# Chapter 1

You know, people think having money would make your life SO simple. Yeah, it makes some things easier, but some things it makes hella complicated.

I stared at all the bitches jogging in the park. They were mostly broke nothing whores with no life plan, no real ambitions, and wanting nothing more than men to give them everything because they had an ass and tits. They pissed me off.

It had been three years ago. I'd been a young business major in college. My friends and I were getting back from a road trip during spring break and had, as a joke, bought powerball lottery tickets. Paid the 'poor tax'. Nobody really ever won those. It had been two weeks before the drawing had happened. Then the craziest thing happened.

I won. Steven Lewis, the nobody, had won.

20 years old and I now had $650 million dollars. Okay, so a lot less once taxes came out, but still more money than I needed to last the rest of my life if I played it smart. And since it was coming up one of my professors had even done a class on "what to do if you win the lottery…" So I did exactly what he said to do. I got a lawyer, claimed the winnings anonymously, got the taxes taken care of and invested intelligently.

My friends hadn't bothered to learn my lottery numbers, so they didn't know. I didn't tell my family. No one had a clue. I pretended to go to college, and the fact that my graduating class didn't get a graduation ceremony because of the fucking pandemic helped.

I bought a reasonable house, (fuck the housing prices) just big enough for a wife and a few kids. I figured any woman would be all over me for my money, but I didn't want a freaking gold-digger. So I pretended to be an accountant, keeping who I work for as discreet as possible.

Turns out, being stingy with details about your employment made all the hotty bitches assume you were a dead beat. Didn't matter that I had a gym membership and all the time to work out and was in peak health. Didn't matter that I had a nice care. Didn't even matter that I had a nice seven inch dick with a nice girth that none of the girls I had been with had anything but good things to say about. I even loved eating pussy and making my girl cum so hard she screamed.

Nope, these fucking bitches didn't care. Three years and I hadn't had a date in two of them and the last date I'd had all I was to her was a meal ticket. She'd even brought a fucking friend to eat on my dime.

I'd been fucked over one too many times. And while I considered myself a reasonable man, I started to understand where the crazies came from. I started making plans. I found out exactly how much remodeling I could do without a permit and put my plan into effect. I broke the remodeling of my basement into four sections, using a different handyman each time. I claimed I was making a man cave. I even filled it with computers, TVs, game stations and fully decked it out. I did give each of the contractors a Nondisclosure Agreement and they had agreed to keep my man-cave secret. I'd claimed I had great reviews for each of them, and paid through the nose to get out of town contractors and people that would be basically impossible to find.

Finally it was done. Then I started rearranging things and preparing and the golden sign from on high came. The last handyman got hit by a drunk driver. His wife would be taken care of by his life insurance and the sizable payment I gave him would hold her over. One of them moved to Europe. One suffered a cardiac incident and passed away. The final one was retiring and announced he had been diagnosed with early onset dementia, nothing he said would be taken seriously.

Now my man-cave could transform to its true purpose: a sex dungeon.

Yep. I found myself deciding that until I found a woman willing to give me a chance, I'd take the fucking choice away from the fucking bitches. I even had a particular bitch in my sights.

Her name was Karen. Karen Johnson. And damn did she live up to the Karen stereotype. She was a certified grade-A bitch. Snapped at everyone. Rude, demanding, and loved exploiting poor guys who wanted a chance because the one thing she had was looks. She had flawless breasts, a perfect ass, amazing skin, full luscious lips designed to wrap around a cock. And she was one of the fucking feminists that didn't care about actual equality: nope, to her feminism was just a tool to oppress men and get what she wanted. She was twenty-two, just graduating from college and had coasted on the privilege of her gender all her life.

It had taken me months to line everything up. I had learned her schedule, which had been far too easy, and when she was graduating and when her new job started. It was perfect. She was planning a two month long road-trip after graduation until her new apartment opened up. That was when I'd do it. She'd be mine and no one would question her absence since she was going to be "on a road trip". I'd have two months to have my way with her.

Now, I wasn't a killer. I'd release her when I was done, but fuck, she was to me the epitome of everything wrong with women today and I was going to break her.

That's why I was here today. I had everything set up. I'd even sabotaged her dinner reservation to make sure she came for her evening run later than normal. She'd wanted to have a last dinner at her favorite restaurant before she left, but she religiously ran each night. I'd even managed to sabotage another of her evenings to make sure she'd still do her run through the park.

