

Submissive Seven

Emily Sinclair

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Indentured Submission

It all happened so fast. One minute I was on top of the world – my winning streak the stuff of legends, and the next I was nearly two hundred grand in the hole with no chips left to make a miraculous comeback. Hands cuffed behind my back and ankles shackled together after panicking and trying to run out, I was led out of the small casino and into a large office where a well-dressed black man gave me a look of disappointment.

“Look, I’m sorry I tried to run out, I panicked, but you cannot keep me here against my will and you sure as hell can’t treat me like a damn criminal!”

“No? You attempted to skip out on a one-hundred-ninety-seven-thousand-four-hundred dollar debt.”

“I’ll get you the money but I don’t have it on me.”

“No, that sort of cash would easily be seen in such a tight dress,” the man said eyeing me up and down “and would never fit into such a tiny purse.” No sooner were the words out of his mouth then the man holding me cut the strap of my purse and handed it to his boss who poured the contents onto his desk. Picking up my driver’s license, my heart sank. “So, Miss Chloe Baxter of eighteen-fifty-three Cherrybrook, how are you planning on repaying your debt to me?”

“I have some money in the back.”

“Two hundred grand?”

“No, but I’ll figure out how to get the rest.”

“How short are you?”

“Um...”

“How short?”

“I’ve got eleven thousand, but I can...”

“Save it. People like you come through my casino day after day thinking they can just walk away owing a huge debt and nothing will ever happen to them. Granted, none are quite as...alluring, as you which is giving me an idea. You will pay me off Chloe. With interest. And I’m even going to let you decide how. First, you can start with the eleven grand you’ve got and pay me eighty percent of whatever you make until the entire four-hundred grand has been repaid.”

“FOUR HUNDRED? But I only owe...”

“Interest, dear Chloe, is a bitch. If you skip a payment or try running out my men will find you and it will not be pretty. Second, you can sell everything you have, whore yourself out to a thousand fat men, whatever it takes to come up with three-hundred-twenty-five grand in the next thirty days. Or three, you can repay two-hundred-twenty-five thousand by working for me.”

“Or I could just leave here and report this illegal gambling facility to the police,” I countered.

“Go right ahead. I do believe the chief, two captains and a judge are enjoying a game of poker as we speak. Shall I get them for you?”

“And just what sort of work would you have me do?”

“You will pay a visit to a facility specializing in turning criminals like you into more productive members of society. What’ll it be, Chloe?”

“You can’t get money from a corpse so maybe I’ll just accept an offer and then shoot myself once I’m out of here.”

“That is your choice to make. And while you’ll be clear of the debt, your family and friends won’t be. Would you like your mother, sisters, aunts and friends to pay on your behalf?”

I knew he was being serious and that scared the shit out of me. “Fine, I’ll work for you,” I said taking the least of three evils. “How long and how much will I be paid?”

“You will be paid a thousand dollars a week minus expensed so you’re looking at eight to ten years. And before you open that pretty mouth of yours know that you will live fulltime at the facility until your debt has been repaid.”

“Eight to ten...I can leave my family and friends for that long! I have a job, a home and life.”

“Not anymore you don’t. But it can be arranged for them to work with you if that’s what you want. Now, I want to see what we’re working with so you’re going to ask Ramone to cut your clothes off. Oh, and every second you hesitate adds five grand to your debt so I’d speak up.”

“I hate you so fucking much! Ramone, cut my clothes off so my new boss can see what he’s working with.”

“With pleasure,” the man holding me replied. Taking out a knife, he placed it blade side out at the hem of my dress and proceeded upwards as if slicing through paper. The useless garment fell to the floor leaving me standing there in only the skimpiest of g-strings, my breasts on full display thanks to my hands being cuffed behind my back. With a flick of the blade I was butt naked and knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that I would soon be engaged in my first threesome.

“Very nice. Rylee is going to have fun training such a fine specimen. Turn around, let me see your ass. God damn!” he exclaimed as I gave him a slow turn. “You ever take a big black cock?”

“No and I have no intentions of doing so now. Unless you plan on raping me, that is.”

“I’m a businessman, not a rapist. I’ll knock a grand off your debt if you ask me to dump a load in your baby-maker.”

“Never going to happen.”

“Never’s a very long time and you owe me a hell of a lot of money. Don’t you want to pay it down as quickly as possible?”

