

This Was Not The Plan

By kellirea

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A one night visit turns into a kidnapping

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This stories is a total fantasy. The characters are that, characters and not real. I pray that this does not happen to anyone, unless it is there wish and done with care.

Thank you. Be safe and well.

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The room was dark and cold . I was chained, my arms above my head and my legs spread wide to expose both orifices. I was blindfolded and gagged. All I could do was wait for whatever Sir T. had in store for me. I was frightened, but mostly there was a feeling of utter helplessness.

Just as I was giving up hope of a rescue, when through the open door, I heard a loud commotion from the outer room. It was my Master and other members of "The Group". my rescuers!

Now let me explain how I got into this situation.....

I served my Master online for a year before I moved in to be His 24/7

slave. But for a while, between His work and mine, sessions were far apart. Now this summer we have a house full of grandchildren so for at least 4 weeks things were going to be very vanilla. Even

having to keep dressed. Although I have come to love my Master's grandchildren as my own, I was not use to having to keep that many preteens happy for more than a day. Two of the children lived near by so we saw them often, but the other three lived out of state, so it was good for my Master to have them near.

Royce, my Master was able to get vacation time to spend with them but I still needed to work. Toward the end of their visit, when they were in bed and I was still at work, my Master started looking into clubs or groups in nearby towns that we might think about trying. He was successful in finding one very close and started to chat with a few of the members online. It was a small group but very active.

The weekend after the children left we were set to visit "The Group". We were told that there was a Dr. we could go to for a physical to make sure we had no contagious diseases . Our first visit was half price and we needed to bring the results to the party before we engaged in any sexual activities.

The day of the party my Master chained me to the bed and gave me a thorough cleaning and even shaved my pussy. I am a BBW and very self conscious about my body, but my Master kept telling me that they would love me no matter what, that I was obedient and very horny to boot!

Chapter 2

My Master lead me into the party on my lead attached to my collar. He was showed the wall in which to "hang" the slaves leashes. My Master removed my dress, leaving just my thigh highs and garter belt on, before He hung my lead onto the hook provided. There were about a dozen or so slaves, both fem and male, already "hanging". All were in various forms of nudity, some even were blindfolded. With a kiss, my Master left me there to join the other Dominates in the public room.

After a while my Master came back out with another couple. They walked over to me.

"Boy, she is a big one. I've always wanted to play with a BBW. My wife also. Are you sure we can use her tonight?" As He was speaking He started to squeeze my nipples.

My Master smiled, "yes you may, and I may I have the pleasure of playing with your slave?"

Arrangements were made and I was lead by this Dom into a private playroom. "You, bitch will call me Sir T. while we are here in this room. Your Master has told me your limits, including the fact that you have bad knees and can not kneel.. We will compensate for that. Go lay on that table. I will not speak

to you much, but will move you the way I want you. If you do not respond quickly you will be punished. Understood bitch?”

Quietly I murmured “yes Sir T.” then I climbed on the medical examining table. The stirrups were out so I placed my feet into them. Sir stood in front of the table and pulled my hips down to where my ass was off the table, He also spread the stirrups so wide that I felt the air on my pussy and my asshole. He slapped my shaved pussy then went to the head of the table and grabbed my arms, tying them to the wall. The pillow part of the bed was lowered so my head was bent over the edge.

“Now bitch I hope you like the dark” He placed a blindfold on, and then reach over to insert wax earplugs. What surprised me was when He put swimmers nose plugs on. Now I could not see or hear and was forced to breath trough my mouth.

I was just starting to get use to the sensation when I felt the sharp sting of a whip against my ass. Several quick strikes followed, I was trying not to scream but could not help it. Soon the pain was lessening and Sir placed clips on my clit and the outer lips of the labia . He was pulling my nipples and placed clamps on them then held them up with a chain attached to the ceiling.