There she was. Pulling in as the last car pulled out. From my position on this unlit bench I could see her walk into the park under the light at the entrance. She put in her earbuds, tightened her shoes and started to jog.

I got in position. It was a mile long loop around the outskirts of the park. I hid in the trees near the end of the path, where the only thing in earshot would be closed businesses and empty parking lots. I waited to hear her jogging footsteps in the dark. Then just when she passed I made my move.

I leapt out and grabbed her around the waist with one hand and put the damp rag in my other hand over her mouth to muffle the scream. She tried to kick me off but I got a hold of both of her wrists and had her arms ensnared. Her legs flailed as she tried to kick her way free. She kept screaming into the rag not realizing that the smell she was inhaling as she screamed was chloroform.

I'd done my research. I knew it would take minutes for a person to succumb. That was precisely why I'd chosen to do this the way I had. She was exhausted from her run, and blind in the dark between streetlights. She was breathing hard from her run and breathing even harder from trying to scream. A minute felt like a long time, but her struggles got weaker and weaker, then she finally flopped.

I immediately took the rag from her face. Based on the amount of screaming she'd done, she'd be out. I had no fear of that. All I had to be careful of now was getting everything done before she woke up. I put her arms behind her back and put padded sex handcuffs, the rare ones without an easy release on her hands and linked ankle cuffs on her legs. I estimated I had five minutes to spare in the window I had prepared.

I pulled her phone from her arm strap and used her thumb to unlock it.

I checked her texts to see if anyone was waiting for her. There was a text from someone named Katie, "It's late, where are you?" Followed by Karen's response. "I got held up at dinner, going for my run then I'll be home." Followed by Katie's response of, "Fine, I'm going to bed. And I'm not getting up in the morning. So enjoy your trip."

Her roommate. I'd never had a name. It was good to know she was going to bed and didn't expect to be awake for Karen returning home or leaving in the morning. I realized a roommate was the one thing I'd overlooked, but fucking luck had my back.

I looked for social media and posted on each of them that she was so excited to go on her road trip starting the next day. Also, how she was going to unplug from

social media during it to truly "refresh myself and prepare to enter the big world as a college graduate!" That ought to keep people from expecting updates and selfies.

I quickly removed her passcode to unlock her phone, using her finger again to verify. I wanted access later, when I could safely peruse her phone at will, but for now that was all I needed. I powered her phone off, then tucked it into the faraday bag I'd gotten to make sure it didn't give my location up. It would block all signals to or from her cell phone until I was ready to take it out.

I carried her back to her car, avoiding the lights the whole way, but cutting across the lawn was easy enough. I grabbed her keys from the strap she had them on and took over her car. I had planned on putting her in the trunk, but I realized to my pleasure that her bags were already packed and in there  for her trip the next day. This would mean that her roommate wouldn't have any suspicions, but it did increase the risk of being seen with an unconscious and cuffed woman in the back seat.

I flopped her in the back seat and hopped in. I wanted to get where I couldn't be seen as fast as possible. I took lesser used and lesser traveled roads, and didn't relax until I was pulling into my garage at home. Once the door was closed no one could find her car here without a search warrant and I'd been careful to make sure I left no traces to give me away. Plus, since she was going to be "on a roadtrip" no one should even come looking for her before I set her loose. The drive had been ten minutes, and I had roughly another five to ten minutes to get her setup how I wanted her before she woke up.

I took a second to finally feel those fabulous tits. Oh god, they were better than I'd hoped, firm, supple and begging for attention.

I hoisted her on my shoulder and carried her down to my sex dungeon. The entrance was behind a false bookshelf, with a mantrap system set up so you had to go through one door, let it close, then you could open the other door. Once inside, I quickly removed her cuffs, then carefully removed her clothes. I'd need to put her back in them when it was time to release her. Then I took her to my prepared setup. I'd paid a visit to the BDSM section of a few of the local sex shops and I took little

time to strap her into the restraint frame. Her ankles, knees, hips, neck, elbows and wrists were strapped in. She was now restrained, kneeling on pads with her arms held safely at her side, her legs spread wide. I slipped a silicone ring gag that would keep her mouth open and let me enjoy the pleasures of her mouth and would prevent her from biting me or keeping her mouth closed. A blindfold completed the set.

I sat back to admire my handiwork. The now naked beauty was ripe for the taking. I took her clothes and put them inside the mantrap. The hinges were not exposed and the sturdy handle would give her no way to break free. I'd had to swap out the straps on the frame, otherwise she could get loose and while I didn't intend to keep her strapped in that position for two months, I was going to give her several solid fuckings before I let her out.

