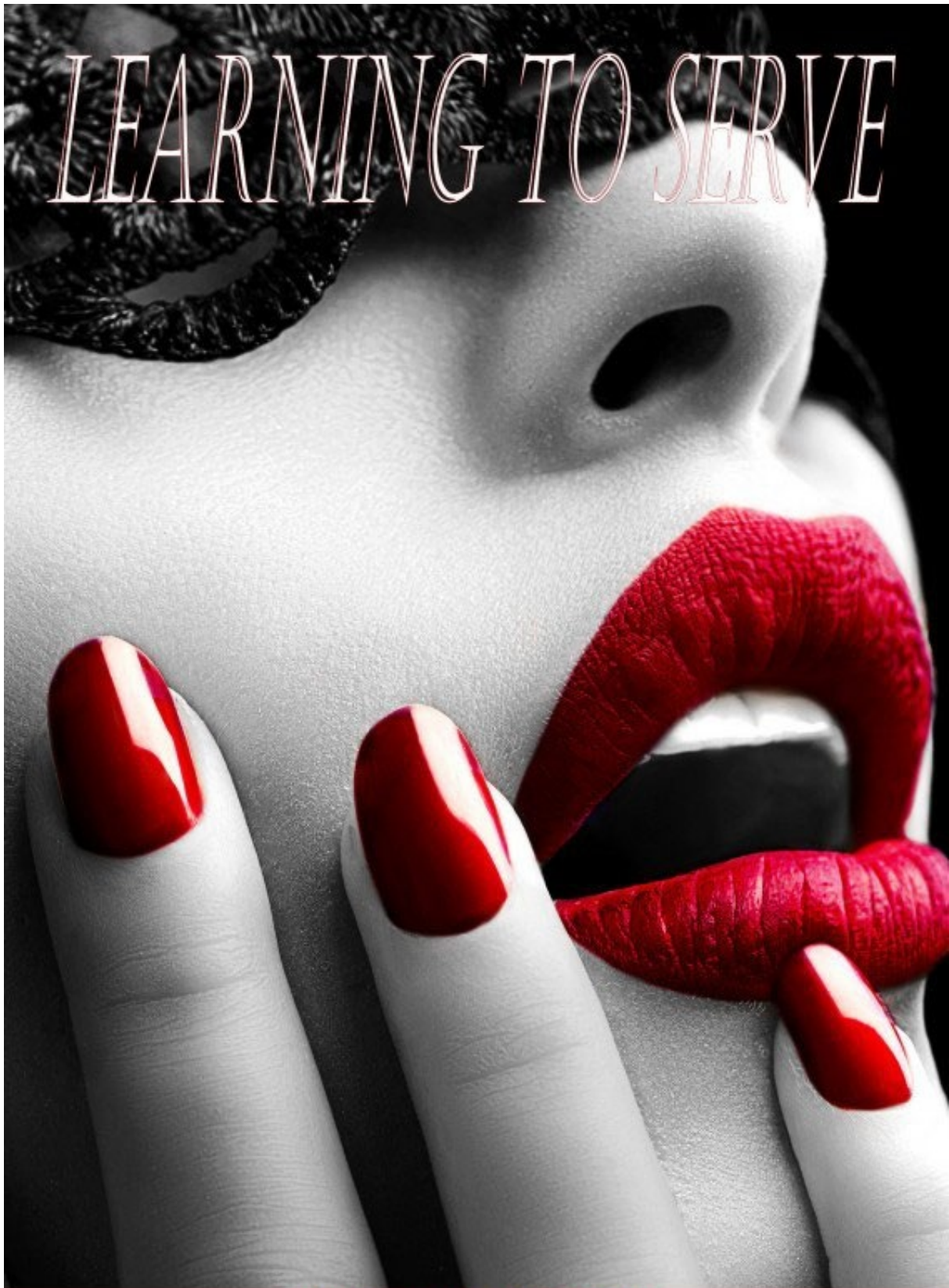


LEARNING TO SERVE

BY JJ ARGUS



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Learning to Serve

(part 3 of The Viking Vampire)

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Smashwords edition

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

Living with a man can sometimes be difficult, even in a very large apartment. This one was something like eight thousands square feet, so you'd think that would give me some space. Living with other people is a matter of compromise. The problem was the people I were living with didn't really understand that concept very well.

Colin Forrest, else-wise known as Lord Elander, a thousand year old Norse king, and, oh-by-the-way, also a vampire, which was how he got to still be alive after a thousand years, certainly didn't have much use for compromise, especially not with a lowly slave girl.

I'd gotten to be a slave girl simply because he liked what he saw and decided to take it. Given the scalding heat I'd been subjected to I certainly wasn't in a position to object. But during a rough kiss I'd somehow cut him, and tasted his blood. That had changed everything. Now we were psychically linked. Which meant he either killed me or he kept me around.

The drawback to that was that I had to take orders like a, well, a serf, if you will. Then again, as a very junior lawyer at Carnegie and Rothstein I'd had to do the same. And I hadn't gotten fabulous, mind blowing orgasms in exchange.

In fact, my sex life had been largely non-existent given the ten hour work days, and I'd had more scalding, incredible orgasms in one day with Elander than I had in the last several years combined. Not only were they greater in number they were immensely more powerful. That little bit of blood of his had made changes in my body.

My nervous system was more powerful. My senses, including touch, were much more sensitive. So was my autoimmune system. I would, according to Tariq, never get another cold, and would never age. Those were the other benefits, well, along with living in a fabulous penthouse in Manhattan.

Pretty good deal, you might think. Fabulous orgasms and riches in exchange for no job? And I'll add in that Elander is an incredibly good looking guy, tall, with the broad shoulders and barrel chest of the Viking warrior he'd once been. He had a square jawed face framed by shoulder length reddish blonde hair, and these incredibly deep gray eyes.

So what was the problem? Well, it's that slave girl thing. I was, to him, a peasant girl, and hardly fit for being anything else. Mind you, the difference between a peasant girl and a slave were minor, back in the day. And I suppose technically he was a king. But I wasn't raised to worship kings, much less instantly do their bidding.

And he was not an especially nice king. Or maybe he was. I've never known anyone who was an absolute ruler before. Maybe he was the nicest king around in that context. By modern standards he was an insensitive, arrogant, macho bastard who saw women as sex toys and little else.

That was, or had once been, anathema to me! I was an independent minded woman who had worked hard to claw my way out of the slums and into a law school, then get hired by an elite firm. Being reduced to a 'hot body' for him to play with was just so not on!

On the other hand, all those amazing orgasms had shifted my thinking about sex and sexuality. It used to be something I could take or leave, and mostly left. But the intensity of the pleasure – I'm not exaggerating when I term it ecstasy, made me want to have sex all the time! I was super aware of my own sexuality and sensuality, and reveled in it.

As a slave girl, I couldn't refuse him sex if he wanted it. That was outrageous! But on the other hand, such was the depths of my new-found excitement and eagerness that no matter my mood, I could simply not turn down sex! I was turning into a freaking nympho! Refusing him sex was the last thing on my mind!

I honestly don't know that I could force myself to turn down sex with anyone! That was one of the reasons I'd reluctantly accepted the idea of not going back to work. I valued my dignity and my reputation there, and had no desire to get fired for making out with a law clerk or something. I had already begun unconsciously dressing in more revealing clothes, enough to get noticed.

Now, of course, Elander would prefer I wear nothing at all, 24/7. Except his collar and shackles, of course.

Then there was Tariq. He was from old Egypt, and almost as old as Elander. He'd tried to kill the Norseman nine hundred odd years ago, and would have succeeded if Elander wasn't a being who could shrug off a spear through the

belly. He'd agreed to be Elander's slave, then gradually become promoted his manservant and companion – and free.

Tariq was over seven feet tall, and while not as thick in the chest as Elander, actually had broader shoulders. He also had a cock which would suit a horse. He wasn't growly and temperamental like Elander. On the contrary, he was calm and quiet, and seemed much more even tempered. But he also had nine hundred years seniority over me, and so I pretty much had to do anything he told me too.

“This is stupid,” I said.

I could say that to Tariq, without worrying it would anger him.

“Consider it exercise, like yoga,” he replied in amusement.

We were in the Solar. It was a nice, calm room with white oak floors and lots of light on the west side of the penthouse. The windows, as in most of the rooms, were floor to ceiling, with no fear of being in the shade of other buildings, not seventy two floors up. I was on a plush white rug in the center of the floor, naked of course, though Tariq kept finding slutty lingerie for me to wear.

At that moment I was on my knees, my breasts crushed against the floor beneath me, and my arms straight out in front of me, hands pressed together as if I were praying. My hips were raised high, my upper legs required to be perfectly vertical, my belly tucked in close against them so that my back arched sharply. My chin was on the floor, which had my head forced sharply back.

Tariq was pacing slowly around me to ensure my position was exactly correct. He had a long, thin quirt in his hand which he didn't seem the least bit reluctant to use, either to snap it across my bottom, or to slide it in between my thighs to let it caress my clitoris – which had become startlingly sensitive since I'd ingested a tiny bit of Elander's blood

“You are demonstrating your humility,” he said, “which, for you, is a good thing, and certain to please Lord Elander.”

I made an unpleasant sound.

“And, it is exercise, which is also a good thing, to keep your body fit and toned.”

“I can do that without being naked,” I muttered.

“But this is more practical, as well as pleasing to the eye. Now you may shift your knees to the sides, while ensuring you otherwise maintain your position.”

Tariq spoke in a soft, deep voice, lightly accented from his origins in North Africa.

I flushed and shifted my knees to the sides, which, of course, was an even more degrading position, and more sexual. And that immediately made the soft background thrumming between my legs grow more powerful.

I gasped as I felt the tip of the quirt slide lightly up and down my now openly displayed sex.

“I must say that I do approve of this new idea of shaving a woman's sex,” he said. “It looks much more attractive, and allows a man to appreciate the beauty of this origin of life.”

I bit my lip lightly as the quirt slid across my clitoris, then back again.

“I have seen many, in my life, of course. Yours is very well-constructed, very neat and tight looking, much like what resides behind and within.

I had had his giant cock inside me before, though mostly in my mouth and throat. On the one occasion I'd had him in my belly it had felt like I was impaled, like I was going to be split open. Yet I had gloried in it. That was by Elander's order, though, and I hadn't been able to move much on it, something I was still feeling a swirling, hazy hunger about.

I wanted to feel that big cock moving fast inside me!

The quirt slide up across my buttocks, then down along my spine and into my hair before sliding back up once more.

My hair was becoming an... issue. Of all the weird things to confound me, given what had happened the last few days, the hair thing was minor, unimportant, but omnipresent.

It was growing.

It had been shoulder length four days ago. It had grown by about two inches in the first day after my little tryst with Elander. It had grown more than a foot since then. Elander had only looked smug when I mentioned it, and then forbid me to cut it.

So somehow he was responsible. It was a way in which my body had changed to suit him, rather than me. Though to be honest, my hair didn't have any split ends for all its rapid growth, and seemed thicker and ridiculously soft and silky. I mean, if you could figure out how to bottle whatever the hell it was you'd make a fortune. Even I liked sliding my fingers through it!

