

The Lord and Master

By JJ Argus



The Lord and Master

By JJ Argus



The Lord and Master

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2014

Smashwords edition

JJ Argus has written more than 250 novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests. This work is the result of the long, hard effort and creativity of the author. Please do not post or resell it without permission.

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

Cover courtesy of Restrained Elegance

It was not a large castle, but was most definitely a castle. That was Bethany's thought as the road curved and the carriage moved past a strand of trees to bring it into view.

It was a lovely looking castle, was her next thought. Unlike most of the castles still existing in Britain this one was newly made. Of course, people thought it daft of Mathias to do it, but Mathias rarely followed popular beliefs and cultures.

It had a wide moat around three sides, fed by a river coming from a hill to the east. The fourth side was on the edge of a steep cliff looking out on the valley and lake below. There was a high white tower in the center, but rather than tiny, slit windows to ward off attacks, its windows, high up, were quite wide and tall.

The wall itself was perhaps twenty feet tall, not something to seriously stop any kind of military attack, but then, military attacks were not exactly in vogue in this, the thirty seventh year of Queen Victoria's reign. It was 1874, after all, and the country was quite at peace.

“It's beautiful, Mathias,” she said in a shy, almost whispery voice.

“Wait until you see the view of the valley, my dear,” he said smugly. “And from the tower. Visual feasts for the eye which almost match your beauty.”

She felt a pink tinge come to her cheeks. Mathias Sumner was just so utterly unlike any of the men she had come across in her short life! But then, she supposed that came from having spent so much of his life in far away India. He had rather a different view of things.

He had gone out there as a young man just out of college, made a fortune in gold and diamond mining, and returned to build this ostentatious residence in rural Sussex when every other gentleman of means was living in fine townhouses in London. Mathias had developed a taste for nature, however, or so he said, as well as privacy.

And this was certainly private! The land for miles around was empty save for farmer fields and a village or two, all of which he now owned since he'd purchased the land under them.

He'd bought Bethany in much the same way.

Her father was Sir Richard Salisbury, who lived in one of those townhouses, a rather smallish one, as befit a man of limited means. He was a knight courtesy of something courageous his great grandfather had done, as opposed to any particular ability he owned. In fact, his greatest ability appeared to be to put away substantial amounts of alcohol.

He was more than happy to have his youngest daughter married to the allegedly fabulously wealthy Mathias Sumner, especially in light of certain profitable arrangements the two men had made.

Bethany herself had had little say in the matter, of course, but had not expected to in any case. Mathias was half again her age, but young-seeming and quite physically robust. He seemed kindly in nature, and not the stern, demanding sort she had feared. Besides, at nearly twenty she'd soon be considered an old maid if she wasn't married off!

“The reason I had it made was I have a love of history, you see, my dear,” he said. “On the other hand, I have no great love of drafty halls in winter, to say nothing of damp, rainy ceilings rotting away with mold. Castle Sumner will have all the most modern conveniences, including indoor plumbing and central heating.”

Bethany was impressed despite herself. Such things were coming in to fashion in Britain, but she had never seen them. Only the wealthier people had them, for retrofitting old houses could be terribly expensive. She thought Mathias quite wise to have simply built from scratch.

Though why a castle instead of a lovely manor house was quite beyond her. Then again, she was merely a woman, and it was difficult for her to understand such things. Fortunately, it wasn't necessary for her. She had only to heed her husband.

Just thinking the word brought a tightness to her chest as her stomach filled with butterflies. They had only been married that afternoon, in a lovely ceremony at Saint Steven's. Still a virgin, how could she not be anxious, dreading what was to come? The veiled warnings she had been given by her mother and aunt were certainly harshly put, and she was told to brace herself for the inevitable pain as her husband first took her.

Such pain was part of the sacrifice God and Britain required of women so that they could bear children and the realm could continue on into the future. Still, she felt ripples of fear every time she thought about what was to come, not to mention the embarrassment of exposing her body to a man for the very first time!

Like all other women of the time, Bethany wore a dress over her undershifts which covered her from ankles to neck. Her hair was done up and back in a complex wave with her hat atop it.

Mathias, however, did not follow current fashions. He had no facial hair, for one thing, not even a mustache! And he wore no hat except for formal occasions. He had gotten out of the habit of wearing them in India, he said, save for light colored outdoor hats to block the sun, and he would look terribly strange in something like that here.

He said something to the driver, who said something back, and snapped the reins to hurry the horses along. It was quite amazing to her that her husband was able to speak and understand such a barbarous foreign language! It wasn't a civilized language like French or Latin, that people learned in school, but Indian!

The carriage rolled across a long, wide bridge across the moat and through the open gates of the castle. There were a number of buildings off to the sides, including an enormous stable to the right, and servant quarters to the left. The main building did not seem large, as such things were reckoned, but was, rather, a long, low building with three rows of large windows.

Mathias helped her down and led her up a wide staircase and past the thick Roman columns holding up the porch roof, then into an enormous entry hall with a high ceiling. The floor was made of alternating patterns of blue and white marble tiles. There was an actual live tree growing in the center, reaching up high above, to where large windows let in light all around the top.

Bethany's eyes were still popping as Mathias led her down a corridor, taking her on a tour of the house. The ballroom was enormous, with a double row of chandeliers dangling from the ceiling twenty feet overhead. The windows were almost as tall as the roof, marching from wall to wall along the far side, with long red curtains framing each of them.

The library was not nearly so big, but almost as high, with a balcony running

along three walls containing more rows of books, all on finely polished dark mahogany shelves. Past that was another enormous room with floor to ceiling windows and high ceilings. This was a swimming pool, and she stared around her in open mouthed amazement as bright sunlight reflected off the water.

He pushed open one of the large french doors here and led her out onto an enormous terrace which contained, of all things, another swimming pool! Past that was the balcony and a view which was truly breathtaking. She could see for miles and miles across the trees and fields and forests!

“It's... lovely!” she blurted.

“Yes, the view was one of the reasons I built here,” he said. “Also, of course, a degree of privacy. You'll perhaps have noticed so far all the servants are Indians I brought back with me. They don't speak English, either, so I need have no fear of gossip.”

“Oh, uhm, but how do I er, instruct them?”

He smiled. “A few words are all you need learn,” he said. “They require very little instruction, in any event, being a very well-disciplined and organized group.”

He led her back indoors and then up a broad staircase to the second floor. Here, the floor was white Italian marble but with a long, red carpet going down the center.

“Water pipes go along the underside of the stone, you know, to keep the floors warm in winter,” he said. “Downstairs, as well. There are also warm air ducts, which will pour heat out from the furnace below. This place will be extremely warm come winter. That is something I insisted on given the time I've spent in India has left me with no great love of chilly air.”

“It should be quite a marvel,” she said in delight.

She was no great lover of chilly weather either, after all.

He flung open the double doors to a room and nodded her inside.

She gulped as she saw the enormous four-poster bed. Each of the posts was

thicker than her, and the canopy looked ten feet high! The bed sat on a raised floor covered in a blue gray Persian rug. Beyond that, like the rooms she had seen downstairs, the ceiling was quite high, and the windows reached up to it.

There was a fainting couch at the foot of the bed, and more chairs and tables spread about, along with, of course, an enormous fireplace opposite the bed. An open doorway to the left gave onto a dressing room with large mirrors and shelves and poles filled with the clothing she had had sent on ahead.

“The servants have unpacked all your things, of course,” he said. “But come and observe this.”

He led her back into the bedroom, across it and through another doorway where she stared around her in amazement.

The floor was white marble again. A long gray counter ran along the near wall with an enormous mirror above it. To the left was a veritable roman bath of a tub, also in marble, and beyond that, Mathias took her to the privy, which had a metal lever attached to a bar running down the back. With one pull of his hand water gushed down into the privy, then disappeared from view!

“It should be a ... comfortable house, my dear,' he said with a smile.

Bethany would certainly not disagree with that!

He took her along the hall, showing her guest bedrooms, then a solarium, where the entire wall seemed made of glass! It had plants aplenty, as well as fountains and ponds with fish dancing about. And then they came to a smaller room where two young Indian girls stood, clad in saris. They bowed their heads as Mathias entered.

“This is the spa,” he said. “These are spa attendants from India. These young ladies are skilled in massage and in maintaining the female body in a its health and glory,” he said. “I shall leave you with them to prepare you for the coming night.”

Bethany blushed at the mention of what was to come!

Mathias hesitated slightly. “You must remember, my dear, that the customs of India and the middle east, where I have also spent considerable time, are quite

different from Britain, and I have become... used to some of them. Among the customs of ladies in India and the middle east is a very fastidious treatment of the body, which includes regular cleaning and grooming beyond what most Europeans are used to.”

“I... shall endeavor to adapt, my lord,” she said uncertainly.

“I am sure you will, my dear. It is slightly painful, but if the women of Arabia and India can cope I am quite sure you can, as well. It does involve removal of hair from the body, but these ladies are, as I said, quite expert.”

He smiled genially as Bethany tried to take in what he'd said, and left her there.

Removal of hair from the body?

