

Dan Bruce's

Dark BDSM Erotica



**Abuse of Power -
Taken by
the Karivovs**

Abuse of Power - Taken by the Karinovs

(Dark BDSM Erotica)

By Dan Bruce

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Please also note: this ebook is a modified version of Jack Brighton's 'Taken by the Vorinovs' – with the author's kind permission.

Chapter 1

“How was your meal, ladies? I hope everything was to your satisfaction.”

Vicky Fullerton looked round to the man who had approached their table, stealthily like a cat before he pounced with his question. Her mild annoyance at the interruption was seamlessly disguised by the engaging smile she flashed. “It was lovely, Sergio, absolutely lovely,” Vicky replied. Her younger sister Natalie nodded in agreement.

And Vicky meant it. The meal was fabulous – not haute cuisine, but fine local fare that was beautifully cooked and very tasty. Every aspect of the hotel was to her liking: it was clean and comfortable; homely in its mood but modern in its running; and the service was excellent, although Sergio could be a tad irritating at times, fussing over them the way he did – but it was nice to be spoiled and looked after so well. All in all, it was a brilliant place to stay – the whole holiday had turned out to be surprisingly good. Not something you might have expected of Mordavia!

Mordavia?

Yes, exactly! Mordavia!

At first Vicky had balked at the idea. She had never heard of the country, but Natalie had insisted they go there for their hard earned holiday after slaving away in summer jobs during the university break. Vicky would have gone for something more mainstream, but younger sister Natalie was adamant – Mordavia was the place to go. Why spend their summer holiday doing the same as everyone else? Getting trashed in Ibiza or bronzed in St. Tropez, bumping into millions of other students backpacking around Europe. Goa was passé, full of geriatric hippies, and Thailand was so boring after that stupid bloody film: ‘The Beach’ indeed – hardly idyllic as it would be swarming with tourists all in search of paradise on earth. No – it had to be Mordavia: beautiful and unspoiled, exotic and apparently incredibly cheap. They could live like royalty for the three week break.

“And where the heck is Mordavia anyway?” Vicky had asked when presented with this plan.

“A plane ride away!” Natalie had answered dismissively with a flick of her hand and an angelic smile on her face that always won Vicky over. “We’re going. Trust me! We’ll have a brilliant time.”

And she was right. It had turned out fabulously. They had spent the first few days in the capital, stunned by its old world charm that had somehow avoided the ravages of communism whilst Mordavia was part of the Eastern Bloc. Then they had moved to the countryside which proved beautiful and diverse, and where they were treated like visiting princesses – tourism hadn’t touched the remoter parts, and fair-skinned, blue-eyed blondes had never been seen before.

What really topped things off was when Natalie managed to speak to the locals in their native tongue. They were so thrilled – there was nothing they wouldn’t do for the two glamorous creatures who had descended from another world. Being able to communicate had made all the difference. Natalie had a gift of being able to pick up new languages very quickly. She was studying Russian at university and Mordavian was similar. By the time they arrived she had mastered enough to easily get by.

Now they had settled at the country’s main beach resort for a final week of sunbathing and relaxation. Having spent very little of their holiday money, they had checked in to The Golden Sands, the best hotel on the coast, where English was actually spoken and the food was surprisingly delicious.

“Would you like some coffee, ladies, and a complimentary liqueur perhaps?” asked Sergio Markov, the hotel manager, who had taken a special interest in his two beautiful guests from Scotland.

Vicky looked to her sister who was shaking her head. “No thank you, Sergio, we’ll take a stroll then retire to our room. I need a shower and an early night. Remember, we go sailing tomorrow.”

“Of course - you need to be up early,” said Sergio with a wry smile. “I have arranged for your wake up call as you requested. It is unlikely that I will see you before you leave in the morning, so I will give you my good wishes for the day now.”

With the same wry smile, Sergio left the sisters to finish their wine, forcing himself away from their delightful loveliness so as not to cause offence or

appear like a love-struck puppy. He was a man, a Mordavian man, and had his dignity to consider. And Sergio's dignity had already been grossly offended, which is never a good thing where Mordavian machismo is concerned.

Sergio bristled at the recollection. He had offered to take them on a tour of the area in a car he'd arranged to hire at huge expense. He was an important person – a minor celebrity given his position, so they should have jumped at the chance. It was an honour to be invited by such a man as he – did they not realise this? Yet they had turned him down! The reason was irrelevant – the offence was crushing to his macho pride. Then they added to this devastating blow by telling him they needed an early wake up call for the following morning. Telling him, Sergio Markov! Treating the manager of the best hotel in the resort like some peasant who worked in the reception of a hostel!

It had been galling – a hideous insult on top of the knock back he had suffered. No local woman would have dared approach him on such a trivial matter, but he had no option but to smile and take a note of their request. And as if that had not been enough, the reason for this call was so that they could spend the day sailing.

Sailing indeed!

This was another major blow. As a consequence of this ludicrous trip out to sea, the two delectable foreigners would not be sunning themselves on the beach wearing their skimpy little costumes that had caused such a stir, scandalising the local women and tormenting the local men - and Sergio would be denied his stolen moments spying on them through his binoculars.

Once out of the restaurant, Sergio stormed into the staff room where a junior porter was having a sneaky cigarette. The manager cuffed the young lad around the ear and sent him out to reception with a hard kick up his backside, venting a little of his fury over the indignity he had suffered and the stolen moments he would miss as a result of this sailing trip.

But those binocular assisted glimpses of the girls sunbathing on the beach were not the only stolen moments for Sergio Markov, and he would most definitely be seeing the Scots girls again before their sailing trip in the morning. He would be seeing them again very soon, as he had done on the previous two evenings.

Less than an hour later, Sergio was stroking his blood engorged cock, his trousers were unbuttoned, his belt was unbuckled, his trousers and his underpants were pulled down to his knees as he peered through one of the small holes that were drilled into the wall. There were three of them in the bedroom and another two in the open plan bathroom which was designed with voyeurism in mind.

Sergio was sure he was the only person alive who knew of their existence – this throwback to the bad old days in Mordavia when watching people was an obsession. His father had managed the hotel before him and had been in the pay of the State Police. The main purpose had been to entrap foreigners or political dissidents who might indulge in a little extra-marital fun with a local whore. Now they were used solely for pleasure, and the pleasure was all Sergio's.

He always made sure this room was given to attractive young women, purely for this purpose. It didn't stop him if they were with a man – Sergio enjoyed watching them get fucked, or what little he could discern of the action – Mordavian women having a preference for sex in the dark and a boring missionary position. He was much happier when they were alone however, or even better with another woman; then there would be no sex, but he could watch and fantasise about having them for himself. Usually it was local women – few foreigners ever came to Mordavia, but with the opening up of the country a trickle were now coming to stay. These two women were the first without men to guard them – the first young ones – and they were the most beautiful creatures Sergio had ever seen. This was the highlight of his voyeuristic life.

Sergio had been waiting for them as soon as they returned to the hotel after their post dinner stroll. He had taken up position in the linen store which adjoined their room, and watched through the middle hole which afforded the best view. For ten minutes they had teased him by doing little other than chat, the younger one provocatively lying on the bed whilst the older sister sat in the armchair. It was impossible to make out what they were saying, the walls muffling their voices, and their accent when they spoke together was very unusual - a Glaswegian brogue making them almost unintelligible. But Sergio was sure they were talking about him - making fun of him. Wasn't that

always the way with western women – they had no respect for men. Whores – the lot of them.

And these two young women, beautiful as they were, were tarnished with the same brush. Had not Sergio shown them kindness? Had he not ensured they had the best room in the hotel – all be it one where he could spy on them, but these cock-teasers were not to know that? Had he not specifically ordered the staff to look after their every need – the best service in the restaurant, the best food, complimentary drinks? Had he not offered to take them out on his day off and show them around the region in a car he was prepared to pay a fortune to hire?

And they refused!

Sluts!

Whores!

Disrespectful harlots!

By God he would have his revenge!

Like his father before him, Sergio was also in the pay of the State Police, and tomorrow a telephone call would be made that would teach those bitches a lesson.

But that was for later, now he would enjoy his voyeurism, for some action was about to take place. The older one had got out of the chair and was getting undressed, intent on having her shower. Sergio watched as she removed the stylish top she had worn to dinner, which had shown off her golden tanned arms and shoulders to devastating effect. She removed it slowly, lingering over her action, using what to most people would appear like two hands, but in fact she used only one. The other hand was stroking her lovely flat stomach as it was teasingly revealed before moving on to her fabulous breasts which were astonishingly full and gloriously pert, and barely contained by her scandalously daring bra. The sheer material clung to her breasts and showed off very clearly the bulge of her perky nipples, which to Sergio looked disgracefully hard, confirming the fact that the woman was a slut and deserved everything that was coming to her.

Then the strumpet pulled the top over her head, her slender arms reaching high into the air as if rousing from some sex induced sleep. She held this

evocative pose for a ridiculous length of time. Sergio was sure the dirty cock-teaser knew what she was doing, knew that he was watching her and was tormenting him with the body she had so cruelly denied him the company of on his day off. And it was working! Sergio's cock was throbbing in his hand and his heart was racing in his chest. God, how he wanted to fuck the bitch! Fuck her and bugger her and stuff her throat full of his dick as he emptied his balls into her stomach!

Then things got even better for the linen room voyeur! Having at last discarded her top, the woman allowed her hand to casually dangle in front of her crotch, giving the impression that she was playing with her pussy. Sergio could scarcely believe it, the audacity of the slut to do such an act. Did she actually know he was spying on her? Surely not!

Then Sergio realised what was happening: the whore was putting on a show for her younger sister who was watching on the bed in hysterics of laughter. The older one was educating her younger sibling in the art of cock-teasing. Sluts! How dare they refuse his advances when they were clearly whores in need of a hard cock, which Sergio most certainly had!

Still, it was proving highly entertaining – the best night of voyeurism by far. Such a shame these illicit moments would come to an end, perhaps sooner than those bitches knew!

Whatever, Sergio was in rapture. His eyes were now glued to this fabulous hussy who was putting on a performance out of the top drawer. He watched on as Vicky undid the zipper on the shorts she was wearing, slowly pulling the zip all the way down. Then she turned round so that her back was to her sister and she started to peel off her shorts. She inched them down, front first, then side, then back, resting them at her thighs so she could give her ass a quick rub. Sergio was in shock as the woman felt up her own bottom, and so excited that he almost blew out his load prematurely. His mind raced as he struggled to contain himself whilst revelling in a fantasy - how wonderful it would be if she were to bend over for him and he could fuck her up the ass. No local woman would ever allow for such a thing, but surely this whore would gladly spread her cheeks and take a length of Mordavian cock up her bum and have her Scottish guts drenched in his spunk.

Sergio lost himself in that heavenly dream as he watched Vicky bend over and drop the shorts to her ankles, resting her hands on her knees with her beautiful ass jutting out right in front of her sister. She was wearing the skimpiest of undergarments - a thong that barely covered her pussy, held in place by strands of string-like material which wrapped round her waist and ran the length of her ass crack leaving her buttocks totally bare.

And what buttocks they were! Sergio was in rapture as he gazed at the swell of her magnificent peachy ass cheeks. The enticing stance accentuated their curves and caused his cock to flood with blood and his piss slit to dribble with pre-cum.

To round off the whorish performance, Vicky gave her sister a gentle sway of her ass then looked back at Natalie under her arm with a smile on her beautiful face. Her long golden hair fell luxuriously from her head and her golden tits hung perkily in her bra. Then she stepped out of the shorts and straightened herself with a stretch, showing off once again her incredible body as she laughed along with her sister, proud of her wanton display.

Slut!

Sluts!

Whores, the pair of them – how dare they turn him down?

Still giggling at her shameless exhibition, Vicky sashayed off to the bathroom and Sergio moved along the linen room to another spy-hole where he gazed upon her again. Without an audience, she unceremoniously removed her underwear, dropping the bra and thong on the floor. Sergio looked at her naked body in all its magnificence whilst he stroked his cock sensuously, forcing some restraint, desperately straining not to come, wanting to see more before he shot out his load. He would wait for the right moment, wait till she was in the shower – he knew her routine – the best was still to come.

Vicky entered the open plan shower area and turned on the water. Sergio knew that it was tepid rather than hot – he had ordered it be kept that way whilst these women were staying. He didn't want his view obscured by steam! Under a cascade of water, Vicky reached for her shower gel and started to lather her body, massaging her golden tanned flesh in a most provocative manner. Sergio watched on, gripped by lust, scanning her body

all over as the woman sensuously rubbed herself. He delighted in her full youthful breasts which were gratuitously massaged, her hands leisurely caressing their impressive mass, lathering them with the rich suds of soap. He rejoiced in the hard coral coloured nipples, which she brazenly pinched and moaned in self-arousal – more confirmation that she was a complete and utter slut. Whore that she was, Sergio still revelled in her slender waist and beautiful flat stomach, and her full womanly hips with that fabulous ass to the rear. God, how Sergio loved the bitch's golden coloured ass with its small triangle of dazzling white flesh which was the only part of her rear she immodestly kept covered on the beach, much to all the local men's delight.

But more than all this, Sergio was enthralled by her pussy which the slut had shaved so that not a single hair covered her sex. Never had he seen such a thing on a grown woman – Sergio had gone into shock when he noticed it on the first night, nothing had ever excited him so much. He wanted to lick it and he wanted to fuck it – he wanted with a passion to come inside it then screw her again in all manner of positions.

But it wasn't simply the delicious sight of her pussy and the fantasies it inspired that so enthralled Sergio Markov - it was what the woman did.

Whore that she was - this western slut with the shaven pussy brazenly pleased herself whilst in the shower! Two nights in a row she had played with her sex as water cascaded over her body. And glory of glories, her hand was going there again – she was going to masturbate in front of Sergio like a western porn star putting on a show.

As Vicky had done on the previous two evenings in the shower, she slid her hand between her legs and cleaned her cunt. But she was doing more than cleaning it, Sergio knew that for sure. Soap covered the bald mound and fingers ran up and down her slit, opening and closing the labia lips as she lathered her sex. She lingered, her head thrown backwards, one hand returning to a breast to squeeze hard on her nipple whilst the other pleased her cunt. Fingers probed into the depths, and forefinger and thumb toyed with her clit. She lingered over the action, her fingers going deeper and deeper, opening her sex so her pinkness was clearly shown and rubbing the petals of this fabulous flower as her excitement grew and grew. Soon she became more frantic, fucking herself with four of her fingers, her head thrashing around,

her mouth panting out her passion as she brought herself nearer and nearer to climax.

Sergio was panting as well on the other side of the wall, his eye glued to the small aperture that afforded him this incredible luxury. He jerked at his cock, whilst he gazed at the hussy, wishing he could be there to pleasure her himself. Then he saw her body spasm. He watched as this vision of sensual loveliness brought herself to orgasm under a cascade of tepid water. And with a groan, Sergio was there as well - his thick milky cum spurting out of his cock in a blissful eruption of release to splatter against the linen room wall. He frantically pumped his rock hard meat, squeezing out every drop of seed from his balls as he imagined he was squirting into the Scottish whore who had dared to say 'no' to him but a few hours ago, but who in Sergio's head was now screaming, 'Yes! Yes! Yes!'

The deed done on both sides of the wall, Vicky gave her pussy a final rub, turned off the shower and towelled herself dry before picking up her clothes and returning to the bedroom. Sergio watched until she left, still stroking his cock which refused to go soft. Glancing down, he noticed that the wall was covered with his glistening spunk, the ropes slowly dripping to stain the floor beneath. A maid's job to clean, but he would do it himself. No one must ever suspect.

Twenty minutes later, Sergio was ready to come again as he watched the younger sister in the shower. She was less of a whore in Sergio's opinion - less of a woman for that matter - but she still excited Sergio to an enormous degree. Natalie had the more slender figure, girlish rather than womanly. She had petite firm breasts with small areoles and nipples, tight firm buttocks and a lovely little pink asshole she occasionally revealed as she washed herself. She had a beautiful little pussy with a triangle of golden hair - innocence was the impression she gave, despite being a slut. She was a westerner - so as far as Sergio was concerned, she had to be a slut!

Nineteen years old according to her passport. She looked younger - much younger to Sergio. God, how exciting that would be to ravish such tender teenage flesh! As he dreamed the dream of a fuck at her pussy, and another at

her lovely pink asshole, Sergio spurted out another load of his cum as Natalie emerged from the shower to wrap herself in a robe.

Sergio watched her with a heavy heart – she looked so lovely and pure, and for a moment he wondered if he should pass the chalice and refuse his payment of silver.

‘Why did they have to refuse me?’ he asked himself. ‘I would not have touched them. I only wanted to dream - to have a day to remember, to be the talk of the town – the lucky man who had escorted these goddesses around. And then later, when they were gone, I could have invented tales of mind boggling sexual acts that would have made me the envy of all the men. Why did they have to refuse me? Why? Why? Why?’

Then he hardened his heart. They were sluts from the west and they would get what they deserved for hurting him so. And Sergio would be rewarded handsomely for landing such a catch. Yuri Karinov would be mightily pleased when he saw what Sergio was delivering into his hands.

Chapter 2

Mordavia's chief of police was a man feared throughout the country – his very name was a source of terror across the land. Educated by the communists, trained under their brutal regime, a ruthless man and a born survivor - he had seen the winds of change blowing long before his fellow officers in the State Police and had covered his ass brilliantly when the communist government was overthrown. A few years later, as crime gripped the new democracy, Yuri Karinov, the survivor from the bad old days of policing by fear, emerged as the man to sort out the mess.

New laws were insisted on and warily granted – the government effectively putting its head in a noose. Hard won civil liberties were thrown to the wind as the police were bestowed almost draconian powers. It did the trick though – by God it did! Yuri sorted out the crime epidemic quickly and ruthlessly. The bad old days of state control were back in a new democratic disguise. But at least the streets were once again free of crime and safe to walk at night. Of course corruption became rife and those new powers were abused – but no one in the government was too bothered about that, especially as Yuri soon had most of their balls in a vice with a huge variety of incriminating material, some of which was actually real. The elected government, that was supposed to serve the people, soon became a puppet with Yuri Karinov pulling the strings. But on the upside - it was safe to open up the country to tourism and make a bid to join the European Union. Corrupt or not, Mordavia now faced west and Euros, pounds and dollars were pouring in, whilst roubles were kept firmly at bay. Mordavia was taking its rightful place in the world as a modern independent state – what did it matter if there were some atrocious human rights violations going on? The silly oafs in Brussels would never hear of them anyway, as nobody in their right mind would dare to cross Yuri and blow the whistle on his questionable methods of maintaining law and order!

Of the eighty or so people dining at The Golden Sands the following evening, sixty were Mordavian, and all sixty fell deathly silent when Yuri Karinov was escorted into the room by the fawning hotel manager. It was like a blast of

cold air blowing into the restaurant, chilling the atmosphere and making everyone shiver despite the warmth of the evening.

Vicky and Natalie picked up on it immediately. They had no idea who the man was that had caused this effect, but it was obvious he was a celebrity of sorts. As westerners tend to do when confronted with fame, the girls looked at the man openly whilst sixty other guests lowered their heads and prayed they would survive the night. Suitably impressed, both the Scotswomen silently wondered who or what the man might be. His smart Italian suit made him stand out from the masses, but offered no clues as to his position in life. His impressive physique implied some sort of athlete, but his face was that of a middle aged man – handsomely rugged, firm and austere, an athlete of a past age perhaps but no modern day sporting idol.

The two sisters could sense the anxiety he incited, and as the man approached in the wake of Sergio, they could sense the power he exuded. It was both fearful and strangely exciting to the young women who did not know Yuri Karinov in person or by reputation. Vicky in particular found him disturbingly enticing – she never had a problem with maturity in men, preferring experienced lovers over fumbling youths, and this particular specimen was very much to her taste – her neglected body responding immediately to his animalistic attraction. Big and brawny, a real beast of a man, stylishly dressed but wonderfully rugged - he had all the allure to Vicky Fullerton, of the alpha dog for a bitch in the peak of her season!

Simmering in the heat of the authority he radiated, both women were desperate to ask the other if she had a clue as to who the man might be, but the silence in the room was infectious and they held their tongues. They watched fascinated as Sergio brought the man closer and with a flourish of his hand pointed to an empty table which just happened to be adjacent to where the sisters were seated. The man stood for a moment and looked over to them and froze them with his hard black eyes. Offering the most modest of smiles, he nodded his head in a respectful salute then he sat down facing them both, without a dining companion to hinder his view.

And what a view he had!

It took all of two minutes for Yuri Karinov to decide what to eat and drink, and less than that to decide that Sergio was right. The two women were utterly delectable, each different and gorgeously so: one ripe and voluptuous in the full bloom of her beauty, the other a bud coming into flower and all the more precious for her state of transition. Yuri made no show to advertise his interest, he simply ate his meal in the hushed whispers of the room, enjoying the fear he instilled in his countrymen and the indigestion his appearance was undoubtedly bringing to the guests at The Golden Sands hotel. And even more so he enjoyed the furtive glances he made in the direction of the two lovely young women, who had no idea what fate had just thrown their way. Fate, nudged along by the pathetic individual who managed the hotel – a despicable little dog, who for his efforts, would be thrown a scrap from the table of the unofficial master of Mordavia.

Chapter 3

Three days later Vicky and Natalie left The Golden Sands and were driven to the airport where they were to catch their flight to London for the onward connection to Glasgow. They had enjoyed their holiday, although the final part had proved a little strange. People seemed to shy away from them as if they were contagious, whereas before everyone had seemed so friendly. They both dismissed it, thinking it was their silly imagination. Why on earth would anyone shun two pretty young women?

But it was strange, even Sergio had acted oddly around them - more oddly than he did when he had first met them, that is! Vicky assumed it was because he felt slighted by her refusal of his offer to show them around in a car. Silly of him if that was the case, as nothing bad or insulting was intended. She quite liked Sergio, and had even masturbated in the shower on a couple of occasions whilst thinking about him – although that had changed over the past few days with a new inspiration driving her lusty passions in the form of a mysterious diner.

Yes, she quite liked Sergio. But Vicky didn't want to get involved with anyone during this holiday – it was sister time – men were strictly off limits for the duration. Not an easy task for a woman with Vicky's demanding libido, which normally was pacified on a regular basis with bouts of raunchy sex. But she had forced the issue, refusing all advances and settling for masturbation. She elected to wait until she was home for a much needed stud to satisfy her very healthy desires. If she had been on her own, then she would have undoubtedly invited Sergio to her bed, if only as a substitute for the Mordavian man she really wanted in there. But not with Natalie around: sweet Natalie – much loved and virginal sister.

So Vicky was quite pleased when Sergio had come to say his farewells and pressed a small package into her hands. "A gift, so you will remember me," he had said, "a small token of my esteem for you and your lovely sister. It is a surprise for you both, so open it together when you are home in Scotland. The impact will be lost if you open it before."

‘What a nice gesture,’ Vicky had thought at the time; then she dismissed it from her mind where a spectre now haunted. The spectre of power that she had sniffed, but not yet tasted. Although as luck would have it – a banquet awaited!

Excited about the prospect of returning home, the sisters arrived at the airport in the best of spirits, chatting and giggling without a care in the world. In defiance of the climate that awaited them in Glasgow, they had elected to travel in light summer dresses which showed off their tans and impossibly long legs that both had received as a genetic gift from their mother – a former model who measured six foot tall - both daughters were a couple of inches shorter. Conscious of the hungry eyes that watched, they checked in for the flight then went for a coffee before making their way to the departures gate. They were still chatting and giggling as they went to security and passed through the scanners without any worrying bleep. They even laughed when the big Alsatian dog came sniffing, joking that it must smell the bacon and eggs they’d had for breakfast. But they stopped laughing when the dog gave out a threatening growl and a young officer nearby pulled out a gun and pointed it in Vicky’s direction.

Fuck!

In an instant two lives were irrevocably changed. Now there was nobody laughing - just plenty of people getting out of the way, staring at the Scotswomen with pity in their eyes, where before there was jealousy or lust. Vicky stared as well: at the gun and the officer, oblivious to the straining dog nearby being held on a leash by another policeman. Fear smacked her hard in the face – fear that mingled with the most unnatural yearning – something that made no sense at all given the peril she was in. Yet it was snarling like the dog... or was it a bitch! She hadn’t looked to see what the Alsatian had between its legs – Vicky’s eyes were fixed on the man with the gun!

It’s a funny old phrase is ‘drop dead gorgeous’ but that’s what he was as far as Vicky was concerned: totally mesmerising; a big hunky stud of the highest quality; broad and really manly despite his youth; and so ludicrously handsome it beggared belief, movie star looks with the sort of dark swarthy features she found so attractive. The smart uniform he wore added to the

allure, although the gun he was brandishing would be better in its holster. But beyond the obvious physical worth, there was something about him that was oddly familiar and gave him an added dimension of attraction – the build, the authority, the facial features with those coal black eyes, and the raw sexual energy he exuded, all reminder Vicky of the man in the dining room - that spectre of power that had captivated her so much.