But it got in the way all the time! And it was getting worse! And Elander wouldn't let me tie it back in a bun or even a pony tail. It was parted in the middle and flowed down around my face like spun silk. It mostly stayed where I put it. I'll give it that. But even then it was like walking around with blinders since it blocked some of my peripheral vision on both sides of my head.

And how much longer was he going to want it!? Down to my waist!? Down to my ass!? Down to my ankles!? He wasn't saying. My hope was that at least he wouldn't want it covering my ass. He liked to look at it too much.

“My neck is starting to ache,” I complained.

Crack!

I winced slightly at the sharp blow across the butt from the quirt, but it wasn't unexpected. Tariq was showing me how to be a proper slave girl for Lord Elander, and that included a certain rigid behavior about how you spoke and acted.

“Remember that Lord Elander is much less ... conservative... than some of the others,” Tariq said with an uncharacteristic stern tone. It would not be good to embarrass him in front of one.”

There were other vampires, it seemed. At least, that was the closest thing to describing them. They shunned the light, drank blood, had incredible speed and strength, and lived for a very long time. They could also mess with your mind. Elander had been quite firm about never having died, though.

“You may act independent, somewhat, around Lord Elander, but not around the

others,” he cautioned. “Think of them as tigers likely to lash out at you on pure instinct. And even if Lord Elander was annoyed at this, well, it would be too late for you, no?”

Crack!

I gasped.

“Answer.”

“Yes, master!” I gulped.

I didn't use that term for Tariq but we were 'training'. In fact, I didn't even use it for Elander, mostly. When I had to I used 'sir', unless he was really in a mood.

The edge of the quirt slid back and forth across my clitoris and raw sensation swept through my belly and down into my chest, momentarily taking my breath away.

“You must practice self-discipline, or else suffer the real thing. And the real thing can be much more painful. Lord Elander has a distinctive type of punishment which most of his brethren do not share,” he said.

Elander was a bit of a sexual sadist. He had whipped me for disobedience, actually whipped me! But while it had hurt, he'd also messed with my mind so that it was probably the most gloriously pleasurable whipping in history! I had come repeatedly! I would not like to feel the whip without that wild, dark heat gripping me, that was for sure!

Tariq did not have the same ability to mess with my mind, given he was mostly human. But my body's newly sensitized parts combined with the wild thrill of sexual heat which recent events had raised in my mind made it pathetically easy to rouse me to a bubbling, churning state of sexual excitement.

“Do you understand, slave girl?”

“Yes, master!” I moaned.

He drew the quirt back out from between my slightly trembling thighs and let it caress my buttocks.

“What are you?”

“I'm a slave girl, master!” I gasped.

“Who do you belong to?”

“I belong to Lord Elander, master!”

He tapped the quirt against my bottom a few times.

“Who owns this?”

“Lord Elander, master!” I said, panting weakly.

I jerked as the quirt caressed the tight line of my sex.

“Who owns this?”

“Lord Elander, master!” I said, groaning.

The tip of the quirt poked at my left breast, where it was pillowed out beneath me.

“Who owns this?”

“Lord Elander, master!”

The problem was I didn't want to be Elander's slave girl sex toy. I wanted, if I had to stick around, to get his respect so I would be more like Tariq.

But he respected Tariq's strength; not just his physical strength but his mental resolve. I used to have that too, but now I was just a nympho slut who gloried in people using my body. It was hard to show resolve in the face of the incredible waves of heat which could so easily be roused in my body now.

How could I show him strength? By defying him, of course. But that was quite difficult, and would inevitably bring punishment. Of course, the nature of his sadism required that even my punishments would be almost unbearably pleasurable. But it was still a daunting thing. He'd seriously considered killing me, after all, and could do it pretty easily.

The quirt slid between my legs again and the shaft began to slide up and down against my sex. I moaned as I felt it forced up between the tight lips of my sex, felt the slickness there. I felt the thin wood caressing my sensitive flesh, felt it slide down and angle in, and closed my eyes as it slid across my clitoris.

“Who may use this?” Tariq asked.

“Lord Elander, Master!” I gasped.

“And?”

“And... and... anyone he says,” I moaned.

The thought of that was both outrageous and, given my new sexual mindset, outrageously exciting. I mean, the thought that he could basically let anyone, any friend or acquaintance, use my body however they wanted, was enough to drop my jaw in righteous indignation and fury. Or should have been.

But a strong part of my mind burned with the thought of such outrage now, at the thought of being a helpless sexual toy given back and forth between powerful men. Okay, I had always admired powerful men, but never like this!

The quirt slid back then snapped down sharply across my buttocks.

Crack!

“Master!” I gasped.

“Do not forget it, slave,” he said. “What are you?”

“I'm a slave, master!”

“Yes,” he said.

He moved to the wall and sat down.

“On your knees,” he said.

Groaning with relief, I pushed down and raised myself up on my knees. I turned to him, flushed, spreading my knees wide, sitting back on my heels, back straight, head up, looking over his left shoulder the way he'd shown me, hands

on my outer thighs.

“Present,” he said.

I rose on my knees, my hands going up into that ridiculously thick, soft blonde hair, fingers interlacing behind my neck as I arched my back.

My nipples tingled as the skin drew taut against my slightly swollen breasts, and the fact I was doing this in front of Tariq and, well, his giant cock, had my lower belly thrumming excitedly once more.

But I couldn't ask him to have sex with me. A slave girl didn't get to do that. A slave girl was available for when a man wanted her. And if he didn't, he didn't. Tariq would fuck me if he felt like it.

And I had no say in it. Well, assuming I didn't want to, which at this point was just weird to think about, I wouldn't be able to say no. And again, that gave me a double sense of both indignation and dark excitement. My body was not my own. It belonged to them!

I was always aroused now, though. Sometimes it wasn't bad, and sometimes it was almost overpowering, but it was always present.

“Come here, slave,” he ordered.

I let my hands drop down and fell forward onto them then crawled the ten feet across the rug to stop before him. He circled his finger and I turned my back to him, then felt his booted feet come down on my lower back. I flushed again, another rush of indignation and outrage hitting me.

But so too did dark heat and hunger.

“Who owns this body, slave girl?”

“Lord Elander, Master,” I said.

“Are you annoyed if I use it as a foot stool?” he asked.

Yes!

“No, master.”

“Why not?”

“Because... it doesn't belong to me, master.”

“Yes.”

He removed his feet.

“Rise on your knees, turn and present.”

I straightened up, turned around and brought my hands up behind my neck again, arching my back. I felt his foot between my knees, prodding at them, and spread them apart as he leaned closer.

I gasped as he seized my hard nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, then pinched them, twisting them and pulling them outward, but didn't move.

“Such soft skin,” he said. “My people have always admired soft, unblemished skin,” he said, “regardless of complexion. Stand up.”

I stood as he let go of my now throbbing nipples.

“Present yourself for discipline.”

I gulped, but did as he ordered. I stood straight, legs apart, hands raised up and well apart, as if I was tied spreadeagled. Only I wasn't tied.

He stood up and the quirt traced a slow path down my spine. I waited the sharp sting of it striking my bottom, but instead he slid his fingers into my hair, then tightened them and – pulled. I felt my head pulled up and back, increasing my arch, as his other hand slid around my hip and down my belly to my sex.

“You must learn self-discipline, slave girl,” he whispered.

I jerked as his fingers found my clitoris, and then a wave of heat began to rush up my body as they stroked and massaged it. I felt my chest tighten to the point of breathlessness as the arousal deepened and began to make my mind pound with sexual pressure.

“A strong man disciplines himself against fear,” he said, “And pain, and hunger and cold. You must only discipline yourself against... want.”

He laid a long, thick finger down the line of my sex then let it sink in between my swollen labia. I was sopping wet already, but he didn't seek to penetrate me. Instead he simply slid that finger up and down, letting the joint rub across my clitoris at the same time as I gulped in air and trembled helplessly.

Raw, violent need and hunger swept through me as waves of sensations poured up through my body. I did my very best to not move, but it was impossible. I was trembling, and my chest was fluttering. My hips were jerking convulsively, if not very far. I mean, I did retain some control, after all!

He leaned forward over me, still clutching my hair firmly, and his lips brushed my right nipple. Then his teeth closed ever so carefully down around the rigid little pink button, and I felt the sharp, tight heat of pain fill me there as he bit into my flesh.

My nipple burned hotter and hotter, the pain almost enough to burn through the storm of hunger gripping me.

Almost, but not quite.

He drew back with a smile, and then his finger slid off my sex. I was still trembling, my body flushed, my breathing ragged, but I hadn't moved. Much.

He released my hair and moved around in front of me as I was able to draw my head forward more, but I continued to look over his shoulder until he pulled tiny, thin chains from his pocket and dangled them before my eyes.

They were solid gold, I was sure, as were the teardrop shaped objects attached, each about the size of his thumbs. On the other side of the chains were small alligator clips, and my eyes stared at them, following them as he drew them down against my nipples and opened the jaws.

I braced myself as the jaws moved in on either side of my nipples, then slowly closed.

I moaned helplessly as I felt that tight, stinging, biting heat again, as my nipples were squeezed cruelly between the small golden jaws. I let out a small cry, and

my arms jerked convulsively, but I was able to keep them raised up and out, even as the pain cut into and through the wild heat surrounding my mind.

“Self discipline, disciplining ones own mind and body,” he said. “That is the measure of inner strength.”

It had been Tariq who had told me Elander only respected strength, and I believed him.

And it took strength not to jerk my hands down and tear the things off my nipples, believe me!

He sat down again on the straight backed, antique chair and gave me an arrogant look.

“Go and get me a glass of water, slave,” he said.

“Yes, master!” I gasped.

I dropped my arms and walked – carefully – across the floor to the table set against the opposite wall. We'd done this before too. There was a crystal decanter of water, and a crystal glass, and a silver tray. I poured the water into the glass, placed the glass in the center of the tray, and then turned and walked back to him.

The pain in my nipples was slowly easing, fading into a dull background burning, but of course, my movements made the little teardrops swing and pull at them more. I moved to the side of the chair, lowered myself to my knees, bowed my head, and raised the tray up in both hands.

And waited.

It was a full minute before he deigned to remove the glass from the tray, during which I knelt there, bowed forward, arms extended up and out, and those damn teardrop things hanging freely from my nipples.

Only then could I straighten and lower my arms, then get to my feet and walk back to the table.

And as I did I saw Elander standing there.

I felt my insides churn at the sight of him. He had explained that as a kind of Pavlov's dog sort of thing. You know, how every time the bell sounded the dog got fed a treat, and so the moment the bell sounded he'd started to salivate? Every time I encountered Elander my body wound up, one way or another, going through gut wrenching multiple orgasms. So he figured I was now conditioned to turn into a bitch in heat every time I saw him.

I was determined to demonstrate otherwise, of course, but it was hard. God, it was hard!

I was, in one sense, pleased he had seen me performing well as a slave girl, and on the other hand unhappy, because, as I've said, I didn't really want him to think of me as a slave girl. I was an intelligent, educated woman, and a lawyer! I didn't want to just be seen as a body!

Even though a part of my mind now reveled in him seeing me as hot and sexy and desirable.

"She is learning self-discipline," Tariq said.

"Is she?" Elander said with a snort. "I do not think that is a strength enjoyed by modern women."

His finger poked one of the teardrops and it swung back and forth.

"Now self-discipline would be if these were... down here," he said, his fingers sliding down between my legs.