The women were already tugging at her dress, and after momentary resistance, she realized she really had choice but to simply go along with whatever it was her new husband required of her. Warning of pain, however, made her quite anxious!

Almost as anxious, however, was the fact the two women were removing her clothing. Like most other young women of the day, Bethany was completely unused to anyone seeing her even semi-nude. However, she thought desperately, that was because of her father's lack of wealth. More well-heeled families employed bath servants to help them, and she should be grateful that her husband was a man of such means!

She would... get used to it... somehow.

They two insisted on stripping her entirely naked, leaving her blushing hotly as they led her back to a long padded table and half pulled, half pushed her up onto it. It was a strange table, with neat lines down the middle, the surface seemingly made of some kind of brown leather atop padding.

Chattering away in their own language, the two girls raised her hands up to the head of the table above her head, and Bethany's anxiety only mounted as she felt some sort of straps wrapped firmly around her wrists!

“Wait! W-What are you doing?” she gasped.

She tried to pull her hands free only to find the straps firmly encircling her wrists!

Bethany's heart began to pound anxiously as the woman moved to the foot of the long, narrow table, and seized her ankles, as well.

What kind of treatment required she be tied to the table, she wondered anxiously.

They strapped her ankles onto the table, as well, and then one of them began to turn a crank in the side of the frame. Bethany's eyes widened still further as the narrow line running down the center of the table abruptly widened. The table was opening up, the lower and upper parts spreading aside! In only seconds she found her body spreadeagled as it lay along the now X-shaped frame!

She wriggled helplessly but the two girls ignored her as they began to pour a warm oil over her body and spread it out. Bethany squeaked and gasped as their hands moved over her skin, for the heathen girls had no shame whatever in where they touched her!

Their hands moved over her breasts with casual strokes, as if completely unaware of the embarrassment this caused the young English girl! Then, even worse, they slid down her belly and between her legs!

Bethany felt like screaming, but knew she would only embarrass herself. These heathen girls were doing something they knew to do, and knew Mathias approved of. What good would screaming do other than to perhaps bring Mathias back, while she was like this! The idea of that was simply too horrifying!

One of them dug her fingers into Bethany's hair, unbraiding it and leaving it to hang straight. Then she brought up a pail of sorts which was apparently attached to the frame and filled it with water. At least it was warm water! But now she began to wash Bethany's hair even as the other girl began to scrub her body with a soft brush.

The warm oil began to lather up as if it was soap, quite an astonishing thing to Bethany, but she felt encouraged that they were, after all, doing as her husband had ordered them.

The girl at her head turned a crank and the table beneath her sank down,

dropping her head back, as she worked her fingers in amongst Bethany's long fair hair. Bethany steeled herself to simply endure whatever happened, setting her lips tightly as the two girls did whatever it was they were going to do.

But she felt an inrush of ... sensation... as one of them ran her hands up and down across Bethany's breasts! Bethany was comfortably endowed, and the girl was working her fingers into the soft flesh, kneading it like dough! Yet her thumbs were pinching and rolling her nipples in a way which was making them seem to throb and pulse with unfamiliar sensations.

Yet worse was to come as the girl who had been washing her hair rinsed it off with ladels of water, then moved further down the table. Her head was well back, and she had to raise it up to see what the woman was doing, yet embarrassment coursed through her and she bit her lip as she felt the woman's fingers at her sex.

More ladels of water were poured over her body as the two girls rinsed away the soap, but then more soft liquid was poured over her, this being cinnamon smelling, and much thicker. One of the girls produced a razor, and Bethany gulped as she began shaving under her arms. Worse, she felt another razor between her legs, shaving at her hair there!

Her wrists pulled feebly against the straps, but there was quite literally nothing she could do, and she dared not move suddenly or sharply lest she be cut. That, she thought, was probably why she was strapped down, so her movement, inadvertent or not, did not cause her to be cut.

The woman shaving her genital region was quite free with her fingers, Bethany thought, cringing with embarrassment. But like the girl who had run her fingers across her breasts, she felt strange, unfamiliar sensations rising from down there.

The girl's fingers slid between the lips of her sex, sometimes spreading them back, sometimes tugging on them to tighten the skin as the razor skimmed across the surface of her skin. One thumb seemed be placed just above her sex, though rubbing at her there, and Bethany felt a throbbing sensation began in the pit of her lower belly which began to grow more and more intense!

The girl's slippery thumb seemed to be rubbing her there unintentionally, but the sensation it was creating was starting to cause her insides to thrum with an energy she had never felt before!

She felt utterly helpless, being unable to understand them as well as to move, and must lay still as they shaved away at her hair, then rinsed her off again, only to apply yet another lotion, this one even thicker! This was applied to her lower abdomen and under her arms.

One of the women's faces appeared just over her head and Bethany blinked up at her. Her head was throbbing now, for bent downward in this fashion had the blood rushing to it. The girl said something, then smiled, and put her hand over Bethany's mouth.

Bethany blinked in surprise, then there was a sudden ripping sound under her left arm and she screamed involuntarily as she felt a sharp stinging pain there! The woman took her hand away and then showed her what seemed to be a strip of cloth with small, delicate hairs attached!

Bethany gaped at it, then moaned as the woman moved around to her other side. Now she could feel her cloth atop the liquid she had placed there. When the hand came down over her mouth she knew what to expect, and braced herself. Still, the pain stung quite badly! She cried out again, but not as badly.

The girl patted her head and said something in a soothing voice. But now Bethany felt the girl between her legs laying some sort of clothe across her lower abdomen. There was another sudden yank, another sharp pain, and she cried out softly, moaning in its aftermath. Several more were to come, going lower and lower, and she jerked and moaned with each of them.

Finally, the girls rinsed her off once again before applying soft towels to her hair and body to dry her off. One sat behind her head, then, and brushed out her long hair while the other placed something around each of her ankles, just above where the straps clung to her. She moved around to the front of the table, then, and placed two similar metallic feeling objects around her wrists.

Bethany had no idea what they were. They felt like bracelets, though thick and heavy ones. Then the girl appeared above her head, holding something in her hand. It looked like... like an enormous choker covered in a triple row of square cut sapphires! It must have cost a fortune, she thought in amazement.

The woman was able to open up the choker, then place it around Bethany's throat. She and the other girl drew it in firmly, tight, but not too tight, and fastened it in place around the helpless blonde girl's neck.

That done, one of them turned the crank again and the arms of the table were drawn back together into one long, narrow whole. Her wrists were unstrapped, and the girls helped her sit up.

Bethany felt somewhat dizzy, since her head had been down at an angle for some time, and by the time she had recovered the two were helping her off the table and onto a low chair. But she almost immediately realized her wrists were now locked together behind her back!

She looked down her nude body and stared, red-faced, as she beheld her sex, as naked as when she was a young girl! Why on earth would her husband want such a thing!? Was it really the custom in India and Arabia!? But this was Britain!

Both girls were now brushing at her hair again, drawing it down and straight, evidently with no intent of curling it at all! But again, there was nothing she could do about it, especially with her wrists locked together somehow behind her back!

They drew her to her feet, finally, and led her to the door – still naked! Once she realized their intent Bethany squealed and tried to draw back, but they ignored her, and when she continued to resist she felt a hard slap across her bottom which stung!

She yelped in pain, and stared at the girl in astonishment as the Indian wagged her finger at her chidingly.

“How dare you strike me!” she said.

The girl and the other simply opened the door and pushed her, naked, out into the hall! Bethany again scrambled to push back, and got several more stinging slaps on the bottom as they hustled her out into the broad corridor and then led her firmly down it towards the master suite!

Bethany's face burned brightly and she looked around desperately, hoping no one came upon her like this! It was true that she now had to let her husband see her naked, but not anyone else! How many servants were in the house anyway? She had no idea! How many were men!?

But they came upon no one as the girls led her to the master suite, then inside.

She gasped in relief as the prospect of public exposure receded, but then trembled as she was led to the bed and placed into it. The chattering young women, occasionally pushing, sometimes pulling, or slapping lightly to get her to cooperate, placed her in the bed, then spread her legs wide apart.

Bethany stared down the length of her nude body as she saw them take a strap from the bottom corners of the bed. The straps were attached to metal hooks, and the girls attached them to the – bracelets around her ankle!

Each of the bracelets resembled the choker around her throat in that they were golden, covered in square cut sapphires, and had a gold ring to which they could attach. With this done, they had her sit up, then unlocked the bracelets around her wrists – or at least, unlocked them from each other. She struggled briefly, but each girl had an arm, and she had no leverage as they quickly pulled her back down and then stretched her wrists towards the top corners of the bed.

Then they left her there, spreadeagled, tied to the bed. Bethany stared up at her wrists to confirm that there too she had blue jeweled bracelets (or shackles, she thought anxiously). It was obvious they had placed her here for her husband's benefit, and she quivered in fear at what would happen when he arrived.

Again, she tried to brace herself. She had no choice, and all women went through it, she thought miserably. It would be painful, but then it would be over. But how often would he want to do it, she wondered fearfully. The first time was the most painful, her aunt Edith had said. After that it got less painful, though it always hurt.

