

UNDERCOVER SLAVE GIRL

**By
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All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Chapter One

Hannah cursed softly and threw back the sheets, swinging her legs out of the small cot and onto the steel floor. She couldn't sleep. That wasn't a new phenomenon for her, especially so soon after a shift change. She was on the four to midnight shift at the moment, but last week she'd been on midnights. Her body was irritated with her.

Of course, the problem with living on a warship, particularly a British warship, was you couldn't simply pad down the hall to the kitchen in your underwear, nor even in a robe. You most especially couldn't do so where ratings could see you and perhaps lose respect for you as an officer. It had been hard enough gaining that respect in the first place, and Hannah had no intention of endangering it through laziness.

It was three in the morning, but there were always people up. She slipped on her blue uniform blouse and buttoned it up, stuffed her legs into trousers and then pulled on a pair of shoes before checking herself in the mirror. Muttering, she pulled her hair up and back. It was getting longish – now almost to her shoulders, and it wouldn't do to leave it loose.

All that took little time. Then she was out the door and up the quiet, narrow corridor. She took the stairs (which the navy persisted in calling a ladder) down two decks and then found the officers' mess. It was empty, but coffee, tea, milk and scones were laid out for anyone who wanted a snack. She passed up the caffeine in favor of milk, took a scone, and headed back to her cabin, chewing lightly.

Because it was so near, she took a detour and peeked into Communications. She frowned at the sight of Able Seaman Griffith working hard on a video game. The prohibition against doing so was well-understood, and she certainly agreed with it under most circumstances. On the other hand, it was the midnight shift, and the only thing Griffith needed was his ears, and unless he was a bloody fool he had the radio turned up and the sound of the game turned down low.

And keeping awake was the real name of the game. Still, if he was caught by Lieutenant Connor, who was officer of the deck, he'd get his private parts roasted.

Hannah took another bite of her scone as she examined the game over Griffith's shoulder. He had very nice shoulders, she thought. He was a handsome young man, as well. Not that there was a lot of relevance to that, given she was an officer, and a massive four years older than him. She took another leisurely bite on her scone. It wasn't as if she had a lot else to do. She loathed eating in her bed.

She finished the scone, then set her milk down on top of an equipment locker, brushed the crumbs off her lips, and then stepped inside.

“Griffith!” she snapped

The young man leapt to his feet and turned around, jerking his shoulders back.

“Ma'am!” he exclaimed.

She scowled at him as she stepped three paces into the room, turning her eyes from him to the screen and back to him.

“Are you an idiot, Griffith?!”

“No, Ma'am!”

“No?! No!? Are you completely incapable of understanding that you have to veer left through the black door to get the first aid gear before you throw yourself forward onto those zombies? How do you bloody expect to do anything more than get slaughtered before the spider queen drops on you?!” she demanded, still scowling.

He gaped at her a long moment, apparently lost for words.

She softened her face and then tapped him lightly on the chest.

“And if Lieutenant Connor walked in you'd be in for a month of scrubbing out the bilge. Find something less outrageous to pass the time, Griffith.”

“Uh, yes, ma'am,” he gulped as she turned away and left him.

She went back to her quarters, sipping the milk as she went, then tried to get to sleep again. They were docked, but there was always work to be done. And she didn't do her best when tired.

She slept until just after noon, then rolled out of bed, had a shower, and headed for breakfast.

“Foster.”

She halted at her name and turned.

“Sir?” she said as Captain Timmings walked forward.

“A word.”

He led her aside and she followed, not much concerned until she saw his face.

“I'm sorry, Foster. There's just no good way of saying this. We've had word from your family. I'm afraid it's your father.”

* * *

Hannah folded the uniform neatly, her longer fingers smoothing out the fabric around the edges of her blouse before reluctantly lifting them up into the armoire and then, after a brief hesitation, closing the door. She felt, in a sense, as though she were closing a door on a part of her life. She had, much to her surprise, really enjoyed being in the navy, and not intended to quit after her enlistment was up. But circumstances had now intervened.

She turned away from the armoire, a three hundred year old heirloom built on the orders of one of her distant ancestors and her eyes caught the broad fields and gardens on the north side of the house. The Foster estate was not large. Not any more. Time had worn it down to just a few hundred acres. And thanks to her father's foolishness on the stock market even that was now in danger given it was all mortgaged to the hilt.

She shook her head, feeling a tightness in her chest at the pressure she was under. She'd been able to resolve many of the financial problems facing the family since returning and immersing herself in the invoices and records. They would be able to start paying the mortgage – almost certainly – in a year or so. That was when the sole remaining investment her father had made which didn't seem mad, was likely to come to fruition.

It was a luxury holiday resort and gambling casino in Monaco. Everything looked quite good, and it should produce enough money to keep the estate afloat and pay down the new mortgage – eventually.

The problem was how to make it through the intervening period without everything they owned being seized by creditors.

Hannah's mother was hopeless at money, and certainly had no skill with which to earn any. And while Hannah had attempted to borrow more, she had nothing but a heavily mortgaged estate and no job with which to guarantee repayment. Nor could they try to borrow from friends. That simply wasn't done. To acknowledge their near poverty would have been too humiliating for the family, especially her mother, who had barely managed to hang on after the shocking news of her father's suicide.

Her brother was an alcoholic sot, and her aunt Louise even more of a financial incompetent than her mother. As for her cousins... she shuddered at the thought of even attempting to involve them.

No. There was no one but Hannah to figure out a resolution, to find a way to earn sufficient money to see them through the next year or so. And there was only one possibility, however horrid it was, that she thought might stand a chance. It wasn't a good chance, but it was a chance.

She cast a glance at herself in the large wall mirror, and sardonically saluted herself, then raised one long leg, straight out, and did a small twirl, reminiscent of her long years of dance and ballet classes. They'd certainly done little for her in life, other than to give her a certain grace of movement. But perhaps now they'd be worth all the time she'd devoted to them.

She sighed as there was a knock at the door.

“Come,” she said.

Sara, the maid, entered, along with John the steward, wheeling a dolly.

“All right there,” she said, pointing at the luggage.

She'd considered long and hard where to go. Certainly she had no intention of staying in the UK. She wanted to put as much distance as possible between her peers, both in the military and in Britain's upper class society, and herself as she could. She liked New York and Boston, but so too did any number of people she knew. None of the places the better classes tended to visit would do.

The problem was, the most money to be made was in New York, California and Florida, all favorite destinations of her peers. New Jersey, on the other hand, was virtually empty of Britons, particularly the upper classes. And certain parts of New Jersey bordered on New York City

And so that would be her destination.

She followed them down the stairs, said goodbye to her mother and aunt, and then got into the car, ostensibly to take up work at a high paying job as a communications consultant in an American high technology firm. It would pay, she had told her family, well over a hundred thousand pounds a year, and could, with some success, double.

Even that, she secretly feared, would not be enough, not quickly enough.

* * *

“Are you out of your mind?” Rupert demanded in irritation.

“No, just thinking outside the box, as you suggested,” Blair said.

“You want to put an informant into O'Neil's estate as a sex slave!?”

“It's not really a slave,” Blair said. “I mean, it's not like they're held against their will.”

“And where do you think you're going to get the girl?” Miller asked in amusement.

“Put an add out for a sex slave?” Dale suggested with a laugh.

“If you look at it unemotionally, the only unusual part of this job is the sex and nudity,” Blair replied, sitting back in his chair and gazing across the board room table. “We've used girls for sex before. Let's not be overly delicate.”

“For sex,” Miller said. “Not for getting whipped.”

“I'm sure it's painful and unpleasant,” Blair said blandly. “But the right kind of person, with the right motivation, can bear up under it. It's not like O'Neil is really a sadist anyway. He doesn't harm the girls he plays with, after all.”

“Physically,” Miller snorted.

“The point remains, how are you going to find someone who'll accept that as part of an assignment, and who is smart enough to be a capable operative? It's not like we could just hire a hooker for this sort of thing. They don't have the temperament to do more than seduce a man and have sex with him. If you want an informant in place she has to be smart enough to pass communications to us without getting caught, and to look around and recognize what we need.”

“Anyone smart will tell you to go fuck yourself,” Rupert said with a grunt.

“She can't simply be smart. She has to be disciplined. You're going to be able to simply use some cheap bimbo to do this, Powell. You need an actual operative. An agent. And none of our female agents would consent to something like this.”

“We find an outsider.”

“An outsider who is capable of being an agent, and also willing to undergo this sort of brutality? How are you going to find this mysterious young woman?”

“That's where motivation comes in.”

“And you intend to motivate some young woman how?”

Blair raised his eyebrows. “Money, of course. And lots of it. We find a girl who is smart, who is capable, and who is also desperate for money. Then we make her a proposition.”

“And will her skill set include keeping her mouth shut afterward? Presuming she survives, that is. Because if anyone ever found out about this we'd all be screwed.”

“We'll find one who will not want to put this around for their own reasons.”

* * *

This was going to be more difficult than she had hoped, or been willing to admit when she'd accepted the idea, Hannah thought, chest tight, stomach churning.

She gazed out into the club, watching Gwen dancing, dancing poorly, she thought anxiously. At least she wouldn't have a difficult act to follow.

She'd first gone to a beach in Spain when she was sixteen. It had seemed wonderful exciting and wicked to go topless there, but then again, most of the other girls were too. Still, flashing her naked breasts at men and boys walking by had been a very strange experience. It had been horribly embarrassing, but had turned her on enormously. She'd felt like an exhibitionist!

