

Confessions of a Sex Slave

By : **Monsieur Mondo**

Here is the full uncensored sizzling and sensational sado-masochistic romance between Conan Steele and his beautiful and wilful submissive Alexandra Rasputin, a steamy story of BDSM and the dangers of strap ons.



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Dear arseholes, sorry, readers, this is the bare arsed plot. To save you wading through pages of tedious fucking exposition till you get to the smut, you get a brief set up below then itâs straight into the BDSM!

The Set Up

Conan Steel is the cruel but brilliant twenty something millionaire CEO of a soft furnishings company in Rochdale. He acquires a young intern, the beautiful and headstrong Alexandra Rasputin, the daughter of Russian émigrés. Steel is intrigued by her ethereal nature and confession that she is a virgin. In turn, Rasputin is both attracted and frightened by the handsome big swinging dick with a capricious and sadistic temperament, and fascinated by the small clues he gives to his tormented upbringing, such as his father forcing him to attend Stockport County home matches in the late 1990s. Upon learning she is auctioning her hymen on E-bay, and fuelled by longing and jealousy, Steel psychologically and financially coerces her into signing a non-disclosure deal guaranteeing him first crack at her cherry and then exclusive sexual access until she runs to fat. She must also be his submissive willing to explore her most extreme desires and enter the twilight world of BDSM (Christmas and bank holidays excepted). Rasputin is at first appalled by his perversions, which include an insatiable appetite for bondage, sado-masochism, water sports and *Top Gear* re-runs, but as she becomes more sexually confident she begins to be addicted emotionally and physically to the marathon BDSM sessions conducted in âThe Rumpo Roomâ. As the sessions progress, Steel gradually reveals more of his tortured psyche, allowing Rasputin to see the vulnerable little boy within his corporate warrior carapace and understand his dark desires. It is at the end of one of these sessions, as Rasputin tenderly removes a strap on from his anus, that their eyes lock like laser beams and they realise that this is more than an erotic business arrangement this is now a love affair! Driving home to his luxury duplex apartment in Oldham, and taking extra care to avoid the speed bumps, Steel texts Rasputin saying they must never see each other again for he can never dare to love! Now dear reader enjoy some fragments from the love affair of this century!

The Steel Cock Is Her Destiny

Steel is in his office taking an important call from his transatlantic trading partner Torn Rip, whose thriving business empire is located over a hardware shop in Wisconsin. Alexandra enters holding a silver tea tray with his eleveses, a pot of tea and a packet of chocolate digestives. She is trembling, having in her short time as an intern come to feel a curious mixture of love, hate and desire towards Steel. He is rich, cultivated and handsome, with exquisitely chiseled features and a lion like mane of blonde hair. Conan feels a stirring in his nether, his cock a titanium sprung sex cobra. He can smell her wet pussy from ten feet. The Rasputin girl is a particularly enticing morsel, with her lustrous long black hair, her fulsome luscious red lips, deliciously pert hard nipples and seemingly endless slender long legs. She is wearing a low cut white blouse, a black pencil skirt and killer heels. Tornâs voice echoes through the intercom.

âGoddamn sack of country shit!â

The line falls dead. Conan fixes Alexandra with his cobalt blue eyes and she feels her knees weaken under the ferocity of his glare, her cunt wetter than a toddlerâs nappy. His gaze is magnetic and burning, fused with erotic desire and hinting at the demons that wrestle inside his tortured soul. She feels like one of the ants her

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brother used to scorch by refracting the sun through a magnifying glass on the scurrying insects during the summer holidays. Looking deep into Alexandra's brown doe eyes that convey vulnerability like a kitten left out in the rain and an unlocked, ferocious sexuality, Steel is torn apart inside by conflicting desires; should he love and nurture this beautiful child woman or just find a flimsy pretext to slip her some Rohypnol and get her attached to the Titty Twister machine in The Rumpo Room? Conan is so lost in rapture Alexandra suspects he is stricken by Bell's palsy. Suddenly he leaps from behind his desk and rips off his shirt and trousers. He stands, tall and commanding, in his boxer shorts and black socks. Alexandra gasps at his finely toned body, not an ounce of fat and muscular with an abdominal rack you could grate cheese on.

"You are so freakin' hot!" shrieks Alexandra. Steel is puzzled by her American accent as she has spent her formative years in Widnes.

Alexandra purrs Steel like a mongoose toying with a boa constrictor, "This is your destiny!"

He drops his boxer shorts and his magnificent unfettered manhood, a member of awesome length and girth, fires upwards like a clown sprung from a circus canon.

