

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



When she graduated from University of New South Wales in Sydney, Australia in late spring 2009, Cassandra Ackerman, known by her friends as Cassie, promised herself a sabbatical. She booked a flight and left in late May for Thailand. After a few days in the north, she ended up in Bangkok. There, she swam at the beaches of Pattaya and Naklua, shopped, flirted with boys, hung out with kids from the United States and Australia, and stayed at youth hostels.

She explored the market at Patpong and even went to a risqué nightclub there. She stayed mostly at the Hi-Far East Inn. But her purse was stolen from her backpack on an overnight bus trip. When she woke up, everything of value was gone: her return flight plane ticket, travelers checks, credit cards and her ID. All she had left was about 3000 baht (Thai currency - about \$100 US or Australian dollars) in the pocket of her shorts.

Cassie was independent and proud. She was used to being in control. But she found herself in a terrible situation. First off, she didn't know the language and the culture. Second, she was broke. Third, her mother and father were on holiday themselves in New Zealand and couldn't be reached. Fourth, all the info she needed to contact the credit card companies was in her purse. Phone numbers, account numbers and even her pin numbers. Stupid!

She went to the Embassy, but was frustrated when the bureaucracy, slow as always, wasn't able to do much except give her a little meal money. Then, back out on the street, she met Niu, a young Chinese man her own age, who said he could help her.

"Missy, I know owner of go-go bar who hire pretty girl like you. You wait table and dance and make enough money. You can do... yes," he said.

Cassie was ambivalent. She'd rather not have to spend her vacation working, but she desperately needed money. Waiting on tables seemed easy enough, but the dancing concerned her. She'd waited tables before, and often been tipped well, but never in a bar, much less a go-go bar. She enjoyed dancing, and, with a few drinks, could let loose on the dance floor. But she wasn't sure about dancing on stage.

Being a stripper, taking off her clothes and dancing naked on stage was out of the question, of course. She'd been raised well and had too much self-respect for that.

On the other hand, go-go dancers wore scanty, sexy outfits, but nothing skimpier, and often less so, than the bikinis she and most girls wore on public beaches, as she had here. She could do that, she thought. Sure, she might feel a little awkward and self-conscious at first, but she was proud of her body, confident about her looks and liked to dance. Like waitressing and most other jobs, Cassie reminded and reassured herself, with good looks and a good attitude, a female could be successful being a little flirty without being slutty.

Still, being flirty with Thai men seemed kind of yucky. She found Thai men gross. Niu assured her that many of the bars catered to tourists. Cassie thought about it and began to worry that if she was working in a bar that attracted Australians, she would be embarrassed.

She told Niu, "Actually I would prefer to work in a bar that catered to locals."

He smiled and said, "Ah, this is better."

Cassie knew from what she'd heard and the looks she'd gotten here that Thai men and boys found Western women and girls, particularly blondes like her, intriguing and attractive. She could see the

way Niu looked at her too. But he seemed nice and, in a desperate situation, he was being very helpful.

Niu wasn't what he seemed, of course, but he was good at what he did. He got paid for steering girls like Cassie to Chinese gangs which controlled many of the bars and brothels. These organizations were called the "Piglet Gangs" by the Thai police.

Niu brought Cassie to the 13K Triad. Lao Chai was the boss. He was in his late fifties and had been on top for ten years. Producing false passports and stealing legitimate passports to transport poor Thai girls to Western countries was just one of his profitable, but illegal businesses.

The gang also transported prostitutes to Japan in cooperation with the Yakuza - the Japanese mafia. Because of gangs like the 13K Triad, Bangkok had become a transit center for human trafficking. The gang ran three brothels in Bangkok and had controlling interests in two bars.

Niu escorted her to the warehouse which the gang used as its headquarters. A fat Chinese named Dong sat behind a desk in a ramshackle office.

"He says your purse was stolen," Dong said, pointing to Niu.

"Yes."

He asked Cassie how much she'd lost. She started off very cautiously, but as she told him her tale of woe, she blurted out everything and at the end, she was stifling back tears. She even told him she was going to have to wait for nearly a month to be able to contact her parents. Without a credit card and a plane ticket, she admitted to him she was stranded in Thailand. When she told him the amount of traveler's checks that had been stolen, he whistled.

"That's a lot, Missy," he said sympathetically. "How you gonna make that kind of money?"

"I don't know," Cassie answered. "He," she said, pointing at Niu, "he said I could earn money waiting tables... and, uh, go-go dancing."

Dong nodded and smiled.

"You got good attitude," he asked her?

"Yes," she answered quickly, her face lighting up at the way he first asked about one of her good traits that she'd just reflected on herself when Niu first brought up the opportunity. Some things, like attitude and work ethic apply across all cultures, Cassie thought, feeling better about this job and her prospects already.

"Good. Can you follow directions," he asked her?

"Yes, absolutely," she said, feeling good, smiling from ear-to-ear.

He told her she would be dancing on a stage wearing a bikini, as she'd anticipated. He told her what she could make, and it was better than she'd anticipated.

"Wow, that would be great," she said.

He also told her she would have to sign a small agreement. Before she could think about that, he asked her to stand up and turn around. Having to put herself on display so quickly, she was diverted from asking about the contract.

"You very pretty. You do well. You want the job," he asked her?

"Uh....Yeah." Cassie hesitated a bit at the abrupt job offer. "Yes!" she quickly gushed, showing more enthusiasm. This was better than she'd hoped when Niu first told her about it, and way better than she'd feared when she'd first found her stuff stolen. Damn right she wanted the job!

Dong whipped out a piece of paper and had Cassie sign it. She asked a few questions, but he reassured her that it was a standard employment contract for a dancer. Placated, she signed. Dong then picked up the phone and within two minutes a fat, middle-aged Chinese woman appeared at the door.

"This is Yanmei," Dong said. "She is boss of dancers and hostesses. You go with her now."

Cassie looked at the woman. Her hair was pulled back into a severe bun and she was wearing a faded silk jacket and tight black silk pants that only accentuated her bulk. Cassie found herself staring into two eyes that reminded her of a snake. There was no softness there.

Cassie tried not to feel intimidated, reminding herself that lots of middle-aged women who'd lost their looks or never had them looked at younger, more attractive females that way. Another thing that was common across cultures, Cassie reflected. She'd dealt with women like this at school and work too many times to count. It was not pleasant or easy, but she'd be respectful to the woman's authority, show some humility, keep a positive attitude even in the face of the woman's hostility, and she'd get through it, maybe even win the woman over.

Cassie looked up at the woman, offered a small, meek smile. Getting the same cold, hard eyes and harsh, scowling face in return, Cassie felt her own face heat up, lowered her eyes, lost her smile, and stood up. She picked up the backpack and followed the woman, who escorted her from the warehouse to a small sedan parked outside. A young Thai man acted as chauffeur and drove.

Yanmei

The car wound its way through the city to end up in the Soi Cowboy district. The main drag was a short lane that ran between Sukhumvit Soi 21 and 23. The area was packed, mostly with go-go bars and one or two regular bars all of them with bright, flashing neon signs, loud music and friendly ushers on the street trying to get customers inside.

In the Soi Cowboy area, nudity was allowed on stage in the upstairs bars. The area was famous for upstairs venues which were notoriously sleazy and explicit. Here the girls were almost always dancing naked. The area was further out and less "touristy" than Patpong and in a different police venue. Thai men, more than tourists, frequented the bars the 13K Triad controlled in Soi Cowboy. The chauffeur parked the car in an alley behind one of the bars.

Cassie looked around and felt a little nervous. The alley looked terribly third world. Dirty, with garbage overflowing several cans and a mangy dog rooting around for scraps.

Cassie knew of the vast poverty in the country, and had heard about Bangkok's seedier clubs and brothels, even sex trafficking and sex tourism. However, restricting herself to the tourist district and touristy activities, she had avoided paying much attention to or thinking that much about any of that. Certainly had not in the kind rancid, sordid detail confronting her now. Quivering and feeling queasy as she got out of the car, Cassie was increasingly uneasy about what she might be getting herself into.

Yanmei ushered her into the bar. It was dark inside and the first thing Cassie saw was three Thai girls, teenagers, dancing on a small, raised platform. The bar was dark but the music was loud and the lights were garish and bright.

The girls were clad in string bikinis, dancing unenthusiastically, looking bored. Cassie noted their attire and attitude and tried to reassure herself as she surveyed the room. The afternoon crowd was sparse. It consisted of mostly Thai men sprinkled with a few tourists. Some Japanese and Westerners. Cassie took a deep breath and told herself, 'it's only for a little while.'

"We go upstairs," Yanmei said to her and steered Cassie up a flight of stairs to a small room.

The chauffeur, a young man barely out of his teens accompanied them. First Cassie had to be outfitted for a costume. Yanmei was the "mama san" in charge of training and disciplining the girls.

She stood with her hands on her hips and announced to Cassie, "Take off clothes."

Cassie looked over at the chauffeur and said, "What about him?"

"He no problem. Strip."

Cassie felt butterflies in her stomach. She had been to a nude beach once and had experience with lovers, but this was different. It was so cold, impersonal, and degrading.

She hesitated and Yanmei impatiently said in a harsh and guttural voice, "Strip, Missy."

Cassie had no choice. She had committed herself. She began to disrobe. First her top, then her shorts, pausing in her modest white bra and panties, which still covered about as much as the bikini would. Looking down, her fingers fumbled before finally managing to unfasten her bra. She blushed as the bra cups fell from her bare breasts, and then rushed to pull it off, and shove down and step out of her panties, trying not to think about what she was doing.

Yanmei yanked her bra and panties out of her hands and tossed them aside. Cassie, now naked, tried to cover her girl parts with her hands. The attempted modesty seemed to amuse Yanmei, who offered the first, if still distinctly frosty, smile that Cassie had seen from her. The chauffeur, named Thuanthong, shuffled in closer and watched intently. He liked dirty blondes like Cassie and was pleased with what he saw.

Cassie was 170 centimeters tall (5'7") and weighed 54 kilos (119lbs.). She had nice B-cup tits, wide hips, long legs, and a full, round ass. Her dirty blonde hair was thick, blunt cut at her shoulders, and she wore it in a ponytail. Her pubic hair was darker, closer to brown. Shaved and neatly trimmed to a narrow bikini cut for the beach at the beginning of her vacation, her since-neglected pubic area was, by now, an embarrassingly untidy sight. She winced as she glanced down behind her hand to see her "landing strip" grown to a high hedge, bordered by sprouting stubble.

She had a pretty oval face with full lips and blue/green eyes. She was proud of her looks, but now, in the confines of the small room with the older Chinese woman and a young Thai man watching her every move, she became more than self-conscious.

Yanmei threw a bikini at her and told her to try it on. Cassie laboriously put the garment on with trembling fingers - and then stood there nervously with her hands at her sides. The fat woman threw her a pair of high heels and Cassie traded her sandals for the glamorous pumps.

"Turn around," Yanmei said to her when she was done.

She made Cassie pose and then pirouette this way and that. Cassie felt silly. But soon it was over. At least that part. Yanmei took her to a long rectangular shaped room. There were two girls there – naked to the waist – seated in front of a long mirror doing their make-up. This was the room the girls used to get themselves ready for a shift. Yanmei directed Cassie to, ‘get self-ready.’

Cassie reached into her backpack and took out a brush, some rollers, and her make-up bag. Within 20 minutes she was transformed. She looked positively sexy and hot. Yanmei came back in and looked at her and said, “you sexy female. Men will like. Come with me.”

She escorted Cassie downstairs and the young Australian spent the rest of the afternoon “on duty.” This meant sessions of gyrating for 20 minutes on stage – dancing – and the rest of the time hustling drinks. She was an “OK” dancer and tried her best to look and act sexy, but she couldn’t help noticing that the other girls, all Thai, looked at her disapprovingly or ignored her.

The men leered at her and she felt very naked up there on stage. She couldn’t wait for the set to be over. Serving drinks was no better. The men all propositioned her and some reached up to pinch her ass. She resisted and this made the Thai men smile. They found her all the more attractive that she was acting modest and vulnerable.

Later, she was shown the “dormitory” where she and the other girls slept. It was fairly clean but the bunk beds left little room for privacy. There were two footlockers per bed and Cassie was assigned one. She met some of the girls. Two of them were sweet, Kwang and Lamia, but there was one girl there, Taeng, who took an instant dislike to her. This girl was older, with a hard look about her.

She had been dancing and hooking for several years and didn’t like a pretty Western girl who might take customers from her. Kwang was soft, very young (17) and oh-so pretty. Lamai was also pretty and 24 – old for this line of work in Thailand. They spoke a little English and soon told Cassie that they also worked “upstairs.” When Cassie inquired about that, they looked at each other and shrugged.

“She will show you,” Lamai said, indicating with a gesture – Yanmei.

There was also a chubby Korean girl named Yong. She seemed to be shunned by the Thai girls. She sat forlornly on her footlocker and sang softly to herself. Cassie looked at her and felt some sense of compassion. She tried to engage the girl in conversation, but the girl spoke only Korean. She was a college student who had gotten herself in trouble in Bangkok and ended up in the bar. Kwang pulled Cassie aside and whispered to her that, ‘she does things we not do.’ When Cassie asked what that might be, Lamai poked her, as if to say, ‘do not say.’

And so, for the next several days, Cassie worked 8 hour days. As a new dancer she worked the early shift (from noon till 8pm). The late shift girls worked from 8pm to 4am. After every shift, Cassie had to give all her tips to Yanmei. It was boring and hard work, but she was determined to get enough money to get home. The Thai men looked at her like a piece of meat. She was glad she didn’t know the language because she could tell from their remarks in Pidgin English that they all wanted to fuck her or worse. When she served drinks, most of them undressed her with their eyes or tried to molest her. It was unpleasant work....

After the first week, she was given her “cut” and when she looked in the envelope she got upset. At this rate, it would take her a long time to get back to Sydney. She went to see Yanmei about it. The woman listened to her complaints and then looked at her coldly – saying nothing. She ignored her and walked away. Cassie was left there, holding the envelope, and feeling stupid.

But things were to get worse....much worse. Later that night, Yanmei approached her.

"You want to make more money," she asked?

Cassie answered, 'yes' and Yanmei took her upstairs. When she got there, she saw immediately that the atmosphere was much rawer. The girls were dancing nude. Totally nude. She saw Kwang - wearing only a pair of high heels. The pretty teen smiled at her and then looked away when Yanmei glared at her.

"Dance nude - you make more money," Yanmei said to Cassie simply.

Cassie gulped and said nothing. Yanmei shrugged. She had a long term plan for the Australian blonde. In time, she would be made to do what Yanmei had forced on Yong. The poor Korean had been forced into performing in explicit sex shows in a very private little theater on this very floor.

The Pole

The bar's manager was A-Wut, a heavy-set Thai in his mid-forties. Cassie saw him every day but had no direct dealings with him. His job was to make money for the 13K Triad. Cheap drinks and naked women were the stock in trade. He had turned the bar into a real profit center concentrating on the wealthier locals. His lure: show them acts that even the tourists couldn't see in Patpong. And upstairs was where the action was. It was the end of the second week when he grabbed Cassie as she was coming off stage and pulled her roughly into his office.

"Your gonna dance nude. Tomorrow night," he said to her unceremoniously.

"Oh.....I haven't decided if I want to do that," she said.

"I have."

With that, he summoned Yanmei.

"Put her upstairs tonight," he said. Yanmei smiled and nodded.

Cassie tried to protest. When this didn't work, she got miffed and tried to walk away from Yanmei. That's when the woman called out and two men appeared. Mongkut was 30, with a wiry, muscular build. He had been a professional Muay Thai boxer in his youth. Just behind him was Thuanthong, who was a general errand boy as well as a chauffeur.

Yanmei said something to them in Thai and they grabbed Cassie. The poor girl struggled, but in the end they dragged her to the hallway outside the dormitory. They dragged her to the end of the hallway. There was a pole that went from the floor to the ceiling. The men began to pull her bikini top and thong off. Cassie screamed and struggled, but in the end she was handled like a doll.

When she was naked they put her on her back and tied her wrists together behind the pole, so that they were over her head. Then, they grabbed her by the ankles and pulled her feet up until they were way over her head and behind the pole. They had bent her double. Mongkut whipped out a rope and tied her ankles together. Bent double with her wrists and ankles bound her pussy and anus was on cruel display. Her body, with the pole as the vertical bar, formed the letter "D." Yanmei called the punishment: the pole.

Cassie winced as Mongkut began chuckling and bending down to peer between her legs to check out her pussy. She realized her shameful predicament and groaned. After a moment, they left her in this

position. Girls came by, but nobody paid much attention to the poor white girl on the floor bound like a slave. They had been punished for infractions and knew enough to not interfere.

After three hours, the bondage became a terrible thing. Cassie's lower back ached and so did her hips. She wanted so much to be free that she began whimpering. She could waggle her hips left or right a bit, but with her wrists and ankles bound, her movement was very limited. Cockroaches made their appearance and when she felt one of them along her sides or even worse, by her head, she squealed like a little girl. But there was no one to help her. After a while, she began to weep. At 4am, the end of the shift, Yanmei came over. She bent down and talked to Cassie.

"You dance nude now," she asked?

Cassie quickly agreed. Yanmei released her and Cassie ran to the dormitory where Lamai was there. The Thai girl comforted her and eventually Cassie lay down and went to sleep. At 8pm that night Cassie was to dance in the upstairs bar.

"Get self-ready," Yanmei commanded her.

Cassie's hands were shaking as she set and brushed her hair and applied fresh nail polish and make-up. Lamai and Kwang were working that shift upstairs - knew she was upset and tried to comfort her.

"Lamai, I can't believe what she did to me," she protested.

"You must be good girl or it be very bad for you," Lamai counseled.

"She have many bad things she do," Kwang said to Cassie. "You must be good," she said.

Cassie soon found herself up on stage with both girls, as naked as she was. She was expected to not only shake her tits and ass in this room, but to stand, spread her legs and show 'pink.' And bend over and show her anus too. She watched Lamai and Kwang and copied their movements.

The Thai men acted like animals. Most of them were middle-aged. They hooted, hollered, and threw baht at her. She was expected to pick up the bills and shove them in her pussy. When she failed to perform in a sexy enough way, the men booed her. Later when her dance shift was over, she was expected to wait on tables. Again.....in the nude.

Compared to the men in the downstairs bar, this was much worse. Not only was she pinched, which happened downstairs, but fingers were insinuated and often inserted between her legs to probe her crack and slit. Her tits and nipples were mauled. By the time her shift ended, Cassie was an emotional mess. Yanmei was waiting for her.

"You no good, Missy. You must show pussy and asshole. You report for punishment - noon - tomorrow," she told her.

Cassie sniffing wondered what indignity awaited her. Yanmei put her back on the Pole. Cassie didn't cry until the dinner hour came and then begged in a loud voice for Yanmei. The fat woman came by and released her. Cassie stood up on shaky legs. It was embarrassing as she was still nude.

Cassie said, "I'll do better tonight. I promise."

Yanmei smiled and took her by the ear. She pulled her along. Cassie screeched and moaned. The fat woman took her to her quarters. She had an apartment with a small bathroom and kitchenette off to one side. Everywhere Cassie looked, she saw garish silk tapestries, candles, and incense. The

furniture was all bamboo and there was a beautiful Persian rug on the floor. This was home for the fat woman.

Yanmei said, "You obey me. I sit on face. You open mouth. Use mouth - please me. Do good job. Or.... I put you on pole." she said.

Cassie looked at her and was so flabbergasted, she couldn't say anything. She was a puppet as Yanmei pushed her to her knees. Cassie whimpered but feeling more submissive with each new indignity and not wanting to be put back on the pole, she prepared herself mentally for what was a new experience. She had played tit rubbing and kissing games with a pretty friend of hers in school but having oral sex with a 50 year fat Chinese woman was outside anything she had ever done or imagined herself doing.

Then Yanmei stood back and began taking off her clothes. She took off her black silk jacket and then a short-sleeved pale yellow silk blouse. She wore a white cotton bra and reached behind to unsnap it - revealing a floppy set of tits capped with big brown nipples. Her tits were large and hung down nearly to her waist.

She kicked off her sandals, pulled her silk trousers and cotton panties down to her knees - letting them slide down to her ankles and stepped out of them. She had a flat ass and a fat belly and Venus mount. Her crotch was heavily furred with straight black hair. She rubbed her belly in a self-satisfied way and then pulled a straight back chair with arms to the center of the room. She crooked her finger at Cassie. She pointed to the chair.

"Put head here," she said, pointing to the seat.

She got Cassie lying back with her head on the seat, her hands - palms down on the floor - and her legs flat on the rug at a 30 degree angle.

Yanmei straddled her face and got her crotch right over the Australian girl's face. Holding herself up by placing her hands on the chair's arms, she lowered herself until she made contact with Cassie's face. The older woman had a fishy odor and her hairy pussy, with straight pubic hair all over her slit showed plump outer labia and a pea-sized clit. Her inner sex lips gave her pussy the appearance of an tropical orchid.

