

I had barely woken up and I was already feeling pain all over my body. The last time I had been hurting this bad was my last meeting with the Swat Kats...

After a few tries, I managed to open my eyes and tried to guess where I was. A Dungeon. And from the tools displayed around the room, a SEX Dungeon. The walls were in cold hard stones, like an old European wine cellar and a small cold breeze was blowing softly throughout the room. The goosebumps it brought made me realize that I was not only naked but also gagged with a ballgag. My sudden jerks and movements made the chain dancing a few inches of my eyes clink and echo softly in the room. I then realized that the chain was around my neck, attached to what felt like a steel collar and that the other end was built-in to the wall in front of me.

I tried to move but realized that my feet were swinging a few inches above the stone ground. I felt more than I saw that my hands were tied behind my back with a rope that burned my hands when I tried to remove it. I also saw that my cock and balls were trapped in a cockring crafted with a rope. I turned my head to get a look at my bounds. I realized that only one very long rope had been used to tie me up. Behind me I saw what appeared to be an old kindergarden swing in which had been inserted two full hooks and it's through those that the rope went. I started swinging myself, testing the swing's resistance and realized it was also very well taken care of. It wouldn't break. Too new. I looked around, trying to find something in reach that could help me escape. Nothing was in reach and there wasn't anything that could have helped me anyway. There was nothing in the room beside the sex tools, Dildoes, crops, spanking paddles, leather gear and other BDSM tools I didn't recognize, the swing and me.

I was left with only one option: waiting for an opportunity. And that left me all the time to ask myself one question: How did it happen?

-Good morning bitch. Said a voice behind me.

I jumped, startled, and before I could turn around, He appeared in front of me. It was Mario, still in his angry form. He was still as naked as yesterday night (was it?) when he plowed my ass to unconsciousness. He was still wearing his Bowser-like spiked bracelets, had that thick cigar in the corner of his mouth, his black cap and his white gloves on. He took a step closer and something wet hit my chin. His semi-erect cock was jumping with each of his heartbeat and each time, a drop of pre fell to the ground. What amazed me was not his size, he's "only" a good seven inches that is still thick enough to need some prep before insertion but the fact that he made my butt this sore only with that only.

-You still want more? What a good bitch you are...

I shook my head and tried to undo my bounds, trying to tell him to let me go but he had already gone behind me and had started rubbing his cock on my gaping hole.

-You know what bitch? I'm getting bored of you. I think I'll keep you three more days and I'll let you go. What do you say?

I muffled my protests through the gag. He didn't listen...