Alexandra shrieks. The uncoiled tool has dislodged the silver tea tray from her gasp, the pot of tea scorching her breasts as it begins its journey to the floor. Steel's eyes turn round in their sockets like rolling marbles as he surveys the wet blouse clinging to her erect nipples. He emits a low animalistic growl through pursed lips, places his left hand on his right bicep and raises a defiant fist. Maybe, Alexandra thinks, this is a mating ritual sign gleaned from his gap year spent in the Congo. Steel presses her tight against him and squeezes her buttocks, "Tonight Alexandra I shall take your most cherished possession, your virginity, and I shall introduce to a world of carnal delights both tender and cruel."

The Morning After

Alexandra is lying in the king-size bed in a dreamlike state. Did she imagine last night? His tender caresses, the way he smothered her with kisses and held her tight in his strong unyielding grip before administering his monstrous length with the utmost delicacy. How it hurt so much when he deflowered her and how over the next half dozen times they made love through the night the pain lessened and the pleasure became increasingly dizzying as she writhed on his body and pounded his flesh sword of love with her sex plunger. She had detonated with multiple orgasms on his cock, quivering and squealing to the extent at one point he enquired if she was on medication for epilepsy. They made love in almost every position advertised in the battered copy of the *Karma Sutra* he possessed. He had tongued and fingered her pussy so she gently she sprayed his face with cunt juice and later she took his sex in her mouth and tasted his ejaculate, becoming totally overwhelmed by the sensory overload. It had been a memorable night for Steel also; he had gathered together the bloody bed sheets that evidenced the taking of her virginity. She had seen what lay beneath the sardonic and dismissive demeanor he normally displayed, a caring and loving but slightly damaged man. Steel enters the bedroom bearing a tray carrying orange juice, fresh croissants and a vase with a red rose in it. He is wearing a black t-shirt emblazoned with the words "Pound the Mound" in white lettering and a depiction of a clenched fist underneath the banner. Steel places the tray on the bedside table and steps back to admire her. Out of his pocket he takes a morning after pill and an address card for the nearest STD clinic. Alexandra is naked and supine on top of the satin bed sheets, her left leg flat against the mattress and fully extended while her right leg is raised in the air and bent at the knee. The pose neatly parts her pussy lips, and he salivates at the sight of her musky sex swamp.

"You cock tease," hisses Conan.

Alexandra explains she is working out cramp. Soon they are merged together in sexual congress, entering a world of corporeal ecstasy. She ignites on his cock, delirious with orgasmic pleasure. Steel violently

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discharges soon after with anguished intensity. In a rare display of contrition he apologises and opens a window.

Fifty Shades of Fey

The Villa

For a superficially distant and cruelly sardonic man Conan Steel was a surprisingly generous and attentive lover, at least away from the Rumpo Room. There he is the hammer and she the anvil, he dominant she submissive, but here on the king-size bed in the master bedroom of his exclusive luxury beach front villa in Fleetwood they are equals. He is gently fingering Alexandra's wet pussy and licking her clitoris as she runs her scarlet fingernails through his leonine blonde hair. She is moaning softly, her long sinuous legs hooked around his broad muscular shoulders, in a transcendent state of ecstasy. Of course, with Conan being her only lover, Alexandra has no one to compare his sexual prowess to, but she cannot imagine another man measuring up to him, not least in the cock department. She regards his dick as a beautiful thing, a piece of flesh art, circumcised and vein less, of considerable girth and length, as if carved from the finest marble by Michelangelo. Conan kisses her stomach tenderly and works his upwards until they fuse in a passionate kiss, tongues deep in each other's mouths, his hand still on her cunt, rubbing her clitoris, transporting her to the dizziest heights of pleasure. They are both dripping with sweat, from the sex and the electric blanket he had to put on due to the inclement summer weather. Alexandra is begging him to enter her but he refuses, till she is feverish with cock hunger. Finally he mounts her, and even then he is a cunt tease, keeping the tip of his cock just inside her pussy and working it in and out before she digs her nails deep into his back and practically pulls him into her. Her eyes (she has two of them) roll upwards and she nearly loses consciousness as the monster schlong ploughs her. Conan now moves up a gear, pounding her mound relentlessly, pausing now and again to wipe his dripping brow on her stiff nipples. Alexandra is now so dong delirious she has entered into a shamanistic state, speaking in an alien tongue, begging him to lob his load up her in fluent Urdu. Conan moans. Alexandra groans. The cock carnival has made her eyes cross in a manner suggestive of the silent film actor Ben Turpin. Conan's eyes (he also has two) are now cobalt erotic laser beams burning his initials onto her undulating breasts. Her legs are now so far up his back she is stroking his ears with her toes. She has been training her pussy to have a tighter grip all week by inserting a fountain pen up her vagina and clenching it with her cunt muscles (when her mother had walked in on her doing this she did not seem convinced by Alexandra's explanation that she was composing a shopping list; her father later told her she could keep hold of his pen). Her super tight super bad sex swamp begins to work its magic and Steel's almost supernatural sexual self control begins to waver. Alexandra is frenzied, having orgasm after orgasm and she is in almost a catatonic state when Conan comes deep inside her, they are merged at the groin, melting into each other's bones, becoming as one. They lie satiated side by side, gazing intently into each others eyes (all four of them, now not rolling upwards) communicating profound inner truths without so much as a word. They had come a long way since the first time she had entered the Rumpo Room.