Perhaps that was why she was tied down, for fear she would struggle or harm herself in resisting. But what kind of a foolish woman would fight the inevitable like that?! Surely he didn't think her a complete fool!

She glanced up and back, slightly breathless with the sudden change in her circumstances. She had expected to have to undergo this challenge much later in the day, not in mid-afternoon! Yet, perhaps this was for the better, for her stomach had been getting progressively more unsettled as the tension had grown.

But she hadn't expected this! No one had suggested her husband would tie her down like this to have his way with her! And this... this removal of hair business, why, that was so bizarre! On the other hand, looking down between her legs, she had to admit she looked somewhat... cleaner without the familiar untidy tangle

of hair covering her.

Yet at least it had helped cover her! Now she was so... so indecently naked! And with her legs strapped apart in this manner it was impossible to cover up her shocking nakedness at all!

And then the door opened, and she gasped, her face rapidly reddening as Mathias came in and closed the door behind him. He walked up to the foot of the bed and gazed upon her as Bethany's mind writhed in shame.

"Lovely," he said in a strangely soft voice. "You are as perfect as I had imagined you, my dear."

Some of Bethany's embarrassment eased as he walked around the bed and then sat down on the side. She still blushed hotly as he ran his eyes up and down her body, and then squeaked in alarm as his hand suddenly descended, cupping and kneading her breast, then gliding down her fluttering belly, his fingers caressing the lips of her sex!

It did not even occur to her to protest her being bound in this manner, nor having her hair removed. She had been brought up with the absolute imperative that she must obey her husband, and in this case there was no question he was far more knowledgeable than she!

"The women in this country are often very poorly prepared for sex, which is unsurprising given the men, for the most part, know little about it either."

His fingers gently traced up and down the now very neat line of her tightly closed sex as he spoke.

"Even those men with some experience in the activity generally know very little about what they're doing," he continued. "Then again, they don't really need to in order to satisfy mere lust, nor to undertake the task of procreation."

He took a small vial from his pocket and removed the cork at its end, then poured a small bit of some thick, sluggish substance onto his fingertips before returning them to her sex. Bethany gulped as they pushed slowly in between, moving slightly up and down with a very noticeable slippery sensation.

"You will one day realize how very fortunate you are that I am among the small

minority of Englishmen who not only knows his way around a woman's body but has an interest in taking the journey," he said with a smile.

His thumb, his... slippery thumb... began to lightly brush against her just above the top of her sex, and a warm, throbbing sensation began to rise within her, focused on that slippery thumb. His fingers wriggled slowly deeper between the lips of her sex, twisting and turning even as he leaned into her and brought his mouth down against her right breast.

Bethany knew, of course, what breasts were for: succoring children. She also knew, from discrete conversations, that men had more than a casual interest in them. What she had not hitherto been made aware of was the strange sensations which could arise in her breasts were the proper – stimulation – applied.

She gasped, moaning helplessly as Mathias began to suckle at her breast, though not, she thought, in the manner of a baby. His tongue was highly active, swirling and circling, stroking and caressing, and his suckling was ... rhythmic, now stronger, now weaker, even as his teeth bit unnervingly into her soft flesh!

His fingers were pushing deeper inside her, and her hips instinctively began to pulse as his fingers began to draw back, then push forward. His thumb stroked continuously across the top of her sex, and Bethany felt her chest get so tight it was difficult to breath! A strange, thrumming excitement was building within her body which she had never felt before!

Mathias stopped rather abruptly, sitting up, then stood and removed his jacket. He unlaced his tunic and drew it off, then removed his undershirt. Bethany watched, blushing, yet charged with a strange kind of excitement as more and more of her husband's flesh appeared.

His body was powerfully built, or at least, so it seemed. She had not seen any shirtless men before. He had broad shoulders and a thick chest. There was no flab to be seen. He was not fat. That was the only general familiarity she had with male anatomy.

His chest seemed oddly divided, as if by muscles, and his smooth stomach descended to the belt at his waist, his flesh unmarred by hair. She assumed this was because he had availed himself of the services of men who were similar to the Indian ladies who had treated her.

He removed his shoes and then his trousers and stood there in only his drawers, a long white silk garment tied low on his hips. She blushed hotly at the bulge in his groin, turning her head breathlessly away, then gasped as he climbed into bed and knelt between her spread legs.

“Have you ever been told that your body is your temple, girl?” he asked.

“Y-yes, my-lord!” she gulped.

“Good. I will be your first worshiper. And I assure you, my worship will be quite thorough.”

He then slid over her, his hands pushing into the bed on either side of her head before his torso settled easily atop her body. She gasped at his weight, though he took much of his weight off her upper body by placing his elbows against the bed beside her.

“Do you know what a slut is, Bethany?”

She flushed again, eyes widening at the outrageous word!

“I-I... yes,” she gulped, face hot.

“I want you to be a slut.”

She gaped at him.

“My slut. With me, you will be a wild, uninhibited, slatternly woman without restraint. I realize this is a difficult concept for you to embrace, but I intend to teach you how.”

Bethany was still trying to understand what he could possibly mean! A slut was a most foul, and despised woman who had no morals! She was promiscuous and indecent! No man wanted his wife to be a slut! On the other hand, he said only with him, which made no sense to Bethany! How could she possibly be a slut then!?

His face lowered, and the fingers of his left hand slid through her hair, then tugged on it so that she gasped, her head forced to tilt back sharply as his lips came in and slid along her exposed throat.

“You belong to me, slut,” he said in a low voice. “You are mine to do with as I choose, to use you as I choose, to molest and abuse you as I desire.”

The words were shocking to the innocent young girl, but almost as shocking was the feel of his groin pressing against her down there! And then there were his lips moving softly across her throat, his teeth now nibbling lightly, his lips kissing her, then sucking as his teeth nibbled playfully at her flesh.

His warm breath moved up along the nape of her neck, and then she felt his lips at her earlobe, seizing it, sucking it lightly, his teeth following, chewing on it!

At the same time, his right hand was kneading her breast as he ground himself into her, and Bethany thought she might faint from the wild pulsing energy coursing through her body and mind! Her head felt ready to explode with it!

She could feel something quite firm down there, grinding into her with just a thin layer of silk between them, and she knew what it had to be. Her mother had told her it would probably look quite small at first, then get harder and longer so that it could enter her. He was hard now, so she expected that at any moment he would plunge into her and the pain would begin!

But Mathias seemed in no particular hurry to any such thing. Instead his lips moved back along her cheek until they found her own. Her wide eyes stared up into his as his lips brushed hers, then almost delicately caught at her lower lip with both of his, sucking on it, his tongue flicking out. His lips moved upward, then down, then his tongue traced along her lower lip!

Bethany could do little more than stare in wide-eyed astonishment. The art of kissing had never, of course, come up in her presence. She had kissed her father and mother several times, and that was no great mystery. What Mathias was doing, however, was quite something extraordinary!

His lips closed more firmly against her own, and she knew a wonderment at the sheer tactile pleasure of his lips against hers, the way they moved, and the sense of intimacy. She felt more and more of her attention focusing with breathless amazement as their lips were joined together in the longest kiss she had ever heard of in her life!

Then his tongue began to slide forward, and her eyes got even larger! It flicked along her inner lip, then along her teeth, before playfully brushing against her

own! She had no idea what to do! But then her mother's words returned to her. "Just lay there and do nothing. He'll know what to do."

His lips moved against her, his head moving, turning, then turning again, and his lips came over her, moving along the side of her throat again, up under her earlobe, nibbling at her throat again as he sucked lightly, and she moaned helplessly as he ground himself into her once more.

Her hips jerked convulsively up against him, a strange, raw heat flooding up through her groin and belly!

And then he slid aside, half off her, smiling lazily. His right hand slid over her breasts, then down her trembling body and in between her legs once more. His fingers eased into her moist, warm interior as his thumb began to stroke against the top of her once more. There was a small little lump there, one she had occasionally noticed on prior occasions, one which responded most eagerly to his stroking!

She felt a burning heat there, one which sent more waves of tension up her body with every beat of her heart!

"You are my slut, Bethany," he said, his lips brushing at her cheek. "You are my slave girl."

What strange notions he had! But Bethany's confused mind was not in the best shape to consider them as waves of sensation continued to roll over it.

"Slave girls don't need to have any sense of decency," he said. "Slave girls have no morals. Slave girls don't care what is proper or the church might think. Slave girls are obedient to their master's will. That means slave girls have no need to guilt or shame. They make no decisions, so what happens is not on their conscience at all."

He jerked on her hair suddenly and she cried out in alarm as he looked down at her.

"Is that not true, slave girl?"

"Y-Y-Yes, milord!" she squeaked.

Or at least, she supposed it was, in a way, but again, her mind was fluttering wildly and in no real position to contemplate important issues of morality.

“Oh!” she gasped as his fingers pushed even deeper inside her.

“Such a soft, tight, warm interior you have, little slave girl,” he said, his fingers sliding in and out.

Bethany groaned as he slid a third finger inside her! She felt all stretched out, her opening aching as his fingers slid gently in and out, pushing deeper and deeper. She began to feel a sense of alarm, afraid he would remove her maidenhood with his fingers alone! The thought was... unseemly!

