

Dumpster Girl

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Well, this is certainly another fine mess you've gotten yourself into, I thought, as the door of the dumpster slid open. I saw an unfamiliar male looking down at me as if he was looking for something.

Even now I could feel the deep blush that not only made my face burn, but also traveled down through my nipples, across my stomach and into my crotch. If he'd slipped his fingers between my legs it would have come away wet.

He looked surprised. I couldn't really blame him. I must have made quite a sight--hogtied and gagged--and laying naked inside the dumpster.

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DUMPSTER GIRL by Trystl

(2005) =====

One

Well, this is certainly another fine mess you've gotten yourself into, I thought, as the door of the dumpster slid open and instead of seeing Carlos, as I had half hoped and half feared, I saw an unfamiliar male looking down at me as if he was looking for something.

Even now I could feel the deep blush that not only made my face burn, but also traveled down through my nipples, across my stomach and into my crotch. If he'd slipped his fingers between my legs it would have come away wet.

How can it get any worse?

At least it wasn't someone Carlos had sent, or he wouldn't have looked so surprised; but the way he was looking at me, I wasn't sure if that would turn out to be a good thing or not. I couldn't really blame him. I must have made quite a sight—hogtied and gagged—and laying naked inside the dumpster.

I squirmed with embarrassment. The ropes dug into my flesh, while something hard and pointed pressed against my back.

The fellow looked over his shoulder and called out, "Hey, Tom, Randy. Come here! You guys are never going to believe what I just found."

Oh, great. He wasn't alone.

"It's not the jacket?" a deep male voice asked.

"Better!"

"Well, that rules out the used panties," said the deep voice. "It's only worth 15 points."

I heard footsteps. Someone kicked a can and it rattled down the alley. They're getting closer, I thought; and the idea made me tingle all over with anticipation and dread. I couldn't help it. I'd always been a major exhibitionist, or perhaps more accurately, I was a risk taker. It was the chance of getting caught and the anticipation of waiting to see what would happen to me when I was that really turned me on, much more than having someone look at me while I was in a compromising situation.

"It's not the panties," the guy looking at me agreed, his smile getting bigger all the time.

"Right, Jack. What could be better than the Jacket?" Another male voice asked.

"Take a look."

The guy looking at me moved back a little to let the others in. Two curious and then shocked faces looked down at me.

"Holy shit, Jack" said the deep voiced male, who had long blonde hair and pale skin and wouldn't have been bad looking without his glasses.

"He found the person who used to be wearing the panties before someone else took them off her," said the other male, who was a taller, athletic looking fellow with brown hair and an earring in one ear.

"This is definitely better than the jacket," said the blonde.

"So what are we going to do with her?" Asked the athletic one, and something in his voice made me suspect that he already had some ideas that I might not like.

Still, nearly the same question was running through my mind. What did I want them to do with me? I certainly didn't want them to leave

me in the dumpster. More than likely, Carlos would come back for me, which would no doubt be very bad—or he wouldn't, which was likely to be fatal. I didn't relish the thought of being picked up, dumped into the back of some truck, and smashed together with a bunch of garbage, which, from the pain in my lower back, I already knew contained at least one hard and sharp object. Nor did I like the thought of slowly starving to death at the dump, while my limbs went numb where the ropes cut off my circulation. And that was assuming that I didn't die from exposure, or being eaten by some wild animal.

"Well, whatever we do, Randy, we can't leave her here," said the blonde, who, by the process of elimination, I figured had to be Tom.

"Right," Jack agreed.

Randy rolled his eyes for a moment, as if he thought he was dealing with simpletons, unable to grasp the most obvious of concepts. He looked at Tom then turned to look behind him at Jack. "Has it occurred to either of you that somebody put her in this dumpster? Unless, of course, she crawled in there and tied herself up. And maybe, if they put her in there, they're going to want to find her there when they come back for her."

I'd been thinking of that a lot, but I'd been hoping that none of them would.

I held my breath when I saw the expression on Tom's face as he began to realize the implications. I closed my eyes. The dread of waiting to see what they would do was a delicious torture. The moment seemed to hang in the air.

Finally Jack spoke up from behind them and his voice broke the mood. "If they wanted her back they wouldn't have put her in there in the first place." He pushed his way back to the front of the group. "Hey! Finders keepers, I say."

"Maybe Randy's right," Tom said, as he moved back to give Jack room. "They could come back any minute. The kind of people who would put her in here aren't likely to just let us walk away."

"What? You'd have us just leave her here? What if she ends up dying because we didn't pull her out? Would you rather live with that?"

"We could call the police," Tom said. "Let them deal with her."

"No way! You can't turn me over to the cops," I said. Or rather, that was what I tried to say. Instead it came out as a mousy little squeal and moan of protest—but at least it got their attention and gave me the chance to move my head in that universal sign that means, Come on guys, will you get this fucking gag off of me?

"She speaks," Jack said, with a smile that told me he'd know the best way to use the fact that I didn't want to be turned over to the police against me.

"She's trying to anyway," Randy agreed.

They stood looking at one another for a moment longer.

"Fuck it," Jack said with a shrug. He was already climbing up the side of the dumpster. "I'm not leaving her here. If you guys want to duck out on me I'll give you cab fare home, but I'm going to get her out. We can figure out what to do with her later." He stuck his leg through the opening and dropped back down on the inside. "Why don't you go get the car, Tom? If we're going to take her with us, I'd rather not hang out any longer than we have to. And see if you can find something to cover her up with. We don't want to draw attention to ourselves."

"Yeah, okay," Tom said, and Randy didn't offer any protest either.

Jack started by undoing the gag, which I noticed he carefully stuffed into his pocket.

I didn't say anything; afraid that if I did it might start up their tendency for debate, again.

More than anything else, I wanted to get out of here. Like them, I could figure out what would happen next later. Whatever I was getting myself into, it couldn't be any worse than the world of shit I was already in.

I rolled over as best I could, giving him easier access to the ropes that joined my wrists to my ankles. It seemed to take him a long time to work the knot free but finally I could let my legs straighten out again. The muscles ached as I moved; and I verbalized my body's protest with a little moan. "Thank you." I said, using my toes to raise my legs a little, in a gesture that said, okay now undo my knees and ankles. They were still lashed together, but those knots took a little less time. My legs were already tingling by the time he had them undone, but as the ropes loosened and he pulled them away the sensation intensified. I couldn't help but squirm a little, trying to rub my feet over the lengths of my legs.

When he saw what I was doing he began to massage my legs, rubbing vigorously, which only made it worse.

"I'm sorry," he said after a moment. "But I'd like to get out of here." He took my arm and started to roll me over.

"Forget my arms for now," I said. They were going to be a problem, because my elbows were secured tightly behind me with leather cuffs locked by two small padlocks, but there would be time for them later. I was more worried about getting out of the dumpster and away before Carlos or one of his goons returned. "Just help me up and let's get out of here."

He nodded when he saw the padlocks, and gave me a hand with standing up, which wasn't easy on the soft and irregular surface beneath us.

"How do you want to do this?" he asked me.

Good question, I thought, as I looked at the opening. Without arms climbing out would be difficult at best. "Head first, I guess."

"Get ready to catch her, Randy." Jack said, as he bent down, wrapping his arms around my thighs just above the knees. He picked me up from behind and took an unsteady step towards the opening. When he regained his balance, I leaned slightly forward and he slowly eased me through the small hole. Randy was waiting to catch me. His hands closed around my lower chest, his thumbs curving along the outline of my breasts. Jack began to push me forward, out the opening; but he lost his footing as he tried to step forward and instead he dropped me for a moment, my stomach slamming down across the edge of the dumpster. Taking most of my own weight, even for a moment, across the midriff was enough to knock the breath out of me, even though his hands never actually lost contact with my legs as he pitched sideways.

"Easy," Randy said, as if his advice could somehow keep Jack steady.

They eased me out a little further; then Randy stooped down under me, draping my middle over his shoulder and pulling me the rest of the way out with only a little bumping and scrapping.

Tom started the car while Randy opened the door to the back seat, and by the time he'd helped me in, Jack had climbed out of the dumpster. They both climbed into the back seat with me, and Tom was pressing on the accelerator before the doors were even closed.

Two

"These were all I could find to cover her up with," Tom said. He tossed a couple of greasy rags over the front seat.

"Not much to them."

"Might as well put them over the windows," Jack said. "It'll do more good than trying to cover her with them."

And more to your liking too, I thought.

"Where to now?" Tom asked, glancing over the seat at me.

"Guess that depends on..." Randy glanced at me too, his eyes quickly darting down to take in all of me. "What's your name, anyway?"

"Deedee," I said. There was no way I was telling them my full name.

"So Deedee," Jack said, placing his hand on the inside of my thigh and letting it slide a little higher as he talked. "What's a nice girl like you doing all tied up in a dumpster? And more importantly," He said with a clever little smirk, "what are you going to give us for getting you out of it?" His hand was pressed against my pubic mound now, and I couldn't help rocking forward just a little to meet his pressure. He smiled and slipped his fingers expertly inside me—proving what I'd already suspected, that I was soaking wet down there.

"Jack!" Randy said, giving him a look of warning.