The Rumpo Room

Alexandra had been full of trepidation the first time Conan had taken her to the Rumpo Room. They had driven there in near silence in Conan's top of the range Nissan Micra. It was located in an erstwhile retail unit in a largely abandoned industrial estate on the outskirts of town. Getting out of the car, on a bleak November evening, Alexandra had smiled nervously at Conan who had remained sullenly impassive.

"We are now master and slave," was all he offered. She pissed a little in her lace panties. The ones her mother had lain out for her.

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“This” she had offered, pointing at the windowless concrete bunker. Conan nodded and pushed her towards it. For a moment she wondered if she was in the company of a sociopath and if she would ever make it home. They entered the bunker in complete darkness, his breath heavy on her neck. He flicked a switch. Fluorescent strip lightning flickered before casting a yellow glare. Alexandra gasped when the Rumpo Room was finally revealed to her. Conan switched on the electric heating to combat the midwinter chill. The walls were covered with red padded leather. Attached to the far wall was a metal St Andrew’s cross, with a spanking bench positioned directly in front of the saltire. Above the X frame was a canvas print of a Triskelion. The Rumpo Room was full of objects and contraptions that fascinated, scared and repelled Alexandra; whips and chains, paddles, a titty twister machine, a strappado, handcuffs and a variety and dildos, a signed photograph of Bob Diamond. They stood in silence until the room was suitably heated and then changed into Victorian period costumes, which took the best part of an hour. Alexandra texted her mother to say she’d only be back late which drew a stern rebuke from Conan and the promise of “An extra swish of the paddle.”

Conan looked dapper in a white linen shirt, calf length frockcoat and stovepipe hat, but the fact he was trouser less leant his appearance an incongruous aspect, his mighty erection poking out from the folds of the coat. Alexandra was sweet and demure in a poke bonnet and tea gown.

“Be seated child,” said Conan solemnly, gesturing at a hard wooden bench in the centre of the Rumpo Room. Obediently Alexandra sat down.

“I shall now read to you from the bible of the damned,” bellowed Conan, taking a copy of *De Sade’s The 120 Days of Sodom* from one of his frockcoat pockets. He reads to her in a monotone voice for about half an hour and Alexandra soon zones out, stuff about newborn babies being killed in front of their mothers and some old bastard wanking off while young girls were tortured washing over her head. She became increasingly uncomfortable on the bench and her legs had become numb. Alexandra felt a surge of relief when Conan barked “Assume the position.”

She bent over the bench and pointed her buttocks upwards.

“You must now learn what happens to bad girls,” said Conan, patting his left palm with a paddle. He raises it high and then slaps her bottom hard.

“Are you grateful for your first lesson in pain my child?”

“Yes” my arse was asleep.”

Back to the Villa

Alexandra had sucked Conan’s balls and dick to get him stiff and was now reaping the fruits of the labour by riding him vigorously. She can fuck him for ages and he stays diamond cutter hard and doesn’t come until she tells him to, and she can go at her own pace, slowly grinding her pussy on his dick before working up to a prick pummelling fury. All the while he lies remote and impassive, as if the effort in staying hard and delaying his orgasm has become too arduous to enjoy the sex. Despite her multiple orgasms she finds his resolute self control a little disquieting. Once she was fucking him in the reverse cowgirl position and she looked over her shoulder to gaze into his bleakly seductive eyes only to find him absently reading *Autotrader*.

“Oh baby, you’ve fucked me dry. Shoot it in me.”

Conan suddenly is energised, rolling her onto her back and putting her legs over his shoulders.

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“ Watch my cock go in and out,” he whispers to her. She is hypnotised by the sight of his membrum virile sliding in and out of her pussy.

“ Not only do I have a dong as big as king kong,” announces Steel arrogantly, “ Iâ ve got a fast arse as well.”