I sucked in sharp breath of air and tried to control my movements as his fingers idly caressed my swollen clitoris. Fortunately, he quickly moved them away as Tariq came up to stand beside us.

"That was coming," he said, holding out a third little teardrop.

"Present yourself for discipline, slave girl," he said.

"Yes, master!" I gulped, spreading my legs and raising my hands up and out.

Elander snorted and eyed me suspiciously. He knew I was reluctant to use that term, at least with him. And, I'd discovered, he might be a thousand years old,

but he had a young man's possessiveness when it came to women. He didn't like it when I demonstrated greater interest in or obedience to Tariq than for him.

Tariq's hand slid down between my legs and I braced myself for the pain. I still jerked and cried out as the jaws of the clip closed on my exquisitely sensitive clitoris! The pain was raw and hot and jagged, and I cried out and grabbed at his hand.

Dammit!

"I do not see self-discipline here," Elander said smugly.

"Put one on your cock and see how you react!" I gasped as Tariq held my hands back.

"I would not react if I chose to not react," he said.

The most infuriating thing was I believed him!

But now Tariq had locked my wrists together behind my back as I suffered through the sharp, biting pain without being able to do anything! Even moving just made it worse!

"Let us see if pain can teach self-discipline," Elander said. "Perhaps we will attempt what we begun the other day."

I had no idea what he meant, and yelped and cried out in pain as he took my arm and pulled me backward along the floor, then shoved me to my knees. He drew his cock out of his trousers, and he was already very, very hard.

I had an instant, a jarring instant to look at it in surprise. I mean, not that I hadn't seen it before, of course, but he was so hard, and he'd just arrived. Tariq was not hard at all, as far as I could tell. I was about to say something stupid like suggest that Elander's self-discipline was a lot worse than Tariq's, when thankfully he shoved himself into my mouth.

Which was good because it gave me something else to focus on while the pain between my legs dulled, and it gave me a moment to recall that this was a thousand year old Norse king who was used to cutting people's heads off the moment they displeased him.

I had sternly told myself that I needed to treat him as if he were the senior partner at the law firm where I worked – or used to work, a man with enormous power over my future who had no reputation for kindness and no need to concern himself about whether I liked him or not. For some reason I kept forgetting.

Now I let his cock slide into and fill my mouth, closing my lips around it and sucking as I set my tongue to working. I had little idea what he had meant but little reason to concern myself with more than pleasing him at that moment. So I sucked as best I could, despite the fact he didn't give me a lot of freedom of movement.

I was not surprised when his cock pushed deeper into my mouth and slid down into my throat. There was a moment of almost-gagging, because the pain of the clips on my nipples and clitoris had pushed back the heat which had been fuzzing my mind.

But as it slid downward I felt that strange dark sense of eroticism folding around me once again. Despite the sense of discomfort and the way it felt as if it was making my throat bulge out his cock was slick and soft (though erect) and it caressed my flesh as it drove down deep.

Then too, there was the emotional high, the breathless exultation as I felt the last inch of his shaft push through my lips and I found my face pressed against his groin. Being able to do this was still new to me, and felt exquisitely sexual and accomplished.

He didn't stay inside me for long, but slid slowly back out, which was the hardest part, and I gasped and coughed a bit as he came free of my throat, and then my mouth entirely. He pulled me to my feet, turned me around, then lifted my shackled wrists up high, forcing me to bend over.

I gasped as I felt the delicious touch of his warm, slick cock pushing against my sex, as I felt the head enter the mouth of my sex, and the breathless delight as it pushed deeper.

Only it didn't. Or rather, it halted with little more than the head nestled inside me. I waited, gulping in air, but he didn't move in any deeper.

“Do not move, wench,” he said. “You think I lack self-discipline? Well, we will

have a contest here, you and I, and see who wins.”

Oh shit!

“Show me your self-discipline, girl,” he said, holding himself steady with just the first few inches of his cock inside me.

He said something in a foreign language, and Tariq stepped forward. He gathered up my long hair and swept it around his fist, then used it to lift my head up and forward as his hand fumbled at his own trousers. I moaned as he dropped them and then guided my mouth onto his sex.

This was too insane and perverse!

But I immediately began to lick and suck at his balls, and it took very little time for him to harden.

The ache between my legs was still there, but it had dulled. My nipples burned, in the same way, particularly the way I was bent at the waist, for the teardrop things were hanging straight down and tugging at my tingling flesh.

Tariq was huge, even bigger than Elander, and barely fit through my open jaw as he drove himself slowly into my mouth. And then he stopped too.

Dammit!

I wanted the feel of that gloriously thick cock sliding in and out of my lips! Just like I wanted to feel Elander's own big cock high in my belly! But neither of them was moving!

Bastards!

I moaned around Tariq's cock, sucking on the first quarter of it, moving my tongue up and down, focusing on the underside of the head. He just stood there, holding my hair in hand to support my head.

And I needed that support more and more. It turns out my head is kind of heavy. Given I was bent over at the waist at almost a ninety degree angle, the natural place for my head was hanging straight down. Holding it up like this was hard on the neck muscles, which I discovered because naturally I was trying to ease

the pull on my hair.

As the seconds ticked by I found myself less and less able to do that, and the pull on my scalp became worse, until my head was almost entirely held up by Tariq's grip on my hair. That ached sharply, but it was mostly just a background thing compared the hard throbbing between my legs and coming from my nipples.

And the pain was starting to become dulled even more by the dark hazy hunger which was spreading through my body. I wanted those cocks inside me, both of them! It didn't even occur to me to marvel at how slutty that was, to want to have two guys I had only met four days ago inside me at the same time.

It was like my inhibitions just didn't exist any more, at least with regard to these two!

I felt a hand sliding up and down my back, then curve down along my ribs to cup my right breast. I knew it was Elander. He was cheating! Not that he'd think of it that way, of course. My body reacted in a predictable fashion, the heat cranking up even higher as my pussy squeezed hungrily on the few inches of cock Elander had pushed into me.

The throbbing heat possessed my body, and I moaned around Tariq's cock, feeling more and more desperate to move, to swallow both of them! I tried to do like I'd done the other day at the dinner table, when I'd 'projected' my heat to Elander, and got him to lose his cool and grab me himself, but it was a lot harder when I couldn't see him!

Besides, last time I had taken him by surprise. I doubted that would work again.

Could I get Tariq to come by sucking on the end of his cock? That ought to be doable with any normal man. I had a very healthy respect for his self-discipline, though. I still tried, but without being able to move my lips I couldn't exactly give it my best.

I also tried squeezing my vaginal muscles down on Elander, but I was again sadly sure he had prepared himself and was prepared to just stand there until hell froze over.

“You may move now, girl,” Elander said, “If you wish to lose this small contest between us, of course.”

That sent a surge of resentment through me. I knew I couldn't win, not without moving. It wasn't a fair contest! The incredible trauma my body and mind had experienced over the last few days had left me wholly unable to cope with this sort of 'test'!

My sex felt so hot, so wet, that I imagined my inner juices must be seeping out around his cock. My heart was pounding, my skull throbbing, and my pulse racing. My very skin felt as though it were alive with sensation, flaring wildly as I trembled and spasms ran through me.

The sexual pressure inside me grew in intensity, and began to push aside all other cares and concerns until I finally just told myself there was no point anyway. I was going to lose. Why drag it out!? Why continue to torture myself!?

I pushed myself back a little, moaning around Tariq's cock as more of Elander's slid into my body. Tariq obligingly eased forward a few inches to keep the same amount of him in my mouth.

Then I started to move, just a bit at first, but my movements growing more pronounced with every passing second.

In spite of the pain.

For I now understood what Elander had said about pain teaching self-discipline. The clips which were biting into my nipples and clitoris were attached to the small, heavy teardrops by short thin chains. As I'd stood there bent over, unmoving, the pain had dulled considerably. Now that I was moving, the weights were starting to swing back and forth beneath me.

Needless to say, since they were attached to just about the most sensitive parts of my body, the pain began to take on a new, sharper tone which grew harsher the more I moved.

But it didn't matter. The hunger within me had gotten overwhelming, by then, and the wanton excitement and the pleasure it stoked easily surpassed the pain as I moved. The more I moved, the more pain I felt, but also, the more excitement and exultation as I took more and more of them into my quivering, trembling body!

Worse was to come, though, as I finally took all of Elander inside myself, the

wild rush of heat I experienced as my buttocks pressed against his thighs made my body buck and jerk so that I began to slap my bottom against him harder and harder. That made the weighted teardrops not merely swing, but actually bounce and tug against my nipples and clitoris!

I felt a hand slide down to cup my left breast, and saw Tariq's arm out of my peripheral vision. That meant each of them had a hand on one breast, just as each of them had their cocks inside me! God, this was so wildly, wantonly wicked! I could hardly believe it! I really was becoming a slut!

Elander and Tariq still weren't moving! That meant I had to do all the moving. But Tariq had eased forward so that as I slid my bottom all the way back to slap against Elander's thighs, I had my lips wrapped around the head of his cock. Then, as I slid forward and gulped down his cock, by the time my lips were wrapped around the base, Elander was just barely inside me!

It was like I was sliding along one very long, very thick cock, and my insides were churning hotly around it as I did so! I felt as if I was wrapped in a cloud of glittering, crackling fire!

And then they spoke to each other again in that foreign language, and apparently decided I'd lost the contest and no longer had to keep still.

So they didn't.

I gasped as Elander's hips thrust forward to slap hard against my buttocks. The feel of him driving into my belly was glorious, but even so, the weighted little teardrop biting into my clitoris jerked hard and produced a sharp, stinging pain!

Tariq thrust into my throat, setting my body shaking again, setting the weights on my nipples bouncing! The two of them continued to speak above me as they thrust into me, and then synchronized their movements so that both thrust into me in alternating strokes which sent me backward and forward in helpless dazed pleasure.

But every few seconds they'd change their pitch and both thrust into me together!

The first time they did so a shock-wave ran through my body, and seconds later the orgasm followed as they thrust into me harder and faster. It was the first, but

hardly the last, and the pain from the weights and my scalp not only didn't matter, the sharp sensations were simply absorbed by the crackling ball of fiery sexual electricity within me.

I felt my eyes glaze over as they continued, and my legs began to get rubbery after the second orgasm, but with their hands on me and under me, I couldn't fall, not with their strength. So they continued to hammer their bodies into me with growing speed and power as my mind tumbled and twisted through another orgasm, and another, screaming almost soundlessly around Tariq's big cock!

My legs finally gave way entirely, but they simply lowered me carefully to my knees, following, and continued in exactly the same position. The orgasm became more and more powerful, and then suddenly I felt this stunning wave of heat and passion and excitement flood over my mind, as if Elander had suddenly released his hold on it, and it sent me, screaming, into unconsciousness.

*

“You guys cheat,” I said with a groan.

I was laying on the floor, moaning weakly. My face and head were wet, and Tariq was holding an empty goblet which I knew had held water, since I'd brought it to him.

“Cheat at what?” he asked calmly.

“Your... contest,” I groaned.

“It was not my contest, and you failed to ascertain the rules when you agreed to it.”

“I didn't agree!”

“You didn't disagree.”

“And it wasn't fair!”

“We have discussed that word before, have we not?”

I groaned weakly. Yes, we had, and he'd seemed puzzled why I would think the

world ought to be fair to me when it wasn't to so many who were so much worse off than me.