"What?" Jack said, slipping a second finger inside me while he ground his palm against my pubic mound. "She doesn't seem to mind." He looked at me then. "Do you mind, Deedee?"

I could feel my face turning red, and that just got me more excited. I really should tell him to stop, I thought. Letting him get away with this, without even offering a protest, is just looking for trouble down

the road. And yet I couldn't make myself say the words. My body certainly didn't want him to stop, even if my mind did.

I looked away, unable to meet his eyes; and Jack started probing between my legs again.

"See," he said in a soft but persuasive voice, as if he were an adult saying the necessary words to persuade little children. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him nodding his head at Randy in a gesture that clearly said, come on, buddy. Get yourself some of this? She's obviously ours for the taking.

"So, where to now?" Tom said again, a little louder this time.

"Well, I'd say the scavenger hunt's over," Randy said, but he didn't follow Jack's suggestion, and keep to himself. "By the time we drop her off with the cops, we'll be lucky to make it back to the frat house before eight."

I almost panicked at the mention of cops. Then I saw Jack looking at me; saw the smile spreading across his lips.

"I don't think Deedee here really wants to go to the cops," Jack said.

"Not really," I murmured in agreement.

Next to Carlos or going back into the dumpster, that was the last place I wanted to go. Although I wasn't sure what other options I had. If I could find some clothes and scrape together enough money to find a way out of town, I could probably eek out a living on the streets, I'd done it before—but this time I was penniless, and the nights were already getting colder. It would be a bad time of the year to be on my own, even if my situation weren't so desperate.

I thought idly about popping the door open and making a run for it.

I wondered what Carlos would do when he came back and didn't find me waiting for him in the dumpster. How hard would he really look for me? There weren't many places in the city where Carlos wouldn't have eyes. And it would be difficult to remain inconspicuous when I was running around in the buff.

"So what are we going to do with her then," Tom said.

"You could lend me some clothes and a couple hundred bucks for a ticket out of this town," I suggested, trying to make it seem as reasonable a suggestion as I could.

"Or," Jack said in an equally reasonable tone. "We could take turns fucking you, then strangle you and leave your body to deteriorate in a ditch somewhere."

"Jack!" Tom said, looking at him with a shocked expression.

I took a good deal of comfort in this reaction. Yet he'd said it so casually, and his fingers were still working between my legs—I really wasn't sure how to take it. For the moment I decided to treat it like a joke. Swallowing a bit too loudly, I smiled. "Maybe you could at least stop at a hardware store, and buy one of those lock cutter before you kill me then?"

"And who do you thinks going to pay for that," Tom shot back.

"Look, fellas," I said, struggling against my cuffs with an exaggerated gesture of helplessness. "My arms are going numb here." That wasn't exactly true. I'd never had circulation problems in my arms even when they were pressed all the way together behind my back, like they were now. Still, they'd never been bound together for this long, and it seemed like a good idea to place some urgency on getting released. "I'm sure we can work out some kind of arrangement." I looked at Jack and smiled; spreading my legs a little wider to make sure he understood my meaning.

He shook his head and said, "Seems to me you already owe us that: for pulling you out of the dumpster."

"Fine," I said, glaring at him and silently calling him every foul name I could think of. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

Instead of answering me, Jack turned back to his buddies. "Randy's right," he said. "The scavenger hunts over. Even if we don't take Deedee to the cops. Hell, with only three of the seven groups getting in the fraternity we had less than a 50% chance of getting in anyway. Now, loosing this much time, Deedee here may have cost us whatever chances we had. But imagine what they would think if we brought her back with us."

"Are you crazy?" Tom asked. "We can't take her back there."

"I don't know," Randy said, obviously warming up to the idea. "One of the items on the list is: the most unusual thing we can find. And the value for the item isn't listed, which means they accept her they can assign any value to her that they want."

"Exactly," Jack agreed.

"What?" Tom said, obviously still not too thrilled with the idea. "Do you think she's going to let every one of them fuck her or something?"

Jack shrugged, as if the idea had only just occurred to him. Then he turned and looked at me, raising his eyebrows in a gesture that clearly said he was waiting for me to answer the question for him.

I didn't know what to say.

Being gang banged by a group of strangers had always been one of my deepest and darkest fantasies, but then I had a lot of fantasies—and most of them were things I was ashamed to admit and would just as soon never actually have to experience. Still, just the idea of

it had gotten me all wet again; and that was embarrassing—which just got me even more excited. Nothing got me more excited than being embarrassed.

I looked away, unable to say anything.

Jack pressed his finger against my clit. “From the looks of it, I don’t think she’s going to object,” he said.

“Doesn’t seem like it,” Randy agreed. And now he reached out and grabbed a handful of my breast, squeezing it a little too hard, as men are apt to do. “In fact, I kind of think she likes it.”

Jack took my chin in his fingers and forced me to look at him. “I don’t expect you have a whole lot of choice, do you,” he said. “You got your reasons for not wanting to go to the cops; and I don’t think you want to go back in the dumpster. Have you got anyplace else to go?”

“If I have to,” I said, glaring defiantly at him.

“Great,” he said. “Where is that? We’ll be happy to take you there.”

“All I need are some clothes,” I said, for an instant to hope.

“We pulled you out of the dumpster,” Jack said. “And we’ve been good enough not to call the cops. I’m afraid that about uses up all our favors.”

He was bluffing, he had to be. He wouldn’t force me out of the car without any clothes. No, he had no intention of letting me get away from him that easily. The offer was nothing more than a bluff to convince his friends. And yet, what if it wasn’t? What if he stopped the car right here and pushed me out. I’d be back in Carlos’ hands within a few hours. Or the police—and at this point I wasn’t sure which would be worse. I couldn’t keep the panic out of my eyes, so I just looked away from him without answering.

"That's what I thought," Jack said. "You don't have anywhere to go, do you?"

I shook my head.

"So if we gave you a place to stay, at the fraternity, that would be one more thing you owed us for, wouldn't it?"

You always know right where to stick the knife, don't you, I thought. But at least he didn't insist on an answer.

"Alright then," he said. "Tom? Why don't you find us that hardware store? And don't worry, I'll buy the snipers."

Three

“Get down, “Jack said as he grabbed the top of my head and pushed me down into his lap. I began to struggle in protest at first, until he hissed the word cops, then I let him force me as far down as my body would go.

A thrill of fear ran through me like a spark. I was already feeling rather horny, from all the excitement, and now my legs were twisted into an awkward position that left me feeling very open and exposed. I had a strong urge to grind my hips together, felt my muscles contracting, my legs beginning to move on their own accord. But I didn't want to broadcast that sort of message, so I forced myself to be still, waiting patiently.

It was becoming increasingly uncomfortable. My arms were still bound behind my back. Staying in this position, with my weight pressing down on one shoulder and my arms angled off to the side, was beginning to make one of my arms feel heavy. It was the first time I'd had trouble with my circulation, but I'd never been forced to lay on them like this before.

At last I decided to do something. I gave myself a little twist, pushing with my head and pulling with my legs, forcing my ass to slide off the seat. My legs fell to the floor and I spun my body around. This left me in a kneeling position with my face in Jack's lap. I could feel his erection throbbing beneath his trousers, but without arms to hold myself up there wasn't much I could do about it. He was obviously in no hurry to help me up.

I craned my neck around to look up at him, and when I saw the smile on his face I began to wonder if there were really any cops at all, or whether this had all been an elaborate ruse just to get me into precisely this position. I hadn't seen any cops myself, but then I hadn't been looking out the window; and even if I had, there would have been no guarantee that I had been looking in the same

direction that he had. There was no way I could know for sure if there was a cop, and Jack would surely know this.

My neck was getting tired, so I turned by face back down, resting my cheek against his erection. Then Randy placed his hand on the small of my back, letting me take his weight as he slide forward on the seat. I could sense him leaning forward, reaching between my legs from behind. Then I felt his fingers slipping between my lips and spreading me open.

I tried to rise up then, convinced that there weren't any cops.

"Not yet!" Jack snapped, placing his hand on my head and forcing me back down. "They're still right beside us."

I knew he had to be lying. But just in case he wasn't, I didn't dare try to rise up again.

Now that I was no longer lying on my arms, I wasn't all that uncomfortable; and Randy's probing was certainly not unpleasant. He had quickly progressed to using several fingers, and now I could feel his thumb pressing gently against my ass. I felt my sphincter tighten, but where his fingers probed I was so wet that I offered almost no resistance, other than the fact that I could only spread my legs so far apart because of the cramped space. He dipped his thumb into my juices, and pressed on my sphincter again, more insistently this time.

No way would he be doing that if there were a cop right next to us, I thought. But there hadn't been any hint of insincerity in Jack's voice. Either he was an excellent liar which I'd already suspected, or the cops really were there.

Jack moved his hips a little, forcing his erection to press into my face.

I twisted my neck around and looked up at him again. "There aren't any fucking cops, are there."

"There are," he insisted. And he managed to be convincing again, despite smiling in a way that seemed to say that he understood the joke and I didn't. "He's behind us now, but he's still there. I think he's following us."

Jack reached down, unsnapped his pants and began fumbling with the zipper.

"What if he decides to pull us over?" I said, realizing as I did that it was probably the wisest complaint. I wasn't protesting what they were doing to me, only their timing. Not a good precedent, I thought.