He pumps her furiously, hiking her legs up high with his shoulders and pinning her arms to the bed.

“ Youâ re hurting me.”

Conanâ s eyes rotate anti-clockwise in their sockets as he blasts his baby seed deep into her cunt. He groans. She gasps. He moans. She rasps.

“ Youâ ve frightened me,” lâ whispers Alexandra.

“ Youâ re frightened? I thought my banjo string had gone on the vinegar stroke,” lâ

After sex, Conanâ s reserve dissipated. As they lay side by side enjoying the mutual post-coital glow, he began to tell her of his tormented childhood, how his mother died young from cancer leaving him at the mercy of a brutal alcoholic father, who crazed by grief, would make Conan give him foot massages and light scented candles after he returned home from the office, and how he had to stay in his room and subsist on microwave lasagnes and lemonade when â Uncleâ Sandy stayed over at the weekends. He shudders at the memory of his father, just after his mother has died, drowning his pain in bottles of champagne and how the despair made him jump around the living room laughing dementedly and repeatedly shouting â resultâ . As Conan related the story a salty tear dripped down his cheek and he seemed in a different world, quivering with emotion he held Alexandra tight in his arms, and she paused from trying to dislodge a pubic hair from between her front teeth to smile reassuringly at him. She too had a troubled childhood, the child of elderly Russian immigrants who refused to integrate with their new community and expected Alexandra, a mere child, to look after them. They too were emotionally cold and their penny pinching ways meant Alexandra had a Dickensian childhood. Alexandra starts to relate to Conan the story of when she had to attend a school disco in just a bin liner but his loud snores curtail the recitalâ ‘poor thing, the strenuous love making had exhausted him.

Later they sat in the living room sipping champagne, Conan in his dressing gown, Alexandra in one of his shirts, content to be silent in each otherâ s company. Alexandra admired the framed retro film posters that adorned the walls which evidenced his esoteric tastes and cultivation; *Mutiny on the Buses*, *Come Play with Me* and *Adventures of a Private Eye*. His choice of music too speaks of his exquisite sensibility, Kissâ *Heavenâ s on Fire* purring in the background.

“ Conan,” lâ said Alexandra a little apprehensively, “ I think I love you,” lâ

Steel throws his champagne glass against the wall, narrowly missing the dart board on the far wall.

“ Sweep that up bitch and donâ t forget the terms of our contract.”

Alexandra recoiled from his sudden burst of fury.

“ I canâ t do this anymore,” litâ s gone too deep,” lâ she cried, tears collecting in her eyes. Conan gently brushed his hands through her luxurious shoulder length raven hair and was momentarily lost in her

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flawless porcelain beauty.

“ Please forgive me my loutishness “ I wonder if will ever be able to love. Deep down we are both alike, like a mirror image of each other. You too have a sliver of ice in your heart “

“ But I love you “

“ You think you do but if I reciprocated your feelings you would run from me “ I know you Alexandra “ now get that picked up “

Alexandra got down on her knees and collected the shards of glass up. Conan went into the bedroom and she could hear him rattling about in the wardrobe. She flops on the couch and lights a cigarette, blowing smoke rings out of her pussy. Conan enters the room naked except for a white turban holding a pungi, the flute like instrument sourced from a gourd that snake charmers use to entice a serpent from a basket. He begins to play it expertly, and as its reedy melodies swirl around the room, Alexandra’s eyes are inextricably drawn to Conan’s flaccid member, dangling around his knee caps. The music casts an incantatory spell on Alexandra, she cannot take her eyes off his monster dong which is beginning to slowly stiffen and harden in synchronisation with the melody and drone as it increases in pitch and intensity. Like a zombie she approaches him, drops to her knees and hungrily sucks his ball. Conan’s prick is now totally erect, bobbing up and down like an ostrich’s head. It begins to twitch. Finally, a stream of ejaculate shoots across the living room hitting the dart board. Conan lowers the pungi.

Bullseye, he exclaims. Conan orders her a taxi and gives her money for the journey. In the manner of a somnambulist she disappears into the night.