But then he eased back and stood up. His hands went to the ties in the front of his drawers and undid them, then pushed the garment down and off. Bethany gaped, her mouth and eyes both wide with astonishment and alarm! She'd had no idea a man's member would be so enormous!

Mathias climbed back into bed, then knelt on all fours above her, gazing down.

“I want you to become most intimately familiar with this particular piece of my anatomy, slave girl,” he said.

He crawled upward, until the anatomy in question hung directly over her face! Bethany continued to stare at it in astonishment even as he adjusted his position, sitting down, or almost doing so, on her upper chest. His knees pressed heavily into the mattress on either side of her head as he gripped his manhood and then slid it across her cheek.

Bethany squeaked and tried to twist away, but of course, she was too firmly restrained for that.

“Oh no, little girl,” he said. “You are going to love little Mathias as you love me. You are going to worship him, just as I worship your body. And you will cast aside any inhibitions you have in order to do so.”

He was rubbing the front of himself up and down against her cheek as he spoke, and now he gripped her hair, turning her face upward and slid the thing across her very lips!

Bethany's head reeled.

“You are going to take me into your mouth, slave girl, and follow my instructions,” he said sternly.

Bethany had no sooner opened her mouth to object when the object in question pushed into her open mouth! She tried to twist her head free but he held firmly to her hair and pushed deeper.

“Close your lips, slave girl, and begin licking the underside,” he ordered. “At the same time, you can start applying suction to my member.”

Bethany was appalled but had no idea what else she could do. She was bound and helpless, and more to the point, he was now her husband, even if he was perverse! Her mother had said she must do whatever nasty thing he wanted, so what choice did she have!?

She began to lick tentatively at the underside of his thick member as he slid deeper, then began to pump slowly in and out. Moaning helplessly, she sucked on the thing, following his further instructions by moving her tongue from side to side as she sucked.

At least it was not... painful, she thought wildly. It was horribly perverted, of course, and was quite sure Reverend Thomas would be as horrified as she was if he ever found out!

‘Suck, slave girl,’ he ordered.

Slave girl. Yes! She was... she was like a slave girl! She had no choice! He was her master and she must obey! She found some, at least, of her distress, melting away under that thought. She was not a slave girl, of course, but his wife, but in many ways, weren't they similar?

He was moving his hips slowly in and out, and after her initial shock at her oral penetration, Bethany found it to be not particularly difficult to do as he had ordered. She stared in a strange fascination at the sight of his thick, round shaft sliding in and out, disappearing into her lips.

He pulled back and slid down her body again, his fingers stroking and probing and pushing into her, caressing the top of her sex as he bent and began to suck

and chew at her breast.

Dazed, Bethany just lay there in a swirling wonderment, quite adrift by it all as she lay in helpless bondage to his will. Her sex began to burn again, and hotter and hotter sensations began to roll up through her abdomen as she felt breathless once again.

Then she felt something thicker pushing against her. She raised her head, staring, gasping, as he drew his fingers out and his thick manhood pushed against her opening instead! She felt herself straining to accommodate the greater size, but she was slippery and warm, and his fingers seemed to have stretched her opening somewhat.

She gasped anyway, to see him push into her, to feel his thickness sliding inside her! He was kneeling before her, leaning forward, as his hips drove him deeper into the tightness of her sex. It... ached... but not horribly so, even as he pushed deeper still.

He let his body come down, his elbows propping up his upper torso as his hips pushed smoothly forward. She felt a building pressure, as if the head of his shaft had reached the very back of her sex, and then.

“Oh!” she squealed!

That hurt! The pain was sharp, but... surprisingly brief. It didn't disappear entirely, but faded away until the storm of other sensations seemed to surpass it and distract her. He leaned in and kissed her again, even as she felt him pushing even deeper into her body! Already he felt so horribly deep inside, yet he kept pushing deeper!

His right hand was on her breast as his left slid through her hair, jerking her head up again as his lips moved down along her throat. She moaned weakly, her heart pounding, her breaths becoming more and more ragged as her body pulsed with energy and heat.

He raised his lips, eyes intent. “You are very tight around my cock, little slave girl,” he growled.

Bethany squeaked and blushed again, and he chuckled.

“Let me hear you say the word.”

She gaped at him.

“Say it. Say... cock.”

Bethany bit her lip anxiously.

“You're my slave girl, remember? You must obey your master or... face discipline.”

“But – !”

He placed his finger over her lips.

“No buts, no refusals. Obedience is all that a slave girl can offer up. Say it.”

“C-Cock,” she said, blushing furiously.

“Again.”

“Cock,” she gulped.

“Where is my cock right now?”

Her mind squirmed helplessly and he jerked on her hair to bring her eyes back to him.

“Where is my cock, slave girl?”

“I-Inside me!” she squeaked.

“You mean inside your pussy?”

She blinked at him. She had never heard the word used before except with reference to the cats.

“Yes, that's what men call your tight warm little box, little slave girl. Pussy. Say it.”

“Pussy,” she said reluctantly.

“So my cock is deep inside your pussy, is it not?”

“Y-Yes,” she gulped.

“How does it feel in there?”

Her mother had never prepared her for such indecent questioning!

“I-I don't know,” she gulped.

“Of course you know. You simply don't know how to communicate it.”

“Ah!” she gasped, as he thrust in deeper.

“Ahh,” he said. “Got the whole thing inside you now, slave.”

Bethany moaned helplessly, but felt a strange sense of both alarm and accomplishment. He had gotten that whole monstrous thing inside her belly!?

Now he ground his pelvis against her, and his lips returned to hers as she felt his shaft, his... his cock, shifting within her, twisting, pushing against one side, then the other, tightly encased within her belly! It was such a strange, even bizarre sensation!

Yet that burning sensation was still there, especially as his pubic bone seemed to be grinding against the top of her sex as he lay upon her, and the heat was sinking downward into her body as if traveling the length of his shaft!

Finally, he stopped grinding. He drew his hips up and back, and she gasped at the sensation as his shaft slid up out of her, inch by inch by inch and then... and then he pushed forward, and the sensations seemed to redouble as he drove himself down into her body again!

Again it... ached, but the aching was almost irrelevant compared to the flood of sensations pouring through her body and mind. His hips rose again, then sank, rose, then sank, rose higher, and sank all the way in once more!

She abruptly realized that this was the horrible thing her mother and aunt had warned her about, that it could be nothing else, and that it was, in fact, not really painful at all. In fact, the sensations sweeping through her were quite far from

being painful.

Quite far!

She didn't understand them, didn't know what they were, but her body was pulsing with heat and energy even as his tongue pushed even deeper into her mouth, sliding along her own helpless tongue like an invader!

Mathias ground his hips against her again and she shuddered! Then he drew himself up and back, thrusting into her with long, steady strokes, each of which sent a hot wave of pleasure sweeping up her body! He thrust harder, faster, almost hurting her now with the force of his strokes, and yet the pressure only grew more intense!

And then... and then there was an explosive eruption of sensation, a hot, breathless wall of sensation that swept up and over her, shocking her to the core of her being! She felt herself crying out, crying out again and again, with every explosive breath, her head jerking back, her hips grinding up wildly against him!

The sensations seized her like a rag doll in the mouth of a wolf, shaking her wildly, sending her mind tumbling end over end amidst the howling flood-tide of pleasure! And it was pleasure! It was more than pleasure! It was more than anything she had ever felt in her life, more than she had ever imagined feeling!

It went on and on, as every nerve ending in her body seemed to spasm wildly, as her internal muscles spasmed and flexed out of control! Her head thrashed, rolling from side to side as his hips thrust into her with hard, deep, powerful strokes that seemed liable to cram his big cock so deep inside her it killed her!

And yet, she didn't care! Bethany's entire focus of attention was on that storm of pleasure enveloping her body and mind and soul! Nothing else mattered! She would trade everything for it to continue forever!

*

Bethany lay in place, dazed, panting, chest heaving, eyes fluttering as her shattered mind tried to reassemble itself. Her body felt a warm, delicious afterglow of the terrible pleasure which had torn through her, and she could not understand any of it!

Mathias had left the room temporarily. He returned with a basin of warm water and cloth, having already washed himself. He proceeded to gently wash her, as well, removing the signs of her shattered maidenhood with quick efficiency as she lay moaning and panting.

Only as he turned to leave the room again did she speak.

“M-Mathias,” she gulped.

He paused and turned his head.

“What... what was that?”

“That? I'm assuming you mean your orgasm, my dear,” he said with a smile.

She stared at his back as he left the room.

Orgasm?

What on earth was that!?

No one she knew had ever even hinted at such a thing!

Why was she still tied up naked, she wondered. Her mother had said the act would only take a few minutes – usually as long as it takes to boil an egg, she had said, and they had already been at it much longer than she had expected.

Perhaps he would untie her when he returned, she thought.

She began to feel quite a sense of relief. She had done it! And really, it hadn't even hurt! What a tremendous relief that was!