Dark-lipped, black at the edges, her inner sex lips were long, thin, and symmetrical. Her yellow skin was a contrast to the dark grove between her legs and her ass crack. She was slightly wet, and her sex lips glistened in the dim afternoon light of her room.

She sat down fully on Cassie's face to make her gag, and then lifted herself up slightly to adjust her position. The she began to "ride" back and forth, using the Australian girl's nose, mouth, and chin to rub her labia, vaginal opening, and clitoris.

She found a rhythm. She began grunting as she worked her hips back and forth. Poor Cassie could barely breathe. She had her mouth open and her tongue out to lick the hot, wet pussy that smothered her. Cassie's nose rubbed the fat woman's clitoris on the upstroke.

It felt to Cassie like the pussy was eating her. It seemed to have a life of its own. The labia had swelled and thickened and she was now so juicy that the Australian girl was wet from her cheeks to her chin. She felt like she was drowning. And then Yanmei began jerky coital movements of her hips - back and forth in a way that let Cassie know she was about to cum.

She grunted and squirted; and her discharge flooded Cassie's face. She gulped and swallowed the

strong smelling, slippery pussy juice. After Yanmei came, she sat down with all her weight on Cassie's face, causing her to beat on the older woman's thighs and scream.

Yanmei's weight on her face and her scent overpowered her. It made it hard to breathe, but feeling submissive, Cassie unconsciously thrust her tongue as far as she could into the older woman's hole. She wriggled her tongue deep inside the woman's pussy.

"Good girl. Do nice for Mama San," Yanmei praised her.

Cassie swallowed and surrendered to the older woman. Yanmei ground her crotch on Cassie's face this way and that, extracting every ounce of pleasure she could from having the girl's nose and mouth as a masturbation tool.

Then Yanmei rolled her ass over and around the Australian girl's face and made her eat her asshole as well. Cassie obediently licked the woman's shit hole; and finally, she was done. Yanmei got up and dressed. She was all business again.

The Bath of Flies

The next shift, Cassie did better dancing nude. She squatted down and pulled her pussy lips apart showing "pink" to all the men crowded around to enjoy her charms. She even pulled her ass cheeks apart to display her asshole. It was very demeaning, but she did it. However, when an old pervert made it clear to A-Wut that he was willing to pay good baht for a blow job from the pretty Australian, Cassie balked.

"You want me to suck cock," she asked incredulously?

"You better do it, girl, or you know what's going to happen."

Cassie looked back at the pervert at the table and shook her head 'no.' She just couldn't put her mouth on a penis belonging to a man like that. 'I didn't sign on to be a whore,' she thought to herself.

The next morning, about 10am, Yanmei came for Cassie sleeping in her bunk. She had Mongkut and Thuanthong drag her crying, wearing only her panties, out into the alley right by the garbage cans. There was an old beat up wood table sitting there in an alcove. They made her take off her panties and lie on her back with her head at the edge of the table.

Yanmei supervised. Then the two men pulled her arms far back over her head and tied each wrist to a table leg. They grabbed her ankles and pulled her legs up and so far back - that if Cassie turned her head to either side, she was staring at her ankles.

They roped tie her ankles to the table's legs too. Mongkut tied a rope around her waist. He ran the loose end from under her hips to the opposite end of the table. There, he tied it to a heavy nail that had been pounded into the table. Bound this way, she was prevented from any real movement.

She ended up looking at her hairy Venus mount. She couldn't see pussy or asshole but all her private parts were totally exposed and facing the sky. Her tits sat on her chest and by craning her head forward slightly she could see her nipples.

Yanmei came over smiling with a small pot. It contained honey. Grinning, she used a brush to smear

Cassie's vulva and anus liberally with the sweet stuff. She made sure to get some on her clitoris, her labia, and her vaginal opening before coating her tight brown anus too.

Then she finished the preparations by anointing each of Cassie's brown nipples with the honey. Cassie had large nipples and areoles and by the time the fat woman was done, either out of fear or the soft caress of the brush, each nipple had erected. Mongkut pointed at them and young Thuanthong chuckled at his remarks. Cassie, humiliated and exposed, felt like she was being raped. The first flies began to alight and it was horrifying...

Yanmei leaned down, close to Cassie's ear and said in a sinister voice, "You suck cock next time."

With that, she gagged Cassie with her own panties and the three left the girl to her fate. The garbage cans were close by and soon the flies descended on the poor Australian girl. Attracted by the honey, her sweat and her bodily odors, they alighted at first – just a few at a time. Cassie watched them with horror as there was absolutely nothing she could do.

They landed on her nipples and began, with their six little feet to scurry this way and that. And the more that landed seemed to attract the rest. Soon, they were scampering and roaming maddeningly all over the puckered surface of her nipples. Cassie had tried to lift her head and blow the flies on her nipples away, but soon it became hopeless. But it was her exposed crotch really attracted a swarm.

Soon, there was a horde of the nasty black flies all over her pussy and asshole. And there was nothing that she could do to prevent the insects from invading her hole. She went from whimpering to groaning, moaning and finally began screaming into the gag. Every woman has a fear of bugs getting into her hole and Cassie was no different.

And when she was so infested that each tit was crawling with flies and her crotch was covered and packed, she screamed into the gag like a madwoman. The honey and her feminine secretions drove the flies into a swarming mass. She was tied so she couldn't close her thighs. The torment of her pussy and asshole was especially awful. They overran the honey-glazed openings. The itching sensation was so horrible that she was afraid she might go mad. Her crotch was soon alive with a hundred flies. Cassie alternated between screaming, groaning, and pleading.

Yanmei knew that you couldn't leave a girl too long to the flies. It could cause a mental breakdown. So, after an hour, she came back and asked Cassie if she was ready to show her pussy and asshole to the men. Cassie, her eyes wide with sheer stark terror, begged and nodded her head vigorously yes-yes-yes!

She had Mongkut and Thuanthong cut her loose. When they took her off the table, Cathy was drained. When she was on her feet, she began brushing the remaining flies off. Following this, they took her inside. Yanmei directed them to take her to the men's room. It was just before lunch time and the place was empty. They forced Cassie to her knees. Without a word, both men unzipped and took out their cocks. Cassie stared at their brown uncircumcised cocks as they fisted them.

Mongkut's was longer with a full "turtleneck" foreskin and Thuanthong's cock was shorter and thicker with a thin foreskin that only covered half the head. Cassie looked at Yanmei and knew what she had to do. She was overwhelmed with shame and disgust. She had to kiss, lick, and then suck each man's uncircumcised cock.

Mongkut went first. He worked his cock into Cassie's mouth a little at a time until he had the head at the opening to her throat... making her gag and as she gagged, it made her convulse embarrassingly and she farted.

It was all very degrading and humiliating. His hands were tangled in her hair. This inflamed him as he pushed his cock in and then out. Cassie went limp with her lips wrapped tightly around his shaft and her tongue on the underside of the head – his cock went in and out. The former boxer felt the tickle that told him he was almost at his precious moment. His hips did a jig, his breathing got louder, he grunted, and then he pushed his cock in deep and held it there.

Cassie gagged as the first spurts hit the opening to her throat. He gushed six times. Semen backed up and dribbled out of the corner of her mouth. She had to gulp and swallow the large load. Gaggling a little, she coughed – a sloppy, wet cough. His cock popped out finally.

She moaned as he milked his cock and a drop of semen landed on her lips. He used the tip of his cock to smear the cum all over her lips. Her eyes were red from sobbing and there was saliva and semen on her swollen lips. Thuanthong stroked his cock in anticipation. He was already hard from watching her suck Mongkut's dick.

The tip of his dick was slimy wet and he made Cassie lick and kiss the tip slowly and teasingly. He made her kiss his cock like a lover and then he took it out, slapped her face with it, and then rubbed the wet head all over her mouth, nose, and cheeks.

When he was drooling like mad, he got it in her mouth and made her take it to the root. Soon, he grabbed her head and with both hands pulled her face back and forth until he spurted like a fountain. Cassie had to swallow the load, of course.

"You suck cock now. Or you get "Bath of Flies" again. Understand," Yanmei said to her.

Cassie, feeling degraded, humiliated, and cowed beyond belief, nodded her head to signify that she understood. That night after her first dance set, waiting on tables, a man....a business man....he indicated to A-Wut that he'd be willing to pay for the blonde Australian to give him a blow-job. And Cassie was brought back to the booth where the man sat. He was at least 50 years old, with a thin moustache` and paunchy.

He had paid and Cassie had been given her instructions. A-Wut told her that if she didn't do a good job, he would give a bad report to Yanmei. Cassie shuddered and bent down to do her best. The man pulled his cock out of his trousers and Cassie kissed it and then began picking it up and down. He smelled and she had all she could do not to gag. Then man pulled his ball sack out for her to lick. She got busy sucking it and he took a long time to cum. But cum he did and she was expected to swallow it.

But something went wrong and Cassie lost her focus and she spit his cum into her hand. The man got very angry and indicated with gestures and some pidgin that he expected that she swallow his precious gift. Cassie, humiliated, had to lick up the man's semen. She tried not to gag. But later, as the man was paying his bar tab, he said something to A-Wut. And when Cassie got off shift, Yanmei was waiting for her.

"You spit out cum," she hissed at her? "You stupid girl. You report for punishment in morning, Missy."

Cassie groaned.

The Crotch Horse

They took her to the hallway outside the dorm again. This time there was a device set up in the back. A sawhorse. There was a crank mounted to the front of the device. And the top was saw-toothed and sharp. They two men tied her thumbs to her elbows and got her seated. They roped her ankles and tied the loose ends to the front and back legs on both sides. This positioned her right in the middle of the beam. Then Yanmei grabbed the crank and began turning it.

She kept hurling curses at Cassie as she spun the crank and the device rose to meet her churning hips and loins. Cassie went up on her toes as the sharp jagged edge hurt. When Yanmei got her fully extended on tippy toes, she stopped. Then she lectured the girl. Told her that from now on, when she was told to suck cock, she better swallow. 'Or else.' Then she left poor Cassie to ride the "Crotch Horse."

She tried to stay up on her toes and that lasted for nearly five minutes. But her calves fatigued and she sat down gingerly on the sharp edge. It felt awful, but she struggled to endure it. When the jagged edge could no longer be tolerated, she rose again on her toes. She didn't last as long the second time. When she sat down again, she whimpered as the pointed beam pressed her perineum, cunt, and anus. She tolerated this for about a minute and then rose again.

The cycle of getting up on her toesthen feeling the inevitable fatigue which forced her to sit down again.....only to have the toothed edge drive her back on her toes, was repeated and repeated. Each time she was able to bear either position for less and less time. Eventually, she began to "bob" up and down. It looked like she was riding a horse. Girls came out and went down the hall to get ready for their day shift. Some looked on sympathetically. Taeng came over and taunted her. She had been forced to ride, more than once. She enjoyed watching the pretty blonde girl suffering as she had for an infraction of the rules.

Mongkut and Thuanthong came over to check her out too. And to mock her. It was comical. By that time, she was bouncing up and down like a puppet. And crying, groaning, and begging almost continually for anyone to let her off the infernal device. She "rode" for an hour. When they took her off, she could barely walk. Yanmei took her to the men's room again and let Mongkut and Thuanthong enjoy her mouth. She gave each man a lovely blow job; and swallowed it all.

And when they were done and Cassie thought the ordeal was over, Yanmei had another degrading indignity for her to endure. Still on her knees, she had to open her mouth. Cassie felt her skin crawl and felt sick to her stomach as each man took his cock in hand and standing over her... concentrated. She realized they were getting ready to piss - "make water" in her mouth. They pissed..... and she was forced to swallow it all. She vomited twice during the ordeal.

Yanmei grabbed her by the hair when she had recovered and yanked her head around like she was a disobedient child. She slapped her face hard and told her that in the future she was to take anything from a man's cock that he wanted to give her. Poor Cassie was driven down another peg on the status ladder.

The next shift two fat Chinese brothers got to use her mouth. They were allowed to take her to the men's room. She was made to kneel as they proudly displayed their cocks to her. They were both gross and their cocks were no better. Their penises smelled cheesy and foul and as they pulled their foreskins back to reveal the shiny pink heads, Cassie was assailed by the smell. One grabbed her by her hair as the other rubbed his cock all over her face: cheeks, nose, chin, and lips. It drooled a thin pre-cum. As he held back his foreskin, she saw and smelled the little curds of smegma there. The fishy odor made Cassie sick.

He made her smell it and then use her lips and tongue to clean it. She found it disgusting and

humiliating, but she had to do it. The unwashed, rancid stench of uncircumcised yellow men in the tropical heat was a torment.

Next, she had to kiss each cock like she loved them. She had to give them wet, sucking kisses up and down the shafts and all around the heads. The bothers pulled their foreskins back and made her kiss and lick the 'sweet spots.' Every time they pulled their thick foreskins back, she smelled the musk.

The brothers made her kiss and lick their balls too - bags of loose skin with spiky, black hairs. They made her do it slow, then lick their ball sacks until they were wet with saliva. Following this, she had to take the cocks in her mouth and suck them in turn as they stood over her.

Enjoying her warm mouth, their cocks drooled slimy pre-cum. Cassie soon experienced their hot, salty, vile ejaculate spurting into her mouth. It made her sick to her stomach. It tasted salty with a tapioca-like consistency. She felt like retching. It was slimy and made her gag. Cassie was sick when they finished and stuffed their cocks back in their trousers.

The very next night, she was in a small cubicle on a dirty mattress with an ugly Thai fisherman brandishing his cock like a weapon. His organ leaked clear slimy fluid from the slit at the tip. It was hard, slim, and laced with ugly veins. He pulled on a condom. He had bought her pussy. Cassie knew it was inevitable. She had been trained to suck their cocks. The next step was to take them in her pussy.

He told her, "I fuck you."

He pushed her down on the mattress with her forehead and elbows supporting her and got behind her. Then he used his cock to make her squirm. He rubbed it all around her sex lips and her 'pearl.' Cassie felt sick and doubted that she would derive any pleasure from what he was going to do to her.

But when she moaned, he spat at her, "You like that - don't you?"

Then he rubbed it around her hole...and finally penetrated her - worked it in....until he was in all the way to his thin black pubic hair. Cassie began to whimper as he took his time, enjoying his use of a blonde, white woman. He thrust his hips and his cock, deep in her un-tented vagina, touched her cervix. He grabbed her by her hip bones, as he prolonged his penetration. She cried out as he began thrusting harder into her sex-hole and her vagina began opening up.

He grabbed her by her hair and yanked her head back. Then he slammed it in as hard as he could. Cassie gasped as he really began to fuck her. Hard and fast - it didn't take him long, and soon he came. Sweating and groaning, Cassie felt like a whore. She looked back over her shoulder and saw him smiling at her.

He pulled his cock out completely and the condom was full of his ejaculate. He pulled it off and made her swallow what was inside. Cassie was too afraid of Yanmei to deny him. She gagged as she had never had to do that before. Later, she was lying on her back again. Her pussy had been sold a second time. She watched this man, about 30 and not bad looking, come into the room, drop his trousers, and kneel between her legs.

Holding his cock in his hand, it was very erect - a nasty, ugly penis with a purple head peeking out from his foreskin pointing up at the ceiling. He reached down pulled on a condom and spread her wet sex open with his other hand. When Cassie whimpered, he slapped her across her face and cursed at her in Thai.

He forced his cock into her sex. He lay down on her and put his hands under her butt for leverage.

He then began to thrust into her slowly at first and then when he got more excited, harder. She had her hands on his upper arms and just held on. His penetration aroused other feelings in Cassie too. She was really surprised at this. Taken against her will by this repulsive monster, she felt hot feelings in her cunt as he fucked her.

He quickened his thrusts and quickly gasped several times. Then he grunted. She realized he was ejaculating. As his cock throbbed and twitched inside her as he completed the act of intercourse, Cassie felt revulsion at the thought that she was now a whore and if she protested, Yanmei would punish her cruelly. He looked down and smiled at her as he pulled it out. His cock made a sound like a water buffalo pulling its hoof out of a rice paddy. He leaned back as she lay there, her sex-hole wet and open and feeling completely violated.

Then, later, a third man bought her ass. He got her down on the mattress to fuck her too. Three men that night fucked her. When the last man was done, Yanmei came in and humiliated her.

Soon, A-Wut was selling her pussy to the highest bidder every night. She was forced to suck and fuck a succession of young and middle-aged Thai men and some tourists. One of them was an Australian. Cassie was mortified. A visiting businessman from Melbourne. He was old enough to be her father.

He paid for a blow job and came back the next night to fuck her. It was so embarrassing and humiliating. She stifled her emotions, remaining stiff and passive, feeling no arousal and showing little enthusiasm. As she cried afterwards, she tried not think about why she'd been so much more aroused being brutally abused by the Thai men who repulsed her.

The Dog Cart

One afternoon, Yanmei brought Cassie to another room on the top floor. There, 30 men were seated facing a small stage. The place was jammed. Every seat was taken by Thai men, mostly older. They were smoking, drinking, and laughing. The mood was very excited.

A-Wut was there and Cassie heard him say to a flunky, "Get the slut."

The boy brought Yong, the Korean girl, onto the stage. Cassie looked at her sad face and felt sympathy. She was never seen dancing downstairs. And rarely seen dancing upstairs. Mostly the girl was on her back or on all fours, sucking cock or taking cocks in her pussy or ass.

Yong stood there awkwardly. She was perhaps 160 centimeters tall (5'3") and weighed 68 kilos (150lbs.). She had big tits for an Asian girl, a fat belly, thick thighs, and a fat ass. Her black hair was cut to her shoulders and she wore bangs. She had a pretty face, but her expression was one of desolation.

Mongkut came out of the wings pulling a little device. It was a small, wheeled bench, a trolley. The crowd, smoking and drinking, began to stomp, shout and yell. A-Wut raised his hands to quiet them down. He said something to the crowd and they went wild again.

Yong kept her eyes down, staring at the floor, and seemed to shudder. She looked like all the spirit had been beaten out of her. A-Wut took her by the elbow and made her straddle the trolley and then lie down. The bench was curved and shaped. When A-Wut got her on her belly, her tits hung down on either side of the bench.

The other end of the bench was thicker and higher and this position elevated Yong's hips and ass. He used straps to secure her wrists and ankles to the sides of the trolley. Mounted, she looked like she was riding it. He locked the wheels, so the cart wouldn't move. Yong started to sweat heavily. The room was small. There were no windows and the packed bodies made it even warmer.

Thuanthong emerged from the wings, poured some coconut palm oil into his hand, and rubbed it all over Yong's pussy. Then he put on a rubber glove and wiped her pussy with a sponge he had in a plastic bag. The sponge was saturated with juice from the cunt of a female bitch in heat. He anointed her cunt with the pungent sponge.

Mongkut came out leading a dog onto the stage. The dog smelled the bitch's scent and began barking. Mongkut paraded the dog around the stage. It was a black mongrel weighing about 36 kilos (80lbs.). He pulled the dog around by a choke collar.

Stunned, Cassie just stood there and stared at the dog. As Yanmei told her the dog was going to fuck Yong, she felt totally sick to her stomach. No wonder the other girls shunned the Korean; and why she had the demeanor of a beaten dog herself. The crowd was there to see a dog fuck a foreign woman.

A-Wut raised his arms to silence the crowd. Mongkut brought the dog to a spot about two meters behind the trolley. Cassie gazed, horrified at what was about to happen, and then covered her face with the splayed fingers of one hand. Mongkut let the dog get closer to smell Yong. The dog went wild. Mongkut used the choke collar and let it smell her pussy and then pulled the dog back. Teasing the dog loaded its testicles.

He got the dog lunging forward to mount, and then pulled the dog back before it could mount. He did this three times. This made the dog's cock drop and men in the audience pointed. Fully erect from the sheath, it protruded obscenely. It was bright red and purple and drooled slime, 18 centimeters (7") long with a knot that looked like the shaft had swallowed two walnuts.

Mongkut let the dog nuzzle Yong's crotch. This got the dog crazier. It got its nose right THERE. Then, its big, pink tongue began lapping at her cunt. Cassie gaped at the dog's cock as it spurted, and at its tongue as it lapped Yong's pussy, making her gasp. A-Wut stood in the wings enjoying the show and tallying the take.

Finally Mongkut let the dog mount her. The dog jumped on her back. Its front paws slid back to her hips. Then it began trying to get its cock in the hole. As soon as the dog found her hole, it drove it in. Yong cried out as the cock penetrated her. And then, the dog began fucking her—in and out, in and out—fucking her hard and fast like a demon.

The dog slobbered, its drool splattering on her back. The animal never stopped its crazed thrusts in and out. It was an disgusting travesty of human coupling. As the dog fucked her, Yong grunted and groaned. She dripped sweat from her face, neck, and armpits; even her back was wet. The dog fucked her relentlessly like some demented creature or maniacally driven machine, its prick a high speed piston in a hideously pornographic cartoon.