But years of holidays on the south coast, especially in the Med, had gradually robbed her of her embarrassment. She'd eventually graduated to nude swimming and bathing, which was not terribly unusual in southern Europe. It had still felt terribly wicked for her, and she'd never failed to be aroused by strutting about nude, however much she tried to pretend otherwise.

It simply did something to her mind. All those years of lectures about modesty, and there she was naked, walking around, letting men ogle her private parts! She'd felt like a slut! Oddly, she hadn't felt guilty so much as deliciously naughty and aroused. Any day at the beach was certain to bring a rich reward to whatever guy she went back to her hotel room with that night!

So she'd gotten used to being seen naked in public. She had lost most of her embarrassment, and during beach parties, she had even danced, just as other girls had – naked.

So surely she could do so now. In a strip club.

She'd known it wouldn't be the same, of course, but she'd done it on the beach so surely she could do it here. What really was the difference, logically?

Emotionally, of course, there was a huge difference, but she was trying to paper that over in her mind with a few strong drinks. Being nude on a beach in southern France was simply a sign of sophistication. Being nude in a strip club in New Jersey across the river from New York was quite a different thing.

Then again, another difference was she got paid nothing to be on a beach, while she stood to make a very great amount of money here. And she needed it.

Then the music changed, and Gwen came back through the curtains. Her heart pounded even more loudly, and she froze in place as she was announced, but someone experienced gave her a push and she was through the curtains and onto the stage, all eyes on her. There was nothing to do then but follow through.

Hannah had applied herself to this task in advance, doing her research wherever possible, often on the internet. She had a decent idea of what sold, of what was popular, and so she had designed her 'act' with that in mind.

Most exotic dancers were not particularly good at dancing. That was, they were ordinary girls who, through desperation, usually, had gone to the only job they could which would pay the kind of money they wanted or needed. They had little imagination, rarely had the discipline to properly apply themselves to anything, and were often either drunk or drugged. The only required skill by most clubs was a nice body and a willingness to bare it. Hannah had had to demonstrate rather more than that to get in here, at one of the better clubs, where the clientele were richer, paid more, and gave better tips.

Most of the girls came on stage in something slinky and which would easily fall off, usually a minidress or short skirt of some sort. Pleated schoolgirl outfits were always popular too, of course.

Hannah was wearing a tight, sleeveless t-shirt which strained across her breasts, and low riding, short denim shorts with a heavy gold belt draped across the top. Unlike most of the girls she had not bleached her hair. It was a gleaming chestnut, softly dancing on her shoulders as she strode forward with a teasing smile on her lips.

Inside, she was petrified, but her body carried through the movements she'd practiced. She stood there, hand on hips, smirking out of them, cocking her head to one side, then the other, tossing her head arrogantly, running her tongue slowly across her lower lip as she gazed out at them and let her hips start

to slowly move from side to side.

She backed against the pole and let her arms go up above her head, clutching the pole with her hands as she pushed her hips out and ground them slowly in time to the music. She swung slowly around the pole so the customers on all three sides could see her, then threw her body in the other direction, swinging around the pole.

She was in no hurry to strip. Most of the strippers had forgotten the 'tease' part of strip-tease. The more she delayed, she thought, the more eager the men would be to see. They could certainly see her long, well-sculpted legs, and her trim, flat belly. The tight little shorts did little to hide the shape of her bottom either, as she turned to the pole and bowed forward, rolling her bottom at them slowly, grinding her hips.

She turned and slid her hands up and down her body, her fingers brushing up against the bottom of the t-shirt, sliding it higher, then letting it fall, sliding it higher again, then letting it fall. She slid her hands down to her shorts and unbuttoned the first button, then swung herself around the pole again, letting her shoes fly off towards the curtain.

The jeans were tight, but her movements gradually lowered the zipper, and that loosened the shorts. The thin string of her black thong made an appearance, first on one hip, then on the other, as her shorts started to slide down.

She leapt up, using the strength in her legs to produce a short, abrupt movement, and her shorts slid down her thighs. She swung her legs sharply around and the momentum sent her shorts shooting off her feet and onto the stage behind her.

That brought applause as well as some comments she preferred not to hear. Now in tight black t-shirt and thong, she slid her fingers through her hair, arching her back, propped against the pole as she spread her legs somewhat and ground her hips.

She turned, rolling her bottom again, now only clad in the thong, and rolled her head as well.

She was losing her stiffness, losing her fear. She was embarrassed and anxious, her heart pounding, but she was starting to feel the thrill of knowing it was working. They were watching her, a lot more of them than had watched Gwen or Maria or Tammy before her!

She jumped up, caught the pole, and yanked her body up high, then gripped it with her thighs and fell backwards, hanging upside down. The t-shirt slid down, of course, just covering her chest now, baring the rest of her body. She slid down, rolled, and peeled the T-shirt up and off.

The tiny cups of her black bra were triangles across her breasts, pulling tight. She licked her lips as she slid her fingers across them, her embarrassment mounting. She felt a growing sense of shock at herself as she pranced about now in nothing but her underwear. It was, in a sense, both a fearful shop (what if someone found out!?) and the same sort of naughty excitement she'd felt before on the beach.

One of the final moments of truth came, and she popped her bra and bared her breasts. She felt a shock of heat and embarrassment, covering it by arching and rolling her hips, sliding her hands up and down her body. She flinched as her fingers slid across her nipples, for they were rigidly erect.

She slid around the pole again, then turned, pressing her body against it. Her fingers slid down it and then in across her hips, nimbly unsnapping the strings. The thong broke away and she was naked. Naked! She was on a stage naked, with scores of men staring at her!

She almost froze, but discipline took hold, and she kept her face looking coy and even a little shocked at herself, hiding her pussy behind the bar as she slowly moved in circles.

Then it was out onto the stage, sliding, dropping to her hands and knees, crawling cat-like across the stage. There was no more hiding. She laid it all out, flushed with embarrassment and also that same wicked sense of sexual arousal she felt on the beach – only greatly enhanced.

Bloody hell, she thought. Am I a bloody exhibitionist?

It was a popular act, and no sooner had she dressed than the floor manager brought her the requests for lap dances. Lots of them.

Another challenge awaited. But this was where the real money was made, so she fortified

herself with another drink, then went for it.

* * *

Ferguson moved slowly as his eyes adjusted to the semi darkness in the club. The noise was loud and unpleasant, particularly the pounding beat of the music. He made his way to the bar and ordered a Scotch, and watched the dancer on stage. He had very good eyes, but even so, the lights were designed to hide flaws, and were a strange mixture of purple and orange as the girl twirled around the pole.

He checked his watch, then waded through the tables to take his place at the narrow rail before the stage. The girl on it was typical enough for these places, he thought. Large artificial breasts, bleach blonde hair, a plastic face, tattoos on several parts of her body, particularly the small of the back, where she had a large pair of wings, and a somewhat robotic performance as she moved from one phase to the other before clutching her clothes and walking off.

The music changed, though not dramatically. Another similar pounding rock beat came on as a new girl came out. He sipped his Scotch and set it down to watch. This one was quite different to his expert eye. Her breasts were smaller but natural, and very firm as she moved. In fact, 'firm' was a very good description of the young woman on stage. She moved with a certain grace and ease which showed a strong degree of athleticism.

Her legs were lithe and her body slender. Her hips were rounded, and she had a great ass. Everything about her screamed that her body was extremely fit. He noted how easily she moved, like a dancer, in fact. She could move from toe to toe, fling herself at the pole, and swing around to tumble down like a gymnast.

He noted the play of muscles under her arms when she held herself up, the strength of her legs, and that, even when she was on all fours, crawling cat-like across the stage, her belly was absolutely firm.

Her eyes seemed a little larger than they should be, and were, he knew, green. She had a well-sculpted face with high cheekbones and full, soft lips. She practically flew up the pole, her strong arms yanking her higher, then she drew her lower body up, clasping strong thighs around the pole as she let her upper body fall upside down. She didn't even need to grab the pole with her hands, leaving them free to caress her breasts suggestively as she slid slowly down to the floor.

She crawled on her belly a little, then pushed herself up with her arms, arching her back. Her legs went wide, and she slid up to her feet, spun and put herself against the pole, grinding herself against it as she slid around and then down once more.

He got up and went to the back, asking for a dance with her, then went into one of the champagne rooms. Room was a bit of an exaggeration. It was more of a booth, with curtains for privacy. He put a twenty on the table and waited for her.

* * *

There were six requests for lap dances waiting for her when Hannah got offstage. Some of the other girls were getting annoyed, but she didn't care. She needed the money, and if she was showing them up by actually putting effort into her performances, so be it. Maybe they should stop looking bored on stage, stop just going through the motions, if they wanted more money. But they were generally a lazy bunch, half of them on drugs or alcoholics.

Her little performance hadn't tired her much, so she didn't even have to stop to shower. She put on her lingerie and a little robe and hurried to the champagne rooms; focused on her job. Each lap dance earned her twenty American dollars in this club – far better than the ten in the last place she'd worked. If she could keep the man interested for a little longer, which she usually did easily enough, she'd get forty or sixty or even more in a very brief period of time. And on some evenings, she pulled in more than a thousand dollars.