"We're probably already in a load of shit, if he does," Jack said. "This may be our only chance to collect a little on your debt."

He pushed his shorts down, and tugged on his cock until it was exposed. It was throbbing in front of me, bouncing toward my face as if it could force itself into my mouth all on its own. The warm, musty smell of sex clung to it: made me think of a panting dog, with wet fur, licking his own erection.

This isn't going to work, I thought, and if it does, I'm not going to like it.

He was large. Not the largest cock I'd ever seen, but certainly the largest one I'd ever had in my mouth when my hands were tied and I was leaning forward over some guy's lap so that I couldn't control how far down on him I was forced to go. If it hadn't been for the hump running down the center of the floor I could have shifted my legs forward a little and leaned back, placing most of my weight on my legs.

I could see the headlines now, woman chokes to death while giving fellatio. Wouldn't that be an ironic end to an already wonderful life?

Although I was decidedly top heavy, my body formed a delicate balance—so it was easy for Jack to raise me up. As he did, my new position seemed to make it a little more difficult for Randy to continue his ministrations, but he didn't complain. Neither did I. Although I had my serious doubts, my fear was making me very hot; and Randy's persist probing wasn't helping.

Jack eased me forward again, very slowly. I took a deep breath, letting the smell of his sex tickle my nose. Then I took him in my mouth, and as his shaft sank between my lips I again feared that he would not use me kindly. He didn't strike me as the kind of guy who would give a damn if I were choking on his semen; and I had been placed, literally, in his hands.

I was surprised when he didn't try to force me all the way down on him. I hadn't been looking forward to feeling his dick at the back of my throat, blocking my airway and making me want to gag; so I was grateful when he used his balled fists, one under each shoulder, to support my weight, allowing me to work on him at my own pace.

That was definitely a kindness I hadn't expected, and in gratitude I decided to give him the best technique I had, flicking my tongue rapidly and firmly across the head of his penis. I'd been told more than once that I had a talented tongue—as if it was the tongue itself, and not me that was worthy of praise. When any praise is unexpected, you learn to take a certain, twisted sort of pride when you can wring it from someone. For now, I planned to make sure that Jack didn't regret, or rethink, his kindness; so I went to work in earnest.

"Oh, yeah," he said, with a grunt of pleasure. "You're going to make our fraternity one very happy group of guys!"

Four

“Hey,” Jack said, “There’s a hardware store. Turn in. Maybe the cop won’t follow us.”

I had just finished swallowing his cum only a few moments before, after what sounded like a very satisfying experience for him, but I was still lying in his lap. The cop car, if it was really there at all, was still behind us as Tom turned the car into the parking lot. I tried to look up to see if their eyes would follow the cop car as it passed, but Jack’s hands pushed my head back down, so the only confirmation I had was the sigh of relief that came out of Tom’s throat.

It sounded genuine, and I didn’t think he was a good enough liar to fake it, the way I suspected Jack could.

“You two stay here with Deedee,” Jack said. “I’ll just run in and buy what we need.”

“You might also want to get something I can wear in public,” I said, “unless this fraternity of yours is out in the country somewhere. After all, you’re going to have to get out of the car when you take me inside.”

“Don’t worry,” Jack said, raising me gently as he opened the car door and slide out. “It’s on my list.”

A list? I wasn’t sure if I liked the sound of that. Was he really planning on buying a whole bunch of stuff, and if so, what kinds of things would they be? I was almost sure they hadn’t been planning to stop at a hardware store before they found me, so I had to assume that nearly everything he was going to buy was for me. Or was this list another reference to the growing list of things I owed him for?

Maybe it was just an expression and didn't mean anything.

Right, I thought. There's no way I could get that lucky today!

I tried to get up and sit back down on the seat, but Randy leaned over, pressing his elbow into my back as he took up his probing again. I lay my head down on the car seat, took it all in, the crushed velvet texture of the upholstery, against my face and breasts. The warm air of the car was cool against my damp belly and legs. The ribs of the floor mat branded little indentations into my knees. I closed my eyes and let my mind wander, feeling it as if it were happening to someone else in my mind.

I think I slept. The next thing I knew, I felt a jarring to the car, like someone pushing down on the hood with their arms. The familiar thrill of fear ran straight through me as I heard the car door opening, and had no idea who it might be.

"What took you so long," Tom complained.

"I wanted to get a few extra things," Jack said.

Randy was still working away on me. If nothing else, the boy was extremely persistent and thorough; but now he interrupted his work to wrap an arm around my waist, holding me out of the way as Jack got into the car. Then he settled me back down in Jack's lap, and returned to his exploration.

"Here," Jack said, reaching into his bag. "Try this."

"What is it?" Randy asked.

"Technically, it's a replacement handle for a garden hand tool." Jack said.

"So what am I supposed to do with it?"

Jack let out with an evil smirk. "Ever heard the word Dildo? I thought maybe you'd enjoy seeing how she likes getting something a little bigger than your two fingers."

"Um," Randy said, obviously intrigued with the idea. A moment later he was sliding the varnished wood between my legs, pressing it against my clit. I gasped and rocked my hips, trying to hit the same spot again. Instead of obliging, he stuffed the whole thing neatly inside me, shoving it in with his fingertips as if he wanted to see just how deep he could make it go. I felt it rubbing across the wall of that deep inner barrier and jerked with a spasm of my hips that might easily have been mistaken for the start of an orgasm by someone who didn't know me better. It wasn't entirely comfortable, being impaled so quickly, but at least I was about as ready as I could have been for having such a huge hunk of wood shoved up inside me.

"Plenty of room still inside there," Randy commented.

I'd like to shove it up your ass and see how much room you think is left, I thought, but I couldn't think of a more tactful way to say that, so I held my tongue, fuming silently and hoping that he wouldn't decide to prove his point with a little demonstration. As long as he seemed content with what he was using, it seemed prudent to keep my comments to myself instead of provoking him.

After the initial stab of pain, his use of the handle wasn't really all that uncomfortable anymore. Quite the opposite, I realized. I'd been yearning for something more substantial than his fingers inside me for quite some time. Something that might take the edge off my growing need.

"I've also got the lock cutter," Jack said, tugging gently on the leather cuffs at my elbows. "Why don't you sit up and we'll get these off, now."

Oh, for God's sake, I thought, can't it wait. I only need Randy to keep working for a few more minutes and I'll feel so much better. I looked up at Jack, and from the smile on his face I was sure he knew exactly what he was doing. I felt my face redden, as I tried to think of a way to ask him to wait that wouldn't make my situation obvious to everyone else as well, and realized that there wasn't any.

"Can't we just do it like this?" I said, trying to keep the begging sound out of my voice, and not really succeeding.

"I'm sorry," Jack said, slapping my ass firmly. "But it really won't do. It's an awkward angle, and I wouldn't want to nip your skin when I cut the locks. That would definitely be painful."

They helped me sit up and get turned around, with my back to Jack; then he placed his hand on my shoulder and gently but firmly pushed me forward so that I was leaning over near Randy. He leaned forward and slurped one of my nipples into his mouth, rolling it gently, but not quite gently enough, between his teeth.

Behind me, Jack was placing the cutters. He snipped off the first lock; and I felt the cutters press against my arm as he lost control and the handles slipped out of his hands. The second lock went a little smoother, as did the two locks on my wrists.

Now Jack was reaching in his bag again. He pulled out something, still in its package, and began ripping it open. He threw the packing material onto the floor and I tried to see what it was, but I couldn't.

"You going to free my arms or not?" I asked, wondering exactly what he was doing.

"Not just yet," Jack said. He removed one of the broken locks and tossed it on the floor too; then he replaced the old lock with a new one.

"Hey," I said, flexing my arms against the leather cuffs. "I thought the idea was to get these things off of me."

"The idea," Jack corrected, "Was to get the locks that we couldn't open off of you. These are locks that we can open. Not the same thing at all!"

"What about my poor arms? I told you, they're going numb, here."

"They're not even starting to turn red yet," he said. "First lesson you're going to have to learn is to tell the truth. If you lie just to get your way, I'm going to learn to ignore your pleas for help. Then, when something is really wrong, and it's really important, I won't have any way of knowing. I assume you've heard about the boy who cried wolf?" He paused, as if giving me time to let that sink in. "Now," he said, leaning forward and kissing my shoulder. "Are you sure your arms are really bothering you?"

I rolled my eyes and sighed heavily. Reluctantly I shook my head. He was right, but that didn't make me like it any more. I was tired of feeling helpless, and my arms were beginning to hurt just a bit. But more importantly, I assumed that we would be arriving at the fraternity soon, if he wasn't going to take the leather cuffs off now, that almost certainly meant that he was planning to introduce me to his fraternity brothers with them still on. That wasn't exactly what I would have hoped for, despite the traitorous insistence of my body that it was.

"Say it out loud," Jack said.

I would have glared at him then, for all the good it would have done, if he hadn't been behind me and out of my line of sight.

"My arms are... fine." I said.

"I'm glad we got that straightened out." He started replacing the other locks, and when he was finished he reached into his pocket

and pulled out the gag that he'd keep: the one I'd been wearing when he found me in the dumpster. "Open up," he said.

"No," I cried in protest. "Don't do that."

