stand here for a long time and tease this puffy bit of flesh and still not let you come. And just to make sure you know who's in charge I think a little more discipline is in order."

She squeezed her thighs against his arm, still making those delicious little sounds.

He picked up the crop and ran it along the backs of her thighs and the crease where thigh and buttocks met. Then down one leg and up the other. "Let's see if we can make that beautiful ass even redder."

Chapter 8

With the first blow from the paddle, Claire had tumbled into the familiar embrace of erotic agony, confident that Jeff would not abuse the trust she gave him. Her entire ass was on fire, the heat radiating into her pussy, her thighs, and her very swollen clit. Oh, god, when he rubbed her clit the way he did, she had to bite down hard on her lip not to lose control. Jeff knew exactly how to administer discipline, to create the right level of pain for maximum arousal.

Her nipples were like hard diamonds and her pussy throbbed, cream wetting her thighs. She wanted his cock inside her so badly she was ready to beg for it.

Please fuck me, please fuck me, please fuck me.

But she knew that the wait would be worth it. And the discipline only increased the anticipation.

When she felt the hard length of the crop skating over her skin, her entire body clenched.

Yes. Jeff was apparently a master at punishment, administering just the right amount of pain for the maximum amount of pleasure. It had been so long.

So long since she'd been in this erotic no man's land of total bliss. The remembered caress of the pain, the throbbing of every pulse point in responseâ

Yes. This is what she'd missed.

The hard length of the crop came down on her ass with a sharp bite, and a corresponding gush of arousal flooded her pussy. The next stroke and the next. One burning cheek, then the other. There was no rhythm, no cadence, so she couldn't even anticipate when the next one might fall.

And over it all, the insistent pulsing waves in her cunt.

"Ten strokes," he announced again. "Two more to go."

Whack! Whack!

Oh, god, she was on fire everywhere.

His mouth touched her ass, scorching her as he trailed kisses over the tormented flesh. Then his tongue, a soothing swipe on one side then the other.

His hands slid across her buttocks, up her back, and down her outstretched arms.

"Real good, Claire," he murmured, his breath warm against her ear. "I think I'll give you a little reward."

Oh, yes, thank you, thank you. Anything.

He released the cuffs on her wrists and massaged each arm slowly before turning her over and lifting her so she was sitting on the edge of the bed. His gaze raked over her body.

"You have the most gorgeous breasts." Lust thickened his voice.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

He cupped the mounds in his hands, bent his head, and pulled one nipple deep into his mouth. Claire had to fight against the wave of desire that surged through her. She wanted to run her fingers through his thick hair, but he hadn't given her permission to do anything but sit the way he'd placed her, so she balanced on her palms and prayed for control.

He took a long time with her nipples, first one then the other. When at last he lifted his head, he slid his hands over her hips to her ass and pinched the still burning cheeks.

"Red's a good color for you," he teased. "Don't move. Stay just like that. And look directly at my eyes." He stood before her naked, she couldn't stop herself from dropping her gaze to take him in. His magnificent cock rose thick and straight from his body, the heavy sac of his balls hanging below it against his thighs.

"I thought I told you to keep your eyes locked with mine. Bad, bad girl. Do you need another punishment session?"

"I-I'm sorry, Sir. It's justâ—" She clenched her fists.

His smile was sensuous, and a wicked gleam shone in his eyes. "I'll forgive you this time. But only because you're so good for my ego." He stepped forward and moved her slightly back on the bed. "For the last couple of hours, all I could think about was how your mouth felt on my cock. It pushed everything else from my mind."

He stood between her legs, holding his shaft, lightly stroking up and down.

"Th-thank you, Sir."

"I want you to do it again, Claire. But now I don't want to come in

your mouth. Now I'm going to fuck your cunt. But because you took your discipline so well I'm going to let you come twice." He stroked her cheek gently, rubbed his thumb across her lower lip, then spread her thighs wide. "Sit just like that."

She watched as he stepped to the table, studied the items on it, and returned with a dildo in one hand and a set of clamps in the other.

"These will look great on your nipples," he purred, placing the dildo beside her. He pulled each nipple in turn, rolling and tugging before tightening the little gold vises on each one.

Claire bit her lip as the first streaks of pain shot through her breasts, then sighed as the pleasure overrode it.

He nudged her onto her back, picked up the dildo, and eased it into her very drenched pussy. She sucked in a breath at the sensation, glad to have something, anything, filling her.

"Here's how it goes," he said, pulling her upright again. "I'm going to turn this on, and while it does its work, you're going to suck my cock. But when you're about to climax pull back. I will let you come and then I'm going to fuck you and make you come again."