The whippings came in quick and painful stocks, I could tell by the sting and the pain level that he was using a paddle, whip and flogger. The only part of the body not whipped was my back and my face. But that was to change, for He turned me over and started on my back. This time I was not strapped down and I would move after each hit. Again I was placed on my back with my legs up when He very quickly plugged His cock into my ass. I had made a silent vow that I would not cum for anyone other than my Master, but His cock filled me and was pounding my inside so much that I could not stop the feeling that was building. As I felt Him shooting His cum deep in me, I also came. Quickly He left my ass and shoved His cock into my pussy, He reached up and started to squeezed my tits, they were hard and sensitive and I came quickly. .

I felt Him withdraw, with my nosed plugged my mouth of course was opened, He opened it even wider and forced His cock inside. I thought I would suffocate and was relived when He removed the plug. I started to suck on His cock, it was larger than my Master’s and caused me to gag. He was relentless in His pounding and I was very glad to feel that He was going to cum. I swallowed quickly but still some of His juices escaped my mouth and dribbled to the floor. When He was done He removed the ear plugs and the blind fold.

“Unfortunately bitch time is up. I am going to let you up then you will clean the bed the floor and the whips that are on the floor. When you are done ring the bell.” Turning He left. It dawned on me that I never did see Sir T. naked.

When I rang the bell my Master came in and dressed me. We went into the public room and had something to eat then went home.

Chapter 3

Sir T., His wife {a switch}, my Master and I started to see each other on a regular bases. Not only for BDSM but for dinner and maybe a movie or two. We never met at our homes always at a restaurant or a hotel. The four of us started to feel comfortable around each other and being nude in front of them was no worse than being so in front of my Master. After about a month or so, Sir T. asked my Master if He could have me alone for an evening. My Master said He would think it over and get back in touch.

After much deliberation my Master allowed the meeting to take place. With the ground rules agreed to, my Master dropped me of at the hotel. He would be back at 12 midnight.

At the hotel, Sir T. told me to strip as soon as I entered the room. I was lead to the bathroom and told to lay on my stomach. He had an enema bag already set up, He leaned over the top then inserted the nozzle into my rectum. I do not know how much water went in but when the bag was emptied, He shoved a butt plug in. “ You will hold that water through out your whipping and the sex to follow, or until I decide to let you expel it. Under stood bitch?”

“Yes Sir T. I understand” With His help I stood and left the bathroom. A chain had been hung from the hook that would normally hold the lamp. Placing handcuffs and then hooked them, giving them a tug He was satisfied that they would hold. “Bitch you have a tendency to scream to loud, this should help that” Into my mouth he placed a ball gag. He went on to place clothes pins on my tits, nipples, cunt lips and my clit. Standing back He smiled and picked up a flogger. He started whipping the pins on my tits and worked on down to the pussy. The pain was so intense yet I felt myself getting wetter and wetter. “Yes bitch you like this don’t you, look how wet you are... oh bitch I am going to fuck you so hard that you will feel in even into you bowels. Spreading my legs wide He thrust His very hard cock into my hole. It did seem to go all the way into my water filled rear end. He continued to slam into me, His balls hitting the butt plug, causing it to move in the same rhythmic pushes as His cock. I could not hold my orgasm and started to squeeze my cunt along with His dick... He let out a deep moan as He let His load deep in my womb. “Squeeze every drop out bitch.... That’s it every last drop”..

After removing Himself He let my arms down and helped me to the toilet.. “Relive yourself bitch” and He left the room. When He came back into the room I was again placed into the tub, sitting with my

head against the wall my mouth open. He straddled me and peed on my face and hair, when He was done I was told to clean Him. I took his prick in my mouth and cleaned from the head to His balls. “Ok bitch to the bed lay on it cross wise on your back... legs spread with arms by your side.. You are not going to move when whipped, doing so will just add to the whippings. Go bitch,,, crawl.”

