

Inner Submissive

Emily Sinclair

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Chloe held the wide, black leather blindfold in her outstretched hand and grinned. “Do you trust me?”

“Um, to do what?” Michelle asked, her eyes going from blindfold to her step-sister’s eyes. “You’re not planning on putting that on me are you?”

“I am. Otherwise you’ll open your eyes and ruin the surprise. Now, do you trust me?”

“About as far as I can throw you, but you’ve got my curiosity piqued.”

“So, I can put it on you then and lead you into the basement?”

“What are you going to make me do down there if I say yes?”

“That would ruin the surprise.”

“Fine, but this had better not be one of your perverted games. You know I’m not into that sort of shit.”

Keeping her mouth shut, her face a blank mask, Chloe walked across the living room to where her step-sister sat in the overstuffed recliner. Standing behind her, she placed the blindfold over her eyes and adjusted it so that there was no way for Michelle to see anything but darkness. Walking around to the front of the chair, she took Michelle’s hands and helped her to her feet.

“Let me guide the way.” Taking slow, backward steps, Chloe guided her step-sister through the living room, into the kitchen and to the stairs leading down into the basement – careful to make sure Michelle did not skip any or go tumbling down. At the bottom, Chloe guided her step-sister to a special stool sitting in front of the long bar. “Do you still trust me?”

“Yes,” Michelle answered, her trembling voice giving away her fear. “What the hell are you doing?” she gasped as she felt fingers unbuttoning her blouse.”

“You said you trusted me.”

“Why are you taking off my shirt?”

“So it doesn’t get all wrinkled up. No more questions. I’m going to take off all of your clothes and then we’ll proceed from there.”

“Like hell!” Reaching up, Michelle made to remove the blindfold, but a hard slap to hand gave her pause.

“The blindfold stays on. You have a choice. Trust me and let me take your clothes off, or I can guide you back upstairs and you can leave never to come back again.”

“Are you fucking serious? Are you telling me that you’ll stop talking to me just because I want to know what’s going on?”

“I’m going to test out a new invention and you’re the guinea pig. Now what’ll it be?” When her step-sister made no more attempts to remove the blindfold, or leave, Chloe continued removing one article of clothing after another until Michelle was butt naked in front of her.

“Damn, you’re pretty fucking hot, you know that?”

“Please don’t make this any weirder than it already is.”

“Okay, I need you to sit down on this little platform, bring your knees up to your chest and place your arms behind your back. And no matter what happens don’t panic.”

“You’re really starting to scare me, Chloe. This is one of your fucked up games isn’t it? Please tell me what you’re going to do or I swear I’m leaving right now.”

“I told you, I want to test out a new invention. You’ll see soon enough I promise. Now sit down.”

“Against her better judgement, Michelle sat down on the small platform that was mere inches off the floor, brought her knees up to her chest and placed her arms behind her back. The

cold steel against her flesh made her jump, but by the time she decided enough was enough, it was too late. The cage was locked tight. And then something pressed against the back of her neck and she heard metal clanking and a padlock closing. Panic started kicking in about then and she struggled against the metal straps keeping her in the most uncomfortable of positions. Had she been able to see what was really going on she would have had a heart attack.

Now locked in a cage beneath the special bar stool, Michelle's head was locked in place in front of the seat – her mouth only a few inches above while vertical bars prevented her from moving her head back, or turning it to the sides. She heard movement as if several people walking around and then something brushed against her left cheek and entered her mouth. It did not take her long to realize it was a cock. She wanted to scream for whomever it was to stop, but unable to pull her head back far enough, the dick slid deeper.

“Damn, Chloe, this has got to be the best fucking bar stool I’ve ever seen,” a naked black man named Zack said as he fucked his dick deeper down Michelle’s throat.

“I thought you might like it. Time to give my step-sister a little pleasure of her own.” Picking a remote control up off of the bar, Chloe pressed a button and removed the blindfold so that she could enjoy the look of shocked surprise on Michelle’s face as the long, fat, self-lubricating dildo forced its way into her asshole.

Eyes wide, Michelle yelped and grunted around the dick forcing its way deeper down her throat as the dildo stretched her asshole open. Looking up at the black man she was sucking, she pleaded with her eyes, but that just made him thrust even harder and faster. The silicone cock up her ass started to vibrate as her step-sister pressed another button and she could not help but softly moan despite that agonizing pain.