“We will resume our lessons,” he said, picking up the quirt.

“I'm too exhausted and sore,” I complained.

The quirt snapped down on my hip and I yelped, scrambling up onto my knees.

“You see. You were mistaken,” he said.

“Aren't you going to remove these?” I asked, looking down anxiously at the weights.

“You have forgotten the proper term to use when addressing your superiors.”

“Master,” I said.

“Perhaps, if you demonstrate you deserve to have them removed. In the meantime they will help to – discipline your body.”

So the sharp little stings continued as I moved, as they swung and jerked against me. Yet despite that, the heat began to rise within me once again, and this time the focus was actually on those small weights and the continuing sharp sensations they were sending into my clitoris and nipples.

“Once you demonstrate you can restrain yourself it might be possible to convince Lord Elander to take you out somewhere,” he said.

“Where?” I gulped.

I was in an awkward position, on my back, balanced on my shoulders, with my hands on my hips, arms bent, elbows helping prop my hips in the air. My feet were flat on the floor, legs wide, helping hold the rest of me up,

“He has seen symphonies, operas, ballets and plays many, many times,” he said.

“What about movies?”

“He enjoys movies, but he can see those here.”

I tried to think of what kind of modern movie would appeal to Elander. He clearly liked the classics, but they didn't really make those kinds of movies much any more. And as Tariq said, he could see them in his own theater. Of course, his theater was big for a home theater, but small by the standards of the places you could go out to.

“When was the last time he went to see a movie?” I asked.

He pursed his lips. “It has been many years,” he said. “I do not recall which one it was.”

“How many years?”

I gasped as the quirt struck my breast.

“How many years, Master?” I gulped.

“I do not recall. It was in the nineteen seventies.”

“Why did he stop, master?”

“He said the quality was no longer there, and that the films were filled with gauche characters of no interest to him.”

“Doesn't he watch them in his theater... master?”

“Older movies. Change position. Kneel and present.”

I groaned in relief, getting on my knees and arching my back again, hands behind my neck.

“So he hasn't seen any modern movies?” I asked in disbelief.

I winced as the quirt struck my back. “No.”

“I don't suppose he likes porn?”

Tariq actually snorted in amusement, and I stared at him.

“What? He certainly doesn't act like he's the least bit prudish.”

“Vampires are not prudish,” Tariq said with a smile. “Far from it. But simply viewing naked people copulating is most unlikely to arouse the interest of a man of his years of experience.”

So what movie would he like, I thought. Something with special effects. Something with people getting killed a lot. Were there any Viking pictures? No, he'd hate them because they would almost certainly lack realism. I doubted he'd have a lot of interest in space ships shooting at each other either.

“Can I eat yet?” I asked.

The quirt snapped down on my back and I gasped.

“You make a very poor slave girl,” he said.

“I could have told you that.”

“On your chest, arms wrapped around your legs.”

I grumbled and leaned forward again, my breasts pillowing out against the rug. I reached back behind my thighs and wrapped my arms around them. That, of course, bowed my body pretty sharply, especially with my face forced up and back by the floor.

“This is dumb,” I complained.

Crack!

“Ah!” I cried, as the quirt cut sharply across my buttocks.

“Master,” he said calmly.

“That hurt!” I protested.

Crack!

“Ahh!” I cried. “That hurt, master!”

“Yes,” he said. “You must learn a measure of humility for your own good.”

“I never like learning stuff for my own good,” I muttered.

Crack!

The quirt snapped down hard across both buttocks again.

“For your survival, then,” he said, his voice more stern.

I bit my lip, for he was right. I kept forgetting that.

Senior partner, I said, irritated at myself.

“If nothing else, calling him master all the time will likely annoy him before very long,” Tariq said.

“Really?”

Now that seemed interesting.

“So if I act really obsequious he'll get tired of it?”

“No, he'll enjoy that. He is a king, after all.”

I sighed.

“Is this particular position meant for any particular reasons, master?” I asked carefully. “Because it's giving me neck strain.”

Crack

“Ow!”

“Slaves do not complain. But since you ask, this is an excellent position to discipline slaves.”

With my ass in the air, I thought.

“In fact...”

He knelt and I felt him gripping my wrists and pulling my arms in tighter around my thighs, then the wrist shackles were locked together.

“Perhaps remaining in such a position for a time will cause you to focus your

mind on the need for humility.”

With my chin jammed up and back between my shoulders there wasn't a lot of room for long discussions on that subject, and besides, I was aware he was right, at least insofar as my need to focus more on humility. If only Elander was an ugly, gray haired old guy with a pot belly like the senior partner, it would be much easier.

“That might hurt my neck more, master,” I said with as much diffidence as I could manage.

“And why would that concern me?” he asked, slapping the quirt lightly against my bottom.

“In fact, there is another purpose behind this position,” he said. “Would you care to hear it?”

I thought about saying no, but that would likely be considered disrespectful.

“Yes, master,” I said.

He knelt behind me and I gasped as I felt his fingers running up and down along the line of my sex.

“Well, there are certain advantages in terms of tightness,” he said, as he slowly twisted, or tried to twist a finger into me.

“And it's convenient for use here,” he said, as I felt his finger slowly sinking through the tightly wrinkled folds of my back opening.

I jerked at the touch.

“You have not been much used here, for some reason, have you, slave,” he said.

“N-No, master!” I gasped.

In fact, Elander had done me there the other day, during a long session in bed where he had taken me in a dozen different ways and positions during an exhaustion, gut-wrenching, multi-orgasmic marathon. But aside from that, I had actually never had anal sex. And I had been so mind blown by the time he did it

I hadn't cared.

His finger pushed deeper into my bottom and I flinched and squirmed, and he slapped my buttocks.

“Still, slave.” he ordered.

His finger moved deeper, twisting from side to side.

“You are indeed very tight back here,” he said. “A slave girl should be well-used here. They certainly would be in my land.”

“I-I don't like anal sex, master!” I gasped.

I heard him snort in disdain. “As if the preferences of a slave are important,” he said. “Will you say no if one of Lord Elander's brethren wish to use you thusly?”

“But – !”

“Who owns this?” he demanded, slapping my butt.

“I... Lord Elander owns it,” I gulped.

“Indeed. And he may loan it to anyone he wishes. You must adjust your mind to the fact this body belongs to him to do with as he wishes.”

I glared mentally at the words, for I was never going to agree to that!

Tariq's finger turned and twisted inside me, and he had a long finger. I felt the knuckle pressing against my taut buttocks as he buried it in me, then began to slowly pump it in and out. It was not as difficult coping with it as I had thought. I mean, it didn't hurt or anything, which surprised me to some extent.

It was only a finger, but it was Tariq's finger, which meant it was like five or six inches long!

“I believe I have an idea of how to better accustom your mind to your new life, slave,” he said.

I definitely didn't like the sound of that!

*

Tariq was, as I had suspected, a fan of the internet. That was where he found that slinky lingerie for me to wear, not to mention the stiletto heels.

Within hours I was wearing thigh high stiletto heeled boots, and I mean thigh-high! The edge of the boots was less than a quarter of an inch from my buttocks! I was also wearing leather gloves which rose almost to my shoulders.

The thing about these leather gloves was they were more like leather mittens, or not even them. Mittens, after all, at least had a separate thumb. These did not. The palms were stiff, as well. So not only did I not have the use of any thumb but I couldn't bend my hands to clutch or hold anything. It was like I had no hands any more!

To make matters even less comfortable, he strapped my arms back together behind me at the elbows. That made my shoulders ache fiercely at first, but eventually they became numb. He added a ball gag so I couldn't speak, and that left me entirely helpless. I couldn't do anything for myself, nor could I protest anything done to me.

Of course, in reality I'd been helpless already, at least so far as doing what they wanted to do to me, but this was a jarring sort of sense of helplessness where I couldn't even pretend to myself that I had a say in anything at all!

Which, I suppose, was the idea.

The first task he set for me was to learn to walk in the boots. Given they had five and a half inch heels that was no easy matter. And it was made more difficult by the fact my arms were bound so tightly back together behind my back!

"I suggest you walk slowly," he said.

Then he left me alone in the Solar to walk up and down! Just standing in the things was difficult enough, without trying to move, but I knew he would expect improvement, and knew I'd be punished if he didn't see any. So I started very slowly and carefully moving my feet forward along the wooden floor.

It wasn't easy, but then again I certainly had time on my hands since Elander had gone to 'bed'. I stayed along the wall so I could at least lean against it if I started

to lose my balance. Plus, I didn't want to even try walking on the rug yet!

I couldn't protest, and there was nothing else I could do with my time given how I was bound so I walked slowly, very slowly, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, slowly gaining a measure of confidence until I could lengthen my stride a bit.

The boots fit reasonably well, but they were still very high heels, and were not exactly comfortable to walk in. I felt I was being quite reasonable in taking a break and sitting down, especially given the progress I'd made in only ten minutes or so.

It was simply bad luck that Tariq showed up while I was sitting there. His eyes narrowed and I could see his displeasure as I quickly got to my feet. Unfortunately, I lurched to my feet, and then stumbled and fell to my knees, fortunately on the thick rug.

Tariq folded his arms across his chest and gave me a hard look, then, to my surprise, left the room without saying a word. I got up and eased back off the rug, then started practicing my walk again. But in less than a minute he was back, and I gulped as I saw he was carrying a leather strap in his hand!

I couldn't even protest!

He grabbed my arm, marched me to the table, bent me over, and then began to swing the strap down across my bottom with sharp, stinging blows that had me squealing and wriggling and jerking in helpless pain! It was so unfair, and I couldn't do anything, or even say anything!

The blows snapped down across my bare bottom again and again, and my buttocks began to burn with a fiery heat that had me moaning and even had my eyes starting to fill with tears as the pain grew more intense.

“Spread your legs, slave,” he finally said.

Sniffing helplessly, I obeyed, and felt his fingers at my sex. Then something was dropped in front of my eyes on the table. It was a dildo, a big one, but... there was something odd about it in that it had this ring, like a donut, a few inches below the base.

A moment later it disappeared, and I grunted as I felt what had to be the dildo pushing forward into the mouth of my sex. I was well-lubricated, fortunately. I always seemed to be nowadays because I was always aroused to some extent. Still, the dildo ached as he thrust it into me, forcing it deeper and deeper through the tight elastic folds of my sex.

Then I felt the ring pressing against my labia, felt him twisting the thing and turning it, slowly working the ring into me, too. When it was inside he stopped, and I moaned, and then gasped as he jerked me upright again. I would have fallen were it not for his hand on my arm. He then marched me over to the wall again.

“You will walk until you can walk gracefully and smoothly and confidently,” he said in a hard voice.

Then he jerked my head up and back by the hair.

“I find your company to be... pleasant,” he said. “I do not wish to be deprived of it because you are unable to come to terms with what being a slave means.”

Then he released my hair, gave me another stern look, and left.

What the...?

It was a strange way to tell a girl you liked her, that was for sure! I was startled, even though we kind of got along well. But then it made me feel bad about my behavior that I was making him resort to sterner methods for training me. Which was nuts! I was a modern woman! I should be outraged and indignant at being treated in this fashion!

And a part of me was, and yet I conceded that for guys from the eleventh and twelfth century, maybe they thought they were actually being very restrained.