I spoke to reminded Him that I could not crawl but was told to crawl or else. As I started to crawl He took His foot and kicked my ass. I was crying even before I got to the bed.

Once on the bed He started to rub my body and would pinch me every so often. He reached for the bedside table and took a candle and some matches. The hot wax was poured on my nipples, my pussy and my legs. I loved the feeling of the heat from the wax and let my self enjoy that feeling. My crying turned to moans. Sir T. started laughing.. “so you like this bitch, well we can’t have that now can we” He had a rod by the bed and then started to strike me with it across my abdomen the pain quickly replaced the pleasure. I tried to stay still but found my self dodging the blows, they became harder and I forced myself to concentrate on being still. Sir T. started to fuck me with such a force that I thought I would fall trough the bed to the floor. His cum was harder than any that I had felt before. It must have worn Him out for He fell asleep still inside me. I soon succumbed to sleep also.

Upon waking Sir T. told me to get dressed ,we were going out to eat and be back before my Master came fetch me. I was ready to leave, vowing never to be alone with Sir T. again.

Chapter 4

Getting into Sir T.’s car, I laid my head back with my eyes closed. We made small talked while we drove to the restaurant. When opening my eyes I noticed that we were in a garage.

“We are not to be at anyone’ s house...that was our agreement. ” The look on Sir T.’s face frightened me.. “I want to go back to the hotel now.. And I will inform my Master and “the Group” about this... Take me back NOW”

Sir T. slapped my face telling me to shut up and get out of the car. When I did not move he pushed me out the door. I tried to run, but the door was going down.

A door to the house opened, Sir T.’s wife and two older teenage girls came out.

“Bitch you know my wife, these are my girls, Patsy is 19 , Penny is 18, but you slut will address them as Miss. Hell, it will be lucky if we even let you talk at all. My son Pete is 20, you will met him later.

Well girls what do you think of your new play toy?"

One of the girls came up to me tore my blouse open. "Boy dad don't think I've seen a bitch so big.. She is going to be fun" I moved back but was blocked by Sir T. "Dad we got the room ready... just as you said. Come on bitch.. You belong to us now.."

"What, I belong to my Master and only to my Master. He is not going to like this...I want to leave, please let me leave" the last was almost a whisper. What did she mean that I belong to them.

Sir T. turned me to face Him "Your Master does not want you anymore, He gave you to my family... You will not be needing this anymore." He reach to my collar and pulled it off.. That hurt more than any of the whippings that I had just had. A dog collar with a lead replaced my beautiful collar. One of the girls dragged me from the garage and up some stairs. Behind me the other kept hitting my ass, laughing.. "look at it jiggle Daddy... like jello ! Oh daddy please can I get her ready for the night? Please daddy I've been good all day"

"Sure Penny she is all yours.. You do know what to do?"

"Yes Daddy, Mommy told me. I have everything needed in the room. A blowup butt plug, gag, blindfold and a very large dildo...oh yeah cuffs spreader bar and chains... is that right Daddy?" Penny looked at her father with very big innocent eyes. Turned out that the child was not very innocent!

My arms were chained to a beam on the ceiling , my legs to the spreader bar. As Penny started getting me ready for bed she would stick her fingers in my pussy or my ass. When she found me wet she would laugh then slap me. She kissed me on the lips before placing the gag in. " Oh yes bitch your going to like it here.. Just wait to Pete gets home.. He is really the meanest one of all.... He's going to love your fat ass and all that jiggling.. Boy will he make it jiggle.. Can't wait.. Good night bitch.." She turned the light out leaving me crying in the dark.

Chapter 5

Patsy, the girl who slapped me in the garage, came into the room in the morning. She showed me a Tazer saying that it was set on high and she would use it. She unhooked me to lead me to the bathroom and took me into the walk-in shower hooking over the shower head. "Bitches like you are not allowed to use the toilet so if you need to go it will be standing in the shower or in a bucket. Mom will be in soon and give you an enema than you can have a shower." She removed the dildo and I

started to pee. I was crying from embarrassment when I heard her mother coming in to give me my enema.