The knot grew bigger. It bumped up against her hairy pussy.... jamming against her hole. This made the Korean girl grunt and squeal like a pig. The knot now looked as big as two golf balls at the base of the shaft.

Finally, it popped inside and Yong howled like a bitch. The mouth of her sex hole stretched grotesquely as it engulfed the big knot. Cassie couldn't imagine her own vagina taking the knot and watched in horror. Money changed hands. Men had placed bets with their friends she wouldn't be

able to take it. Fully inside now, Yong soon began wailing as the knot pressed on her G-spot and urethral sponge.

The shaft stretched the pocket and pressed right up against the epicenter. The knot filled her and the dog's cock spurted hot cum incessantly. She was soon screaming. The dog stopped humping, but the shaft began pulsing and throbbing and kept spurting cum.

As Yong's cunt contracted and involuntarily squeezed the dog's cock, she came. Her cries went up two octaves as she reached a wrenching, wailing orgasm. The men in the audience clapped.

Cassie was agog, her gut churning. She cringed and shuddered imagining what it would feel like, emotionally and physically, to be in Yong's place. A sudden twinge between her legs drew Cassie's dazed attention to the sodden state of her panties, and how hot and wet her twat was inside her shorts. She was sickened at herself. Worried a stain would show, she pressed her legs together, which further stimulated her pussy and clit.

The knot kept the dog and the Korean girl locked and Yong came several times. The men sat there drinking, smoking, joking, and enjoying the show while she had her orgasms. Her body shook and writhed in "fuck-happy" spasms on the trolley.

Cassie was hot and flushed, disgusted and ashamed of her own thoughts and reactions. She wanted to leave. She looked over at Yanmei and the fat woman smiled at her. Cassie felt a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach and looked away.

Poor Yong had been degraded to the lowest level a whore could go. No further debasement could be imagined. The dog pulled back. This hurt the chubby Korean as the knot was well embedded. Then, to the crowd's surprise and pleasure, the dog spun around so that it was now facing away from her but they were still joined.

This was the finale, and A-Wut came forward to release the brakes on the trolley's wheels. The dog began pulling Yong along mounted on the trolley. It was an obscenely absurd display. Cassie looked at A-Wut and Yanmei and the evil she saw in their faces revolted her. She now knew that she had signed a pact with the devil.

The dog lurched this way and that, pulling Yong along by the knot embedded in her pussy. When the dog stopped, some of the men in the audience called to the dog to get it moving again. Mongkut called to it, encouraging it, and led the animal all around the platform. Yong moaned like a sick cow as she was towed. It was a thoroughly degenerate exhibition. Eventually, the knot shrank, the dog's cock came out and the show was over.

The dog stood there for a moment, then bent down and licked itself. Mongkut snapped a lead onto the dog's collar and lead it away. Still bound to the trolley, Yong was left panting like a dog. She was wet and sloppy everywhere: her belly, her thighs and all between her legs. Semen and pussy juice oozed from her hole and dripped to the stage floor. Her hole was open, red, and swollen. A-Wut put a bowl down to catch the slop as it drained out of her hole.

He supervised her release from the trolley and then he made her kneel with her hands behind her head. She was shaky and trembling but he made her open her mouth and drink what was in the bowl as an extra added attraction.

Cassie felt lightheaded and was relieved when Yanmei escorted her out. 'I will never have to accept such degradation,' she told herself.

She discovered that Yong performed the foul task once or twice a month. Whenever A-Wut sold enough tickets, he scheduled another performance. Under the protection of the 13K Triad, the police left him alone to hold the most degraded show in all of Bangkok.

Ass Fucked

It wasn't long before a Thai customer wanted to sodomize Cassie. He was a greasy middle-aged salesman. He forced her onto the mattress and spit on her anus. Then he forced a finger into her rectum. He pulled her legs open wide. Her pussy gaped, glistening in the light. He had made Cassie cum by finger fucking her and had fucked her wearing a condom. She had been forced into an orgasm when he fingered her and her pussy was sloppy.

He used some of her juices and his saliva to lubricate her shit-hole. Cassie had only been anally penetrated once and didn't like it. She flinched when she felt him preparing her asshole. He kept spitting on her anus. That was another degradation. When he was ready, he impaled her with his short, but fat cock. It was one-sided struggle between his thick cock and her tight asshole.

The expressions on his face and hers were similar. They both appeared to be in pain. Cassie by the pain and humiliation as the salesman sodomized her and the man by his lust. Cassie had a tight hole. As he penetrated her, the feeling of being torn was terrific. She panted like a dog as she tried to deal with the pain in her shit-hole. Frantically, she tried to relax her sphincter.

But it was no good. She couldn't relax it enough for it not to hurt. He lay down fully her and this forced his cock deeper into her. His cock, embedded in her asshole, filled her with a dull aching pain. She had never been sodomized like this and the man, salivating and grunting like a pig brutally forced his way deeper inside her near virgin ass, cruelly stretched her rectum. Cassie felt as if a soda bottle was being forced up her ass.

It felt like he was going to split her in two. She cried out and this only spurred him on. Her body began to surrender to his cock. She began to open up to him totally. There was no other way. She begged him to be gentle, but the only way she could endure was to push like she was taking a shit and open up her asshole to him fully. It was a humiliating submission.

Her shit hole loosened a little and it took him only a few strokes to fully penetrate her up to his pubic hairs. Her sphincter gripped the base of his cock, squeezing it. He started moving relentlessly in and out of her asshole, stretching her. Now that he was fully inside her, he crouched, his knees shoulder width apart. He gripped her shoulder length hair to pull her now pliant body back onto his cock, so he could plow her asshole with forceful strokes.

Involuntarily, Cassie, underneath him, cried out, a low constant moan coming from her. She clenched her hands helplessly each time he thrust in. Her body had gone limp. No pleading came out of her mouth, just incoherent animal-like sounds and moans, the volume rising and falling in time with his humping. It seemed to Cassie as if it would go on forever. She felt so helpless. There was nothing she could do to make him stop. The salesman stayed hard stroke after stroke.

He came and threw himself forward onto her back, grabbing her hair to force her head to one side, so he could see her face as he unloaded in her shit-hole. Only then, after he had looked into her eyes and felt her submit totally, did he let go of her hair. He cried out in triumph as he filled her asshole with hot cum. He lay on her wet, warm back for a moment, crushing her with his weight.

Soon, each night became one long, terrible rape. The cock became one monstrous cock, repeatedly

and painfully fucking her mouth and sodomizing her. She came to know the hurtful impalement, the feeling of having her holes stretched and invaded by men who treated her like a piece of meat. No sweet boyfriend sex. Just fast, cruel, hard sex from men who regarded her as a trophy and a toy. This had become her whole reality. Just as she had surrendered to the salesman – just as she had surrendered to Yanmei, she surrendered to each man every night. She became nothing more than a fuck toy.

The pain in her shit hole became a constant ache. There was something in her that aroused their cruelty and so many of the men who bought her wanted to fuck her in the ass. Afterwards, as she lay there on her belly and tits – her legs open, panting, her sweaty body gleamed in the light of the room. Her naked body, buffeted and invaded, was just a thing for brown and yellow men to use and abuse.

After being ass-fucked, she'd lay on her belly and tits and feel her anus throbbing; her legs splayed wide, her pussy gaping, her clitoris, swollen and red. She stared at the far wall, her mind blank, exhausted. Her asshole, after these sessions, was raw, stretched. An open "O," a toothless mouth. Her next bowel movement was always a torment. Her asshole was so sore that she could not touch herself there. And having to shit hurt so much that she gripped the toilet seat and groaned as the turds emerged from her anus. It hurt to wipe her asshole.

And periodically, Yanmei would bring Cassie to her quarters for "training." The fat woman sat down in a chair. She motioned for Cassie to get on her back so her body was under the chair and her face provided a "footrest" for the chair Yanmei was sitting on. She shucked both of her sandals, revealing her sweaty feet.

"You lick feet," she said to Cassie.

Cassie felt fear, loathing, and a perverse sense of excitement. Somehow she knew that this woman knew how to hurt another woman. She was lying prostrate with half her body underneath the chair. Yanmei lifted one foot and presented it to her. She held it right under her nose. She wanted her to smell it. And then after sniffing it, Cassie began to kiss and lick the Chinese woman's stinky feet.

She had been sweating and the foot contained numerous glands and ducts that secrete pheromones. The woman's feet were big and smelly, but Cassie bent to the task of licking and sucking her toes. She licked between them and then sucked them into her mouth individually. It was a debasing task to wash another person's feet with your mouth. Yanmei pressed the ball of her foot right onto Cassie's mouth and nose to impress her with her scent.

"Suck on toes, now," she said.

Cassie went from one foot to another. It was the most demeaning task she could have ever imagined. Yanmei was ready now for her to eat her pussy and pulled down her silk trousers and panties. She made Cassie get up and rubbed her nose and mouth on her crotch. Her sexual odor was strong and Cassie gagged at the smell. The fat woman's pussy was already wet. Smiling, she crooked her finger and pointed to it. As Yanmei directed her, she bent to the task and got busy kissing the older woman's sex.

The more she made the Australian girl kiss, lick, and suck and stick her tongue up her cunt, the wetter she got. Yanmei leaned back, spread her legs, and squeezed Cassie's face with her thighs to keep her in her crotch, slurping and kissing. She kept one hand on the back of her head and from time to time, pulled her closer.

"Good job," she said thickly.

Cassie sucked the labia into her mouth and did the same with the clitoris. Yanmei liked that and praised her. Yanmei kept her eating her pussy until she squirted and came in her mouth. She held her hard by the hair to make sure she got it all. Cassie put her mouth on the vaginal opening, lapped up all the juices and swallowed. When she was done, the fat woman sighed contentedly.

Pole Dancer

A-Wut set Cassie up to star in several degrading explicit sex exhibitions. He was getting the full use of his merchandise. In the dim little theater, they mounted Cassie on a pole and made her fuck herself to music—a pole dance performance. The pole, about 2½ centimeters (1 inch) in diameter was fastened to the stage floor. Its upper end had a big black dildo mounted there. A rope hung from a pulley attached to a beam above. Cassie was brought out naked, her hands tied to the rope and she was be hoisted into the air. Then they lowered her so that the dildo entered her cunt.

The length of the pole was carefully adjusted so the dildo was just inside her when she was on tiptoes and deep inside her when she was flat footed. Then, four musicians emerged from the wings and set up. They were among the many musicians employed at Lumpinee Stadium to provide sarama or musical accompaniment to Muay Thai matches.

This was music recognized by every Thai customer. The use of it here was a sort of burlesque. The four musicians each played two different kinds of oboe, a pair of Thai drums and symbols. The tempo of the music varied. When Cassie was mounted, it was slow and stately to match the mood of the ritual impalement.

When she was commanded to fuck herself, they increased the tempo. To increase the excitement, Mongkut came out with a leather belt. He used this to force her to dance and fuck herself harder. He applied the belt to her buttocks and her breasts and nipples. Tit whipping was particularly effective in getting her to fuck herself silly. When Mongkut whipped her, the music became frenetic. This added to the audience's enjoyment of the spectacle. Cassie danced. She swiveled her hips and humped the pole. Then she squatted up and down like a puppet, impaling herself fully on the big, black dildo.

The "dance" went on. Afterwards, when the men were all charged up, they would be allowed to rent her ass while she stood with the pole embedded in her vagina. Then, after a goodly number of men had sodomized her, there would be another dance followed by another session of sodomy. In these exhibitions, she was on the pole for up to two hours before she was taken off.

Slutty School Girl

A-Wut orchestrated a new exhibition. She was costumed like a little girl in a pleated skirt, cotton panties, a thin tube top, no bra, pig-tails, ankle socks and penny loafers. The idea was to present her as a nubile, innocent teen. Mongkut and Thuanthong brought her out on the stage and made her strip for the audience. The men went wild.

When she was nude, they sat her on a stool. Thuanthong pulled her arms over her head by her wrists, crossed and held them. As they pulled and pushed her into position, Cassie sniveled and whined. Mongkut pulled her legs open. Her labia were being spread further apart as her legs were pulled open.

When they were done, Cassie was open, held fixed with her legs so open that her hips were tilted up and her pussy and the brown mouth of her anus were pitilessly displayed. The position was very shaming and obscene. A-Wut swaggered over and grabbed a handful of her hair. He yanked her head around like she was a disobedient child and directed her gaze so that she was staring down at her crotch.

Then he traced along the puffy lips of her cunt, listening to her shuddering breaths as he teased her. He pulled on her labia and then used his fingertip to tickle and tease her clitoris. As he touched the shiny, sensitive bud she squirmed at each touch. He played with it until she writhed like a snake, even though she was tightly held. He stroked the puckered mouth of her anus. He grinned as he watched the tight, dark opening, flexing, and pouting in the dark grove of her ass crack. Some of the men in the audience clapped at this.

He soon went from petting and stroking and got rougher with her. Her vocalizations went from whimpering to a sexual moaning. Soon, A-Wut began to work his fingers into her vagina. He got his index finger inside and wormed it around exploring the dimensions of her hole. He worked a second finger in her and turned his palm up, rooting around for a spot inside her. When he found it, he began frigging that spot harder and harder. Cassie soon began to scream and her urethra exploded as she began spurting clear fluid all over his wrist to drip onto the floor.

It was like a shower. When it was done Cassie was panting and twitching like a fish caught on a hook. He took his wet fingers out and held them up to show everyone. The men were hooting and hollering. Not missing a beat, the heavy-set manager worked his fingers back into her vagina and within 30 seconds had her spurting and squealing again.

And this time, after squirting clear juice for a while, she became incontinent and urinated. The pressure on the urethral "sponge" on front wall of her vagina did the trick and Cassie began pissing. She pissed until her bladder was empty. This time when he took his hand away, he wiped up some of the mess. Then he brought his hand up to rub it all over her face. He even thrust his wet fingers into her mouth to simulate oral rape.

"Say, I'm a dirty white slut," he commanded her. "Say it....SAY 'I'm a dirty white slut'," he commanded her.

She had to do it. When she did, the men in the audience clapped. Then, A-Wut sold blowjobs from Cassie to each and every man in the audience for 600 baht (about 19 US or Australian dollars).

Two Girl Show

They put her in an exhibition with Yong. Both women were brought out on the stage wearing only their panties. Poor Yong – she always looked like she had been ridden hard and put up wet. Well, with a little encouragement from A-Wut, acting as Master of Ceremonies, Cassie got Yong on her knees sucking on her titties.

Then Cassie took off her panties and as A-Wut got Yong lying on a bench on her back, Cassie straddled the Korean's face. She was a beautiful girl and her sweet white body was young and fresh. And as she got ready to mount her face, Yong stared at the pretty pussy she was now expected to service.

A-Wut, at this point, rubbed Yong's crotch. Cassie sat on Yong's face and this quickly became a fun game for her. She rested her hands on Yong and found a pattern that felt good to her and before she

knew what hit her, her pussy got wet and as she kept at it, she came. As she approached her orgasm, she lost all self-consciousness and rode the Korean's face in a spasmodic rocking back and forth motion.

Yong's sweaty body laid sprawled beneath Cassie, legs splayed, panties tucked between her swollen, wet labia forming a "camel toe." A-Wut asked the audience if they wanted to see the Korean girl's pussy and the men began clapping and hooting. He stripped her panties off to display her hairy mound. Cassie was encouraged to play with Yong's nice pussy and tight asshole.

Cassie knelt on the floor between Yong's splayed thighs. As Cassie got going, she worked her fingers, one-by-one, into Yong's womanly depths. Licking her lips, intent and focused, Cassie was encouraged by A-Wut to fist fuck, 'the Korean slut.' Cassie closed her fist with her thumb underneath her index and middle finger. Going slowly, she worked her whole fist with a corkscrew motion, like a spear, into Yong's vagina, forcing the wet labia apart and then shafting her hole. Yong's sex lips formed a wet lip-lock around Cassie's slim wrist.

The blonde girl pumped her arm and pushed forward using the corkscrew motion to work her fist deeper and deeper. Soon her whole hand and her wrist were buried deep inside Yong's body. Then, as Yong began jerking her hips faster and more spasmodically, Cassie moved her arm in and out, like it was a huge horse cock. Each time her pussy-juice-wetted hand slid inside, Yong writhed responding to each thrust of Cassie's fist. The slow fist fucking got her hotter and hotter. As she fisted her, Cassie also used her left hand to tease the Asian's woman's protruding clitoris.

There came a growing, babbling cry from Yong, a desperate mixture of shame and arousal at what Cassie was doing to her. The blonde girl worked her fist deep, forcing Yong to experience hot jolts of pleasure as she rubbed the knob of her cervix; swirling and pressing her knuckles hard into the G-spot and her knuckles into the epicenter. As Yong approached her cum, Cassie suddenly began pumping her fist in-and-out faster.

"Yeah, yeah, CUM NOW... DOG FUCKER... CUM," she yelled at Yong.

Her other hand worked the swollen bulb of Yong's clitoris and the Asian girl's cries immediately became more frantic and frenzied. The men knew, from the sudden babbling noises, and the uncontrollable bucking of her hips, that the chubby Korean girl was cumming. The men clapped as Cassie forced Yong to cum. The Asian girl came with lots of squealing and shrieking, her full breasts bouncing all over her chest as she experienced the full impact of the orgasm.

Cassie, by comparison, came in a different way. She wriggled and shuddered with her eyes closed when Yong fucked her with a big strap-on. Yong sucked on her nipples and was gentle with the big dildo between her legs. It was like a honeymoon mating. Yong rode Cassie until the blonde girl came shuddering and sighing sweetly. It was a nice satisfying cum. Cassie kept hissing between her teeth and holding her breath and when she came, she cried out and hugged Yong. The two girls, in full coital embrace, then kissed. An open mouth kiss that got the audience clapping and cheering.

The two girls, shy at first, now found it easier to play in front of the audience. Cassie felt real affection for the chubby Korean girl. She had never felt so much passion for another woman. After Cassie had cum with Yong fucking her, each girl took another turn sitting on each other's face and rubbing their young, sweet cunts on her partner's nose, mouth, and chin until they each came again. It was a lustful ceremony ...a coming out as loving women...almost like experiencing their first menstruation.

Eels

They made her take an eel in her pussy. She was brought out naked and two flunkies bound her to a bench with straps. Her arms were over her head and her legs were spread open wide to rest on her tits. Mongkut came out holding a large plastic bucket. A-Wut, as Master of Ceremonies, kept the audience wondering what was in the bucket.

Strapped to the bench, Cassie wondered what they were going to do to her. She had gotten sweaty and juicy waiting. She craned her head forward to stare at some of the men watching her. She had gotten used to being on display. Somehow, having an audience added to the visceral excitement. It was perverse, but it was happening more and more.

She was shocked when Mongkut took the top off the bucket and held up an eel! He displayed it to the audience. The creature was about 18 centimeters (7") long. They had been making croaking sounds in the bucket. Cassie had wondered what that noise was. The former boxer held up the squiggly, slimy fish to show the audience and then Cassie.

"Guess where this is going," she asked her sadistically?

Cassie winced and squirmed on the bench. She was disgusted by what he was going to do. Any sort of animal abuse was abhorrent to her. And bestiality was even worse. Mongkut started by stroking the fish's head up and down Cassie's labia. She began to struggle, but without making any headway, strapped as she was. A-Wut smiling, watched as his henchman worked the eel into Cassie's pussy.

The sensation as the slimy fish slipped inside made the Australian girl arch up from the bench and strain at the straps holding her. Mongkut had only to get the creature's head inside her and the rest of the eel disappeared into her hole. Cassie went ballistic. Having a living creature inside her most precious place was HORRIFYING! When it tried to wriggle back out, A-Wut came over with a device in his hand. It was a "violet wand."

The glass tube glowed purple and shot sparks as activated it by pushing a button on the handle. He put the tip close to her hole and just touched the eel with it. The eel squirmed around. But, when he pressed the button the eel made a violent turn and wriggled deeper into Cassie's cunt trying to get away.

The sensation of the eel twisting and squirming deep into her sexhole made Cassie scream. This made the audience react. Men began clapping and whistling. Then, Mongkut inserted a second eel, a bigger one, into her pussy. This really stretched her sex-hole. Cassie began begging and pleading for him to take them out. This show of revulsion on her part made the show even better for the men in the audience. Having a white woman being defiled by a Thai for their amusement was high entertainment indeed!

And now that there were two of them, two eels in her pussy, the feeling of having them slithering and squirming around inside her vagina was so repulsive that Cassie began to wriggle and writhe on the bench like she had a live wire up her ass. It was something to see. Next Mongkut inserted a speculum into her asshole to spread open her tight brown rosette. When he got it just so, he reached into the bucket, got another eel, and held it up. It was smaller and he asked the crowd in Thai, "Shall I give this one a nice home too?"