My butt hurt, though. It throbbed hotly, and the dildo did nothing to aid my concentration. The ring, I now understood, was to make sure the thing didn't slide out of me. But in the meantime, the dildo held my sex open, and my thighs, encased in leather, now brushed against them as I walked!

It was a very strange sensation! And given the general state of my mind and body of late it soon had me much more aroused than I had been before. But I

kept walking, determined to show Tariq I could do learn this.

Besides, it wasn't like I could sit down again. That was probably the reason why he'd shoved the dildo into me. It was either walk or stand.

Did I mention it was a very realistically shaped dildo? And that it was black?

It was weird to think of Tariq ordering this on the internet, knowing he was going to put it inside me!

Hot, in fact, given my state of mind.

That heat grew within me, focused on the sex toy, and my general state of increasingly dark excitement as I walked slowly back and forth. The heat, as I said, was much more than it had ever been prior to my meeting with Elander and accidentally swallowing a little of his blood. My nerve endings were more sensitive and my nervous system had been given a sharp boost.

I walked, back and forth, back and forth. Soon I was able to walk almost normally, but the heat only got worse. My insides were throbbing and squeezing down around the dildo, which moved a little inside me as my thighs brushed back and forth against the base.

I could soon feel the flush creeping down my chest, which was growing tight with excitement. My lower belly burned and thrummed with energy, and my aching nipples tingled.

I glanced down, bending forward dazedly, and could see that the base of the dildo was glistening with my cream. Since it hadn't gone inside me that meant, yes, I was so freaking wet that it was oozing out of me where my sex lips were gripping the shaft.

How much time had passed? I had no idea. I kept walking. I eventually shifted onto the rug. I fell to my knees once, but was more careful after that.

And the heat was suffocating.

I finally reached the point where I couldn't stand it any more. I had been considering ways to ease the pressure, which meant orgasm, and the chair was the best I came up with. I just hoped Tariq wouldn't show up while I was doing it.

I straddled the high backed chair and then slowly lowered myself until the base of the dildo was pressing against the cloth seat. I moaned and leaned forward against the back of the chair, letting my breasts press heavily against it, then carefully adjusted my feet a bit more until I could start to ease downward.

Tariq had selected a long dildo for a reason. The head was already jammed into the back wall of my pussy. I couldn't sit down with this protruding from my body, not without enormous pain anyway.

But that wasn't what I intended. I pressed down to increase the pressure against the back wall of my sex, then slid up a bit, like an inch, then eased down, then up again. It was hard on my thighs, but the alternating pressure increased the thrumming vibrations inside me, and at the same time I was rubbing my breasts, my tingling nipples, up and down against the cloth of the seat back.

It was, and I knew it was, extraordinarily awkward, undignified, and inelegant. And I didn't care! I was becoming desperate with the heat, feverish and trembling! And then, moaning helplessly and gulping in air as best I could with the gag filling my mouth, I had another idea.

I shifted over to the side, bending my left leg and pressing my knee into the seat, shifting it further apart as I leaned forward. It wasn't easy. I had to shift my hips back further and further. But finally, I was able to bring my throbbing, swollen clitoris into contact with the fabric surrounding the narrow arm of the chair.

I cried out weakly at that first touch, then as my hips spasmed, cried out again, louder. From there it was almost more unconscious than conscious, as my hips ground my clitoris frantically against the fabric. At the same time, of course, the arm was pressing against the side of the dildo protruding from my body, producing more aching inside me. And I was still able to grind my breasts against the back!

The rush of sensation was... glorious!

I began to cry out with ever growing pleasure, as the heat soared into a gut-wrenching orgasm that rattled my brain in my head and set every muscle in my body quivering and twitching and shaking with violent convulsions!

It was a wonder I didn't fall, but I managed to remain braced in that awkward position as the shock-waves of pleasure rolled up my spine and set my mind to

spinning wildly. I couldn't stop grinding myself desperately against that cloth!

My orgasms were longer than they had been before, and this one felt like it lasted damn near a full minute, though if it had I'm fairly sure I would have lost consciousness. As it was I managed to stumble back and fall to my knees, then lean forward, chest and head on the seat, groaning, dazed, and literally drooling around the ball gag as I recovered.

As soon as I could I pulled myself together, got back on my feet, and continued walking. I did not want to get my ass tanned again if Tariq came in to see me like that, even if it was for my own good.

That actually made it worse.

So I kept walking, regardless of how sore my feet got. I had to stop twice more to relieve the sexual tension, but Tariq didn't catch me, for he left me alone for what felt like hours! I actually began to fear he'd gone to bed and expected me to keep walking all night long!

When he finally showed up I was halfway towards needing another session with the chair, so reasonably clear-headed. I put on a show of how well I could walk, and he seemed content.

“Good slave,” he said.

I felt a surge of pleasure, but I still rolled my eyes.

Crack!

I yelped into the gag at the sharp slap on my butt.

“You will learn humility, slave girl,” he said.

Then he shoved me down onto my knees, letting my chest down onto the rug. I moaned and shifted my knees apart eagerly as he moved behind me. Again, I didn't think about dignity or anything else. I was aroused, and the thought of him taking me, taking me hard, the way I'd dreamed of being taken by him, was making me bubble over with excitement!

I felt the ring of the dildo pushing against the lips of my sex from the inside, then

slowly pushing through and out. I felt momentarily vacant, then Tariq's big, black cock pushed into me, slowly, making me ache as it stretched me wide, wide open!

I moaned into the gag as his huge shaft slid slowly forward into my aching, eager, sopping wet tunnel, more and more pushing into me until I thought I would be split open by the sheer size! The pain didn't matter, though. The pleasure was too intense and the rush of excitement too fierce!

Oh God, yes!

He started to pull back, then pushed forward, pulled back, then pushed forward. He slapped my butt sharply and then reached down and slid his fingers through my long, thick hair. I cried out as he jerked it back, forcing my head up and back, and slapped my butt again, hard.

He was using me hard! He was, I thought, in a small, dazed corner of my mind which could think, teaching me what being a slave girl meant! And a part of me exulted in it!

He moved faster, and faster, and I knew, however much I ached, that there was still more of him which I hadn't yet felt inside me. My breath was ragged, my pulse racing, my heart pounding, and my skin radiating heat as his massive cock churned back and forth inside me!

I felt the head pushing against the back wall of my sex, pushing again and again with every thrust, making me ache more and more until, finally, I felt his hips strike my upraised buttocks!

I came, crying out again and again as he rode me hard and fast. He jerked on my hair, groped my breasts, slapped my ass, and used me like a whore!

And I loved it!

The orgasm seemed never-ending! And even when it did finally ease off it left me gasping and moaning and dazed, my body still thrumming with heat as he continued to pound into me, continued to punch me on the inside with the nose of his long, thick cock!

I came again, twisting and writhing and screaming into the gag as he used me, as

he rode me, as he pummeled me, his big hands eager and rough, using me harshly, that log of a cock grinding in and out between the taut lips of my sex!

I didn't quite lose consciousness, but I was light-headed and my bones felt as if they'd melted by the time he finished. He dragged me to my feet by the arm and held me until I could stand on my own, then snapped a leash, a leash of all things, onto the front of the gold collar around my neck, before leading me from the room.

In the kitchen, I was ordered to kneel in the appropriate position. He sat down in front of me, and I smelled something good cooking.

Tariq's fingers slid under my chin and he raised it up and then pressed his other finger against the bridge of my nose.

“You will not speak,” he said. “Not one word. Nothing. The moment you do you will be severely punished. Do you understand, slave girl?”

I nodded my head and he undid the gag and removed it. I worked my jaw in relief, then licked my lips as he drew over a bowl of stew and began to feed me.

Well, they had done something similar before, so it wasn't exactly ego shattering. In fact, given what had happened before I felt a jolt of heat. But this time I was fed in silence before being given a bowl of milk to drink.

Then it was time for me to sleep. Instead of leading me to my bed, though, he led me to an empty room with a large cage in it! It was about four feet high, shaped like a bird cage, and had a narrow door on one side near the bottom.

“Not one word,” he said. “Or you will spend the day gagged.”

I bit my lip.

I groaned, though, as he undid the straps which bound my arms back. Then I wiggled into the cage, and he closed and locked the door.

“Sleep. Your master will waken you when he requires your company.”

God, this really was taking the slave girl thing to its ultimate, I thought.

But at least my arms were undone, though I still had no hands to speak of.

The bottom of the cage had a low mattress covered in some sort of furry rug, so it was soft and warm, but the cage wasn't wide enough to stretch out my legs. I had to kind of sleep on my side.

And yet, I did sleep, falling off quickly, curled on my side, my leather clad hands cupping my sore sex, which throbbed softly.

I had an erotic dream, and wakened to find myself rubbing my leather clad hand against myself, not very far from orgasm. I continued to rub myself, and my hips soon began to buck upwards as I arched and moaned and twisted as the pleasure crackled through my body.

Then I went limp, chest heaving, my eyes blinking out through three bars of the cage. I was nowhere near used to sleeping in the daytime yet, and glared at the sky through the bars. It was cloudy out so it was hard to determine, but it looked late in the day. I was in here until sundown, from what Tariq had said, until Elander came and got me out.

To fuck me.

That thought filled me with both indignation and a helpless sense of anticipation – which irritated me to no end. That didn't stop the anticipation, though.

And I had to go to the bathroom, which irritated me again, since I couldn't, locked in a cage as I was.

Like an animal.

Like a bitch in heat.

I lay back in the only position which seemed to be comfortable, on my back, with my knees bent and pulled wide. Looking down the length of my body I pondered how a girl who had never paid a lot of attention to sex had become a sex toy. Mind you, it wasn't that I was terribly unhappy at being a sex toy, at least in one respect. It was certainly more exciting than looking up precedents and writing papers.

Elander. He was the key to everything. I had to establish a better relationship

with him, something more than just sex. Granted, it had only been a few days. But for the most part, I got the impression he wasn't too impressed with me, well, aside from my body.

Part of the reason was that while he might be a thousand year old king he looked like a guy not that much older than me, and like the sort of guy I had always turned up my nose at. He was a muscle bound pretty-boy who would definitely have been the school quarterback if his school had ever heard of football.

That was the sort of guy I understood, and I had sort of put him into that box because of his looks and arrogance. I didn't understand thousand year old kings. I couldn't relate to them. If only he looked more like an old guy, even a handsome old guy, I'd be better able to show the proper ... respect.

Senior partner, I told myself yet again. I have to act like he's the firm's senior partner. Would I even consider rolling my eyes at any partner at work no matter what they said? No way! I knew how to act around big shots who had power over me.

And yet despite this fabulous apartment I had trouble putting Elander, much less Tariq, into that category. How much did he actually own? He had said he owned the management company he'd called me in to consult on, but through pieces held by several other organizations he owned.

So how many companies or groups did he own and how much time did he spend managing all these entities? It could be very complex, and that would help change my mind about him.

Fuck it. Call him master. It's just a word, and not all that different from "sir" when you boil it down. You called your boss sir. He didn't call you sir, presuming you were a guy.

I thought of Elander a number of times, of course, as I lay there, and when one time I thought of him and I quickly formed a very detailed, very real picture in my mind, I knew he was 'awake' and quickly jerked my mind off him. He didn't like it when I 'focused' on him that way. That psychic link between us apparently rubbed him the wrong way.