I moved behind her and with a smile reached down to start stroking her pussy. My personal cum dump for the next two months. The soft velvety lips sent lightning up my fingers. The feeling of dominance was amazing. This woman, this fucking bitch, was mine. I'd use her however I wanted. I felt around to explore my new treasure.

Karen was still unconscious, but her body began to respond to my touch. Moisture began preparing her cunt for the railing it was about to receive. I found her clitoris and rubbed it, smiling as she made pleased noises, despite the gag garbling her sounds. I slipped my fingers inside her and stopped in shock. There was no way.

Karen was a fucking virgin.

Unless she managed to find a cock smaller than my two fingers, nothing had been in there.  One finger could barely slip through the opening of her hymen, so maybe she's put tampons in there. Holy shit I was giddy. I was changing this right fucking now. I'd planned on waiting for her to wake up to fuck her, but damn this changed things.

I dropped my jeans and boxers, my dick needed no more encouragement and I knelt behind my restrained virgin. I slid my cock up and down her slit, getting

moisture on it, then not bothering to be gentle (she was unconscious anyway) I slid my dick into her baby maker. Her lips parted and allowed my rod into her intimate depths. I hit her hymen and held there for a second before grabbing her hips and slamming myself balls deep. The satisfying pop of her hymen getting obliterated drove me feral.

Karen groaned and I started thrusting with abandon. All the years of abuse and ridicule by women who thought they were better than me fueled me as my hands gripped her hips and my balls slapped her pelvis loudly. Karen began grunting with each thrust, sounding more and more turned on and pleasured as the fucking went on, and I realized the unconscious bitch was getting off on this. Just before I hit my peak Karen squirmed against her binding, then fell limp again. The damn cunt had climaxed before me.

I thrust in and emptied my balls into her. The first of many loads of my cream that would fill her snatch. I pulled out and looked down at the glorious mess I'd made of her pussy.

Fuck, that was great.

I savored the feeling of her pulsating depths, then finally pulled out. I should probably clean up the blood. She'd be coated in enough cum, and I only intended to wash her off occasionally, so the cum didn't bother me. The blood though, that could be bad. I retrieved some wipes and cleaned the blood from her deflowered opening.

I popped one of the pills I'd nabbed to help me stay hard. I wanted to have fun with my bitch and this would be the best time with her.

I looked around the room.

I'd padded the walls and floor so she couldn't hurt herself and I could be as rough as I wanted and not worry about it. The only thing that could potentially be dangerous was the toilet. It was as small as I could get and tankless. It was one of those fancy models that you could set limits on. She could only flush once per

hour, that way she couldn't just let the water run and rack up my bill. Not that she'd be down here alone very often. I only had my cum dumpster for two months and I planned on using every minute of it.

Her bed was a mattress on the ground. To my credit, it was actually a nice mattress. I figured eventually I'd be fucking her on it and I might as well have a mattress I could enjoy that on.

The only other furnishings were BDSM tools I fully intended to use on her. There was the x-shaped rack she could be strapped to, several different contraptions to hold her in various positions for my enjoyment. I'd made sure each was padded enough that she couldn't use them to hurt herself. The straps were all sewn in place with industrial strength thread and once she was strapped in, I'd made sure it would be impossible for her to escape, unless she were one of those crazy double-jointed freaks.

I set my clothes and the wipes in a cubby in the hallway between the inner door to my sex dungeon and the door to my basement and closed the door. The door had my biometrics saved so I could open it without a key or code that Karen could steal. This way she'd realize, once I let her out of her jig, she was trapped and there was no escape until I released her.

I sat back and waited for the chloroform to wear off. The pill began to do its job and my cock returned to full hardness as I stared at my fucktoy as she tested the limits of her confinement.

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(Karen)

My head felt like my thoughts were swimming in syrup. What was going on? The first thing I felt was a stinging in my vagina. Had I started my period? No, that wasn't quite right for how it felt. Then I realized I couldn't see. I realized I had a blindfold of some kind on. That was strange. Then I realized I was cold.

I tried to move my arm to remove the blindfold, but I could hardly move, like my wrist was stuck. Both were. I couldn't move my legs either. What a strange position to get stuck in? Was there something around my neck?