The men began laughing, clapping, whistling, and stomping their feet. Cassie screamed when Mongkut worked the live eel into her shit-hole. She wriggled and writhed so violently that the straps creaked and groaned. When he got the fish in THERE, the horrid feeling of the live eel wriggling its way up her back passage could be fully felt, and it just overwhelmed Cassie. The horror of having

three living things inside her body was mind-blowing. She had to do everything in her power to hold herself together.

"Getting full, Missy," A-Wut teased her?

This was said as Mongkut picked up a third eel and got the creature to squeeze itself into her vagina. Then he worked a second eel into her asshole and took the speculum out of her hole. Now, she was packed full. A-Wut put the tip of the wand just inside the opening of Cassie's vagina and gave her a shock. After that, he pressed the tip of the glass tube against Cassie's anus to shock her there.

This made the eels go crazy inside her - bouncing off her vaginal and rectal walls like demented torpedoes. And this made Cassie spasm and thrash around on the bench like a madwoman. Every time he shocked her, it sent both the eels and Cassie into convulsions. Wet, slimy fish, a wet, slimy pussy and electricity were a combination only the Devil could appreciate. Or a room full of degenerate Thai men. Actually, there were a few tourists in the room, including a 29 year old Australian computer programmer from Bathurst who worked at the Mount Panorama Circuit, a race track. He sat there amazed.... as one of his countrywomen was degraded in the most unbelievable way.

The eels slithered into the deepest pockets of her cunt and shit hole to get away from the current. A-Wut worked her clit. He got the tip of her index finger under the hood and just kept rubbing her nubbin. Then he shocked her again to drive both her and the fish crazier. After this, he went back to manipulating her clit.

He tormented her way for five minutes The eels would lie quietly, then he worked the wand and the fish and Cassie went into frenzied convulsions. Afterwards, he rubbed her clitoris. Cassie begged for him to, 'take them out,' but it was to no avail.

When Cassie got close to cumming, A-Wut brought the wand close to her clitoris, but not touching it. He pressed the button and the electricity jumped from the glass to her wet, swollen bud. Then he pressed the glass tip against the most sensitive place in her body. The combination of pain and pleasure was too much. Soon, the Australian girl came - shrieking like a lunatic. She shuddered and trembled with muscular spasms in her legs and crotch. She continued to twitch even after the eels were removed from her holes.

Afterwards, she had to suck some cock. Most of the men stepped up to get a nice blowjob from the debauched blonde girl. The Australian computer programmer did not. He had been sickened by what he saw. As her mouth was being stuffed by the smelly cock of a fat, middle-aged Thai man, out of the corner of her eye, Cassie saw the handsome Australian pass by, grimacing in disgust. Tears formed in Cassie's eyes and she closed them, sucking harder on the dick in her mouth. Each of these "exhibitions" was another anguishing step down, further diminishing her ego and self-esteem.

In the end, she was reduced from a proud, self-reliant, educated, young woman to a submissive sex slave... a thing to be used and abused. If she didn't show enough enthusiasm, Yanmei punished her. Nothing to damage the goods, of course, so no whipping with a bamboo cane on her ample buttocks. No damage to her pussy or asshole. No, just the cruel bondage of the Pole, the horror of the Bath of Flies and the humiliating ordeal of the Crotch Horse.

The horror was that while she could never have foreseen her downfall, she came to embrace the sheer humiliation and release that such a journey decreed. The shameful discovery of her masochism, its development and her emotional ordeal in confronting and wrestling with this

discovery changed her forever.

Yanmei was the most potent influence. The cruel Mama San became her dominant. Just a raised eyebrow from her was enough to send a swarm of butterflies into Cassie's belly or to moisten her pussy. Cassie spent a fair amount of time on her knees or with her face under the fat woman's loins pleasing her. Yanmei took to using a thin cane on Cassie's anus to punish and train her. Cassie grew accustomed to her whippings and even to anticipate them with some degree of aberrant pleasure. This is how she was molded.

Cassie's Cart Training

Yong was shipped to Japan. Lao Chai, the 13K Triad's boss, sold her to the Yakuza in Osaka. This left the job of "Dog Cart Girl" open. There was no doubt that Dong and A-Wut had planned all along for Cassie to get that job.

When Yanmei smiled at her and said, "Yong go away now—you new dog cart girl," Cassie protested and resisted of course. Having abruptly lost the lover with whom she'd so perversely yet so closely bonded in their joint exhibitions was almost unbearable. She became inconsolably distraught at being told she was taking her place in the most degraded show of all.

But they took her out to the alley again and gave her another "Bath of Flies." This time they secured her head. They propped open her mouth and honey was smeared on her ears, armpits, nose, mouth, nipples, pussy, and asshole. Then they left her to the flies for nearly three hours. That broke her. She caved in and agreed to do what they wanted.

Yanmei began training her for her new job. They took Cassie to a store room. Cassie heard barking. She heard the dogs before she saw them. Thuanthong was leading the large black dog that Cassie had seen fucking Yong. She shuddered when she saw Mongkut leading a bigger dog on a leash. This animal was heavy-boned, brindle-colored mastiff. The dogs barked....excited as the two men made them sit. Yanmei brought out a pot.

Cassie saw Mongkut smirking at her. Everyone was murmuring. Cassie glanced at Yanmei, and then kept her eyes down, staring at the floor. Yanmei began to stir the contents. It was filled with coconut milk that had been boiled with honey and turned into a thick, gooey sauce. She came over to Cassie and began to talk to her.

"You know this?" she asked.

"No."

"Dog love it. Sweet."

Cassie stared, trying to understand. Grinning and enjoying her discomfort, Yanmei used a brush to smear the sticky, sweet stuff on Cassie's lower belly. Then she got a more on the brush and smeared it all over her hairy Venus mount. She made the blonde girl hold her legs open.

Old Yanmei took her time and made sure she got it into all the cracks and crevices of Cassie's body. Then she made sure to paint each of her buttocks until they were completely covered and stepping around to the front, she painted a trail up the insides of each of her thighs. Cassie began whimpering as soon as Mongkut and Thuanthong brought the dogs over to where she was. The two encouraged the animals and they quickly began sniffing and smelling her all over.

The dogs smelled the sweet stuff, and their big, wet tongues shot out to lap her all over, licking her pubic hair and all over her belly and buttocks. As the dog's tongues lapped her, it began to arouse her, even though she did not want it. As the dogs began lapping her THERE in her crack, her pussy began to ooze and drool.

She began to twitch and moan. When the smaller black dog thrust its long pink tongue right into her crack, she yelped; then she began moaning. Yanmei smeared more of the gooey cream all over the most sensitive places on her body again. She wanted the dogs to get familiar with Cassie. Mongkut and Thuanthong stood back enjoying the show. It was becoming really nasty.

They both sported hard, hot erections. Mongkut, having experienced hot forced sex with her, and getting a little jaded, found the sight and sounds of the dogs assaulting her much to his liking. The sound of their tongues lapping her pussy was very erotic.

The dogs went crazy for the gooey stuff and began lapping and licking madly. Her brown nipples got as hard as pebbles as the dogs tongues competed with each other to feast on the sweet, creamy stuff smeared over her pussy. Yanmei daubed more cream on her pussy; and each time the dogs licked her there, she felt herself approaching an orgasm.

Yanmei brushed more gooey stuff into her ass crack and on her anus. Then they let the dogs loose again. The black dog sniffed at her ass crack and then liking that began licking her shithole. Slower at first... then like a demon.

The mastiff licked her pussy as the black dog licked her asshole. Cassie was totally aroused. Their tongues were soft, but strong and wet. With her legs open and spread, the big mastiff put its cold nose on her clitoris and forced its muzzle between her spread pussy lips. The dog sniffed, and then its big, wet tongue began lapping every fold and crevice of her pussy from her vagina through her labia to her clitoris.

Between the dog's saliva, the sweet cream and her pussy juice, her crotch was soon a mess. Her pubic hair became soaked. The mastiff made her jerk when it thrust its big pink tongue in her sexhole. The tongue penetrated her vagina. She was very close to cumming. Cassie felt herself being pushed over a cliff as the dogs had their way with her.

The dog's big, sloppy tongues pushed her closer and closer to cumming. Cassie could hear the men joking ...but the dog's tongues totally dominated her mind and body. She whimpered, grunted, moaned, groaned, and then began cumming and cumming. The dogs licked her labia and clitoris for about fifteen minutes, making her climax and juice.

Cassie could not contain her herself, as the dogs licked her like a machine, and drove her from one orgasm to another. There was a tongue at her shit-hole, warm and wet. And a tongue exploring every crevice and fold of her pussy at the same time. To have this happening opened a floodgate in her mind. To be made to cum with a dog was a new degradation. The most humiliating yet! Involuntarily, she had multiple orgasms that kept exploding like a string of firecrackers.

The two men began cheering her every time she came. Each time a dog made her cum, they whooped and hollered. At Yanmei's command, they pulled the dogs off her. She announced it was time for Cassie to suck the dog's cocks. When Cassie heard this she gulped. She had never seen Yong forced to do that. It was the most degrading oral sex she could imagine.

'There gonna make me do that with an audience,' she thought to herself. 'Oh... how gross,' she thought.

The black dog's cock had emerged from its sheath. It was hot red in color and drooling fuck-slime. When she looked at the dog's dick, Cassie had forgotten how much cock this dog had, but as she stared, this dog displayed a big tool. The idea of sucking the dog's cock was repulsive and disgusting.

The big mastiff was led over and she grew pale when she saw what it had between its legs. This dog was a 50 kilo (110lbs.) bundle of muscle and bone. Its cock was 21 centimeters long (about 8¼"). The beast's cock was gray, red, and purple and covered with a web of disgusting veins.

It appalled her; but they got her down on the floor with the black dog straddling her head. This put the drooling red cock tip right in her face. Mongkut grabbed the dog's dick right behind the "knot" which was swelling at the base. As he held it, it seemed to grow in his hand. She was going to be made to suck the dog's dirty dick. The thought revolted and shamed her.

Yanmei told her, "Kiss tip. Tickle with tongue. Then you suck."

When she began doing this, at her direction, it made the dog's cock spurt furiously. It kept jetting and spurting and the semen that didn't end up in her mouth splattered on her face. Yanmei made her suck and swallow, suck and swallow and then do it over and over again as everyone watched. Dog cum ended up in her mouth and all over her face.

Cassie descended down the status ladder. She was now lower than a Thai whore. Her face got very slimy because every time Mongkut took the tip from her mouth, it kept squirting the watery cum in jets and little pops. Her cheeks, chin, nose, lips, neck, and breasts were soon glistening with the dog's slimy discharge.

As she continued to orally pleasure the dog, the knot at the base got bigger. It looked like the dog's dick had swallowed two golf balls. Mongkut with Thuanthong's help then got the dog turned around and holding the dog's dick behind the knot, he used it to hose her face.

She saw the horror of her situation in their lust contorted faces. They kept her sucking the black dog's cock until Yanmei decided that it was time for her to suck the other dog's cock. When they got the bigger dog turned around so that its cock was also by her mouth, the fat woman made her tickle and lick the tip with her tongue. Pre-cum jetted from the tip like a hose; it seemed like the dog was pissing on her. Mongkut got the dick in her mouth and her cheeks told the story.

She sucked and her cheeks soon bulged from all the watery cum, until she swallowed; then her cheeks bulged again. This went on for a while. Yanmei kept her at it until she was totally wet. Mongkut got the black dog turned around and she had to go from one cock to another. Her cheeks, nose, mouth, and chin were completely coated and dripping with the dogs' fuck slime. A-Wut showed up to watch the proceedings. Yanmei made sure that Lamai and Kwang, Cassie's closet friends, came by to witness her shameful training too.

Soon, Yanmei decided it was time for the animals to fuck her. Cassie was very submissive and since she'd cum, she was very pliable. She let herself be led around like a dog. As they forced her onto the cart and strapped her to it, the two men faces glowed with lust; as this was a treat for them. As they led the black dog behind her ass, it knew just what to do. Excited, it growled and jumped on her back. Its front legs wrapped around her ribcage and slid back to end up hugging her hips. It began humping - trying mightily to get its cock in her hole.

Cassie was of two minds. She felt totally violated by the humiliations forced upon her and shamefully aroused by them. These conflicting feelings surged thru her as the dog kept jabbing at her with its hot red dick. Cassie had a small, tight vagina. It didn't look like the dog's cock was going to fit in her

hole.

As soon as the dog found her warm, wet hole with the tip of its cock, it shoved it in deep and fast. Cassie gasped, trying to get her breath. The dog then drove it in and out; just punching her hole with its dick. She began howling as the dog fucked her like she was a bitch. The dog used its front paws to pull her close and humped her harder and harder.

Kwang and Lamai stood by standing next to each other. They bit their knuckles and watched wide-eyed as their friend was fucked silly. The dog drooled and never stopped. Poor Cassie got no time to pause or catch her breath, as the dog reamed her pussy mercilessly. She was soon sweating like a pig.

She could feel the knot trying to get into her hole. It was right at the vaginal opening. Mongkut and Thuanthong bent down to watch the knot bumping and rubbing against her hole. It was huge now, and the dog kept pushing to get it inside. The knot began stretching the vaginal sphincter; making Cassie grunt.

Mongkut clapped Thuanthong on the back and said, "It's gonna go in."

When it popped inside her, Cassie howled with a mixture of pain and pleasure as her hole was stretched more than it had ever been.

She began mumbling, "it's too big... too big."

One minute it was outside her hairy hole...and then it had disappeared inside her.

"Man....she took the whole thing," Thuanthong said to Mongkut in amazement.

"She's gonna be a star," A-Wut crowed to no one in particular.

Lamai and Kwang winced in sympathetic pain. It was disconcerting for them. As women, they could imagine such a thing being forced on them. And Cassie was their friend. But, glancing at her now and then at each other, Lamai and Kwang felt each other distancing themselves from the new dog cart girl. Like Yong, she would be shunned by the other girls, of course, and Lamai and Kwang both knew they would never see her the same way or feel the same about her again.

As the girls watched in growing disgust, Cassie began screaming. The dog had punched its cock all the way to the bottom of her hole. Its cock sluiced all the way past her G-spot to the epicenter of her vagina. There were nerve endings in this part of her hole that when stretched and thumped, would push her towards a uterine orgasm. Her pussy was very hot...

Cassie also sounded like a babbling idiot. Filthy words tumbled out of her mouth. The knot, now fully inside, throbbed, and the tip kept spurting as the shaft vibrated and pulsed. The dog had stopped humping. It just held itself inside her and kept spurting and vibrating inside her hole. For her, it was like her HOLE was her whole being!

'I'm a dog's bitch,' she thought as she felt herself approaching her first vaginal orgasm from a dog. As the dog's cock vibrated and spurted, she felt her whole pelvis and her abdomen contract and her vaginal muscles convulse - squeezing the dog's dick. She CAME HARD.

Her mind spun as her whole body shook. When she relaxed her pussy, everyone could see the knot trying to pop out. But it was too big, so it did not quite make it. Then when she squeezed her pussy muscles, the knot was pulled inside again - about an inch. That made the stretching pressure of the

knot massage her G-Spot and the front wall of her hole. Also, the extra inch of penetration forced the dog's tip deep into her epicenter.

A-Wut was telling Lamai and Kwang, who stared wide-eyed, "You see..... when she squeezes and then.... relaxes her cunt, it moves the knot in and out. She's fucking herself."

Both girls nodded but didn't say anything. It was an eye-filling and mind boggling experience that shut up the normally chatty girls. As they tried to shut themselves off from what they were seeing, both of them felt themselves already shutting the new dog cart girl out of their lives.

Yanmei smiled and nodded. The result was all too plain to her. Cassie, on the cart, was having one orgasm after another. The dog ejaculated DEEP in her hole, and she felt it spurting and hosing her. The dick pulsed. It was hotter than a man's cock and it spurted and jetted inside her continuously. Throbbing and spurting, it pushed her into cumming and cumming.

Not only was the dog's cock hotter than a man's, but the heat of the dogs cum had turned her hole into a furnace. The knot acted like a plug to hold the hot cum inside her. The cum coated everything and the heat from the knot percolated into her stretched front vaginal wall and flowed into the urethral sponge as well. And unlike a man, the dog just kept ejaculating.

Finally, it came to an end. The dog's knot had kept the dick locked inside her for about 10 minutes. Cassie had been thoroughly fucked.

She slowly came back to her senses when the dog started to pull out. She felt the dog pulling back and it hurt as the knot was well-embedded in her hole - just behind her pubic bone. The dog spun around and with the knot still embedded in her hole, began trying to pull the cart. Mongkut released the lock on the wheels and the group watched the dog tow Cassie around the room.

Kwang and Lamai covered their faces as the cart came close to where they stood. They couldn't look. They didn't want to make eye contact with Cassie. The shame of being pulled along like a toy was overwhelmingly humiliating. Secretly, both girls were glad that it was always a foreign girl that was *****ed for the dog exhibition and not them. And, because Cassie was not even Asian, Kwang and Lamai already knew that Cassie would be ostracized and despised by the other girls even more quickly and completely than Yong had been.

Ten minutes later, the knot shrank, and the dog's dick finally popped out. The dog's cock was still erect. It was as long as a cucumber and the knot at the base as big as two eggs. The dog stood there panting, then bent down and licked its dick. Mongkut led the animal out.

Cassie, still strapped to the cart, panted. She was wet and sloppy everywhere: belly, Venus mount, thighs, and her ass crack. Semen mixed with her pussy juices leaked from her hole and ran down her thighs. Her sex hole was open, red, and swollen. A-Wut voiced the opinion that she was born to take a dog's dick.

Cassie whimpered, "I want to go to sleep. I can't take anymore."

But Yanmei laughed and said, "you take more."

Cassie looked over and saw that Mongkut leading the mastiff over. She realized it was going to fuck her too. Everyone saw how big the dog's gray, red and purple cock was. Kwang and Lamai whispered to each other. They were as horrified as Cassie, staring at the big dog's cock.

Despite her fears about having to take a bigger cock, the dick hypnotized the Australian. She

swiveled her head, gawking at the length and thickness of it. It was quite a bit bigger than the black dog's dick. The shaft was so thick that Mongkut could not get his hand around it. And the knot looked as big as two lemons.

The two men vied with each other making jokes about the dog's dick. Everyone felt a sense of awe. Kwang leaned her head down on Lamai's shoulder and kept her eyes closed. Although she had already emotionally distanced herself from Cassie, she hadn't completely objectified her yet, and watching this dog get its big dick inside the girl horrified her.

The dog began barking as it smelled Cassie's pussy again. Mongkut got the dog in position. Cassie glanced at the faces around her. She saw looks of wonder, lust, and amazement, even on Lamai's face, though Kwang kept her eyes closed. Cassie turned away from them and looked back over her shoulder again at the dog's cock, huge in size and gross in appearance. Drops of slimy juice trickled from the tip. The animal bent down to sniff her ass. The scent excited the dog because it began to bark. It put its nose against her wet pussy and licked her. The dog reared up and barked again.

Mongkut encouraged the dog to mount her, and it rose up on its hind legs and came over her back with its forelegs on either side of her chest. Its forelegs slid back to clasp her hips. It was ready to thrust its cock into her hole. Cassie had the dog's head hovering by her neck. It drooled on her neck, back and shoulders.

The dog now started to hunch forward trying to find the hole it had smelled. She felt the dick against her wet pussy, and then it slid up and over her anus as the dog began to hump. The dog tried again. She shuddered in nervous anticipation of the penetration, as the dog hunched forward trying to get its cock in her.

But every time the big mastiff got really close to penetrating her, Mongkut pulled the dog back. He did that a few times before he let the dog get its dick in her. This got the dog really crazy, which pre-loaded more semen into its balls. Mongkut forced four false mounts, and after each one, the mastiff, crazy with the smell, strained against the choke collar. Cassie was whimpering in anticipation too, as the dog barked and whined. Mongkut yelled at Cassie to, 'get ready.'

The dog felt its cock go into the hole; then its powerful hind quarters hunched forward. And while the black dog had stretched her hole Cassie's vagina had to stretch open even more to take the mastiff's bigger dick.

As dog's dick went in more, the shaft stretched her; and a few thrusts later, the dog got all of it inside her hot, wet vagina. Cassie moaned and groaned as the stretching of her vagina felt so good again. It hurt and felt good at the same time.

There was so much cock and Cassie kept whimpering and groaning in a mixture of pleasure and pain. The dog pulled back and then just rammed it in. Cassie snorted and grunted feeling and sounding more animal and less and less human. It felt like it was going to come out her mouth. Then the dog started slamming its haunches - faster and faster - in and out - in and out. The fucking was brutal and deep. Cassie took the whole shaft. The dog's rear paws would scoot forward on the floor with the force of its powerful haunches as it thrust its cock in and out of her.

Her cries and moans filled the room. The dog, grunting and slobbering, really began to fuck her now. She cried out each time the dog's haunches thrust forward and forced the cock in deep. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the dog began to hump her with short powerful strokes. Everyone but Kwang got closer to see the knot crowding her hole. Now fully engorged, the dog's knot was as big around as a large orange.