The man in the first booth was a bit of a surprise. He was about thirty, sober, attractive, and extremely fit, she judged as she smiled her best smile. He wore a well-fitted, reasonably expensive suit,

and was clean shaven and looked quite intelligent.

“Hi, luv,” she said, making her voice soft and seductive. “What's your name?”

She was the charming coquette now, smiling as if she meant it, trying to establish a rapport with him.

“Smith,” he said.

“How do you do, Mr. Smith,” she said, starting to roll her hips as the music played. “My name is Victoria. And I love to dance.”

She let her voice become sultry and breathy as she began to move in time to the music. She had quickly realized that her accent drew additional interest, and played it up wherever she could. She wasn't sure if it was the oddity of it here in New Jersey, or the thought of male satisfaction that a 'snobby' British type was at their beck and call. It didn't really matter in the end. As long as it made her more popular and she earned more money.

She moved her hips and let her head roll, her hands sliding up and down her body. With a casual brush of her fingertips her robe slid back over her shoulders and fell to the floor. Then, in thong and bra, she slid in closer.

She arched her back, and then dropped her head forward, letting the bangs half hide her eyes. She turned in place, showing off her butt, bending slowly forward, knees absolutely straight. She straightened again, straddling him and sliding forward, hands caressing her body. Her buttocks were moving in closer now as she undid her bra and slowly slipped it off.

His eyes went to her breasts and he gave them an appreciative look, but it was... odd. There was no lust in his eyes. And while his eyes moved constantly, there was a kind of studying to them, an assessment. It was as if he was approving of her body, but not particularly wanting anything to do with it.

She slid further forward letting her nipples brush his skin very delicately. They were fully erect, as they always were here. This was just a job, and she had taken it with hard-headed, steely minded determination to make as much money as she could as fast as she could. She did not like the job, and did not want it. But it was necessary.

Nevertheless, she had always had an extraordinarily high sex drive. Undressing, stripping, dancing naked in front of a room full of men, turned her on. Admittedly it had been intimidating at first, though she was not a woman to be intimidated. But she'd gotten used to it now. She wasn't crushed with embarrassment any more, but she still got turned on.

And when she was alone with a man, and taking her clothes off, she got even more turned on. Sometimes she had to stop herself from going too far, because if she were caught it would mean she'd be fired, and perhaps blackballed. Managers didn't want the strippers having sex with the clients for fear it would cost them their licenses.

Hannah usually had more than enough self-control, though, especially since the guys rarely turned her on by themselves. Most were older and out of shape. The few younger ones were usually drunk and stupid. None had been quite like this man who calmly assessed her performance.

She slid back, stood, turning and twisting. Money was money, after all. She stripped off her thong, and his eyes, like that of all men, went to her sex, which was of course, smoothly lasered. She wouldn't get her boobs done to make more, but she could get her hair removed easily enough.

Again he looked, not aroused but simply approving. He was weird, she thought.

And grinding herself into him did not detect any signs of arousal on his part either.

“You're very good at this,” he said, as the dance ended.

“I'm glad you enjoyed it, luv,” she said brightly

“I wouldn't say I exactly enjoyed it, but you are what was described to me, Sub-Lieutenant Foster.”

She froze, jaw dropping. She started to pull back but he reached out, gripping her arms to hold her there on his lap.

“Let me go or I’ll – .”

“I’m not at threat to you, Miss Foster. Quite the contrary. I know you need a lot of money to save your family’s house. I can provide that money. All of it, within just a few months. I have a proposal which will pay you a half million dollars, which should be ample to hold you over for a year or so, until that investment in Monaco comes through.”

Hannah stared at him in shock. “How do you know – ?!”

“I know quite a bit about you, Miss Foster. I know your father lost the family fortune during the last banking mess and then killed himself. I know your family has owned that estate for eight hundred years. And I know you were released from the Royal Navy on compassionate grounds.”

Hannah stared at him in disbelief.

“You graduated and served two years of your three year term as a signals officer. You had given every intention you were going to re-enlist. You flew here and went to work as an exotic dancer at Roxies, a low rent bar on the east side. You graduated from that to this place, making considerably more money. But you’re not going to make enough to pay the bills on your mother’s house before it’s seized, and you must by now know that.”

“Who the fuck are you?!” she demanded, again trying to pull back.

“I’m your savior,” he said with a faint smile. “I have a half million dollars to pay you, and all I need is about 90 days of your time.”

“And for doing what?” she demanded, glaring.

“Nothing illegal,” he said. “And does anything else really matter? From what I’ve read of you you’re a very determined woman and not particularly dainty or delicate. If I told you you had to fuck my brains out every morning for the next month and a half you’d be pleased to do it to save your mother’s home. And I think we both know that.”

He let her go and handed her a card. It was empty save for a phone number.

“Call me tomorrow morning. Then come see me. We can chat about how to take care of your monetary problems.”

Chapter Two

It was hard for Hannah to concentrate for the rest of her shift. She kept thinking about the man, and who he could possibly be. How did he know so much about her? And what the hell was he offering? Money for sex? He didn't have to pay half a million dollars for sex, not that one. Nor did it look like he had a lot of sexual interest in her.

He was right about one thing; She'd fuck half of New Jersey to get the money in time. She was making very good money as a stripper, more than a little pleased with herself about it, too. But it wasn't going to be enough, not fast enough. The taxes and bills for the estate were too high, and she was rapidly running out of time.

She was sure, given he'd shown and watched her strip, that whatever she was to do involved sex. She couldn't think of any other particular talent she had, other than dancing. But that was fine with her. As long as she got paid. It wasn't that she wasn't concerned, of course. Hannah had always been ... enthusiastic... about sex, perhaps uncomfortably so, in fact. Sometimes she was disconcerted about her responses. But that didn't mean she wanted to be a whore.

She would do it, though, because it needed doing. And she had always had a certain dogged perseverance in getting done what had to be done, however unpleasant it might be.

Anyway, she'd never really understood why getting paid to do something she loved doing should be considered so horrible. If it weren't for fear of disease and arrest she'd have become a call girl instead of a stripper. But while the pay was better, it wasn't that much better. She knew men liked her. They always had. She had known that her dancing would be popular. And while she tried not to be vain she knew she had an excellent body.

She exercised religiously, and had even before the navy. She'd taken up karate the last couple of years, and the workouts and exercises were rigorous and gave her the kind of hard-body she knew would let her handle just about anything in the navy.

She had been disappointed at having to quit, but it was either that or let those bastards at the local council throw her mother out into the cold.

But half a million was a lot of money for 90 days. Surely it wasn't just sex. That was simply too easy.

She had a hard time sleeping that night, and in the morning, after her exercises and shower, and not without some reluctance, called the number on the card. He answered on the second ring, and was curt. Telling her to meet him in the lobby of the Harbor Hotel.

She was suspicious, but agreed. The Harbor was one of the city's finer and more expensive hotels. He wouldn't likely choose it to do something violent.

The lobby was small, but elegant, with marbled floors and an antique chandelier near the reception desk. There were paintings of early American life on the walls as she walked past, and then saw him getting from his seat. He nodded to her, and gestured her to follow him. Frowning, she did, rounding the corner into a long, wide corridor with a blue rug and groupings of furniture.

"How well are you at taking orders?" he asked.

"The navy seemed to feel I was acceptable," she said.

"The proposal I'm going to lay out for you is not without danger," he said. "But the danger is dependent upon how well you follow directions, even when you don't like the person giving you the direction, and how well you can mask your disapproval."

"I've had idiots in charge before," she said.

"I've been told you're an excellent actress, and that you're very good at keeping your emotions

in check,” he said. “That one can't easily tell if you're angry or disgusted, since you hide your emotions so well.”

“Who told you that?”

He pressed a button for the elevator, and didn't answer.

Once inside he pressed the button for the tenth floor, and remained silent.

They arrived on ten, and she followed him up the corridor to a door, which he unlocked and entered. Hannah hesitated, then followed him inside.

“What do you want with me?” she demanded.

“I have a job which requires a healthy young woman. And on the surface, you' will be perfect for it.”

“What kind of job? And what would I have to do for so much money?”

He smiled and led her over to where a laptop sat on a desk. He turned it so she could see the screen and the man on it. He looked strong willed, and was in his late thirties. He was not unhandsome, but seemed arrogant and pompous in the picture.

“This is Seamus O'Neil. He's the chief executive officer of a major bank in Ireland. He was a rich man. Now he's a wealthy man. All the drug cartels pay him off. He provides a number of services for them, including banking and laundering their money, which is always an issue given the amounts involved.”

“So?”

“We've made a lot of efforts at getting people inside his castle, his estate, actually. But to no success. The servants and guards are all drawn from around his home village, where he's spent years buying their affection. Everyone in that area loves him, and we haven't been able to either insert someone we control, or buy off anyone there.”

“Who is we?” she demanded.

“What we want, is someone inside, who can listen in on the business meetings he has, who can look around for documents, copy them, and send them to us. We can't plant listening devices because his people sweep every day, and they have top notch detection gear. That means we need a real person.”

“And how am I supposed to get in where you haven't been able to?”

“O'Neil has a weakness. He's an extremely arrogant man when it comes to women. Thinks he's God's gift to womanhood. He's had a lot of women over the years, and we know that his particular interest is in slender, athletic, beautiful young brunettes of medium height with nice breasts, but not too big. He likes his girls very ... firm, fit. And he has a particular fondness for British girls, for some reason.”