Mathias returned, and she noted that his manhood was much reduced from when it had been inside her, hanging rather limply between his legs above his testicles. He sat on the edge of bed, his hand moving slowly up down her body, caressing her.

“You have lovely soft skin, little slave,” he said.

He reached down and removed the straps from her ankles, much to her relief, then did the same for her wrists. He helped her sit up, and she did so wearily, but

he hooked a finger into the front of the ... choker around her neck, drawing her further forward as he backed away.

He pulled her to her feet and then shifted his grip to her arm, leading her to the closet, then opened the door and let her see herself in the mirror.

She blushed as he stood behind her, her hands automatically rising to hide her body. But he drew her wrists back behind her, and then locked them there somehow! His hand slid through her hair and then tightened, and she gasped as he pulled her head back somewhat, and pushed forward on her chest.

“Do you see the slave girl in the mirror?” he asked.

She blushed again, her mind squirming. Now that he mentioned it, the blue and gold choker could actually resemble a collar. It had a golden ring in the front, a big one, whose purpose evaded her, but it resembled the ring on a dog's collar meant to take the leash.

She gasped again as he forced her head back, making her chest thrust out as his other hand came around her to cup and squeeze her breast.

“She is an uninhibited slut who craves sex constantly,” he whispered into her ear. “She lusts after cock every minute of the day.”

Bethany's face flushed at such a description of her, as absurd and insulting as it was! And yet, she understood that he did not actually mean to insult her, and that he was fully aware she was no such thing. This was, she realized, something in the nature of a costume, a play, in which she would portray someone who was – not herself – and yet was.

She bit her lower lip as his hand slid down her body and his fingers began to stroke that oh-so-sensitive portion of her anatomy.

“On your knees, slave,” he growled, pushing down and forcing her to her knees before the mirror.

“Your master craves the attention of your lovely lips and tongue, girl,” he said, moving and shifting her to the side. She cringed mentally as this brought her face directly before his groin, but there was no way to avoid it as he drew her in closer still.

“Take my testicles in your mouth, slave, gently, suck and lick them,” he instructed.

Another shock hit Bethany at such obscene and outlandish words! How perverse! Yet how could she deny her husband whatever he craved in the way of sexual favors?! He would rightly beat her if she refused him!

Perhaps, she thought, weakly, that was another resemblance between slave girls and wives!

He drew her face in and she eased her lips apart then closed them around one of his testicles, grateful in this instant that he had removed his own hair so as to make this part of him seem cleaner.

He drew her back slightly.

“Kiss them,” he ordered.

Face red, Bethany obeyed, hesitantly kissing his testicles, again and again as he shifted her mouth and continued to instruct her. She obediently sucked his testicles into her mouth, then, working them around within her mouth as she sucked and licked, her eyes rolling up anxiously to her lord and master seeming so far above her as she knelt before him.

Like a slave girl, she thought with a strange flare of dark excitement.

Like all other women of her generation Bethany was deeply constrained in her behavior by society's views on women and their proper role in life. That included some rather severe restrictions in terms of modesty and sex, of course. The notion that women were even capable of arousal, much less orgasms was considered heretical and obscene.

Female orgasms were not necessary for procreation, therefore they were not necessary. Sex was not designed for pleasure, after all. It was a necessary evil for procreation only. That men found it pleasurable was one of the great temptations of the devil and the source of constant immoral behavior!

Slavery, of course, was non-existent in Britain, but it had not been so very many years since it the Royal Navy had taken the pirates and slave dealers of the Barbary Coast to task. Many young women exercised their breathless imaginations on what horrors of obscene perversion awaited the poor European girl to fall into the hands of such bestial savages.

Bethany's slender wrists pulled against the... bracelets binding them together behind her back, and she rolled her eyes up at Mathias, imagining for a moment she really was a slave girl in the hands of the Barbary Pirates! What shocking and wicked things would happen to her then! What a life of depravity she would be led into!

“Lick up and down along the shaft of my cock, slut.,” Mathias growled.

The words shocked her, but again she realized he was pretending, and they shocked some dark side of her mind, as well, as she breathlessly licked up and down his organ while he held it stretched up against his belly.

“That's my slut,” he purred. “That's my nasty little slave girl.”

His fingers combed through her blonde hair as she licked, as she rolled her eyes up at him and tried to grasp what she was supposed to do, and what the proper behavior of a young wife ought to be. She knew virtually nothing about sex, of course, so had nothing to go by but her mother's instructions to obey her husband in these matters.

And so she did.

And it took very little time before her husband's organ began to thicken and harden once again, and now, somewhat shocked at herself, she took it into her mouth as she had before, bobbing her lips up and down its length as he looked down upon her, acting like the perverse slut he was terming her!

What a darkly delicious thought! She, a slave girl! Yet with her arms locked behind her, a collar around her neck, and on her knees before him, and a dark heat starting to rise within her, she felt herself embracing the role.

He pulled out and, holding her hair firmly, rubbed his spit-wet cock back and forth across her lips, across her face.

“Do you love my cock, slave?” he demanded.

Bethany cringed anew at his harsh, obscene words, and at the answer she knew he was expecting!

“Yes, sir,” she squeaked.

“Say it aloud.”

“Yes, sir!”

He jerked back on her hair and she gasped in pain.

“Say the words, slave.”

“I-I love your cock, sir!” she gasped.

What a shocking and wicked thing for a girl to say, she thought dazedly.

He pushed himself back into her mouth once more, filling it, stretching with her lips as he slid forward across her tongue. She gasped in pain again as he jerked forward on her head, then jerked back on her hair, tilting her head abruptly upward.

Then he thrust deeper, and her eyes bulged as she felt the head of his shaft actually push past her mouth and into her throat! Before she could even understand what was happening, much less react, he had pulled her head forward with both hands, thrusting down with his hips, and she found herself gagging and choking as her lips were pushed in against the very base of his shaft!

“That's it, my lovely little slave girl. Swallow every inch of my cock,” he growled.

Bethany was too panicked by the lack of air to worry about gagging! Mathias held her firmly in place as she squirmed wildly, his cock deep in her throat, his big hands on the back of her head.

“This is a skill slave girls must learn,” he said, his voice sounding oddly echoey above the pounding in her head. She could not breathe as he held her there, and she was utterly incapable of escaping!

“Have no fear. Trust your husband,” he said in a deep growl. “I shall let nothing happen to you, slave girl.”

His voice was reassuring, but it did not help her breathe! Her chest burned and her head pounded and black dots began to dance before her eyes as he held her there. Then, slowly, he eased back, and she fought against gagging as the slick skin of his shaft caressed the inner walls of her throat on its way up.

He pulled free, and she sucked in deep breaths of air, light-headed and swaying as she was finally able to breathe once again! She felt him lowering her to her belly, then gasped at the sharp impact of his hand against her bottom. She felt his hands push in beneath her hips, then jerk them up into the thigh, then gasped at another sharp slap to the bottom.

Her head rested on her right cheek, and she stared dazedly at her own image in the mirror as he knelt behind her. She could see his shaft as it pushed against her, could feel the pressure mounting against the opening to her body.

She groaned weakly as she watched, as she felt the pressure turn to a sharp aching sensation as those lips were pushed in and back and then back further, finally allowing him entrance. Then she watched their reflection in the mirror as he mounted and drove himself into her from behind.

It was, of course, unlike anything she had ever seen or imagined. And it was echoed by the feel of his thickness pushing through the tight sheath of her body, forcing its way ever deeper even as she watched.

“This is how slave girls are ridden,” he growled, leaning forward over her.

It certainly wasn't something she was familiar with! Her mother had simply said to lay on her back and he would take care of everything. She had never said anything about this particular – position! Nor had any other woman she had spoken to!

She saw her wrists on the small of her back, as if shackled there, and saw the blue glitter of her collar as he ground himself against her.

So might a slave be taken and used, she thought with a strange, dark sense of wonder.

“I'm going to make you come like a whore, slave girl,” he said. “For you are my whore.”

Bethany closed her eyes and shuddered, finding the concept difficult to embrace. But as his hips began to thrust more powerfully against her obscenely upraised bottom a bubbling, churning energy grew within her.

His big male hands moved up and down her back and over her shoulders, firm but caressing. They slid back up, gripping her hips, jerking her back to meet his thrusts, and she grunted and gasped continually from the force of the impact against her!

He paused, deep inside her.

“Are you my slut, girl?” he growled.

She hesitated, and he slapped her bottom sharply.

“Ow! Yes, sir!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I’m your slut, sir!”

“Good girl.”

He ground himself against her, then started pumping again.

His hands moved up and down her again, then pushed beneath her to fondle her breast before he paused again.

“Are you my slave girl?”

“Yes, sir!” she gasped.

Crack! “Say it aloud, girl.”

“I’m your slave girl, sir!” she gasped.

He started pumping again, and then his left hand wound her hair around his fist and wrist and pulled up and back. She gasped and moaned as her head was forced up, then the pressure pulled her chest off the floor, holding her hanging in mid air, the hair pulling tight against her scalp as his hips continued to slap against her bottom!

“Beautiful little slave girl,” he said, his free hand squeezing her dangling breast.