Cassie braced herself as the dog began trying to get that knot inside her. When the animal pulled back and its cock slipped out – it went back in easy as her slimy, reddened hole was really open now.

The dog began humping her like a demon again. As everyone watched, the knot stretched the vaginal sphincter and popped inside. Cassie screamed. The dog's knot stretched her vaginal sphincter to the limit. The dog soon stopped humping and just held its cock inside her. The cock throbbed, vibrated, and began discharging more and more thin, watery cum into her. Soon, a heavier, thicker load of cum would follow.

Now, Cassie began cumming again. Her tits jiggled and swayed as the dog's cock throbbed and hosed her. She was pushed into convulsive orgasms. Her mouth would open and she would croak and cry out.

The dog cock kept hosing her pussy with cum – so much that it backed up and began oozing out of her tightly packed and stretched hole. The tip was up against her epicenter – completely bottomed out. The dog's big balls now released heavy streams of thick, yellow cum.

It sprayed from the tip straight into the deepest part of her hole. She could feel the hot cum inside her and it added to the sensations overwhelming her. Her vaginal contractions milked the dog's cock rhythmically. She could feel the heat radiating from its cock. It was so hot – much hotter than a human cock. And it kept spurting and spurting.

She was stretched wider and filled deeper than she had ever been in her whole life. Her vagina spasmed involuntarily and milked the thing in her hole. It was a satisfying coupling for both Cassie and the dog. One of her orgasms was a total body shaker. Kwang and Lamai looked at each other in surprise and awe.

The dog spurred Cassie on several orgasms over the next ten minutes. They surged thru her loins, into her belly and down her thighs; as she screamed like a lunatic. Sweat poured off her, and she almost fainted. The dogs slimy cum flooded her hole and backed up. Her orgasm was almost continuous ever since the dog got the knot into her.

The dog's contractions finally subsided and dribbled the last drops of semen into her. Both Cassie and the dog were breathing hard. Encouraged by Mongkut, the dog finally swung its leg around to end up facing away from the cart. Again, the humiliating parade. The dog towed Cassie along like a pull toy. Mongkut got the dog to go this way and that. Cassie grunted like an animal herself. Kwang put her hand over her face again, though she knew the sight and sound would be one she'd never forget.

They all waited for the knot to relax and shrink. The dog pulled back held by Cassie's tight vaginal sphincter clutching the knot. The dog pulled harder and the knot finally popped free and slid out of her pussy. Semen drained out of her after the knot came out with a "pop." A mixture of cum and her juices began pouring out of her stretched hole, running down the inside of her legs and splattering on the floor.

After the knot came out, Cassie had spasms in her vagina for several minutes and at one point she started straining like she was trying to shit. Lamai and Kwang looked on in wonder. The dog whined and began licking its cock. Cassie sagged and put her head down on the padded surface of the cart. Mongkut and Thuanthong began applauding.

The dog's big dick still protruded from its sheath and it wagged around obscenely under its belly as Mongkut led the animal off. Cassie was a mess again from her pussy to her knees. Cum dripped from her hole. She was wet all over her Venus mount and her ass. Even her pubic hair was plastered

down. She was wet all down her thighs. Yanmei got a bowl, held it just under her pussy and caught the cum that poured from her raw hole. She made Cassie lap it up, all of it, and then lick the bowl clean, as an additional act of humiliation and degradation. Nauseated, Lamai and Kwang turned away.

After a while, they brought the black dog back to fuck Cassie's asshole. Her anal sphincter was relaxed from her orgasms, and Mongkut lubed her shithole with some coconut palm oil and got the dog up on her back. This time, he guided the dog's red dick to her pinkish-brown anus and when the tip was centered on the hole, he let the dog begin humping. The dog's dick pressed against her anal sphincter and even though her anus was tight, it popped inside making Cassie cry out. The dog began humping her.

Mongkut watched the dick penetrate up to the knot and after a moment or two the knot penetrated the tight anal sphincter. She was able to take the entire shaft and the bulbous knot in her shit-hole. The muscles in her anal sphincter relaxed enough to allow the knot into her but closed down on the shaft behind the bulb. As a result, the dog became tied to her for almost thirty minutes and continued to spasm.

Cassie just hung her head and remained lost in a trance - feeling the dog's ejaculation of hot semen into her rectum. It felt good; and she had an orgasm. The high temperature of the dog's penis and semen had produced another hot cum. When the dog spun around to give her another tow, it was a special moment. When the erection subsided and it popped out, Yanmei told her she had done, 'a good job'!

Kwang and Lamai averted their eyes and avoided looking at her as they left, as they would continue to do in the days and weeks that followed. They weren't as cruel and openly contemptuous as the other girls; just coldly distant and silent. Socially marginalized and isolated, the traumatized, devastated Aussie girl was left to the dogs, her trainers, and the customers.

At least once a month for the next several months, Cassie was mounted to the cart and put on a show for paying customers. The new act had her wearing the slutty little girl costume, being stripped forcibly by Mongkut and Thuanthong, then strapped naked to the cart. Next they brought in the mastiff and let it fuck her. Finally she had to take the black dog's dick in her mouth and then take the dick in her ass as a finale.

This show was the biggest money maker in the bar's history. A-Wut was a hero to his overseers. Piglet gangs, mama sans, dog carts.... Cassie had never heard of any of these things before her vacation to Thailand. But after six months in Bangkok, she was an expert.

Lao Chai, the boss of the 13K Triad, sold Cassie to the Yakuza in Japan in late 2010.

Life in Japan was even harder...

Slave in Japan

Cassie tried to look out the window of the plane to see the clouds, which seemed very far off in the distance. She wished she could just fly away - beyond the clouds. Her life had taken such an unbelievably painful turn and the safe, sane life she once knew now seemed as far away as the clouds. It was just 2009 when she graduated from Sydney's University of New South Wales. A trip to Thailand had been her gift to herself. Things spiraled out of control very quickly in Bangkok.

She was robbed, tricked, and then systematically broken down and made to perform in sex shows. She did hard time as a prostitute. But the final outrage was when she was bound to a cart and fucked by a dog for the amusement of perverted Thais and tourists. Made to perform against her will by cruel Asians, she was still sweet, blonde beach girl from Newcastle, but somewhat less innocent. Her life in Australia seemed like it a dream.

Then, after being a slave for nearly a year and a half, the Chinese “mama san,” Noriko, her immediate supervisor, came to her after a show and told her that she had been sold to a syndicate in Japan. Lao Chai, the boss of the 13K Triad, the owner of the brothel she worked in, sold her ass for the equivalent of five thousand Australian dollars.

“You go to Japan,” Noriko told Cassie grinning. “Big Boss sold you to family in Japan.”

“What will happen to me there,” Cassie asked plaintively?

“You work. You working girl now,” Noriko told her. “You do good job or they have ways to fix bad girls. They not nice like me,” she said laughing.

Cassie shivered. She had been subjected to mind-numbing humiliations and torture during the 18 months in Bangkok. Now, she was sitting on a jet plane between two young Japanese men who sat mute. They had barely spoken to her since they picked her up. They were two young Kobun, made men who did most of the grunt work in a Yakuza family. Both were from the lower class and one was Korean.

Like many Yakuza, they had started out in high school as common street thugs. The older man, Yoshida, had been a member of a Bôshôzoku gang. The other had adopted a Japanese surname, Ito, which was the name of his Saikô-Komon (senior-mentor).

Cassie felt like she wanted to cry, but she was too emotionally exhausted to do even that. The thing that caused her the most pain: she had become just a “thing”...something to be bought and sold. She prayed silently to herself that her life in Japan wouldn't be as hard as what she had suffered through in Thailand. Little did she know.

The plane landed in Tokyo and then they took a short flight to Kansai International Airport. Yoshida and Ito were all business and hustled her through the airport and then through customs. The right money had been paid to bring her under the control of Tanaka, the Oyabun (head) of the family. Cassie, who knew nothing of the language and had only visited Japan once as a teen, was lost. When the plane landed, there was a big, black sedan that whisked them to Kyoto.

First, Cassie would be “inspected” by Yamamoto, the So-Honbucho, (headquarters chief) before being turned over to Noriko Maeda, “nee-san” (older sister). There were very few women in the Yakuza, but those who were had usually inherited their position as a result of marriage/widowhood. Maeda had been married to Hiro Maeda, the Wakagashira, (second-in-command) who governed several gangs in Kyoto and who had died of a coronary. She was now in charge of the lucrative prostitution racket that the family controlled in that part of Kyoto, catering to businessmen.

Cassie was brought to a warehouse in an industrial district. She was hustled to a small office to appear in front of Yamamoto, the headquarters chief. He was a man in his sixties. He barely looked at Cassie when she was ushered in to his office; instead, he looked over the papers Yoshida handed him. Only after studying them, did he look at Cassie. It made her blood run cold. He looked at her as if she was a slab of Kobe beef. His eyes seemed almost reptilian. He spoke perfunctorily to her two escorts and then he dismissed them.

Next, Cassie was driven to an attractive house in a residential district. As she sat in the back seat of the sedan she kept looking out at the buildings and trees. The mirrors on the telephone poles to alert another driver of a car in a narrow alley amazed her. When they arrived at the destination and Cassie was taken inside, she was impressed with the simple elegance of the place. This was the brothel, but it was very different from what she knew in Bangkok.

And there is where Noriko held court. This was the Chrysanthemum House. The Japanese consider the orderly unfolding of the chrysanthemum's petals to represent perfection and Noriko Maeda strove hard to make the house the best brothel in Kyoto. She was in her fifties and an imposing heavy-set woman. She was famous for her iron will and was highly regarded by the men of the family. She spoke some English. Around her were a small army of flunkies.

Cassie was immediately impressed with the business-like atmosphere and the manner of the Japanese compared to the Thais. When Cassie was brought in to Noriko, the older woman crooked her finger at her and motioned for her to sit on a cushion on the floor in front of her. Maeda was seated at a Western style desk.

"I have your file...here," she said pointing down to papers on the desk. "Were you treated well by Yoshida San and Ito San," she said without looking at man who stood behind Cassie against the wall.

"Yes."

"Let me explain your employment here. Your contract has been purchased. I have a report of your performance in Bangkok. You will be expected to work hard here. You understand?"

"Y...yes... But I...I'm Australian...Will I ever be allowed to go home," asked Cassie with a tremor in her voice?

Noriko smiled. "You may in time earn your freedom. But for now, you are a working girl. You understand?"

"I...I...uh...I guess so..."

"No guess. You must obey. If you do not obey, you will be punished. You understand?"

"Y...yes."

Cassie now knew that she was going to be in similar straits as she had been in Bangkok. If anything, these people, the same folks who had become so dominant in international business since World War II, were going to be very hard taskmasters indeed.

The Handler

A few moments later, a flunky escorted two men into the room. One was older, in his fifties and other was a young man in his early thirties.

"This is Hayashi Sensei. He is in charge of punishment if you disobey."

Cassie stole a peek at the older man. He seemed like a nice Japanese father type or even a grandfather. He had a meek mien about him. The truth was that all the girls of the Chrysanthemum House shivered whenever his name was mentioned. The other man was young and virile...medium

tall with even features. Maeda introduced him next...

"This is Sato San. He is your "handler," she said by way of introduction. "You must obey him always. If you do not, he will punish you or give you to Hayashi Sensei. You will get very hard punishment. You understand?"

Cassie just kept nodding. She was overwhelmed by all of it. The flight had given her a case of jet lag. She was tired and frightened by the foreign surroundings. And Noriko Maeda had now thoroughly intimidated her.

At 170 centimeters (5'7"), slim and attractive at 54 kilos (119lbs.), Cassie was what Japanese men liked: She had nicely shaped lemon-sized tits, wide hips, long legs, and a full, round bottom. Her dirty, blonde hair was thick and blunt cut at her shoulders. She had been spruced up some before she left Bangkok but her brown pubic hair had grown in fully to a high hedge, bordered by stubble. She had always trimmed it to wear a bikini when she was home. Her legs and underarms were shaved and she was wearing make-up. She felt tired and looked a little haggard, but Noriko was pleased with her.

She had Cassie stand up and twirl around for them. Cassie felt naked even though she was fully clothed. Noriko then dismissed her and Sato took control of her from Yoshida and Ito. He led her upstairs to a bathroom and told her to take off her clothes. Cassie was a little embarrassed, but she had grown used to being given such orders and quickly complied.

Sato watched with interest as she took off her dress and then her bra, panties, and shoes. Standing there naked, she became pliable as Sato guided/pushed her into the shower and then came in and sponged her...most embarrassing. Every now and then he would tap or slap her saying 'move leg or bend over.'

Then after the shower two young men came in and took her to a locker room of a sorts. There were three other white women in the room. A Dutch girl, an Englishwoman, and an American. All young. They shot Cassie a look, but when Sato looked over at them, he barked something and they quickly looked away. Then, Sato came over and began running his hands over Cassie like he was feeling his goods. In his heavy accented English he told Cassie that she were his whore and repeated what Noriko said that he was her "handler."

He then handled Cassie's breasts like he was weighing them and then he got the lips of her pussy between his fingers and tweaked, pulled, and then slipped his fingers into her. He told her that this was his "honey pot." A man, in a lab coat, obviously a doctor, examined Cassie including internally to see if she had a coil or cap. He then inserted an IUD into her uterus.

Then this doctor measured every part of her body. Cassie had all her personal measurements taken height, weight, bust, waist and hips, thigh circumference, cup size and the actual weight of her tits etc. This would be displayed on a board next to her when she was exhibited to customers. Following this, Cassie had to take the "3 Dildos".

Sato brought her over to a little stool. It looked obscene as there were three dildos mounted and pointing up - the first was 15 centimeters long (about 6") the second one was approximately 20 centimeters (about 8") and the biggest one was 25 centimeters in length (about 10"). Cassie had to squat down on each dildo to show what she could take. Cassie thought it strange that they wanted to see what her capacity was. She was of the opinion still that men preferred a woman who was tight but she discovered that Japanese men thought Western women had "big pussies." So, Sato made her try and get two biggest dildos into her cunt. He had to use some persuasion, as Cassie had a narrow

and somewhat shallow vagina.

It was very disagreeable, but she got the second one to go inside her cunt. However, she could only get $\frac{3}{4}$ of the monster-sized one inside her tight pussy. After the humiliation of the three dildos, Cassie was given something to drink which, in a very short time, had her running for the bathroom and Sato chuckling and saying things like, "now you be clean inside."

Finally Sato led Cassie into another room. The brothel had a policy that if you were to get the whip or the cane you were taken to the room where there was a wall with hooks and hanging on them were various punishment tools, like whips, tawses and canes. Just standing there looking at the cruel instruments and realizing what they were, almost made Cassie wet herself. To drum home the message that she was to obey, Sato made her stand with her hands behind her head, fingers interlocked and her legs apart.

Cassie had to remain in position, if she closed her legs or took her hands down from behind her head, Sato told her that she would get "extra punishment." He *****ed a whip with nine leather thongs, each as thin as a shoelace. He began whipping Cassie on her back and buttocks. It hurt like hell, especially when the tips hit the sides of her tits. She jumped up and down with the pain and tried to resist the temptation to take her hands down to protect her tits or just to be able to rub and soothe them.

Also, when Sato whipped her butt, he flicked the whip so it would whip up between her legs and the tips of the whip came up and struck her pussy lips and mound. He was successful at making Cassie drop her hands to protect herself; and close her legs to protect her pussy too. After her "punishment" he took her back into the side room where the whips and canes were kept and again displayed the sweaty soaked whip he had just beaten her with. He made her kiss it and then thank him for administering her punishment.

Her punishment for dropping her hands when he told her not to and closing her legs: she would have hot, chili oil applied to her pisshole and her asshole. The chili oil treatment was very humiliating for her. The flunkies laid her on a bench, pulled her legs open wide and Sato applied the hot oil with a cotton swab. When she was released she jumped around with her pussy and asshole on fire. So, ended Cassie's first day at the brothel.

The System

Chrysanthemum House did not stand out from its neighbors to any great degree. You had to know the address, but a steady stream of knowledgeable businessmen in suits quietly began showing up every day starting at midday. The wealthier businessmen would arrange to view the available whores who were exhibited on the "auction block." This was a little raised platform and each girl had her measurements on a little board that hung around her neck or were listed in a name tag sized card clipped to a nipple, which by itself was very humiliating.

These customers would then ***** a girl. When they picked Cassie, they could take her into a private room to enjoy her charms at their leisure. The other set-up was "The Plank" a wooden beam 9 meters long (30') and a meter (3') off the floor. Along with the other women in the house, Cassie was bent forward over this bar, hands secured on one side and her feet on the other with her legs apart. This was for "Salary Men," the workaday wage earners.

These wage slaves, in their obligatory suit and tie, who all seemed to have pinched, nervous faces, and whose only relief was drinking, karaoke and mahjongg, would come in and, like robots, pay the

asking price. Then, giggling, they would be ushered into the room where the women were bound. They would be shown the position behind a woman commensurate with the price they paid, unzip, drop their trousers and shorts to fuck the woman from behind and or go around the other side for oral sex. Flunkies would wash the girls after each customer or use a cloth to wash their faces after they had given a customer oral.

Sato always carried this little whippy stick with him and he was a cruel taskmaster as the harder he worked Cassie and his other whores the more money he made (he got a percentage from Chrysanthemum House.) The brothel had a collection of five white women, three Koreans, two Thais, one Filipina and one Hmong. Sato "ran" the five white women and one of the Koreans. There was a second handler, an overweight pig-faced man named Watanabe ran the rest of the women (being non-white they were considered inferior). The white women commanded a premium price and it was a special day for a salary man when he could fuck one of them.

When Cassie and the other girls were bent over the wooden beam to "perform," Sato would still insist they get into the right posture for the paying customers which meant getting their butts up high so that their pussies could be seen from behind. Cassie was worked hard and there was always someone to wipe or wash her down after one client so she was ready for the next. If it was a busy period the flunkies would also give the girls a drink and sometimes something to eat while still tied over the Plank.

One time Cassie had to go to the toilet so bad and a flunky bought a kidney-shaped stainless steel dish and put it between her legs for her to urinate into and then washed her. He gave her a drink and a rice cake to eat while she was still tied over the Plank. Sato and Watanabe were also very strict about how their girls sucked off the customers. Cassie was shown how to behave when giving oral. When the client approached she was not supposed to just open her mouth but to purse her lips so that her mouth looked like a pussy and the guy could squeeze his cock between her pursed lips for an additional thrill.

Then when the man ejaculated, depending on what he had paid, Cassie had to hold the sperm in her mouth and show it to Sato. When the client moved away a flunky would bring over a small dish for her to spit into. If the customer had paid more, Cassie had to open her mouth to show the load and, when told to, to swallow.

Even after her terrible time in Bangkok, Cassi found it humiliating to be humped in front of others and have cum dripping from her pussy. She was having sex with men from lunch time until the wee hours of the morning with Sato and the flunkies watching. It reaffirmed her worst fears that she had been reduced to a "thing" and would never again be a person.

All the girls slept in a kind of dormitory with no privacy at all. Altogether, Cassie averaged a dozen men a day. This didn't include Sato. He had access to all six of "his" women. Usually one or two of his whores would be in his room at night and also at times during the day when they were not actually working. One thing he liked to do was to lecture his girls as to how they should be working hard for him. He would make them sit on the floor facing him legs crossed and he would tell them how they must work harder; and would slap their face as he talked or take their nipples between his fingers and pull and twist them to emphasize his point.

Then he would say, "You want to please me - yes?" Usually, he would open his robe and Cassie or one of the other women would get up onto his lap and sit astride his cock and he'd fuck them. He also had a padded cushion and he would point to it and Cassie or one of the other girls would be expected to lay back on it and spread their legs open wide. Then he would get on top and fuck them.

He liked to say, “ippai dasuyo” (I’m gonna shoot a lot.)

One of the two American girls, a slim, busty brunette named Vickie, had to take up position on the cushion for him one day and she didn’t open her legs enough to please him so he called for the flunkies who brought a crude wooden thing... a big block of wood in a “V” shape which had spikes sticking out of the sides and told Vickie to get her legs open wide and then they put the block between her legs so she had to lay back with her legs WIDE apart to learn her lesson. Even with her legs spread wide the spikes dug into her tender inner thighs painfully.

The next time Vickie went back on the cushion she willingly spread very wide indeed. The other humiliating thing was that when a girl was menstruating Sato would make her drink a kind of milk shake instead of food and this made her have a violent bowel movement. It was very unpleasant and humiliating. The drink was made from various herbs, seaweed, and soy milk. It was a powerful laxative and purgative and after a girl had drunk the obligatory two liters, it went to work very quickly. Soon, she would be begging to be allowed to use the toilet, which was not the Western style toilet, but the kind where you had to squat.