Fifty Shades of Spray

The Sound Revolution

Alexandra Rasputin, teeth digging into a ball gag and breathing through her nose, is hanging from the ceiling of the Rumpo Room. She is wearing a white lace bra and panties, hold up white stocking and killer heels. Her hands are bound, not too tightly, behind her back, and she is suspended from the ceiling by a rope, weighted to cause mild discomfort in her arms. A spreader bar is attached to her ankles, her idea. She enjoys the strappado and finds it stylistically pleasing, the sense of helplessness is both thrilling and frightening, but she derives a perverse comfort from Conan’s attentiveness. He checks with her all the time to make sure there is not too much pressure on her arms. Well, normally Conan is attentive. Tonight he’s just plain weird. He’d muttered cryptically when they’d walked in it was a very special anniversary but wouldn’t elaborate. He paddles her arse now and again. She finds the pain cleansing. However, his costume tonight is outré even considering his usual esoteric standards. Conan, in Al Jolson style blackface and afro fun wig, naked except for a pair of white minstrel gloves, circles her, taking pictures on his smartphone. They do this often. She likes looking at the pictures later. Conan tells her she looks beautiful on them and she believes it. They are aesthetically pleasing.

It is a wet and humid summer evening and the atmosphere in the Rumpo Room is stifling and oppressive. They are both dripping with sweat and outside of their breathing the only audible noise is the rain beating on the roof. Raising her head risks dislocating her shoulders so she is staring at the floor, her long flowing locks just inches above the bare cement floor. She cannot see what he is up, but can hear him in the back ground, arranging things in the background. Clink of a bottle catching a glass. Rustling, the scrape of a table being pushed near her. Suddenly he drops to the floor on his knees and presses his face against her. Alexandra smells the whisky on his breath and sees the black face paint and in short she is afraid but she cannot scream, all she can do his press her tongue helplessly against the ball gag. She raises her head and a sharp hot pain

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shoots along her arms into her shoulder blades. Conan throws the glass he has been guzzling from against the wall and steps onto the sharp fragments. He leaves a blood trail and he shuffles aimlessly around for a few minutes, draining the bottle of scotch. When that is empty that too is flung against the wall.

“You gonna be that bitch nigga! I’ll ma be that bitch!” slurs Conan, giving her two hefty whacks on the arse with a studded paddle. His smartphone flashes. Alexandra hits the floor after he unties the rope tethering her to the ceiling.

“You can watch me cunt but I don’t want to hear you speak. Understand me cunt?”

Furious but realising she is unable to repel his advances Alexandra assents with a nod. Conan has a cinerary urn in his hands.

“It’s her death day.”

Alexandra is trying to undo the leather strap binding her wrists but it’s hopeless. Conan is irked by her attempt to cast off her restraints, “Don’t move a muscle bitch. See the evil in my eyes.”

His cruel eyes are black and fathomless and she ceases her struggle, hoping that the amount of booze he’s sunk will eventually render him senseless.

“When you’re all alone,” Conan splutters, convulsed by sobs, the face paint streaked with tears, “Here’s what you’ll keep saying.”

He walks over to the table he has set up and cranks the ancient gramophone into life. The spectral echo of *My Mammy* fills the bunker. Hugging the ashes urn tight to her chest Conan mimes out of sync with the crackling 78.

“Mammy, mammy, the sun shines east, the sun shines west, I know where the sun shines best!”

Conan rolls Alexandra over so she has her face down on the concrete and feels her arsehole and pussy roughly through her panties. Despite her fear and discomfort she finds it a turn on and is soaking wet. The charade has to some extent humanised Conan. He is more flesh and blood and fucked in the head and vivid for Alexandra. Conan sticks his thumb in her anus and two fingers up her pussy. Then something seems to go in him.

“Slut!”

Alexandra watches him stagger towards the exit clutching the urn. He doesn’t even give a backward glance as he extinguishes the light and slams the door shut behind him. At first Alexandra worries that he’ll wrap his car around a lamp post and kill himself then she is worried about herself, when the fuck will he come back for her. She is alone in the darkness with only the sound of a crackling stylus for company. Head full of creepypasta, she pisses herself.

La Regle du Jeu

Alexandra is sat bolt upright on the sofa in Conan’s living room in his dressing gown, a glass of brandy cradled in her hands, numbed and staring into space. She has showered and is without make-up and her hair scraped back. Conan has never seen her looking so beautiful. He is still in black face, which is streaked with his self pitying tears. There has been a tangible shift in their relationships. Alexandra regards him with cold fury, barely able to conceal her revulsion while he is repentant to the point of abjection. After he had abandoned her in the Rumpo Room she had listened for the sound of his car pulling away but it had never