Then my mind cleared a little more, and it all came back to me. My dinner getting delayed. Having to do my run after the park was empty. The dark figure who'd grabbed me. The rag on my face. My world fading to black...

I'd been kidnapped!

Oh god, I was naked! I couldn't close my mouth! There was some sort of ring in my mouth, just behind my teeth where I couldn't do anything. I felt drool dripping down my chin.

Oh, god! There was something dripping from my vagina down my leg! Oh God! All these years avoiding the fucking shit balls that were men and now some fucking criminal had helped himself to my body. This wasn't happening. This didn't happen! I lived in a safe city! I avoided people that did shit like this! This shouldn't be happening.

"I see you finally woke up." A coarse, masculine voice greeted me.

"Let me go right now, you fucking bastard! I'll see you rot in jail you degenerate small dick shit eater!" I screamed at him.

Or at least, that's what I tried to scream. I came out as a garbled mess because of whatever held my mouth open.

I could feel my face blush. I was naked. It was painfully obvious. Oh god, what was he looking at? This was so humiliating. I would find a way out and cut his balls off myself. I would make him suffer and then he could rot in jail to get raped by the inmates like he deserved.

I thrashed against my restraints. The whole thing barely moved with my whole body trying to resist. I could hardly move to get any sort of momentum. Shit. How

could I get out of this? There had to be a way out. There was always a way out. In every book I'd read, every game I played, there was always a way.

I felt a hand touch my back, by my right shoulder blade. I tried to pull away, but there was nothing I could do as the hand slid down my side and grabbed my boob, squeezing gently at first, slowly building until it almost hurt.

"Are you realizing yet the situation you are in?" He mocked me.

Katie probably already had the fucking police out looking for me. At least there was one valid use for men, hunting down crazy bastards like this monster.

Then my blood ran cold. Katie had texted me she was going to bed and wasn't waking up to see me off. She wouldn't know.

I felt sick. I should have been nicer to her. If I hadn't been so pushy, maybe she'd have gotten up to see me off and would realize I never came home.

Oh, please God, please let her realize something was wrong. I didn't want to die like this! I just graduated! I had a job in HR at a Fortune 500 company! I wouldn't even have to move!

God, please, get me out of this and I swear I'll find a church and meet Jesus! I didn't care which one! I'd let him pick! Just please!

A second hand reached around me and started violating my other boob.

Why did it have to happen this way? I didn't want sex! I didn't need sex! I'd sworn I didn't need a man and I wasn't attracted to women. It was just something I didn't need in my life, then this was what God decided to throw at me.

The hands began pinching my nipples and I realized to my horror... my traitorous body was starting to respond. There was a tingling between my legs I'd never felt before and my boobs... I hated that I liked the lightning his pinching sent through me.

A moan escaped my mouth, and I couldn't even cover my mouth in horror. I started to cry in confusion, conflicting emotions and sensations rattling around in my head.

"Oh? You like that? Do you... bitch?" My captor sneered and he twisted my nipples making me flinch, but that damn lightning still made my body tremble and the tingle between my legs got stronger.

I was glad the blindfold soaked up my tears so my captor couldn't see me cry.

"You see, I know about your 'road trip'." My captor teased, finally releasing my poor breasts. "For the next two months everyone is going to think you are traveling the country. I'm gonna do you a big favor. I'm going to save you tons of money..."

I felt something touch my tingling pussy, and like lightning dancing in the clouds my nerves shot strange sensations through me.

"... and instead you'll just get this!"

Something long and hard speared into my vagina. Stars appeared in the blackness before my eyes. Oh, GOD! My pussy was sore and it hurt being split open like this... but it felt amazing! I was so full! An empty place I'd never known existed was filled and the electricity sparking from my vagina filled every inch of my body.

"Again. And again. And again." The voice taunts as the intrusion into my depths pulled out and rammed back in with every single repetition by my captor.

I couldn't believe what I was feeling. A part of my mind knew my captor's penis was pistoning in and out of my (until recently) virgin pussy. I was being violated in the worst way a man could violate a woman... but it felt good!

What was wrong with me!? I was being raped! Kidnapped, bound and raped... but I was about to orgasm on my rapist's dick like a whore!

I cried harder, and he fucked me harder.

Why? Why was I enjoying this? Was I truly so pathetic?

Suddenly, every single good feeling possible went off in my brain at once. If I hadn't been bound hand, foot and body, I would have thrashed uncontrollably, but instead I just pulled against my bounds. That sensation was amazing!