“There are lots of girls who'd meet those requirements.”

“In New Jersey?”

She shrugged. “And anyway, just because he thinks I'm hot, and maybe wants to have sex with me, I don't see how that gets me to Ireland.”

“O'Neil has the occasional one-night stand, but he's fearful of diseases, so he prefers to have regular access to the same person.”

“So let him get a girlfriend.”

“He has one, actually two. But that's not what he's really after at the moment. O'Neil has a particular interest in domination and submission.”

She looked at him in confusion.

“He's into whips and chains,” he said.

Hannah's eyes widened “Forget it!”

“Hear me out. You've come all this way.”

She glared at him.

“He's had what he calls slave girls before. He doesn't keep them for more than a couple of months, and none have ever been harmed. He guarantees them that whatever he does will leave no

marks, no scars, no burns, nothing broken, etc. Generally, he's more into the domination than the punishment. He goes more for spankings, strappings, tying girls up, and making them crawl. That sort of thing. He's not a real sadist, is what I'm saying. Your British schoolboys who used to be caned probably took as much painful punishment as one of O'Neil's slaves is likely to endure.”

“So you want me to seduce him, become his sex slave, and then spy on him for you,” she said, feeling a sense of astonishment mixed with numbed despair.

“Essentially.”

“And what if I can't seduce him?”

“It won't take any effort, I assure you. You're exactly his type. Even the shape of the face and the green eyes match.”

“And suppose he doesn't want to take me back to Ireland?”

“Then we'll pay you, say, fifty thousand dollars for your trouble.”

“And if he finds out I'm spying on him?”

“Don't let him.”

“Oh right!”

“You've surely met Latin men like him before. As far as he's concerned, the average female mind doesn't function on any level but that of fashion, clothes, hairstyles and Hollywood movie stars. He's predisposed to think you're nothing but a sex-toy, and once you become one that's all he'll think about you. He won't have any suspicions. Do you suspect your dog or cat is trying to betray you? His thinking is not that far from that. In fact, he often has his slaves act like dogs and cats.”

She stared at him in disbelief.

“It's part of that role playing, dominance and submission game thing. No doubt you could read up on it.”

“It all sounds absurd! Why are you willing to pay half a million for it?”

“It's an investment. If we can find out where the money is going we can seize it and make hundreds of millions. Maybe billions.”

“It sounds extremely dangerous!”

“It's not. Trust me.”

“Trust you?! I don't know anything about you!”

“Okay. True enough. I'm with the US government, and we've been in touch with your government. That's where we got the information on you.”

“This all sounds ridiculous. And how do I even know you'll follow through afterward?”

He nodded. “We'll deposit the money in your bank account in advance.”

She blinked. “You're very trusting all of a sudden.”

“Not especially. If you screw off and don't follow through we and your government will ensure you fail to profit from the experience. If, on the other hand, you do what we want, we'll have a word with our friends over there, and ensure that your Inland Revenue ignore that half million dollar deposit so you don't have to worry about paying taxes on it.”

Her eyebrows rose.

“We can even grease the way if you want to return to the navy.”

“And all I have to do is become a sex slave,” she said sarcastically.

“It's admittedly a strange proposition, and if the media ever found out... well, that's one of the reasons why I don't identify myself or my agency. If there were other options we'd be taking them. But we've tried and failed. O'Neil is sly and wary, but women are his weakness.”

“This is the most ludicrous, outrageous proposition I've ever seen or heard about in my entire life!” she said.

“Yes,” he agreed with a faint smile.

He sat back against the edge of a table and considered her for a moment.

“Someone over in London interviewed an old boyfriend of yours.”

“What? Who? Why?”

“He described a time when he tied you to the bed, and said he thought you were going to go out of your mind with excitement. He said he had to tape your mouth shut so your screams of pleasure didn't bring the police.”

Her face colored and she glared at him. “Whoever he was he was making things up!”

“I don't think so. He was talking under the influence of a certain drug which encourages open dialogue.”

“My sex life is none of your bloody – !”

“Oh shut up,” he growled. “Let me make it perfectly clear that I know all about you, Foster. I know that you're a risk taker. It says so in your military file. I know you love sex, maybe even kinky sex. I know you're not some shy little British flower based on your being a stripper. This job is the salvation of your hopes to preserve your family estate. On what grounds would you turn it down? Because you don't want to fuck some strange man? Because you don't want to be tied up or spanked? We know it wouldn't be the first time.”

“You need the money,” he said. “That's all there is to it.”

* * *

Hannah's eyes were somewhat red as she arrived back at the hotel. It had been another sleepless night during which she had paced back and forth in her small, cheap apartment, trying to figure out what to do. Her mind had veered wildly back and forth between absolute rejection and the helpless acknowledgment that she had no real choice.

This morning she'd checked her bank account and found the money all there, just as Smith – and she was sure that wasn't his real name – had promised. That meant this was an absolutely serious offer and not just some pervert wanting to get his hands on her body.

And to demonstrate just how much he knew about her, the man had called this morning right after she'd logged off from her account. He'd known she'd checked, and told her to be there by two that afternoon.

Her military career had had little real contact with the Intelligence types, but this entire operation struck her as the sort of thing they would be involved in. Of course, in this case, if 'Smith' was to be believed, their interest was in getting their hands on drug money, perhaps hundreds of millions of it. That suggested it was a civilian police operation, only civilian police generally wouldn't consider this sort of thing. It was far too outrageous.

Of course, if it wasn't too outrageous if they were intelligence operatives who wanted the money for their own purpose. You could destabilize a lot of small countries for the kind of money they were talking about. And in the end, she really didn't have a lot of choice. She reminded herself she had seriously considered prostituting herself, becoming a call girl. Aside from getting spanked or caned (which a part of her thought she probably deserved if she was going to do something this stupid and sluttish) this was no worse, morally speaking.

Her family would disown her and her friends abandon her if they had a clue she would do something like this, but that wasn't much different than if they discovered she'd been stripping for the past three weeks.

She knocked at the door, firmly, giving every impression of confidence and certainty, despite her churning stomach and pounding heart. He opened it, nodded and stepped back, and she entered.

“The purpose of this little visit,” he said, is to prepare you for what you are to experience.”

She eyed him distrustfully. “Does that mean I'm going to have to play your sex slave?” she asked suspiciously.

He smiled a little mockingly. “If it makes you feel any better, Miss Foster, I'm gay. I have no interest in your body at all.”

Hannah frowned doubtfully. Of course, it would explain his demeanor the other day at the club.

“I was purposefully selected for this case because I am gay, and thus would be unlikely to ...

take advantage of the situation. In addition, in the event of any inquiries from other parties, the fact I'm guy would be seen as further evidence nothing improper took place.”

“And I can believe as much of that as I choose to,” she said sarcastically.

He shrugged. “Believe it or not. You've seen the money is real.”

The hotel suite had been changed since she'd last been here, but only insofar as the low round table in front of the sofa had been moved away to create a larger cleared space. There was a blanket and a briefcase on the sofa, but nothing else in sight.

“First, I want you to remove your clothing. I don't mean do a strip tease or anything like it. Just take off your clothes.”

She scowled at him suspiciously again, but then felt herself give a mental shrug. She had already stripped for him and given him a lap dance, and he hadn't shown much interest at the time.

She unbuttoned her blouse, eying him closely. He stood back, not turning his eyes, simply watching her. There didn't seem to be much anticipation in his eyes, though. She stripped quickly, casually, and without embarrassment. She was inured to embarrassment by now, at least for simple nudity. She'd performed in front of hundreds of men, after all, for three weeks.

There was a briefcase sitting on the sofa, and he opened it, then removed a small device.

“I'm going to give you a shot of Depo-subQ Provera ,” he said. “Turn around.”

“What's that?” she demanded.

“Birth control. It's a hormone which will protect you for three months.”

“Wait a second. What if I'm allergic to it?”

“You're not. We checked your medical history.”

She scowled but obeyed, and felt a pressure on her shoulder. Bracing herself, she bent forward a little, then gasped in pain at the sting in the side of her buttock.

He put the thing back into the briefcase as she started to straighten.

“Don't move. I have another injection.”

“What's this for?”

“It's a tiny locator.”

“Won't it be detected when these people do their sweeps for microphones?”

“No. It doesn't broadcast unless we tell it to. It will be a tiny inert object half an inch long and not much thicker than a human hair.”

She bit her lip and then bent forward. He pressed the thing against her outer thigh and she gasped at another sharp pain.

“Now, for more unusual preparations,” he said, as she straightened and turned.

He threw back the blanket and her eyes widened at the collection of leather on the sofa.

“Just to find out if you panic,” he said. “We're going to give you a brief introduction to the experience of being a sex slave.” He raised his eyes to her. “No sex will be involved,” he said somewhat primly.

“What a relief,” she said sarcastically.

He showed her a pair of leather restraints, then had her put them on herself. Then came the collar. He had her look at herself in a mirror, and Hannah stared in a kind of disbelief at sight of herself. The thought she might actually become someone's sex slave, if only temporarily, and wear this sort of gear was frightening, and bizarre.

And yet, oddly enough, the sight of herself in the bedroom mirror also struck her as deeply erotic in a strange sort of way. Smith had not been wrong about her response to the little bondage play Gary and she had been involved in. It had kind of scared her, in fact, being so aroused and so helpless. She had refused to do it again.