The laxative was necessary because, when a girl was on her period, Chrysanthemum House sold her ass for anal sex; and Japanese men are quite fastidious about a woman having a clean rectum for such activities. The first time Cassie saw a woman protest, it was Jillian, a willowy English blonde in her mid-twenties. She refused the “milkshake” and Sato had the flunkies strap her into a kind of high chair and force-feed her. Cassie, strangely, found the forced-feeding arousing - seeing that done to a woman. It reminded her of a TV program she saw once as a child, where a zookeeper fed a stubborn python the same way.

As Cassie watched mesmerized, the flunkies gagged Jillian with a rubber bulb. Holes had been drilled in the bulb and it was connected to a tube which in turn was attached to a bag. The flunkies filled the bag with the unpleasant “milkshake.” When one of them released the clamp on the tube, gravity did the rest.

The bulb in Jillian’s mouth filled up with the liquid and began draining instantly. The holes in the bulb made it impossible for her to stop the flow with her tongue. She either had to try and clamp down on the bulb to stop it from draining or swallow. But when she bit down with any force on the bulb more liquid was forced out and she had no choice but to swallow. There was nothing she could do to prevent her from swallowing - whether she wanted to or not. It was humiliating and unpleasant. One of the flunkies massaged her throat as she struggled with the bulb in her mouth.

The next time she had her period, Cassie refused her “milkshake.” So, Sato had her force-fed. The experience really disturbed her. She struggled bound like a child in her chair and even lost control of her bladder, earning more punishment. But in the end, she drank two full liters of the disagreeable milkshake. Being controlled that way released something deep in her psyche.

Every heterosexual woman has a favorite way she likes to take cock. Some women like it in their pussies. Some like it in their assholes. And some women like taking it in the mouth. Over the months she was in Bangkok, Cassie was humiliated to discover that being made to suck the cocks of strange men and swallow their semen aroused her, despite the fact that she found it mostly repulsive. The ultimate was either being forced to kneel and take piss right from a man’s cock or to have her mouth be the receptacle for the heavy, watery ejaculation which came from a dog’s dick - which never seemed to end. In Bangkok, Cassie had been forced to suffer both.

After nearly a month of this mind-numbing routine, Cassie was a zombie. If Cassie did not work hard enough Sato beat her. She was allowed to socialize a little with the other girls and learned that the

four other white girls had all come to Japan on “entertainment” contracts that turned out to be something other than what they expected. The “brown” girls had all been shanghaied in their own countries and sold to the Yakuza.

Cassie got close to Vickie, the American and Greta a somber, Dutch girl just 21 years old, a student like Cassie had been. She had come to Japan on a visa and soon found herself in the clutches of men who knew her value. She had very big tits, a DD cup on a fairly slender frame. She was the first one who told Cassie about the “parties.” Chrysanthemum House organized gatherings for business men and their favored employees.

It was famous in Kyoto for this alone. The bar and food tab could run into astronomical figures, but these men and their companies could afford it. Most of the girls were made to perform in “shows.” The favored routine involved bukkake; and then fucking by the most favored employees.

What Greta told Cassie was that most of shows were, “truly disgusting”... “you can’t imagine” sorts of things. Cassie, who had been harnessed to a trolley in a “dog show” in Bangkok, knew just how disgusting and nasty a sex show could be. She found a kindred spirit in Greta. The two often huddled together, thick as thieves. And after a month, Cassie was put into a show.

Mr. Endo’s Party

The big boss, Mr. Endo, wanted to celebrate his company’s good fortune. His privately held firm was one of the bigger suppliers to the Japanese auto industry. His top sales team had secured a major order, so Mr. Endo planned a special night out. He had his number one man arrange with Noriko Maeda for a “special dinner” at Chrysanthemum House. On Endo’s guest list were his top engineers, the marketing department heads and the sales team.

Maeda would provide all the food and the liquor. She contracted with a top chef and brought him and his staff to take care of the comestibles. Poor Cassie was to be the featured performer. Sato made sure she was rested and brought some stylists to the house to do her hair and make-up.

He only told Cassie that she was to be the evening’s “entertainment” and that her time in Bangkok had prepared her for well. Cassie’s stomach did flip flops when she heard that. That evening Endo and his team arrived and were seated. This was the big room and the seating was in a big “U” shape facing a small stage. Four of Watanabe’s girls served sake and brandy and many toasts were offered. Appetizers were presented, and then the courses of food were brought out with great fanfare. The chef made an appearance after each course to take a bow.

After the last course, as coffee was being served, a flunky took to the stage and read from a card. He thanked them for their gracious presence and then announced the “show.” The gist of what he said might be translated as follows:

“Tonight, the assassins capture the pretty blonde girl and show her true nasty side. She is tortured in the best ways and made to obey the men.”

The flunky exited stage right; the lights dimmed and then Cassie lurched onto the stage, captured by a small spotlight. She was dressed like a school girl: a little white sailor blouse with pink neckerchief, navy blue skirt, navy knee-socks, and shiny black penny loafers. Her hair was in a ponytail, and her make-up made her look like a fresh teen. Many of them men in the audience applauded, but quite a few just watched intently. Cassie had been told to just do as she was directed. Sato came out dressed in black and wearing a mask. He was accompanied by a host of flunkies

similarly attired. Sato barked something at Cassie and she just froze. He then motioned to the flunkies and they seized Cassie.

They stripped her, but not completely; and she didn't resist too much. She behaved like a frightened school girl. As the flunkies pulled up her blouse and yanked her bra up to expose her tits, the heat in the audience began to rise. Following this, they pulled up her skirt and pulled down her cotton panties and yanked them off. Soon she was standing there with her tits out, in just her knee socks, her skirt and her shoes. When she protested or showed any signs of resistance, Sato slapped her face, eliciting yelps of excitement from the men in the audience.

After this, Sato turned her this way and that, flipping up her skirt to display her crotch and ass to the audience, who 'oohed' and 'aahed' appropriately with every move. Then another man came out dressed in red and wearing a red devil mask. This was Hayashi. Sato, as the Dark Lord, turned the pretty white girl over to the Red Devil.

Hayashi was an expert in kinbaku (rope suspension bondage), a Japanese specialty. The flunkies assisted and he tied Cassie slowly and methodically in the sakuranbo .Known as "tying up the cherry" - tying the female bottom in such a way that emphasizes the vaginal area. Her arms were tied behind her back - the rope going above and below her breasts and around her upper arms with her forearms bound on top of each other and her wrists tied together.

Then Hayashi hung her. She was suspended standing on her toes with her arms bound behind her back with rough hemp rope and her own body weight putting pressure on her crotch. Her skirt was caught in the ropes so she was naked from the waist down. Forced to stand on her toes to keep her pussy and asshole from suffering, she soon tired and lowered herself, allowing the ropes to dig into her crotch again.

After hanging for a time, the pressure numbed her tender girl parts; and it became impossible to remain still. When she moved it released the pressure and the circulation was restored, but this produced a 'pins & needles' kind of pain. After a brief but painful rest, Cassie got up on her toes again, repeating the cycle of fatigue and pain. Rope between her legs soon made her sensitive flesh raw. Her own movement caused the rope to punish her. Men drank and watched this expert torture the innocent looking white girl. It was hypnotizing.

Hayashi had tied knots in the rope so that they rubbed Cassie's clitoris and anus. As she squirmed and writhed, the knots drove her crazy. She soon began begging and sobbing...begging for relief. She offered herself sexually if the Red Devil would release her. He ignored her and increased her suffering by attaching strong clamps to her nipples while she was suspended. This soon had her crying like a baby.

He bent down and whispered to her in English that if she begged loud enough, he would release her. She soon humiliated herself totally by saying she would, "do anything" if they would release her. The men in the audience found this very exciting...

Hayashi released her only to bind her again. This time in the classic kômon sarashi shibari (anus rope). He began by tying a simple knot at the level of her clitoris. He brought the rope between her legs and up in-between her butt cheeks. He then tied another knot about 10 centimeters (4") above her asshole. He pulled up and tied off the waist rope; then he brought the two ends around to the front to thread them through the two vertical ropes making a perfect diamond shape and then around to her buttocks. Flunkies forced her down on all fours...

Hayashi grabbed the two ropes between the knots and pulled- making a beautiful presentation of

Cassie's asshole. The audience began clapping wildly at this display and his skill and artistry. With her anus on cruel display, Hayashi then produced a thin cane. He stood over her and tapped her on her buttocks. Then, he began to strike her on the tight "starfish" of her anus. He made her push herself open each time to fully dilate her shit hole; and only then did he hit the tender orifice with the cane to land with a sickening 'thud' on her shitter.

Each blow made Cassie gasp or moan and the men in the audience, seeing a master at work, clapped, and whistled. He tapped her with the cane on a cheek to let her know he wanted her "open" and she obediently pushed her asshole open to receive the next blow. Every time he hit her, she yelped or groaned. The men in the audience began to yell, "kampai" each time the cane landed! When she was delirious with anguish, he asked her if she was ready to suck cock and she said, "YES!"

This was the signal for her to be presented to Endo's men for a bukkake session. A screen was hauled out and the flunkies made a little alcove. An announcement was made and Sato and Hayashi got Cassie on her knees. Then Endo's men began lining up. One by one, they took out their cocks and began jerking off on her face. She was made to open her mouth and take their discharge. Sato stood behind her and held her head up and told her when to open her mouth or to take a cock in her mouth. As each man began to jerk off and huffing and puffing reach his precious moment, Cassie was sprayed and slimed until her face was barely recognizable. Her blouse and scarf, up around her neck, and her bra, down around her waist, were soon soiled too.

Sato periodically wiped up some of the semen running down her face to present it to her to swallow. Some men got their full ejaculate right in her mouth. Others spurted wildly and got it all over her face and even her hair. Her make-up was soon a mess and there was semen everywhere. Cassie became very submissive as this rape of her mouth was a disturbing and powerful experience.

She took cocks into her mouth as well and was compelled to run her tongue over the cock heads and the undersides as well as sliding her tongue all along the shafts. Sato made sure she licked their piss holes after they'd cum to get the last drop of semen. She coughed, gagged, and struggled not to vomit. This only served to heighten the deeply masochistic feelings that threatened to overwhelm her. This went on for more than 30 minutes until nearly every man in the room had his turn, even the flunkies. She swallowed a half cup of sticky, salty semen. It was the ultimate oral rape...

After this another course of desserts were brought out. More sake and more hard liquor were poured. The next act was almost ready and this one had the Dark Lord and the Red Devil masturbating Cassie. They unleashed yubizeme (finger attack) and their forced, rapid, violent finger stimulation of her pussy caused an eventual shameful and uncontrollable shiofuki (female ejaculation). Working on her methodically, with her on her back on a bench, they finger fucked her until she had two shamingshiofuki. She came so violently, that when she stopped spurting her juice, she even began pissing. It was quite spectacular.

After this, Cassie was bound on her hands and knees, like a naughty pony on a low platform. A screen was provided and Endo's men were invited to step up and fuck the white school girl who obviously had a hot pussy. And, doggy style, they did fuck her hard. By this time Cassie was so hot, she came more than once, causing her more emotional pain. The men laughed at how she was behaving.

They mocked her in Japanese, and even though she didn't understand what they were saying she knew what they meant. Men held onto her by her hipbones and fucked her hard. As they worked her over, she began sweating. The room was hot with all the bodies in the room and the men were sweating too. Her make-up was now a mess and tendrils of her pretty blonde hair hung in sweaty,

messy clumps.

As each man came in her pussy, it soon became a swamp of semen and her own secretions. A thick white ring of “fuck cream” was all over her swollen labia and the opening to her hole. When it got too nasty, one of the salesmen retrieved her cotton panties and wiped her pussy clean. Then, he and a comrade made a big display of shoving the soiled garment into Cassie’s mouth to gag her. Cassie found it very humiliating, as she was being treated as a common “cum dump.” When everyone who wanted a turn had his opportunity, there was a lull in the festivities. It was time for the next part of the show.

The Sea Cucumbers

A flunky made an announcement that it was time for a new indignity to be visited on the hapless white girl. They bound her on her back on a bench as another gofer brought out a wooden bucket. It contained a half dozen squirming warty sea cucumbers (namako). As big as a cucumber they were named for, when Sato reached in, pulled out a nice fat one and held it up, Cassie recoiled in horror.

Two flunkies stood off the side and, like an abbreviated Greek chorus, began making observations for the audience. They reminded the audience that sea cucumbers can loosen and tighten their bodies, and if the creature wanted to squeeze through a small gap, it could essentially liquefy its tubular shaped body and pour itself into a tight space. To keep itself safe in a crevice or a crack, a sea cucumber can then hook up all the collagen fibers in its body to make itself hard and firm so it can’t be extracted from a hole by its enemies.

Hayashi then rubbed a water based gel all over Cassie’s sex lips and around her hole. Next, Sato brought the cucumber down to the Australian girl’s pussy to cheers from the audience. Hayashi then reached down and pulled apart the “wings” of her pussy. Following this, Sato brought the “head” of the leathery cucumber down to Cassie’s gaping pussy. He got the creature’s “head” right up against the opening; and with a twist he shoved the head in. The audience watched amazed as the creature then wriggled and squirmed all the way into Cassie’s vagina in the most erotic way. Cassie moaned feeling the slippery, slimy, sausage shaped thing slither all the way into her and begin squirming all around inside her sex hole.

“Uh....OHH....GOD,” she moaned.

The men stared at her crotch as the creature was GONE. It had slithered all the way up inside her. Many of the men again got erections as they watched this obscene spectacle. Sato then picked up another cucumber. This one was bigger and even more grotesque looking. He got its head at her vaginal opening and then it too slinked and slid into her hole in the most erogenous way. All the way inside until it had disappeared in her pussy and could not be seen. Cassie’s eyes seemed to bulge out of her head as she had been bound and violated in the most unbelievable way. She kept moaning and crying out that, “It feels bad.”

The flunkies then went on, “The Dark Lord will stimulate the creatures with the electric wand.”

As they said this, Sato produced a “violet wand.” It was a hand-held, plastic and glass device which housed a high voltage electrical transformer plugged directly into a wall outlet. Sato worked the intensity level controller and the tip then glowed and sparked “purple.”

“The namako will be frightened and become very hard,” the flunkies announced to the audience.

Cassie groaned, as Sato brought the tip of the glass close to Cassie's pussy and touched it briefly to her clitoris. Cassie thrashed violently in her bonds, but there was little she could do. When he got the tip at the opening of her cunt, he worked it inside a bit and pushed the 'on' button. The shock felt very unpleasant to Cassie and she also felt the two creatures began struggling furiously inside her hole. They squirmed and wriggled in a crazed way. Frightened, they swelled up, twisted, and turned and, in the process, wedged themselves tight into Cassie's vagina. As they did so, they began to fill her to capacity...

At this, Sato put his hand on Cassie's Venus mount, pointed at it for the benefit of the audience, as if to say, 'look what I did' and then he slapped her pussy making Cassie groan. It was something for Endo's men to see. It was so erotic watching the white girl wriggling—her hips and ass humping up and down as the creatures swelled up and squirmed inside her. Sato brought the wand down two more times. Each time it made the sea cucumbers inflate and balloon up until they had reached their maximum warty size. The effect on Cassie was not to be believed...

When the two cucumbers had stretched her pussy to the maximum and beyond, only then did Sato produce a Hitachi wand, a vibrator. He used that on her labia and clitoris and soon, with her vagina so tightly packed that it hurt, the vibrator made her cum. And then cum again. The men yelled, "kampai" once again as Sato seemed to be able to make her have an orgasm at will. One man turned to his comrade and said, "See, she's a slut. Look at how she cums even duringjyu-kan." (bestiality)

When it came time to remove the sea slugs from poor Cassie's pussy, they brought out a douche` bag filled with a solution of lye soap and shoved the nozzle up her pussy. When the creatures were doused and felt the soap, they exited her pussy so fast it made everyone watching laugh. After this, the party wound down. They auctioned off Cassie's bra and soiled panties and both items fetched a pretty price.

The Boss's Party

Fumio Tanaka, the Oyabun of the Aizukotetsu-kai, had an obligation to keep his troops happy and periodically he paid to wine, dine, and entertain his men. Since his family owned Chrysanthemum House, it was inevitable he'd bring his men there. He booked a party two weeks after Cassie had performed for Mr. Endo's men.

After that party, Cassie came to the conclusion that although the bulk of the house's business was simple sucking and fucking, she was working in a "BDSM House" and special parties were on the bill. She now realized that she had been bought from the 13K Triad in Bangkok because she had been "trained" for rough sex shows. She reflected sadly on her destiny. 'I'm going to be a hand puppet again. What will they do to me now,' she worried.

When Sato told Cassie she would be working another party, she groaned inwardly. She didn't say anything, not wanting to earn herself any more punishment. She commiserated with Greta, who had spent her time as a performer at such events.

"Oh, God, Greta. I can't imagine what they'll do to me," she sniffled. "I hope it's not too gross."

"I hear some talk that they're going to bring in an animal," Greta said.

"Really? Oh, God, not that. I absolutely hate that," Cassie said. "They did that to me in Bangkok."

Once again, she was dressed and made up as a young teen in a school uniform. Sato played the role

of the Dark Lord and Hayashi the Red Devil. Cassie vowed to control her emotions and endure, but she was sickened that her life in Japan was turning out to be no better than what she had suffered through in Thailand.

The Yakuza boss was a tough guy who managed other tough guys. The party was going to be rougher than Cassie's first party. They pushed her out onto the little stage and Cassie looked out to see who was in the audience but couldn't see a lot as they had already dimmed the lights. She wondered what sort of men they were...

And then, it began. Sato as the Dark Lord came out and began "abusing" the little white school girl. He was soon joined by Hayashi, once again the Red Devil. They had the flunkies partially strip Cassie and then they bound her with her arms secured behind her back.

She was going to receive the "hugging the stones" torture (ishidaki). This was a traditional torture going back to Edo period, the time of the Shoguns. A dear time in history and one that was particularly meaningful for men of the Yakuza. As Cassie was prepared, there was a significant murmur of approval from the men in the audience.

She was made to kneel on a small platform topped with sharp edged wooden triangular bars. Forced to kneel on this cruel board - as the sharp edges dug into the front of her calves, the pain became agonizing and intolerable very quickly.

Cassie cringed as Hayashi and Sato lugged over stone slabs; each weighed 10 kilos (22 lbs.). Sato placed one on top of her thighs. Then Hayashi added his stone to her burden. The pressure on her knee joints added to the agony she felt in her lower legs. The position stretched the tendons and ligaments in her joints to the limit and fretted her nerves to the maximum. She felt it in her ankles too. It soon became an insufferable ordeal.

Cassie writhed and her head lolled from side to side as the pain built. She perspired heavily and it dripped down her face, neck, and tits to land on the heavy stone in her lap. Hayashisoona added a third slab. Cassie groaned as this additional weight made her whine and mewl like a cat being strangled. The men in the audience could see heart-shaped buttocks spread invitingly and if one looked carefully... the brown pucker of her asshole.

Sato added a fourth slab to Cassie's lap. Then Hayashi produced ashimoto(bamboo whip) and swished it thru the air catching her attention. She whined as the Red Devil got ready to hurt her with it. Combining two tortures was very common in the old days...

She saw his black eyes in his mask as he took a position behind to beat her. The sound of the bamboo hitting her buttocks resounded thru the room. Cassie bit her lip in pain and cried out each time he hit her. Each time he hit her, the men could hear the hissing intake of breath from her after the split ends of the bamboo made a wet noise as it marked her flesh. After several blows Cassie began screaming. Hayashi began raining a continuous rain of blows across both butt cheeks.

The blows left both cheeks raw. Apart from her squeals and cries and murmurs from the men in the audience - the only sound was the rapid tattoo of the bamboo as the Red Devil beat her. Each fast, sharp blow made her react. In between squealing, she sobbed uncontrollably to wet her tits with her tears. Hayashi beat her until her flesh was so raw, she wouldn't be able to wear panties for two days without crying. Finally, he stopped. Her eyes were closed and her chest heaved as she sucked air into her lungs.

"Oh God...Oh GOD," she babbled.

She shuddered when another slab was added; then gave a strangled cry and fainted. Sato revived her with smelling salts. Hayashi waited a moment and then dumped a sixth slab on her thighs. With 50 kilos (110 lbs.) on her, almost as much as she weighed...the torment was indescribable and she fainted again. Sato had to revive her again. After this, they released her and Sato presented her to the audience. Cassie looked out at the sea of men. Some had taken off their shirts and tied them around their waists.

She saw that they were covered with tattoos everywhere. When Yakuza men were among their own kind, they often remove their shirts or opened them up and tied them around their waists. This allowed them to display their full-body tattoos to each other. This was one of the few times that Yakuza members displayed their tattoos, as they normally kept them concealed in public with long-sleeved and high-necked shirts. It was a badge of honor.

These were rough men and Sato, holding Cassie by her elbow, turned to her, and said, "Are you ready for me to throw you to the wolves?"