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come. Initially she had been relieved but then she realised he would have passed out drunk at the wheel and she could be there hours. Alexandra had been correct on both counts, left in the darkness for three hours till he awoke from his stupor and stumbled into the Rumpo Room to free. She had kicked and punched him in frenzy and dragged her long scarlet nails down his face. Alexandra drove them back to his flat in silence, pausing only to let him puke on the side on the road. During those lonely hours in the blackness bad memories crowded in on her and attendant neuroses multiplied like metastasizing tumour cells and she had a nightmare vision of being thrown bound and gagged into a deep grave and the rotting corpses of her parents piled on top of her. Then light invaded the room and in staggered Conan still clutching his mother's ashes as he clumsily undid her bindings. If the mild pain she experienced during the light bondage sessions had a perverse cleansing effect her on, the fear had liberated her, she no longer saw him as handsome, cruel and aloof, a rich and cultivated man too good for her, but as a drunken, bullying oddball tethered to the past. Fuck him and his cheap gifts and his big cock which she had grown bored of. Alexandra had snatched the urn off Conan, and, after spitting in his face, threatened to scatter the ashes into the rainy summer night. Despite his inebriation, the sight of Alexandra shrieking obscenities and swinging the urn around over her head seemed to trigger some instinct in some Conan and he became apologetic and beseeching, pleading for forgiveness. Back at the flat he had continued in this vein. He told her seemingly every detail of his youth, about his emotionally remote father and warm and loving mother, how her death at a tragically young age from cancer had left him emotionally stunted and abandoned in early adolescence. It was only within the rules of their game he could pretend to be a sexual being in a relationship. Alexandra had smiled sweetly and told him to get fucked. Christ, she had pissed herself, and would have shit herself too no doubt if she hadn't been bulimic. That was another thing the cunt had done, made her paranoid about her weight. No, this shit was done and he was lucky she didn't publicly embarrass him by going to the police. She couldn't keep the anger up, not through exhaustion but because he'd laced her brandy with liquid diazepam. As she slipped into a dreamlike state, all she could hear was his gently purring voice assuring her they were meant to be together, this crisis marked a new and healthier stage in their relationship and that there would be a new set of rules for the game. From his props basket he showed a toy set of traffic lights. In future when they indulged in BDSM she could direct things by the flick of a switch. Red would call a halt to proceedings, amber a lessening in intensity, green that things could be stepped up a gear. Conan promised her that he would take turns with her being the submissive partner as a way of penance, and, typically left field, selected a wind instrument as his means of indicating if their play was getting too rough. Alexandra agreed to these new terms, on the condition she let him fuck him up his arse with a strap on. When the diazepam finally took away her consciousness, he beat off on her face and took pictures of her jizz adorned face on his smartphone. If the cunt had second thoughts and reported him he'd put them on her Facebook wall. She was all cleaned up and peachy when she awoke and after a languorous morning spent in each other arms he suggested a little role play. A short while later, Alexandra, in black face, is on all fours, naked and ass up, on the faux leopard skin rug. Conan has thoughtfully blacked her arse cheeks up a swell. He is sat on the sofa in a straw hat and nothing else sipping a rum punch and smoking a cheroot. Conan's feet are resting on Alexandra's back.

â The rheumatizâ drains out mah feet and into the nigra,â drawls Conan, flicking cigar ash into her lustrous black mane.

Over the next few weeks in the Rumpo Room they explore the outer limits of BDSM, with Conan on a booze ban and using the traffic lights and wind instrument to enforce the rules of the game. They take turns being the dominant and submissive, and at times their sex games take on the air of performance art. They are switches and they have an ironic catchphrase they deploy to signify pleasure, â I like your kink.â

At the end of a particularly strenuous hot wax session, Alexandra, looking sensational in thigh length patent leather boots and nipple clamps, declares she is going to take his ass virginity. Conan allows himself to be put in the bondage stocks, clutching an object tightly in his left hand. Alexandra rims his arsehole and sucks his

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balls from behind before anointing his anus with orgy butter. She tightens the strap on around her waist and feels her wetness before gliding it up his arse. It goes up easily and she gets into rhythm. Conan is silent. Eager to get a response she thrusts harder. The distinctive buzzing hum of the kazoo echoes within the Rumpo Room.

Fifty Seven Varieties of Grey

â Oâ For Men

The hum of the kazoo signified that the vigorous working in and out of the strap on dildo up Conan's arse had breached even his high pain threshold. Alexandra, still mindful of the occasion he had left her trussed her up for hours in darkness, gave one last sphincter stretching thrust before withdrawing the ersatz member. It was coated with rectal mucus and lubricant, a faint smattering of shit. Alexandra couldn't resist giving his arse a good slap with the studded paddle he had disciplined her with earlier. Before she released him from the bondage stocks she kissed him passionately on the lips. Alexandra felt closer to him than she had ever done; surely this proved there was some depth and sincerity of the emotions he professed to feel towards her. While he had never told her he loved her, or liked her for that matter, his eagerness to assuage her and genuine despair at the prospect of her breaking off their arrangement must surely hint at something beneath his chilly abstracted demeanour she had surmised.