Now she felt her heart beating a little faster as she stared at herself, the black collar around her throat, the ring thick and shining. She went back into the other room, flushed with a dual sense of embarrassment and awareness of her own sexual image and helplessness.

Smith nodded at her, then took her arm and turned her.

“Hands behind your back.”

Swallowing, she drew her hands back and allowed the restraints to be clipped together.

She turned back as he reached for something else, a ball gag, she saw, eyes widening.

“Do I really need – ?”

“Yes,” he said shortly.

He pressed the ball against her mouth and she reluctantly opened it, wide. He slowly worked the ball into her mouth until it filled her oral cavity, then drew the strap behind her head, combing her hair out from underneath before buckling it behind her.

Hannah felt her pulse move faster, aware of how utterly helpless she now was. She couldn't even scream for help!

“You can expect O'Neil to act upon his dominance theme in two ways in particular,” he said.

“The main one is to dehumanize. For whatever reason, he likes to treat you, and tries to get you to think of yourself, as something other than human, something less than human. He uses verbal domination, and both physical and emotional discomfort to do this. The verbal domination consists of deliberate use of insults and crudities. He'll call you slut, for example: whore, animal, dog, etc. etc.

He snapped his fingers and pointed at the floor.

“On your knees, slut,” he ordered.

She'd heard the word before many times, of course, since it was a favorite pejorative for women, but never before when she was naked and shackled! It seemed to have a different context now, and she felt a tightness in her chest and a fluttering in her stomach. But she obeyed, kneeling in front of him.

“That's not how you kneel, slave. Sit on your heels, and spread your knees as wide as possible. Keep your back straight, your chest pushed out, and look to the right of my head, just as you would in the military.”

She obeyed, the fluttering growing worse, despite him stating he was gay. She felt embarrassed, but the embarrassment twisted itself around inside her into a sort of dark sexual awareness.

He threw back the blanket, and she felt a twisting in her stomach that was more anxiety than heat as he picked up a long, thin leather cane of sorts.

“This is a riding crop,” he said. “It's essentially a cane with a leather cover designed to lessen the damage to the skin. That's not because O'Neil is kind hearted. He just doesn't like to see his pretty little toys all black and blue and cut up.”

He squatted in front of her.

“What did I say about where to put your eyes, slut?” he snapped.

She flushed angrily, but jerked her eyes off the crop and up over his shoulder.

That only lasted a moment, though, and she gasped and flinched back as she felt the crop sliding up between her legs.

“Back into position, whore,” he growled.

Her eyes glared daggers at him, but she obeyed, telling herself he was just showing her what she was in for.

She flinched again as she felt the soft, smooth leather sliding up between her thighs, felt it pushing up against the soft lips of her sex. The edge of the crop pushed up between them, and Smith angled the crop down so that the lower end pressed up against her clitoris as he slid the thing slowly back and forth.

“You will remember to obey orders, slave,” he said. “Or you will be punished.”

She felt a change in the touch as he let the thin leather tip of the crop, which essentially held a flat bit of leather much like a postage stamp, slid back and forth over her clitoris. The sensation was... intense, but she held herself still and unmoving, though the flush moved down from her face to her chest.

He drew his hand up and back, and her eyes were drawn to the crop as he slid it up across her breasts. Then the thin tip slapped down across one nipple and she gasped in pain.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he said, slapping the tip down again.

Hannah flinched at the stinging, but her face burned hotter at the attention to her nipples. They were both rigidly erect, and there was nothing she could do about that.

She flinched again as he brought the tip down onto her sore nipple, then again as he did the same to her other nipple.

Then he drew up and back.

“On your face, animal,” he growled.

Hannah squirmed down and grunted as she fell onto one shoulder, then rolled onto her belly.

“Raise that ass into the air, dog,” he said.

She drew her knees in and raised her bottom high, then gasped as the crop snapped down across her buttocks.

“Knees together, slave.”

She obeyed, and gasped at another, sharper blow.

“Legs apart, well apart.”

She shifted her knees wider, then wider still at another stinging blow.

“That's it, Position yourself to be mounted, like the bitch animal you are,” he said. “Show that pussy of yours.”

She flushed in a strange, swirling mixture of humiliation, anger, and a helpless, simmering sexual arousal which startled and frightened her. She fought it desperately, not wanting him to know how turned on she was becoming, not wanting to BE turned on.

“That's it, you filthy little slave,” he said, the tip sliding up and down along the neat, tight line of her sex.

She flinched again as he let the flat tip slap lightly against her mons.

“You're a sex slave, a walking piece of ass that's here to be used by any man who wants you.”

He put the crop down and picked up a leather strap.

“Legs together, slave.”

She drew her legs in, and gasped as the strap cracked down across her bottom. It stung! And the second and third blows stung worse! Her bottom began to heat up, and she winced and gasped as blow followed blow.

He put the strap down, and she felt a sense of relief. But then came the paddle, and she squealed and then cried out into the gag as it struck her bottom with a startling burst of pain.

“Don't be such a whiny baby,” he said scornfully. “Children have been paddled from time immemorial.”

She gasped as she felt him grip her hair and pull firmly. She felt her head forced up and back, then her shoulders and chest were raised up off the ground. She jerked herself up and back until she was on her knees and only then did he release her hair.

He held up a very realistic shaped dildo, and she gulped and stared at it anxiously.

“Do you know how to deep throat a man? If you don't, you need to learn.”

Blushing, she jerked her head up and down angrily.

“You do? How well?”

She gave him a scornful look and he smiled thinly and reached behind her, undoing the ball gag. He worked it slowly out of her mouth, and she worked her stiff jaw, still scowling at him.

“Don't talk. Nothing a slave says matters anyway unless it's to admit what a slut she is,” he said.

She glowered indignantly.

“Get used to this sort of language, Miss Foster,” he said. “It's not used crudely, either by me or by O'Neil. It's used to deliberate affect.”

He held out the dildo, the cock.

“Prove it,” he said.

She flushed in embarrassment, but then took it into her mouth, licking it, moistening it, then, glaring at him, she put on a show, an exaggerated show of herself as oral queen. She had considerable experience in this area, after all. She was tired of his overbearing arrogance, and wondered if it was possible to arouse a gay man by showing him oral sex.

She licked up and down the thing as he held it in his hands, then took the head into her mouth again, beginning to slide her lips up and down its length, rolling her eyes hotly up at him as she pushed further and further forward. She braced herself and swallowed the head, then forced herself down to the base of the dildo, which he clutched in his fingers.

She rolled her eyes up at him challengingly, holding herself in place, until he slowly drew the dildo back and out of her mouth.

He didn't seem impressed, which irritated her. Instead he took the dildo and squatted before her, then set it on the floor between her legs

“Knees wide,” he ordered.

She obeyed, and then gasped as he gripped her hair and pulled, forcing her to rise up. He slid the dildo under her, then released her hair, and as she sank, she felt the slick, saliva covered head of the cock against her opening.

“I – .”

“Down, slave,” he ordered. “No speaking!”

Biting her lip and flushing again with anger and embarrassment, and yet with an even deeper tinge of that dark sexual heat, she let herself push down, let the head of the dildo force its way through the lips of her sex, up into the mouth of her pussy, and then, repressing a gasp of heat, she felt it pushing up deeper as she sank lower.

She tightened her self-control, sternly reminding her body of all the reasons why there was absolutely nothing here to get excited about even as she felt the slick shaft pushing up deep into her lower belly.

When most of it was inside her he produced another one, again insisting she suck on it. She obeyed, furious with both him and herself. But then he raised her by the hair again and pressed the head of the dildo against her back opening.

“Wh-why do we have to do this?” she demanded through clenched teeth.

“Because you're a slave. And slaves, particularly sex slaves, are going to be used for sexual purposes whether they like it or not. Get used to it, slave.”

She gasped as he pushed down on her shoulder.

“W-wait!”

“Do you need a distraction?” he asked mildly.

A vibrator was the distraction, and she gasped as he played it back and forth across her clitoris.

“S-Stop that!” she demanded.

He ignored her, pushing down on her shoulder again so that she felt herself slowly sinking down onto the thick dildo. For the next half minute he rolled the vibrator across her clitoris while pushing down on her shoulder, and she slowly sank down, shuddering a little as the big dildo pushed up deep into her ass.

Then with a tight grip on her shoulders he jerked her forward and down, forcing her onto her belly. He drew her ankles up and back against her and used a short chain to lock them to her wrist restraints. A moment later the gag went into her mouth, then he took a thin wire from the briefcase and attached it somehow to the base of the dildo he'd pushed up into her pussy.

He fed the wire to a small electrical box he set up on the edge of the sofa, then picked up the vibrator again and did his best to overcome Hannah's determination to pay no attention to the stimulation being inflicted on her body, or the sensations flooding through her as they grew more and more powerful.

It was a battle she quickly realized she could not win, as the sensations mounted, and the intensity of the sexual heat swirling inside her grew steadily greater. She tried to hold her body rigid, but before long she began to tremble and shake, and her hips began to jerk and spasm. She felt an orgasm rising before her, and fought desperately to push it back.

Then Smith stopped. He reached over and pinched her nipple painfully, and Hannah squealed into the gag.