Fuck! If that was the feeling sluts were chasing, suddenly I couldn't judge them anymore. Shit, it felt so good!

After an eternity in a single second, my mind fluttered back awake. I was still blindfolded, mouth forced open and drooling. I was still bound. I was still being raped.

I felt the dick pumping and out of me accelerate. I could feel my captor's hands on my hips, gripping me with urgent need. I realized to my horror what was about to happen, and worse, I could hardly wait to see what it felt like!

My guess proved correct and the long hard rod jammed deeper in me than I would have thought possible and it spasmed. Warmth blossomed deep in my womb, filling me in a way I could better describe or explain. Then it spread into my vagina, around the cock spurting deep into my core. I realized I was pushing back into my captor, begging for more. The sensation triggered something in me and although my skin felt cold and exposed, every part of my body felt the warmth from deep in my womb.

"Fuck... you have one tight pussy, bitch. I'm going to enjoy ruining you." My tormentor laughed, slapping my ass and making me jump.

I felt moisture running down my cheek. I realized the blindfold had not been designed to be water retaining, and my tears had soaked through it.

"For two months, your pussy..." I felt his hand wander down my butt crack and a finger teased my exposed butt hole, "... your ass..." A hand groped my breast again. "... your tits... and your mouth are all mine."

His finger pushed into my poor ass, and while I wasn't pleased by a finger pushing through my sphincter, it wasn't as bad as I'd expected.

"I'm going to use you, and fuck you anyway and every way I want."

His finger quested deeper into my butt and, fuck, as much as I hated to admit it, it started to feel good!

"I'm no monster though, and once I've had any fun with you, I'll release you the same way I captured you. You'll be released in your car, at the park late at night and you'll be able to go on your merry way. But until then, you're mine."

Shit. This was next level crazy psycho shit. He wanted me to believe he'd let me free so I wouldn't give up and he could torture me more! I watched True Crime shows, I knew how this went down!

"Now, there are two ways this can happen. One: you resist and I force feed you, rape you constantly, and you orgasm like a whore anyway."

That stung. I wasn't a whore! I was a proud feminist! I wanted equality and justice for women! I would never...

But I just had...

I'd just orgasmed... like a whore... on my rapist's dick. The shame filled me. The worst part was... I knew I wanted it again.

"Option two: You agree to be my good little fuck slut and you get to eat meals like a real person instead of me shoving a tube down your throat, and hell, I'll even let you beg for cock and moan as I fuck you senseless. I'll let you ponder that for the night."

I heard him walk away and panicked. How long had I been here!? When would he come back? What if I needed to use the bathroom? Already my shoulders and hips were starting to ache.

I desperately tried to call out to him.

I need to be able to move. I couldn't hear his footsteps anymore. I was alone. Naked. Strapped into a sex torture rack. I started crying again.

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(Steven)

I watched Karen panic as I stepped away.

I smirked. Like hell was I actually leaving her like that, but she didn't need to know that. I could only leave her that way for a bit. This way she might actually be grateful to be released.

I grabbed the faraday bag with her phone. I had no worries about signals escaping this room. I'd specifically lined it with several layers outside the concrete that would prevent signals from leaving, and the few types of signals that could escape were short enough range that I'd be shocked if they could even reach the surface of my lawn.

I started going through her phone. Emails, text messages, everything stored locally. I knew better than to connect to any sort of online services. That would mean I was traceable. I read through her texts and emails, and fuck, she deserved everything coming to her.

“Why don’t we just gas every man on earth? We have enough sperm in sperm banks. We could keep the population going and teach the next generation of men to not be toxic assholes... No, I’m 100% serious, could we do that?”
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“Ugh, fucking men are the worst. I don’t care about your fucking chivalry, if I wanted the door opened for me, I would slap you and tell you to do it.”

“I swear, the next man that tells me I look nice, I’m going to rip his dick off and shove it down his throat.”

The hate and vitriol oozed from this bitch. The number of times she bragged about making men miserable just to ‘rub their noses in their fucking toxic masculinity’. I couldn’t have chosen a nicer lady to rape for two months straight (Sarcasm). It was nice knowing that she’d planned on using ‘first-come-first-served’ motel services. She’d emailed a shit ton of them and they’d refused to give her reservations because they didn’t do reservations, and according to her texts if she ever couldn’t find a room for the night she planned on just pitching a giant fit and accusing everyone of sexism until a man was kicked out of his room ‘like he deserved.’