The hair pulled sharply against her scalp, driving needles of stinging pain into her skull, but it was a minor sensation compared to the wild, swirling energy and heat within her! Bethany could only gurgle and moan dazedly as he continued to drive his thick shaft deep into her body with long, fast strokes that had her body shaking.

Her body seemed to... to pulse with energy, with that same wild, uncontrolled energy she had felt earlier! Bethany thought she might faint with the sheer power and force of it, as the pressure built up within her skull and her heart pounded

wildly!

Even her breasts were throbbing hotly, as his fingers kneaded and squeezed them, and her nipples burned as he plucked and pulled, twisted, pinched and rolled them. It was all quite, quite mad, and Bethany feared she was going mad, as well!

And then she did, as another powerful eruption of sensations swept over her body and drowned her mind in pleasure! It was like an earthquake – but inside her! Bethany could hear her own startled cries of passion and pleasure, but didn't know it was her, nor did she care. Her mind was swept by wave after wave of pleasure, each driven by the deep, penetrating thrust of the thick shaft inside her! She thought she was going insane, but did not care!

*

Bethany's eyes were wild, startled and somewhat haunted. Everything which had happened to her since she'd arrived here had shocked her. It was all so very different from the delicate, sheltered existence she had previously led!

Yet it hadn't all been bad. In fact, much of it had been shocking and wicked but... exciting, if darkly so. Even the perverse removal of her hair, however embarrassing, had not been exactly torture.

But the previously prim and virginal girl had now found herself ensconced in the den of depravity, and had no idea what to do about it!

She knew she ought to do something about it. But couldn't quite work up the will to make the attempt. That was partly because she knew her ignorance, and would naturally have ceded control to her older and much more sophisticated new husband, even if her mother had not so advised her.

But it was also that the pleasure which he had caused her body had stunned her, for she had never had any idea her body was even capable of producing such pleasure! It was as if her world has suddenly become greatly expanded in the course of a day! It was simply too much to take in! She was bewildered, and quite off balance!

And Mathias was keeping her there!

No sooner had he ridden her like... like a whore, or a slave girl, right there on the floor before the mirror, then he had flipped her onto her belly, lain between her legs, and, shocking her yet again, began to apply his tongue and mouth to her sex!

Bethany had been too dazed, at first, too breathless, to protest, and then the sensations his tongue and lips were rousing made it very difficult to form a coherent thought long enough to protest!

His behavior was unnatural and depraved, but he roused her into a kind of frazzled fever which flushed through her mind to saturate it with a kind of dark feverish need!

And then, as her body had fairly trembled with need, to the point where her hands jerked convulsively against the shackles binding them beneath her in hopes of touching her own body there, she had flipped her onto her belly again, and then attacked her bottom!

He had pushed ... something... into her bottom! It was quite thick, but he had placed some manner of slippery liquid upon it and through twisting and pushing and pulling, had finally worked it through the tight entrance to her bottom.

It was not as long as his organ, but it widened as it pushed deeper, and then abruptly narrowed to very little. But what remained, stuck out of her bottom attached to what appeared to be a tail! Even now it brushed against her thighs as he led her, leashed, crawling down the corridor!

Slave girl. He kept saying that. Slave girl. Wicked slave girl. Nasty slave girl. Beautiful slave girl. But she wasn't his slave girl! She was his wife, she wanted to cry!

Yet in a sense, the only real difference between the two was that society approved of the one and not the other. He still, in a sense, owned her, and could do to her as he chose. She certainly wouldn't ever tell anyone about such shocking things!

Nor was she angry at him, not really. She was too shocked and bewildered, and too busy trying to find her place, trying to understand her place and what he wanted of her, and coping with the wild sensations he was rousing in her body and mind.

Crack! She winced as the thin quirt came down against her buttocks.

“Bottom high,” he ordered.

She raised her bottom a bit more as she crawled along the thick, expensive rug.

They were in the upper hall, wide and long, the paneled walls on either side containing works of art, both paintings and sculptures. They were alone, but the mere thought that one of the servants could come along and find her like this, naked and crawling, had her on edge. He had ignored her protests, however, except to bring out the quirt and use it several times on her bottom to instruct her in the need for not disputing her husband's will.

Her bottom was thus quite sore as she crawled along, and provided another reason why she ought not challenge him. But her breasts seemed to throb almost as much, though in a quite different way, and there was a wild, hot thrumming through her lower belly as well! Every sound caused her to jerk her head around in fear of the appearance of a servant.

“Sit back, as I showed you,” he said, giving the leash a tug.

Flushing, Bethany sat back on her heels, spreading her knees so wide the tendons in her thighs stretched and ached, made sure her back was arched and head back, and placed her hands on the floor behind her.

“What are you, girl?”

“I'm your slave girl, sir,” she gulped, staring up towards the ceiling.

“What is your purpose in life?”

That was a new one! She blinked uncertainly.

“Your purpose in life is to please me.”

Bethany gulped again. It was baldly stated, but not altogether outrageous.

“What is your purpose in life, slave girl?”

“To please you, sir,” she said.

“Say the words. All of them.”

“M-My purpose in life is to-to please you, sir,” she said, stuttering briefly.

“Do you believe that, slave girl?”

She hesitated. But, really, wasn't it, broadly speaking, the truth?

“Yes, sir.”

She flinched as the tip of the thin flick whip he held alighted on her right breast, directly on her nipple, as a matter of fact. It circled her nipple, then slapped it lightly several times, causing her to flinch repeatedly.

But then the thing circled her breasts before sliding down her taut belly and in between her legs. It caressed the neat line of her sex, then seemed to rub lightly against that area at the top, that particular, special area which gave up such astonishingly powerful sensations.

“Are you my slut, slave girl?”

“Yes, sir!” she squeaked.

“Say it.”

“I'm your slut, sir!” she gasped.

“Onto all fours,” he ordered, tugging on the leash to pull her forward.

She fell forward onto her hands, a bit dazed as he tugged again, setting off further down the corridor. It seemed incredible, impossible, that she should be crawling naked on a leash through the public areas of the castle! And yet, here she was!

And then her heart almost stopped, as she heard footsteps on the staircase ahead! She gasped and tried to jerk backward, but Mathias held the leash tightly, jerking her forward so that she lost her balance and wound up tumbling onto her belly!

A woman appeared, and Bethany's face flamed as humiliation poured through her! She had no idea who the woman was because her own face was pointed at

the floor as she curled up to hide herself.

She heard the woman speak to Mathias, and he to her, then the leash jerked sharply on the leash, and she gurgled as her head was forced up.

“Sit as I instructed you, slave girl,” Mathias ordered in a curt voice.

“But – !”

The flick whip snapped down onto her bottom with a stinging blow that made her yelp and flinch away, but the leash tugged her back, and the flick whip snapped down across her back, then her bottom, then again.

“On all fours,” he growled. “At once!”

Squealing and yelping, her mind swept by humiliation and panic, Bethany scrambled onto all fours, if only to stop the stinging blows from the flick whip!

“When I place you in a position, slave girl, you will remain in that position until released. I realize you are ashamed of your body, that you were brought up to feel that shame, but I feel that is utterly foolish and I intend to break you of it.”

He jerked back on the leash and then gripped her hair, forcing her head up and back.

“Sit back as instructed,” he growled.

Whimpering, still panicking, but with little choice, Bethany was forced to sit back on her heels again, with Mathias forcing her legs apart and snapping the flick whip down across her hip and belly and even her breasts until she assumed and held the proper position.

And all the while the Indian woman – one of those who had bathed her and removed her hair, she now realized, looked on silently.

Bethany felt as if her entire front was on fire, so deep was her shame, and yet, it eased at least, with the realization it was one of the woman who had seen her earlier. At least the woman was already very closely familiar with her naked body.

“What are you, girl?” he asked, almost snapping the question.

Such was Bethany's state of mind she could hardly understand the question, despite having answered it only a minute earlier. She gasped as the thin flick whip flicked down across one of her firmly pushed out breasts.

“What are you, girl?”

“I-I... I'm your slave girl, sir!” she stuttered.

“What is your purpose in life?”

“To please you, sir!”

“And are you my slut?”

She blanched, yet he had said these Indian heathens spoke no English.

“Yes, sir.”

The thin flick whip snapped down across her other breast and she gasped in pain.

“Speak the words.”

“I'm your slut, sir!” she gasped.

“Then remember what I said. Once I put you in a position, you are not to move from that position for any reason,” he barked.

The flick whip snapped down across her breast again.

“Do you understand me, slave girl?”

“Yes, sir!” she cried weakly.

He said something else to the woman, and then to Bethany's shock, handed her the whip, and walked away. The woman tugged on the leash and motioned for her to stand, and, dazed, Bethany pulled herself to her feet. The woman then quickly stepped behind her and drew her wrists back together, fastening the 'bracelets' together there.

She moved off down the corridor, passing the stairs, forcing Bethany to follow, and they quickly found their way back to the room where she and the other woman had last prepared her. The other woman looked up, and the blonde girl blushed as the two discussed her.