I was forced to step back so my ass stuck out, as the butt plug was pulled out the nozzle was shoved in as deep as it would go. The water was so hot I thought my insides would be scalded. Patsy got on her knees in front of me, her head coming even with my tits as they hung in front of me.. She fondled one tit then started to suck on it as a baby at her mother's tit. Her fingers traced over my pussy and she said that I needed shaving, then two fingers were inserted. She matched the rhythm of her fingers with that of her sucking. I started moaning, the feel of her finger, her mouth and the liquid being forced in me was an overwhelming feeling. Pauline started to laugh as I forced my hips onto Patsy's fingers. I was on the verge of an orgasms when Patsy stopped abruptly and got out of the shower. The nozzle was ripped out and my shit mixed with water squirted out. It took two more bags of water before Pauline was satisfied that I was clean.

They gave me a cold shower then led me back to the room. On a table by the door were two bowls, one with oatmeal, the other water. " Tim said that you could not kneel for long times so you will eat your food standing up. Your hands will remain tied.. Eat your breakfast slut. We will be back."

The girls and their mother came back in, my face was covered with oatmeal, for it is hard to eat with out hands. Pauline was dressed but the girls were nude. They were both slender and tanned, each was shaved. I was taken over to a wooden "bed". There was a very thin mattresses, covered with a plastic sheet, but I was told it was for the girls sake not mine. My arms were tied to the top corner, my legs to the bottom. Each girl walked around me poking or slapping at will.

"Ok girls, you are in charge today. You can do anything sexually to her but you will not whip her. There is a bed pan if she needs it.. You can feed her lunch if you wish, but she must have water every once and awhile. I'll be back at 4 and your dad at 6. Make sure dinner is ready for your dad and brother. Have fun.

As soon as she left, Patsy climbed on my face, forcing her pussy to my mouth.. "Ok fat slut make me cum" I started to lick and suck the girl's cunt. . She started pressing down, clogging my nose to where I could not breath. I worked faster hoping she would come so I could breath, then I felt her juices pour into my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could. Penny took her place and the possess was repeated. It took Penny longer to cum. While I was busy with her, Patsy took a dildo and shoved it into my ass. She worked it in and out with quick and smooth strokes. Penny had reached behind her and started to pinch and pull my breast.

"Beg me to cum bitch, oh.. You can't your mouth is busy.. Oh bad, bad me.." With a laugh she pulled the dildo out with a very loud popping noise... "oh the bitch farted.. We will have to tell Carl, he will

like that..." I had to wonder who Carl was. As Penny started to cum I heard Patsy on the phone asking if Carl can have a piece of me. She sounded upset, asking why not. I was glad that it was a no answer. I did not want Carl near me.

During the day the girls would come and go. Each time something new was done. I would eat them or they ate me. Penny had me tongue fuck her ass. They would tickle me or slap me keeping their word not use any whips. One time Penny came in to used my mouth as her toilet. "Mommy said that I can train you as my toilet, for pee only though. She said we had to retrain you our way and make you forget the way you ex Master taught you." Hearing her say ex Master made me cry.

Patsy came running in the room announcing Pete was home. He could whip me... she seemed very excited.

Pete came in, with out a word, started to use a paddle on my open pussy.. I screamed so loud I thought the whole world could here me. "Go and scream slut. The room is sound proof. I am going to whip you harder than my dad or mom will do. So scream bitch" For what seemed hours, Pete used each of the whips, belts, switches and whatever else he could find. The screaming stopped, for I lost my voice.

The beating did not seem to end, the girls would urge him on, giving suggestions on where to hit and with what. When the beating did end Pete shoved his massive cock in my already swollen cunt. Pasty climbed on my face again while Penny started to suck and bite my nipples. Even with the pain, I could feel my body responding. It seemed we all came at the same time.