He reached between her legs and pressed the bottom of the dildo. The moment the vibrations began to rocket through her, she knew it wouldn't take long for her to crest. Jeff put a hand on the back of her head and urged it toward him. She took his erection in her hand and licked it, swiping her tongue up one side and down the other before taking the length of him into her mouth.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

His hand kept her head in place, giving her no chance to do anything but work him as hard as she could. An exercise in discipline because the vibrator was driving her to a point of no return. She felt every sensation throughout her body, even to her very sore ass. The desire in her swirled and twisted. The more intense it grew, the harder she sucked his cock.

Her entire body shivered delicately as pleasure ripped through her, the walls of her pussy clenching and clamping at the vibrating dildo. Sensations racked her from head to toe, and still his hand was firm on her head, his cock filling her mouth. She tried to monitor herself so she pulled back at the right moment, and when she felt ready to explode she cried out around the thickness in her mouth.

"All right, Claire." He released her head. "Now."

He tipped her back on the bed, her legs spread even wider. He bent over her, watching her face, one hand massaging her clit.

Oh, oh, oh!

"Keep your eyes open, Claire."

She wanted to close them, but she didn't dare, instead keeping them locked on his face, flushed with erotic desire. His eyes hot and demanding. Cresting the wave she crashed, spinning and whirling, her entire body shaking. She tried again to squeeze her legs together, but Jeff would have none of it.

"Wide open, Claire." He stroked her clit over and over while the dildo did its work. "God, you're beautiful when you come."

She was still shivering with aftershocks when he pulled the dildo from her, sheathed himself in a condom and, still standing, plunged into her.

Oh, oh, oh!

He was so big. So thick. So enormous. She was glad he'd made her come before entering her or she might have had trouble taking him. But she was wet and soft and her pussy molded around him.

"Wrap your legs around me," he ordered. "And grab my shoulders."

When she did, he pushed into her even deeper, his hands gripping her tender ass. Her internal walls were still pulsing from her unfinished orgasm, and he was pushing her toward the peak again.

"Get ready," he whispered.

Using his strength to hold her against him, he pounded into her, thrust after thrust, riding her like a stallion with a mare in heat. Her nipples cried out from the clamps, and his fingers tormented her burning buttocks. But every part of her focused on his cock inside her and the intense pleasure building and building and building. He seemed to know exactly when she reached that point again.

"I'm there, sugar. Come with me."

As if she could hold herself back. He drove into her once, twice, his body stiffened and this time they spun out together. She could feel the hot gush of his seed through the thin latex as he erupted, and she was right there with him, drenching him with her own liquid.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

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Then he cupped her chin, tilted her face to his, and kissed her so thoroughly she felt it clear to her toes.

Two hands gripped her shoulders and the last man tugged her off the sheets. He half carried, half guided the stumbling exhausted towards the large frame structure that had held the harness. Her head rested over his shoulder and her cheek pressed into the coiled leather rope he draped over his arm.

"I'm so tired," she murmured as the first shackle clicked over her wrist.

"This will wake you up," the man chuckled gleefully and the others echoed agreement.

The second wrist was shackled. "Please," she begged uncertain what she was pleading for.

Another shackle locked over her left ankle and then a final snap over her right. He came close to her and kissed her and fondled her with brazen lust and when the kiss broke he popped a red ball gag into her mouth. His chest mashed into her lush breasts as he lifted her hair and buckled the gag in place.

"This is gonna be fun Claire; just wait." He unfurled the whip and gave it a quick snap right in front of her. "Ready?" he asked. Then he frowned. "Shit I forgot." He strode to the side of the frame and hoisted two ropes like a stage hand lifting scenery. Claire's limbs stretched out until she was spread eagle in the frame like a beautiful bird in a spider's web. "Now we're ready," he chuckled and disappeared behind her.

The first stroke kissed the bare skin of her shoulder and it stung like a flash of lightning. Claire began to thrash in her bonds and she screamed murder into the gag.

Breakfast the next morning found the girl ravenous. Stacks of waffles dripping with syrup and Nutella disappeared into her pretty mouth. Coffee loaded with sugar and cream followed along with fruit of every color and shape. She smiled happily at Olivia who was showing her prints of some of the shots from the work yesterday. Claire giggled girlishly. "I can't believe it!" she squealed and she gobbled down more waffles. Syrup dripped down her cute little chin.

"Can I watch you make the sketches?" she enthused, mumbling around a mouthful of waffles.

"I wouldn't want it any other way."

Claire held up one photo, getting Nutella and whipped cream all over the edges. "I really look like Bettie Page don't I?"

"Yes you do," Olivia agreed.

The young girl beamed as she devoured more waffles.

Claire Sinclair in bondage

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