"Be a good girl," he said. "I don't want to have to punish you later."

"Do we have to?" I asked.

"We really do," he said adamantly, although there was a definite hint of sarcasm in his voice.

Asshole, I thought. I should have learned to expect it from you by now.

I turned my head and opened my mouth, with a little, sassy tilt of my head. He reached around from behind, plopped the ball between my waiting lips, then pulled the leather thongs behind my head and fastened them tight.

"She looks good in a gag," Randy observed, looking up from his worship of my breasts.

Ha, ha, I thought, letting my body language convey the message.

He shrugged. "Well you do," he insisted; then he turned his attention back to my breasts.

"Now for the final touch," Jack said. He reached into his bag of goodies again and pulled out a bundle of rope and a knife. Quickly he cut a length of rope and doubled it over. Then he wrapped the rope around my waist, tucked the two loose ends through the doubled-over loop on the other end. I gasped as he pulled the ropes tight; then moaned a more urgent protest as they cinched tight, burning a little band around my waist. My waist was pinched even

tighter as Jack gave another little tug; then, with his free hand he pushed me forward again, back into Randy.

“Up,” he said, smacking my ass.

When I rose up, he slipped the ends of the rope between my legs, using his fingers to spread me open so that the rough material was resting against the tender flesh inside; then he pulled the ropes up and attached them to my waist at the back.

“We’re here,” Tom said from the front seat, as he pulled through a rock entrance gate and onto a driveway that curved around to the back of a large rock house. It was a mansion by any measure. A century ago, this had been one of the better neighborhoods in the city, and a house like this must have belonged to one of the wealthiest families in the neighborhood. If the house were in a better neighborhood, or in better repair, it would have cost a considerable fortune. As it was, it must have only cost a small fortune—one that was shared by at least a dozen boys, making the small fortune suddenly affordable for a fraternity.

Jack pulled a new work shirt out of the shopping bag, ripped open the packing and then draped it over my shoulders. It was several sizes too large, hanging down to my thighs, more like a nightshirt, which had obviously been the intention. Cover me up. Make me appear at least somewhat presentable in public, although the way this house was laid out that probably wasn’t a serious consideration.

The property was spacious, the parameter largely covered with trees. It was also surrounded by a decaying rock wall that was still high enough to block the view of anyone casually passing by.

I was surprised when Randy started buttoning up the front of the shirt. Apparently the boy’s persistence wasn’t infinite after all.

“The two of you stay here with Deedee,” Jack said. “I’m going to go inside and break the ice. Then I’ll come back out and get you when

I've gotten everyone primed for a shock." He laughed and gave a firm yank on my crotch rope. "This is going to be a lot of fun," he said.

Five

It didn't take Jack nearly as long as I'd expected, but then he was obviously a smooth talker. I could just imagine him breezing into the house with his arrogant swagger and loudly proclaiming that no one was going to believe what he had found on his scavenger hunt. He might even be devious enough to say something like, just wait until you see her. That would get them all thinking and wondering and waiting. Or he might take the more direct approach and tell them that he'd bought them a prostitute. I could imagine his smile as he exclaimed, it's time to party, boys.

My heart was pounding and my juices flowing so thickly I could feel it dripping down the side of my legs just from thinking about it

He came back out alone.

"Come on," he said, taking a hold of my arm through the shirt, helping me slide across the seat and get out of the car. Every move forced an increased pressure on the rope between my legs, particularly standing up. I could have done it alone, but it was easier with help. The other two followed us in; Tom hanging back, as if he was trying to distance himself from us.

My heart was pounding even faster as we approached the massive door. It had been a delicately carved masterpiece at one time, but now it was marred with dings and cuts, the wood weathered, the few places where the varnish remained cracking and flaking off. The hard wood floors inside were not in quite as bad a shape, but they had definitely lost their shine and exhibited several deep scars that looked like they'd been caused by dragging a refrigerator or some other heavy appliance. I could feel the unfinished roughness under my bare feet.

Jack led me down the hall, pausing before a set of double doors. Inside, I could hear the chatter of voices: male voices. I closed my

eyes; took a deep breath. It didn't help. My legs were actually trembling and my stomach was fluttering something awful. I didn't really think I was going to throw up, but if I were anyone else I wouldn't have wanted to stand in front of me for very long. I almost laughed as I thought of spewing great disgusting chunks all over Jack's back. Only my mouth was gagged so I wouldn't be spewing anything, I'd be choking on my own vomit. And my stomach was empty anyway. Part of Carlos' punishment had been to deny me food while I floundered around inside the dumpster. I hadn't eaten anything in almost 24 hours.

Finally, after a long, dramatic pause, Jack pushed the doors open and took one step inside, still holding onto a door with each hand, as if to block the view of whoever was inside. "Gentlemen," he said, in a loud, booming voice that was almost exactly as I had imagined it. "Prepare yourselves for a treat."

He pushed the doors all the way open and took another step into a huge, open-feeling room. Someone gave me a push from behind. Randy, I thought. Tom wouldn't have had the balls.

I took a few steps into the room, heard the surprised responses; the exclamations of disbelief and wonder. Saw the hungry and eager looks on a multitude of faces. They were just waiting to tear me up. One of them licked his lips obscenely and gave me a wink. Only a few seemed more embarrassed by the whole thing than they were aroused.

Jesus, it's hot in here, I thought, trying not to look at anyone else.

My skin had broken out in a clammy sweat and I could still feel their eyes on me.

Jack turned, taking my arm and guiding me to front and center. Three robed figures stood there looking at me, and I stood there for a moment looking at them. I could feel my eyes going wide, but I couldn't stop them. Nor could I take my eyes away from their robes.

All sorts of crazy thoughts ran through my head. They could be Devil worshipers, preparing to sacrifice me to their god. But no, not the way they were looking at me. Not unless they planned to rape me repeatedly first. Of course, they obviously aren't looking for a virgin, I thought.

My uncontrollable fear was making me incredibly excited. I wondered that everyone couldn't see my juices dribbling down the insides of my legs. It was incredibly embarrassing, and that made my arousal worse, even though no one was looking very closely at the insides of my legs, just yet.

"Well, well," one of the three robes said. His voice implied that he obviously hadn't believed whatever Jack had told them when he came in the first time. "Where'd you get her?"

"We found her, tied up in a dumpster," Jack said, without any trace of his usual sarcastic smile. "That makes her eligible as our most unusual item."

"Does it?" said the robe on the left. "All we have is your word for that, since the girl isn't presently able to defend herself."

"How do we know you haven't kidnapped her?" the robe on the right agreed.

"Or paid her," added the left robe.

"The gag can be removed," Jack said with a shrug.

"Remove it then," said the robe in the middle. "I want to question her."

Jack obliged, tucking the gag back into his pocket again, while I worked my sore jaw.

"Did they really find you in a dumpster," asked the robe in the middle.

I nodded, almost too scared to speak. "They did."

He raised an eyebrow, not in disbelief, but surprise. I hadn't expected that, but perhaps it wasn't my answer that had caused the response, only the way I couldn't force myself to meet his eyes. And the sound shame that could only be because I spoke the truth.

Of course!

It was the sound of truth in my voice that he hadn't expected.

"And what did you have in mind when you allowed them to bring you here? You did allow it, didn't you?"

I swallowed hard then nodded, unable to say any more.

"So," he prompted. "What did you have in mind?"

"Ask Jack," I said with a helpless shrug. "He's the one who thought of it."

If I had thought to embarrass him, I knew from the look in the robe's eyes that it wouldn't work. I could just imagine Jack smiling with pride, immensely pleased that I had given him all the credit.

"Deedee has fallen on some bad times," Jack said. "She's had a bit of a falling out with her pimp and needs a safe place to stay for a while. Unfortunately for her, she has nowhere else to go and no money to pay for what she receives. Thus, she was persuaded to accept my proposal that she pay for our hospitality with the only coin she owns. As you can see, she does have a certain charm and she has agreed to share that charm freely with us, on a permanent basis, in exchange for providing her with room and board."

I stared at Jack in disbelief, the words permanent basis ringing in my ears. But I was too dumbstruck to protest. And then I noticed that all three robes were looking at me with even more interest than they had before. They were obviously intrigued.

"Is this true?" The middle robe asked me.

For a moment I thought about saying, no; getting a little revenge on Jack. But in fact it was pretty much the truth. I really didn't have anywhere else to go. Staying here was better than any of the options I could think of, and if I said no just to get a rise out of them they might take me at my word and turn me out on the streets.

"And the way you're dressed," asked the middle robe. "Was that Jack's idea too?"

"It's better than the way we found her," Jack said, raising the front of the shirt just enough to demonstrate that she was naked underneath it. "She was also quite reluctant to go to the police, so apparently her troubles run deeper than just the financial kind. And she's understandably not too interested in going back to the guy who put her in the dumpster. That doesn't leave a naked and penniless girl like her with too many choices. Even if she does have a body like hers to offer in trade.

"Holy shit!" someone in the crowd murmured. "We could do anything we want with her!"

Now the three robes were looking at me with even more interest, once again surpassing my expectations of what was possible.

"She could cause us a lot of trouble," said the left robe, recovering some of his somber airs.

"Only by causing herself trouble," Jack said.