Which I couldn't really blame him for except, of course, it was his fault.

When he finally arrived I scrambled to my hands and knees, fighting back a rolling wave of excitement and trying hard to compose myself. I was about to say 'good morning, master' in the same voice as I would greet a senior partner when he held his finger up in admonishment.

“No talking,” he said.

I opened my mouth to protest, then closed it, watching as he unlocked the door then slid it open.

“Out and on all fours,” he ordered.

I crawled through the doorway as he dropped a chain, no, it was that leash Tariq had used.

What had they said to each other!? What had Tariq told him? It looked like we were continuing the same thing Tariq had started this morning.

“Face low, bottom high,” he said.

I flushed and obeyed, feeling another rush of heat and anticipation as he moved behind me. But then I felt his finger, or what I thought was his finger, against my bottom, and bit my lip on a protest. It pushed and prodded at me, turning and twisting from side to side. As it pushed deeper it spread me wider, too wide to be a finger.

But it wasn't his cock, I knew that. I couldn't see very well, and when I tried to turn my head I got a slap on the bottom.

“Eyes forward, slave.”

I obeyed as I felt something pushing into me, felt my sphincter spreading wider and wider and then suddenly it closed behind whatever it was. The thing was inside me, about as wide as a ping pong ball, but longer, though not more than few inches, I judged.

He clipped the leash to the collar, then straightened, and tugged on it.

I lurched forward a bit, surprised, and started to rise, but he held the leash low.

“Crawl,” he ordered.

I opened my mouth indignantly, but then snapped it closed and ... crawled. I could feel my face flushing as I did so, angry, indignant, outraged, and really, really repressing the nasty words I wanted to say to him.

Senior partner, I told myself. Super rich, and I get to live for centuries.

How would he react if I jumped up and attacked him, I wondered. I had no hands so it wasn't like I could do much, not even scratch him, but even so...

Instead I crawled out the door and into the hall. The long boots helped protect my knees against the hard stone, but it was still awkward trying to keep up with him.

This time he didn't try to feed me. Instead he had put the food in a bowl on the floor, with a bowl of milk beside it. Again, since I had no hands it's not like I could eat it any other way but like, well, a dog.

A bitch in heat.

My hair was sliding across the floor as I moved, for it had grown that long, and it brushed the floor as I moved. I also sensed there was something behind me, or pressing against me behind, something very thin pressing against my skin on either side of my back opening. What it was I had no idea, but I could feel it was attached to the thing inside me.

“Knees apart,” he ordered as I bent to eat.

I shifted my knees apart on the floor, lowering my front part of my torso to rest on my forearms as I ate. Yes it was a degrading position, in a way, but maybe because of that I could feel the heat building inside me, especially knowing he was sitting at the table behind me, no doubt watching me.

That sense of anticipation filled me again, wondering what he had planned for me.

Breakfast was quiet, without any talking. I wondered if that was what he wanted. I supposed he was used to it, but wondered if he didn't get lonely after hundreds of years?

He snapped the leash to the collar again and I very carefully did not roll my eyes as he tugged me around. I followed him up the hall and then into that huge blue bathroom with the Gothic mirror. That reminded me very strongly that I needed to go to the bathroom, and I was wondering how I was going to communicate that to him without disobeying his order to not talk.

And then he turned and pulled up on the leash, forcing me to rise on my knees, as he bent over so that his face was close to mine.

“Are you ready to be a slave?” he asked.

I started to talk, then nodded my head.

“Good.”

He straightened up. “Tariq has, I think, a good idea about making you understand things,” he said. “Now you will require the use of the toilet.”

I felt a surge of relief that he'd figured that out on his own, but then when he pulled me to my feet he turned my belly against the counter as he gripped one of the leather gloves and pulled it down my arm and off. He tossed it onto the counter, then removed the second one.

“You will not move your arms unless instructed to do so,” he said.

I frowned uncertainly. My arms were at my sides, of course, but then he bent me across the counter and I felt his fingers at the laces which went down the inside of my right boot. He untied them, then removed the boot, raising my foot to do so. He removed the other one, as well, so I was naked, then he straightened me and, holding my arm firmly, guided me over to the toilet and sat me down.

“Go ahead,” he ordered.

I stared up at him, my jaw dropping, literally. Then I felt my face flush hotly. Surely he didn't mean... he couldn't want... I wasn't supposed to... and I wasn't allowed to talk!

I glared at him and shook my head. Senior partner or not!

He didn't get angry, surprisingly. Instead he smiled, then pulled me to my feet.

Then he turned my belly into the counter and bent me over again. I braced for a spanking or strapping, but instead I felt his fingers at my back passage, and felt him pulling on ... something. I felt the thing inside me slowly drawing back, pressing against my sphincter from the inside.

It slid out and he placed it on the counter. It was like... a mushroom on an inch long piece of T-shaped plastic. The crossbar was to keep it from sliding deeper into my body, I supposed.

Then I felt something else pushing against that particular opening, and squirmed mentally, gasping as something slid into me.

Then there was... something... heat... a strange sensation... liquid...

Fuck! I turned my head and saw that he was holding aloft a bag attached to a hose.

“Tariq pointed out that you need to be made ready for the full use of your lovely body, slave girl,” he said. “And this delightfully tight orifice, which I have tended to overlook, should be made familiar with the feel of being penetrated. You do have, after all, an extremely attractive rear end. Many men will want to make use of it, including Tariq and myself.”

Tariq! There was no way I could take him back there!

In the meantime, the water was flooding into my body, filling me up, and starting to make me feel both overheated and overfull.

This was going to be even worse than him watching me pee, I thought frantically.

But there was nothing I could do about it. I was quite sure this wasn't something I would be able to argue successfully against, even if I was allowed to speak at all. So, seething, and deeply embarrassed, I had to let him give me an enema. And yes, that also included expelling the water – while he waited.

There was only so long you could hold that inside yourself when your bowels were filled with warm water. The cramps got worse and worse and finally I had to give in, face hot as he looked on with bland amusement.

Then came a second enema. The first was with soapy water. The second would rinse me out, he said. Then I might as well pee. I was beyond humiliation by then.

While I was bent over after that, though, he applied some kind of lubricant to his cock, which had gotten hard as he played with his new girl-toy, and I had to endure him pushing it slowly inside my ass.

Endure as in emotionally endure. Physically, it wasn't that difficult. In fact, the more he filled me up, the more my emotional issues were washed away by a swirling dark heat.

Dammit!

By the time he had all of it buried inside me I was moaning helplessly, and longing to slide my hands down between my legs to finger my throbbing clitoris.

He drew my wrists up and back together behind me, though, and pinned them there with one hand as he started to thrust in and out. It ... ached, at least at first. But my muscles soon eased and he was able to thrust harder and harder, his hips slapping strongly against my upraised buttocks.

The hard thumping of his body against mine began to grind my breasts against the counter-top, and they were soon burning with pleasure, as well, and then, despite it all, an orgasm came over me that was, though weak, more than enough to rob me of any other concern about embarrassment with regard to bodily functions.

After that, he bathed me, as he had done before. Despite being embarrassed and having just climaxed, the feel of his soapy hands sliding over my body soon had me burning with heat, as well as embarrassment, and the heat won out, so that I was fighting to keep my breath from getting too ragged, and trying not to moan aloud.

This time he also shampooed my hair, though, as I stood there, arms still at my sides. Then he dried me, brushed out my long hair, even using a blow dryer on it. And then it was back into the long boots and shoulder length gloves. I sighed, but didn't protest, not even when my arms were drawn back behind me and strapped in place as they had been yesterday. Still, he put the ball-gag back in my mouth and strapped it in place.

Then it was back to the solar for more practice walking in five and a half inch heels. The plug thing was inside me, this time, and he had smirked as he'd slid the dildo in as well.

The results were... as I've already noted from the previous day. I got practice walking, of course, but also had three orgasms before he came for me again.

“On your knees, slave,” he ordered.

I obeyed, for I was horny again, despite the three orgasms.

“Legs spread.”

I obeyed, but then was disappointed when I felt his hand at that plug thing, drawing it out. Still, when he slid into me the heat began to burn hotter, and he was soon thrusting hard and fast into my ass while I moaned and gasped into the gag.

The orgasm was powerful, leaving me breathless, but he kept thrusting for another few minutes, rousing me once again, before finishing himself. This time, though I was very aroused, I was still very much in control of my faculties, and I sensed... something powerful, something wild, as if there was a storm outside.

But it wasn't outside and it wasn't a storm, and as my mind wondered at it and focused on him I suddenly felt that psychic link come into play. For as he climaxed he stopped shielding, or whatever he was doing, and it was the most incredible thing! It was like I was feeling what he was feeling! I felt a wild torrent of pleasure, along with a delight at the feel of my sex squeezing down around... my cock, and the feel of ... my skin against... my hands.

It was all very weird and confusing, as if I was myself and also him at the same time! I gasped as he jerked back on my hair, and I felt a sense of strangely foreign exultation at doing so, at pulling on that long, thick silky hair! Then I felt another thrill of delight as 'my' hand closed around my breast, which felt so deliciously firm and soft and warm in 'my' hand!

And then I came, for the wild heat of his orgasm spilled through my mind, and brought me as well, sending my mind spinning and breaking that strange contact between me and him.

I groaned weakly as he pulled out, and as he put what I at first thought was the plug back in. Only it felt strangely thicker, despite him having just battered my muscles into submission.

He pulled me to my feet and set me to walking again, this time though, ordering me to walk more quickly.

So, as a slave girl, I obeyed.

I was not allowed to speak at all that day. He came for me and cautioned me against speech, let me eat lunch on the floor, as before. Then the gag went back in and he brought me to a fully equipped exercise room, a really nice one, of course, with all the fancy machines you could want.

I had to do sit-ups! And then push-ups! Lots of them! I had to bend over and touch my toes, and then learn to 'crawl'.

“Your walking is much improved, slave girl,” he said. “But your crawling leaves much to be desired.”

I don't know if you've crawled lately, but it's not exactly easy, physically speaking. I mean, for an adult, especially one not used to it.

By the time he was done exercising me my body was aching in many places and I was exhausted.

Which was when he hung me upside down by my ankles, legs spread apart, arms chained down and apart, and a large, thick candle stuffed into my pussy.

I hung there for what felt like a couple of hours, and it was a very odd experience. At first, my head throbbed as the blood rushed to it. But then that sort of eased, and for a bit of time I was almost bored. But then the candle began to melt and the wax trickled down and I experienced a seething mixture of first pain, then that wild dark sense of thrill I had felt so often over the past several days.

The candle melted very slowly, as my pussy squeezed in around it and spasmed repeatedly. My body's own movements caused the melted wax to trickle down the sides and then trickle ever so slowly and hotly along my flesh!

I couldn't orgasm but I was burning up with a dark sense of heat nevertheless. I don't know if I was becoming a masochist, exactly, but certainly every time I was tied up and punished I wound up having mind-blowing orgasms, so maybe I was indeed being conditioned, as Elander had suggested.

When Elander came to get me my mind was kind of fuzzy. He didn't talk much, but simply eased the candle out of me, swept off the wax, then hung me right-side up. My legs were free this time, for all that mattered.

I hung from my wrists for a long while, which turned out to be exhausting and nerve wracking.