“Please, come this way!” snapped the young officer.

“What’s going on?” Vicky asked, casting her inappropriate desires aside as she sharpened her wits to the danger presented. “Why are you pointing that gun at me? Please, put it down!”

“Both of you! Come this way!” repeated the officer, the threat in his voice all too clear... it wouldn’t be smart to make him say it a third time.

“I don’t understand. What’s happening, Vicky?” whimpered Natalie looking pleadingly at her sister and clutching her hand – the only person prepared to come to her side.

“I’m not sure,” answered Vicky. “We had best do as he says, though. Come on! It’ll be fine – it’s just some misunderstanding. I’m sure it’ll get quickly sorted out and we’ll be on the plane to London.” They were assuring words that lacked conviction. Vicky’s stomach was turning as she sensed an air of foreboding encroach to swallow them up in a mire of manipulation.

Natalie wasn’t buying it either, but she saw no other option and joined her sister as they followed the young officer, who under different circumstances would have very much appealed to her – it wasn’t just Vicky who had taken a strong fancy to the man. With his athletic build and dashing good looks, Natalie thought he made for a striking figure in the smart uniform he wore. It was such a shame he was threatening poor Vicky with a gun, as otherwise the hunky young officer would have embodied everything Natalie dreamed of in her romanticised notion of the perfect man. But life as they say can be a real bitch at times... a snarling she-wolf in certain cases, as naive young Natalie was about to find out!

Immune to his attraction, the young man in charge barked out some orders and another officer trailed behind with the hand luggage the holidaymakers had put through the scanner. He was a big brute of a man with the makings of

a paunch, thick hairy arms and dark stubble on his chin giving a cruel look to his face – Natalie most certainly didn't fancy him, although Vicky wouldn't have said no with a few drinks inside her – she quite liked a bit of rough from time to time... which was probably just as well.

With their minds in turmoil and stomachs churning, the Scottish tourists who had looked to the comfort of home were instead led to a room which was sparsely furnished with two work desks, a large table and a few wooden chairs. The wall nearest the table was covered by a mirror. Vicky rightly guessed they were being watched from the other side.

"Please, you will wait here," said the English speaking officer, a certain Lieutenant Dimitri Karinov. He then turned around and left, leaving the girls guarded by the big brute with the paunch.

Silence followed Dimitri out the door. Then as soon as he was gone, the remaining policeman let out a deep lusty groan. Putting their bags on the floor, he fixed the women with his eyes, scanning their bodies as if stripping them both naked. With no shame for his state, a bulge soon appeared at the front of his trousers – the clear contour of an impressively large erection which he made no attempt to hide. On the contrary, he actually stroked it from time to time as he leered at the trembling girls, chortling away with lewd suggestion.

It was a very uncomfortable ten minutes the two women spent alone with this crude policeman: Natalie abhorring, looking away; Vicky sympathising with her sister, but furtively glancing at that disgraceful bulge, wondering what it would look like in the flesh. But at least the big brute with his equally big erection took their minds off the fact they had been detained in custody for some unknown reason.

Their plight was soon in refocus though when the door opened and the handsome young officer returned. He was followed into the room by a tall well built man in uniform of high rank who glared at Vicky and Natalie with his steely black eyes. Two hearts soared and one pussy roared! It was the man from the hotel restaurant of three nights before – the man of obvious power who had acted so charmingly and made such an impact on them both. The girls felt a flash of excited relief – surely now everything would be cleared up and they would still make the flight to London.

Wrong! It was Yuri Karinov, the chief of police, and the girls were in deep, deep shit!

Still blissfully ignorant of Yuri's reputation, Vicky saw this as a silver lining to her detention as it would give her the chance to engage with this man who had stolen his way into her imagination. She beamed him a smile that was laced with flirtation and honeyed her voice to sweetly ask, "Excuse me, sir. Do you speak English?"

Yuri made no reply and his staff remained deferentially silent.

Cursing her luck that she didn't speak the language, Vicky encouraged her sister to do so instead. "Talk to him, Natalie – ask if he remembers us," Vicky urged, a tinge of colour touching her cheeks as memories of her own came flashing back – evenings in the shower and the shockingly depraved fantasies this man had inspired in her.

Not so easily won over by a hunk in a uniform, Natalie was trembling with fear. But she still managed to form a few sentences in Mordavian and asked if the gentleman recalled them from The Golden Sands hotel where he had dined at an adjacent table.

Now that came as a surprise to the chief of police. Yuri was impressed and seriously annoyed. No one had mentioned that the younger girl spoke Mordavian – Sergio would get a clip round the ear for the omission which could have resulted in the plan backfiring if she'd overheard something of importance. But he betrayed not a jot, and made no reply to this either. He simply looked at Natalie as he re-assessed the situation then turned away to have a few words with his subordinates, using a dialect that she would never understand.

Vicky watched all this feeling worried again, but still hideously aroused by the situation. It was a bizarre reaction – incongruous with their plight, but nevertheless she felt decidedly turned on. She reckoned it was the recent abstinence that was causing the effect – that and all the testosterone that was floating in the air as these men were oozing it by the gallon!

"What are they saying, Natalie?" Vicky asked in a whisper, impatient to know what was going on.

Natalie had no idea, but she had no chance to answer. “Be silent!” yelled Dimitri. “Do not speak again until you are spoken to.”

Vicky bristled. She might be feeling unnaturally randy, and the young officer could lay claim to being the handsomest bloke she’d ever seen, but she wasn’t accustomed to being ordered about. “This is ridiculous, we’ve done nothing wrong,” she exclaimed, righteous indignity blazing on her face.

Yuri Karinov spun round with the speed of a pouncing panther and slapped Vicky hard across the cheek. The blow sent her reeling backwards and she crashed into the table, just managing to catch herself by gripping on the edge. She made to bring her hand up to her burning cheek, but Yuri grabbed her by the wrist and pinned her down. He stood towering over her like the shadow of death – scary as shit, and for Vicky Fullerton, sexy as all hell!

“You were told not to speak.”

Yuri’s words came quietly and slowly, chilling the room with every drawn out syllable, and freezing Vicky with the accompanying stare from his petrifying black, black eyes. “Do not give me cause to reprimand you again. I will not be so lenient the next time.”

Then he moved away, returning to his men. Vicky was too terrified to even draw breath. She remained semi-collapsed over the table, tears welling in her sapphire eyes, threatening to wet her lovely flushed cheeks, whilst more moisture was oozing between her legs, threatening to drench her gusset.

Odd! But be assured it was true. Vicky Fullerton, who’d never known violence from a man before, had just been smacked in the face and sent reeling, and whilst she was mightily vexed and seriously pissed off, she was also shamefully aroused by this dominant display. Some unkind souls would say that made her a slut – a bitch in heat gagging for some cock. But maybe it was a tad more complicated than that... Power and violence so freely yielded, and raw masculinity so alluringly packaged – it all added up to a potent hit when mixed with foreign danger and a healthy libido that had been deprived for way too long. That perhaps is a better take on things, but call her a slut if you want.

Whatever! Vicky was stunned by her body’s reaction – it was a shocking abuse to be physically struck, but oddly it made Yuri even more attractive to

her – power being a drug, potent and addictive, and Vicky Fullerton was becoming hooked to this man who supplied with such easy flourish.

“We have reason to believe you may be carrying illegal substances,” stated Dimitri, looking in Vicky’s direction. “Your luggage is currently being searched. It would save time, and act in your favour, if you were to confess now if that is the case.”

“Of course we’re not carrying anything illegal. You’ll find nothing in our bags apart from dirty clothes,” replied Vicky, knowing it was her place to take the lead. She wiped her face and stood back up on her feet – her legs shaking, her pussy pulsating – she really had to get a grip!

“Perhaps,” replied Dimitri with a shrug of his broad shoulders, then he flashed a disarming smile that did nothing to help the slaver state of Vicky’s pussy. “The sniffer dogs did not react to them, but they will be searched nonetheless. One of the dogs did react to you, however. It reacted very positively. Are you carrying anything on your person that might have caused such a response?”

“No,” stated Vicky with sure authority; then suddenly she looked over to her handbag with horror on her face. “No... Unless... unless it was the package.”

“What package?” snapped Dimitri.

“The present from Sergio. It’s in my bag.”

“Search the bag!” ordered Dimitri.

The subordinate big brute complied, emptying the contents of Vicky’s bag onto a desk. And there it was, the present from Sergio – Vicky could feel her heart racing and her guts wrenching with anxiety – all whorish thoughts now forgotten as she saw the trap approach. Gripped by nausea, she feared she might be sick. How stupid could she have been to accept something without opening it and not declaring it to the customs!

“Is this what you mean?” asked Dimitri. He lifted up the package and held it out towards Vicky.

“Yes, Sergio gave it to me this morning before we left the hotel. He said it was to remember him by.”

“And what does it contain?”

“It’s a present – I don’t know.”

“Open it!” ordered Dimitri, thrusting the package back to his subordinate.

Grinning at the fun, the big brute ripped off the wrapping and opened the box. Inside was a plastic bag shaped into a cube and held bound by duck tape. He handed it to Yuri Karinov.

Yuri weighed it in his hand and then fixed Vicky once again with his terrifying black eyes.

“A kilo,” he announced with startled raised eyebrows. “But a kilo of what, I wonder? Chocolates from your admirer perhaps - in a very odd casing! Then again... perhaps not!”

Yuri removed a penknife from his uniform pocket and sliced open the package. He dipped his finger in and brought it to his nose – it was ominously coated in white powder. Yuri sniffed then took a taste, touching his finger with the tip of his tongue.

“Cocaine!” he announced as if shocked and surprised. “And excellent quality, I might add – Columbia should be proud of such a crop! Illegal of course, in this country and most others... Who did you say was your supplier here in Mordavia?”

Vicky gazed at him wide eyed, her head spinning as she drowned in the horror of the trap that had closed. “Sergio, the hotel manager at The Golden Sands...” she blurted. “...and he’s not my supplier. He gave that to me – I had no idea what it contained.”

“LIAR!” hollered Yuri, the walls shaking with the ferocity of his voice. “Sergio Markov is a good man – a trusted friend of my family. HE DOES NOT TRAFFIC IN DRUGS. Do not insult me with such nonsense. Where did you get this from?”

“Sergio! I swear to it,” entreated Vicky, shaking her head in disbelief that this was actually happening... their own version of ‘Midnight Express’ made real.

“You lie!” countered Yuri, playing his part to perfection. “But I will have the truth from you, depend on it... Are you carrying any more drugs?”

Vicky was too dumbstruck to speak. The horror of the situation was crashing down on her. She could not comprehend why Sergio would have done such a

thing, but for some reason he had tricked her into this trap.

“Search the rest of their belongings,” Yuri ordered, now taking full control. “Including the clothes they are wearing. If they are carrying more drugs, I want them found.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Dimitri in English, keeping to the language his Uncle Yuri had used, realising that the chief was now purposely allowing the young women to understand what was being said – to let them know they would be stripped. He barked out the necessary order to his idiot subordinate who then proceeded to search the other bag.

Yuri seated himself and watched the search with mock interest, but increasingly turned his attention away to look at the two trembling young women, savouring their fear and the plans he had for them.

The big brute finished his search and grunted out his conclusion. Nothing suspicious was found.

Yuri feigned surprise. Then he turned his attention fully on the women. “We now need to search your clothing, and your body cavities. Please undress.”

“I don’t think so!” snapped Vicky, pride and the need to protect her sister winning over the other feelings she had for this man. “There’s no way you’re putting your dirty hands on either of us. This is a set up and I’ve had enough.”

Yuri sprang up like a cat, the gun coming out his holster and pointing directly at Vicky’s face. “Do not make us use force! Undress! Now!” he snapped.

If the truth be known, Vicky wasn’t too worried about getting naked in front of this trio of contrasting men - quite the opposite in fact if the state of her snatch was anything to go by. But looking over to her sister, she could see that poor Natalie was terrified - tears were welling in her pretty blue eyes. No man had ever touched her inappropriately - Vicky knew that as a fact. It was too awful to contemplate that a strip search would be her first sexual experience. Vicky then looked in appeal to the handsome young officer who seemed most sympathetic to their cause. He looked away as if embarrassed by what was happening, but obviously powerless to prevent what was unfolding. Then Vicky glared at Yuri Karinov who was still pointing his gun

at her, and she quickly weighed up her options. There didn't seem to be many. "Please. Don't do this," she entreated.

"Take off your clothes!" Yuri snarled then turning to Natalie he snarled again. "You do the same! Strip! Now!"

The sisters looked at each other, a new layer of panic setting in. Then deciding that there was little point in protesting any further, Vicky reached for her dress and peeled it off. Natalie started crying: a nineteen year old youth who suddenly felt like a little girl, in desperate need of her mother – a big sister would no longer do.

"You too!!! Strip!" screeched Yuri into Natalie's face, flecking her prettiness with Mordavian spit.

Natalie went rigid with fear then slowly she started to undress. Whimpering throughout, she joined her sister and stripped down to her bra and panties. Both women halted, looking pleadingly at the chief and in desperation at the other two officers, searching for some morsel of compassion which would spare any further hurt and humiliation, but nothing was on offer. The chief of police and his young lieutenant, his nephew whom he was nurturing and advancing through the ranks, both looked at the women with impassive blank faces, concealing the burning desire they both felt. The third officer, an idiotic thug who had little value to the State Police other than his brawn, leered at the women, making no attempt to disguise his lust or the rampant erection that bulged out the front of his uniform trousers – there certainly would be no sympathy from him.

"Please," Vicky entreated, directing her words to Yuri Karinov, the man who had the power to end their ordeal. "Please don't do this. At least let my sister go. She has done nothing wrong. The mistake was mine. Or if she must be searched, then let it be by a woman."

"This search will happen," replied Yuri coldly. "It will happen with your co-operation, or it will happen by force. And it will happen in the next few minutes conducted by me. Now remove the rest of your clothing. It will be searched whilst I search you."

The certainty of his words was like a hammer driving a stake into their hearts. There was no doubt in either woman's mind that he would hold true to his

threat. Without needing to consult each other with words or looks, they both removed their bra then their panties and stood naked before the three men.

Natalie stood trembling in her nudity, hiding her modesty - one hand covering her pussy with its little bush of silky fair pubes, and the other hand and arm clinging to her small breasts.

Vicky, however, made no such attempts. She stood proud, giving them a clear view of her treasures: her fabulous big breasts with their coral pink nipples, and her clean-shaven pussy that was embarrassingly puffy. If some sort of violation was on the agenda, and she reckoned it was highly likely, then it should be her body that was debased, not poor innocent Natalie's. If need be, Vicky would offer herself up to save her sister. It was her fault that they were in this mess and she should be the one to pay for her mistake. Noble reasoning... but then again, it did occur to Vicky that it would hardly be a trial given who was involved, as long as the policemen weren't too rough with her.

Having savoured the sight of both women for a few moments, Yuri barked a command at the junior officer. The brute was dragged out of his lusting and sprang to attention, picking up the women's clothing which he gleefully searched, spending an inordinate amount of time over their panties, which for some odd reason he felt compelled to sniff. Cocaine perhaps was the reason he would give – though no one would really believe it.

Yuri left him to his fun and nodded at his nephew – it was time to begin the body search.

“Over the table - both of you,” commanded Dimitri, keeping the calmness to his voice that his uncle had instructed. “Bend over the table and spread your legs.”

Vicky did so, and Natalie followed her lead. Dimitri came behind them and forced their legs further apart, shunting them with his booted feet. Vicky watched him in the mirror, morbidly transfixed, scandalously aroused, hypnotised by the scene which she could see reflected. Natalie, however, had elected to close her eyes, too terrified to watch. She was sobbing silently in her own little world, regretting ever having heard of Mordavia.

When ready, Yuri replaced his gun in his holster and came over to the naked women. Vicky watched his approach, again impressed by his physique, and even more so by the huge bulge that now filled out his trousers. A groan escaped her as she registered the size - the package was complete, this fantasy come nightmare depending on perspective, for the man was hung like a horse!

Casting aside her lust, Vicky glanced again at Natalie who continued to sob – the weeping eyes tightly closed and oblivious to the extent of the chief's fleshy threat. Then Vicky looked back to the reflected man who was now directly behind her – a tower of raw masculinity with a tower of manhood straining in his trousers – terrifying, yet magnetically alluring.

Yuri let Vicky watch, amused by her conflicting emotions that he could see waging war in her mind and body. Staring at her reflection, he allowed his cock to twitch as he thought about the joy he would have in taming this beautiful woman and claiming her as his own. And as he stood there teasing and tormenting with his body, Yuri caught Vicky's eye in the mirror. She held his gaze for a moment then looked away, leaving Yuri smirking for he saw where her eyes went. Again his cock twitched, mocking her with its allure, causing Vicky to jerk her look away from the reflection she saw, furious with herself and even more so with the chief for seeing through her so easily. She resolved to toughen up and not act like a slut – let defiance win for a change.

No chance! Not with Yuri Karinov supporting the other side.

With a damning chortle that heralded the next battle, Yuri proceeded with the charade he had so easily contrived. The chief of police performed his duty and knelt behind Vicky to inspect the body orifices that might contain some crime – knowing fine well that the crime was his, but who would have the nerve or the stupidity to accuse.

Chief Karinov was mightily impressed, and a little bit amused, as he examined at close quarters the triangle of white flesh which the sun had not tanned on Vicky's sexy rear. It set the flesh apart and drew the eye to the young woman's ass, giving the buttocks an added eroticism. The spread of her legs meant the asshole could just be seen. It was lusciously pink, not at all like the assholes of Mordavian women which were purplish in colouration.

Wanting to see better - and anxious to touch what he effectively now owned - Yuri placed his hands on Vicky's buttocks and wallowed in the soft yet firm rubbery texture that spoke so loudly of youth. He filled his palms with these sensuous wonders then slowly pulled them apart so he could examine Vicky's anus in more detail. Yuri drew a breath of utter delight as he gazed on the tightly clenched rosebud of pink skin. He blew on it then blew again. It clenched even more, refusing to submit; then with the third soft blow, Vicky's pink puckered hole finally succumbed and relaxed to form a little gaping slit.

'Yes,' thought Yuri, an expert in such things, "this asshole has known what it is to be stretched, so I'll wager it's no stranger to cocks. And soon it will be no stranger to mine! I shall be buggering the bitch time after time and washing her guts with my spunk!'

Delighted with his catch, Yuri barked at his nephew and some lubrication was handed to him. He smeared the cool gel over Vicky's asshole and coated his index finger as well. Forcing a restraint, he teased her for a few moments, sensuously rubbing the puckered flesh, coaxing it to relax and welcome him in. He took his time, making the process as sensual as possible, interested to see how the woman would react.

Vicky reacted in a maelstrom of confusion – her body wanting the attention, enjoying the sensual play; her mind screaming in indignation and fear for her poor sister whose turn was next. Fighting the nobler cause, she tried to tighten up, protecting her anal honour that was long since lost. If she had been on her own, she might have acted differently and accepted the probing, perhaps even allowing some pleasure to be taken. But she couldn't do that with Natalie here in the room beside her. The poor girl was suffering enough without having to witness her sister acting like a slut. So Vicky fought back her yearning and made a token resistance.

It was a resistance that amused Yuri for a few minutes as he toyed with the woman; then he pressed his finger in, forcing the invasion – a slow steady progression all the way up Vicky's ass till it was fully encased by her warm rectal flesh. He wriggled it around, felt the silky lining of her succulent chute and confirmed what he already knew: of course she was no drug mule, there

was nothing in there; and yes she'd been buggered, his finger wasn't the first piece of male flesh up her ass.

Playing out the part of the conscientious policemen, Yuri withdrew his finger and cleaned it on a handkerchief then proceeded to have a look at Vicky's shaven pussy. A grin immediately spread across his hard rugged face – the lips were so luscious in their nakedness. Luscious – and full! Yuri knew the difference between frigid and aroused, and this naked pussy was most definitely the latter. The heart and the mind may scream and shout, cry foul to all the world - but a woman's cunt has a will of its own and this cunt was crying out for attention.

Yuri had no intention of disappointing the woman – she would get plenty of attention over the next few days! But first he had a stated duty to do – a performance that was needed to catch both his fish. Yuri parted the lips and gazed at the petals of glistening pink flesh, the entrance to her vagina, and the hooded clit. He pulled it back and there was the bud, hard and begging his touch.

'Beautiful,' thought Yuri, 'A beautiful, beautiful British cunt that will look even more beautiful with my Mordavian cock inside it, spreading those lips so wide.'

With this vision in his mind – a vision that Vicky herself had shared – Yuri stood up and moved to her side. He leaned over her, his body pressing against Vicky's naked flesh, his massive hard cock prodding her left buttock, his right hand covering her sex, a finger rubbing her throbbing clit. Coming all the way down, the chief grazed her neck with chin stubble as he spoke in Vicky's ear, loud enough for everyone to hear.

"You didn't have too much of a problem with the anal search then. No lubrication will be needed to repeat the process here – you're cunt is positively gushing, my dear."

Having delivered his damning verdict, the chief's fingers continued to caress the petals of Vicky's moist hungry sex and flick around her super-sensitive clit, expertly teasing, driving her wild. She squirmed on the table, dredging up what defiance she could. Vicky fought the pleasure that flowed through her body, wonderful waves that she knew so well but surely had no business here in such a degrading situation. Breathing came in tremulous pants, Vicky

had to grit her teeth so no other noise would emit and betray her whorish reaction to this annoyingly skilful man, who seemed to tick every box in the book, and do so with such aplomb!

“Stop pretending you’re not enjoying this,” teased Yuri as he continued to play. “You’re so hot down there – hot and wet – it’s obvious that you’re enjoying it... Enjoying it very much, but I’d say you want a lot more than my fingers... You want this...”

Yuri paused and chortled, so assured of himself - and rightly so, as Vicky immediately looked to his reflected groin. Delighting in the small victory, he gave Vicky another twitch of his cock, the meat forcing out the material of his trousers threatening to rip and tear its way through.

“...Shall I take it out and fuck you then?” Yuri laughingly asked. “Is that what you want? Shall I take out my cock which you’re gagging to see, sprawl you across this table and fuck your silly brains out, making you come in the process?”

“Make me come!” snapped Vicky defiantly in reply, furious with her body – the frailty of her pussy and flaming libido. “In your dreams, old man! Now just do what you need to do and get on with the search, keeping your filthy cock to yourself.”

Yuri shrugged his shoulders, making a note of the insult – she would pay heavily for that, but not right now when a lighter touch was needed. “If that is what you wish,” he replied. “Then I will continue... And it is indeed an onerous duty I must perform. I hope it does not offend you too much, but I’m afraid there is no option – I couldn’t possibly entrust such an intimate search to a... younger... man.”

With that Yuri entered her - first with a single digit, his index finger going inside Vicky’s vagina whilst the other fingers toyed with her inner lips. He added another, two then three went probing all around her succulent vagina, teasing her inner wall, twisting and turning, slowly moving in and out, giving huge pleasure to a young woman who’d gone without sex for far too long and who could not help but release a groan of delight.

Delight! Yet Vicky was also horrified on so many levels. She was disgusted that she was being so blatantly abused. This was no search – it was obvious

there was nothing to be found inside her pussy – it was a violation of her body, purely for pleasure – and shockingly, much of that pleasure was hers! She was furious with the chief for tormenting her so, and even more for giving a running commentary on the action – what the chief was doing to her... and how Vicky was reacting. For the words of defilement that would herald another - the description of digital violation that had produced a gushing cunt – the frigging so wonderfully conducted, and the whorish moan of appreciation that escaped her lips... were reaching the ears of her sister. Poor virginal Natalie was terrified, and Vicky was acting like a wanton slut!

Vicky tried to filter out all the pleasure and focus only on the indignity of the situation. Her pride demanded that she abhor this – she was a British citizen - how dare they treat her so! Every part of her upbringing was sickened, yet her cunt had a will of its own and stayed agonisingly aroused, responding to the thrill of the chief's sensuous work.

Sure of himself and the effect he was causing, the chief of police continued to probe Vicky with one hand, sliding his fingers harder and harder into Vicky's receptive sex, stopping occasionally to tease her swollen clit before resuming his sensuous frigging.

Vicky tried to resist the building pleasure that was gathering like a storm – she became a dam holding back a reservoir that threatened to flood the valley of her body. The man was a bastard for treating her so, but God – the bastard was good! And poor Vicky was a woman who loved her sex and had gone without for far too long.

Yuri frigged and he frigged and Vicky bit her lips, refusing to let out any more groans of enjoyment. The chief deftly fingered, delving so deep, whilst he grinded with his hips, riding his huge shaft that bulged through his trousers along Vicky's golden tanned naked flesh, adding to the poor girl's sensual torture. He fingered and he frigged, mixing it up with consummate skill, till Vicky could take no more. The rippling waves turned into crashing breakers smashing against the dam. A crack appeared and with a rush it crumbled. The dam was burst, and with a telling yell that couldn't be suppressed Vicky convulsed into a spasming orgasm which she hated herself for allowing, yet loved as well because it was such a massive thrill.