"Besides," asked the right robe. "Since when does the Tri-Alpha run away from trouble?"

"Legally, we could be opening ourselves to a law suite or even to criminal prosecution of some kind, if she decides to change her mind down the road."

"Only if we decide to let her go," said the same voice from the crowd.

"That's enough of that," the middle robe barked. "We're not going to become a house full of criminals just so that we can keep her."

"Make her sign a contract," Jack suggested. "Something that plainly spells out what she's agreeing to. You're a third year law student, Johnny. Make it work."

"I could probably do that," the left robe agreed.

"So the question is, what will she agree to?"

"And what do we want her to agree to," Jack added.

I could almost sense Jack smiling with triumph. The fact that they were talking about what the agreement should say instead of whether or not they should make the agreement was a pretty good indication that they had already decided to accept Jack and his friends as pledges.

"Ted" the middle robe said more loudly. "You're our official secretary, go get some paper and take notes." One of the members, who had been standing along the wall gawking at me nodded and ran out of the room. A moment later he came scrambling back with a pen and pad of paper in his hands.

The middle robe turned back to me and opened his mouth to speak, but Jack cut him off. "Before we begin," he said, reaching out and

deftly undoing one of the buttons on the shirt I was wearing, “I think Deedee here might prefer to get a little more comfortable. She looks a little hot in this heavy work shirt.”

I could feel my face burning red and looked at the floor, turning my face away so I wouldn't have to look at any of them. All around me there were little murmurs of approval, as if they were glad that someone had finally suggested it. And every one of them wished they'd done it.

Jack freed another button, and then a third. I dared to glance at him, and saw that smug little grin on his face. And then, for just a moment it almost seemed as if it wasn't me he was laughing at. It was as if he thought he was sharing a secret with me, one that no one else in the room would ever understand—because he would never tell them—and yet he thought that I did.

The shirt dropped to the floor, leaving me feeling very exposed. I had an urge to cross my legs, but realized that it was pointless. There was nothing I could do at this point to improve my modesty, and crossing my legs would only make me look even more helpless and stupid.

To punctuate the shirt's removal, he reached down and tucked his fingers under the rope around my waist. “That's better,” he said giving the ropes a tug that forced me to squirm in a way that I knew would look like I'd enjoyed it. It was very similar to the way a person moves when you smack them on the bare ass, but that wasn't the way it would look to most of them.

As if to confirm my suspicions the crowd began to murmur and I could make out several voices above the rest

“Look at her, she likes it!”

“Can't wait until I get me some of that!”

I could feel my whole body turning red. Why does he enjoy pushing all the wrong buttons, I thought. Only it wasn't the wrong buttons he was pushing. Not according to the feelings pulsing through my body. Not according to the smiles of appreciation on all the faces that surrounded me.

"We agree to provide food and shelter," the middle robe said. "In exchange for what?"

"Sexual favors," suggested the right robe.

"We can't put down that," snapped the left robe. "It's illegal to exchange sexual favors for monetary gain. It would be self-incriminating if we put that down in a contract."

"I don't think that issue will be a problem," Jack said. "I've already culled a few sexual favors myself; and she seemed quite agreeable to me."

Damn you, I thought, piercing him with a stare that, as usual, he totally ignored.

"Besides," he continued. "We can always throw her out on the streets if she becomes... ungrateful. And if we leave her as we found her," he tugged on my rope again, a little harder this time, forcing me not only to squirm but to gasp with a little moan that might well be interpreted as pleasure. "I don't think she'll be eager to decline our advances. Therefore, I don't think sexual favors need to be part of the agreement."

"What then," the right robe asked, looking to Jack for more inspiration.

"It seems to me that this place could use a maid," Jack said, giving the house a sweeping gesture. "I haven't been in the bathroom yet,

but I suspect it's not exactly a pretty sight."

"That's true," said the left robe. "We certainly could use a maid."

"And a cook," said the right robe. "Maybe even a chauffer. That way we wouldn't have to spend half the day looking for a parking space on campus."

"Now you've got the idea," Jack said, smiling encouragingly.

"Can she sew," someone called out.

"She can learn," Jack said. "All she needs is a sewing machine."

"Silence," the middle robe roared. The room fell instantly quiet. He looked at me with an appraising look. "Would you be willing to do these things in exchange for room and board?"

I nodded reluctantly, felt Jack giving me a warning tug on the rope between my legs. "Say the words, slave," he said.

"I would." I said, my face burning brightly once again.

"And would you be willing to remain bound as you are?" Jack said.

The middle robe gave him a glare that was almost as frosty as mine, but then he seemed to embrace the idea. "Yes," he said, "as a symbolic gesture, to announce your willing servitude."

"I'd prefer not to," I said, letting a little sarcasm creep into my voice.

"I see," said the middle robe. "So the question becomes whether we should let you stay with us without being bound, or whether we should require that as well as servitude." He pursed his lips, considering. "Your thoughts, advisors?"

"I don't think we should keep her tied up," the left robe said.

The right robe began with a shrug, but before he could say anything, Jack spoke. "It seems to me," he said. "That our decision boils down to this: symbolically speaking, do we want it to be her decision or ours? Do we want to say in effect, you can come and go when you want to? Clean the house and cook, if you want to? Give us a blowjob, if you want to? Or do we want to set precedence; and send a completely unambiguous message that says, 'you will be here when we get home? You will cook and clean for us? And sew our clothes and serve our other needs, if we tell you to.' Our decision, gentlemen! Not hers!"

"Right on," someone in the crowd cried out.

"Damned straight," someone else chimed in. "Our decision, not hers!"

The middle robe was studying Jack with a look of dangerous respect, the way one predator might look at another as they approach the same prey that neither of them has brought down. Perhaps he was already seeing Jack as a potential rival for his position of dominance in the fraternity. The other two robes were looking at him with something like fearful admiration, as if they realized that they wouldn't both be advisors much longer, if Jack were admitted into the fraternity.

I had to admit that Jack was mighty persuasive. Even I was almost tempted to root for him—but it was my future that they were discussing

"I change my vote to bound," said the left robe.

"I second the vote," said the right robe.

"Is there anyone who wishes to voice a dissenting vote?"

My heart lurched at his words. This might be my last chance to voice an effective opinion on the subject. I should be protesting;

explaining to them that there wasn't any need to keep me bound because I wouldn't suddenly run away. I didn't have anywhere else to go. I wouldn't say no when they asked me to cook and clean. What else would I do with my days? Besides, it would give me an excuse if their demands for my other services became too persistent. I probably had slightly stronger sexual urges than most girls, but there was only so much that someone who wasn't a nymphomaniac could stand. I didn't think that I wasn't quite a nymphomaniac, and even if I was, surely a nymphomaniac became sore after awhile too.

I opened my mouth to speak, but my throat was frozen. My knees were shaking and I could feel my own embarrassment radiating from my crotch in all directions, holding me fast.

"So be it," intoned the middle robe.

And I knew that the moment had passed.

Six

"What are we going to do with her now?" the right robe asked. "Shouldn't we, as the governing body..." he shrugged, searching for the right words. "Test her out or something?"

"I would suggest that we have a doctor check her out first," said the left robe. "From what we've heard about her background, I'd want to make sure she's been tested for venereal disease, at the very least."

"And what about all of you?" I said. "I'm probably at greater risk than any one of you are."

"Isn't there one of those blood donor's places down on Faraday Street?" Jack said. "We can all schedule appointments to give blood, let them be the ones to test us, and we can rest our minds at ease without it costing us an arm and a leg."

The middle robe looked at Jack with obvious irritation. "Good idea," he admitted reluctantly. "There will be no sexual contact with the slave until everyone has been thoroughly tested. We will need that time to make sure the legal papers are in order anyway. In the meantime, she will be treated as one of the initiates, participating in hell week along with the other new members of our fraternity."

"Does that mean you'll free my arms?" I said. "Maybe even..."

Jack slapped my ass hard. I clenched my cheeks, forgetting completely about the need to pee that I'd been about to mention as my hips jerked, grinding the ropes between my legs across my clit. That made me squeeze my legs together and rock my hips back and forth a few times to stimulate myself before I got it under control and forced myself to stop.

"You will not speak unless spoken to," the middle robe said, picking up on Jack's cue.

"But..."

"Ah-ah," he said, making it one drawn out word and shaking his head as if I had failed to learn the simplest of lessons.

Despite my discomfort and my fear of what he would do, it occurred to me that he didn't really like following Jack's lead. He was simply trying to make it seem as if the idea had really been his and Jack had merely been carrying out his will. The only other option, for the moment, was to reprimand Jack. That would mean an open confrontation; but after offering me to the fraternity, Jack's approval among the others was far too high. Confronting him now might turn the rest against the middle robe, make it that much easier for Jack to steal his authority. Now, if only I could think of some way to make use of this information, I thought.

"I think she needs to be taught a lesson. Bring her forward, Jack. I will discipline her."

"Kneel down before the ottoman," the middle robe said, when Jack guided me forward.

I looked at him blankly, wondering what an ottoman was. Jack gave me another push. This time towards a small, leather upholstered footstool that was sitting in the middle of the floor. So, that's an ottoman, I thought.

Carefully, I got down on my knees, grateful for Jack's steadying hand in spite of myself.