Cassie looked at the hard faces staring at her, groaned, gulped, and closed her eyes. Sato pushed her off the stage and into the clutches of the men closest to her. Over the next hour, they used her like a doll. She was pushed into various positions: on her back, on all fours and standing, holding onto her ankles. Men shoved their cocks into her mouth for her to suck and unceremoniously rammed their dicks into her pussy. In between fucks and gagging on cocks, they worked on her with the Hitachi wand, keeping her on the boil. It was all a blur as they relieved themselves of their lusts, using the slim blonde girl to the fullest.

When they were done, Cassie lay on a table, on her back, staring at the ceiling, her mind a blank. Her thighs opened and closed revealing a rivulets of semen drooling from her swollen, reddened hole. There was semen all over her cheeks, nose, and mouth. She had been ridden hard and put up wet, to be sure. Some men had her twice. Thirty-two men fucked her more than 50 times in her pussy and 12 times in her asshole.

She was shamed totally because she had several orgasms as she was raped and sodomized. Her cries and moans left no doubt that she received pleasure from her debasement. The experience was very intense and overwhelming - something out of hell. She had been tested, once again, to her limits as a woman. She lay on the table in a puddle of semen; her legs splayed wide; her pussy purple, swollen and gaping open; her breasts bruised and showing bite marks; her nipples swollen obscenely...

She stared vacantly at the ceiling as she lay there exhausted. She heard men laughing and joking - she felt someone pulling her up and, staggering, she was led backstage. But the evening wasn't over...

The Black Pony

Sato, Hayashi, and the flunkies had wheeled out a contraption onto the stage. One of them came and got Cassie and dragged her away. A while later she appeared on stage again. Sato had given her some brandy and popped an Amyl nitrate under her nose to revive her. They had stripped her of whatever clothes she still had on and brought her over to the contraption. It was a rack with a chair underneath. They strapped her to the chair.

Then the two Greek chorus flunkies got into position and a gong was heard. They began to read from a card, and this got most of the men, sitting down again. That is those who weren't playing oicho-

kabu, a card game popular among Yakuza members.

Now that Cassie was back on stage, they were mildly curious as to what divertissement was next. Boss Tanaka, who sat like a king apart, smiled as he knew what he had ordered as a finale. Then, there was a commotion, and everyone turned to look. The Red Devil was leading a little pony, a small stallion with a smooth black coat, about half the size of a horse. These were bred in Japan in the old days to haul coal in the mines. They were twice as strong as a horse, but only weighed about 150 kilos (330 lbs.). Sato took the bridle from Hayashi. When Cassie saw the pony, her hand went to her mouth and she bit her knuckle. Her mind was racing and she began whimpering in fear.

Sato brought the pony to the rack. He and the flunkies got it to rear up and get its front legs over the top rung. Then, they ran a thick leather strap over the pony's back to strap the animal to the rig. It was now mounted on the contraption and its haunches were dangerously close to Cassie's face. A flunky brought out a sealed container. What it contained was a rag with the urine from a mare in heat.

When the boy climbed up on the rig, opened the container and shoved the rag under the pony's nose, the pony snorted and whinnied. It smelled the mare and that's when the beast's cock dropped. It was mottled pink and black in color and soon hung down until it seemed like it would touch the ground. But as everyone watched, it sprang up as if it were on a spring and Cassie's eyes flew open. It happened so quickly that it was almost comical. But it startled the blonde girl strapped to the chair who was, in effect, underneath the animal.

Hayashi then brought out a sheath. It was made of leather and a flunky attached it to a collar that allowed it to move up or down on the horizontal bar that separated Cassie in the chair from the pony's haunches. By now, every man in the audience had stopped what they were doing and were now watching, with great interest, as the scene unfolded. Card games stopped, men came back from the men's rooms, and took their seats. It seemed everyone put their drink down on the tables to see what was developing.

Hayashi and Sato had prepared well. Supervising the flunkies, the Dark Lord and the Red Devil had one boy adjust the sheath so that it was now pointing towards Cassie's face, or more accurately, her mouth. And the boy with the rag again shoved it under the pony's nose. The animal reacted and the rack shook a little as it tried to move or get down from the rack, but it was not to be. Its rear hooves were resting on a shelf that had been designed to keep the animal stationary. And its front legs were immobilized by being over the upper horizontal bar. The strap kept the pony from backing up or getting off the contraption.

Its cock was now monstrous in size. A full 36 centimeters long (14") the shaft, close to the head, was no thicker than a man's cock, but the head was as big as a golf ball. It was already drooling a thin white cream. Another flunky guided the animal's penis into the leather sheath and as soon as it felt the tight glove around its organ, it began thrusting. Just as it did so, Sato slid Cassie's chair, mounted on rails, forward so that her mouthwash right there when the animal thrust its haunches forward. The pony's smell was very strong and she felt overwhelmed by the combination of sights and sensations, as well as the sheer depravity of the situation. Struck dumb, she could only stare...

Sato barked at her to open her mouth and brought her out of her trance. She hesitated for only a moment, because it was hard for her to open her mouth for such a monstrous organ. The head was twitching and looked so big and alien. Whimpering, she submitted and took the obscene cockhead in her mouth. The pony, feeling the glove tight sheath on its shaft and Cassie's mouth engulfing the sensitive head of its cock, began to hump.

The little stallion pulled back its haunches only a little as the adjusted its pelvic thrusts to the available friction. As the pony humped, the sheath slid up and down its thick shaft following the pony's thrusting motion. Cassie held the animal's golf-ball sized head in her mouth and sucked. When the cock suddenly popped out of her mouth, Sato barked at her to get it in her mouth again and Cassie could see the gross urethral opening of the pony's cock winking open and closed - open and closed. As she got it back in her mouth, in the next moment...she was flooded.

The pony began to whinny and ejaculate at the same time, and its balls began to empty and fill Cassie's mouth with a huge torrent of cum. There was so much it seemed to drown her. The first spurts were thin and watery, but as the animal continued to ejaculate, the continuing torrents were thick and gelatinous like glue.

Sato kept his hand on the back of her head so that she kept her mouth on the animal's cock to receive all the semen. There was a lot and she just kept swallowing and swallowing it, but as the beast kept spurting, it filled her mouth faster than she could gulp it down. Some dribbled from the corners of her mouth and dripped down onto her tits. She gasped for breath, through her nose, as the hot fuck-slime filled her mouth faster than she could swallow.

The overflow of the pony's hot discharge continued to slop from her mouth down onto her chin, neck and even her tits. As the pony continued to ejaculate, Cassie was dimly aware of the excited murmurs and comments from the flunkies as well as the men in the audience. Her cheeks ballooned and she gagged as there was so much. She struggled not to vomit. Ropes of horse jism hung from her chin. The flunkies grinned, laughed, and pointed at her. She had swallowed most of the thin, milky cum and the gelatinous cream, but she had gotten messy in the process.

She felt a little sick to her stomach from her forced feeding, but it also felt "sexual."

When Sato took his hand from the back of her head, Cassie looked like she was going to vomit. He told her to get control of herself. But, she had swallowed a lot of horse cum and the fishy taste and gluey texture made her feel sick. With one hand covering her face and the other cradling her belly, she struggled to control the urge to vomit. The thought that a horse had cum in her mouth was strangely arousing. And the shame of having this forced on her in front of so many aroused her as well. She was strongly aware of the men whooping, laughing, and mocking her. She didn't understand Japanese, but the intent was so very clear. One of them yelled at her that she was a "white fuck pig."

Finally the pony seemed to be done. She felt like a rag after having been forced to do something so depraved. She had become very accustomed to having someone take control of her body and make her do depraved things.

Of course, the program called for her to be fucked by the pony. The contraption was designed so that a harness could be added to suspend her beneath the animal. When they got Cassie perched under the pony in just the right position, the flunky with the urine soaked rag, got it once again under the pony's nose and the reaction was immediate. It got another erection.

The animal's cock was rubbery and waving around. When it got a whiff of the sex odor, it cock stiffened and got was fully erect in a flash. Rigid, as it moved as much as the contraption permitted, it hooves could be heard clomping on the shelf and it cock was heard as it slapped against its belly. Cassie heard it too. Sato grabbed her by her hair and made her look at it.

Now fully erect, the head of its cock seemed to be as big as a plum, and the monstrous shaft as long as her forearm from fist to elbow. She knew that any moment she was going to have that humongous

dick inside her and she got worried it would tear her vagina. This emotion added to the excitement and shame she was feeling. All of this propelled her to new depths of masochistic submission. She craned her head forward and, wide-eyed, stared at the animal's big phallus.

The little stallion, on its hind legs with its forelegs over the upper bar, was ready to cum again; ready to thrust its cock into a warm, wet hole. The stallion's cock had stopped slapping its cock against its belly and it hunched forward trying to find the pussy it had smelled. That's when Hayashi and the flunkies got its cock into her. Hayashi grabbed its cock and Sato made Cassie spread her legs wide which made her pussy gape open; and hold onto the harness suspending her with both hands. Cassie felt the cock head touch her pussy.

With Hayashi's help, it got its cock head at her sex-hole; then the pony thrust its powerful hindquarters and drove the cock in. Inside now, the animal began humping, pushing her back. And while her sex-hole had been opened, the muscles of her vagina had to stretch a lot to take the animal's dick. As it dilated her, and the head slid inside her warm, wet cavern, Cassie groaned loudly. The opening of the vaginal sphincter and the stretching of her pussy tube was an eye-watering experience. And she was only able to take about two-thirds of the mammoth cock in her cunt.

The big head plowed in, touched her cervix, and went deeper into the pocket at the end of her cunt - stretching her totally. She felt a combination of pain and pleasure. She tried to pull back when she felt the pony trying to force more inside, but there was nowhere to go. There was so much cock inside her and as it reached bottom, she cried out. The penetration was mind-boggling and she groaned so loud that it made the audience react.

The massive cock stretched her sex hole to the max. Then the pony pulled out, giving her a chance to catch her breath, but the respite was brief as it just rammed it back in again. A very hard thrust. Just slammed it in. It was hard to believe she had room for a cock that big. It was like having her forearm, from fist to elbow, shoved in her hole. She groaned like it was about to come out her mouth. The flunkies, standing behind, crowded closer to see the huge cock penetrate her.

The pony had erected to its full length and girth and two-thirds of it was inside her hole. She braced herself as the pony began to whinny, snort, and hump her again and again. Most of the time, the pony's dick went in all the way to the end of her cunt. The cynical Yakuza men, who had seen and done everything, were awed. Everyone was mesmerized by what they were seeing. The penetration was totally beyond any Cassie had received before, even from the dog in Bangkok. Her whole pelvis felt invaded, filled, stretched, and distended. Inside, the head of the pony's cock flared and its balls, which hung pendulous in its scrotum, went up and down showing the animal's excitement and readiness to ejaculate.

The pony, neighing, snorting, and whinnying now began to fuck her harder. She could feel its flared cockhead stretching her. There was no part of her hole its cock had not touched and stretched. Her cries left no doubt that it hurt when the animal slammed hard into her with 150 kilos of flesh and bone behind it. Its humping was so energetic that its rear hooves scooted forward on the shelf with the force of its powerful thrusts. Comically, its tail flicked up and down which seemed to communicate the animal's happiness with the mating. Cassie's tits, jiggling and swaying, as the animal had its way with her, showed how steady was the fuck she was receiving.

The pony would fuck her for a bit and then it would stop, pull back and its cock would slip out. The big dick would wave around and then the little stallion would hump and with help from Hayashi, find her hole again and penetrate her fully and painfully. The beast fucked the shit out of her for maybe 20 to 30 seconds at a time.

As the little stallion drove its huge phallus in and out of her pussy, she began to feel the stirrings in her loins that told her she was going to cum. Her orgasm started to build. Sweat poured off her. As the pony fucked her for about 20 seconds straight, Cassie had an orgasm and showed everyone how it felt as she screamed like a madwoman. The men, drinking and enjoying the show, looked on in wonder and delight.

Everyone watched as the beast kept humping its haunches back and forth in a monstrous mockery of human sex. And Cassie was out of her mind. Occasionally, she stared at the beast above her. Other times, her eyes were closed. Her hair became sweat-soaked and was splayed all over her face.

The little stallion was also getting close to cumming. By instinct, the animal shoved its cock in as deep as it could trying to push the flared head to seal off her hole. The slit in the pony's cock head was up against the end of Cassie's pussy now. Its cock had stretched her pussy to unbearably painful dimensions. Even though as she cried out, yelled, and screamed, the thrill and excitement was mind boggling. Its cock had reached beyond any previous penetration she had experienced.

The problem was the stallion kept mounting and then remounting her. She would feel herself approaching another cum, and then the pony would dismount. Then at some point, the head of its cock created suction and Cassie felt the pull on her uterus. Since the cock was tight in her vagina without any air gap, it produced suction that pulled on her cervix and uterus. It was like her womb was being pulled out of her body. This was both somewhat unpleasant and pleasurable at the same time. This pushed Cassie over the edge and she had a massive orgasm that went up to her breastbone, all through her pelvis and down her thighs. She nearly swooned.

The pony finally ejaculated, and thick gushes of hot cum filled her hole. Cassie felt it hot and wet inside her. Over and over it spewed. A cup of yellowish cum backed up in her hole to come oozing out around the animal's shaft. Any movement on the pony's part made some squirt out.

The pony's ejaculation was so heavy that cum went everywhere - all over her pussy and on her inner thighs and on the animal's lemon-sized balls. Hot cum dribbled down her ass crack. The pony was not moving now, her pussy stretched tight around its shaft, as its orgasm subsided. It flexed a final time to squirt the last drops of semen into her stretched hole.

Cassie and the pony were both panting as they waited for the swollen, flared head to subside. The pony pulled back slightly, making her grunt, as the cock did not come out. Her pussy was stretched tight around the engorged column of equine cock meat. The pony pulled back and this time, its cock popped free. The stallion whinnied, shuddered, and flicked its tail. Cum now ran from her hole. Some men got closer to look. Her vagina was open. One man said to his comrade that he could put his hand in her hole now.

The pony's dick hung down, dripping cum. Semen poured from Cassie's gaping hole and splattered on stage floor as it ran down the crack of her ass. But the little pony was not done. It still had lots of cum in its balls. After a few minutes, the mating was repeated; and the little stallion remounted her two more times in the next 15 minutes. Each time, it fucked the shit out of her.

On the second remount, she came again. Each time the pony ejaculated, it filled her pussy full of cum. An horse cums a lot more than a man or a dog (a ¼ to a ½ cup with each ejaculation.). Finally, the animal was done and Hayashi and the flunkies got it down off the contraption and two boys led it away. Cassie was exhausted...a mess. Cum dripped from her hole, but it was tinged pink from blood leaking from small tears in her vagina, which was inevitable given the size of the cock that had raped her.

Her crotch was wet: her mound...her ass and her pubic hair was coated. Hayashi got a bowl to catch the mess that drained from her hole, made her drink it and then lick the bowl clean as a finale` to the show. Some of the Yakuza men actually applauded when Cassie vomited. It was the last humiliation of the night as a big gush of smelly, foamy whitish-yellow slop cascaded from her mouth like a fountain.

Mr. Kichida

Some nights Cassie spent in Sato's quarters, like all his girls. She came to enjoy these nights sometimes. When she was there, his attention was all on her, and working as a whore everyday deprived her of real human contact, so any attention was better than none. Whatever feelings she had about him became distilled into "worshipping" him as her boss. It was the old Stockholm Syndrome: the paradoxical, psychological phenomenon where hostages come to have empathy and positive feelings towards their captors.

And she discovered that she could best express her feelings when she was in his bed by giving him a great blow job. Cassie had become a master at sucking cock. The payoff, when the man dumped his load in her mouth, had become a treat for her; the reward for a job well done. One night she gave Sato a simply exquisite blow job. She licked his anus and his nuts and laved his cock with wet love. She used her tongue to tantalize him and then sucking and jerking him off, she made him have a spectacular cum. Sato was in heaven. When he came hotly in her mouth he felt his whole soul had spurted thru his penis.

Afterwards, he even cuddled with her, but she made the mistake of trying to kiss him. This was a no-no. He got angry with her and told her that she should never put her "dirty" mouth on his. Not a mouth that had been where hers had been.

"Never put your mouth on my mouth. You have a dirty mouth, whore!"

Cassie was hurt emotionally. She went from enjoying his affectionate snuggling to having him kick her out of bed to sleep on the floor, like a dog. A metaphor for what had happened to her since her vacation in Bangkok went awry. However, it was part and parcel of the hard life she had been sentenced to. The one bright spot was that she came to be close to the other girls in his stable. They were the only friendly faces in her world.

Greta and Vickie were her closest allies, but she liked Carol, the plump American redhead. Jillian, the English girl, was hard to get to know. She was more closed off and only Greta had any real contact with her. As the months wore on, Cassie realized that the girls would talk about what happened at the Plank, as they were all bound next to each other. But they were reticent to talk about the parties and the "special customers." Cassie, after Endo and Tanaka's party, understood. It was just too shaming and embarrassing.

Some of the customers who took Cassie to a private room truly disgusted her too. There was the older accountant, a Mr. Kichida, who liked to jerk off on her face. After that, he wanted to have Cassie kneel before him, open her mouth, take his piss directly from his cock and then swallow. The piece de resistance of his sessions was for him to defecate a turd onto a plate and then have Cassie lick the turd, getting it wet with her saliva.

She was not to score the turd with her teeth or bite it, just get it shiny with her saliva. He liked to have a whore taste his shite. The first session with Kichida did not go well. Cassie was reluctant to put her mouth on his shit, but he had paid and she didn't want to incur Sato's wrath. But she didn't

vomit after she'd anointed his shit with her saliva. And this is what Kichida San wanted to see as he jerked off. This is what got him off...

Kichida complained to Sato who got furious with Cassie. He punished her with the "compass." Cassie was made to lie naked on her back on a metal bed frame in a storage area. Her limbs were stretched in four directions, tied with strips of cloth, and then secured to a bedframe. Her whole body, except her head, was tightly restricted. She was kept bound naked this way for a whole day. She lost control of her bladder and bowels during the ordeal adding to her humiliation. The next time, as a "freebie" for Kichida, since he was a good customer, Cassie dutifully vomited after she licked his shit. It wasn't hard.

Tit and Pussy Torture

Two older men bought Cassie one afternoon. Her tits fascinated them. They picked her from the "auction block" and took her to a room. There, Sato gave them a kittee, an Indian torture device that corresponded to the European thumbscrew. It was a wooden screw press somewhat like a lemon squeezer. Between the plates a woman's tits could be squeezed often to the point of fainting. They bound Cassie's wrists behind her back and then put the kittee on her tits.

Having her milk bags squeezed painfully brought tears to the Australian girl's eyes, but it only whetted their appetites. To this terrible torture, they added a refinement. They had requested a pair of pliers and this they used on Cassie's nipples. She had rose colored nipples with medium sized areoles. But her nipples were as big as peanuts. This is why they had *****ed her. They were fascinated by their spectacular size. The younger man grabbed one in the jaws of the pliers and squeezed making Cassie wince and cry out. Then he did the same to the other nipple. He went back and forth and soon added a sickening little twist to the routine.

At one point, they took the kittee off and using their hands they slapped her tits unmercifully. One of them stood behind and held her by her shoulders as the other beat the shit out of her tits. He started off by giving her little smacks across her sore nipples, but soon he was just wailing on them - hitting her whole tit with his full, broad, heavy palm. The sound reverberated off the walls of the small room, punctuated by Cassie's groans and screams.

When they had worked themselves up to a fever pitch, they turned her over on her stomach and took turns fingering her until they made her have a shiofuki (a female ejaculation). Then, the older man worked his fingers back into her dripping cunt, one-by-one until he had all four fingers in her, making Cassie groan. He curled his thumb to his palm and curled his fingers so that he had made a fist inside her hole with his wrist encircled by her vaginal sphincter and hot, pink labia. Cassie moaned when he did this and then groaned very loud when he began turning his balled fist around. He went this way and that and each time he did that, she groaned and squealed like a stuck calf.

He got it in all the way and then began pumping his fist in and out. He fisted her until she had another wet shiofuki. She had never been fisted before, but since her pony fuck, her pussy was becoming used to being stretched. Still, the man's fist was an uncomfortable intrusion. Then, they took turns fucking her in her asshole, using only their saliva and her secretions to lubricate her tight passage. Finally, they worked chopsticks into her urethra and didn't stop until they had forced three of them into the tiny orifice.

They took them out and then reinserted them slowly raping her tiniest hole. Cassie found it weird and terribly unpleasant. When they began working more of them into her pisshole, Cassie's howls

could be heard throughout the building. Sato came in at one point with a rag and smilingly asked the two men to gag the poor girl. Which they did, so that they could continue to have more fun. They finished off by jerking off on her face but made her take their cocks in her mouth to swallow some of the load.