"The fat slut likes the pain. Her pain is for our pleasure... That should be tattooed on her.. my pain for your pleasure... Hey Pen get me the black marker.. I'm going to write that on her flabby tummy"

Pete looked me straight in the eye, his were a deep blue and very mean. "you are going to be very fun to play with, I wish I could have you all to myself. Now clean my dick and do a good job on it" He grabbed my hair forcing my head back as he pushed his rod in my mouth. It was so large that I did not think I could even work my tongue around it

. I could hear him talking to Pasty but did not understand what was said. He removed himself and then laughing he peed on my face then used my hair to wipe. Patsy said she had to pee also, so she climbed up on my face and let her pee flow. "Open your mouth toilet, enjoy the liquid that my sister is giving you"

Penny came back in the room and cried " She was going to be my toilet not yours, that's not fair. I'm telling Mommy and Daddy when they get home. Ya'll will be punished." She tossed the marker at

Pete and fled the room. I did not see her rest of the day.

Pete did write on me, not just my abdomen but my breast, legs, forehead and legs. He did not say what he wrote, but Patsy kept giggling.

“ I think Mom and Dad are going to enjoy this, oh shit I’ve got to go start dinner. Are you going to stay in here or do you want to watch a movie?”

“Yeah I think I’ll go watch a move.. Maybe I’ll get some new ideas for this cunt later.”

That night Sir T. (Tim) came in and fed me some dinner. After using the bed pan, Tim fucked me till He came. When He pulled out a dildo was promptly inserted followed by the butt plug.

Chapter 6

The next day started the same, the shower routine and feeding at the table. What happened after would change from day to day. I was finding out that the children were a bit more sadistic than their parents. Pauline was a switch and there were times that she was chained next to me and whipped also. If the girls disobeyed they were whipped by their mother, but I was what they referred to as the main whipping bag.

Penny was giving the right to be the only one to use my mouth as her toilet, but the others could pee on any part of me they wished using my hair to wipe. Patsy kept trying to get Carl in on some of the sessions, but her parents both said no. Although they did laugh at what Carl might do if he were to get a hold of me.

The days were counted by the routine, enema, shower in the morning, fucked and plugged at night. The third night Tim came in and with Pete’s help, pierced my clit and nipples. Pete wanted to do my nose, Penny wanted my tongue, but to my relief neither was done.

On the fifth day ,all the family was home, I was tied to the beam again. Tim’s choice that day was the flogger. Because I was gagged they left the door open. When I heard voices in the other room I thought others were coming to join in the torture. They were angry voices and in the mix I heard my Master’s voice. The tears I started to shed were tears of joy. My Master had not given me away at all.

Now I am back to where I started my tale . We left the house going to “The Group” meeting hall. It was explained to me that when my Master got to the hotel and we were not there He tried to call Tim.

The cell phone number was no longer valid, He called Bob, "The Group's" vice president. Hearing what was going on Bob called others " calling for an emergency meeting. The only one allowed personal information (full names, address etc.) on anyone was the President of "the Group", but He was on vacation. When he was located a plan was formulated for my rescue.

It was decided not to press charges (would you want to admit to how the whole thing started?). But a funny thing happened the next day. On and anonymous tip, the police raided Tim's house. Along with all the porn and toys, they found drugs, the Tazer and other weapons. The biggest surprise was what they found in the pool house. Pete had his own plaything chained over a pommel horse!

It is said "the family that plays together stays together" but with all the charges against them, they will not be playing together for a very, very long time.

Epilogue

My Master had found my broken collar . Together we flushed it down the toilet, for it had been defaced. My Master said He had a new collar on the way and when it came He was going to give it to me in a real ceremony at the club. That will also be the last time that we go to one of the parties.

This morning I was reading about Tim's plight, there was a mention of the families Great Dane. He was in need of a good home. The dog's name... Carl.

The End

Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed the story.

kellirea