"Lean forward," the middle robe said.

The stool's smooth leather was cool against my stomach and breasts. I could feel it sticking to the dampness of my body, hear it

making a noise like a suction cup being placed against a window. I hadn't realized that I'd been sweating so much, and wondered how that could be. No one else in the room seemed to be sweating; even though I was the only one not wearing any clothes.

"Hold her arms out of the way, Jack."

I watched Jack walk around me, felt his hands grab a hold of the cuffs that bound my wrists. He pulled my arms up, exposing my ass. I wanted desperately to protest, to tell them that this wasn't necessary. I'd promise not to speak out any more—only I'd have to speak out in order to do so, and since that was what I was being punished for it would only make things harder on me.

In truth, part of me was eagerly anticipating the sting.

Receiving a spanking was another one of the many strange fantasies that I had kept mostly hidden for so many years. But my body didn't have the same desire to keep my secret. I could feel my pussy quivering in anticipation. It was torture, this wanting to feel the sting of his hand. I'd been enduring an almost constant teasing since they pulled me out of the dumpster. Not just Randy's exploration of my body, but the constant fear and embarrassment. I'd never had such a constant dose of it as I had over the past several days, even weeks: starting as far back as when I'd started thinking about stealing from Carlos. At first it was just a fantasy, there was a sexual thrill I got from thinking about it: the risk that I might be caught and the uncertainty about what would happen if I did. The idea had been percolating around inside my head for months, but it was like all my fantasies that I'd spent so many years ignoring—until I was faced with a sudden and unexpected opportunity, and something inside me just seemed to snap. I couldn't explain it, any more than I could go back now and undo it. It was like having sex, and all of a sudden you realize that you've started to climax and there's no going back.

So I took the money and ran, and I'd been riding the peaks and valleys of that climax ever since. Behind all the background fear and tension, that sexual presence had never wavered, continually building up inside me without ever reaching a point of release. And then Jack had found me, and my own feelings had been compounded by physical stimulation. It was becoming more than I thought I could bear.

Now, with my bare ass sticking up into the cool air, I almost wished that he would get started. Maybe a firm spanking would finally push me over the edge and allow me to calm down. I tried to look over my shoulder, but Jack placed his arm against the side of my head and turned it back. I squirmed a bit, waiting impatiently. What was taking him so long? This waiting was driving me crazy; but then that was probably what he wanted. I wondered if he noticed the way my pubic mound was throbbing, or how the rope between my legs was soaking wet.

When the first blow finally came I realized what had taken him so long. It wasn't his hand as I'd expected. He'd pulled off his belt, moving as quietly as he could so as not to give it away. He had doubled it over, so it would make more noise, although the sting of it didn't quite match the sound it made. Still, it made my whole body jerk, tugging at the rope between my legs.

The second stroke was a little harder; it hit a little lower on my legs; and stung more. The ottoman pressed against the front of my thighs as I tried to raise the most offended leg. With the third, he swung the belt underhand, catching me between the legs. I gasped from the shock of it as my whole pubic area exploded. I couldn't help moving my hips in pain and frustrated protest. He seemed to like what that did to me, for the fourth stroke hit precisely the same spot, followed quickly by a fifth. I squeezed my legs together and tried to curl up, as if to protect myself, but the ottoman, pressing against my body, prevented it. Jack's firm grip held my arms high

and kept me firmly pressed against the leather. There was nothing I could do to block the middle robe's next whim.

I braced myself for the blow.

Nothing happened.

For a moment I dared to hope it might be over. Then he struck the same spot again, not quite as hard this time, but still hard enough to make me squirm. Would you find another fucking spot, I thought, as I tugged hopelessly against Jack's hold on my arms. I felt him give a little for just a moment; then he placed his foot on the ottoman, next to my head. He leaned over, placing his knee in my back to steady himself and pulled even harder. My arms went straight again, and I could feel my shoulders torking uncomfortably under the pressure, which once obtained he didn't let up

As if to punish me for struggling, the seventh, eighth, and ninth strokes came quickly—each one on the exact same spot. It was as if he had poured hot sauce between my legs. It wouldn't have surprised me to discover the rope between my legs on fire. I felt the tears at the corner of my eyes spilling over and trickling down my cheeks.

When the tenth one came it was the lightest of all, but it still hurt on my tender flesh.

"Now," the middle robe said, grabbing a handful of my hair and pulling my head back so that I could look up at him, as Jack released my arms. "Did you have something to say?"

I shook my head.

"It's alright," he said. "When I give you permission to speak, you may speak."

Something in his voice told me that he wasn't just telling me it was all right to speak; he was ordering me to do so. I tried to remember what I had wanted to say so badly. For a moment nothing came to mind, then suddenly, with a wave of relief, it came to me.

"What if there's something really important I have to say?"

"If you have something urgent to say, you may ask for permission to speak. But treat this privilege with courtesy and respect. If we decide that you have used it frivolously you may be punished as severely for asking for permission as you would be for talking without it."

I sighed and nodded my reluctant acceptance of this.

"Now Jack, I think it's time to replace her gag. Except for eating, I doubt she will need to use her mouth again until we've all had our blood tests."

Seven

Now that the excitement of my arrival was over, things seemed to go pretty much back to normal. Of course, since I didn't actually know what normal was I couldn't be entirely sure about this, but things definitely settled down. The others in the room went back to munching on hors d'oeuvres and holding their private discussions in small groups.

Jack kept me close to him, as if to remind everyone that I was his find.

Tom and Randy fixed themselves plates of food. Their munching made me hungry, but the gag was in my mouth so I couldn't ask for anything; I certainly didn't expect Jack to offer. After awhile, Jack took me with him to the table and he fixed himself a plate too. Then we went back and stood by the others. Instead of eating himself, though, he set his plate down and undid my gag. Without asking, he picked up one of the finger sandwiches and raised it to my mouth.

Gratefully I took a bit, wondering if he had known how extremely hungry I was. Had he seen my eyes staring at the food, or had he been hoping to force-feed me, even if I wasn't hungry?

"May I speak," I asked, when I'd washed the sandwich down with a swallow of the punch Jack offered. He gave me a long, calculating look. You're Dragging it out intentionally, you bastard, I thought. Making me fret over whether you'll decide to punish me again for talking.

Finally he nodded.

"I really hate to mention this," I said, "but I've got to pee real soon, or there's going to be urine all over the floor."

He nodded; began replacing my gag. "I'll find out where the john is," he said.

The middle robe was mingling with the crowd not far away. Jack walked over to him, leaned close and exchanged a few words. The middle robe looked up at me and nodded, spoke a few more words; then together they walked back towards me. At first I thought the middle robe was simply showing us the way, but as we walked it turned out that he had an ulterior motive for guiding us, instead of simply giving Jack directions.

"You seem to be making quite a hit with my frat brothers," the middle robe said as we walked up the wide set of stairs.

Jack just shrugged, without answering.

"Makes me wonder if you have political aspirations on your mind."

"Don't worry," Jack said, placing his large hand on my hip almost possessively. "I won't have any reason to come after your job, if I have something else to keep me occupied."

Since the middle robe was in front of us, Jack's gesture was wasted, but it seemed to be for my sake anyway. I had no idea what it might mean. Was it a promise that he would take care of me, or a threat? The only thing I knew for sure was that a message of some kind had been sent.

The middle robe continued walking to the top of the stairs in silence; then he turned, waiting for us to go ahead of him. "I take it you have something specific in mind?"

"Seems to me," Jack said, "that taking care of Deedee here is likely to be a full time job. Especially since we've decided that she's to be bound all the time. Little things, like going to the bathroom, are going to be a problem for her." He paused, as if giving me time to think about that as well. "My suggestion would be for you to create

a new position in the ranks of the officers: perhaps Slave-Master would be an appropriate title, and since I found her there shouldn't be too much protesting. I assume there's a rule somewhere in your by-laws prohibiting one person from holding more than one office at a time, right?"

The middle robe turned his head thoughtfully. "I think you're right." He paused in front of an open doorway leading into a large open bathroom. It looked like twenty guys had been using it for about a decade without one of them thinking to clean it. The toilet was filthy; the seat was raised, showing urine stains and little black hairs. Around the base there was a thick growth of black mold that completely obscured several of the tiles; a dried out washcloth was stuck to the floor. A dirty bucket with a handle held cleaning supplies that were apparently never used.

I'm going to have to clean this? I thought with sudden revulsion.

"So," Jack said. "If you were to select me for that office there would be no way I could challenge you."

"Except all the offices are elected."

"Make it a post, then" Jack said, without missing a beat. "Something that you alone have the authority to appoint; and something that is held by one person for the duration of their stay with the fraternity."

"There will be a lot of the guys who would like a shot at that, I suspect."

"True," Jack admitted. "But if it weren't for me she wouldn't be here for them to covet in the first place. A little reminder should be more than enough to placate them."

"Not bad," the middle robe was saying. "But if it's a post then you can still run for an elected office."

"I give you my word as a gentleman and a fraternity brother that I won't," Jack said. "And if that's not good enough, then consider that as the one who has the power to appoint me to the post, you will also have the power to... disappoint me." Jack chuckled at his own joke. "I assure you, I have no interest whatsoever in taking what's yours. I would much prefer to keep you as a friend."