â I love you,â said Alexandra, momentarily drowning in his blue eyes. She immediately regretted saying it, seeing a curious mixture of alarm and disgust wash over his face. Then his face relaxed into a broad grin and he croaked, â I love youâ !â

On his release from the bondage stocks he scooped her into arms and kissed her passionately, holding her tight. They dressed and smoked cigarettes. Alexandra felt exhilarated, feeling they now both wanted the same thing, to be a â properâ couple in a secure and loving relationship. Driving home in the car there was an easy atmosphere, and she had never seen Conan so relaxed. Alexandra was not neurotically needy and was smart enough to know pushing him for a further declaration of love would be counter productive so she just enjoyed the inane chit chat. Yet when he dropped her off at her parents' house he did not glance back or offer a wave. Disconcerted, Alexandra fumbled and dropped the front door key.

Metal Fingers in my Body

Alexandra's parents were elderly and clinically depressed and were always comatose on Zopiclone come 10 o'clock at night. She could troop around the house with impunity. Asleep her parents carried on as if they were their waking selves, bickering and mumbling, her father loosing farts of frightening velocity at regular intervals. She had her hair combed back severely and collected in a bead crochet scrunchie and looked like she'd just got back from the gym (which was her intention) in tracksuit and trainers. She threw the sports holdall, which contained her switch hitter costume, onto the kitchen floor. Alexandra poured herself a generous measure of her father's vodka, dropped a couple of ice cubes into the glass and sat at the kitchen table. She lit a cigarette, using a saucer as an ashtray. She liked neat vodka and hated the fact that at social gatherings she was always offered white wine and hated the fact even more she never had the courage

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to tell them to fuck off and get her proper drink, one that would put a hair on her tits as her father charmingly put it. She could hear her parents' synchronous rattling snores downstairs and derived comfort from it. If she was honest Alexandra enjoyed being at home, while her parents were cranky and demanding she felt secure there, and there was little stigma attached to her about still being in the family domicile. Everyone knew how hard it was to rent never mind to buy in the fucked economic climate and in most people's eyes her continuing residence made her a saintly figure. There she was a beautiful intelligent young woman, who could go anywhere and be with anyone, yet she stayed at home to devotedly look after her aged and confused parents. She felt little real affection for them, as they had been cold and diffident parents, and she enjoyed the control she now exerted over them. Alexandra bought dozens of strips of tranquilizers from a black market source and kept them topped up morning and night so their lives were largely somnambulant. Increasingly, she felt a compulsion to assert her power in relationships, to control, to pay back perceived slights. Alexandra wondered why she was still here. Her life with Conan was to her knowledge was still a secret and she was regarded as shy and virginal, a good girl. She should be a model, people would say. Why are you still in this shit hole town. She'd mention her internship and hopes for the future and lowering her voice mention her parents. That was her cover story. Truth be told she was struggling to figure herself out. She was that rarest of things, a female outsider. She disliked the company of males, who she found on the whole to be boorish, arrogant or weak and yet she had no female friends either. Alexandra reserved her most vehement loathing for a girly girls, like her erstwhile flatmate in the University Halls, who would squeal at the sight of anything pink and was endlessly pampering herself and preening. Alexandra poured another drink and lit another cigarette and got her smartphone from the holdall. No texts or missed calls. The prick was freezing her out she just knew it. In Conan she could sense a certain duality with herself; they were both in possession of compressed passions, paradoxical needs and confused emotional states. They were both repressed, despite their uninhibited sex sessions, reserved and aloof yet insecure and needy. It was a case of who blinked first, she thought, and I, Alexandra Rasputin, self styled ice maiden, have been a silly bitch and blown the ruse. I love you Conan. Fuck me. She started to text him, to apologise for her emotional incontinence, but halfway through decided it would exacerbate matters so she deleted the draft and concentrated on the vodka instead. Normally a couple of belts loosened her but she felt increasingly agitated, like something bad was about to enter stage right. The sex. She enjoys the sex. Alexandra had been called a frigid bitch and a lesbian at school and college because she repelled all sexual advances, but while she was curious about sex she felt nauseous at the thought of any emotional attachment intercourse may engender and the thought of giving her virginity away cheaply to some oaf on a one night stand offended her intellect deeply. Plus all the men she had met were arseholes, not remotely worthy of her pussy. If she hadn't met Conan, or any potential suitors had hit the £100,000 minimum imposed on the e-bay auction for her hymen, her cherry would no doubt be still there for the picking. When she first saw Conan she desired him instantly, what woman wouldn't, cool, sardonic, handsome with a gym buffed body. It was the contract though that made the sex possible, the thought of the fucking being a commercial arrangement, though she did worry it made her look whorish, but her rationale was that the arrangement made her financially independent and sexually empowered. Also, the heavily stylised nature of their sexual liaisons, with the theatricality of their role play performances, the dressing up, the use of props, it seemed they did more acting now than actual fucking. Alexandra couldn't remember the last time she'd sucked his cock or had it in her. It was all studded paddles and whips and butt plugs and nipple clamps with mutual masturbation at the end of it. Conan liked to wank off on her face while she sucked his balls and she didn't mind this as it saved the wearisome prospect of performing fellatio for Christ knows how long (he always took a seeming eternity to come) and the obligatory catching his ejaculate at the back of her throat. She'd only swallowed his cum a few times; he seemed to enjoy having it passed back into his mouth or spat on his balls. And they had never had penetrative sex in the Rumpo Room. He'd tried to stick his cock up her arse once when she was trussed up in the strappado but her frantic thrashings (she'd nearly dislocated a fucking shoulder) dissuaded him from forced entry. So she had the best of all things; a financial contract obliging her to have sex, an obligation that actually entailed very little fucking. And she enjoyed the moderate pain. The paddles and whips she found frankly ridiculous and just left her with a sore arse, but she enjoyed the ropes and the spreader bar, the hot wax, it made her feel cool and clear inside and helped dispel her neuroses and self loathing. It kept the horror