“Not by whoring myself out to the likes of you.”

“Racist much?”

“Not even a little. By people like you I meant assholes taking advantage of others.”

“Others that tried ripping people like me off for nearly two hundred grand, you mean?”

Opening the bottom left desk drawer, he withdrew a box and sat it in front of him. Opening it, he removed three stiff lengths of leather. Getting up he walked over and stood in front of me. The first length of leather snapped shut around my neck. The second my right bicep and the third my left thigh. “Each of them is magnetically shut and requires about four-thousand pounds of pressure to open. They also have an extremely effective and equally painful shock feature. Try to run, disobey orders or generally just piss me off and you’ll get a zapped. Now, would you prefer spending a few hours here pleasuring my guests while working down your debt or shall I call Rylee and tell her expect you for training?”

“I’m never going to fuck you so unless you plan on taking me by force you might as well make the call.”

“Very well. But know that Rylee likes her packages in order before they are picked up and I don’t think you’re going to like this one bit. Bend over the desk.”

“Fuck you!”

“I will ask one more time and then Ramone is going to get rough.”

Scowling, I took several small steps forward – the chain connecting my ankles together not allowing for anything more, and then bent over the desk giving both men easy access to my pussy and ass. Opening the bottom file drawer of his desk, my new boss pulled out a box and sat in to my left. Opening it, he showed me a sex toy that looked like a long, fat butt plug with attached tail sitting behind an equally huge dildo. “There’s no way in hell you’re putting that thing in me!” I protested

“Actually, I am. And then I’m going to put you in the rest of the gear Rylee likes her packages in and if you know what’s good for you you’ll keep that big mouth of your shut before I lose my patience.” Reaching into the box, he withdrew a bottle of lube and with a flick of his thumb the cap was open.

“Okay, fine, I’ll have sex with you, just keep that thing away from me.”

“Are you sure you want Ramone and me to fuck you?”

“Yes.”

“Great, but the toy is still going in afterwards.”

“Then keep your fucking dicks to yourself!”

“Suit yourself.”

Walking behind me with toy in hand, my new boss lined it up and with a hard push my pussy and ass were stretched to accommodate the monster dildo and plug. “Aahgh!” Yelping, I shoved back and stood up, but was pushed right back down as the toy slipped deeper into my holes. “Oh god please stop! You’re ripping me open!”

“Relax and stop being such a crybaby. They’re not that big.”

“It feels like you’re ramming your god damn arms in me!”

“Not quite, but you’ll be well on your way once the toys are stuffing your worthless holes. Take a deep breath.”

I inhaled. My pussy and ass were suddenly on fire as they were stretched even more to accept the thickest parts of the dildo and plug. My first instinct was to push it out, but a hard slap on the ass and a hand holding it in place prevented me from doing so. A belt made in the same fashion as the collar and bands I already wore was placed around my waist and attached to the curved base of the toy making further attempts at dislodging it impossible.

“Stand.” When I was on my feet, my boss pulled two long opera gloves from the box and lay them on the desk. “Uncuff her hands,” he said to Ramone.

“Sure thing, Boss.”

When my hands were free, the boss put the distinctly dog patterned gloves on. Next, my ankles were unshackled and I was put in thigh high boots with the same canine pattern. And finally, he put me in a one-piece bikini that matched the rest and did very little to cover my breasts and ass.

“Don’t get used to wearing so many clothes. Where you’re going you won’t be needing them.”

“So many? I’m practically naked.”

“Hardly. Personally I’d transport you butt naked, but Rylee wants to mitigate any potential run-in with the law so you get to wear the puppy suit,” the boss said as he put ears on my head and a snout over my face completing the outfit and my humiliation. “You will sit in the corner like a good puppy. Any noise what so ever and you’ll be punished. And by sit, I mean like the bitch that you are. Just picture a dog in that pea brain of yours and do your best to emulate it.”

Walking to the corner, I did my best to sit like a dog as tears of humiliation rolled down my cheeks. I had never been so degraded in my entire life and I had a feeling things were only going to get worse before they got better. Assuming they would ever get better, that is.

An hour and seventeen minutes later, the office door opened and a woman wearing a form-fitting black dress with strategically placed sheer panels walked in, took one look at me in the corner and smirked. "Come on Paul, tell me that's not the bitch I'm supposed to train. She looks absolutely pathetic."