“Pleeeeeease! No! Stop! You bastard! You bastard! You bastard!” she cried, between whorish howls that spoke to the contrary.

Yuri let out a laugh, delighting in her fury and the climax he had so easily brought about. The woman was so receptive – her pussy so succulent and full of yearning despite all her silly protests. By God he would enjoy fucking her and making come even harder – have her orgasmic cunt pulse around his shaft as he screwed the living daylights out of her. But that would come later – a treat he would keep in store - it was all part of his cunning plan.

“Nothing!” announced Yuri as he removed his fingers and stood up, leaving Vicky to her self-hatred and the lusty gazes of his two subordinates who had jealously watched this unusual search. “The other one looks guilty, however. She is crying. Perhaps it is she who is concealing something illegal.”

Chapter 4

Tears equal guilt! Now there's a fine logic. And incriminating herself with more salty liquid, Natalie broke into hysterical sobbing as the chief of police approached her naked body.

"It's okay, Natalie," Vicky said encouragingly, pulling herself together after her shameful orgasm. "It won't hurt. Just try and stay relaxed... don't tense."

That wasn't going to happen and Vicky knew it. Natalie was traumatised by the experience. It felt like her whole world was collapsing around her. She had never encountered such aggression. Guns and violence were unknown to her. Glasgow had a reputation, but it was mainly for its past, and their middle class upbringing had always sheltered the girls from the rougher elements of their native city. Men were also unknown to Natalie. She was not afraid of having sex with men – she had a healthy libido in that respect. But she had a romantic streak and wanted to meet the right man to whom she could give herself and her virginity to – something special to be forever remembered. The chief of police was not the sort of man she had in mind, nor was an interrogation room the ideal location. Although the dashing young lieutenant would certainly have fitted the bill in any normal situation!

But handsome Dimitri was far from Natalie's thoughts when Yuri knelt down behind her and gazed at her purity. Natalie braced herself for the penetration – this digital desecration.

At first Yuri was inflamed by what he heard and saw, the sound of her weeping heightening his excitement and his desire to frig her and make her come like her sister. It would be more of a challenge to force on her an orgasm, the girl was obviously less receptive, but Yuri was up for the task.

Driven by this mission, Yuri decided to forsake her ass for the time being and focus entirely on her lovely little pussy. He looked at her sex with his expert eye and noted that unlike her sister, there was no outward sign of arousal – those tears were genuine – the only moisture she was exuding was coming from her eyes. He touched the slit, running his finger along the cleft - she shuddered, tensing to a ridiculous degree. Yuri sucked on the digit, tasting what little of her essence that was there and wetting the finger with his saliva.

He rubbed her slit again, teasing the lips apart, listening to her sobs and whimpered pleas for him to stop.

Then a thought flashed through his head. It had never occurred to him, for it was common knowledge in Mordavia that most British women were promiscuous and the few that weren't were covered by a veil. He parted her lips, gazed at the beautiful pinkness of her flesh – the inner vulva clearly revealed, her clit hiding shyly in its hood, cowering from his look. And there it was! Surprising but true! Yuri had seen them before so he knew what to look for – the hymen, fully intact – a rare thing indeed, suggesting that not even the girl's fingers had entered her vagina, let alone a dildo or a cock. He touched it gently. She winced and let out a yelp, followed by a heart-rending sob. Then much to everyone's surprise, Yuri relented. He stood up and walked away.

"Nothing!" she is not carrying any drugs.

His two men looked at him puzzled, but both knew better than to question his verdict.

Yuri's mind was racing. A virgin! What an unexpected prize. He'd had plenty before, girls he had taken into custody and fucked as punishment for whatever crime he had fabricated. He would fuck this one as well – by God he would claim that treasure she possessed. Aroused as he now was, there was a huge temptation to take her maidenhood immediately. But why cheapen the event with haste and tawdry surroundings? She was far too special and rare a creature to use in such a way. Yuri would decide later how best to enjoy the gift she represented. But enjoy it he would, of that he was certain!

"Dimitri, call through and find out if anything was discovered in the baggage," Yuri ordered.

Dimitri made a call to the officers who had been tasked with a search everyone knew would reveal nothing, but for appearances sake had been conducted anyway. He received the expected news.

"Nothing, sir. It would appear the only drugs were in the elder one's hand luggage."

"Interesting. What is the drug smuggler's name?"

Dimitri picked up the two passports that had been removed from their bags. After a quick look he responded, "Fullerton, Vicky Fullerton."

"And the other one?"

"Natalie Fullerton – it would appear they are sisters."

"Vicky Fullerton," Yuri stated in a serious voice, "you are arrested on the charge of possessing narcotics with the intension of taking said narcotics over international borders. You will be detained here for further questioning before being taken into custody where you will await trial. The penalty for drug trafficking in Mordavia is death by hanging."

"Natalie Fullerton, I am inclined to believe you are an innocent party here, but as your sister refuses to acknowledge her guilt, I have no option but to arrest you on suspicion of conspiring to traffic drugs. You will be taken into custody and questioned further before a decision is made whether to proceed with prosecution or not. Get dressed."

Both women got up from the table and looked at each other, shock and fear etched on their faces. They both made for the pile of clothing that lay on the floor.

"I have not finished with you!" Yuri yelled, his finger pointing at Vicky. "A more thorough examination will be required before I am satisfied that you are not harbouring drugs on your person. Wait by the table."

Vicky glared at him, guessing what was on the chief of police's mind, but she complied, realising that resistance was futile, and grateful that compassion was being shown to Natalie. She watched on as Natalie got dressed; then she hugged her sister before the youngster was led away by the handsome officer – the apparent nice guy of the trio.

This made for an interesting situation in Vicky's opinion, as it left her with the violent chief and his incredible hard piece of bulging meat, and the subordinate brute who also had an impressive erection in his trousers. She wondered how long the cocks would remain hidden – and how she would react when they finally came out, now that Natalie wasn't around to witness her behaviour. Shockingly in all probability - that climax hadn't dampened her libido in the slightest – instead it had inflamed her all the more. And maybe that's all that was really needed to sort this stupid mess out – fuck the

pair of them and show them a good time – then she and Natalie could be on their way. It sounded like a reasonable plan. But then again – it would also validate this abuse of power, which was something that Vicky could never condone.

“What are you going to do to me?” asked Vicky, still unsure of how to play this, assuming she had a choice.

“We need to finish the body search. There is still one orifice I have yet to investigate.”

Well that was subtle! Even for Vicky who had heard some appalling lines in her time – that one took the biscuit!

Trying to make a joke of it and force more defiance, Vicky sarcastically opened her mouth, silently roaring in the direction of the chief. “There’s nothing in there apart from some fillings. Satisfied? Can I get dressed now, please?”

“No... On both counts - I intend to probe deeper,” replied Yuri, stroking the massive bulge in his trousers.

“You wouldn’t dare!” exclaimed Vicky, sure that he would. She stared at the stroked bulge feeling mightily vexed, for despite the horror of the situation, it was indeed a fascinating sight – the biggest darn packet she had ever encountered and she passionately wanted to see it in the flesh. The chief’s intent was clear, and Vicky loved sucking cock – and whilst the chief would undoubtedly be a heck of a challenge – it was a challenge under normal circumstance that Vicky would be more than happy to accept. And now that Natalie was out the room she had no one to judge her sluttish behaviour other than these foreign men – and it had been too long since she’d had some hard meat in her mouth. What a thrill it would be to get her lips and tongue around that fabulous big shaft! But that was too shocking to allow, so Vicky fought down her whorish impulse to comply.

“I’ll bite off your cock if you so much as try,” she defiantly announced. “Then you can explain that to the British Ambassador when he comes to visit you in hospital.”

Yuri guffawed with laughter. He really liked this girl – her spirit was such a tonic. Every other woman cowered before him – it would be such fun

breaking her down.

“Yes, I believe you would do that, Miss Fullerton. So I shall wait on Lieutenant Karinov’s return. Make yourself comfortable, he should only be a few minutes.”

Vicky had no idea what he meant by that – the young officer had seemed quite nice, almost offended by what was going on. If any foul play was going to take place she thought it would happen when he was away. His return would surely act as an inhibitor, but Vicky was far from assured, so she tried to reason with the chief.

“I would have thought I should be entitled to see someone from our embassy. Surely they must be alerted to my arrest. The British government will not view this lightly. So far you have acted... well, one could argue that you have acted within your rights, although we both know fine well you have taken advantages, but you have gone far enough. I demand to see an official from our embassy.”

“Your request is noted. I am sure one will be visiting you in prison,” replied Yuri, in no way perturbed by her threat to cry foul in the ears of British diplomats.

Vicky noted the indifference but pressed on regardless. “There will be an outcry when this is made known. Your country will be shunned by the West. You personally will be hounded.”

“Perhaps,” said Yuri with a sarcastic smile. Then the door was opened and Dimitri walked in. He was carrying a black attaché case which had an ominous look.

“Ah, here is Lieutenant Karinov. Now we may proceed. If you would be so kind, Miss Fullerton, this process requires you to kneel on the floor.”

“No way! NO FUCKING WAY!” screamed Vicky getting decidedly worried. “I’ll have the law on you if you come near me again!”

“Miss Fullerton! I am the country’s chief of police. That means I AM the law around here. NOW KNEEL!”

Vicky backed away, covering herself with her arms - genuine fear winning over all else.

“Put her in place,” ordered Yuri.

The two subordinates came over and grabbed Vicky by the arms. She tried to fight them off but was powerless against their much greater strength. They dragged her to the centre of the room and wrestled her to her knees then pulled her arms behind her back before securing them with a pair of cuffs.

Vicky was furious, pure loathing poured from her eyes as she glared at the chief who watched from a chair, still stroking his massive dick through the fabric of his uniform trousers. It was obvious what he had in mind.

Yuri rose from his chair and picked up the attaché case. He opened it and removed what he had ordered his nephew to fetch – a metal jaw spreader. Yuri quickly examined it then he came over to where Vicky was kneeling on the floor, held in position by the strong arms of Mordavian law.

Vicky’s eyes practically popped out of her head when she saw what the chief was holding - a metal contraption of scary design. It reminded her of something she had seen in a movie – ‘Silence of the Lambs’ was the one, it had been worn by Hannibal Lecter.

“Open your mouth, Miss Fullerton,” Yuri calmly told her, as if he were offering her some tasty treat.

“Fuck off! You’re insane. Let me go!” she shouted, not at all happy about this macabre turn of events.

Yuri delivered a hard backhanded slap that sent Vicky’s head twisting around. At a nod of his head, Dimitri pulled on her hair and brought her head back to a forward position and facing directly up into the hardness of Yuri’s eyes. Vicky was shaking with rage and a fair bit of fear as well, yet she defiantly kept her mouth firmly closed. Another nod of Yuri’s head and Dimitri pinched her nose. The mouthpiece of the spreader was positioned at her lips – a minute later she was gulping for air and the mouthpiece was forced between her teeth. Once sure it was in position, Yuri loosened the spring on the outside of the device and the jaw spreader did its job, forcing Vicky’s mouth apart to a painful degree.

It was unbelievable agony for her. The muscles in her cheeks felt like they might snap, the strain on the hinge of her jaw was horrendous. But the feeling of helplessness was the most crushing of all, and her torment had only just

begun. She tried to look away, but Dimitri pulled again on her hair and forced her to look up at her tormentor. In her growing terror, Vicky couldn't bring herself to close her eyes. She watched, her face forced into an aghast-like expression, as Yuri unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his flies then wrestled to bring out his monster of a cock and a pair of huge, low hanging balls.

Stunned, Vicky gasped through the spreader - she had never seen a cock anywhere near as big. It was at least eleven inches and as thick as her arm - an olive coloured phallus with a huge purple knob at the end oozing slivery pre-cum from the slit. It looked terrifying, and utterly delicious.

Yuri let her gaze at it, enjoying the reaction – no woman had ever failed to be impressed when he showed her his erection. He waved it in front of the sexy young woman whose earlier defiance had now totally deserted her. Yuri tormented the girl with his incredible penile mass. He rubbed the glans over Vicky's face, smearing her features with his copious juice. Then he rested the glans on her bottom lip, letting her feel the weight of his manhood before he fed it into her mouth through the parting in the clamp.

Powerless to do anything, Vicky had no choice but to kneel there and take the hot fat cock into her mouth. Yuri slid in and out of her, leisurely at first, then he increased his tempo to a good hard pump, holding her by the head as he rammed away, making her wrench and gag when he touched the back of her mouth with the knob of his big cock.

“No drugs, Miss Fullerton, at least not in your mouth, but I think duty demands that I search a little deeper. Fortunate, is it not, that I am well equipped to do so?”

Then Yuri pulled out. He slapped his engorged member across Vicky's cheeks a few times then backed away.

“Lay her on the table and drape her head over the edge. I want an easy passage for my cock as it performs its duty.”

The two subordinates immediately obeyed. They grabbed hold of Vicky and raised her to her feet then roughly hoisted the woman onto the table. She tried to fend them off and landed a kick on Dimitri's balls which earned her a hard slap on her pussy. But again the men were too strong for her and she was bundled into position, lying on her back with her arms agonisingly cuffed

behind her and her legs held firmly apart by the big brute who leered at her naked sex.

Once again Vicky's eyes refused to close and she was greeted by an underside view of Yuri's huge dick, the tube bulging thick from his big hairy ball sac to the massive glans at the end. And once again Yuri teased her, holding his cock by the base and fencing it across her face whilst his free hand explored her body, grappling with her full ripe breasts and squeezing them to a painful degree, pinching her nipples and making them hard then pinching again until she let out a throaty yell, which was all her stretched mouth would allow. He caressed the plain of her soft flat stomach then clasped at the mound of her puffy sex. He rode her slit with his fingers and plunged them into her succulent cunt before finding her clit and nipping it, making her gargle out another yell.

Then Yuri slid his cock into her mouth, the upper-side of the glans riding over her tongue, inching its way to the back of her mouth. Yuri kept on pushing it into her mouth, forcing his cock into Vicky's gullet, thrilled at the tightness he found. He kept pushing and pushing until he could push no more for his groin was smothering her face.

Then he started to fuck! Vicky was struggling to breathe. But the big bastard showed no sympathy and he pumped in and out of her throat. Her head was spinning, her eyes were bulging out of their sockets, her jaw was a mass of agony and her lungs were about to collapse. Then thankfully the cock was removed.

Vicky gulped, she panted for breath, filling her lungs with life saving air.

"No drugs there either!" announced the chief. "So, Miss Fullerton, I have performed my duty, but I am afraid that in doing so I have become exceedingly aroused and must find some relief. What shall it be? Will you give me that relief willingly... or must I keep the jaw spreader in place and take it for myself? Nod your head if you are prepared to willingly help me."

Vicky knew that her throat was going to get fucked whatever. There was an element of pride which told her to resist, but common sense told her to comply. Her cunt as well told her to play along – it was back to full bloated arousal and dripping with juice. Vicky nodded.

“What a sensible young woman! I think you and I are going to get along just fine.”

The chief reached down and loosened the spreader. Slowly Vicky felt the ache ebb away as her jaws were allowed to partially close and the spreader was finally removed from her mouth. The chief gave her a few moments to recover. Then he teased her with his cock, washing the glistening glans over Vicky’s inverted face.

Vicky let out a gasp as she felt a tongue lap at her gushing pussy – Dimitri having taken it upon himself to provide this welcome treat. With her mouth now open the chief presented Vicky his cock.

“Now, Miss Fullerton. I have shown you some consideration - please do the same for me.”

Bizarrely inflamed despite the abuse, Vicky’s tongue darted out to lick the big knob. She washed it frantically, confused at her ready compliance, but too lost in a mixture of fear and lust to question her behaviour. Encouraged all the more by Dimitri’s deftly tongue which was now flicking around her blood engorged clit, Vicky did her whorish best and opened up wider so that the chief could slide back in her.

The glans swelled out Vicky’s cheeks and brought back some discomfort but she paid little heed. Orally stuffed as she was, she worked with her tongue, riding it over the enormity of what was in her. The chief allowed Vicky to service him for a short while, rejoicing in the capitulation – the first of many he intended to claim. Then taking Vicky’s head in his hands he slipped his dick

into her deeper and deeper, sliding it again into Vicky's gullet. He held his position fully inside her, enjoying again the lovely tightness and warmth. Then he pulled half way out and allowed Vicky some air before setting about fucking her face.

It was one hell of an experience for young Vicky Fullerton. She had done this many times before but never with anything so big pumping away at her. The stretch was incredible – it hurt without a doubt, but Vicky took it like the accomplished cocksucker she was - Dimitri's mouth licking out her cunt helping Vicky along as she played the wanton slut.

And the chief knew how to play this to perfection. He would fuck her throat for almost a minute at a time then pull out to allow the girl some air, enjoying the scene as she gulped for breath and tried to fill her lungs in the few seconds that Yuri gave her. Then Yuri was in her again, fucking her relentlessly, impaling her mouth and lovely tight throat again and again and again.

Determined to enjoy his new toy to the full, Yuri forced a restraint and throat-fucked Vicky for well over ten minutes, revelling in the snug contractions her throat made as she occasionally gagged on his dick. Then he abandoned himself, fucking Vicky rampantly, slamming into her face until his body spasmed in utter bliss and his balls erupted, spunk coursing along his tube to fire out into the depths of Vicky's gullet. Yuri spurted and spurted, delivering his seed directly into the young woman's stomach; then with incredible restraint he pulled his cock out to shoot the final blasts over Vicky's gasping face. Spunk was left dribbling from chin to brow, thick white strands over golden tanned cheeks, strewn across a sapphire eye and splattered on red lips. Adding to the sight was Vicky's tongue which was swirling around capturing the mess – a cum slut if ever there was one, hungry for every drop!

Grasping his cock firmly in his hand, the chief wiped his glans on Vicky's long blonde hair, matting her locks with the last few drops of his spunk, completing the beautiful cum based picture. Yuri Karinov looked down on his creation and smiled a lusty smile. He gave Vicky a final mouthful of his

cock then pulled the monster back out and tucked it away in his trousers. The chief of police was finished... his duty concerning this wretch was done - for the time being at least!

“I assume you both want to have her as well,” said Yuri to his men as he rearranged his clothing. “And by all means do! Use her! But only her mouth! Do not fuck her elsewhere, or abuse her in any other way. Then get her dressed and take her to the prison. I have a confession to extract from her. I will commence on that onerous duty tomorrow, after she has met with the representative from the British Embassy.”

“You will allow this, sir?” asked Dimitri, tearing himself away from Vicky’s pussy, intent now on ravishing her mouth with his nine inches of Mordavian meat.

“Of course!” answered Yuri with a laugh. “She is quite correct. The British will want to know what has happened to her and her sister, and we must appease our dear tea drinking friends – Mordavia needs their support. So do not take unnecessary advantage. Come inside her only the once – any more than that would hardly be proper! We want no cause for complaint when I next entertain the Ambassador.”

Dimitri shrugged his shoulders, confident in his uncle; then having reached Vicky’s head he slapped his hard meat across her spunk drenched face. God, this would be fun, but such a shame he had to be restrained in his enjoyment of the sexy British slut, just as he had been obliged to be restrained during the earlier interrogation. He was only allowed to come the once and use only her mouth to pleasure his cock. And Dimitri would definitely abide by that - he would never dream of disobeying his uncle. But he would jolly well take his time over it, for no restriction had been set in that respect! And surely there could be no cause for complaint if he made the young woman come again with some licking of her cunt. That was hardly an abuse, as he wouldn’t put his cock inside it – that would be doing her a favour – and this cum slut of a Brit look like she was well up for the fun.

Chapter 5

It had been the most horrific day of Natalie Fullerton's life by quite some way, though she knew it could have been so much worse. The shock of the arrest, the violence towards Vicky, and the indignity of having the chief of police look at her pussy, was horrific to this tender young thing. But the chief had only looked – no probing of her sex, no fingering of her vagina like he had done to Vicky, no playing with her clit – no cock being put inside her to steel her treasured innocence. He had only looked then inexplicably backed off.

The action confused Natalie, especially considering what he had done to Vicky. And the chief had been almost considerate afterwards, stroking her hair and patting her back, in a reassuring sort of way. At first Natalie wondered if the chief had been repelled by what he saw – that for some strange reason he found Natalie repugnant. But she knew that couldn't be the case, for had she not heard the man gasp when he looked at her sex and moan all the more when he fingered her pussy and tried to breach what she had guarded so well. There could be no doubting the intensity of the man's desire – he didn't find her repugnant – it was the very opposite! Yet he had let her go without even seriously attempting to get a finger inside her, in search of the drugs that was the excuse for this abuse.

It was all very odd – particularly strange when put aside the way he had treated her sister. That was an outrageous liberty! Although he had made Vicky come, which was rather shocking and shameful behaviour to be honest - Natalie couldn't fathom how Vicky could have reacted that way to such appalling abuse. That was another mystery, but Natalie had too many other worries to dwell on it for long.

Thankfully for Natalie, she had been taken from the interrogation room by the handsome young officer. At least *he* had acted decently in the room, and was quite sympathetic when he escorted her away. He kept assuring her that everything would be fine and that justice would be done, promising that he would go back to make sure Vicky was being treated well. The young officer seemed like an oasis of sanity in the bedlam that was suddenly Natalie's life. And he was devilishly good looking – even in her distraught and agitated

state Natalie could appreciate the lieutenant's physical charms. It was such a shame they had to meet under these awful circumstances.

Sadly, the young officer had to hand Natalie over to a scary looking woman who then arranged for her to be collected and taken to prison. But Natalie was comforted by the knowledge that he would be going back to the interrogation room to safeguard Vicky's rights – or at least that was the fantasy he had cunningly created – the truth as we know was far less savoury, but infinitely more fun for all concerned.

She was taken to the prison in the back of a van. There weren't any windows, so she had no idea about its location other than it being a half hours drive from the airport - so the capital seemed the most likely place. Walking through the prison was a terrifying experience - men leered at her through the bars of their cells and called out lewd remarks about what they would like to do to her. Some even took out their penis and waved it through the bars as she passed, shouting out the most awful suggestions – probably not appreciating she understood every disgusting word. At one point Natalie thought she might be thrown in along with some of this criminal lowlife – helpless to their wicked ways. It would have been a waking nightmare of terrifying defilement, but thankfully she had been placed in a cell on her own with a proper door so no one could see her.

It was then in her solitude that the real fear struck with only her thoughts and imagination for company. She was terrified, frightened out of her wits - the words of the chief constantly ringing in her head.

'The penalty for drug trafficking in Mordavia is death by hanging.'

Vicky had been arrested under that charge – and Natalie was held under suspicion of conspiracy. How could this have happened, she asked herself? How could Vicky have been so stupid to accept a gift and not open it to see what it contained? It was so incredibly dumb - the consequences unthinkable! And how could the dirty cow have a full blown orgasm whilst being abused by the chief of police? That was another question Natalie asked herself - a little unkind to think such things, but there you go – the girl might be a virgin but she wasn't a saint! So many emotions flooded Natalie, anger at her sister being the predominant one. But it didn't last long. Fear and concern for what

might happen to Vicky overrode any annoyance she felt for her silly mistake and slutty behaviour.

For almost two hours Natalie sat there contemplating what would befall them, playing out endless scenarios in her mind. Crushing despair mingled with optimism. They were innocent, and they were British citizens – there was no way they could be held under false charges. Mordavia was looking to court the West and join the EEC. The British Embassy would intervene and they would be released. Then Natalie recalled how easy it had been to subjugate them - how the officers had stripped them and probed them, and how they had kept Vicky naked whilst Natalie was allowed to get dressed. What was happening to Vicky now? More searching and probing! More abuse! And the handsome lieutenant – what was his role in all of this? Was Vicky in turmoil, yelling in pain - or was she screaming for other reasons, brought to orgasm yet again? Shit! Shit! Shit! It was all too much. Natalie was distraught, for so many reasons – anger, jealousy and above all hideous fear, tearing the poor girl apart.

Then the handsome young officer arrived. She felt very pleased to see him. He brought Natalie her toiletry bag and the book she had been reading and a few English magazines he had managed to find. Then sitting beside Natalie on the cot in her cell, he asked her if there was anything else he could do to make her plight less difficult. He seemed so very nice.

Having asked what was happening to her sister, the lieutenant explained that Vicky was being held in a nearby cell and that they would meet tomorrow when an official from the British Embassy would visit them. The handsome lieutenant was very supportive and disarmingly charming. Occasionally he reached out and touched Natalie's hand, and that felt so comforting after all that she'd been through. At one point he even laid his hand on Natalie's thigh and she felt no need to push it away – it warmed her to have such innocent contact after the hideous behaviour of the sex crazed chief.

The dashing young lieutenant with the comforting hand told Natalie that she would be free if only Vicky were to confess. Unfortunately her sister was sticking to the ridiculous story that Sergio Markov had supplied her with the drugs, and was being very uncooperative. Her obstinacy was bringing this misfortune on poor Natalie.