"As your friend," the middle robe said, lowering his voice a little. "You might see fit to grant me certain privileges with the slave, such as letting her spend the night in my bed?"

"I would take my responsibility very seriously," Jack said, smiling with a mock innocence that promised just the opposite. "I would never give someone more access to her than the others simply because of our friendship." He paused dramatically, allowed just enough time for a protest that didn't come. "However," he said, "your particular office certainly does have certain privileges. As, I should think, does mine."

The middle robe smiled. "I think we understand each other," he said. With a satisfied nod, he turned and headed back down the hall.

I felt Jack's hand on my shoulder, gently pushing me into the bathroom. Obviously he intended to follow me inside and I resisted the idea instinctively. At the very least, you could undo my hands now, I thought, let me handle private things by myself. But there was little point in arguing. What would it accomplish? Naked and tied, as I was, any suggestion of privacy would be little more than a symbolic victory; one that I knew Jack would never allow.

He proved me right, not even bothering to close the door before he began to untie the rope that ran between my legs. It burned slightly on my skin as it loosened around my waist. I could feel my innards moving around, relieving some of the pressure against my bladder. That just made my need to pee seem even stronger. For a moment, I waited, hoping that Jack would lower the toilet seat, but he made

no move to help me. With my mouth gagged, there was no way I could ask him to do it. I looked at him pleadingly, but his smile told me that he knew what I wanted, was purposely refusing, and in fact, wanted to see how I would manage on my own.

The toilet was completely nasty, but if I didn't do something soon I would pee all over my leg as well as the floor. So I turned around and backed up to the bowl, until my legs pressed up against the cold ceramic. It felt wet. I eased myself back and down, until I teetered at the edge of losing my balance, then let myself fall back just a little further; sighed with relief when my hands touched the lid of the tank. That was pretty dirty too, but at least it was only dust—relatively honest dirt; the kind I didn't mind touching so much.

I still had a problem, however. My fingers could reach the toilet seat now, but they were positioned at a bad angle, I couldn't get any leverage to push it down, and if I let go of the lid without pushing off, I'd fall into the bowl. Of course, I could simply pee where I was, suspended about six inches over the bowl, but I really didn't want to. It was silly; I was already as exposed and as vulnerable as I could possibly be. How did being forced to hover above the bowl make things any worse? Only that it would feel like another victory for Jack. Lately, there had been precious few things that I could look at as a victory of any kind, and I wasn't ready to concede another battle, at least not without even giving a fight. So, despite the risk that things could easily become much worse if I misjudged, I leaned forward just a bit and slowly moved my legs back until I was straddling the bowl. Then I hunkered down, until my legs were almost, but not quite touching the rim.

Finally I let go, the fluid rushing out of me in a great wave of relief. It burned slightly where the rope had rubbed my flesh raw, but I was so pleased with what I'd accomplished that I didn't really care.

When I was finished, Jack seemed to concede my victory by helping me up. He even took a bit of toilet paper, and gently dabbed me dry;

then took a washcloth from the shower, rinsed it thoroughly until it was as close to clean as it was likely to get, and washed me off a bit. Again, he dabbed me dry; then he replaced the rope between my legs and we went back down the stairs.

I was feeling a bit confused as we walked: there was something about the way Jack had cleaned me that I couldn't understand. It wasn't simply that he had been thorough and careful—he had been tender, caring, almost what I would describe as loving. It was a side of him that I hadn't seen before. No, in all fairness, that wasn't entirely true. I had seen brief flashes of it, like when he prepared the plate of food for me even though he obviously hadn't been hungry himself—but I hadn't really thought about it so openly before; I hadn't wondered what it might mean.

Now, as we walked down the stairs, I found myself puzzling over it.

Eight

The rest of the fraternity's initiation ceremony might have been anticlimactic, if it hadn't been for Jack.

When the last of the scavenging groups returned, their plunder was counted and tallied. Their most interesting items were voted on and scored, and finally there was a vote to see which groups would be admitted and which would not.

There wasn't any question whether Jack's group, me included, would be accepted. That was a foregone conclusion, the vote simply a formality.

Afterwards, those who hadn't made it were asked to leave; those who had were asked to strip. Everyone, except me, was given a white, initiate's robe to wear. "I'm afraid you weren't anticipated," the middle robe explained. "There aren't any extra robes. Just as well. As our future slave, it seems fitting that you should undergo the ordeal without clothing."

So much for being treated the same, I thought, wondering if they would have let me wear a robe even if they had one. Somehow I didn't think so.

"Now," the middle robe intoned solemnly. "It is customary that the person who found the most interesting item of all should be the first of the initiates to submit to the paddle. This year, that honor unanimously goes to Jack Malone."

Jack stepped forward and waved, smiling as if he had won the door prize. "Thank you. Thank you," he said as the fraternity brothers razed him with spit wads and rude noise. "Perhaps this year, since we're already breaking slightly with tradition anyway, it might be appropriate for this particular honor to be given instead to the rather interesting item that I found." This brought a round of more rude

noises and spitballs; but there was also a general murmur of agreement, and not only among the other initiates. Jack smiled at this mixed reception and smiled at the middle robe with an expression that plainly said that he was waiting for an answer.

"It's a very interesting suggestion," the middle robe said. "However, I also believe that we should maintain tradition. Therefore, instead of receiving three swats with the paddle you will receive only two. Deedee, as a symbol of her newfound position in our fraternity, will not receive the three swats at all. Instead, she will serve as proxy and receive the third swat from each of the new initiates."

Not again!

"Bring her forward," the middle robe said.

Several people leaped to their feet, scrambled towards me, competing for the chance to hold my arm as they lead me to the middle robe.

When I was standing in front of him, he pulled a rope out from under his robe and walked around behind me. I wanted to turn with him, keeping him in front of me, but I knew that would simply draw a rebuke. He tied the end of the rope to my wrists and threw it up in the air. I looked up, saw that someone standing on the balcony above us had caught the end and was looping it around one of the balustrades. He pulled on the rope, wrenching at my shoulders as my arms were force up behind my back. I leaned forward slightly to relieve the pressure.

"A little higher," the middle robe said.

Jesus, do you think you could make it a little tighter, I thought with sarcastic bitterness as the tightening ropes forced me to stand a little more upright, rising up on my toes in an attempt to relieve some of the pressure.

“Just a little more,” he said, as if he’d read my mind and was punishing me. “There,” he said, with a satisfied smile. “Perfect.”

Perfect my ass, I wanted to say—and for once I was almost glad I was still wearing my gag so that I couldn’t say it out loud.

Jack laid himself down on the ottoman, where I had received the middle robe’s belt, baring his ass to the paddle. He took two jolting swats with barely more than a grunt of pain. Then he stood and took the belt that was offered to him, walking around behind me.

His stroke caught me by surprise, even though I was expecting it. Instead of doubling it over, he struck me with its full length; high along the mid-back so that its tip snapped around and caught me across the stomach. I lurched forward against the ropes; felt them pulling me back in a pendulum’s arc.

One by one, each of the nine initiates knelt before the ottoman, then rose and took the belt for their turn at trying to find my most vulnerable spots. Most of them succeeded brilliantly, and by the time they were done I had welts from my breasts to my knees. But perhaps that was better than it had been when the middle robe concentrated on the same spot over and over.

Nine

When the ceremony was over, Jack pulled a leather dog collar out of his bag of toys, then took charge of me again by fastened the collar around my neck, and tying a short length of rope to it

The middle robe was busily assigning various veteran members to show the new members, to their rooms. A few of the new initiates planned to leave and would return with their things in the morning; but Jack and his buddies were among those who planned to stay the night.

"I'll show you three—and Deedee—to your room now," the middle robe said.

Jack grabbed my collar rope close to my neck, and pulled my head down, forcing me to bend over as he followed the middle robe towards the stairs. Randy fell in line close behind me, his hand resting on the top of my back as if it were an armrest; his fingers tracing feather-light patterns that made my skin come alive with a renewed sexual buzz. Until that moment, I wouldn't have believed my backside could be ticklish.

That boy is going to drive me crazy, I thought, if he doesn't find something else to do with his spare time.

Apparently Tom was still thinking about the sleeping arrangements. "How come she has to stay in our room?" He said. "It'll be crowded enough with the three of us."

"Your room is the largest of the freshmen class," the middle robe said as he approached the steps. "That should help with the cramped quarters a little."

"I'm sure it'll be fine." Jack said. "She doesn't even have any stuff to take up space."

“Yeah? And where is she going to sleep?”

“She’ll sleep at the foot of my bed,” Jack said.

“On the floor.” Tom’s disbelief seemed to echo my own.

“If she’s been bad,” Jack agreed. “Otherwise, I might let her sleep on the bed. At least until we’ve all had a chance to get that blood test. After that, I imagine there’ll be quite a demand for her company at night, and we won’t have to worry about where she’s going to sleep.”

Jack kept his arm straight as we came to the stairs. As he took the first few, I managed to rise up just enough to keep him from yanking at my collar; then I timed my first step just as he was taking one, so that our movements were smooth. I smiled with a bit of pride. It had gone as smoothly as if I’d been doing it for years. I was a few steps behind him now, so I was a bit lower than him and didn’t have to bend over as much. It provided a few moments of respite from the bent over position.