I’d planned on fucking her ass before I let her out of the bondage contraption, but having dumped in her pussy twice instead I found my erection to be lacking. There was always the morning.

If I left her in there any longer she could start getting sores from immobility or strain a muscle. I wanted my bitch in top fucking shape, so I guess it was time to let her out. An hour was well within the safe limits suggested online. I quietly put her phone back in the faraday bag, and put it with everything else in the hall. The door closed silently, too thick and well insulated to even hear the latch. I turned to my naked captive, time to see what a feminist bitch looked like once she couldn’t play the sexist card to just get what she wanted.

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(Karen)

I have no idea how long I was stuck in that position. Hours seemed to pass. My tears dried and even the screaming in my joints faded. I figured I’d been left, alone and unsupervised overnight.
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I kept imagining noises. Tiny things that would make me jump. Was that breathing? What was that creak? Oh god. I was gonna die.

Finally, I heard footsteps. A hand slapped my ass. I didn't even care anymore. I wasn't alone!

"Have you given any thought to my offer, bitch?" The coarse voice of my captor demanded.

What had his offer been? It was so long ago I struggled to remember. Oh yeah. Get violated and raped constantly while being force fed, or WILLINGLY let that fucking bastard have his way with me and he'd let me pretend to have some sort of freedom, like feeding myself.

I wanted to tell him to shove right off. I'd never submit to a man, let alone a man like him.... But...

Oh god, I was thirsty. My mouth being forced open like this had made my jaw so sore and the drooling had left my mouth dry.

Maybe... maybe it wouldn't be so bad if I wasn't bound hand and foot. Maybe I could learn who he was and then I could tell the police!

A voice deep inside chastised me, "You just want to feel that feeling again." It said.

"No, I'm rebelling. If I don't have any freedom I can't do anything." I argued.

"Whatever, just remember that when you're begging for more so you can get that feeling again." The deepest darkest part of me whispered.

I nodded to my captor.

I felt the strap around my head that held the gag in my mouth loosened. That infernal ring was finally removed from my mouth. I worked my jaw and tried to get moisture back in my mouth.

“Are you going to be a good little fuck slut, or are you going to be a bound whore?” He taunted me.

I hated those words. “Slut”... “Whore”... words for men to treat women... inferior. We all knew women were better. I gritted my teeth. Play nice for now and find your chance.

“I’ll be a good little.... Fuck slut.” Oh, I hated him.

“Prove it. Suck my dick. Make it good. Oh, and if you bite me, you’ll suffer twice as much as I will.” He ordered.

Yeah, while bound hand and foot and basically completely immobilized I was going to piss off the guy who could just slit my throat. I’m not dumb.

But oh GOD! He was going to put his dick... in my MOUTH! I had to let him, and... suck it. Of course I’d seen pictures of penises... It was the twenty-first century, everyone had. I’d even seen one once. Looked like a short little hotdog with an eraser looking thing on the end. But ugh, putting it in my mouth.

I had to do it though.... If I didn’t want to spend two months like this.... Fuck.

I tentatively opened my mouth, and felt something press against my lips then into my mouth. Holy FUCK! This thing was one hell of a lot thicker than a hotdog! It’d seen german sausages in the store and it felt like one of those was being forced into my face.

“Suck, slut. And lick it. Prove to me you like it if you want out of those restraints.” My captor sneered.

I tried. I sucked and ran my tongue over the disgusting thing. Luckily, at the start it didn’t have a taste. It got even bigger once I was sucking on it though, and it must have been getting longer too. Then, once I had been at it a minute though it started to taste bitter and a bit like iron. My captor grabbed my head and pushed his dick

further in, making me gag. He pulled back for a moment, then he pushed back just as deep.

“You are shit at sucking cock, slut.” My captor informed me. “I’d work on that if you don’t want me throat fucking you to make it worthwhile.”

Oh lord, the horror of the thought of him ramming that THING down my throat. I’d puke for sure! Oh god, why were men this way?!... And why was it making my crotch tingle?

Oh fuck... Was I actually such a slut that this turned me on? That couldn’t be it. No. No, no, no, no. But I couldn’t deny that my crotch was starting to tingle. This wasn’t right! I was being raped! Why was my body getting hot and tingly? This was so wrong.

My captor shoved his vile meat rod into my face and I felt it pulse.

“Swallow it all, bitch.” My captor gloated.