Natalie found it difficult to accept that Vicky was guilty, but the lieutenant was very convincing - his hand so reassuring as it rested on her thigh. And it did seem strange that Sergio had planted the drugs – a fact the lieutenant was keen to emphasise.

“For what reason would he do this?” the handsome young officer had asked. “Hand over a fortune in narcotics to a woman he barely knew without any means to recover it at the other end. Sergio Markov hasn’t the resources to conspire in such an act. He has no influence beyond the hotel he manages. It was insane to suggest he was trafficking drugs. And now your sister is making wild accusations of mistreatment. She is playing a very dangerous game. It will not count in her favour when the case comes to court... whereas a confession would almost certainly save her life.”

He had let Natalie ponder this for a few moments then carried on with his carefully worded speech.

“Have we mistreated you?” he quizzed sounded offended by the suggestion. “A search was essential – you were found carrying drugs. Did the chief of police violate you in any way? No! I was there. I saw what he did. He treated you with the respect you deserved. It grieves him that you are here, in a prison cell - but sadly your sister has left him with no choice. Perhaps you might have a word with her tomorrow. Try to make her see sense.”

Then with a squeeze and pat at Natalie’s thigh, the lieutenant took his leave having given Natalie plenty to think about – as if she hadn’t already enough.

Natalie was fed reasonably well during the course of the day and allowed to go out into a courtyard for a walk. Then she curled up on the prison cell cot and cried herself to sleep. She was nineteen, but she felt like a little girl – scared and alone in a foreign land. She wished there was someone to cuddle up to – her mum or her dad – her sister Vicky – or perhaps the handsome young lieutenant who had stroked her thigh and made her pussy tingle despite her fears and woes.

Yes – it was the lieutenant who dominated Natalie’s thoughts as she finally drifted off to sleep – her head resting on an imaginary broad chest and her body cradled by strong imaginary arms.

‘If only, if only, if only...’

In the morning Natalie felt much more optimistic. There was hope – the embassy official was coming to see them - surely everything would then be sorted out.

It was two o’clock in the afternoon when she was eventually fetched from her cell and taken to a room. Vicky was already there, sitting alone at a table.

They ran to each other and hugged with all their might, relieved that if nothing else, the other was still alive. Natalie cried into Vicky’s shoulder. She felt Vicky patting her back, comforting her, though perhaps it should have been the other way round.

“Are you all right,” Natalie finally managed to ask.

Vicky tactfully declined to answer. She had very mixed feelings about what had happened – the behaviour of the policemen and her own reactions – her shocking degree of complicity towards the end.

They were still wrapped in each others arms when the door to the room opened and a flustered middle-aged man in a rather shabby suit walked in. He was clutching a tatty old briefcase nervously in his hand. This was their knight in shining armour – the representative of Her Majesty’s government, who had come to sort everything out.

“Miss Fullerton and Miss Fullerton, I believe. David Flashman, assistant to the ambassador.”

He walked over to the women and put out his hand. The sisters gripped each other tighter for a second then released their hold. Each limply shook David Flashman’s hand – it was cold and clammy, as unappealing as the rest of the man.

David Flashman registered their distaste with ease - it was a reaction he was used to when confronted with attractive young women. He hid his own feelings much better, a skill he had mastered as a youth and had served him well in the diplomatic service. He tried to put the women at ease.

“Yes, I know. Bloody silly name for a chap who looks like me, but what can one do. It’s my name and I have no intention of changing it. Now, shall we sit

down? I think you had best tell me what this is all about.”

It was Vicky who did all the talking. Natalie had little to say other than confirm a few of the facts and state she had not been ill-treated – something she felt guilty of when put beside Vicky’s tale of abuse.

Vicky spilled it all out, or at least a version that suited her, from the planting of the drugs to the slaps across the cheeks and the gratuitous fingering of her sex (although she omitted the orgasm the chief had given her, which in her view was of no consequence at all). Then she recounted in graphic detail the horror of her oral violation – the device which had been used to keep her mouth open and the size of each cock which had fucked her throat. Again she did not think it necessary to add that she was freed from the device early on in the process and had thoroughly enjoyed the deep-throating each man had given her. She also omitted the second orgasm that Dimitri brought her to, feasting on her cunt with his devilish tongue whilst ploughing her mouth with his beautiful cock which was a perfect size for the job.

David Flashman raised an eyebrow on hearing all of this. Natalie looked at her sister stunned and hurt: it all sounded a little far fetched – surely her handsome young lieutenant would have had no part in that!

“Animals! Bloody animals!” screamed Vicky as she ended her tale of woe. “So what are you going to do about it? I demand those bastards be brought to trial.”

David Flashman clucked his teeth before delivering his answer. “That could be a little difficult, Miss Fullerton. It’s the chief of police who brings people to trial in this country, not the other way round. Obviously I will report your accusations to the ambassador who will raise the matter with the foreign secretary, but...”

“But what!” yelled Vicky.

“But you must appreciate, and I am making no judgement, this is the same story we get all the time from women caught smuggling drugs. The drugs are always planted and the nasty foreign men are always abusers who take advantage of their unwilling victims. I suppose it’s true in some instances, but...”

“BUT WHAT!!!!” screeched Vicky, rising out of her chair, hysteria now setting in as she conveniently forgot about her own whorish part in the events of yesterday.

“...But the chief of police! Really, Miss Fullerton!” exclaimed David Flashman. “Chief Karinov is a well respected man, not just in Mordavia where he is revered for his fight against crime, but across the international stage. I’m afraid your accusations would have had a little more credibility if you had not chosen to include him in your lurid tale.”

“You bastard!”

“Calling me names will hardly help!” responded David Flashman with a surprising degree of authority. Enough to shut Vicky up and return her bottom to the chair. “Now you asked what will happen and I will tell you plainly... I will make my report, and include what you have told me. The wheels will then go into motion, but I fear they will not be well oiled by your accusation of violation in the most bizarre of forms. In the meantime, due process will take place here. You are both under arrest – you, Miss Fullerton, face the death penalty - the other Miss Fullerton could spend up to twelve years in jail. We will question this man, Sergio Markov, but I do not see there will be much to gain. He has no motive - he gave you no contact in Britain to pass the package on to. It was for you apparently – a very odd, but valuable gift. I suggest you take time to consider. I’m sure the Mordavian police are not really interested in you. They want the man behind the supply.”

“There is no man. It was Sergio.”

“Then you will be at the mercy of the Mordavian Court. We are powerless to intervene in the legal system of another country.”

“You will report this, though, won’t you?” pleaded Vicky. “People in Britain will believe me. My parents, my friends, my tutors – none of them will doubt I’m telling the truth. We must fight this!”

“I will submit my report, Miss Fullerton, and I will visit again in a few days time. Good day to you both.”

David Flashman was met a few minutes later by Dimitri Karinov who escorted him to his uncle’s office in the Police Headquarters which also acted

as a holding prison.

“Mr. Flashman, a pleasure to meet you again...” said Yuri as he rose from his desk to shake David Flashman’s hand and slap him heartily on the back. “...And under such regretful circumstances. How did you find the two women?”

“As expected - they appear physically well. There was some bruising on the older one’s face which would be cause for concern if the press were to get hold of a snap, and some very disturbing accusations concerning an outrageous contraption and penises of extraordinary size. Naturally I will be submitting a report to the ambassador. He may wish to come and see them for himself... the girls that is, not the penises... as might a delegation from the United Kingdom. Brussels may even elect to get involved, especially in view of your application to join our illustrious European Union.”

“I fail to see why that would be necessary,” Yuri gruffly replied. “It is an open and shut case. She was carrying drugs – she admits this. Our laws are very simple where such a crime is concerned. She was responsible for her luggage – end of story. And as for these minor bruises which she obtained whilst resisting arrest – hardly a cause for international concern.”

“A report must be submitted, you know that Chief Karinov. I have my duty, as do you.”

“Of course, my dear friend, of course - I fully understand. Now, before you leave and compile this report, there is something I would like you to see. A new punishment we are experimenting with, in the never ending battle against crime.”

“Really. I’m not sure if I can spare the time... What sort of punishment?”

“The sort that prevents young women from ever offending again. There is a delectable young trollop who was caught begging from a tourist. I was just about to witness her flogging.”

“Oh! Well... I’m sure I could squeeze a few minutes. How old did you say the wench was?”

“How old would you like her to be, Mr. Flashman?”

“I always thought that eighteen was a perfect age for the correction of wayward girls.”

“Dimitri! You heard our guest - delectable and eighteen. We will be there in ten minutes. Make sure everything is in order for our honourable representative of Her Britannic Majesty’s government.

Twenty minutes later, David Flashman was sitting in an armless easy chair beside his good friend, Yuri Karinov. Between them was a table with two glasses filled with generous measures of cognac; a couple of Havana cigars lay smoking in an ashtray. In front of them stood a girl who looked a youthful eighteen, she was naked and undeniably delectable. Dark skinned like all her compatriots, she had shoulder length black hair and a pair of perky little breasts, her figure was trim, and her cunt was framed by a silky black bush. David wondered if she was still a virgin – not very likely was his conclusion if she was under Yuri’s care.

The girl was shivering - she had just been doused by a bucket of icy water. She stood shaking with cold and fear – her dark nipples looking very erect.

“Part of the treatment,” Yuri explained. “We think the cold heightens the senses, makes her all the more aware of her crime and her punishment.”

‘Makes her look vulnerable and very enticing,’ thought David, but he knew better than to say such things aloud in the presence of the chief of police.

“We are now going to test out which instrument is the most effective. The European Union is fanatical about standardisation, so I thought that we should have a standard for corporal punishment. It is an onerous task. Thankfully my nephew Dimitri has shown a special interest - his devotion to duty is to be commended.”

“Indeed!” replied David Flashman, tearing his eyes away from the shivering girl to glance at the subject of Yuri’s admiration. The young man was most certainly taking his duty very seriously. He had stripped down to the waist, revealing a remarkable physique of chiselled muscle which many of David’s colleagues in the British diplomatic service would have found even more appealing than he did the girl. He was arranging the equipment to be tested –

an array of spanking devices which David found fascinating – it was going to be a very thorough test.

David took a sip of Cognac then placed his glass back on the table, his eyes returning to the shivering girl before him. Then his attention was taken when Yuri reached over and tapped his arm.

“We were planning to tie her over a gymnastic horse, but I was wondering if you might be so kind as to assist in our little experiment. Perhaps you would be good enough to have her over your knee and experience firsthand how she reacts.”

David Flashman spluttered and coughed up half of his drink. He wiped his chin with his handkerchief then looked over to Yuri whose face was a mask of professional sincerity.

“Well, you know that I am always happy to help in your noble fight against crime, Chief Karinov. So yes... if you think it would help.”

Yuri snapped his fingers and barked out a command. A moment later a couple of his goons took hold of the girl and forced her to lie over David’s knee - her naked cunt positioned directly over David’s rampant erection, which was throbbing inside his shabby trousers. They attached a rope around her wrists, binding her tightly; then fed this under David Flashman’s chair to link to her ankles which were tethered as well. She would have no option but to lie and take her punishment and David would feel every blow, deliciously transferred from body to body - her tortured pain converted into his sensuous bliss.

“Now, please proceed, Dimitri. Punish the stupid girl. And for the benefit of our guest, and the education of this wretch, please tell us about each implement you use. And Mr. Flashman, please feel free to take part. Test out the heat of the wench’s buttocks – and give her a slap if you think it might assist in teaching her the errors of her ways.”

David Flashman was very happy to help out and needed no further invitation. He stroked the girl’s buttocks which were covered in goose pimples. She was still shivering from the icy water. It was a state that was about to change!

“I am starting with a ping-pong paddle, Mr. Flashman,” announced Dimitri as he picked up his first instrument of correction and waved it in the air. “It is

made out of leather and named as such because it is shaped a bit like a table tennis bat. The large surface area is rather unusual, spreading the pain of the blow, but dispersing and diluting the effect as well.”

With that Dimitri delivered two strokes in quick succession, one to each of the girl’s lovely light brown ass cheeks. She let out a yelp with each delivered blow, raising her groin from David’s lap then plunging down on him again, grinding into his cock. Dimitri then repeated the process two more times, swatting the girl’s ass cheeks first left then right, turning them a glowing reddish-brown.

Six strokes in total, David Flashman was impressed – ‘six of the best’ - very English public school. Dimitri Karinov would go far with such style, and even further with such an uncle!

Dimitri backed off to select his next tool, and David Flashman played his part in the test by stroking the saucy young minx’s ass, measuring the heat that he found. Then Dimitri was back, brandishing yet another weapon.

“This is a college paddle, Mr. Flashman. As you can see, it is made from wood rather than leather. It’s smooth and doesn’t flex like the leather paddle. I am assured that the name comes from America - that once detested enemy of our people, who are now adored almost as much as the British.”

David Flashman gave a nod at the compliment and allowed the young man to continue with his lecture which David was finding most educational.

“Apparently this type of paddle was used on the college cheerleaders to discipline them if they couldn’t swing their pompoms properly. Those Americans are not so different from we East Europeans – we used similar techniques to train our female gymnasts. I was heartbroken when the method was abolished.”

Then Dimitri brought the paddle crashing down on the girl’s ass, a single blow covering both buttocks. David felt it himself, she was crushed into his lap and she screamed out in utter agony. David looked down at her ass - bruising was appearing, disguised by her dusky coloured skin, but a thick blue welt was clearly forming.

Dimitri added another stroke in the same place then hit her again on the top of her legs before returning to her ass for a final blow. The girl screamed

throughout her torture and bounced up and down on David's lap in a futile attempt to escape.

"I think that was definitely the more telling instrument of correction," announced David Flashman as he ran his hand over the girl's aching buttocks. They were now scalding hot and a mass of bruises - and the girl was sobbing, no doubt ruining the day she was born.

Next came a traditional cane, which Dimitri gleefully explained had been sent to him from Eton, and had been used on the asses of English nobility. He yielded it with much gusto, any headmaster would have been proud of the strokes. It left the girl with six nasty looking welts.

David Flashman looked at the agonised flesh of the girl who now lay whimpering and exhausted on his lap. A grin spread across his face then he reached out for his Cognac and poured the neat spirit over her flesh. The girl screamed again and clenched her buttocks as the fiery liquid burned at her wounds. She writhed around on top of David's lap, massaging his aching cock with her groin.

"Nice touch!" yelled Yuri, guffawing with laughter. "If the diplomatic service ever tires of you, then come and see me, Mr. Flashman - I would happily give you a job... Dimitri, what else do we have? I think one more for today - we must not let this little project get in the way of important matters of crime prevention. There is another pressing subject I must attend to soon."

"There are still many instruments to test out, sir. What might interest you most?"

"I suggest something unusual for our honoured guest, and most obliging assistant in this worthy trial."

"Perhaps this might be interesting," replied Dimitri, holding up a rather strange looking tool."

"My wife has something like that in the kitchen," declared David Flashman.

"A meat tenderiser! Yes, it is based on the design, only this version is much larger than the one your wife would use," enthused Dimitri. "I had it made to my own specifications. As you can see it has a multitude of small pyramids carved on the surface. This is the first time I have used it. Shall we see how well it works?"

“I am impressed, Dimitri, you really are taking to this project like a true devotee of the State – I am proud of you,” said Yuri, flourishing his cigar and Cognac in celebration of his nephew’s ingenuity. “Please proceed and test out the implement on this wretched girl.”

Dimitri puffed out his muscular bare chest at this wonderful praise from his hero, his mentor, his beloved uncle. Then he drew the paddle back and aimed it straight at the middle of the girl’s buttocks. The hundreds of pyramids bit into her already bruised flesh. The girl bucked on David Flashman’s lap and howled out loud, the agony almost too much to bear.

“Yeah gods! That hurt the bitch,” chortled David Flashman. “Do it again, young man – do it again!”

Dimitri was awash with delight and he brought the designer paddle down again and again, smacking one buttock then the other then crashing down on her glistening crack. He paused to allow his uncle’s guest to look down on the effect - her ass was a mess of tiny pockmarks. Dimitri looked at the face of David Flashman. The man was totally enthralled, his eyes transfixed to the ass on his lap. Dimitri brought the paddle crashing down again and again and the girl screeched in utmost agony.

Dimitri looked over to his uncle who gave him a nod.

Enough!

Yes, perhaps that was enough.

“You must excuse me, my dear friend,” announce Yuri as he stood up and patted David Flashman on the back. “Important matters of state demand my attention. I must leave you now, but please, stay here a while. I am sure your report can wait for a few more minutes... or hours! I know what studs you Englishmen are. Take your pleasure of this bitch in whatever manner you choose. Then return to your embassy and do what you must. Personally I would wait for a few days before concerning the ambassador with any details. Everything may get resolved without the need for fuss. Goodbye, my friend - till we meet again.”

Chapter 6

The two Mordavian policemen came for Vicky a few hours after she had been returned to her cell. It would be fair to say that when they arrived, she was a mixed up bag of emotions!

The day had brought at least one silver lining - Natalie was safe and well. It was such a relief to Vicky when she saw her younger sister and heard her say she was being treated properly. Vicky had feared the worst after her own ordeal – sure that poor Natalie would be traumatised if she had received similar treatment.

But that relief was drowned by the fury that raged over her meeting with David Flashman, who had questioned her integrity and basically accused her of lying, when it was only economy of truth she was guilty of. Vicky thought he was a pathetic little man – an embarrassment to Britain as one of its representatives abroad, and hardly the person you'd want in your corner when facing someone like Yuri Karinov.

Then her fury turned to a sense of impotence as she absorbed the reality of her situation. Her story did sound ridiculous, and whilst she was sure her family and friends would believe her, those people in power, both in Mordavia and the United Kingdom, would find it difficult to accept her word against that of the chief of police. Even Natalie had looked at her incredulously when Vicky had disclosed the details of her oral violation – and quite rightly so – it did sound far-fetched. Although not quite the ordeal she had made it out to be – and there lay the real emotional conundrum.

It was wrong! No line of argument could ever be made to convince Vicky that what they did wasn't a hideous crime. But there could be no denying either that it had been one heck of an experience: to be used and abused by the Karinov men. Vicky couldn't get it out of her head. Fury raged at the injustice that was being done; and impotence mocked at the inevitability of it all. But cutting through this was the unquestionable fact that despite being so wrong, it was an amazing event – fantasy sex made scarily real, and all the more intense as a consequence.

God what a pair those bastards were! Forget the other guy who was no more than a bit player – it was all about the Karinovs, in particular the uncle, Mordavia's chief of police. Vicky tried to blank it out, but alone in her cell, memories ran riot: the authority they yielded and power exuded; the physical splendour of the two big brutes; the ability to pleasure and the climaxes they gave. It all added up to an intoxicating mix – if only the circumstances were different then she might have truly revelled in it all.

But they weren't! She was held in prison, wrongly accused – accused of a crime that carried a death penalty. The Karinov men might be sexual gods, but they had to be seen in context. And where Vicky was concerned – that was mightily disturbing. Her future was looking very bleak.

Fortunately she was not left to contemplate this for very long before two policemen came for her.

The Mordavian officers, gentlemen that they were – two brutes with simian faces and probably brains to match, held Vicky roughly by the arms and dragged her out of the cell. Determined to resist and not act like a slut again, Vicky screamed and kicked but to little effect, as they bundled her along the dank dark corridor past the other pitiful prisoners that were held captive in the cells. Then still impotently fighting, she was ushered down a flight of stone steps that led to the dungeon – a scary place seeped in the history of pain.

Dressed in a fresh uniform, the chief of police was waiting at an old oak door - a smug smile sitting on his mature rugged face. Unable to resist, Vicky took on board again his impressive size. He was a tower of a man, at least six feet four in height and as impressively broad as he was tall. His face was stern and foreboding, chiselled Slavic features, the blackest of black eyes and the cruellest of pink lips – infuriatingly fine in Vicky's opinion. As was the thing he packed in his pants – everything about the man screeched raunchy virility – frightening, yet so enticing – even to a girl who he threatened to legally kill.

Standing beside the chief stood the equally impressive young lieutenant. Rather vainly, he had stripped to the waist for today's encounter - and despite her annoyance, Vicky couldn't help but admire his incredible physique - the broad manly shoulders that supported his bullish neck, the smooth and

incredibly muscular chest, the shapely pecs crowned with large dark nipples that stood out like pointed cones, and the rippling six pack stomach with its dainty little navel. He was glistening with sweat which added to the horny effect, and he had such a handsome face - strong and masculine – the same features as his uncle, though not quite as cruel.

No question about it - they made for a formidable pair, in every respect. Once again the conundrum of Vicky's emotions raged on seeing these men again. Under different circumstances she would have thrown herself at both of them, but being in a dungeon, held as their prisoner on trumped up charges, knowing the abuse they were capable of, gave life a rather different perspective. It was fury rather than lust that poured from her eyes as she gazed at each in turn. Resolve hardened with the reality of her plight, and she vowed that today she would not act the slut, no matter how much pleasure they threw at her body. An interesting stance considering where she was – in a scary dungeon, at the door to a torture chamber, where pleasure historically has been rather one sided, and it wasn't the prisoner who had all the fun.

“Take her in and hang her up!” the chief ordered, intent on making a start, knowing that fun would definitely be his. He had been down here before plenty of times! It was his favourite part of the building.

Vicky was manhandled through the door and into the chamber which was illuminated by flaming torches fixed along the walls. She looked around the room with trepidation, her eyes first absorbing the wealth of equipment on display, scary looking stuff which may well have had a role to play in the Spanish Inquisition from the antique appearance. There were stocks of varying design and a rack which looked perfectly functional, a thick post with hooks that was clearly meant for whipping and an ominous looking large wheel. Of more modern design were a leather padded bondage table and a desk with a couple of chairs.

Looking beyond this Vicky noted that the walls were adorned with a range of instruments interspersed between the torches. Hanging from wrought iron hooks were whips, canes, paddles, floggers, straps, and crops of every description. There were glass fronted cabinets at the bottom of the walls containing even more hideous instruments of pain. One wall was different,

however, for in the centre of that, with a torch to each side, was fixed a vertical X-frame rack which looked very frightening indeed.

Compelled by a morbid curiosity, Vicky glanced up to the ceiling. It was criss-crossed by thick wooden beams from which hung a variety of chains, shackles, hooks, ropes, and pulleys. There was also a metal bar on a chain with handcuffs at each end, and it was to here that Vicky was directed.

One after the other her hands were cuffed then the bar was hoisted using a pulley so that her arms were stretched painfully upwards and the metal cuffs dug into her wrists. Her feet were raised slightly off the ground, only the toe of her shoes made contact with the dungeon floor.

The two policemen leered at her sadistically once they had got her into position, and taking advantage, having been given permission, they gratuitously groped Vicky's tethered body: her bosom was fondled, her nipples severely pinched; hands clutched roughly at the swell of her ass, going under her dress to feel the bare flesh; the same happened at her front, hands groping her cunt, although her sex wasn't entered as that wasn't allowed – Yuri having drawn a clear line for his men that fell short of penetration.

With eyes wide open, Vicky watched as the two policemen finally backed away and the chief came to stand before her. For the first time she saw real anger on his face, which given her state of helpless bondage, didn't bode well in the slightest.

"I understand you made some complaint about your treatment, Miss Fullerton. I think that was very foolish of you."

"You bastard!" hissed Vicky, then she spat in his face – an act of defiance she quickly regretted.

WHACK!

The blow came suddenly. Like a flash Vicky was struck hard across the side of her face by the flat of the chief's hand, her head jolted to the side.

WHACK!

She was still reeling from the first strike when a second hit her equally as hard, a backhanded blow to the other side spinning her head in the opposite

direction. Then a hand grabbed hold of the top of her dress and pulled violently at the material ripping it apart. The chief tore at the light cotton, pulling it from her body, casting the rag aside, leaving Vicky in her bra and panties.

“As I said, you have acted foolishly and will now pay for your actions,” Yuri nonchalantly informed her. “This ‘old man’, as you kindly called me, is going to teach you a lesson and instil some respect... You will also confess to your crime!” he brightly added, almost as an afterthought. “I have the document here on the desk. You do not need to read it, just sign and admit to your wrong doings.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Vicky replied, summoning up all the courage she had left. “What is there to confess? I was given a package and stupidly didn’t open it to see what was inside. I have done nothing wrong.”

Yuri ran his hand over the swell of Vicky’s left breasts then pulled on the cup of her bra so the breast popped out and hung free. He toyed with her nipple, squeezing it to a pleasurable degree, arousing it to hardness.

“The captain of the sailing boat has already admitted he gave you the package when he took you out to sea four days ago,” Yuri stated whilst toying with Vicky’s tit. “You were to deliver it to his contact in London. Unfortunately that man has evaded the British police who are not as efficient as my own hand picked force. Your confession is waiting for your signature. Sign it now and I will be lenient.”

“Never!” yelled Vicky.

The chief smiled at her defiance, savouring the challenge, relishing the approach the young woman was adopting, for it would add to his own sadistic pleasure as he wore her down and crushed her will.