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at a distant, those crippling feelings of futility and insignificance that would creep up on her during the wolf hour. She rubs her temples and lights another cigarette, the kitchen now wreathed in smoke. Her phone vibrates. A text from Conan. He can never see her again. He will continue to finance her but she should never contact him or turn up at work again. The prick. Even though she had been half expecting it she feels a cold rage and hurls the glass of vodka at the wall. He's got some balls, especially after the Al Jolson shit he'd pulled the week before. Was this some power play shit? Was she meant to ring him (no doubt to greeted by his anodyne voice mail message) to confirm she was needy and possessive, a hysterical wandering womb? Or was it some repressed faggot thing because she'd polished his prostate? Give him his due, he had acquiesced and let his asshole be roundly fucked while she had refused him the pleasure of taking her arse virginity. It wasn't so much a sense of propriety that made Alexandra repel his anal advances but rather the prospect of pain and the hygiene implications. After he'd suggested to her they make the taking of her arse virginity the centrepiece of a Rumpo Room assignation she'd had a dry run, alone in her bedroom and her parents snorting incongruously in chemical slumber next door, with a vibrator. Lubed up she only got it a few inches in before she felt a sharp stab of pain and more alarmingly thought she was going to shit herself. Dirty anal. She'd watched a programme the other week, a peek behind the scenes of the porn industry, mainly to gauge the extent of her whorishness. Her perception of herself was that she was on a par with or slightly superior to the wife or girlfriend of a successful professional footballer. The porn actresses spoke about the adult industry obsession with anal and double penetrations. Contrary to Alexandra's preconception of porn actresses being either lobotomised bimbos or fucked up drug cases they came across as hard nosed and business orientated, while their male counterparts were whiny and emasculated away from the cameras. The actresses spoke in a matter of fact way about their gym routines and diets, how they eschewed alcohol and the need to watch their food and drink intake around shoots. No heavy meals before a deep throat scene else you were liable to leave your lunch on your co-stars balls. And coffee was a no no up to a day before an anal extravaganza, indeed you practically had to fast in case you shit everywhere on set. At this point Ron Jeremy was wheeled in to provide an evidential anecdote, explaining how a 'chick' had once excreted all over him after an energetic pounding in the reverse cowgirl position. The actresses were technocrats of the body, more akin to athletes in their corporeal discipline than the whores of Babylon of popular conception. Where the fuck was her mind going? The vodka was affecting her now, muddying her thought processes. She kicked off a trainer and stubbed her cigarette out on the sole of her foot. Alexandra bit her hand to stifle a scream. The pain helped focus her mind and roused her from her stupor more effectively than half a dozen black coffees. Yes she could make excuses for Conan, consider the mitigating circumstances. Fuck that, thinks Alexandra. That is what good girls do. Keep away from the phone for a start. What to do? She puts the kettle on. Alexandra considers making an espresso but remembering the shitting porn star settles for a cup of green tea. Conan you old slut, let me think about this.

To be continued :

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