He got up and moved away, leaving her in place. She tried to steady her breathing, and after a minute or so managed to do so. She felt her pulse slowing and the heat beginning to ease back. A minute later Smith returned, sat down, picked up the vibrator, and began to use it on her again.

It took less time to heat up since she had not fully descended from the heights of sexual hunger, and soon she was once again moaning and jerking, beads of sweat starting to appear on her forehead as she fought to resist.

He eased off and left her in place for two minutes, then returned and started over again... and again... and again. Sometimes he pinched her nipples before leaving. Sometimes he slapped her taut breast or jerked painfully on her hair. Once he slapped her face. Then he found some ice cubes and played them across her breasts and over her clit when she got too aroused.

Only when she was uncontrollably shaking did he finally stop completely, her body flushed and sweating heavily, her chest heaving and her hair matted against her forehead and cheeks. She felt as if she'd run a long, long race, and was so incredibly aroused that just touching herself, she was sure, would give her an explosive orgasm.

Smith touched her with ice cubes, and that didn't do it.

“All right,” he said. “You can get dressed and go to work now.”

Chapter Three

Hannah was rushed, and when she was rushed she had a difficult time thinking straight about complicated problems. In this case, too, it was a problem her mind was shying away from. She felt somewhat shell-shocked, dazed by what had happened. It had started out innocuously enough and then proceeded to something totally humiliating.

It wasn't even what Smith had done to her which left her feeling mortified and small. It was her response to it. She had a self-image, which she had held quite tightly to for some years now, of a practical, no-nonsense young woman who had her head on straight and didn't suffer fools or drama queens gladly. She was thoughtful and capable, and did not let her emotions take charge.

It would have been easier to take had Smith actually shown the slightest sexual interest in her. If he had been a straight man, gotten aroused, and actually fucked her, she'd have felt as though they had done something together. But he'd remained detached and clinical as he had shown her for a weak, sluttish female who couldn't control her own body in the face of stimulation. That was a hard pill to swallow!

Oh how smug he must be about it, the fag, she thought furiously. No doubt he'd go and tell his little fag friends about how weak and stupid and good for nothing but sex women were! God! She had acted like a complete loser! She'd lost all self-control, and if it hadn't been for the fucking gag she'd have begged the bastard to do her right then and there!

She'd never felt more humiliated!

Why had she gotten so hot!? It wasn't as though vibrators were an unknown to her. She'd used them before, and they'd never had that kind of effect on her. Of course, this was *someone else* using one, and so the effect had been quite a bit more... powerful. And being tied up and helpless... that had done something to her mind too.

Maybe those things he'd injected her with had made her more responsive, she thought with a degree of suspicion and hope. If it was some sort of drug then it wasn't her fault, really. Bastard! Fucking government spies She wouldn't put anything past that lot!

Her face heated every time she thought of how easily he had manipulated her body and turned her into a writhing, twisting, feverish ball of flesh craving release. He'd called her slut and whore, and while they'd been insulting the words had also done something to her, heated her in some strange new way, as the leather restraints held her helpless.

Was this the sort of thing she could expect if she wound up going to Ireland as this man's 'sex slave'? If so what would she become? Would it be a frightening, painful, humiliating experience or would it turn her into some kind of helpless nymphomaniac!?

Then again, she had been worried about what working as a stripper would do to her. And so far, it had only made her more self-confident, more cocky around men, and more arrogant around the other strippers. She knew she was better than them, smarter, better educated, better disciplined. She wasn't *like* them. Just talking to them and seeing them reinforced that notion in her head.

But suddenly she felt a weakling! A helpless, stupid, emotional weakling!

And it didn't help that she was still aroused, that her mind still swirled with thoughts of sex, that her nipples, damn it, were still erect!

And that sense of frustrated arousal wasn't likely to go away as she hurried into the club to get changed.

She barely had time to nod greeting to people as she threw off her clothes, then threw on the new ones to get out on stage.

* * *

Seamus O'Neil moved like a man who was utterly confident in his right to do anything he

wanted to do or be anywhere he wanted to be. It wasn't just his powerful six foot three inch body, and it wasn't the wealth he owned or the people who grovelled around him. It wasn't his position as a powerful and wealthy member of the elite, or a life of privilege. It was simply an innate sense of grounding, in a sure knowledge of who and what he was, and an utter lack of interest in anyone who didn't approve.

The five armed men with him didn't hurt, of course.

But he didn't need them to bolster his confidence. They, along with the bulletproof Armani suit which was tailored so perfectly to his powerful body were merely necessary parts of the business he was in. And while he wasn't in Ireland at the moment, one never knew when the enemy's opposition would set a trap for him. And he had many enemies. Including some of his friends.

He was ostensibly in New York to party, but in reality he had held quiet meetings with several powerful men, including one here on the New Jersey side of the river which would lead to some interesting upticks in business back home. This journey, he hoped, would be profitable on any number of fronts.

Including the one in this club tonight. His subordinate, Robert, had visited the place as a possible meeting site, but rejected it as too noisy. While here, though, he'd seen the girl, had a lap dance, and then looked into her background. That last hadn't been easy, but he'd discovered some extremely interesting information about her which he'd passed on.

Seamus was extremely interested in seeing this girl, who, according to Robert, actually came from a well-heeled, upper class British family, had just gotten out of the Royal Navy, where she'd been an officer, and had gone far from home to work as a stripper in a desperate attempt to earn money.

That was a back story any man could love, but particularly Seamus, who'd always had a weakness for pretty British girls. But Robert had a talent for spotting girls who were highly sexual, and according to him, this was one stripper who was smoldering and aroused throughout much of her performance. That spoke of the kind of girl who was a rarity indeed.

The kind of girl Seamus loved to play games with.

He and his entourage took a booth in the corner, and while his men watched everyone else, Seamus watched the stage. He viewed with disdain the lazy, awkward dancers who came out to prance around, drop their clothes, flash their genitalia, and then leave. Strip clubs were really very rarely places of entertainment for a man like him. They were for desperate men who couldn't see a naked woman anywhere else.

He didn't have to ask which was the girl. He sat up straighter as soon as she came out on stage. The way she strode forward, so confident, so alive, the way she stared out challengingly into the audience, the way she taunted and teased them, showed him this was a girl who knew just how hot she was, and reveled in that knowledge.

More importantly, as she stripped off, he noted the way she moved, like an erotically charged ballerina. She was beautiful, and had an exquisite body, but what started to get Seamus's groin throbbing was her eyes, and the way they seemed to be filled with heat and arousal as she twisted and writhed and danced around the stage.

Seamus considered himself an expert on young women and their sexuality – and indeed, he had good reason to think so – and it struck him that this young woman was far more aroused than anyone watching her. An exhibitionist, then, he thought excitedly. That could be a challenge, but also an opportunity.

The mere thought that this lovely young woman had only months earlier been in an officer's uniform giving orders on a ship was astonishing and arousing. He would need to have that verified. It seemed impossible to believe. And yet, it wasn't. She didn't look like she was a frippery, weak minded woman. She looked full of heat and lust and confidence. Yet there was something vulnerable there, too, something which again made his groin pulse with hunger.

He motioned to Robert, a brief nod, and Robert went off to ensure that the girl's first private

dance – in fact, all of them – would be his to purchase.

He got up and his men followed, taking their place around the curtained alcove. There were objections from the staff, but money took care of that. He sat down and waited, feeling a sense of anticipation. Would she live up to what he saw out there, or would he leave disappointed?

And then she was there, and their eyes met. She seemed startled, and he felt a small sense of smugness. No doubt he was quite a bit different from her usual fat, middle aged customer.

“Hello, luv,” she said uncertainly, before settling herself and smiling. “My name is Victoria. And I love to dance.”

“And I love to watch dancers, Victoria,” he purred.

She seemed slightly startled again as she began to move in time to the music. Seamus took a hundred dollar bill and laid it on the table, something she noted, he saw. She moved slowly, sensuously. There was no rush. The hundred dollar bill said as much. Her body moved with a liquid grace as she slowly, teasingly removed her clothes to reveal the perfect, unblemished skin beneath.

Then she was atop him, still slow, still moving gracefully as she ground herself against him.

She was halfway through the second song when he put a second hundred on the table. She blinked, but continued her dancing. Seamus brought his hands up and rested them on her hips. Strictly speaking, touching wasn't allowed, but small touches were generally accepted if they weren't clumsy or rough, or too intimate.

She moved, her hips moved, and his hands moved with them, stroking slowly up and down, staying in safe territory, but loving the soft, silken feel of her warm skin. His eyes flicked up and down, noting with appreciation her flat belly and firm young breasts. But he mostly watched her face, her eyes, and he knew that was unusual and unsettling to her. Good.

His hands caressed her hips, moving lower, in longer, softer strokes, then higher, up along her hips, up along her sides, even up along the side of her ribs, lightly avoiding her breasts.

It was a short diversion from there to slide across her back as she moved, to caress her soft skin there. He was prepared to withdraw if she objected, but she continued to move. She had behaved differently with Robert, politely taking his wrists, and pushing them back with a gentle, reproving smile.

There was no such smile for him. She looked very tightly focused, very tense. But there was something in her eyes, something he'd seen before in other women, that told him the source of that tension had nothing to do with money or fear.

His hands glided over her back as she rolled her hips and arched, then slid downward, down to her buttocks, resting there lightly, squeezing. He thought he heard her sharp intake of breath over the music, but she didn't protest. He eased his hands back however. She would think twice about protesting next time too, since she'd assume his hands would come away quickly.