It was nerve wracking in that Elander kept returning to use his very experienced fingers on my body and get it to writhing and twitching and grinding helplessly, but then left me in a state of desperate hunger to simply hang there until it slowly eased off.

Then he'd return again to heat me up once more.

Finally, he returned, sodomized me, and masturbated me to a monstrous orgasm at the same time. I was screaming so hard into the gag that my throat ached for hours afterward.

With the plug stuffed back into my bottom, he lowered me to the floor, then had me crawl into the front room where I served as his footstool for another couple of hours or so as he watched television and sifted through some documents.

And, as before, every fifteen minutes or so he would lower his foot and let the top of his leather shoe grind gently against my clitoris until I could hardly keep from screaming. Then he'd drop his foot back atop my bottom as if nothing had happened.

I was terribly relieved when he went to 'sleep', but Tariq continued the same process. Not only did I have to walk in the shoes again, despite how my feet ached, but I had to dance in them! I don't mean dance with him, either, but dance for him.

Of course that didn't go well, so learning to dance in those heels became my next order. He also took me to the bathroom and stayed as I peed, just like Elander did. I was to have no privacy, it seemed.

But as embarrassing as it was, it wasn't as bad as it had been that first time with Elander. So I knew it was something I would get used to. I also was fairly sure that was why they were doing it.

The next day was thankfully much different.

“Good morning, slave girl,” Elander said.

I looked out from the cage uncertainly. It was just a little after sundown.

“You may answer.”

“Good morning, master,” I said carefully.

He let me out and this time let me stand and walk behind him to the kitchen, though again he held the leash, and again he strapped my arms tightly behind me. I knelt by his chair this morning as he ate, and fed me, but he was willing to talk, and after going a whole day without talk, I felt wonderfully relieved to be able to speak again!

“It is important for a slave girl to have no shyness about her body,” he said, which I took to be an explanation for that bathroom stuff.

“Yes, master,” I said dutifully.

He fed me another piece of food.

“Yesterday,” he said, “I sensed you when I climaxed... in the solar, when I took you.”

I flushed and felt a surge of anxiety, even though he didn't seem angry.

“This is one of the benefits of the link I have mistakenly established between us,” he said. “It will take you some time to understand it and learn how to shield against it, though you will never be able to shield as I do. You will, however, be able to sense something of my emotions. You probably already do, even if you don't realize that's what you feel. Learning to separate your emotions from mine is very important. Tariq will be able to help.”

I looked at him uncertainly, not knowing what to say.

“You should realize that I can sense your emotions as well,” he said. “The stronger your emotion, the more easily I can sense it. And yes, that is especially true of orgasms. When you climax with me, I feel your pleasure. This heightens my own pleasure, which in turn is reflected back upon you. And yes, that heightens your pleasure, which is then reflected back upon me.”

“Is that why – ?”

“Your orgasms are so intense? In part, yes.”

“Uh, so I'm feeling your... uh...”

“Pleasure. Though once it has been reflecting back and forth it is more our pleasure. It is one pleasure, felt by the both of us.”

“Wow,” I said, trying to ponder that.

“Would Tariq... ?”

“Not with you. If he were to have sex with me, which has never and will never happen, then yes. If another of my kind has sex with you, yes.”

“Uh, how many of your kind are there, master?”

“I have no idea. We do not take a census. We are rare. I know of only a few dozen in this country, but unless one is near me I would have no way of knowing it existed. There are others in this city. You will eventually meet them.”

“I uh, don't mean this as insulting in any way, master, but... you don't get out much, do you?”

He gave me a dour look. “I have little need to go outside. What needs I have are delivered here.”

“What about... uh... food?”

He smiled thinly. “You mean blood. I sometimes feed off Tariq, and now you. At other times I have it delivered.”

I felt my eyes widen in surprise.

“There are women who come here, very beautiful women. They leave with money and a sense of pleasure, and nothing more, much as you would have left after our first meeting if not for the inadvertent sharing of blood. In my eagerness, or yours, my lip was cut when we kissed. That was my error.”

“You haven't, uhm, been cut by one of these women before?”

“Because of your ancestry the sex between you and I was more intense than is the norm for me. It caused me to lose control momentarily.”

He was feeding me as we spoke, and I was eating without a second thought, as if it were normal to kneel in front of a man naked with your legs spread wide and your arms strapped together behind you and eat from their hand.

“Do you actually need to eat actual food... master?”

He smiled. “I realize the old tales suggest vampires do not need food. They are quite incorrect. Blood, and the life energy which comes of it, nourishes me much more than food alone does, but I still require food for certain nutrients.”

“This city has some very fine restaurants, master,” I said.

“I suppose it does.”

“I'm surprised a man of your ... refinement... doesn't like to visit them sometimes to taste different things,” I said.

“Tariq is a fine cook,” he said.

“Tariq is a fine cook,” I said. “He's not a five star chef, though... master.”

“I have rather plebeian tastes.” he said dryly. “There wasn't a great deal of complexity to the food I ate when I was younger.”

“There are many ways to prepare a steak,” I said, “Some of it related to select choices of meat and its treatment.”

“I suppose that's true,” he said. “Are you suggesting you'd like to go and eat at a restaurant, slave girl? It might look rather odd to have you kneeling beside the table being fed, you know.”

I flushed a little. "I had assumed, uh, that we could dispense with that... for appearance sakes, master."

"I suppose we could. But we're not yet done adjusting your attitude so that such things aren't necessary."

I hesitated, not sure how to argue with him without arguing with him.

"I know a man who goes to this place and argues politics a lot," I said. "Sometimes he gets very angry over some of the things other people say. And I suggested he might go to another place where those types of people aren't allowed. He said that it would not be very interesting to be talking in an echo chamber. I mean, with people who simply agreed with him about everything. There's no spice in that, he said."

He was frowning at me as I spoke.

"Am I to take it from this little tale that you think you should be allowed to be disrespectful and argumentative?"

"No, master," I said. "Just that... it might be more interesting living with a person than a dog. I mean, I can wag my tail silently and lick from your fingers and smile on command but you could get a dog to do that."

"You'll be a much more interesting pet than a dog," he said.

"You can buy beautiful women for sex by the dozen if you want, Master," I said. "And you won't even have to tie them up."

"I don't tie you up because I have to, slave girl. I tie you up because I like to, because I find the sight of a beautiful young thing like you so presented to be... pleasing to my eyes."

I flushed at the way he looked at me.

"That is the kind of spice I like, and I find it very spicy indeed. Because you're right. I can buy sex from dozens of beautiful girls. I can even get them to let me tie them up and pretend to be my slave girl. But that's not nearly the same as actually having a slave girl."

“I thought I was your pet, master,” I said lightly, though my chest was tightening.

“There is little difference, slave girl. You will be a very pampered pet. But first you must go through obedience school. That will erase some of those modern cultural assumptions and inhibitions you carry around with you.”

The doorbell rang, which happened rarely enough to startle me. Elander didn't seem surprised, however.

“Such as this,” he said, looking at me.

“I-I don't understand, master,” I gulped.

“Your shyness about your body, about that exquisite, lovely body of yours.”

“Is someone coming over, master?” I asked anxiously.

“Indeed there is.”

I knew I should object, despite his words. But I also knew there was little point to objecting. There was no way I was going to get out of this!

Tariq was evidently up as Elander made no move to answer the door. I could hear him talking as he approached, though, and I felt my heart beating faster and faster as a flush came to my face and started to spread down my chest at the thought of another man, a stranger, seeing me like this!

And then Tariq showed a woman into the dining room!

She had long black hair, hair so black it was practically purple. She was quite tall and thin, with small, high breasts showing in the cleavage from her black leather vest. She wore a black jacket over the vest, a short black skirt and black sneakers. She had no makeup and her face was quite pale.

She looked like a freaking vampire!

When she smiled, though, there was no sign of incisors, but then, I'd never seen them on Elander either.

“Elander,” she said in a soft, deep voice.

Her eyes flicked over me and I dropped my eyes quickly to the floor, face flaming.

“Fredricka,” Elander said. “You're here early. Have a seat. Can we get you anything?”

“I've already ... eaten,” the woman said, and I felt her eyes on the top of my head. “And it's not very far to travel from three buildings over. Your new toy seems shy.”

“Indeed. That's why I called you.”

“You think to rob her of her innocence?” I heard amusement in the voice.

“I do not think innocence is the issue. But she is a typical American.”

“Have her come and work for me for a week. She won't be shy again.”

“Fredricka owns a very posh strip club uptown, slave girl,” Elander said.

I jerked as if stung, my mind immediately casting back to the other day, when I'd actually gone to a strip club, when the heat inside me had pulsed at the thought of actually taking off my clothes in front of a bar full of men!

“But don't worry. I don't think you're ready for quite that level of... exposure, just yet.”

I yelped as a hand slid into view and long fingers slipped into the collar around my neck, then jerked me bodily to my feet. Fredricka jerked me so that her face was inches from mine. I stared at her, wide eyed, then dropped my eyes, blushing furiously.

“I'll attend to this little one, shall I?” she asked in a low purr.

“Just don't break her,” Elander said, handing her something.

The woman laughed in a low, deep, frankly scary way, and then snapped the leash to my collar.

“Does it have a name?” she asked.

“Her name is Danielle,” Tariq said.

She gave him an amused look, then jerked on the leash and I cast an agonizing look at Elander, then at Tariq as I lurched after her. We went down the hall, with her swaying languidly as she moved, holding the leash lightly in her hand and not looking back.

We went into the Solar, and I wondered what she and Elander had said about me before she'd arrived. This clearly wasn't coincidence.

She removed the leash, then bent and lifted the rug, flinging it into a jumbled heap in the corner. Given it was a very large rug and she'd done it so ridiculously easily that demonstrated an amazing amount of strength.

She turned me around and unstrapped my arms, letting my hands free, then removed the leash from the collar. Her hand slid down my spine, her fingers icy cold, and I gasped as they brushed at the T-bar pressed against the outside of my back opening.

“Elander said you were practically a virgin back here,” she said in amusement. “He intends to use you there quite often,” she added in a catty sort of way.

She suddenly jerked me around grabbed me by the throat, and put her nose practically against mine! I looked into her eyes, which seemed to be like deep, deep gray holes looking into a gray, gray world with swirling mist made up of different shades of gray.

And then my eyes felt warm, and then that warmth spread into my face and down my neck into my chest, and then down my entire body. The warmth became heat, until I was panting, literally, panting, and gasping, and my legs felt like rubber and I felt as though I were melting inside.

Down in my lower belly, to be exact. I felt a sexual fever take hold of my body, a fever so deep and intense it made me want to sink to the floor in a warm puddle of trembling goo.

She swung me around roughly and I gasped as my back hit the wall. Then she brought her right hand up as she held her left around my throat. She extended her

index finger, and brought her hand slowly forward until her finger was against my open mouth. It slid inside and across my tongue, and my lips seemed to close automatically on it.

I felt such an incredible sense of bliss as I sucked gently on her finger. I could feel my eyes glaze over as comfort and reassurance filled my mind. My body was still trembling with heat, but my mind was in utter peace as I sucked like a baby at its mother's breast.

“I would never allow a man to use me thusly, of course,” she said. “But then, I would not allow a man to use me at all.”