“An unfortunate response!” said Yuri. “This will pain me as much as you, Miss Fullerton. But it is my duty to extract the confession. There are ways to make you sign the document. This room has many devices that have proved their worth in that respect over the years. Why endure the pain?”

“I’m innocent and you know it.”

Yuri shrugged his shoulders at this piece of irrelevance. “That is a matter between you and me only – for the rest of the world, I need the confession.”

“Then you sure as hell aren’t getting it!”

The chief smiled at Vicky, delighted at the spirit she was showing. Then Yuri took out his penknife from his pocket. He flicked it open and held it up to Vicky’s cheek. The blade was slowly dragged along her skin with precision force so that the flesh was grazed but did not cut, over her throat then down her sternum between her heaving breasts. Building the suspense, he held it there, twisting the blade then he jerked it downward and cut through her bra. It split apart and Vicky’s other breast spilled out. Then a few more slices and the bra was off her – it fell to the ground as Vicky whimpered and sucked in some air. It was the first breath she had taken since the knife made contact with her skin.

“You will confess, Miss Fullerton. You will sign the document and admit to your crime. And aside from that, as punishment for your foolish accusations to my dear friend, Mr. Flashman, you will beg me to fuck you... fuck you up the ass. That part I’m sure will be an enormous pleasure for you, for I know you have been anally penetrated before – though I would be surprised if you have ever accommodated a cock such as mine in that dark place. It will be an agony if I enter you brutally... Sign the document then welcome me to your body and I will show mercy by easing myself in... Oh, and I’ll also spare your life when it comes to the sentencing. Trust me – I have the power to dictate what happens in these cases. As I said to you yesterday – I am the Law in Mordavia.”

“You sick bastard,” Vicky hissed in response. “Abuse me if you want, but I will never beg you to do it. And I will not sign that bloody confession!”

“We shall see.”

The chief burned his captive felon with the intensity of his gaze as he said this, enjoying the challenge she was determined to set. Then he leered at Vicky’s naked breasts and grinned as he flicked a finger across a hardened Scottish nipple. Chuckling to himself, please at Vicky’s obvious arousal, the chief turned and melted into the shadows of the torture chamber to return a few moments later with a variety of clamps in his hand and a short multi-lashed whip draped casually over his broad shoulder. His bare-chested lieutenant and the two police thugs stood eagerly behind him leering at their stubborn victim.

“Strip her and shackle her legs,” ordered the chief; then turning to his nephew he handed him the clamps. “Here Dimitri, I shall give you the honour of assisting me. You know what to do with these.”

The two police thugs carried out the chief’s order and pulled off Vicky’s shoes then removed her panties. She struggled throughout, determined to fight with every drop of energy, but her existing bonds and the policemen’s greater strength made it inevitable she ended up naked. When her panties were eventually ripped from her body, the policemen both moaned when they saw her naked shaved pussy, and roughly fingered her, spreading the lips apart so they could gaze at her inner sex. Then they kicked Vicky’s legs apart and shackled them at the ankles to metal rings that were cemented in the floor. The task complete, they reluctantly withdrew into the shadows of the chamber where they would watch the proceedings, hoping to be called back into action again.

Yuri Karinov came and stood at Vicky’s side. He removed the whip from his shoulder and ran the wooden handle along Vicky’s cunt slit.

“Such a lovely little pussy,” he growled into her ear. “I very much enjoyed playing with it yesterday: so moist and receptive – snug and tight around my fingers. It handled the frigging well. But do you think it could handle the entirety of my cock? Your mouth and throat certainly managed to take it, so I reckon there’s a good chance. Something we’ll know for sure before the day is done...”

Yuri paused, allowing it to sink in – this clear and unequivocal statement, that whatever happened, he was going to fuck her. Vicky had known this was the case – of course he was going to fuck her, but verbalising the fact made the reality so stark. Once again the conundrum raged – fury versus the desire for consummation with this man who now plagued her mind and inflamed her body - hating him and wanting him, and having no control whatsoever over what he might or might not do.

Yuri smiled, seeing all this. Like a fortune teller, he could see the future – the only questions lay over the exact path she would take: a thorny one by the looks of things – which was very much to his tastes. As was the next topic he next raised...

“...But what about your ass?” Yuri asked as he curled the handle round between Vicky’s wide spread legs to prod at her exposed anal pucker. “That might be a little trickier without a lot of preparation... Confess now, and I promise to make the fuck pleasurable for you. Beg me to bugger you, and I will do it considerately. Beg me to take you as my enslaved whore as punishment for your crime.”

“Go to hell!” Vicky hissed, now seeing the future as well – he wanted to turn her into his sex slave! There was no chance she would ever agree to that.

Yuri mockingly shook his head, knowing how wrong his prisoner was. “Dear oh dear, such a silly young woman... Dimitri! Our guest needs a little persuasion - go to work on her cunt.”

Yuri brought the whip handle back to the front as he said this and forced the end into Vicky’s sex. He slid it in, her juices easing the path, and fucked her gently for a moment, telling her with his eyes as he stared her in the face that this was the sort of consideration he meant. Due warning was then given when he finished with a hard plunge that had Vicky gasping in frightened shock – the other side of the coin he could flick, and one that was best not provoked. Then he removed the improvised dildo and stood further to Vicky’s side, bringing the handle of his whip up to her nose to smear the prisoner’s nostrils with her own juices before draping it back over his shoulder.

A moment later, Yuri’s bare-chested nephew was kneeling before their victim. Dimitri took his time before setting about his task, savouring the sight of Vicky’s naked pussy, caressing the lips with his fingers and probing her sex that had just been violated by an instrument of torture. Having absorbed the beauty with his eyes again, he reminded his taste buds of the woman’s flavour with a lingering lap at her juicy snatch, trailing his tongue through the drizzling lips, finishing at her clit which he gave a deftly flick. Having shown her his sample of the pleasurable aspects of life in bondage, Dimitri then embarked on the less agreeable side. He selected two small crocodile clamps with nasty jagged teeth and secured them, one on each side of Vicky’s vulva, gripping the folds of her labia. Vicky let out an agonised groan as the clamps pinched her tender puffy flesh – the pain all the worse for having been earlier

aroused. These Karinov men really knew what they were doing – poor Vicky didn't stand a chance!

“Is that painful, Miss Fullerton?” asked Yuri. “Do you wish me to order a halt to the proceedings? A simple act of confession will suffice, and of course a request for me to fuck your lovely ass.”

“Fuck your own ass, bastard! Or get pretty boy here to do it for you.”

“Dear, dear!” mocked Yuri, enjoying himself enormously. “Such unbecoming language... Dimitri, the foul mouthed tramp wishes for you to continue. I believe she has taken a liking to what you are doing.”

Dimitri was delighted at the woman's obstinacy - it would mean he could torture her all the more. He hated it when they caved in too easily. Smiling to himself, Dimitri fastened a chain with a hook at the end to each of the clamps. The extra weight made Vicky groan again as her labia were stretched and pulled downward. Then to each hook, Dimitri added a small weighted ring, pulling on the chains and in turn pulling on the clamps, stretching Vicky's labia further, making her groan with the increasing pain. She struggled for a moment to change her position in a futile attempt to escape the agony, but the movement only made things worse, swaying the chains and pulling on her labia even further.

“Are you trying to stimulate yourself, Miss Fullerton?” asked a mocking chief of police. “Are you taking pleasure from this supposed punishment? That will never do! Dimitri, the slut is enjoying herself! Add more weight!”

Dimitri happily added another weighted ring to each hook, stretching Vicky's labia to an even more agonising degree. She let out a scream then clamped her mouth shut so as not to give these bastards the satisfaction of hearing her pain. Inspired by her cry, Dimitri added another weight and Vicky screamed again despite her determination to remain silent.

“Dimitri, I think another clamp is in order, don't you?” suggested Yuri once the shrieking ended.

Dimitri let out a sadistic laugh. He knew exactly what his uncle intended. Eager to comply, he selected the smallest of his clamps, a spring one with padded jaws; then he parted Vicky's already clamped labia and found her hooded clit. He flicked the little bud with the tip of his finger, coaxing it to

harden for him then gently he attached the padded clamp to the flesh. He could hear from above him the sound of a deep throated groan – a woman's questionable pleasure mingled with her definite pain. The process was then repeated – a chain with a hook and some weighted rings, pulling and stretching Vicky's sensitive clitoris to the point where she was about to pass out.

Yuri Karinov had watched on, enjoying her suffering, and the battle she fought to control her screams. But as Dimitri continued with his work, Yuri could see Vicky's growing distress and the black cloud that was threatening to smother her mind and take her temporarily beyond their torture. That was not something Yuri wished. The girl had more spirit than he had imagined. This would take more than just physical pain to bring her to subjugation.

“Dimitri! Remove the weights. Do so slowly. Let her recover a little.”

The nephew complied, saddened that this part of the torture was over and that the woman had not submitted to their will, but pleased even more that another phase would be required before any fucking took place. Dimitri liked to fuck the girls, he liked to fuck them a lot, but he liked to torture them even more.

But it was his uncle who now took over, a true expert in the art of inflicting pain, and Dimitri made way for him, the nephew always happy to watch and learn. Yuri Karinov allowed Vicky a few minutes to regain a degree of composure and for her body to acclimatise itself to the level of pain inflicted by the three clamps that remained un-weighted on her sex. Then when he was satisfied that his victim was ready to take more, he stood in front of Vicky and started on her tits.

There was no sudden move to inflict more torture - instead the chief went in the opposite direction. He selected her left breast to pleasure with his mouth and the right to caress with his hand. He licked and nipped the left nipple, and rubbed and pinched the right, finding a perfect balance of sensuality that had Vicky silently groaning in delight. Then to add to her pleasure, Yuri fingered her pussy, gently tapping on the clamps to send orgasmic-like shivers through her body.

For Vicky, it was such an infuriatingly delicious sensation to be worked on by a master of technique, after the agony she had endured at his command.

She was helpless to resist him, bound and shackled as she was. She hated the man with a passion, yet that hatred could not suppress the arousal he elicited with his deftly work, which made her hate him all the more, and all the more responsive to his actions.

And there it was - the conundrum again. Plenty of men had pleased her in the past, but never with her in such a submissive role, which somehow seemed to heighten the eroticism. And even more perversely, the pain she had been forced to endure in her cunt, the memory of which still lingered, somehow heighten the pleasure she took from Yuri's despised, but sensuous work. Was this the life he threatened, Vicky had cause to wonder – was this extreme of stimulation one of the aspects he proposed by turning her into his sex slave. Would it be so bad to know such regular bliss, even if the price was slavery and pain?

Yes! Yes! Yes! Of course it was unacceptable – she could never agree to a deal like that. Determined to resist, Vicky tried to block it out, she tried to force the hate she felt and make it override all other things. But the more she fought – the more intense the mix of emotions and sensations became, and just as Yuri had done to her the day before, Vicky was being brought to a climax which she sorely resented, yet loved at the same time. Her mind was too awash with sensations to rationalise what was happening, but this punctuating of pain with pleasure, fanned by the flames of hate and desire, made the pleasure so much more intense. And sick as it was, nothing had ever aroused Vicky so much.

The chief of police knew exactly what he was doing, and understood what Vicky was going through. And it amused him to give such intensity of pleasure, but his reasons were a little more perverse. Pleasure and pain, they complimented each other so well. But not only did the pain make the pleasure more intense – it also worked the other way round. The bitch would suffer all the more when Yuri decided to flick the coin.

A master of control who had tamed countless women, Yuri moved from one breast to another, so that he feasted sensuously on them both with his mouth and caressed them both with his hands, all the while pleasuring her pussy with his other hand. Skilled as he was, it didn't take long before he had Vicky groaning, despite her resolve to resist. Her determination was admirable, but

she was soon wilting under his surprising ability to pleasure a woman gently. Her skin became flushed and her cunt truly gushed, unable to deny its intense gratification. Yuri built her up with his tongue and his touch until Vicky was on the verge of massive climax – all the stronger for having tried to hold it back. He could sense that her whole body was about to explode. One hard bite at a nipple, one hard flick at her clit and the bitch would career over the edge.

It was then that Yuri Karinov backed away, leaving her teetering without pushing her over.

Vicky looked at him, she was gasping, her carnal hunger etched undeniably on her face; then in an instant her expression turned to one of pure fury. The bastard had brought her right to the edge, her cunt was bloated and drizzling despite the agony of its clamps. She hated the bastard, but he drove her wild, and she was desperate to be finished off. And now he was staring at her, smirking with self-satisfied glee – so sure of himself and the arousal he had caused. Vicky's loathing of the chief increased by a magnitude untold, her eyes burned with molten rage for the humiliation he was pouring down on her defenceless manipulated body.

“Shall I fuck you now, Miss Fullerton?” taunted Yuri. “I know your cunt is ready for my cock, but what about your ass, because that's what you must give? Would you like me to put my cock inside it? Let me hear you say the words: ‘Fuck me, fuck my ass! Please fuck me and make me come as you bugger my filthy bum.’”

“I'll see you in hell first!” Vicky snapped – hating him and wanting him but refusing to surrender.

Yuri let out a laugh. By God, she was incredible. And by God she was going to suffer.

Yuri snapped his fingers and a moment later Dimitri was beside him, a selection of more clamps in his hands. The chief chose two and approached Vicky again and snapped the crocodile clips onto her rock hard nipples. Ominously, wires trailed from each one. The chief then attached some wires to the chains dangling from Vicky's pussy.

Yuri wondered if this would be enough. The agony would be intense, her surrender inevitable, yet somehow he wasn't satisfied. He went off into the darkness then returned a moment later with a metal dildo which had a wire clipped to it at the end. This device he inserted into Vicky's pussy, forcing it all the way in her, using her copious cunt juice for lubrication, until it pressed against her cervix. He had considered shoving one up her ass as well, but decided he wanted to keep that pure and tight until she begged him to violate her with his cock. Yuri finally attached the wires to a small generator. Vicky's next round of torture was about to begin.

"So, Miss Fullerton, I have toyed with you enough. I will have your confession then I will have your ass. Both will be given to me, though considering your current state of decoration, it would be safer for me to take one at a time. Let's have the confession first."

Yuri flicked on the switch and set the various dials on the generator to the lowest setting. A mild crackling sound was heard in the chamber then Vicky let out a pant of panic. It was the shock of the shock rather than the intensity of the current that made her huff and puff. Her nipples and her pussy lips, her clit and her vagina all tingled as the electricity flowed through them and then it was suddenly cut off.

"That was level one, Miss Fullerton. There are five more levels to go. It would amuse my men if I were to take you through them, but is it really necessary? I have the document here – agree to sign it then we can move on to some fucking. You know deep down you want my cock inside you. Why deny yourself the pleasure?"

"No! No! AHHHHHHH!" screamed Vicky as the switch was flicked on again and one of the dials turned to level two.

The pain was only on her nipples, spreading to her breasts - an intense fiery tingling on her sensitive buds. Vicky jerked around in her bondage. It felt like she was being stabbed with needles. She squirmed and writhed, struggled to get free.

"Stop! Please, stop!" she yelled.

Yuri flicked the switch off and watched as Vicky hung limp from her cuffs, her body glistening with sweat as it tried to douse the fire of her torture.

“Are you ready to sign the confession?”

“Please, don’t do this,” she pleaded.

“Level three then,” announce Yuri. “Or should I stay at level two and apply the current to your cunt? The lips perhaps - or maybe the clit! No! Internally I think! Let’s electrify that dildo! Are you ready for the blast?”

“STOP!!! STOP!!! STOP!!!” screamed Vicky, the threat being more than enough. “I’ll sign your confession. PLEEEEEEASE!!!”

“Are you certain, Miss Fullerton? I do not wish to have to attach you to this apparatus again. You are certain you will sign?”

“Yes,” whimpered Vicky.

Yuri switched off the generator. Only then did Vicky break down and cry hysterically. She cried the tears of a defeated woman. Yuri Karinov watched her as she sobbed.

‘Defeated, but not yet broken,’ thought Yuri as he toyed with the whip that still lay draped over his shoulder. ‘This leather will still be needed before she welcomes me to her body and accepts her enslavement. But welcome me she will. I will make her my whore before this day is through... and then tomorrow I will make a whore of her virginal sister!’

Chapter 7

Vicky had thought her torment was over when she was released from her bondage and painful clamps, and was brought to the desk where a typed document lay. She signed without reading, knowing there was little point in refusing. There was no way she could endure more of the electrical torture. People would realise she had signed it under duress; surely the document was meaningless. At least that was the hope that she clung to as she signed the confession then sank to her knees in total exhaustion at the feet of her tormentor.

Yuri inspected the signature and compared it against her passport. The hand was a little shaky, but it was clearly the same. Even a British court would accept this as a legitimate signed confession should he ever find the need to produce it. A Mordavian court would accept what Yuri told them to - this document was not required for them. It was needed to silence public opinion outside his jurisdiction if Vicky Fullerton's arrest was ever to be made known. And much more importantly, it was needed to assist in his cunning plan which would lead to the conquest of the other Miss Fullerton.

Satisfied, Yuri locked the confession in the drawer of the desk then returned his attention to Vicky. He gathered a clump of her sweat drenched blonde hair and pulled her head backwards to face him.

"So, Miss Fullerton, you eventually saw sense. All the suffering you chose to endure, however, and it was so unnecessary. I trust we can now agree to proceed with the other part of this session without the need for further coercion."

"What? What are you talking about?" asked Vicky.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Miss Fullerton. I thought I had made that clear. I'm going to fuck your sweet British ass, and I want to hear you beg me to do it. No resistance – I want you to welcome me to your body like a proper slave should."

"Oh God, no! You can't be serious," Vicky replied, her voice croaking with despair at this repeated statement of the chief's intent to enslave her.

“Oh I’m very serious, Miss Fullerton. Now that you have confessed, your life is mine to do as I chose with. And the good news is - I have decided to spare you the horror of hanging and make you my slave whore instead. It will be a relatively short sentence, in the pleasant surroundings of my country estate - much shorter than you would spend in our nightmarish prison if a judge was to get involved and allowed to spare your life. Five years would seem fair if you were to serve me well - after that you would be released, assuming you wanted to go. You might be surprised to know that not every woman does.”

“No! I would rather die,” growled Vicky, finding another level of courage.

“That may well be the case if you go to trial... or for that matter if you go to prison.”

“I’ll take my chances.”

“Such a silly young woman... Tie her up again!

Five minutes later, Vicky was back suspended from the bar, her arms agonisingly stretched above her, and her legs spread apart and shackled at the ankles.

Yuri Karinov had watched from a few yards away as she was bound again, his whip still adorning his shoulder. “Chew on her tits!” he commanded the two policemen once Vicky was in place; then Yuri drifted away into the shadows.

The policemen pounced on her like a pair of hungry lions and devoured a nipple each, sucking and chewing the already tortured organs to agonising effect. For a moment Vicky forgot about the chief as she struggled to cope with the savagery of these men, then suddenly the chief was again foremost in her mind.

The first blow of the whip came as a surprise, even though Vicky had been forewarned by the sighting of it draped over the chief’s shoulder. The lash felt like a sharp slap across the top of her back and her skin tingled violently under the impact. She jerked her head back and pushed out her chest as if encouraging the two policemen to chew her tits all the harder. Then the lash struck again across her shoulder blades, this time a little harsher, but not

agonisingly so – the chief was toying with her, warming them both up before the real flaying would begin.

“Go softly, you blaggards - for a few moments at least. Tease her tits with your tongues as I tease her back with my whip.”

For a moment Vicky’s torment was again turned into erotic pleasure as the policemen soothed her ravaged nipples with the gentlest of licks. Then the whip struck her lower back, the chief yielded it with such perfect force, the perfect balance of pleasure and pain - and despite herself and her exhausted state, Vicky let out a moan that was weighted more in pleasure’s favour. Her body could not help but respond to the cunning manipulation of the chief.

Two more lashes struck her, firm but not overly severe as the policemen suckled tenderly on her aching tits and stroked her tender cunt lips. But this pleasure was not to last. The chief did not toy too long before he started to strike out with more vicious blows - the whip swooshing through the air to land on every part of Vicky’s back.

The blows rained down on her time and time again until Vicky was hanging limply from the bar, her head exploding with the pain she had to endure at the hands of the sadistic chief and his skilfully administered whip. All the while the policemen returned to chewing aggressively at her nipples. Then at last the torment halted.

“Enough!” shouted Yuri. “Dimitri, get between her legs and attend to her cunt!”

It seemed like her torment might be over as the chief laid the whip over Vicky’s shoulder and caressed her full round Scottish ass cheeks with a strong Mordavian hand. Then the chief withdrew for a moment. Vicky could hear fumbling to the side but she paid little attention as the sexy bare-chested lieutenant knelt before her and lapped at her tortured pussy, sucking and licking her deliriously well.

Vicky’s mind was in a blur from the concoction of stimulation that her body had been put through and the mental torture she had known. So it was through a haze she experienced this next phase of her torment – a torment to her pride and dignity, for it was such bliss to her agonised sex. Dimitri started with a teasing journey, his tongue meandering between the inner lips from the

bottom of her cunt where it met her legs, all the way to her hooded clit, pausing to circle around the highly sensitive little bud, forcing it to harden against Vicky's will, before reversing his course to travel back to his starting point. He repeated the process several times, infuriating Vicky intensely with his teasing skill that was causing her to moan again. Then Dimitri forced his way deep inside her vagina to lap up her juices which were annoyingly flowing. Despite her bleary indignation at this ongoing violation, Vicky could not help but feel dreamily aroused.

Sure of his technique and the pleasure he was giving, Dimitri began to fuck her with his tongue, sliding the curled flesh in and out of her cunt at a measured, deliberate pace then speeding up to a fast frantic ravishing of her sex.

In her almost trace like state, nothing was clear - it was agony and it was ecstasy, he was a bastard and he was a god. He was an abuser and Vicky hated him, but he was a master cunnilinguist and he was going to make Vicky come as he had done the day before. The intensity of the pleasure compared to what had happened when Vicky's sex was clamped and electrocuted, was mind-blowing for the girl. For a few moments all her troubles were forgotten as she surrendered herself to the best cunt lick of her life; then in a blinding flash her troubles were back as pain seared across her buttocks.

WHACK!

Vicky screamed out in utter agony and her foggy mind was dragged from its morphic abyss. The blow to her ass was more severe than any she had experienced on her back. Dazed and confused, yet again on the edge of a massive orgasm, Vicky turned her head and looked to the side where the chief now stood with an instrument in each hand. In his right he held the belt which he had removed from his trousers – it was long and thick, and as Vicky had just found out, agonising when delivered – its strokes would bring tears to the eyes. And in his left hand the chief held something else he had removed from his trousers – and it also was long and thick, his monster of a prick, which surely would also be an agony if delivered to her ass.

Vicky let out a cry of utter despair. That massive cock would be going up her ass, and brutally so if she fought the invasion. Then Vicky let out another cry of utmost pleasure and unimaginable self loathing as Dimitri resumed his

tongue fucking of her cunt. What bastards the pair of them were to torment her body with such extremes! For a second she was tempted to surrender and let the chief bugger her, to end her futile resistance and become subject to his will – have him fuck her up the ass whilst her cunt got gloriously tongued.

But the chief of police was her nemesis – an abuser of power - and she was a decent girl who was innocent of any crime – she could not allow herself to be willingly buggered by such a despicable man whose cock could surely bring only pain in its wake - unlike the delicious tongue of his nephew that was setting her pussy on fire.

A thought occurred – a little demon in her head softly whispering. *‘Perhaps that tongue would temper the pain of the cock? And you know deep down that you want it in you. There’s no way on God’s earth he’s not going to fuck you, so why not just surrender!’*

No! No! No!

It wasn’t just buggery – it was slavery she was facing. She would resist the Mordavian tyrant and that sexy lieutenant with his wonderful tongue.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

That brought her back down to earth as the belt struck repeatedly at her twitching buttocks.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The battering continued until Vicky’s ass cheeks were thoroughly flogged. Blow after blow rained down on them from the chief. She was flogged and she was tongue fucked as she gazed upon the chief and his whopper of a Mordavian cock - gazed at the ultimate torment that would never be denied.

“Enough!” yelled Yuri Karinov. “Now, Dimitri, it is your turn to flog her. Beat her on the thighs whilst I amuse myself behind her.”

Vicky shivered with dread, and her pussy mourned the loss of that fabulous tongue. God, she was desperate to come, despite all the agony she had endured! These bastards had taken her to the very pits of hell, but they had also shown her a masochistic heaven as well – one that she never realised existed. Would surrender to anal violation be another level of hell, or would

heaven accompany the pain? Would it be so awful to accept her fate and willingly become a Karinov sex slave?

But, no - she would not go there! She would fight and struggle defiantly, to ward off the anal invasion with every ounce of strength she had left. She would fight her own body if it wanted to capitulate and get gloriously fucked by these two horny bastards. She would fight the temptation that was growing ever stronger, to embrace enslavement and get screwed by the Karinovs on a regular basis!