A fishy and strange fluid shot into my mouth and I realized it was his cum. I fought the urge to puke and gagged down the liquid, hoping to get rid of the flavor only to realize there was a fucking aftertaste.

“You did okay, slut. I popped your cherry earlier, so I know you were a fucking virgin.” My rapist informed me, his hands caressing my tits like an evil super villain stroking a pet. “You’ll get better. You’re going to be sucking a lot of dick in the coming days.”

I heard a whimper and realized it was me.

“What’s wrong? Not satisfied with sucking? Want to get fucked too?” He teased.

“No!” I choked out but his hand violated my crotch again and found the wetness I couldn’t hide.

“Oh, the slut likes being a fucking cocksleeve!”

“No....” I whispered, but my crotch just got wetter.

“Suck it and see if you can get me hard again so I can give you what you want.” He told me and his cock pressed at lips again.

His cock was in my mouth as I sucked and licked with need before I realized what I was doing. I was fucking begging, with freaking oral sex, to be raped again!

Could I even call it rape if I was asking for it like this?

No, stop thinking like that! It’s only been a day! One fucking day.

His cock was pulled from my mouth and I found myself whimpering again until suddenly that emptiness in my pussy got split open and filled. I bit my lip to not moan. I hated how much I enjoyed this.

It’s natural. I told myself, He’s just taking advantage of my biological urges to mate. That is all. I wasn’t a slut.... I wasn’t a slut... I wasn’t a slut.

Was I?

That internal debate would have to wait as my mind shut down for another wave of electrifying wonder. The sensation zipped through me and I couldn’t process anything but how good it felt.

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(Steven)

The bitch went crazy, squirming on my cock. Moaning and groaning like an animal in heat.
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Damn, if I'd know it would be this easy, maybe I wouldn't have tried to be so prepared. I looked at the other contraptions I had to hold her in place as I violated her. I might still use them, but the thought of her willingly submitting to me was so much hotter.

Maybe I'd use them with the next girl? Karen was only my cum dump, cocksleeve for the next two months. I'd find another girl after that.

That was a thought for another day.

I'd only had her for about two hours now, and she was already submitting. Fucking feminist thought she was the Alpha, but really she was just fuck slut waiting to be taught her place.

She finally stopped squirming from her orgasm, and just relaxed against the restraints breathing hard.

"Alright, you earned a little bit of freedom. Be a good little slut and I'll let you keep it." I told her.

I was going to let her out regardless, but I figured the majority of the annoyingness here was going to be breaking her spirit. Letting her think I was more of a monster than I actually was might help with that.

I freed her legs first. Then her neck then finally her arms.

Karen sat up and immediately removed the blindfold. Her eyes blinked against the light in her room.

I freaked out for a second, but it was too late. She'd seen my face. I should have known that would happen though. Two months fucking her and I'd thought I could keep her blindfolded. I'd figure out what to do about that later.

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(Karen)

I could tell he was upset I removed the blindfold. I hadn't even thought about it. He was going to beat me for sure! He couldn't let me live now that I'd seen his face.

Not that there was much to describe. He was tall, blonde, with the natural tousled look to his hair. He had blue, piercing eyes and an angular jaw. He was naked and nicely fit.

In other words a generic fucking man. Why was I thinking such fucking nice things about him!? His cock was definitely bigger than the one I'd seen before, maybe it was just the time difference, but it seemed like it was twice as thick and significantly longer than the other one I'd seen and it was limp! I knew once a man got an erection it got bigger. How had that thing fit in my poor coochie!?

The room was terrifying. The walls were covered in pads, the ceiling was simple white with inset lights in little cavities. It didn't matter, I couldn't reach them to try anything dumb. There was a mattress in the corner that I assumed was to be my sleeping arrangement. The only real things in the room were a tankless toilet, and racks. There must have been seven or eight different racks and I could see exactly what position I'd be strapped in for most of them and there was only one thing that each of them was for... making sure if I wasn't going to let him do whatever he wanted to me, he'd get it anyway.

I shivered and looked back at my captor. He was kinda.... Cute...you know, once you got past the whole 'he just fucking raped me' thing. His face even relaxed despite the fact that I had just probably fucked everything up.

Well, either I was dead or.... I didn't know what the other option was. I was terrified and curious and strangely calm at the same time. I should have been freaking out, but my brain just seemed to not, for some reason. I could see the door, but it was doubtless locked. There was nothing but him, me, sex racks, my bed and a toilet.