Electro Torture

This was another hellish night for Cassie. The setting was a dinner party for a small software company: the owner, his minor partner, and six key employees. They were seated around a low table, they enjoyed drinks for a while. Then dinner was served. After dinner, when the table was cleared, Sato and Hayashi brought Cassie into the room. First, she had to do a striptease for the men.

She wore a very short skirt and a low top that accentuated her tits. With her hot red lipstick and blonde hair, she was suitably exotic for these men. When she was naked, Sato made her bend over and display her “charms.” Cassie had a simply beautiful, pink-lipped pussy with the cutest clitoris peeking out from under its thin hood. She had to pull her piss flaps apart to show “pink.” Always humiliating...

Sato and Hayashi bound her spread-eagled and naked to a low table. Hayashi inserted a blunt shaped copper cylinder into her vagina just behind her pubic bone and it filled her hole nicely. Every sensitive spot on her anatomy was then clamped or received the invasive insertion of a probe. A thin corkscrew electrode was screwed into her urethra. The hood of her clitoris was retracted and an alligator clip was used to clamp the organ.

Her rectum got penetrated by a thick aluminum plug and Hayashi grasped her tongue with a pair of pliers, pulled it out of her mouth, secured it so she couldn't retract it and then attached electrodes to her tongue. He clamped her nipples last. Sato connected the leads to a transformer. They were synched up to create four circuits. One circuit connected her asshole and her rectum. The second connected her clitoris and her vagina. The third circuit connected her nipples and the fourth circuit consisted of the electrodes on her tongue.

Sato handed out four small wireless controllers. Sato gave a demonstration and soon all the men were having fun torturing her. They exchanged controllers so they could enjoy shocking different parts of her body through the four circuits. Cassie was subjected to nearly an hour of low-amperage electro shock torture.

Cassie shuddered, twitched, shook, and writhed on the table. It was excruciating and humiliating. She drooled and fainted twice. Her nipples swelled up as big as cashews and turned bright purple and so did her tongue and clitoris. She had been transformed into a doll, an inanimate object. The “hottest” charge was the circuit that connected her asshole and her shit hole. When this was activated, the pain was intense and her hips came off the table like she was trying to fuck the ceiling. The next hottest charge was the circuit on her tongue since the organ was wet with saliva. These hurt terribly and made her feel like she was going to lose her mind and her eyes would pop out of her head.

The weakest charge was the circuit that connected her clitoris with her vagina. When she was shocked there, it was a weird combination of unpleasant and arousing. It gave her a hot, buzzy, itchy feeling that felt stimulated her; and made her pussy drool. When someone worked this controller, Cassie's hips writhed in the most erotic way. The men were fascinated by what the three controllers

could do and they played with them and passed them around as each man wanted a turn. And it went on and on, until with bulging erections, they were ready to dump their hot loads in her. Sato, seeing that it was time, removed all the electrodes and got her on all fours on a coffee table.

One man got in front of her and another took his place at her ass. They took turns fucking her pussy and mouth until everyone's balls were empty. They humped her like a toy for an hour. When it was all over, poor Cassi lay slumped on the table in a wet heap leaking from her cunt and cum on her lips, cheeks, and chin. Her tongue, clitoris and nipples had swelled to comically obscene dimensions and made her look disfigured. She could barely talk with her tongue swollen.

And to add to his men's amusement and to cap the evening's fun and games, the company's president got her on her tummy and put a cushion under her hips. Then he told her to "hump" it. When Cassie didn't show enough enthusiasm, he took off his belt and whipped her butt cheeks to encourage her. He kept her at it until she'd made herself cum. She pressed her pussy against the cushion and rubbing it hard, she came! Being forced to masturbate in front of someone was always the most degrading thing of all. It exposed her totally and made her a participant in her own debasement.

She "fucked" the cushion and put on such a show that all the men crowded around to watch and cheer her on. When she reached her cum, she cried out and then slumped exhausted, but the company's president pulled his number one employee forward and told Cassie to get down on the floor. She looked up with weary eyes and wondered what else he could make her do...

He wanted her to hump the man's leg like a dog! Cassie groaned but got into position. He kept her at it until she'd made herself cum again. With the men cheering her on, Cassie performed like a trained animal. She was numb when it was all over. The next day, Greta caught Cassie looking at herself naked in the mirror. She was touching her tits...holding them up and looking at herself closely.

"What are you doing? What are you thinking," Greta asked her?

"I'm looking at myself. And you know what? ...All I see are my tits, my ass, and my cunt. That's all I am now," she said tears welling up in her eyes. "Just tits, ass and cunt!"

Greta reached over, put her arm around Cassie's neck to pull her close and gave her a hug...

Maria's Crucifixion

As bad as things had been for Cassie, not long after her "electro" session, she and the other girls got to bear partial witness to one of the worst sessions any of them had seen. A wealthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Fukuda, the woman in her early fifties and the man in his sixties, had paid to see a girl "crucified." Checking the girls out on the "auction block," they *****ed a chubby, pretty Filipina who worked for Watanabe. Her name was Maria and she had been a bar girl in Manila, before coming to work in Japan.

She was full-figured with very brown skin, an absolutely beautiful mouth, thick black hair, big dark nipples, and a hairy pussy. The couple didn't want to have sex per se. They wanted to witness the cruel torture of a Catholic woman. This is why they *****ed Maria. Afterwards, they would go home and, reliving the experience, masturbate in front of each other. It was their way to "get off."

For Maria, it became a session that took her out of action for several days. She was dressed up in

what would pass for prison clothes: gray top and pants. Hayashi and Sato were the “judges” and they sentenced her to be crucified as the Fukudas watched breathlessly.

As she was sentenced in Japanese and English, Maria began to weep as Sato had not told her what the session was about. She was hearing it for the first time and her wide-eyed shock was catnip to the Fukudas. Standing there, shivering in her prison clothes, Maria grunted with the strain when two flunkies put a heavy beam, weighing 25 kilos (56 lbs.) on her shoulders and lashed it secure. It would prove to be a torment to carry.

They force-marched her outside into the courtyard. Cassie and Greta weren't working and they peeked from an upstairs window. The beam was heavy and Maria stumbled as they made her march around the perimeter. Then, Sato and Hayashi brought her to stand in front of a square pole sunk in the ground. The pole had a two-inch block cut from the top where the crossbeam went. The flunkies took the beam from her shoulders.

Hayashi and Sato made her take off her cotton top and pants. The garments were wet with sweat from her exertions of carrying the beam. Her big, brown nipples and hairy Mons were now visible to the couple. Hayashi had orders to prolong her agony, and as a great student of torture, he had read how the Romans had refined crucifixion into an exquisite torture. Everything was done to prolong the victim's anguish on the cross.

If you let someone hang by their arms alone, they would asphyxiate too quickly, so the ancient Romans had devised ways to distribute the victim's weight on the cross so their suffering could be drawn-out. To this end, Hayashi had fixed a curved rod topped by a knob to the pole about hip height. This would penetrate Maria's asshole to support her bodyweight - but it promised to be a terrible torment. Hayashi greased it as everyone watched...

They made her lie down on the ground and then Hayashi bound her wrists to the beam. He and Sato got her on her feet and walked her backwards, with the beam sitting heavily on her shoulders, to the pole. They lifted the crossbeam to the top of the stake and sat her down on the greased rod, so it penetrated her anus and slid up into her rectum.

Hayashi bent her legs and then placed her feet sole-to-sole on the front of the pole. In this position, which flexed her thighs and exposed her crotch, he lashed her heels to the post. She was now secured to the post by all four limbs and soon felt the full, cruel agony of her position. Maria's loins, with the rod in her shitter, were supported, but it was a hard perch with rod deep in her rectum. Crucified, she was soon feeling total body agony.

Her legs were bent and as she explored how much she could move, it wasn't a lot. With her wrists bound, her arms stretched and her heels lashed to the post, she could only move up and down through a limited range. Her orange-sized tits wobbled and jiggled with each movement of her body. Her head lolled back and forth; then she hung her head in shame and futility. She made eye contact with the Fukudas but was sickened by the lust etched in their faces and turned away.

It soon became difficult to breathe, and the pain of her bondage soon forced her to stand up on her heels and pull herself up by her arms to relieve the pressure. She took in a breath when she stood. But soon, the pain and the fatigue in her thigh muscles became unbearable. So, she allowed herself to hang by her wrists again.

This forced the rod deep into her shit-hole. She went up and down...up and down... like a puppet. Maria hung for as long as she could stand it; then pulled herself up. Holding this position for a few moments allowed her to relieve the pain in her wrists and get air into her lungs. Then, this pain

became too much, so she sagged and the rod went far up her asshole again. It was excruciating... Going up and down, up, and down...it was like she was ass-fucking herself on the post.

Sweating in the sun, she soon became dehydrated and thirsty. Sato had a flunky piss in a bucket, soaked a sponge in the urine and then held it up to her lips. The smell made Maria shake her head in protest, but she was thirsty and knew that it would only be worse if she refused so, she bit on the soaked sponge. The Fukudas were beside themselves. She held her husband's hand and kept squeezing it, her breath coming in little gasps as she enjoyed Maria's suffering.

The poor Filipina writhed and squirmed and this only hurt her wrists and heels. As the afternoon wore on, Maria cried out. She uttered things like, "Madre Dios" (Mother of God) and beseeched Jesus to save her. She cried out in Tagalog, English and Spanish as the agony of her position overwhelmed her. The Fukudas were ecstatic. They were getting their money's worth. Having her cry out to her Christian God was just the frosting on the cake!

Hayashi had read that the Roman torturers would add to the victim's suffering in a variety of ways. From them, he got the idea to take a short, sharp needle mounted on the end of a stick and use this to jab Maria's breasts, especially her nipples. Each cruel stab produced a groan of anguish and more begging for Jesus to save her. Soon, her tits and her big, brown nipples were stippled with dozens of tiny puncture wounds. Asami Fukuda, the wife, looked as she was about to cum...to have an orgasm, at this point.

Hayashi also painted Maria's face, underarms, and crotch with sugar water to attract insects. He used a little brush, paying special attention to her ears, nose, mouth, armpits, pussy, clitoris, ass crack and anus. The flies and gnats soon arrived. Just a few at first, but attracted by the sweetness of the sugar water, they began to swarm. Maria had been sweating heavily - adding salt for the insects to feast on. The flies were soon crawling all over her and began to invade wherever there was an opening.

As the teeming horde overran her face and crotch, she nearly lost her mind. Her dripping armpits, her nose, ears, mouth, and crotch were soon well infested. This was one of the most effective tortures as it opened up her most private orifices to pollution and invasion by insects. Maria began sobbing and bawling as the flies had their way with her. She began babbling like an idiot after a while, as if she was losing her mind...

Later, Hayashi forcibly inserted a thick wooden rod into her vagina several times and then redrew it, raping her cruelly. To add to her suffering, he worked a thin rod in and out of her urethra making her writhe in agony. He then pressed the urine soaked sponge against her lips again; and she was so parched she drank the piss. Maria tried to control the pain of her bondage by changing positions, but at some point she realized there was no relief - only endless agony going up and down on the pole. She hung her head, mumbling and sweating in mindless agony. Periodically, she would raise her eyes to heaven and begin praying...

Sato took the initiative and masturbated her. He rubbed her piss flaps and clitoris until he had her writhing and crying out. She was so ashamed, but it only got worse when he made her cum and not long after, she even lost control of her bladder. Fifteen minutes later, the Fukudas left. They were both so excited, so worked up...they couldn't wait to get home and masturbate as they re-imagined Maria's suffering on the cross...As for Maria, it took days for her to recover.

It had been a traumatic, harrowing experience. But she felt closer to her God by undergoing the same suffering her Savior had and this was a mildly comforting thought. In her home country, many worshippers during Good Friday consent to being hung on the cross, as a religious experience. For

Maria, however, it was much more shaming...

Noriko

One night, Noriko Maeda paid a call on Cassie. She had Sato bring her to one of the private rooms. Cassie waited nervously. Sato didn't say who the customer was or what he wanted. Cassie was surprised when Noriko walked into the room and began taking off her clothes. She was wearing a navy silk suit and a pale peach silk blouse. Cassie watched uneasily as the woman's body was revealed. . She wore a beige bra and reached behind to unsnap it - revealing a heavy set of "hangers" capped with big brown nipples. Her tits were large and hung down.

She kicked off her shoes and dropped her silk trousers and nylon bikini panties. She had a big butt, a protruding belly and was very hairy between her legs. Her pubic hair went almost up to her navel and grew on her inner thighs too. She cradled her tits in a self-satisfied way and then went to a cabinet to pull out a strange apparatus. She set it down in the center of the room. She crooked her finger at Cassie and pointed to the device. It was a small tripod with a padded seat.

"Lay down. Put your head there," she said, pointing to the seat.

She got Cassie lying on her back with her head on the seat with her hands, palms down, under her buttocks. Cassie was facing the ceiling and as she lay there apprehensively, Noriko straddled her face and got her crotch right over her face. Noriko squatted down and lowered herself until she made contact with Cassie's face. The older woman had a nice sex odor and her hairy pussy parted a bit as she squatted so that Cassie could see her plump labia and peanut-sized clit.

Her inner sex lips were fat and asymmetrical. Her yellow-white skin was a contrast to the dark grove between her ass crack. She was moist, and her sex lips glistened in the room's light. She sat down fully on Cassie's face, and then lifted herself up slightly to adjust her position. The she just sat there. She'd brought a small book with her and began to read. Cassie had all she could do to breathe. It was very humiliating. Noriko sat there for 30 minutes reading. As she enjoyed her "seat," her pussy got a little wetter and Cassie had no choice but to smell and taste her. Finally, Noriko put the book down and began to "ride" back and forth, using the Australian girl's nose, mouth, and chin to rub herself against.

She grunted softly as she worked her hips back and forth. Cassie could barely breathe. She had her mouth open and her tongue out to lick the older woman's hot, wet pussy. Her nose rubbed Noriko's clitoris on the upstroke. Noriko's pussy swelled and became juicy so that Cassie's face got wet from her cheeks to her chin. And then Noriko began jerking her hips back and forth in a way that let Cassie know she was about to cum.

She tensed up and came; and her discharge flooded Cassie. She swallowed the slippery pussy juice; she really had no choice. After Noriko came, she relaxed and sat down heavily on Cassie's face, causing her to beat on the older woman's thighs, as if to beg for mercy. Noriko's weight on her face and her wet orgasm overwhelmed her. It made it hard to breathe, but feeling submissive, Cassie unconsciously thrust her tongue deep into the older woman's vagina and wriggled it around inside her hole.

"That's nice," Noriko praised her.

Cassie surrendered to the older woman, who then ground her crotch on Cassie's face this way and that, extracting all the pleasure she could get from having the girl's nose and mouth available to her.

Then Noriko adjusted her position and rolled her ass over Cassie's face so she could have her eat her asshole as well. Cassie obediently licked the woman's shit hole; and finally, it was done. Norikogot up and dressed, very businesslike, and left without saying another word.

Dr. Saitou

He was a doctor named Saitou. What sort of doctor was not known by anyone at Chrysanthemum House. Everyone thought he might be a gynecologist. In any event, he was middle-aged and non-de***** in appearance. What he liked was scaring girls half to death. He *****ed Cassie from the "auction block" and she was taken to a room. There was a gynecologist table. Sato and a flunky strapped her to the table with her legs in the stirrups and her wrists by her side. They also used a strap around her mid-section. Cassie was very fretful as she was being bound for something terrible, she felt. The Doctor was escorted into the room; and asked Sato if he had gotten the vibrator he wanted.

He had requested a certain model with a small bullet shaped head. He brought his own speculum. As Sato watched, he used this to dilate Cassie's vagina until it was expanded to the maximum. The speculum was an inexpensive, plastic see thru model and when it was in, Cassie's pussy had flowered open so that you could see the "os," the opening, in her cervix - the path into her womb. The good doctor smiled when he saw inside Cassie's pussy. It was perfect for his type of fun.

Sato then handed him a long plastic tube which Saitou inserted into her dilated vagina at an angle. Saitou asked that the table be adjusted so that Cassie was brought into a half-upright position. The flunky cranked the table so that she was sitting at a 45 degree angle. Now she could see the tube in her pussy; and stared down at the apparatus in her cunt. Her hole was framed by her hairy labia and she could see the "wings" of the speculum with the tube going into her...

The Doctor turned to Sato and said, "Do you have what I requested?"

Sato did. He turned to the flunky who reached down and brought out a plastic bottle. Sato took the bottle, held it up, shook it a little, smiled and then handed it to the Doctor. Where he was standing, Cassie couldn't see what was in the bottle. Sato told Dr. Saitou that everything he'd asked for was now in place.

"Is there anything else you require?"

"No...You may leave me now," Dr. Saitou said.

Sato bowed and he and the flunky left. The Doctor smiled at Cassie and her blood ran cold.

He spoke a little English and said to her, "Are you afraid of bugs?"

Cassie looked at him. He was holding the bottle behind his back and she was now becoming very anxious. He held up the bottle and shook it a little. Inside were cockroaches. Dozens of them. Scampering about the bottle, desperate to get out! All sizes: from small to fairly large. Cassie cowered at she looked at the bottle and began shrieking and bawling.

"W...w...what are you going to do," she stammered? "Oh God, no...no..."

He didn't say anything but took the cap off the bottle. Then, he tipped it into the end of the plastic tube. He shook some of the roaches into the tube. Immediately, some of them began sliding and

scampering down the tube. Cassie began screaming. She had always had a fear of bugs and never liked sitting on a lawn wearing a skirt for fear that a bug could get in her pussy. Many women have similar fears.

The Doctor's eyes gleamed with lust as he watched some of the roaches making their way towards Cassie's vaginal opening. His eyes went from the tube to her face as she was now in the grip of fear, loathing, and revulsion. She was now screaming her head off. The Doctor reached into his bag and produced a ball gag and soon Cassie could only make muffled cries as the gag was large. She soon began to drool as well.

That's when Dr. Saitou brought out the vibrator and turned it on. He came over and began to rub the tip all around the spread lips of her cunt, concentrating on her clitoris. He played with her pussy as Cassie watched, in the mirror, in sheer terror and horror as the procession of cockroaches got closer and closer to her vagina. The sheer horror of the situation was mind-bending. She was afraid she'd lose her mind. When the first roaches reached her hole and she felt them enter her, she screamed into the gag like a lunatic.

As it went on, the Doctor became more focused on arousing her as she was violated by the insects. Cassie couldn't feel anything at first, because the terror felt dominated her mind. As for the roaches, some stayed in the tube and some wandered in through the speculum into the wet recesses of her moist vagina. The feeling of them "infesting" her was overwhelming and insufferable. She kept screeching and squealing, but the gag made the sounds coming from her mouth very comical.

Doctor knew exactly what he wanted to do. At one point, he removed the tube from the speculum and then spun the little wheel closing it and pulled it out, trapping a dozen cockroaches in her hole. He lowered the bed so that Cassie was lying flat. Cassie, now feeling the full horror of the trapped bugs crawling and scuttling around inside her, screamed herself hoarse. She squirmed and writhed violently pulling against her bonds frantically as the feeling of the bugs inside her was intolerable and there was nothing she could do about it. She humped her hips up and down in a futile effort to find some relief or to somehow get free.

But she was secured into position and the only option available to her was to concentrate on what Saitou was trying to do to her with the vibrator. He rubbed her pussy lips and clitoris to masturbate her vigorously - only stopping when he felt he had gotten some response to what he was doing from Cassie. And with no other options open to her, Cassie humiliatingly opened herself up to feeling the tingle of sexual arousal in her pussy.

Soon, Saitou was delighted as Cassie began writhing in sexual ecstasy. Cassie's pussy got very wet and began to pulsate and spasm; and when she finally came, she shot some of the roaches out of her cunt. Dr. Saitou was beside himself with happiness. He had never gotten a girl to squirt the bugs from her pussy! He kept it up until she had ejected most of them from her hole. It was truly obscene. As she was masturbated to orgasm, she expelled bugs from the depths of her hot pussy!

Following this, the Doctor came over to stand next to her face. He unzipped his trousers, pulled out his cock and began jerking off. He continued to stroke his cock slowing, enjoying what he had been able to do to her, until he unloaded on her face. This, for him, ended the session. After this, he tucked his prick back in his pants and left. Cassie lay on the table, moaning and crying in helpless distress as she could still feel a few of the horrid roaches in her cunt. She began crying out for Sato to come and release her. Eventually, he did. It was perhaps the most horrifying experience she had at Chrysanthemum House.

Prior to her enslavement, Cassie had not been religious in any significant way. After a few months in

Japan, her dorm mates would see Cassie on her knees praying each night. This was her prayer: 'Please Jesus, take me away from this hell. I promise I'll be good and do all the right things. Only please free me from the HELL. Please Jesus, free me. FREE ME...PLEASE

!As of this writing, Cassie is still a whore at the house. Her parents continue their struggle to find her or discover what happened to her, but the trail went quite cold in Thailand.