Yuri smirked behind her, knowing fine well the mental battle she was fighting, and knowing fine well what the outcome would be. He handed his belt to his nephew who immediately took up his task and landed a stroke on Vicky's bare left leg. She jerked, her body recoiling from this new torment only to find that she was backing into a phallus that was pointed at her asshole.

The chief raised his hand to halt the belting then whispered in Vicky's ear.

"You want it, don't you, my British whore? You want this Mordavian cock up you ass? You're desperate for me to bugger you – admit to me that you are."

Vicky valiantly remained silent.

The chief signalled for one more lash with the belt and it cracked on Vicky's other thigh. She instinctively recoiled again, banging her ass into the chief's cock - the big glans, which Yuri had moistened with spit, parting Vicky's buttocks and prodding at her tightly clenched hole.

"There, I knew you wanted it. Let me hear you beg. Beg me to fuck you, you Scottish hussy. Come on, show me how much you want my cock inside you – back onto it and ride it like a slut. Become my whore and save your life."

Vicky fumed with rage. She fumed over the abuse and her treatment of the previous day, over the physical and mental torture she had known at the hands of this sadistic bastard and the injustice of the situation. She fumed at the arrogance of the chief, so sure of himself and his fabulous big cock. She fumed because despite all that had happened to her, her will to fight this man was failing. She fumed because she was a decent girl, and decent girls could

never agree to such a deal – no matter how wonderful the sex might be if she were to become a Karinov slave.

“Go to hell!” Vicky defiantly yelled.

The chief grinned his evil grin and waited patiently on surrender. He was sure Vicky would become another of his foreign whore slaves. A nod was given to his nephew – let the belting recommence.

There followed a series of blows to Vicky’s legs, causing her body to become wracked with pain again. She flinched repeatedly backwards into the chief and the cock that prodded her asshole, the thick head nudging at the tight little knotted ring of muscle, asking repeatedly to be let in, but restraining from entering her until Vicky was willing.

The belt struck again and again, moving agonisingly upwards, the lieutenant slicing it along the tender skin of Vicky’s inner thigh, the thick thuds landing ever closer to her pussy. She could feel the air rushing by from the belt. It felt as if she was hit with a bolt of lightning, shooting pain around the spot that it struck, the skin heated from the lash. She couldn’t stop her body from moving back and pressing herself against the chief’s cock head. But she was determined not to submit to the chief’s will, so she kept her asshole tightly clenched, refusing to relax and expand the ring and allow the chief to slip her a length of that delicious, but surely harmful, big Mordavian cock.

Time after time the cock prodded her ring, and time after time Vicky pulled away, but the belt swung again and again, catching one thigh then the other with its painful lash, her body wracked by the intensity of the blows. She resisted opening up to him, but Vicky couldn’t stop the contractions of her buttocks as the belt scoured the tender flesh of her inner thighs. It was like her ass was clenching on an apple and massaging it between her cheeks.

“Yes, my British whore, that feels so good. And I know you are enjoying it too. Your ass is on fire for me and now it is time to open up and welcome me to your body. Let me hear you say the words... ‘Please, sir! Please, my Mordavian master! Fuck your little British slut, fuck my ass with your beautiful cock and claim me as your property.’”

“No, I can’t. I won’t,” hissed Vicky, though her agonised thigh flesh was begging her to concede and allow her asshole to be ravaged - let it suffer for a

change.

A signal from the chief and there was another blow, this time the belt missed Vicky's pussy by a few millimetres.

"The next one will be even higher unless you beg to be fucked now. Your cunt will relive its earlier agony – it may end up a mutilated mess. After that I'll have little use for you, but I'll still fuck you both ends before I hand you over to the executioner. There would be no joy in it for you... not like you know there could be if you only surrender to me now."

Vicky knew it was not an empty threat. Her pussy would be thrashed under the impact of the belt, and she would then get mercilessly fucked without a morsel of pleasure; then sentenced to hang – what a waste of her life that would be. Her mind flashed back to the earlier torture when her pussy was set on fire with the horror of electricity. She could not endure more similar agony. And the alternative was so enticing – to accept the chief: accept his cock, even though it would hurt – for with that pain she knew there could be so much pleasure; accept him as her master, become his whore slave – for in that there also could be so much pleasure – years of the most amazing fornication with two of the sexiest men alive.

A few hours before, Vicky would have laughed at such a suggestion. But her spirit was broken, the chief had won his victory, and Vicky felt oddly relieved. So accepting her fate, resigned that she had no option and that honour was arguably spared, she shoved back, relaxing her anal sphincter, and attempted to impale herself on the chief's massive phallus.

"Ha! Oh no," the chief laughed. "Not so easy. I need to hear you say it as well, my British whore."

"Please," Vicky whispered, tears croaking her voice.

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me," she sobbed out.

"Not good enough," teased the chief, revelling in the surrender. "You know what to say. I will give you one last chance."

"Please, sir... Please, my Mordavian master... Please fuck your little British whore slave up the ass... I want... I want your cock in me so much! Please

fuck me now, pleeeeeease!”

“Fuck yourself on it. Take my cock up your ass and show me how much you want it in you. Ride my cock for your life, British whore.”

Vicky was feeling devastated now - saying the words that she uttered between sobs had been the ultimate humiliation. She had braced herself for the agony of penetration, limply surrendering her body - yet it was not enough – he wanted more. He didn’t simply want to take her – he could have done that at any time – he didn’t simply want to hear her beg – he wanted her to actively accept and impale herself on his shaft – the ultimate surrender and acceptance of her role.

“I’m waiting!” hissed Yuri Karinov. “...As is Dimitri! He is waiting anxiously to strike with the belt, hoping you give him the chance. Who are you going to satisfy, whore – the master, or his nephew? Decide now!”

“You master,” Vicky whispered, her acceptance now total. Then she bit her lip and with stupendous willpower, forced herself to press back. She captured the big glans again between her cheeks, working it inside her wide spread crack and manoeuvring it to her hole.

Rejoicing in his victory, the chief groaned behind her as he experienced the contractions of Vicky’s asshole, her buttocks crushing the head of his cock, like hundreds of fingers caressing his knob. Vicky kept shoving back now, feeling her asshole straining to open and take the big cock, the chief waiting patiently for her to accommodate his massive dick.

Bracing herself, Vicky pushed back again. She could feel the big glans slip into her asshole, her anal ring slowly stretching wider. She moved her hips, almost pleading with her actions for him to stick his cock into her guts. He obliged her with a little pressure, and Vicky felt the gradual insertion of the chief’s manhood reaching deeper, her sphincter forced agonisingly aside by the brute strength of his penis, the head of his cock reaching higher into her rectum. Slowly it slid in, the tapered glans forcing its way through and spreading the ring impossibly wide. Vicky gasped, the pain of the stretch searing through her – she knew it was coming but she was still amazed at the extension forced on her muscle. Her agony was intense, yet still she continued to press behind her in acceptance of her fate.

Then when she thought she could take no more, Vicky felt a sudden rush in her asshole, a blissful easing of pressure, the slippery head of the chief's big phallus popping through the battered ring, filling her chute with the massive glans. Her sphincter muscle stretched tightly around the top of the shaft, capturing the mushroom head. It felt like a lump inside her, distending her so painfully. Vicky yelped then her rectum gripped the cock.

"Ah, is my little British slut not happy now?" mocked Yuri, revelling in her surrender. "Are you happy that you have your Mordavian master's cock inside you again? Does it not feel good? Tell me how it feels to have so thick a cock stretching your guts!"

Vicky could only whimper in answer. She received a hard slap across her ear which made her clench all the harder on the big Mordavian dick.

"Show me proper deference, British slut, and answer me when I question you, or I may yet give the order to have your cunt thrashed by the belt. Now what have you to say to me, my little cum-bucket whore slave?"

"Thank you, master," gushed Vicky. "Thank you for allowing me to take your cock inside my bottom."

"This is nothing," laughed the chief. "A fraction of what I have! Now take me. Take all of your Mordavian master's cock into your filthy British ass!"

Vicky tried to force herself, but her body would not respond and willingly take on board more pain.

"She defies me!" yelled out Yuri. "Whip her cunt. That will teach her a lesson!"

Dimitri took the whip that was still draped over Vicky's shoulder and proceeded to flog her pussy with carefully measured strokes. Vicky screamed out in tormented agony with the first blow, and instinctively jerked backwards, impaling herself fully on the chief's massive member - his cock plunging into her rectum. She yelped again, her guts went into spasm, clamping around the enormous shaft and the huge bulbous glans at the end which felt like it was in Vicky's stomach, so deep was the penetration. Dimitri struck her pussy again, and her body instinctively recoiled, pressing hard into the chief's groin and writhing against him. Again and again Dimitri yielded the whip making Vicky dance in her bondage and sodomy.

The chief gasped as Vicky's rectum convulsed throughout her beating, squeezing on his massive cock like a soft padded fist. He had to contain himself and not come straight away - the physical pleasure of Vicky's ass was incredibly intense, as was his delight at this ultimate display of power, of his dominance over his new foreign slave.

Then the chief gave in to his own animal needs. He would spend hours afterwards fucking Vicky, pleasuring his cock with lingering strokes – testing out her ass in every possible position and fucking her tortured cunt. But right now the beast in him needed satisfaction as it laid claim to its new possession.

Signalling Dimitri to stop the flogging, the chief held Vicky by her hips and pulled his cock all the way out. It left Vicky's body with a resonating plop. Then he positioned the big glans back at the entrance of Vicky's ass and tested the sphincter out for resistance. The muscle had been stretched but it was still pleasantly tight and felt wonderful to the sensitive head as it pumped in and out of the hole, fucking the woman with nothing else. The chief revelled in this for a minute or two, but he had little will to hold back. The whole session had built up such a powerful need and the chief had to let everything rip.

So with another mighty thrust he slammed back into her again. His cock was like a fist punching its way up. He reached round with both arms and claimed his prize and bit like a lion into the neck of his prey.

Holding Vicky thus, the chief set off on his fuck. He withdrew his cock again and slammed it back in, marvelling at the feel of the girl's delicious chute and the feel of her lovely ripe body. The chief bucked at Vicky repeatedly, driving his cock in and out of her ass, slapping hard into the woman's battered buttocks, as he ploughed rampantly into her guts. And as he fucked Vicky relentlessly with his massive cock, the chief ravaged her suspended upper body with his powerful hands, tearing at her breasts and squeezing on her nipples, rubbing his palms over the plane of her stomach and down to her bloated, drizzling cunt.

Flesh slapped against tender bruised flesh, and hands ravished tender damaged skin as the chief plundered Vicky's battered chute, rutting her like some primal beast. He thrust his cock into her with unrelenting ferocity, his

actions becoming wilder and losing all rhythm. The chief was grunting as he plundered Vicky's ass, humping her manically getting lost in her flesh - deeper and deeper, faster and faster, louder and louder as he drove the fuck home.

Then hollering out loud like the king of beasts he was, the chief felt the blissful tightening of his huge swinging balls. He yelled again, splitting the air with his screech then he made his final plunge into the depths of Vicky's bowels and shot out a bucket load of cum. He halted for a second as that first wave of orgasm flooded his body, and that first wave of spunk flooded Vicky's guts; then with another triumphant yell, the chief was off again, jerking and pumping as spunk coursed through his massive cock and fired its way out in powerful spurts deep inside Vicky's rectum.

The chief carried on fucking her long after he was spent. Holding her tight and savouring the ass as his still hard cock luxuriated in the flesh and the glow of receding climax. Then after an eternity of this sensual bliss, the chief slowly withdrew.

Vicky let out a deep a groan as the chief emptied her of cock, leaving only his copious release behind to dribble out her gaping asshole. Her guts were pulsating from the shafting she had received – painful at first – a pain that lessened but never quite left – but that only added to the glory of the pleasure that came once she totally surrendered to the massive dick. Vicky had never known suck an amazing ass fuck – the chief had been an animal, a beast satisfying its passion, and showing little in the way of consideration. But none had been needed. Vicky had fought the good fight, she had valiantly resisted, but when the surrender came it was so wonderfully given. The chief had called her a slave and Vicky knew it was true. She was a slave to that cock and hungered for it again.

But Vicky's sexual bliss was far from over. As the chief leisurely stroked his still hard dick, he yelled out to his nephew who had watched this with a massive grin on his handsome face.

“Now you fuck her, Dimitri! Fuck my whore's ass and add your spunk to mine.”

Within seconds of knowing the agony of being deprived the chief's dick, Vicky's chute was filled again with another fine portion of hard Karinov

meat. Dimitri rammed his cock all the way in her, sliding it along the well stretched track. He grabbed hold of Vicky's ass cheeks and clawed them viscously as he thrust all the way into her. Her ass now accustomed having been screwed by the uncle – with this penetration Vicky knew only pure pleasure. She groaned as blissful waves pulsed through her body.

A moment later Vicky knew further joy as the chief came before her and grinned at her sex flushed face. He fingered her aching cunt, drowning the woman in further extremes. Then holding his cock at the base he rode her slit with his glans before plunging it in, impaling her fully. Stuffed front and back by more cock than she ever imagined she could handle, Vicky screeched and her body spasmed. The blissful waves turned into tsunami type breakers and washed her away with the most massive orgasm any girl had a right to hope for. It ran and ran as the Karinovs started to fuck her – one up the ass, the other up her cunt – the cocks sliding inside her and against each other with only thin membrane between them – utterly fulfilling, scandalously filthy – the uncle and nephew working in tandem. If this was her new life then she was one lucky, lucky, bitch!

“As you can see, Miss Fullerton – I have a voracious appetite when it comes to sex,” the chief growled after a few minutes – his rock solid cock testament to that fact as it rutted away at her pussy. “You will be part of a harem for the next few years, but you will never feel deprived having to share me with other women. I am cursed with an affliction beyond my size – I need to empty my balls several times a day, and like to make an event out of each occasion. And with Dimitri as well having the same sort of hunger – the harem gets regularly serviced. This body of yours will know such joy – extremes of pleasure you never thought possible... but only if you behave and obey me to the letter.”

“I will, master,” moaned Vicky, as another orgasm flooded her body – the promise of his words and the feel of those cocks toppling her over again. She didn't care anymore if this was hideously wrong – it felt so bloody good right that moment. Her body was in agony, but it was in delirium as well. The feel of both men's broad manly chests pressed into her skin - and the arms that bound her in a delicious embrace. And those cocks, those cocks, those beautiful big cocks! Two incredible towers of penile wonder fucking her cunt

and her ass – and they would do so again and again and again. Of the Karinov virility, she had no doubts.

Did her climax ever end? Vicky couldn't be sure. But it was such a continuous sexual high she experienced after those incredible lows. She screeched as they fucked her – she screeched with whorish joy. These bastards could yield such evil harm, but what bliss they could give as well! She screamed and screamed as they fucked and fucked. Then the torture chamber was a chorus of primal yells as her ongoing climax reached another level when both men came inside her at the same time. Karinov spunk flooded her ass to mix with the Karinov sperm already there. And Karinov spunk flooded her cunt as Yuri unleashed his second load inside her.

The three writhed in a heap of orgasmic flesh – climatic union, so raw and intense. Vicky quivered and groaned and the men pumped and moaned – drawing out the bliss, riding its wave. Then slowly calmness came. Still impaled by flesh and squashed by more, Vicky head slumped down onto Yuri's shoulder.

“Thank you, master,” she whispered.

They were the honest words of a grateful slave who had totally surrendered her body and soul, and now knew the meaning of submissive joy.

Chapter 8

Natalie Fullerton sat gazing at the sheets of paper she held in her shaking hand - tears flowed freely down her cheeks. She had read the document twice, stared at the signature and knew it to be Vicky's - yet still she could not credit that this thing was real.

"What does this mean?" she asked in a quivering voice.

"It means that your sister is in a lot of trouble, but you are now free to go. She has accepted full responsibility. I believe that it was her fear for your well being that prompted her to make the confession."

Natalie looked at David Flashman who sat across from her at the interview room table. She heard his words but still they made no sense.

"She must have been forced into signing this. I can't believe that Vicky would do such a thing."

"I spoke to her myself this morning. She has withdrawn her wild accusations of yesterday and now seems fully repentant for her stupidity. Thankfully I held back from notifying the ambassador of her ridiculous claims. It could have caused a lot of ill feelings between our two countries if such nonsense was to surface in the gutter press."

"And what will happen to her?"

"There will probably be a trial. Almost certainly I would say. Sadly, I had no option but to confront Chief Karinov about her claims of ill treatment and... And those other foul inventions she described to me. He was far from happy, as you can imagine. I believe he will press for the maximum penalty."

"Death by hanging!" yelled Natalie. "No! He can't do that... not if Vicky has confessed. I remember the nice young lieutenant saying to me that a confession would almost certainly save Vicky's life."

"No doubt it would have, and it still will count in her favour, but Chief Karinov's honour has been offended - and offending a man's honour is not something that is taken lightly in this part of the world. It was my fault really - I should have held back and waited before confronting the chief, but your

sister was so insistent that her story be made public – I had to challenge him to gauge his reaction.”

“No, please do not blame yourself,” replied Natalie, her spirits sinking with the horror of the situation, then suddenly a ray of light was seen and seized upon. “You said that the case *may* go to trial. Is there a possibility that it *may* not?”

“A very slim one, especially now,” said David Flashman, twisting awkwardly in his chair. “But yes, the law here can be circumvented. One man has the power to decide on clemency were a confession has been made and the criminal is truly repentant. The crime has not yet been made public, so no example needs to be made. Of course I will have to notify the ambassador very soon, and your parents will have to be informed – then it will be too late - a trial will be inevitable and I fear an example *will* be made.”

“But one man could stop it – one man could save Vicky’s life,” Natalie gushed. “Who - the President?”

David Flashman let out a guffaw of laughter at the ludicrousness of the idea. “Good heavens! No, my dear girl - this is not the United States of America. This is Mordavia, where real power is held by men, not by titles – the gift of clemency lies with the chief of police – the very man whose honour your sister has offended. Now if you will excuse me, I need to go and make some arrangements for your return to Britain - and I suppose I had best speak to the ambassador. Your parents have already been in contact with the embassy asking what is happening – he needs to be briefed.”

“Please, Mr. Flashman, could you hold off for a few hours? Perhaps something can still be done to win clemency. Do you think the chief of police would agree to see me?”

David Flashman looked at the girl - she was so naive and innocent. For a second he fought with a conscience that had long ago lost the war then batted it back down into the depths of his corruption. “I very much doubt it. Unless...”

“Unless what?” pleaded Natalie.

“You could appeal to his nephew – the nice young lieutenant you referred to. He may be able to intercede on your behalf. It would be worth a try.”

“Yes, could I see him?” asked Natalie, her excitement rising.

“I do believe I saw him earlier - he may still be around. I will ask for you. But are you sure you would not prefer to come to the embassy with me now? These are hardly very pleasant surroundings for a young woman such as yourself.”

“No, thank you, Mr. Flashman. If it is not too much trouble, I will stay here until the lieutenant can spare the time to see me.

Natalie waited in the interview room for almost an hour, her mind spinning with the enormity of what had happened. Vicky had confessed – she had been approached by the captain of the sailing boat and was to be paid £10,000 for carrying the drugs into Britain – enough to pay off her student debts - it was too tempting to resist. And now she faced the death penalty for a stupid impulsive act, and only one man could save her – the chief of police.

What would it take to persuade such a man to show clemency to Vicky, she wondered? He had power and he had wealth and he had honour which had been offended - and all Natalie had were her tears and arguments he would probably not listen to. Then as despair washed over her, despair so great that even the prospect of seeing the handsome lieutenant again could not fight off, she remembered how the chief had reacted when he had inspected her sex. He had touched her with such tenderness, almost with respect. She blanched at the memory, the horror of the moment, but she forced herself to be strong – Vicky’s life was at stake – she had to be strong.

Yes, Natalie realised she had something she could offer the chief, something she knew that he valued. Vicky had made her confession to protect her sister, and if need be Natalie would pay her back - if only she could get to the chief.

Towards the end of that hour of soul searching and imaginings concerning the Mordavia’s chief of police, Dimitri Karinov entered the interview room. He was looking very splendid in his full ceremonial uniform, which he was wearing for no other reason than to impress a young woman, who was feeling vulnerable, and in need of knight in shining armour – this modern day equivalent came pretty close – at least on the surface he did.

Natalie was awestruck when she saw Dimitri – her handsome lieutenant whose reputation was now supposedly redeemed, and who looked all the more dashing as a result. Natalie stood up to greet him and put out her hand. It seemed so natural that the lieutenant took it and pulled Natalie forward to give her a hug. The world seemed a better place in the arms of the lieutenant, and Natalie didn't even flinch when Dimitri's hand drifted down and rested on her ass.

Then showing proper respect and amazing restraint, Dimitri broke the embrace. He sat down at the table and set about his task. Of course he played the part to perfection. The man was charming and sympathetic, he flirted outrageously. He listened to Natalie's concerns for her sister, and shook his head despairingly when they considered her plight.

"Has anything been made public as yet?" Natalie asked, dreading what the answer might be.

"Not yet - my uncle is a very busy man," replied Dimitri, his face a mask of feigned concern. "The case troubles him - he fears a negative reaction from the international community. But our laws on drug trafficking are very clear. He has decided to wait until tomorrow before announcing the arrest and the confession to the press."

"Then there is a chance!" exclaimed Natalie.

"A chance? A chance for what?" replied Dimitri, having to bite his lip to stop him from laughing – the girl was putty in his hands.

"That he may keep this quiet and show clemency. He has that power, does he not?"

"Well, yes. I suppose he does. In very rare situations in the past, my uncle has acted on his own without referring the case to the courts. Not something that some people approve of: allowing one man to have such power. But my uncle uses it for the good."

"And he could use it here," gushed Natalie, laying her hand on Dimitri's hand which rested on the table, clutching it in encouragement.

Dimitri covered her hand with another and patted it in sympathy as he pretended to consider his answer. "I think that unlikely. Your sister has not helped her cause at all. Uncle Yuri was most hurt by her tales of abuse."

“Perhaps I could plead her case. Do you think he might see me - see me today before he makes the press announcement?”

Dimitri appeared to give this more careful consideration. He looked at Natalie, concealing his glee that she was falling so easily into the trap. He shook his head, he feigned despair. He hammed it up like a bad Shakespearean actor, and Natalie swallowed it hook, line and sinker. Then at last he made a suggestion.

“It would be impossible for him to see you today. He has already left for the north of the country where a shooting has taken place. A man has been seriously injured and my uncle is deeply concerned that firearms are once again appearing in our towns. But he will be returning later... perhaps... but no, it would not be proper.”

Natalie’s grip on Dimitri’s hand tightened in desperation - she looked imploringly into his handsome face. “No, please! If there is a chance I could speak to him, then I would gladly take it.”

Dimitri absorbed her pleading sapphire eyes, revelling in their liquid beauty then he sprang the trap firmly closed. “Perhaps an audience could be arranged for tonight. He will be staying at his quarters here in the prison. I think he is dining with some German dignitary, but it is possible he may agree to see you afterwards. Would you be prepared to meet him at such a late hour?”

“Would you be there?” asked Natalie, a little afraid of the idea of being alone with the chief, although it fitted perfectly with her own ultimate plan if she was forced to execute it.

“I’m afraid not. I am to attend a function tonight, so you would have to meet him alone - unless someone from the British embassy was prepared to attend with you.”

“No! That would not be necessary!” replied Natalie drawing in a deep breath, her resolve firmly set. “If the chief would be so kind as to entertain me, then I would be delighted to meet him on my own.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” said Dimitri, withdrawing his hands.

“You are very kind, thank you,” concluded Natalie, as she withdrew her own hands from the table and placed them on her lap, subconsciously protecting a treasure that was already stolen in all but the physical taking.

Chapter 9

Natalie remained at the prison for the rest of the day, although she was allowed to go out to the courtyard to walk around and read her book rather than stay in her cell. She could have gone to the British embassy if she had wished, but she did not want to get them further involved. So far, only David Flashman knew the details of Vicky's crime, and he had agreed to wait until the morning before reporting to the ambassador, who would then have no choice but to make the situation known abroad. That was as much as Natalie could hope for, after then it would hardly matter as it would be too late to recover the situation. Dimitri had returned a few hours later to inform Natalie that a press conference had been called by the chief of police for ten o'clock the following morning. That was her deadline, after then it would be for the Mordavian courts to decide Vicky's fate.

But the good news was that Dimitri had managed to convince his uncle to see Natalie that evening. It would be frightfully late, half past ten at the earliest, but he would spare her a few minutes. A police officer would collect her from her cell and take her to the chief then return her to the cell where she had elected to spend the night. Dimitri was also kind enough to bring Natalie her luggage, the contents newly laundered and pressed, so she could have some fresh clothes for the occasion.

It was with enormous regret that she bid him goodbye with another hug that went way beyond official comforting. Natalie rested her head on Dimitri's broad manly chest, and Dimitri rested his hand on Natalie's ass, but did not take any further liberties beyond a gentle caress of the full round swell. Natalie could feel the stirring of Dimitri's sex, and she herself was responding in kind with moistness and warmth between her legs. But the lieutenant did not try to force the situation – he simply held Natalie tight for an inordinate amount of time then kissed her on the brow before taking his leave.