And they did, but then he rubbed lightly across her stomach, and his caressing fingers felt what he thought he would find, the firm sense of muscles underneath that soft skin.

His cock was getting very hard, more from the feel of her delicious skin against his fingertips than her buttocks grinding against him. But she felt it, and just as he knew she was aroused, so too did she know about him.

His hands slid up her ribs, then his thumbs curled in along her front until his hands were almost cupping her breasts. He left them there, thumbs a half inch under her breasts, the inside curve of his hands holding his fingers up just on the outside of that lovely rounded flesh. But he wasn't touching her breasts, not quite.

She arched back, and he let his hands trail down that firm belly, down lower still, his thumbs stretching out and curling down until as she arched all the way back across his knees, they were a scant inch from her swollen clitoris.

She pulled herself back up effortlessly, and his thumbs retreated, his hands sliding around her back, then off.

Another hundred went on the table.

He smiled at her and she smiled back, but the smile was tremulous, breathless, anxious. He would have bet far more than he'd laid on the table that if he slid a finger down between her legs the girl would be sopping wet.

His hands slid up and down her back, then exerted pressure as she rolled her shoulders from side to side. He pulled her chest forward until her stiff nipples were right before his face, and then he felt the brush of those nipples against his cheek, against his lips.

And he hadn't forced it.

He let his lips part, now exerting a little more pressure, and his tongue came out, laying across his lower lip a little as her nipple slid across. He felt her body jerk a little, and his hands slid down onto her beautiful ass, squeezing firmly now.

Her breathing was definitely more ragged. He laughed softly, and pulled her chest against his face, but turned his face to one side as if being playful. He was able to hold his ear against her chest for a second, long enough to hear her hammering heart.

His big, work roughened hands moved back up and down her body, then along her ribs. This time when they slid up her front to encircle her breasts, they didn't stop an inch away. He cupped and squeezed her breasts softly, and she gasped aloud.

“Y-You... you can't...”

“Shhh,” he said, letting his hands glide back, his fingers caressing her breasts as they withdrew, as she arched back, his fingers closing together until they closed firmly around those stiff nipples and caught them tightly.

She gasped again, eyes going wide.

“My name is Seamus. And you are an exquisite creature, Victoria,” he purred.

He tightened his fingers and she gasped as he pinched her nipples, as he used them to force her up and forward again. His fingers released her nipples and he took the center of her left breast into his mouth, humming softly as his teeth dug gently into her soft flesh, as his lips closed tight and he began to suck expertly. His tongue swirled, circled, and stroked as she shuddered atop him.

She tried to pull back, but it was a feeble attempt, more done for show than anything else, and his hand on her back kept her against him.

Then hand slid up into that lovely soft hair behind her neck. He drew his hand together to grasp it firmly, then gently forced her head up and back.

“Oh!” she gasped, arching, rising a little off his lap.

He slid his other hand beneath her, two fingers extended straight up, then slowly forced her back down. She felt his unmoving fingers below her, and jerked, but only whimpered and kept going as he tugged on her hair. She was tighter than he'd expected, but even more wet. His fingers slowly pushed through the narrow entrance to her sex and pushed up as her body descended.

“You are a lovely sexual animal,” he said softly.

His grip on her hair forced her up again, then forced her back down. Her mind seemed frozen in indecision, wrapped in coils of crackling sexual heat. He forced her up again, then pulled her down onto three fingers as his thumb came up against her clitoris.

She collapsed against him, burying her face in the nape of his neck, grinding herself against his fingers in helpless arousal, then crying out as the orgasm took her, her cries muffled by his collar, his neck, his body, as she drove herself frantically down onto his fingers and her body trembled and shook against him.

Her felt her pussy spasming around his fingers, and felt his cock pulse and throb hungrily.

She collapsed, gasping, chest heaving. He rubbed his face against her and slid his fingers out, running them across her body.

“You have made me very excited, Victoria,” he said, mouthing her nipples.

He kissed her gently on the lips, then more demandingly. She moaned weakly into his mouth,

eyes slitted, but did not resist. And slowly, she began to respond, her eyes to clear. He eased her back, fully in charge now, his hands gripping her sides.

“Stand,” he ordered.

She seemed confused, but stood up.

“Spread your legs.”

She bit her lip uncertainly, but spread those beautiful straight legs.

“Now bend forward at the waist. Keep those legs straight!”

She bent forward, and bent further. He smiled and unzipped his trousers, and saw more uncertainty in her eyes.

Then he drew himself out, and he saw her surprise, her excitement, some anxiety, but appreciation of his manhood. She licked her lips, and he reached up, guiding her lips down onto him. She took him slowly, her lips straining to envelope his thick girth. She moaned around him, sucking, licking the head, then sliding slowly lower and lower as his hands kneaded her breasts.

She was no novice, he was gratified to note. But she was all business, and he would have to teach her a slower way. But then again, this wasn't the place for long, slow buildups.

She sucked deeper, and he hardly had to apply much pressure to his head for her to sink all the way down. He groaned in delight as she took him up into her throat.

She slid slowly upward, gulping in air, and he gently reached up for her slender wrists, taking them firmly into his hands and then pushing them up and back behind her. He crossed them behind her back.

“Keep them there,” he ordered, drawing his hands back.

She obeyed. Her lips descended, taking him deep into her throat, and he placed his hands on her head to hold her in place. She trembled, but held, keeping her wrists together, her lips wrapped around the base of his cock. He waited, knowing the tension she must now be feeling, then released her.

She was perfect. And he knew he had to have her.

All he had to do was have her checked out more carefully. It would not do to make a mistake at this point in time. It could ruin everything.

* * *

Smith stopped by the next day. Hannah's face flamed the moment she saw him, and her eyes dropped. He pushed past her and into her small apartment without asking permission, and she had no choice but to turn around and eye him nervously.

“I brought a few things for you,” he said.

“O'Neil was at the club yesterday,” she said, face red.

“I know. We were watching.”

“How did he know – .”

“Someone we know invited someone he knew, then went to the bathroom during your performance so the man would have nothing to do but look at you. He realized, as we'd hoped, that you were exactly what O'Neil liked, and invited him over. We're very pleased.”

He showed her a lipstick, and popped off the top.

“Twist this to the left, and you take a picture through the small, pinhole camera in the bottom.”

“You're kidding?”

“You think only James Bond gets stuff like this?”

“What if they find it!?”

“No reason for them to. No reason to suspect you.”

“But you said their electronic – .”

“This doesn't give off any signal unless you want it to. You take pictures, and when you're done, you twist this, and press here, and it will do a quick burst transmission. They don't sweep constantly, only once or twice a day.”

There was also a small compact which could record ninety minutes of conversation, and then

transmit it in one, and a jar of cream which held a video camera.

"If they discover any of this they'll cut my throat!"

"We've done interviews. They check your past thoroughly, but once that's done they don't really search you when you arrive. Send us a signal once a day if possible."

"What if I don't know anything?"

"Send us a one second signal anyway so we know you're okay."

"My well-being is so important to you, I'm sure," she said sarcastically.

"It's not unimportant," he said mildly.

She glared at him. "So now what?"

"Keep on dancing. Wait for him to contact you. He'll want to check you out further, first."

"What does that mean?"

"He'll contact people to find out more about you, make sure you're what he's been told you are. The wonderful thing is that he's been told the absolute truth, so everything will check out perfectly."

"And then?"

"Then you'll get a visit, and you'll accept an invitation."

"He's going to invite me to be a sex slave?" she asked, sneering.

"Hardly. An invitation to dinner, most likely. Then something after, and then an invitation to sail on his yacht perhaps, or fly to one of his islands. Just play along, do what you're told, and in a month and a half or so you can go home and forget it all."

"Easy for you to say!"

"True enough. But in all likelihood, Ms. Foster, all you'll have to do is let him have sex with you and maybe engage in some bondage and sex games. That's hardly a challenge... for you."

Hannah's eyes narrowed. "For me?" she asked coldly.

"I meant no disrespect, of course," he said insincerely.

Asshole, she thought. Of course a lot of gay men didn't think much of women, and after her display of slutty weakness during his previous business a part of her could understand his lack of respect now. She still resented it, though, even she both understood and partly agreed with him.

And she hadn't even told him the entirety of what had happened in the club! She had no intention of letting him know that she'd basically been so aroused O'Neil had been able to quickly masturbate her to climax.

Part of it was his fault, she thought angrily, and the state of sexual frustration in which he'd left her. But part was the ongoing arousal and dark thrill she felt when stripping. Then, finding herself with O'Neil, who was an incredibly attractive man – his picture just didn't do him justice – and her naked with him... alone... she hadn't known what to do. She had known she shouldn't resist him, and so hadn't.

What would being alone with him for three months be like!?

Her throat was still kind of sore from the thickness of his cock. She had prided herself in the pat at being able to deep throat, at having so little gag reflex, but she'd never had anything that big inside her! The thought of that cock inside her made her pussy throb and tightened her chest. But again, she had no intention of telling any of that to Smith. She was loath to admit it to herself!

Men! They were all bastards, she decided, and kept that attitude tightly held to shield her from anything more.

Tension gnawed at her over the following days. What if O'Neil showed up!? What would she do? What if he didn't show up!? What then!? The very idea of letting herself be carted off to Ireland to be some drug lord's sex slave was ludicrous! And a spy? She wasn't a spy! She wasn't trained as a spy! What if they found out? What would happen to her? What would happen to her family?!