They then led her to the corner of the room and had her bend far over. Bethany felt even more humiliated as they tugged the tail thing, and its thick, round base, out of her bottom. But a moment later, she felt something else pushing into her bottom, and gasped as water began to flow into her!

They were giving her an enema!

At the same time, one of them attended to her bottom, the other attended to her top, brushing out her hair, then fastening it into long, straight pigtails at the sides of her head.

She was placed on a toilet to expel the contents of her bowels, then given another enema, and it was no good complaining since they spoke no English and showed no inclination to remove or unfasten her bracelets.

After the enemas her body was washed again, inside and out, and more embarrassment was in store for the helpless girl as long thin fingers slid deep into her sex, twisting and turning as water was pumped into her there, too.

Her body was soaped up, rinsed off, and then dried, and then the ... tail... thing was pushed back into her bottom. This was altogether bad enough, but what Bethany saw in the other woman's hands made her gasp and try, despite herself, to pull free.

It looked like... it looked like a man's organ! It was thick and long, with a very clearly circumcised head, what appeared to be veins circling the shaft, and seemed to be of some kind of wood, carefully carved to be as realistic as possible, well, up until a sort of ring an inch or two from the bottom.

The women held her easily in place, however, and after placing a dab of some sort of liquid on the head of the thing, one of the women pushed it into her as the other held her bent over.

Bethany shuddered, her face flaming yet again. These women were so utterly casual and cavalier about what they did to her!

Another disturbing aspect was that as they touched her – in certain places – Bethany felt a strange sort of liquid heat being roused within her body. Her nipples tingled and her breasts felt swollen, and that hot little place between her legs pulsed with life.

And now a thick shaft was sliding up into her belly, much like Mathias had done with his own¹ She squirmed and moaned until her bottom was slapped several times, and then stood in place, trembling, as the woman pumped the thing in and out a few times, working it deeper, twisting it from side to side as she and the other woman exchanged casual conversation.

Then came that odd little ring, where the woman had to angle the thing, and use her fingers to spread Bethany's lips wider so it could sink into her. Once that was inside, they seemed satisfied, and allowed her to straighten.

Bethany was even more dazed now, feeling the thickness of the hard imitation phallus within her lower belly, feeling the lips of her sex held wide around the base. She had a helpless feeling of arousal inside her, one which was making her slightly light-headed even as one of the woman took the leash and led her back from the room, entirely naked, as she had entered it.

The woman led her down the stairs, however, and Bethany, despite a very high level of anxiety and fear at being seen nude, and worse than nude! She realized now, the reason for the ring around the shaft of the carved phallus. It held the device within her, preventing it from slipping out as it might otherwise have done!

Yet it also left the base quite visible to anyone who might look her way, so that they might know that she walked around as if in the midst of an obscene carnal adventure! She had resigned herself to her inability to influence her situation in any beneficial way, however, and walked dazedly and obediently along, head down.

Her new husband wished her to become less... shy about her naked body. She had no idea why. Perhaps it was one of those strange ideas he had picked up in far away lands. But she had no ability to oppose him.

They reached the main floor, and the Indian woman led her down another hall, and thence into a grand dining hall. A polished wooden table stretched twenty feet from end to end, with numerous high-backed chairs along its sides. Only

one was occupied, that at the end, with Mathias sitting in it.

The woman spoke to him and pushed down on Bethany's shoulders, indicating she should kneel. Helpless, she did so.

“Kneel correctly, slave,” Mathias said.

Blushing, she spread her knees wide and arched her back, falling back on her shackled hands.

“Excellent,” he said, examining her. “How does your pussy feel with that nice little cock inside you?”

Bethany was speechless.

“I asked a question, slave,” he said.

He said something she didn't catch, and the Indian woman picked up the flick whip and snapped it across Bethany's breasts.

“Oh!’ she cried.

“How does that cock feel inside you, slave?”

“I-I... it... feels very... very strange, sir!” she gasped.

He snorted.

“I daresay. But you'll get used to having a cock inside you. I intend to addict you to it, as an opium addict is to that drug. You will crave cocks inside you every waking minute.”

He said something, and the Indian woman walked away.

“Come here, slave.”

Blinking, Bethany eased her stiff posture, kneeling upright, then shuffling forward on her knees. She gasped as he seized one of her pigtails and pulled her forward, then pulled his chair back and around and grasped her arm, dragging her up across his lap to run his hands over her bottom.

“Lovely arse you have, slut,” he said, giving it a smack.

His fingers circled the base of the dildo, caressing her swollen sex lips, then he gripped the thing and slowly drew it back, pulling enough to force the ring out of her. With that out, he began to pump it slowly in and out, while his thumb rested on the shaft and stroked across that swollen, sensitive top of her sex each time he drove the thing into her.

“Beautiful little animal,” he said. “I’m going to free you up from all those silly inhibitions which bind your mind in and turn you free to be the wild, uninhibited slut I know is within you.”

Despite herself, Bethany felt her mind becoming influenced by what he was doing to her. Her body was certainly being influenced, and as his skilled hands began to rouse her, a dark heat began to sweep up through her mind.

He pulled her up and back and turned her around, drawing her onto his lap, but on her bottom, legs spread obscenely wide as he worked the thing back deep inside her, letting the ring pass through the lips of her sex to lock it inside. His fingers continued to caress her, however, rubbing against the top of her sex as he forced her head back and began to lick and chew and suckle at her breasts.

Her head began to swim and her body pulsed with heat as her breaths became more rapid and ragged. Then... he stopped.

“On your knees, slave. It’s time for supper,” he said.

He placed her on her knees before him once more, but had her merely sit straight, not back, then rang a small bell.

She was already flushed, but now her face reddened even more, for a man appeared! It was another Indian, one pushing a silver cart with food. She held her position, trembling, burning with embarrassment as the man looked her over, then ignored her and placed dishes of food on the table, speaking with Mathias.

When he was gone, she was finally able to breath again, though she did so unevenly, stunned that he had allowed another man to see his wife completely naked like this! Like this! With her legs spread and this... this thing protruding from her sex!

“Mathias – !”

“Do not speak,” He said, holding up his hand. “Slaves speak only when spoken to.”

“But I'm not a slave!” she exclaimed!

His eyes narrowed.

“Turn around,” he barked, his voice hardening, and bend over.”

“But Mathias!”

“Must I have you gagged?”

She bit her lip anxiously, but obeyed.

“Face against the floor, bottom high, legs together.”

Moaning helplessly, she complied, then winced, and winced again, and again, then gasped as the flick whip snapped down across her bare bottom again and again. The thin, stinging blows began to heat up her soft skin, spreading a throbbing heat across the surface of her buttocks as he continued.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You will obey your master,” he said. “And lest you say to yourself you are not my slave, you are required to obey your husband in the same manner.”

Bethany whimpered and moaned as her bottom got hotter and hotter, the snapping bite of the flick whip raising more intense stings now as it landed.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You will quickly come to learn I am correct, slave girl. Your life will be immeasurably improved and far and away more happy and content than it would be if you defied me.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Do you understand, slave?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she cried.

“What are you?”

“I-I'm your slave girl, sir!”

“What is your purpose in life?”

“My purpose in life is to please you, sir!”

“Then do so. Turn around, rise and sit back on your knees. Dinner is getting cold.”

How she was to eat like this, Bethany had no idea, as she turned and sat back, wincing, on her painful bottom, sniffing and wishing she could wipe her eyes. This was all so insane!

The food, on the other hand, smelled lovely, and she began to realize, watching him eat, that she hadn't had anything to eat in some time.

Finally, he turned to her, and held his hand out to her mouth. She saw, startled, that he had a bit of meat in it.

“Take it.”

She blinked at him in astonishment, but with her mouth open, he slid his fingers into it. Her lips closed almost automatically, and he released the meat, pulling his fingers free. It tasted... very good... so Bethany chewed and swallowed it.

“Good girl,” he said.

Over the course of the meal he fed her like that, sometimes placing food directly into her mouth, sometimes having her lick it out of his fingers, or take it with her lips. Often, he had her lick his fingers clean afterward.

It was the most astounding sort of meal Bethany had ever hear of. But she said nothing. He had ordered her to be silent, and she had no desire to feel the whip on her bottom again.

The Indian man who had delivered the food came in and out several times, each

time causing her to blush horribly, but somehow, incredibly, she began to get used to it.

After dinner, one of the Indian women took her upstairs, by the leash, into what she was coming to think of as the cleaning room, and then used a toothbrush to clean her teeth and tongue. After which they rinsed out her mouth.

Her new husband certainly seemed to have a high degree of interest in maintaining a hygienic body!

The woman then took her back downstairs and into a cavernous great room where Mathias sat before a fire on a large, comfortably padded settee.

“Come up and sit with me, slave girl,” he said.

The Indian woman removed the leash and Mathias helped her crawl up onto the sofa, then drew her down across his lap, face up, however. In this position her back was naturally arched of course, and she immediately felt a flush of heat as his fingers began to caress her nipples.

“You'll find this passing strange at first, and I have no doubt quite distressing as it's quite different from your previous life. But don't worry. Once you get used to it you'll be like a girl in paradise.”

His hands moved over her body as he spoke, stroking her breasts, and easing down between her legs to rub her there, again.