“I hope you’re enjoying my new bar stool because I’ve got a dozen men here ready and willing to try it out.” Chloe grinned, pressing the button to increase the speed and depth of the dildo. “I also hope the dildo is okay. I had no idea how much anal sex you’ve had so went with a twelve inch long, three inch thick one.”

To Michelle’s horror, eleven more black men emerged from a side room and began undressing while Chloe stood behind the bar grinning and laughing. Zack, stood up and really plowed his dick down her throat and then she was rewarded with her first load of semen. Gagging on it, she choked and spit as he pulled out and stepped aside.

“Let me out of this thing right god damn now!”

“But that would ruin all of their fun.”

“To hell with their fun you crazy fucking bitch! And stop the dildo! JESUS CHRIST!” she shrieked as, instead of pulling out, the dildo slammed deeper and harder. “P-Please, Chloe! Why are you...uhn...uhn...” grunting, another man took his seat and placed his dick in her mouth. But instead of fucking her like the previous man, he held her head by the ears and started pissing. She tried in vain to move away from the horrible, nasty liquid filling her mouth and flowing to her belly, but there was nowhere she could go, nothing she could do. And when the stream finally trickled to a stop, the man stuffed all nine inches into her mouth and down her throat until he added semen load number two.

“As you can see, the slave stool has many uses,” Chloe smirked.

“W-Why? Why are you doing this to me? You know I’m not into this kinky shit like you. Please, please stop it. I never consented to this! You hear me!?” Michelle shouted, looking from man to man. “I did not consent! This is rape!”

“WHOA,” the man about to take a seat exclaimed. “You told us she consented but was just playing hard to get. What the fuck is going on here, Chloe?”

“She fucking lied to you. She tricked me into doing this. Please, make her let me go. I am not into this sort of thing.”

“How do you know unless you actually try it?” Chloe countered. “Just let the rest of them use you while the dildo stretches your ass, it is stretching your ass, right?”

“YES! I’ve never had anything that big in my life! And I don’t want to let a dozen men use me! Now let me go god damn it! You’ve ruined my ass, made me suck dicks and drink piss. You’ve had your fun now let me go or so help me god I’m going to the fucking police and reporting you all!”

“I’ll be damned if I’m going to prison over this shit,” Zack said. “You better let her out of that thing right now. I cannot apologize enough to you,” he said to Michelle. “She told us you were a willing participant.”

“I don’t blame any of you. My step-sister is a conniving, manipulative bitch whom I’ll never, ever trust again.”

“Look, you’ve already sucked two big black cocks and let one piss down your throat. Let the rest of them finish as the dildos fuck you to orgasm,” as the words came out of her mouth, Chloe pressed another button and grinned as another equally large dildo emerged from the platform and pushed its way into Michelle’s pussy. “If you do it I’ll pay you five grand for helping me test out my invention.”

“FUCK YOU! Uhn...uhn...aaahhhhh make it s-stop!”

“Come on guys, let’s get out of here.”

“WAIT! Give my prudish step-sister a chance to make up her mind.”

“I think she’s already made up her mind and I strongly suggest you let her out of there.”

“I know you need the money, Michelle. That’s why I wanted you to be the first. I’ll make it a thousand dollars for every man you let sit in that seat. Come on, where else you going to go and make that kind of money?”

“Do you have twelve grand just sitting around?” Zack asked.

“I have it upstairs in my safe.”

“A-Another lie,” Michelle groaned at the dildos continued fucking in and out of pussy and ass – the former now hitting against her cervix every time it thrust into her.

“Not a lie at all. You know I have the money and you know how much you need it. Look, the dildos have already done their job of stretching you open and you’ve already swallowed two loads of spunk. Let the rest continue without threats of rape and I’ll make it fifteen grand. That’s all the money I have in my safe.”

“Show me the money,” Michelle said even to her own surprise.

Grinning, Chloe ran out of the room, upstairs and to her bedroom where she quickly opened her safe and withdrew the fifteen grand, leaving the other thirty-five where it lay.

Sprinting back down to the bar, she showed it to her step-sister. “There you go, fifteen grand.”

“Give it to him to count,” Michelle indicated Zack with her head as he seemed the leader of the bunch. And he’ll hold onto it for me so you don’t try taking it back.”

“So, you’ll do it then? You’ll let them all throat fuck you and use you as their urinal?”

“Yes.”

“I’m going to need to hear you say it,” Zack said.

“I give you all full permission to fuck your loads and piss down my throat in return for the fifteen grand my step-sister is offering me. But the dildos come out.”

“No deal,” Chloe said.