'If only...' Natalie had thought once Dimitri had gone. 'Another time, another place - perhaps you could have been the one.'

Then Natalie dismissed such foolishness from her mind. She had a mission which involved Dimitri's uncle. How could anything between them be

possible after such an immodest act? Little did she know Dimitri Karinov, who frequently enjoyed women after his uncle was finished with them, and was very much looking forward to enjoying Natalie, time and time again!

By nine thirty, Natalie was waiting to be collected. She wanted to be ready well in advance of the appointed time just in case the chief could see her earlier. She was wearing a light summer satin dress which showed off her bare shoulders and slender arms, and her shapely legs as far as her knees. She had tried to dress as seductively as possible so she wore no bra, allowing her small nipples to prod through the fabric, which she hoped would do the trick without making her look like a total slut. But she didn't look seductive at all, for that was a game Natalie had never played – she looked like a lost little girl with no idea what she was doing.

She looked perfect!

Yuri Karinov would be delighted when he saw her.

It wasn't until after eleven that the officer arrived and escorted Natalie to Chief Karinov's quarters, one of several residences he made use of. By this time Natalie had become increasingly nervous, wondering if she was making a huge mistake. She had listened with fascinated horror to Vicky's description of oral violation by the chief. Of course that story was an invention, or so Natalie now believed, but the impression Vicky gave of the chief's prodigious size was still firmly fixed in Natalie's brain. She could visualise its enormity – a phallus bigger than any normal man would have – certainly bigger than the lieutenant, who according to Vicky was also very blessed – a fact which seemed confirmed during their earlier hug. The feel of the lieutenant's stiffening sex had been thrilling for Natalie. And if the chief was bigger, what a sight his manhood would be – although something that size would not be the easiest thing to take into your pussy, especially if you were a virgin.

The thought both excited and terrified Natalie. It was a sacrifice she wished she could be making to another Karinov. But Vicky might be saved! Surely that had to be worth the sacrifice – what was the loss of her virginity when put against a sister's life?

Then the officer arrived. There could be no more debate. The dice were cast and Natalie could not back out. She would play it by ear, see how receptive the chief was to her pleas, and then, and only as a last resort, she would make the sacrifice to save her sister's life.

She was escorted out of her cell and into the menacing atmosphere beyond. At night the prison was even scarier than by day. Natalie was shown along the dark, stale smelling corridors, past the dozing inmates behind the bars. She was taken to the courtyard then into another ancient building which had a closer resemblance to a castle than a jail. Eventually they arrived at a door on which the officer deferentially knocked.

A barked voice came from within. The chief, it would appear, was ready to see her.

The officer opened the door and bid Natalie enter. He did not go through himself, however, he simply closed the door behind her.

The chief, it would appear, would see her alone.

Yuri Karinov was sitting at his desk in the room which Natalie took to be his office. It was dark and foreboding - the only illumination coming from the lamp on the chief's desk which allowed him to read the papers he seemed to be working on.

Natalie stood by the door, her stomach was churning, all the arguments she had practiced seemed to be drying up in her mouth. She waited and waited, the chief taking no notice of her; then she let out a muffled cough.

Yuri Karinov raised his eyes an inch and looked at the figure standing before him, lurking in the shadows. For a moment he looked puzzled as to who she might be then he raised his eyebrows in startled recognition. He was hamming up his performance even better than Dimitri.

"Ah yes, Miss Fullerton. The other... Miss Fullerton. I understand you wish to speak to me."

"Yes, sir, I do," stated Natalie, her voice quivering with fear, but she steeled herself and pressed on. "Thank you for allowing me some of your valuable time. I wish to speak to you about my sister..."

"I have had my fill of your sister, Miss Fullerton," growled Yuri.

“But, sir...”

“But enough!” the chief yelled, and he raised his hand to silence any further talk on the subject. “Now tell me - have you been treated well during your unfortunate stay with us?”

“Yes, sir. I have no complaints. Your nephew in particular has been most kind.”

Yuri let out a derisory grunt. “Kindness will be his undoing. He needs to harden himself up! I am too tolerant of his weakness.”

Natalie seized upon his words, sensing that the chief might have a chink in his gruff armour. “It is a strong man that knows tolerance,” she meekly said, “a strong man that can show compassion. Your nephew is of your flesh. He deserves your tolerance... My sister is of my flesh. Please show her the same.”

Yuri stared at her for a few moments, genuinely impressed by her words. She was frailer than her sister, but there was spirit there as well. She deserved the element of respect he had decided to show her.

“Step forward! Let me look at you,” said Yuri beckoning her towards him with his hand.

On trembling legs, Natalie inched closer until she fell within the glow of the lamp.

“Tolerance, you say!” said Yuri Karinov, his words coming slow and deliberately. “Our two countries have shown little tolerance for each other in the past... And you mention flesh!” Yuri paused to allow the words to sink in. He gazed at Natalie, searched her beautiful face and saw what she could not hide – the sacrifice that weighed heavy on her mind. “Tolerance! Will you buy my tolerance with an offering of flesh, Miss Fullerton - is that why you have come here to see me? There is no verbal argument you can construct that will convince me to show the clemency you seek. But flesh... especially young innocent flesh can be very persuasive.”

Natalie’s legs almost gave out on her. She could scarcely believe what the chief was saying. He had arrived at the nub so effortlessly, and made it perfectly clear he was open to negotiation - that he wanted what Natalie had come here to offer if all other approaches failed. It now was abundantly clear

that nothing else would do – and in her heart Natalie had known this all along. It was time to offer it up, though her modesty demanded it was suitably paraphrased.

“If my... flesh will win your favour then I will freely give it to you,” she answered in a whisper, her head dropping to avoid his gaze and to conceal the flush that coloured her cheeks.

Yuri Karinov clasped his hands together and rested his chin on the double fist. He waited until she had raised her head then looked pensively at Natalie as if weighing her offer up.

“Let us take a walk,” he announced after an agonising couple of minutes.

“Where to?”

“There is a room I would like you to see, a room where flesh has been offered up for centuries - a room where tolerance has been tested to the full but has rarely been shown by me. Come, Miss Fullerton, let me show you where flesh may buy tolerance and we shall see if you are still prepared to pay.”

The chief stood up and took Natalie by the wrist. He led her out of his office and down a corridor until they came to a staircase. When they reached the bottom, they came to an oak door which was studded with wrought iron nails. It looked like something that belonged in a medieval fortress, and in reality that's what this building was – a castle that now served as the police headquarters – the most suitable place for a king to reign from. The chief took a large key which hung on a ring to the side and unlocked the door. It squeaked as he forced it open.

The lighting was low, flaming torches on the walls like the day before when Natalie's sister had been the guest of honour and had amused the chief with her stubbornness of will before she eventually surrendered and got thoroughly fucked. Now Natalie was coaxed though into the same room, intent on buying something that her sister had already paid for.

She gazed around the room in wonderment, her eyes bulging out, and her mouth agape - her heart fluttering in her girlish chest like a captured bird in a cage.

All the equipment was still in place from the previous day and Natalie looked at it as if in a dream, or more like some hideous nightmare. The torture

chamber air was thick with the smells of leather and wood, the scents of human suffering coated with sex, and the burning of the kerosene torches which added some heat. Natalie shivered none the less as she took in the scene – the benches and the racks and the stocks. She gazed in trepidation at the padded bondage table, and the medieval wheel that she feared was more than just an ornament.

Natalie's eyes drifted upwards and took in the ceiling with all the adornments her sister had seen and the one she had been cruelly suspended from. She looked at the three walls with their instruments of torture and then she looked at the forth which was even scarier in appearance, and it was to there that Natalie was gently ushered, Yuri's hand on her back, guiding her to her fate.

Natalie came to a halt a few feet away and stared at the instrument before her.

"It is a Saint Andrew's Cross," said Yuri. "You no doubt recognise it from your national flag."

It was nothing like the cross Natalie was familiar with, the white on blue Saltire she was so proud of. She looked at the one before her with huge apprehension, guessing that the chief was intent on extracting his price in an ironic way – a crucified sacrifice on her national symbol.

Natalie tried to shy away, but Yuri took hold of her slender wrist and placed her right hand on the wood. He guided her to trace the grain with her palms, moving from one arm of the cross to the other.

"Flesh has yielded here, Miss Fullerton – this wood has been drenched by sweat and blood. And your Celtic race has sacrificed its youth to defend its own version of this cross – this symbol of your nation. Tolerance, Miss Fullerton – you came here to offer me your flesh. But the price of my tolerance is a lot higher than you might have thought."

A moment later, Yuri spun her around by the wrist and pressed her against the cross on the wall. He pinned her against the wood with his massive bulk and bent down to whisper in her ear.

"You came here as the sacrificial lamb, intent on bartering your virginity to save your slut of a sister. But I could have taken your virginity at any time – it is not something to be bartered - it is already mine. But I want more than

your precious virginity, Miss Fullerton. I want a lot more - your sincerity for one thing.”

“I... I don’t know what you mean,” she gasped, struggling to take in what was happening. This had been part of her plan, but she now realised that her plan was merely a component of a much grander scheme where she had no control at all.

“Yes you do,” hissed Yuri Karinov. “Flesh for tolerance, Miss Fullerton - willingly given – not grudgingly sacrificed, but happily offered, time and time again. I want your total surrender to my will. Do we have a deal?”

“No!” blurted Natalie, fear winning over her determination to save her sister. “Look, this was a mistake. I didn’t expect it to be like this. Please, you’re scaring me. I can’t go through with this. Please, let me go.”

Yuri laughed in her face, his aromatic breath hinting of whisky – another little irony he had consumed with much pleasure, forsaking his usual cognac. “Did you expect a soft feathered bed - the gratitude of an older man - to lie back and think of some handsome young Romeo as I caringly took your offering – a quick fuck then off you go, your noble duty done? My tolerance does not come so cheap, Miss Fullerton... But you may still earn it. Between now and ten o’clock tomorrow morning, you will give yourself to me in whatever manner I choose, and please me with your efforts, otherwise I wash my hands of you and your sister. We’ll let the court decide her fate.”

Natalie gazed at him terrified, too afraid to say anything in reply. But was there any point in resisting, even if she could? He had her in his grasp. She had come here willingly. She could only hope the chief would be gentle and his appetite would be weak.

Naive or what!

Sadly, Yuri was feeling ravenously hungry, and his feast the previous day had put him in the mood for more Fullerton flesh. Yuri took one of Natalie’s hands and raised it above her head – she offered no resistance. He slipped it into one of the leather cuffs on the cross and buckled it in, doing the same to the other so that both of her arms were pinned over her head. Then Yuri knelt, his face directly in front of her crotch, the pussy hidden behind the dress. Gently, like a caring lover that was sensitive to her state, Yuri reached

out and touched Natalie's legs with both hands. He caressed the back of her silky calves then ran up past her thighs till he felt the swell of her pert little ass which was covered modestly by a pair of panties.

He heard her whimper as he gathered the material and pulled it tight then ripped the cotton apart so her panties fell as a tattered rag on the floor. Having bared them beneath the dress, Yuri massaged her ass cheeks; they felt almost boyish when compared to her sister's much fuller and riper buns. He centred a finger over her tight little pucker, it yielded not a fraction. Yuri let out a grunt full of self-satisfaction.

Returning his hands down the back of Natalie's legs, Yuri edged them further and further apart until he reached the ankles. By now they were perfectly positioned on the cross and he buckled each ankle into the cuffs at the bottom, securing his sacrificial virgin into a taut spread-eagled position.

The job done, Yuri stood up and took a step back to admire the bound vision. Natalie's youthful body with its slender limbs so elegantly spread - her face a picture of terrified innocence, her long blonde hair cascading over her shoulders to fall onto her small but perfect breasts which were contoured by her satin dress.

"So, Miss Fullerton, you wished to plea for your sister. Then I bid you begin."

Natalie was too terrified to respond, she just gazed at the chief wondering what he had in mind for her. Her vague notion of having sex with him, much as he had teasingly described, a quick deflowering on a comfortable bed, was like a mist that had evaporated with the dawn.

"You seem to have lost the power of speech, Miss Fullerton. I want to hear you beg."

"Please, please, spare my sister."

"I told you before - no argument will win me over. I want you to beg me sincerely to take you and make you mine. I suggest you start with the removal of your dress."

Natalie just gazed at him as the reality sunk in. She was going to be deflowered, and she must welcome the act – but how could that be when she hated the man for contriving the situation. And what did he mean by making

her his? How far would this go? How much must she sacrifice to save Vicky's life?

"The sands of time are running fast, Miss Fullerton - and my tolerance is wearing thin."

"Please, please take off my dress," she bleated, seeing no other option but to give the chief what he wanted – at least in body if not in soul.

Yuri noted the compliance – another step towards surrender. But more would be needed before she was properly enslaved like her sister now was. He took another small one, electing to fall short of being named her master, for the moment at least. "From now on your will refer to me as 'sir'. Is that clear?"

Natalie gulped. "Yes, sir," she answered, which came surprisingly easy – certainly a lot easier than the words that followed. "Please, sir, remove my dress."

Chief Karinov smiled at her progress then he walked away into the shadows of the chamber. He returned carrying an enormous steel knife.

Natalie went rigid; her breath tearing in and out of her in broken gasps. She stared at the knife with wide frightened eyes, but Yuri only smiled in response, teasingly stroking the blade with his fingers to heighten her distress. Then he stepped closer and held the blade before her liquid eyes. He ran it flat across her moistened cheek then dragged it down before inserting it into the low neckline of her dress. Natalie's breath froze with the cold metal against her skin, and she trembled as Yuri drew the blade slowly down the centre of the thin satin garment. The fabric tore easily, slicing through the middle, the end of the blade only millimetres from her skin. She sensed its deathly presence as it passed between her breasts, over her stomach and the slit of her pussy, then quickly flicked between her legs to complete the dastardly deed. She was left semi-clad with two flaps of satin barely covering her modesty. Yuri took them in his hands and pulled them gently apart, exposing Natalie's naked body.

Yuri stood back again and purred at the sight. Her helplessness was intoxicating. He devoured her with his coal black eyes - her long flowing blonde hair, her petite girlish breasts with their coral coloured nipples, identical in shade to her sister's, the plane of her golden tanned stomach and

the little thatch of fair hair at the top of her thighs which was surrounded by a triangle of white to highlight her sex. How could he resist such a treasure for long? But he forced a restraint, relishing this game that could only have one winner.

“I believe it is customary in your country to say something when a request has been met,” mocked Yuri. “You British are forever gushing with them.”

Natalie swallowed the lump that had formed in her throat. To be naked and helpless before him was galling enough. This was excruciating for her pride, yet she forced out the words.

“Thank you, sir. Thank you for removing my dress and exposing me.”

“And what would you like me to do now, Miss Fullerton?”

Natalie let out a little sob. The humiliation was almost unbearable, but she saw no alternative. “Please touch me, sir.”

“Where?”

Natalie shivered again. The indignity of the situation was insufferable. She was being forced to guide her seducer, to ask him to pleasure her as if it was her own true will – which in an odd warped way it was. She wanted this trade off - but by God was he extracting his pound of flesh!

Natalie shuddered at the horror of it all; then in a croaking voice made her request.

“Please touch my breasts, sir.”

Natalie’s entire body trembled as Yuri reached out a hand and began to caress her skin. He cupped her right breast in his left hand and ran his fingers over the taut nipple, forcing a gasp from between Natalie’s clenched teeth. In his right hand, Yuri still held the knife and he drew patterns over her left breast, scraping the flesh without breaking the skin. He circled the small coral areola, spiralling ever closer to the nipple which stood proudly erect in defiance of the threat.

“May I?” asked the chief.

Natalie cringed - her mind was drowning, for she knew fine well what he was asking of her. She tensed, her head arched back, her eyes tightly closed then the words escaped her mouth.

“Yes, sir,” she replied. “Accept my offering.”

The cut was quick and stung for only a fraction of a second. A searing bolt that shot from her breast and exploded in a flash of blinding light in her brain then cleared to leave only a trembling relief. Her breathing came in tremulous pants as she absorbed the enormity of the moment.

Yuri watched as the globule formed just above her nipple, a slowly expanding sphere of glistening scarlet on a trembling background of pink. He watched as the sphere turned into a drop, a red tear to match the silver that fell from her eyes. The coral of her nipple absorbed the shade she oozed and Yuri looked in awe at the beauty of her nature: the organic kaleidoscope of her breast. Golden tanned skin surrounding a triangle of milky white, coral pink circle and scarlet red bud.

Yuri leaned over and suckled on her. He suckled her blood, the single drop she had shed – the prelude to a more precious offering that would follow.

Natalie shuddered when Yuri’s lips gently touched her breast and his tongue caressed her nipple with its tip, sensuously circling it to claim his prize. The brief moment of pain and terror she had known was suddenly converted to such beautiful relief, her whole being erupted at the intensity of the thrill. Her mind somehow escaped her bondage as she ascended to another plain. She was totally helpless at the mercy of an abuser, and her mind soared at the wonder of the moment – never had she known such exquisite pleasure as waves of pure bliss pulsed through her body. Then reality came crashing down – she was totally helpless at the mercy of an abuser, and her body suddenly tensed!

Yuri noted the change with expert ease – he had straddled that line for many a long year – the thin line that separates agony and ecstasy, misery and joy, hatred and love. He gave Natalie’s nipple a final kiss then he backed away.

“The offer is not enough, Miss Fullerton, it must be gladly given. You sullied the gift with your reaction at the end. Shall we try again?”

Natalie’s mind was a mass of confusion. She knew there would be pain, but the pain would be brief if the chief acted the same way. And she knew there would be pleasure - such wonderful pleasure that she had never conceptualised – pleasure in pain and subjugation, and the touch of a mature

experienced man who she was suddenly seeing in a new womanly light rather than through the eyes of a little girl. Yet her pride fought against it. How could she do this? Willingly give herself in such a way to a man more than twice her age. And was this a betrayal - a betrayal to the handsome lieutenant by taking pleasure at the hands of his uncle? But there *was* pleasure – mind-blowing pleasure, so sensually erotic as her body awoke to its feminine possibilities... and the chief could take her if he wanted to anyway... and poor Vicky might be saved if only Natalie could submit and force her foolish pride and silly notions of romance away.

“Please, sir. Please cut my other nipple and accept my offering,” said Natalie, relieved that she could say it, and actually mean it.

“Tell me what you really want, Miss Fullerton. Only the truth will save your sister.”

Now that was a blow! Sincerity was one thing – but the naked truth was something else. Was it not enough that she was asking him to do this to her? Her nostrils flared at the indignity. Her pride choked in her throat. Words struggled to escape her mouth, for they were so shocking to say – this blinding truth and revelation she had experienced. But for the sake of her sister, she forced them out.

“I want... I want... I want to feel the fire of the knife... to feel it burn me as it pierces my sensitive skin. I want to feel your lips, the warmth of your mouth, the teasing tenderness of your tongue as you sooth my wound. I want...”

“Tell me!”

Tears flowed from her eyes. She hung her head in shame. Sobs were the answer she gave.

“Tell me, Miss Fullerton!” insisted Yuri, forcing her to take another step along the path.

Natalie sucked in a breath then forced out the truth. “I want to experience again the moment of bliss that you gave me. Please, sir, do it again! I beg you... Do it again!”

Yuri grinned, delighted at her response. She had forced her pride down and admitted to her needs – verbalised the fact that she actually wanted this. The

rest would be a piece of cake. He stepped closer and raised her chin with his left hand. He fixed her with his coal black eyes and showed her a flicker of his own deep seated longing then he showed her the immensity of his mental power. He snared her with his eyes then he cut her with his knife, a thin slice across her right nipple.

She hissed in some air, a single blink of her eyes then the hold was back. She saw what he demanded and gave of it freely.

“Thank you, sir.”

Then Yuri lowered his head and feasted on her tit. He sucked and he licked, he chewed and he nipped. For a few moments he showed Natalie the face of a false god as the devil had his way.

As Yuri pleased Natalie’s breast with his skilful mouth, he reached down to stroke the silky hair of her sex. Then, very slowly, he slipped an index finger inside of her. Yuri’s finger worked expertly around her vulva, circling and caressing the moistening flesh. He worked gently, showing more consideration for a virgin than he had done in over twenty years, respecting of her precious flesh. He worked around the sanctum of her maidenhood, and centred on her clit, rubbing the bud and running his fingers round in little loops.

Natalie tossed her head back and forth. She was fighting and she was yielding, one moment lost in this carnal pleasure then clutching for some element of modest self respect. Her mind battled with the pleasure, for she felt it must be wrong - she was doing this for her sister – there should be no gratification. But the tongue and those lips, the suckling warmth on the sharp cut, those fingers in her pussy electrifying with pleasure – how was she supposed not to respond? She was helpless to resist, and he had demanded her compliance - that was the price and she had to cede.

Finally she let out a moan of pure pleasure – nothing in its tone was faked. She thought this would please – it was what he’d asked for after all. But on hearing the reaction, the chief grabbed a handful of Natalie’s hair and compelled her to look directly into his face.

“You’re enjoying this, Miss Fullerton, aren’t you?” he said, deliberately confusing with this change of mood. “You like this. It makes you all wet,

doesn't it? I can feel how aroused you are. A virgin you may be, but a virgin desperate for some cock. Is that not the case, Miss Fullerton? Is this what I am to be offered – a virgin whore?"

Natalie shook her head violently, shame now stabbing through her, even though his crudeness made her knees weak with desire.

Yuri pressed on. "A Scottish virgin whore to be sacrificed on her country's cross. Am I to be satisfied with such tawdry goods?"

He didn't wait on an answer. Natalie's head was given another shake, and then gave her cut breasts a slap with his other hand, making Natalie cry out in surprise.

"Virgin whore!" screamed Yuri, terrifying Natalie with his tone and words.

Yuri reached between Natalie's legs and his fingers found her clit again. He began working it back and forth, making the fleshy bud stiffen and swell. Her hips jerked and a moan escaped through her clenched teeth as the throbbing between her legs rose to an almost unbearable pitch and the waves pulsed again, flooding her body with bliss.

"What are you? Let me hear you say it?" Yuri yelled into her face, spraying her with his spit."

"I'm your whore!" she yelled back, surprised at her own words. "I'm your virgin whore."

"And what do you want?" Yuri persisted, knowing he was almost there. "Tell me now! What do you want of me, virgin whore?"

"Please, please fuck me!" she cried in all sincerity. "Fuck me, sir, and take what is yours."

Victory! But only in this battle – another skirmish would be needed before the war was won.

"Ha!" mocked Yuri. "You are so keen to give me your sacrificial virginity! But no, Miss Fullerton, there is more you must pay with before that is accepted. I want your total acceptance that you now belong to me before we consummate our union."

Yuri gave her clit a final hard pinch, and then released her to hang draped like a doll on the cross, allowing her to ponder his words in a state of high

arousal.

Natalie pondered. By God she did. She pondered the man and what he had done. She pondered the yearning he had easily created and the plea he had extracted which she had asked with all sincerity. It was a dizzying mix – so new and exciting – frightening as well, but that just heightened the thrill. But what was this: *'You belong to me!'* She pondered that more than anything else, and was surprised that the notion wasn't all that horrific.

In the meantime Yuri wandered off into the shadows again and came back with the whip he had used the day before when he had flogged Natalie's sister into surrender. In a state of perplexity, Natalie looked up. She gasped and tensed with fear as she saw the instrument of torture with its handle of carved wood and its dark leather falls. The vision was made all the more terrifying as the chief idly stroked the leather tendrils with his hand. Yuri stopped a few inches away from her and ran the stiff falls over her breasts. Natalie flinched at the coarse feel of the knots at the ends as they scraped over her erect damaged nipples. She began to breathe in quick little pants, dread of the whip flooding her body – the enormity of the price screaming in her head. Fully aware of her state, Yuri raised the flogger, and for a moment, Natalie thought that he would strike her with it. She cringed before him, clamping her eyes closed and turning her face away, bracing herself for the blow that didn't come. Instead Yuri leaned close to her and his hand crept down to her sex, idly stroking the soft hair that was there.

“This is for later, Miss Fullerton – this offering you will give. And you will give it freely, as you will give all things now... I am your master, and you are my slave... The price of my tolerance is total obedience. Now I want you to turn around and make a display of acceptance. I assume you are happy to do what it takes to save your sister?”

“Yes, sir,” whimpered Natalie, accepting it all.

Delighted, Yuri reached up and undid the cuffs holding her arms and did the same for the ones on her ankles. Natalie hadn't realized how stiff her muscles were getting, but now as she lowered her arms to her sides and brought her legs together, she winced at the tingling that ripped through them. She tried to ease her aches by massaging the skin, but had little time before Yuri spun her

around so that she was facing the wall, and buckled her onto the cross once more with her arms and legs wide spread.