She drew her finger slowly out of my mouth, then suddenly laid it along the line of my sex and an icy jolt shot up into my groin. It was so cold I imagined my skin might frost over, and I found myself pressing my body hard against the wall, head back, body shaking and trembling.

Her finger lay still against my sex, then slowly slid upward.

An icy orgasm tore through me, and I cried out, again and again, shaking and trembling even as I remained pinned to the wall as if glued in place! I shook violently, despite that, hardly able to breath, much less think, vibrating like a tuning fork as her finger slid agonizingly slowly up the line of my sex and then across my clitoris.

It seemed like it took her about an hour to do that, and the orgasm went on through that entire hour. Of course, it couldn't possibly have taken more than a few seconds, but it seemed like an hour!

Then her hand slid off my throat and I sank to my knees along the wall, then fell forward onto my face on the floor, dazed, my body twitching.

She strolled across the floor, and I suddenly felt an intense desire to be near her. In fact, despite a monster orgasm my body began to quickly tremble with need once again. I crawled across the floor on my belly, gasping, wincing and moaning as I ground my breasts across the polished wood.

“Elander works to tone down the impact he has on human females,” she said in sly amusement as she watched me crawl towards her. “I do the opposite.”

I reached her and she reached out a booted foot, pressing it against my forehead to stop me. I grasped at her ankle as she let the side of her boot slide up and down my cheek, and a deep sense of love, devotion, and incredible arousal gripped me even at touching her through the boot.

I found myself rubbing my cheek against her ankle, moaning helplessly, then licking at the slick material as she looked down.

“Elander is far too kind, you see,” I heard her say as if from a distance. “I wish you to see just what type of power he withholds from you. And he is much more powerful than I.”

The need in me was intense, and growing. I moaned as I felt her gripping my long hair and using it to lift me to my knees. She raised her short skirt, and I saw she wore nothing beneath. It was the most beautiful, sensual sight I'd ever seen in my life, and sliding my tongue over her produced a stunning physical sensation of pleasure.

In me!

I had no idea how nor cared. I licked at her hungrily, and it was like my tongue had become a kind of sensual organ so that every caress of her sex against it made me shudder in pleasure! That, of course, made me want to lick faster and harder, but she stopped me with a touch.

“Not like a dog, slave girl,” she said. “I shall teach you the way to please a woman.”

Well, that was something I probably should already know, but there was no indignation in me. I eagerly awaited her instruction, following it to the letter, licking as she wanted, exactly as hard and as fast as she wanted, exactly where she wanted. I used my lips to massage her flesh, and even they became like quivering, burning sources of excitement and heat.

At one point she dragged me to my feet by the hair and threw me against the wall again, then kissed me. It was the most glorious kiss I had ever imagined, and I melted against her, my mouth open to whatever she wanted to do as tremors wracked my overheated body.

I should have already come, should have come repeatedly. Her touch left my

skin crackling with sexual electricity, and my buttocks were grinding against the wall as she thrust her tongue into my mouth and sent it sliding and twisting and caressing my own.

I was being exposed to the full force of the power Elander and Fredricka and people like them could make use of, and was utterly helpless in thrall to the pleasure she was flooding into my mind.

Then I was back on my knees, my mouth glued to her sex, sucking and licking, moaning like a wanton whore, like a, well, bitch in heat, trembling with lust as I drove my tongue deep into her sex, or as deep as I could get, and my brain was baked by the heat within my pulsing skull.

I think she came, though my mind was so dazed it was hard to stretch my senses much beyond the scalding heat gripping me. She dragged me to my feet by the hair again and flung me against the wall, then slapped my bottom sharply.

“Push your round little bottom out, slave,” she demanded.

I shuddered and trembled, face and hands pressed against the wall as I pushed my hips out hard and spread my legs. Her fingers slid between them and I cried out again and again, writhing and moaning, grinding my breasts against the wall as her fingers slid into me.

I was sopping wet, and burning hot as her fingers pumped in and out of me, yet somehow I couldn't climax. The intensity kept rising as she forced another finger in, then another, and I moaned as they twisted and turned inside me.

I felt her slowly jamming in the wedge of her knuckles, felt myself stretched horribly wide as her thumb slowly slid into me, and then a sense of some relief as my pussy opening narrowed a bit to envelope her wrist.

Her entire hand was inside me!

It pushed deeper, fingers twisting and wriggling, then the fingers slowly closed one at a time into a fist, and that fist slid higher, until the knuckles were grinding against something deep inside which made me cry out in a long, warbling wail of pleasure.

And then she let me come.

The orgasm swept my mind up like a tornado, spinning it in wild circles as her fist moved up and down the tight, elastic channel of my sex. I twisted and writhed and bucked violently, screaming in pleasure as the orgasm tore apart my conscious mind and reduced me to the state of a howling sexual animal.

I could feel her fist and forearm sliding up and down in longer strokes as she gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back. Yet my hips were bucking in and out to meet her thrusting fist as she leaned in and bit into the side of my throat. I didn't care if she was drinking my blood. I didn't care if she was killing me. The pleasure consumed my mind like a fire and left nothing left!

*

I was... numb, dazed. I crawled on the leash. I positioned my body, repositioned it, twisting into various poses like the ones Tariq had already had me doing. I didn't question for an instant her right to order me to do anything she wanted, be it grabbing my ankles or licking the bottom of her boot.

At the end of it all I masturbated repeatedly as she looked on, writhing and screaming in pleasure until I literally lost my voice.

Then it was into the bathroom, where she gave me an enema, had me pee, put an even bigger butt plug into my behind, washed me, washed my hair, then led me, crawling, to the cage to sleep and rest and hopefully recuperate.

The next day Tariq continued my training, and then Elander took it up in late evening, and Fredricka returned to continue my education in pleasing females. I was drowned in dark, sensual pleasure to the point nothing else mattered. I became a thing of sex, like an animal.

But then Elander decided to take me to dinner.

In a dress I was sure had been bought on the internet by Tariq, we traveled in a limo, which Tariq drove, of course, to a very upscale steak house.

I wore a little black dress. It was quite short and it was tight. The arms were bare, and it had a sexy halterneck top with a very large amount of cleavage. The dress, in fact, plunged to below my breasts, but from the front, it wasn't too scandalous. From an angle, to the side, on the other hand, given I was wearing no bra, well, most of at least one breast would be visible.

But it wasn't a brightly lit place, and it actually felt a little strange to be wearing clothes! My hair fell around my shoulders and down my back like spun silk, now easily reaching my belt, if I'd had one.

Elander was shielding himself so none of his heat would be passed to me, or vice versa. But the events of the past week had turned me into someone who thinks about sex an awful lot, and feels the sensual and the erotic in everything. The fact I wore no underwear beneath the short, thin dress, for example, yet was out in public, was... arousing.

I was to call him Collin in public, so I did, hoping I didn't forget.

The restaurant was busy, and I knew a lot of male eyes were on me as we were shown to our table, and remained on me for those nearby. I basked in that attention. I was a very sexual creature now, though my mind was clear enough to have at least some misgivings about that.

Elander – Collin – wore a jet black suit which probably set him back at least ten thousand. It looked it, and I knew a lot of the women would be eying him, just like the men were looking at me. He certainly didn't look like any kind of businessman, though. He looked like what he was, a somewhat sophisticated barbarian warrior in a suit.

The waiter handed us both menus, but I knew he would be ordering for both of us. That didn't bother me, oddly enough. Food, any kind of food, had become erotic to my mind, simply because I was always fed by hand lately, fed while naked, fed while bound. It would feel quite odd to be sitting and feeding myself!

“That is a lovely dress, my dear,” he said.

“Thank you, Ma – Collin,” I said demurely.

“Tariq has a one-track mind,” he said.

I smiled at that.

“I don't think your former colleagues at the law firm would know what to do with you if you showed up in that dress.”

The thought of doing that was oddly thrilling. Yes, they'd all be goggle eyed, and

their jaws would drop!

“But then it's not exactly the kind of dress to be sitting down reading through dreary old legal formulas in,” he said.

“I suppose not,” I said.

He was reading through the menu as he talked, and looked up at me.

“So what will you be having?” he asked.

I stared at him in surprise, and then for a long few seconds was dumbfounded. How should I know that? Then I realized he meant me to make a selection. And that meant making a decision. But I hadn't made any decisions for days. It was like I was out of the habit. Other people decided what I'd eat, wear, and do.

I opened the menu uncertainly.

“You could... choose something for me,” I said.

“No. It's your choice.”

Well, that was just... weird!

My mind, you see, had gotten lazy. It was used to lolling around and basking in heat and not having to consider anything. After all, why should it get to work when I had no decisions to make?

It felt even stranger to be eating with a knife and fork when the steak I ordered arrived. I kept glancing at Elander and wondering what was going on. He seemed to be enjoying himself as he looked around.

“I haven't been in this place in forty years,” he said.

“That's... a long time,” I said.

“Perhaps I will go out more,” he said. “Life does get dull at times.”

“Not from my angle,” I muttered.

He snorted and I blushed. “Your life has gotten more exciting of late, has it...

Danielle?”

I blinked, startled at the word. Then again, he probably couldn't call me “slave girl” in public.

“Uhm, you could say that,” I replied.

He glanced at his Rolex. “It is almost eight. You would normally be on your way home from work now, would you not?”

I nodded, though even thinking about my former life seemed very weird. It was not much more than a week ago yet it felt like it was ancient history.

“Perhaps it is time for you to start thinking about the law again.”

I stared at him in surprise.

“There is still that matter of the condominium board and the contract for maintenance.”

“Uhm, you really care about that, Ma – Collin?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Naturally. The maintenance company, MY maintenance company, ensure that certain systems the owners of the other apartments are unaware of are kept properly functioning.”

“What kind of systems?”

“Oh, a number of things. There are, for example, wards around the building, and around my apartment, which constrain the actions of certain people and creatures not entirely human.”

“Wards!?” I stared at him. “Like, uhm, like magic?” I asked, lowering my voice.

“You could call it that.”

“How would they know how to do that!?”

“They don't know what they're doing. They carry out certain tasks such as ensuring a certain tank is kept filled with what they believe is a special lubrication fluid which is then distributed to, they think, various mechanical

devices. The fluid they use comes from another company I own. That company doesn't know what it is either, or what it's used for.”

“What is it and what is it used for?” I asked, mystified.

“Let us just say it is made up of a number of specific herbs and ingredients used in the creation of a... potion, if you will, and it carried to the outer walls.”

I stared at him, aware anew that I knew very little about all this magical, mystical stuff.

“So I want you to start looking at the contract again and write up an opinion which I will transmit to certain individuals.”

“Uhm, okay,” I said.

“I will reward you for your service with a good whipping,” he said with a soft smile.

I started, and looked around me, but no one had heard his soft, rumbling voice.

“But... how is that a reward?” I gulped.

He smiled smugly. “The way I do it will be a reward.”

I flushed.

“I want you to learn to enjoy pain,” he said in a softer voice.

I felt my chest tightening.

“Why?”

“Because I enjoy giving it. But don't worry. I enjoy giving pleasure too.”

He picked up a small basket of warm buns and offered it to me.

“Bun?” he asked gallantly.

I took one, staring at him, then gulping and dropping my eyes as I felt my nipples harden.

The turn my life had taken was wilder than I ever would have imagined possible, and I was still just starting to scratch the surface of how wild it was going to be!

End

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