He'd just fucked me, but I wasn't sure how long before he'd want it again. He seemed to be thinking.

“Um... May I have some water?” I asked, trying to sound like the strong and assertive woman I was, but it just came out, almost like begging.

“Oh....” He muttered, rousing himself. Then his face hardened, “You will address me as master at all times, slut. If you don’t you’ll be back on a rack until I say you get to come out. Understood!”

I gasped. ‘Master’ was he some sort of.... Well, he kidnapped me and was raping me, so probably... whatever that term was.... Better to not piss him off.

“I-I-I’m sorry... Master.” I added. “May I have some water, Master?”

He smiled in that cocky, toxic way. Oh god.

He walked to the door and opened it. I saw a small hall outside, but didn’t get much of a look. Once the door was closed I scampered over, keenly aware of my lack of clothing. He hadn’t used a key or a code... maybe...

The door refused my efforts to turn the handle. I realized there was a freaking thumb scanner on the fucking door.

I retreated, I didn’t want him thinking I was already trying to escape... maybe he’d get complacent, I could wait my time and run....

My thoughts were interrupted by the door opening and my captor handing me a bottle of water. I almost let my mouth drop open, he had a sex dungeon with biometric locks, and now he was giving his captive a bottle of pricey, name brand alkaline water? Who was this guy? How rich was he?

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(Steven)

I'd zoned out for a second, then came too when Karen asked me for some water. I thought the whole 'Master' thing was a nice touch.

I could tell Karen had tried the door when was out fetching her water. There was a little indicator on each side of the handle to show failed attempts and it was lit red. You had to scan to go either way, in or out. I'd programmed all of my fingerprints in, so even if she bit my thumb or something, I could get out. I didn't want her to know that I knew just yet. I had decided any sort of recording or evidence of what was going on was a no go. I didn't want her thinking she could get away with anything but I wanted to see what I could catch her doing early to see if there was some way out of my underground sex bunker that I hadn't thought of.

The passage into my sex-dungeon was well hidden. There was the bookshelf that had hidden hinges and a latch you had to know about to move it out of the way, then there was a false panel with a hidden latch you had to find, then finally you had to use biometrics to open the door. That only let you into the mantrap, and you had to scan biometrics again to get either from the mantrap into the sex dungeon, or out of the mantrap and into my basement. There was dirt above, beneath, and on every side of the sex dungeon, and with the thick and well insulated doors, no sound would escape it.

There was an air vent to maintain the temperature in there, after all, Karen wasn't the only one naked in there. I had had three sets of duct silencers installed and nothing sound wise made it through that, though the temperature regulation worked just fine. I'd even installed zone heating and cooling, and the thermostat was concealed behind a mesh panel in the dungeon.

Was all of this excessive? Yes. Was it necessary? Absolutely not. I never had guests since all my friends moved away after college and the whole reason I was doing this was because no woman wanted a 'jobless loser' as a boyfriend, even if said 'jobless loser' was worth hundreds of millions of dollars and had investments that would likely keep my children and maybe even grandchildren and great grandchildren set for life.

So why did I do it?

Okay, maybe it was because it made me feel like a super spy. I liked the coolness and the secrecy. Maybe if one day I did find a wife I would turn it into my super secret spy man-cave. I had outlets, internet jacks and everything I'd need behind the pads I'd put up. And it was just cool.

I tried to think of myself more like a cool superspy than a super villain, but if I was a super villain (okay, mediocre villain, but whatever) it was the fault of bitches like Karen. So full of themselves that they thought that the world owed them anything and everything they ever wanted. Men were just insects or at best tools to be abused to get what women like her wanted.

Now it was her turn to get used, and what I wanted was a cum slut.

It was strange, the look Karen gave me when I handed her the bottle of water. It as like I was handing her fucking gold or something. It was just water. I mean, I'd tried a few brands and found the one I thought tasted the best. (And don't tell me water is water and it all tastes the same. That is bullshit.) But it was still just water.

"Now slut, it is late. Get some sleep. You have a long day of fucking tomorrow." I instructed.

Karen gaped at me, "But... isn't it morning?... Master!" She added hastily.

I laughed, "Oh, my poor, stupid slut.  It has only been two hours since you went running in the park. You have a long and cum filled two months ahead of you." I told her.

And with that, I turned and opened the door and let it close silently behind me leaving a shocked, confused Karen, cum drying on her inner thighs holding a bottle of water as she realized her nightmare was just starting.