“Now where shall we start? Your back, perhaps,” teased Yuri as he scraped his nails across her shoulder blades then down the length of her spine. “Or maybe your lovely little ass,” Yuri added, running a hand over her unblemished cheeks. Then he brought the flogger down with a piercing crack.

Natalie shrieked. Pain rocketed through her, flowing from her ass in molten waves. She hadn’t thought that anything could hurt this much - her mind exploded with the pain. It was like she was being cut by a multitude of sharp knives instead of only the one. Then with the pain still resounding around her brain and searing her buttocks, she felt Yuri’s hand caressing her stinging flesh, and the agony began to subside under his tender touch.

“Your ass looks even more lovely now, Miss Fullerton,” said Yuri, his hand still stroking her. Enjoying the heat he had placed there.

Natalie felt belittled by his tone, but took strength from his obvious enjoyment of her torture, which was part of the price she had to pay. She accepted her fate and braced herself determinedly for the next blow. Yuri raised the flogger again, and brought it down a second time, then a third, and then a fourth. With every stroke, Natalie released a piercing scream. The pain was so intense that lights flashed before her eyes with each stroke of the flogger. Then Yuri paused, giving her such welcome relief, and once more he ran his hands over her buttocks, soothing the stinging pain with his gentle touch.

“You’re doing well, Miss Fullerton, a little noisy, perhaps, but that can add to the pleasure. Now is there anything you would like to ask me?”

Natalie tried to control her breathing as she battled with the intensity of pain, and the unsolicited pleasure she was taking from Yuri’s sensuous stroking of her damaged skin. It was excruciating - and agonisingly delicious at the same time - her ass was on fire yet his hand felt so good as he soothed the wounds he had placed there. The idea of inviting more pain would have seemed ridiculous until today, but Natalie found herself actually wanting it – for following the pain came the most wonderful thrill as the chief rewarded her compliance.

“Please sir, whip me harder,” said Natalie, stunned that she was not only saying, but meaning the request. “Show me the pleasure that can come with the pain, then please... please... please... show me your cock and put it inside me. Give me the ultimate pleasure from pain.”

Yuri purred with satisfaction. The girl was a marvel and would get all that she asked for. Flesh was one thing – easy to take – but sincerity was a gift to be treasured. The flogger came down again, Yuri yielding it with incredible force. Natalie jerked convulsively and screamed an agonised yell that echoed round the chamber. The pain ripped through her body and the whip snarled at her skin, striping her red with the welts it produced.

She thought she might faint the pain was so great. Every nerve of her body seemed to be in an agony of fire. She braced herself for another blow, her body tensing in dread. But the blow did not come, instead she felt a gentler lash as Yuri flicked her with his tongue, lapping at her tortured offering of flesh, making her body quiver and convulse.

As he licked her wounds, Yuri reached between her legs and once again he toyed with her virginal pussy, respecting her state and not breaching within. He centred on her clit and teased it again as he licked and licked her offering of flesh. It took only a few moments of this sensuous bliss and Natalie’s body was ablaze once more, this time engulfed by an explosion of utter ecstasy as her orgasm tore her apart.

Natalie had never known such a moment, her girlish self pleasuring had created a few sparks, but this was a bolt of lightning. She jerked around as she yelled out in shock, then delight, then shock again as Yuri squeezed her clit and bit into her ass to send another crackling bolt ripping through her body. She thought she might die from the intensity of the sensation, die from the pleasure he was forcing on her.

It seemed to take an age for the orgasm to dissipate, and when it was over, Natalie slumped in her bonds, what little strength she had left deserting her. She closed her eyes and tried to take deep, steady breaths, but now that it was over, something inside of her seemed to break. A moment later, Natalie was sobbing, crying harder than she had since she was a little girl.

Yuri rose to his feet and placed his hand on her shoulder. She sobbed all the more at his touch.

“Why are you crying, Miss Fullerton?” he asked in a low voice. “Did you not enjoy what I did to you – you seemed to take much pleasure at the time.”

Natalie struggled to gain a little control. Her sobs became a whimper then at last some words were said.

“Because... I hate you... or I think I do, and yet you made me come and I enjoyed it so much. I wanted your touch! I wanted your pain. I still want you to take me, even though I despise what you are. How can that be?”

“How can a virgin be a whore?” Yuri answered. “Life is a conundrum - sometimes it is best to accept what fate throws our way. I am your fate, Miss Fullerton. I am your master, and you are my virgin whore who must now give me my due. You have opened up to me, but now you must open much, much, more and give me what I want - the final offering of flesh – your virginal cunt. Will it be given freely?”

“Of course, sir.”

“Then come, my virgin whore and be a virgin no more.”

It was nothing like Natalie had ever dreamed. She was a romantic at heart and had always imagined it would be on a bed of soft furs in front of a roaring fire. Or in a flowery meadow kissed by the summer sun, butterflies thick in the scented air. And the man would be a dashing youth, someone like the lieutenant – experienced but not overly worldly, who would enter her gently as she lay on her back offering her gift of love.

Mills & Boon twaddle – she had awoken to a whole new perspective on life. And that perspective involved an authentic torture chamber where her body ached, lash marks adorning her teenage ass and her muscles tensing from their time in bondage. The air was scented with torch smoke and suffering; and the man was a middle-aged manipulative bastard whose experiences and worldliness defied belief. As did the size of his cock which Natalie now stroked with her soft girlish hands, scared but thrilled by the size of the thing.

Yuri had released her from the cross and she had fallen into his arms - her muscles unable to support her own slight weight. He had lifted her up and carried her like a babe in his arms, taking her to a cot where he had laid her

down. Natalie had watched as if in a trance, as her master, the chief of police stripped out of his uniform and stood naked before her.

Natalie had looked at the chief's naked body in wonder and awe - for despite all the pain and the fear he instilled, the chief made for a stunning spectacle when out of his clothes. His face was so manly with his jet black hair and his coal black eyes and the black stubble on his firm strong jaw. His broad bulky frame was covered by a sleek mat of black hair that ran from his neck all the way down to the bottom of his rib cage then tapered off to a thick band running down to his navel and beyond to his thatch of curly black pubes. His nipples were big and erect, sitting proud on his fabulously meaty pecs - his waist was trim and the stomach was flat. He supported this mass on two tree trunk legs covered in delicate black hair.

And then there was his cock!

It was everything Vicky had described and more – a huge phallus of pulsating meat with an enormous oozing plum at the end. It looked hungry and virile and impossibly large, yet Natalie knew that it was destined to go inside her. She wanted it inside her. She needed consummation with this man who had claimed her.

After allowing Natalie to take in the sight of his nudity, the chief surprised Natalie by lifting her up again, supporting her on her feet for a moment as he positioned himself on the cot. Then Yuri lifted Natalie's left leg and brought it over his body so Natalie was left straddling his massive thighs.

“Flesh, Miss Fullerton. Feel! Feel my flesh. Feel how hard and engorged is my manhood. Feel what you must take inside you. And do not fear – it will fit without harm. You are mine now and too precious a pet for me to damage. Show me your acceptance. Make the final offering of flesh. Accept me as your master – make the offering – make it to me – because you want to - not for a sister – not for any other reason – but because it is mine.”

Natalie wondered if drugs had yet again come into play - her mind was no longer the one she once knew. His voice owned her - she was a puppet on its strings, manoeuvred by his every word. She reached out and took the massive phallus without a second's thought and stroked it up and down, both thrilled and terrified at the same time. It was the first cock she had ever touched and

Natalie could scarcely believe what she felt. The flesh was so hard, and it seemed so warm and vibrantly alive – a beast of a thing that felt so incredibly exciting and dangerous beyond belief. Enthralled by what she touched, Natalie began to masturbate the chief's massive penis, rubbing her fingers up and down the length. At first she was clumsy, never having done this before for a man, but her hands soon turned more deftly, their girlish softness a real thrill to the chief as Natalie stroked up and down his cock.

Natalie grew bolder. With each stroke her hand ventured a little higher up the sturdy shaft until her fingers were sliding over the head. She instinctively tightened her fingers as they passed over the top of the chief's glans, the cock jerking in response to her grip. The chief's cock was leaking continually – a steady stream of pre-cum oozing out the eye, drawn out by Natalie's fingers. She smeared the silvery juice all over the glistening glans then added to the lubrication with a little of her own saliva. Natalie kneaded the big glans with one hand, and with the other she stroked the chief's rock hard shaft, failing to contain its incredible girth. In a trance of growing lust she drove on, stroking the shaft faster, and kneading the head with more vigour. She jerked on the meat, hypnotised by the action, her eyes glued to the silent beast which she wrestled, whilst feeling the fire which she stoked within it.

A hand brought her to a halt. The chief placed it on Natalie's and ceased the action. That would not be the way she first experienced her master's coming. Whilst he calmed himself down in preparation for the ultimate consummation, the chief ordered Natalie to play with the rest of his body. Feeling more and more excited, Natalie happily obeyed, and explored the chief's incredible manliness, running her hands through the thick mat of chest hair and cupping his huge churning balls. Boldly Natalie leaned over and lapped adoringly at the chief's flesh – his chest with all its hair, his huge erect nipples, the stubble on his chin and then the mass of his cock which she licked and smothered her face in.

Yuri lay back and accepted the adoration whilst he played with the pussy of his virginal slave. As Natalie lapped at his body, Yuri stroked the girl's labia and ever so slowly teased inside her. A finger part-way up her vagina and was accepted with ease, Yuri's tongue having paved the way and loosened

the girl both physically and mentally. Then a second was in her and stretching, frigging the girl gently and coaxing her along.

Natalie responded with moans as she lost herself in the moment, the fingers felt so good inside her pussy, and the chief's manly body was driving her wild.

Then the fingers became more insistent and the chief took Natalie's right hand and pressed it on his cock.

It was time!

The chief did not need to command – Natalie knew what her master wanted.

Straightening herself up, Natalie held the chief's huge penis in her right hand and supported herself with her left hand resting on the chief's furry chest, luxuriating in the rich mat of hair that was there. With the chief's hands now on her butt cheeks, coaxing her along, Natalie raised herself up and positioned herself so that the glans of the chief's cock pressed against his pussy lips. Natalie looked down at him. Yuri's face was a mask – no charming young man smiling in encouragement, but a manipulative stud who had brought Natalie to this point and now waited on her final surrender.

Suddenly Natalie was gripped by fear. Clarity came to break through the hypnotic haze of lust that had somehow been conjured up. She was a virgin, a slight young woman, and the chief was a man of enormous size. Natalie thought to move, but the chief's hand was suddenly there on top of her shoulder holding her in place. Yuri stared up at her, his expression was clear. Not a command, but a request, for this had to be given.

Slowly Natalie pulled herself together. She wanted to be fucked – the chief had aroused her so much – but the man was so bloody big! The path was set, however, and Natalie willingly stepped forward and lowered herself onto the chief's cock. She felt the stretch, she clenched her teeth – she experienced the stab when the big glans popped through – a sudden blast of pain that exploded in her brain and released a maidenly flow. Then she experienced such bliss that she'd never thought possible. The pain was still there but fading away to be replaced by such utter joy as she absorbed the warmth and virility of the incredible thing inside her.

“See, my girl. I told you it would fit. Now take your time and take the rest. Sink all the way down and stuff yourself with your master’s manhood. I want you to ride my cock. I want you to know its joys. You can fuck yourself however you like. Give me your flesh and make me come inside you. Come as well if you like. Then it’s over to me girl! For this is just the first of many rides you will be having tonight!”

Chapter 10

It was early afternoon when Natalie awoke the following day. At first she thought she was back in her prison cell. She was lying on a cot of the same design to the one she had slept on the night before. Had it all been a dream? Had she fallen asleep and not been taken to the chief? Had she failed in her objective of saving Vicky?

Then she felt the agony of her body, the residue of pain on her well flogged ass, the stinging of her nipples and the throbbing inside her pussy.

No! It hadn't been a dream – she had been bound and beaten, her breasts had been nicked and she had impaled herself on a massive dick and rode it like a slut. She had fucked herself on the chief of police's cock, willingly taking it, deflowering herself in the process. She had called herself a whore, called the chief 'sir', and called him 'master' as well. There had been a document she signed - a confession to a crime that was irrelevant now. Then having tidied that last little detail up, the chief used her throughout the night to satisfy his seemingly insatiable lust. Natalie willingly did unspeakable things for his pleasure, and shamefully came time after time – the girl revelling in the abuse.

As dawn was breaking, he spurted inside her pussy for the fourth time. She had been secured in the stocks and he had fucked her from behind, playing with her asshole whilst pumping into her cunt. She recalled his sadistic laughter as he fingered her little pucker, declaring that he would be fucking that as well, but would save the treat for another time.

After that final hard shafting, Chief Karinov had then departed, leaving Natalie in a state of exhaustion, freed from the stocks and curled up on the torture chamber floor – too weak from all the sex to even crawl to the cot. Guilt descended in her loneliness. Then in what seemed like a dream her hero came to her - the handsome young lieutenant that she had taken such a shine to. He picked her up like a broken doll and carried her to the cot.

"I'm sorry," Natalie had whimpered, ashamed of her behaviour. "I had to do it," she bleated, knowing it was a lie – knowing at the end she had freely given, but she felt the nice lieutenant deserved the fabrication.

“Of course you did,” Dimitri had replied.

Natalie was comforted by his understanding. It was a dream come true to be forgiven for her whorish behaviour. Then the dream turned sour – or did it just get better - as the handsome lieutenant roughly climbed on top. His cock came out of his uniform trousers and he plunged it into Natalie’s well fucked cunt.

“And I have to do this, you little slut.”

He fucked her relentlessly, pawing at her body and calling her a whore and a Karinov slave. He fucked her till he came then he fucked her again, taking his time over the second bout of rutting and giving the exhausted Natalie yet another orgasm. Then with the young Scotswoman drenched in more Karinov spunk, Dimitri bound her up in rope, carried out of the castle and threw her in the back of a van.

And now here she was - lying God knows where in a room full of shadows and unfamiliar voices, a figure looming over her body. Natalie instinctively curled up defensively, timorously shying away.

“There, there, sweetie. Try to calm down. It’s okay, it’s okay.”

A soft hand stroked her hair as the gentle voice tried to sooth her battered spirit. It took some time, but slowly calmness returned then Natalie looked at the figure who had sat down beside her on the edge of the cot.

It was a woman - a beautiful woman with long flowing auburn hair and emerald green eyes. She was naked, her body full and voluptuous. But unlike Natalie who was totally bare, she was adorned with jewellery – through each of her large nipples on her spectacular breasts was a chunky golden ring.

“Where am I?” Natalie asked.

“Karinov’s Keep,” the woman replied in what was clearly an Australian accent. “Which is somewhere in Mordavia, but I’m buggered if I know exactly where. Anastasia over there will have a better idea, but she’s not allowed to talk today.”

Natalie looked over to the far corner of the room where another stunning naked woman sat staring in their direction. She was chained to the wall, each

of her golden nipple rings tethered to a hook either side of her. Her skin was so fair, Natalie had never seen anyone so devoid of colour.

Natalie tried to sit up, but she was too weak to rise. Her hand moved down to her pussy and he tried to rub away the lingering ache and the memory of pleasure that she felt was so wrong.

“Big bastard, isn’t he?” said the Australian woman. “Biggest darn cock I’ve ever had - and I’ve had plenty over the past few months. Take it easy, sweetie... was he your first?”

“Yes,” admitted Natalie, and then she let out a sob. “I let him do it – I wanted him to do it - at least I think I did. I wanted to save my sister... but I wanted...”

“Yeah, I know. He’s one manipulative dog, is our master, Yuri – but boy, can that dog fuck! He tricked me as well, but... Oh I know it sounds crazy, but life ain’t so bad here as long as you behave. We’re not always kept in the cellars - it’s pretty rare in fact, and... Well, you’ll see for yourself in time. Anyway, I heard the story. Vicky told me all about it. Shit! I still can’t believe Yuri gets away with it - but he does. He’s getting away with it right now.”

“Vicky! You’ve seen Vicky! Is she okay? Where is she?”

“Last I knew, she had gone to make a telephone call, sweetie... to your parents.”

“Oh God, is she’s getting us out of here?” asked Natalie, not totally sure if this was good news or not.

The woman shook her head. “Don’t get your hopes up, sweetie. You’re stuck here, I’m afraid. The British cavalry ain’t coming to your rescue, and I sure as hell don’t want them to rescue me! Vicky’s doing what she needs to do, just as you did what you thought you needed to. She’s telling dear old dad that you’ve decided to spend another couple of weeks away on holiday, and that you’re going to go off to Russia. I believe that tomorrow a couple of look-alikes will cross over the border and your passports will get stamped. I assume they’ll turn up in Siberia or somewhere equally remote. It will be left for Yuri’s old Soviet masters to explain what might have happened to you. I

think he gets quite a kick out of making the Ruskies suffer – hence Anastasia over there gets special treatment.”

Natalie looked again at the tethered woman and shook her head in confusion. She couldn't fathom her emotions, but logic told her that life would be unbearable here, yet this Australian didn't seem to mind too much. “What's your name?” she asked.

“Name's Sally. Sally Hudson.”

“So tell me, Sally... What's going to happen to me – and to Vicky?”

Sally got back up and started to pace up around as she gave Natalie the lowdown. “Well, you'll be staying here as long as Yuri wants you. You're very young, so that could be a while – he likes them fresh! But you'll probably be set free at some point – that's certainly the deal with me - although sadly not for Anastasia. She made a big, big, mistake many years ago, and Yuri's revenge is severe... Anyway, whatever the deal, you'll join the harem and do as Yuri tells you, or you'll suffer the consequences. You'll suffer regardless, he likes to dish out the torture for kicks, but I've learned the hard way that it's best not to fight him. You'll get fucked by him lots – and once you get used to his size, that's quite a plus. Of course Dimitri will be screwing you as well, which is another big attraction in my opinion. And then there are the guests who come to visit as Yuri likes us to put on the occasional party. Life with the Karinovs is a riot of sex. When he's not around, things are more relaxed, although we still have some fun playing with each other and servicing the guards. There's a Swedish woman called Greta who runs the place in Yuri's absence. She's another of the chief's slaves who's served her sentence but has elected to stay...”

“Stay!”

“Yeah – stay. I told you it's not so bad. I might do the same when my sentence is up. Life at Karinov's Keep can be quite addictive.”

Natalie shook her head in disbelief. She could barely comprehend what was being said. Surely no one could willingly be someone's slave. She was trying to absorb it all when the door opened and a familiar shape stood silhouetted in the frame.

“I trust you are not spreading any of your nasty Australian venom to our new guest, Sally.”

“No, sir. I was just checking she was alright.”

“Come here, slut!” yelled Dimitri Karinov.

Sally got up immediately and walked over to where Dimitri stood, her head bowed subserviently.

“Kneel and lick my boots, slut! Show our new guest how a good slave should behave.”

Sally obeyed without any compunction, knowing that an example was about to be made. She knelt down and lapped at Dimitri’s boots, adoring the leather with her tongue.

Natalie watched enrapt. She was surprised at how docile this seemingly spirited Australian had suddenly become. Then Natalie gazed shocked as the handsome lieutenant that she had admired so much, removed his cock from his uniform trousers and pissed all over the suppliant woman, and forced her to lap his urine from the boots on which some had splashed. When Dimitri was finished he made Sally suck the dregs from his cock. Sally sucked him dry and she sucked him hard then she relaxed her throat and accepted Dimitri’s meat as he viciously fucked the sexy Aussie’s face. Then Dimitri roughly pushed Sally away and returned his erect penis to his trousers without having come.

“I know how much you want my spunk in your mouth, slut. But I might need this hard cock in a few minutes, so you’ll have to go without,” Dimitri said with a laugh. Then he turned his attention to Natalie. “Right, you follow me. It’s time to formalise your position in our happy home.”

Natalie cowered under the covers of her cot, too afraid to obey. She doubted if she could walk anyway, her body ached so much from the beating and the fucking, her legs were like jelly, traumatised by fear.

Dimitri wasn’t going to force the issue, he new fine well she was unlikely to walk on her own. He could have made her crawl, placed a collar round her neck and dragged her along by a leash, but that was a game for later – just now he wanted to get on with the show. His Uncle Yuri was waiting – and Dimitri knew better than to keep him waiting for long. So he strode over to

the cot and pulled the covers off Natalie. As on the night before he picked her up like a rag doll and carried her out of the room. The door was slammed closed behind him then locked with a large iron key.

Dimitri carted Natalie along some impressive corridors, of what clearly was an impressive residence, and eventually brought her to the room of their destination – a sparsely furnished sterile looking space with surfaces in white. Yuri Karinov sat in a chair drinking a glass of champagne. Vicky sat in another chair bound and gagged. Natalie let out a screech when she saw her.

“Ah, Miss Fullerton... no, Natalie,” said Yuri with a flourish of his glass. “I shall call you Natalie from here onwards – best not to cause confusion when I issue a command. It would be such a shame to feel the sting of my whip because you thought I was talking to your sister. Yes, Natalie and Vicky - my two new slaves! Please, Dimitri, help young Natalie to get comfortable, and for goodness sake silence her – I heard enough of her screams last night.”

Dimitri placed Natalie on a metal chair facing her sister about four yards apart. She looked imploringly into Vicky’s eyes as a ball gag was forced into her mouth and fixed behind her head. Her hands were then tied behind her back and her ankles were tied to the legs of the chair. Dimitri did not stop there. To complement her sister who was already bound in the same manner, Dimitri took a length of rope and proceeded to capture Natalie’s tits. It was not so easy given her modest size, but Dimitri was an accomplished binder. A loop was first tied around the centre of the rope and draped down the back of the chair, leaving the ends to fall between Natalie’s petite breasts. Then a knot in the rope was placed near the base of her neck, above her chest, and a series of overhand knots were tied every few inches in the paired ropes down the front of Natalie’s torso. When he reached her navel, Dimitri tied two big knots in close succession, and then threaded the ropes under the chair and behind the rear legs. He then brought them back to meet the loop of rope hanging down the back.

With practices ease, Dimitri pulled the ropes through the loop then he began to lace Natalie into a bondage type corset. Back and forth the ropes were laced - front to back, into a web design, encasing Natalie’s entire upper body in an ever-tightening diamond-shaped pattern.

Natalie's small breasts were pressed outwards and projected forward between the ropes that deformed her mammary flesh. The ropes pulled each breast into a distorted, obscenely rounded shape, as the ropes were drawn tighter and tighter.

As Dimitri worked, Natalie stared at her sister. Tears welled in both pairs of eyes: tears of sorrow, tears of contrition, and tears of forgiveness for who could be blamed? But most of all they were tears of joy – joy for an adventure that was only just starting and the fact that they would share it together.

“My my, Dimitri, you have become highly skilled with the rope. I'm very impressed,” announced Yuri when his nephew had finished. He stood up and came over to examine each woman, pinching the nipples which protruded from their swollen breasts.

“Yes, they are most certainly ready. Bring me the equipment and the symbols of their new life.”

Dimitri collected a silver tray from a nearby table and held it in front of his uncle. Yuri had positioned himself behind Vicky – she would be the first to undergo this process – the piercing and ringing of her nipples, and her sister could watch in horrified trepidation.

From the tray which Dimitri reverently held out to him, Yuri picked up a sealed package and opened it. Inside was a piercing needle of considerable girth - Vicky had large nipples and would be adorned by thick rings. Yuri then took a pair of small pliers and gripped the needle within its jaws. He flicked open his lighter and sparked a flame, over which he held the needle, going back and forth along its length to sterilise the metal. The needle was then dropped into a glass of neat alcohol to be followed by one of the gold rings.

“This may hurt a little, Vicky, but you will look so lovely when the ring is in. Now brace yourself, my whore, this is the ring that will bond you to me – the symbol of your slavery to me, your master.”

Without further ado, Yuri picked out the needle from the glass with his right hand then grabbed Vicky's left nipple between his left finger and thumb. He pushed hard, the needle entering the nipple at the base and passing through

horizontally, stretching the skin on the far side then the needle poked out. Yuri could feel Vicky tense within her bondage as she coped with the searing pain, but she was incapable of movement – all she could do was let out a muffled scream as her body was physically mutilated. Yuri quickly withdrew the needle and clipped the ring in, circling it agonisingly around at the end as he watched his new slave squirm with the pain.

He repeated the process on Vicky's right nipple then came round to admire the end result.

“Yes, you do look lovely. Perhaps later I will honour you with some more – through your luscious pussy lips - or even your clit. We shall see where my pleasure takes us. But there is no need to rush - we have plenty of time.”

Then it was Natalie's turn.

She had watched this in abject terror – her nipples were already badly vandalised, and surely they were too small to accommodate such rings. She shook her head as Yuri approached, she squirmed in her chair but to no avail – her protests would never be heard.

The process was repeated using much narrower needles and rings – a tricky operation but Yuri managed it well. Then stood back and picked up his champagne, raising it in salute.

“To Vicky and Natalie - my two lovely new slaves - welcome to your new life in Mordavia. Your old lives are over, but do not think of this as the end – this is only the beginning. We are all going to have so much fun!”

THE END

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