"Then you've got your work cut out for you. I want you to give her the full treatment. The bitch owes me over two-hundred grand so work your magic and turn her into a money-maker."

"Any limits?"

"None."

"Music to my ears." Pulling a chain leash from her purse, Rylee walked over and hooked it onto my collar. Unless I give you permission to stand you will remain on all fours like the bitch in training that you are. Do you understand me?"

"Y-Yes."

"Jesus Christ, she has no fucking manners either. You're killing me with this one Paul."

"I never knew you to back down from a challenge."

"You will address me as Mistress or you will be disciplined. That is your one and only warning. You hear me bitch?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Then why are you sitting there like an idiot? Get on all fours so we can go."

"Yes Mistress." Grinding my teeth, I got on all fours and hung my head in shame.

"You will keep your head up and face forward so that everyone can see what a useless bitch you are. Do you understand me?"

"Yes Mistress."

The office door opened and my new Mistress led me out into the room full of gamblers. Taking the longest route to the door, she made sure to walk me by every table – my poor ass receiving multiple slaps and pinches along the way. "How much to let the puppy slobber on my knob until it blows?" a well-dressed, clean-cut man asked.

"She's not trained so I cannot guarantee she won't try biting."

"If she does then we can always relieve her of those pretty white teeth." Unzipping his pants, the man pulled his cock out right there in front of everyone.

"You will suck the nice man's cock and eat his creamy treat. If you bite or spit you will be severely disciplined. Do you understand me, bitch?"

"Y-Yes Mistress." Gulping back my fear, I maneuvered between the man's legs and carefully positioned the snout over his cock so that I could suck him. Fortunately, I was only able to get about half of it in my mouth so I did not have to worry about him choking me with it. After about a minute he pushed me away and huffed.

"She's fucking useless with that damn snout on. Bring her back when she learns how to give a proper blowjob."

"You hear that, bitch, you're completely useless. Apologize to the nice man and promise to do better next time."

"I'm sorry you didn't like my cocksucking abilities. I promise I'll do better next time." Mistress Rylee yanked my leash and we were once again on our way to the door. Thankfully, there were no more requests for blowjobs as we finally made our way out.

What is going to happen to me Mistress?" I asked as I was loaded into the back of a cargo van where eight very large men gave me a look that said I was going to be their plaything. "Where are you taking me? How do you think you're going to get away with kidnapping me for the next ten damn years? My family and friends will go to the police who will be searching for me."

"You are going to be trained as a petgirl slave without limits so that you can repay your debt to Paul. You are being taken to a special training facility in another state and we'll get away with it because once we get there and make you more presentable you will make a video confessing your desires to be trained which will then be sent to everyone you know. In a year or three when you are fully trained you'll be put up for auction to the highest bidder whom you will serve for the rest of your life."

"Slave? Sold? What do you mean the rest of my life, Mistress? Paul said eight to ten years and my debt would be repaid! You can't sell me like property!"

"We can and will. And honey, being a slave is a lifelong commitment. If you're lucky you'll get one that'll permit you a long leash. You might even be able to see your family and have some friends. If not, well, at least you'll no longer be in debt or want for anything. Now, you disappointed me in the casino with your abysmal cock sucking skills so you're going to spend the next fifteen hours practicing on these men."

Fifteen hours? That means stopping for food, gas and maybe a place to sleep. I can call for help then, I thought as I crawled between the legs of the first man and did my best to suck him off through the snout muzzle. After a few minutes it turned into me attempting to get any breath of air possible as he held my head and fucked his dick down mercilessly down my throat.

Enough time had passed for me to suck all eight men once and three of them twice before the van finally came to a stop. The back doors opened and my hopes of escaping the nightmare were dashed when I was unloaded and found myself standing in a small forest clearing with another van a few feet ahead. Seeing my shoulders slump, Mistress Rylee laughed.

"What's the matter little puppy? Were you hoping to scream for help when we stopped for food or gas?"

"Something like that, Mistress," I answered.

"There is no escape for you, my pet. You will be trained as a sex slave and you will be sold at auction to repay your debts. Now, do you need to relieve yourself before we head out again?"

"Yes Mistress. But what I really need is something other than semen to eat and drink."

"There's food in the next van." Reaching down, she unfastened the crotch of the bikini I was wearing and pulled it up over my hips. She then removed the tight leather belt and the toy stuffing my pussy and ass causing me to sigh in relief. "Hurry up and relieve yourself."