“You will live a life of great comfort,” he said. “With all the luxuries any woman could want, beyond those of an empress from earlier days. But you will be exempted, except when most people visit, from that prim, proper, tightly constricting set of garments most women wear today. Once you adapt to things it won't even be necessary for me to be as strict as I am being now.”

As he spoke, his fingers massaged her, caressed her, stroked her, and despite herself and her anxieties, Bethany felt her body beginning to pulse with that strange energy again, her hips jerking and her chest tightening as her stomach fluttered.

And then another of those massive waves of shattering pleasure washed over her! Bethany cried out, arching and twisting, writhing across his lap, her hips

grinding frantically up against his fingers as they rubbed against her! Her head thrashed wildly from side to side as air rattled through her open mouth and her mind was tossed and turned on the flood of sensations.

And then it faded and left her moaning, dazed, exhausted, and with a strange languor gripping her.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he said, but his voice was pleased.

He rolled her onto her belly and slowly eased the phallic device out of her, then penetrated her with it again, sliding it deep, pumping it in and out as he caressed the top of her sex and let his fingers slide up and down her body.

A voice spoke suddenly, a male voice, and she jerked as if struck, gasping, her head jerking around, then blanching as she saw the strange, middle-aged man standing there. She turned her burning face away as he and Mathias spoke. Yet even as he spoke, he continued to pump the phallus in and out of her sex!

The man went away, and he continued, then had her get up and lay back as he licked his way down her body. Soon he was licking at her sex as he'd done before, and as astonishing as she found that, Bethany could not resist the thrumming sensations which rushed up her body. Soon, again, she was arching and twisting and crying out her pleasure as her body shook through the tremendous, shattering climax.

Then it was on her knees as he undid his breeches and pulled his cock out, guiding her lips to it, instructing her in how to lick him, how to mouth him, how to suck. She followed his instructions most carefully, wanting to please him, to show her ability, even when he forced her mouth down so that his cock pushed deep into her throat.

That took some getting used to, but she survived the experience.

Whether she would continue to survive the numerous shocks to her pride was another thing. For Mathias had her kneel, belly and face down on a low table next to the sofa, raising her bottom high and spreading her legs. Then he stood behind her. She moaned helplessly as his fingers caressed the top of her sex.

But instead of pulling the phallic thing from her he tugged on the tail, and the other thing, the one in her bottom, slowly pulled free. Her eyes widened as she

felt what had to be his cock sliding in to take its place!

His shaft plunged deep into her bottom, as the wide eyed girl knelt there in trembling, astonished obedience, wondering when the shocks would stop coming! But at least it didn't seem to hurt much. It just... ached a bit, and made her feel cramped deep inside when he pushed deeper.

He began to stroke slowly in and out, using the full length of his shaft, his hands resting on her hips as he used her.

And then that man walked back into the room!

Bethany wished she could drop through the table and floor! Yet Mathias simply spoke back to the man as he continued to pump, thrusting deeper and harder as their conversation continued. The man nodded, said something, and then left, and Mathias picked up the pace considerably, his hips slapping against her buttocks now as he drove himself deep into her belly with every thrust.

She suddenly felt his hands on her pigtails, jerking them up and back, forcing her head up and back, raising her shoulders and chest from the table as he drove himself into her with long, powerful strokes that had her body shaking and shuddering, and her breasts wobbling below her!

*

Bethany spend the night in a cage. It was a large cage, placed in his bedroom not far from the bed, but it was unquestionably a cage. She was too tired to care at that point, for he had used his mouth on her sex to draw her to several shattering climaxes before putting her inside, and despite the wild and insane day, she fell quickly asleep.

The next morning began in a manner she was to become used to. Mathias opened the cage, drew her out, and let her mouth please him, then put her back in and departed. Shortly thereafter, one of the Indian women came for her, led her down the hall, and she and the other one washed her from head to toe, inside and out...

The tail was inserted in her bottom, and she was led down to breakfast. She knelt beside Mathias as he ate, and fed her by hand, then was taken away to have her teeth and mouth washed before rejoining Mathias wherever he happened to be –

usually his office.

There was a small padded cushion near the desk where she would kneel or curl up watching him as he worked for an hour or more, then he would go to the pool, outside if warm, inside if cool, and unlock her wrists so she could join him.

Bethany had no idea how to swim, at first, never having been swimming, but he taught her easily enough.

She got used to the servants seeing her naked, and even seeing her in obscene positions and poses, or even engaged in sexual acts with Mathias. She would not have thought it possible, but it was.

Mathias taught her how to touch herself in the way he did, where to rub, and how, and showed her another phallic device, this one thicker and longer than the other, with no ring. He instructed her on its use and watched as she used it to pleasure herself.

Within only two weeks of her marriage she had changed enormously. Even so, it was a great trial when his friend Robert came for a visit. It was one thing to be seen by heathen Indians, and quite another to be seen by a Christian gentleman!

“She blushes nicely,” was the man's first observation, to which Mathias chuckled.

Bethany was, in fact, blushing furiously, posed, at Mathias' order, head back, back arched, legs apart under the redheaded man's gaze.

“Feel that skin, Bob. Just touching it will give you an erection,” Mathias said.

“What makes you think just looking at this slave girl of yours hasn't already done that?” the man said as he leaned forward to run his hands over the shocked girl's bare breasts.

He did indeed become erect, and then another shock hit Bethany, as Mathias ordered her to use her mouth to 'relieve the pressure' on him. She did so, having become well-used to obedience by then, but was stunned by it even as she sucked and bobbed on the man's hard cock.

The shock could not last, however. Robert stayed the day, and Mathias had her

crawling back and forth between them, the two men fondling, stroking and caressing her. It took her some time to get used to his touch, to shed the terrible embarrassment, but once she had done it she soon became breathless with sexual tension, and both men were able to bring her repeatedly to climax.

Robert then took her bottom as she slid her throat up and down Mathias' thick shaft.

When her mother came for a visit the very next day Bethany was dressed in the height of modern fashion, her hair done up elaborately and pinned in place beneath her stylish hat. Bethany showed her around, demonstrated all the modern conveniences to her mother, and sat on a chair for lunch for the first time since her marriage while Mathias and her mother talked amiably.

Almost the moment her mother had crossed over the drawbridge, however, Bethany was naked again, collared, shackled in her jeweled shackles, and crawling on a leash beside Mathias as he led her out to the pool for a swim.

And the next day his friend Robert returned, with another friend named Michael. Bethany demonstrated her oral talents on both men as Mathias looked on benignly and then knelt as they chatted and discussed politics and business.

The servants brought lunch and the three men sat at the table while Bethany crawled about the floor between them, taking food from their fingers. Afterward, she demonstrated her ability to please herself, laying back, drawing her knees back, and using the carved phallic toy Mathias had given her to bring herself to a shattering climax while they looked on and applauded.

She then mounted Mathias as he sat on the settee, while Michael thrust his cock up her bottom and Robert drew her mouth onto his own hard shaft.

As Mathias had predicted, her inhibitions melted away under the continuing heat of her own arousal and his outrageous orders. She became quite comfortable in her nudity, around anyone. More importantly, she began to feel entirely natural in her sexual urges and pleasure, exhibiting them openly before Mathias, his friends, and the servants.

She knew she led a depraved existence, that all of society would utterly condemn her to ruination should she be discovered. But none of that mattered. The pleasure was too addictive, just as Mathias had predicted. More importantly, she

was pleasing Mathias, and what pleased Mathias made Bethany happy, as well.

It didn't matter if he was her husband or her master – though in fact, he was both. Her aim in life was supposed to be to please him, and the more time she spent with him, and the more pleasure he gave her, the more breathlessly devoted to doing so she became. Whether she was his slave or his wife, what mattered was that she was happy.

* * * * *

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Zoe's New Job * Working For The Smiths * What I Learned in College * Two Teachers * Twenty Nine * Tomb of Darkness * The Wolf Girl * The Submission Game * The Student Librarian * The Straight Girl * The Secretary * The President's Slave Girl * The New Neighbors * The Nerd Girls * The Mouse * The Master's Choice * The Interview * The Girls in the Band * The General's Aide * The Director * The Debt Slave * The Dark Passage * The Challenge * The Butler * The Banker Babe * The Arrangement * Stripped! * Stocks and Bonds * Sir * Slave of the Vampires * Rich Man's Yacht * Poor Choices * Personal Services * Nigger's Girl * Mr. Black's Personal Assistant * Mister Stirling's Chauffeur * Miranda's Tower * Masters Fine Leather * Kayla's Submission * Journey into Slavery * Into The Past * In the Vampire's Lair * In The Summer Heat * Her Very Own Pirate * Fiona's Need * Erin's Four Masters * Emily's Debt * Courtney's Boring Life * Courtney Gets Caught * Chained Heat * Bound in Red Tape * Biker Bitch * Behind the Mask * An English Girl in China * A Slave to the Pack * Owned by the Pack * An Office Affair * A Life of Slavery * A Darker Shade of Gray * A Dark Spirit * A Dark Desert Heat * Anything * A Dark, African Fever *