“Any chance of putting a room aside just for her?” Randy asked the middle robe. “Seems to me a guy might want some privacy when he’s with her.

“Privacy’s right,” Tom muttered. “I don’t want her in my room while I’m undressing either.”

Oh, but it’s alright to parade me around in the nude, I thought.

The transition at the top of the stairs wasn’t quite as smooth; but somehow I managed to keep my head attached to my neck. Jack certainly didn’t give me any slack.

“There’s a small room we’ve been using for storage, down in the basement,” the middle robe said. “We could probably turn that into a

private room for her, I'll ask everyone to vote on it tomorrow, if you like."

"Sounds like a good idea," Jack said. "And maybe afterwards, if it passes, you could ask for some donations from all the guys so I can go out and buy some things to fix it up. I'll also need to buy some things for Deedee: maybe some clothes, some more rope... stuff like that." I felt Jack shrug. "I don't mind paying for some of it myself, but the rest of the guys are going to have to help pay for her too, one way or another?" "Might be easier to have them pay to play, so to speak," the middle robe said. "If you have a credit card you can use to get the stuff yourself,

that is."

"Sure, I've got plastic," Jack said. And something in his voice made me certain that he planned to recoup more than just his expenses from his fraternity brothers.

"In the meantime," the middle robe said, coming to a halt in front of a door and pushing it open. "You'll have to work out the sleeping arrangements between yourselves."

"Don't worry, we'll work it out," Jack said.

The middle robe excused himself; and during the momentary pause while they watched him retreating down the hall, Randy took the opportunity to run his fingers along my leg and up the crack of my ass. My flesh still felt hot and damp from the whippings. "My god," he muttered. "Do you realize how lucky we are to have found her? It's like winning the fucking lottery."

Maybe for you, I thought. For me, it's more like being the one who gave the winning ticket away. But then I thought about how I'd gotten into that dumpster in the first place and I realized, once again, that maybe it wasn't such a bad thing after all. I'd been doing my best not to think about Carlos, but sooner or later I knew it

would have to be dealt with. How long could a fraternity keep it a secret that they had a sex-slave named Deedee? And once people started talking about it, how long would it be before word worked its way across the city.

“It’s only luck when you seize the opportunity as it goes by,” Jack said, and the tone of his voice was clearly a reminder that he’d been the one who suggested they keep her.

“Well,” Randy said, seemingly oblivious to Jack’s tone. “We damned well, sure as hell, seized it didn’t we?”

Jack just tugged on my lead rope and walked into the room, still forcing me to walk with my head down around the back of his knees. I tried to rise up; wondering if this was the same room where I’d used the toilet earlier, but he held me firmly. Quickly scoping out the room, he picked the bed next to the window and turned down the bed sheets. Marking his territory, I thought, like a dog pissing on a fire hydrant.

Still without letting me up, he tied my collar rope to one of the bed’s legs. If I’d wanted to, I could have continued to stand, bent over as I had been, but that position was beginning to get rather uncomfortable. When I knelt down, he shortened the rope even more, as if that was exactly what he’d been waiting for me to do—and it probably was, the bastard. The rope was so short now I couldn’t even raise my head enough to glare at him. About all I could do was rest my shoulders on the wooden railing and lay my head on the mattress. I closed my eyes, suddenly realizing how tired I was, much more so than I would have thought. Sleepiness washed over me, rippling down my body with exquisite delight, tantalizing me with its promise. I didn’t think I’d be able to fall asleep like this, but closing my eyes made me realize how ready I was for it.

“Not bad,” Randy said, commenting on the room.

The other two mumbled comments that could have been agreement or complaint, as they took in the three single beds, three dressers and three small desks with a small set of built-in shelves for books. Our room also had a bare space that looked like it had recently been occupied by a stereo or perhaps a TV stand.

After the initial moments of checking out the room, the three of them went down to bring their things up from the car. Then Tom jumped in the shower while the other two began to unpack. When he was done, Randy took his turn, leaving Jack for last. I remained tied to the bed the whole time, impatiently resting my head on the mattress. Even though my knees didn't support my whole weight, they were becoming sore; and my back ached with the need to straighten up.

Jack didn't make me wait for him to finish showering. Instead, he untied me, led me into the small bathroom with him and made me stand in the shower while he undressed. Then he climbed into the stall with me and slowly began to release my bindings: first my elbows and wrists. It felt good to relieve the pressure on my muscles and the joints in my shoulders. I hugged my arms in front of me, stretching; rolling them around to work the stiff muscles. Then my arms began to tingle. It was one of the few times in my life, up to that point, when I'd ever felt like the flesh in my arms was a dead weight. My arms and legs almost never fall asleep on me. As Jack released the crotch-rope I could feel the cool air between my legs; he turned on the water and began to soap me down, working slowly and carefully, with a gentleness I hadn't expected. His touch felt good: warm. I could feel his firm body, erection and all, pressing against me from behind as his hands slide over my soap slickened breasts and stomach. He made lather, then let it wash away, slowly working his way down.

When it became obvious that he didn't plan to stop at my private parts, I took a hold of his arm. "Why don't you let me get that?" I suggested.

"Hands down or I'll tie up your arms again," he said sharply, giving me a gentle smack on the side of my legs. "This is my job."

I closed my eyes; letting him work me over. He linger between my legs for a long time, soaping me up several times, his fingers opening me with a firm but intimate insistence, both front and back. When I was squeaky clean, he moved down my legs, massaging the stiffness away in waves of pleasure. I felt like I was melting under his touch, the hot water cascading down my back and thighs, splashing onto his head as he worked. It was such an incredibly pleasant feeling, I was beginning to hope that when he said this was his job, he meant that he intended to wash me like this every night.

As he moved further down my legs he knelt down in front of me, kneading my calves; tickling my feet. I forced myself not to jump, but I couldn't keep from trembling beneath his touch. He seemed to be testing me. Probing my body to discover how I would react: where I was most sensitive; where I was ticklish. Somehow I was certain he could sense my weaknesses and sooner or later he would start using that knowledge against me. Not tonight though, and for the moment I didn't care. His touch was like magic: deep and penetrating one moment, then light enough to send shivers.

He began to work his way back up my legs, across my bony hip and up my sides. Then he attacked my breast, my shoulder and under my arms. Before he was done, he was intimately acquainted with every inch of my body.

Then he opened my hand and placed the bar of soap on my palm.

"My turn," he said.

So I soaped him down, trying to imitate just the way he had done me: starting with his muscular chest. His flesh felt taut beneath my fingers as I followed his outline from his nipple to the shallow valley where a sparse patch of hair was plastered against his skin by the water. It felt good to run my fingers across his skin. The soap and

water made him feel smooth and slick. It was almost as good as his hands had been on me. I soaped my way down across his flat stomach, then down further; cupping his large cock in my hands, letting it slip between my fingers as it stiffened slightly. His curly pubic hair caught at my fingers as I raked them back up over his stomach, using my fingernails. I slide my hands back down, over the hard muscles in his thighs and back up to the cheeks of his ass. I could feel a strange bone, and wondered if it was normal. I'd never grabbed a guy's ass in quite that spot before—I'd never even felt my own ass there—but I was pretty certain I didn't have that particular bone. And it wasn't that he had a bony ass. It was actually rather pleasantly shaped, firm, with just enough flesh to grab a handful.

And more than a handful's a waste, I thought with a smile. The phrase wasn't normally used for an ass, or for a guy for that matter, but it seemed appropriate in this case.

When I moved my hands back around to his front, I found that he was fully erect. Without asking, I moved around in front of him and knelt down, flicking the head of his large cock with my tongue for several moments before finally taking him in my mouth. He tasted clean, with just a faint hint of soap. This was the first time I had tasted such a freshly washed cock and I wasn't sure I liked it as well. It seemed almost like sucking on a soft, warm piece of plastic, with none of the flavors I had become accustomed to expecting. The smells of sex had been washed away as well. But I liked the way the warm water beat down on my head and dripped off my long hair, running down my back and over my breasts.

His long, delicate fingers found my shoulders, massaging my muscles again with a gentle sureness. For a moment, I almost forgot myself in his touch, but then he pulled me towards him, forcing himself deeper into my throat as he continued his massage. I had no trouble taking him deeply into my mouth. I had practiced sucking cock religiously when I first hit the streets, knowing that my survival was tied to what I could do as surely as to how I looked. I wasn't

content simply to get by making a living. I wanted to be the best, and I took a great deal of pride in what I had learned. Now I had a strong desire to prove to Jack just what I was worth, and I reached between his legs, cupping his balls gently in one hand, sliding the fingers of my other up along the crack of his ass. He gasped, and I could feel his body tensing with pleasure. His hands hesitated in their massaging for just a moment before continuing.

Oh yeah, he liked that, I thought with an irrational sense of pride and joy.

It was the only type of control I would have now: the ability to make a man shudder and gasp like that. It was particularly gratifying that it was the normally cool and collected Jack that I had wrung such a response from. If I'd given it any thought I would have realized that he had tortured far more response from me than that, but at the moment I didn't care. Suddenly, with a determination I wouldn't have expected even a few minutes earlier, I decided that I would make him loose control like that again before he finally shot his wad.