"Right here, Mistress?"

"No need to be shy." Walking over to the new van, she opened the back door and then tossed me some tissues. "You've got three minutes. Men, if you've got to go you know what to do."

Zipper went down. Cocks were pulled out. And I suddenly had a mouthful of warm, bitterly salty piss which I naturally gagged on and spit out. The man grabbed the back of my head and shoved down my throat – the rest of his piss flowing unhindered to my belly. The next in line did the same and a third made an attempt but was thwarted by me throwing up.

“Get used to the taste, my pet, because you’re going to be drinking a lot more in the coming, well, for the rest of your life actually.

One by one the men used me as their toilet and I threw up after one or two of them filled my belly. Finally, Mistress Rylee motioned me over. Crawling on all fours, I knelt at her feet and looked pleadingly into her dark brown eyes, but I knew there would be no mercy or compassion.

“You will put your mouth over my pussy and drink. If even one drop spills out you will be severely punished. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes Mistress.” After drinking eight bladderfuls I had become somewhat numb to the taste, but keeping up with the fast-flowing stream was another matter entirely and everyone standing around laughing at my expense knew it. She started to pee. I gulped and gulped as if my life depended on it but I just could not swallow fast enough. Seeing me about to choke, she twisted her fingers in my hair. I held it back as long as humanly possible, but I gagged and spit piss all over her legs as I fell onto all fours gasping for breath.

“Stupid, worthless fucking animal!” she growled.

“I’m sorry Mistress but there’s no way I can drink that damn fast.” The next thing I know I was on the ground writhing in agony as I don’t know how many volts of electricity flowed through my wet body. I screamed but the collar around my neck seemed to paralyze my vocal cords so my pleas for mercy went unheard. It stopped long enough for one of the men to yank me to my feet while another dumped a five gallon bucket of water over my head to rinse away the stench of piss. Moved to a dry patch of grass, I was doused again and then the collar and bands were activated again. Hitting the ground like a sack of potatoes, I suffered through several long, agonizing seconds before it stopped and I was once again rinsed off.

Sitting on the back bumper, Mistress Rylee poured water on her legs while glaring at me with intense hatred and disgust. When we were both as clean as possible, I was tossed in the van. Thankfully, my snout and the toys were left off. Unfortunately, that gave the men three holes to fuck instead of one and they wasted absolutely no time in filling them all at the same time.

“When the men are finished breeding your pathetic ass I’m going to take the cane to it,” Mistress Rylee said. And suddenly, the thought of being gang banged by eight men for the next umpteen hours did not seem so terrible.

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Unfortunately, my first gang bang ended several hours, multiple double-anal, double-vaginal and triple penetrations later and with semen oozing from my well-fucked holes, Mistress Rylee stood over me with cane in hand.

“Your discipline will double every time you scream or move from the punishment position,” she said, her voice cold and bitter. “After each swat you will count and say: thank you Mistress. Do you understand me, bitch?”

“Yes Mistress, but what is the punishment position?”

“Head down, ass up with your chin resting on folded arms. You will also raise your feet parallel with your ass but far enough away they will not interfere with striking your ass which is where the first fifty swats are going. You will then kneel with your legs together and arms behind your back, hands holding opposite elbows for the next twenty-five which are going on your tits. Move, scream or forget to count and give thanks and seventy-five becomes one-hundred then three hundred, six hundred and, well, I think even a pitiful bitch like you gets the idea.”

WHACK! The cane bit into my ass. Unprepared for how painful it would be, I yelped and lurched forward.

“Guess I was wrong. You now have three hundred swats coming, bitch. Care to make it six hundred?”

Grinding my teeth together hard enough I almost felt them crack, I got back into position. The cane struck again and this time I managed to get it right. “One. Thank you Mistress.”

WHACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

WHACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

WHACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.”

WHACK!

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK! The thin length of wood sliced into the tender flesh at the base of my ass causing me to once again yelp, leap forward and swear as the pain intensified.

“Hmm...yelling, moving and cussing. That brings you up to twenty-four hundred swats. I strongly suggest you learn to accept your discipline like a proper slave or you’re going to be in pain for the rest of your training.”

“Y-Y-Yes Mistress,” I sobbed, moving back into position to continue my punishment.