She was not getting much sleep, and starting to get frazzled. Everything was so fucking complicated! Her mind was constantly spinning, trying to work out what-ifs, and how she would react to them. She was constantly trying to think of some other way to make money, some way to avoid the potential fate of being selected – or not selected – as this man's sex toy.

She just wished she could stop it all; stop all the thinking, all the worrying, all the stress, and just step aside off the world for a while and relax on an empty beach. That wasn't possible, however. She had responsibilities, big ones. Even if they were mostly self-imposed.

Chapter Four

There were two ways to buy a lap dance. One was a private booth, which was twenty dollars a song. The second, at half the price, was the more open 'Champagne Room', which was a small, round, dimly lit room encircled by cushioned seating. Hannah rarely went into the Champagne Room, and was surprised to find herself sent there now.

“But – .”

“Rich customer,” said Jerry the floor manager. “Hundred per, and he's taken the whole room.”

That meant the man would pay her \$100 per song (split with the club of course) and had reserved the entire room for just them. That was going to make the other girls highly pissed at her, but the club didn't care. To them it was the equivalent of ten girls dancing in there, a lot more than would normally fit.

When she slid through the curtain, though, she was surprised. The room was not empty. There were six men in it, all in suits and ties, all looking at her.

“I'm sorry, I was told – .”

One of the men snapped his fingers, and pointed at the center of the floor.

Hannah started to glower then felt a shock roll through her as she recognized O'Neil. She moved forward slowly, heart thumping until she was standing in the middle of them.

“Dance,” he said, laying a hundred dollar bill down.

Hannah's mind churned for a long moment, but then she began to dance in time to the music filling the club. It felt – strange – to be dancing like this, here, in the small room. She danced for many more outside, of course, but she was alone there, on stage. This room was so small and almost claustrophobic. There was barely room for her hands, sliding up through her hair and then up above her, before her fingertips brushed the low ceiling overhead.

It felt very weird! They were all looking at her, silently, as her hips rolled and her hands caressed her body. She felt far and away more tension than she had out front, and the intimacy of the dance made her feel overwhelmed by the big men surrounding her. Still, she had little choice but to dance, and to strip, and so she did, sliding her top off, letting her skirt slither down her legs.

She wore no bra for such dances, and now, after twisting and turning and grinding her hips, she let her thong slip off to dance naked before them. She would normally be climbing into someone's lap but didn't know whose, and O'Neil, if that was him, and she was fairly sure it was, hadn't given her any clue.

“Stop,” he said.

She faltered uncertainly.

“Stand straight, your legs apart. Put your arms up and apart and arch your back.”

She didn't normally take requests, but she hesitantly obeyed, feeling the blood rush through her as she stood there before him and his eyes flicked over her body.

“Sit on his lap, and dance,” O'Neil said, pointing at the man behind her.

Swallowing, she slid back, straddling the grinning young man behind her, sliding her buttocks down against his lap and starting to dance. She rolled her hips and arched her back, letting her hair slid across his cheek, her hands sliding behind her, along his thighs and up his hips.

She was facing O'Neil as she ground herself against the man, watching his eyes watching her, and felt a growing sense of anxiety as he looked on, as they all looked on.

It was usually her and her client, and she found it fairly easy to relate to them, to tease them, but this was entirely different. Still, she could feel the man's growing erection under her, and it hardened considerably more when his arms slid around her, his hands on her waist, caressing her soft skin.

Technically, men weren't supposed to touch the dancers. In practice, as long as their hands

stayed away from their 'naughty parts' it was accepted. And, in fact, a well-paying customer, one who'd had her for multiple songs, could usually get away with more, with caressing her bottom and sometimes even her breasts – briefly.

This, of course, was not normal times, and her heart was thumping, her body fairly vibrating with tension, sexual and otherwise, as she rolled her body and ground her hips and felt the man's cock hardening underneath her.

“Move over to him,” O'Neil ordered, “And face him.”

He laid another hundred down, and Hannah obeyed, feeling a sense of dread, and a wild wish she was back on her ship. This was by far the most bizarre dance she'd ever given, and it was awfully daunting!

She swung around and climbed onto the other man's lap. He was a virtual twin of the one she'd just been rubbing against, save that his shoulders were even wider. He was shaven, both face and head, and his eyes were dark as they examined her breasts.

Her hands slid over his shoulders and she felt a sense of appreciation for the strength and hardness there as she rolled and ground her hips against him. His arms slid around her, caressing her back as she arched and undulated and rolled her shoulders. Her hands slid onto his head as his slid down to cup her buttocks, and a little shockwave seemed to roll through her body, peaking in her groin.

She felt this man getting hard underneath her too as she brushed her nipples just past his face and ground her buttocks down against his rising cock. Her breathing was becoming heavier now, and she was deeply aware of the other man watching her as she ground herself down.

“Next.”

She moved over, giving each man a lap dance, circling the little room. They started getting freer with their hands as she moved about, and she was becoming more anxious, while feeling a growing sense of helplessness. She could not scream for the bouncers, even if she wanted to, for that might end her chance of O'Neil doing what she needed him to do to save her house.

And even if she did scream, these men were probably all his bodyguards. There were only three bouncers, and one of her caressing hands had already found a shoulder holster on one of the men. He had gripped her wrist, given her a hard look, and then bent her wrist back, pressing her head against her own breast.

She tried to ease back as the man she was grinding against licked at her nipples, but one of his hands slid up her back and pulled her closer. She felt another hand on her bottom, then two hands, which meant the men on either side were caressing and groping her. This would again normally be against the rules, for only the man who paid got to enjoy the girl... yet in a way they had all paid... so she wasn't sure what the rules even were!

She felt another hand on her left thigh, then another on her right, even as the man she was 'dancing' on, pulled her breasts to his face, and began to suck and lick and then chew on her right nipple. She pulled back, gasping, but was pulled into another man's lap, sitting back on it.

“Dance,” O'Neil ordered, dropping another hundred dollar bill.

Staring, eyes round, she tried to refocus, to get back into the rhythm of the song, and rolled her hips, her bottom grinding down against the man's lap. She gasped as she felt his fingers slide through her hair and pull back. She arched back over his shoulder, her bottom still wriggling and grinding as he bent in and licked lightly along the nape of her neck.

His right hand cupped her breast, kneading it firmly. Then more hands slid in, one cupping her left, two more sliding between her thighs, caressing her inner thighs and her pussy.

“Y-You ca-can't touch me there,” she gasped, her breathing going ragged as she pulled free.

She stumbled forward and was pulled into another man's lap, facing him this time. His hands slid around her and squeezed her buttocks, drawing her in closer as he began to suck and lick at her nipple. Again, hands slid in from either side, caressing her back, sliding through her hair, kneading her breast, and sliding in between her thighs.

She was starting to become unglued by it all, her mind spinning, her chest tight and her body flaring with strange rippling rolls of embarrassment and dark arousal. Her body was thrumming with excitement, sexual and otherwise, and she felt wildly off-balance.

She flinched away from the fingers when one found her clit, and rubbed it, but stumbled and was pulled back onto another man's lap, but by the arms, not the waist, and she felt strong hands drawing her arms back behind her, then holding them there, crossed at the elbow. She gasped as another hand pulled on her hair, forcing her head up and back. Then hands lifted her legs up and spread them apart, wide apart, as another hand slid between her legs and began to rub her clit quite deliberately.

“P-Please!” she gasped weakly, feeling light-headed.

“Would you like to make a very great deal of money? O'Neil asked, sitting across from her.

He laid a bill on the table. It was the first thousand dollar bill she'd ever seen, and then laid another on top of it, then a third.

“I-I can't... you can't...”

Another bill and another followed, as she squirmed and pulled against the hands grasping her legs, and against the fingers massaging her overheated sex.

He slowly unzipped his trousers, and then reached in through the fly. She saw him draw out his cock, and her eyes widened at the size of him. She'd never had a cock that big before. It wasn't monstrous, but it was certainly long and thick.

All of a sudden the hands holding her thighs drew back, as did the one massaging her pussy. Then her hair was released, and she was eased forward onto the carpet by strong hands, onto her knees, in fact. They released her, but not entirely. She twisted and jerked her head around, gasping, as she felt the soft leather around her arms just above the elbows. They pinned her arms together there, crossed.

“Come, girl,” O'Neil demanded.

She eased forward hesitantly, on her knees, trembling, gasping, eyes rolling around at them all looking down at her.

“I-I don't... don't do this – .”

“But you will,” O'Neil said, his voice calm but hard.

She felt a sense of menace to his voice, and swallowed repeatedly, then shuffled further. Should she be panicking and screaming now? Would she 'blow her cover' by not? But if she did there would be police and she knew that wasn't what Smith wanted. A good little whore would not turn her nose up at all that money, would she?

And then his hand was in her hair, combing through it, caressing it, drawing her forward, bending her over. She shuddered as her hard nipples pressed into the fabric of the bench, as her breasts pillowed out, but hardly noticed as his cock slid into her open mouth.

She had to strain wide, and rolled her eyes fearfully up at him as he looked down.

There was nothing for it but to do as she had to, and so she looked down the length of his shaft and began to suck and lick. Slowly, she slid her lips down, further and further, even as his hand slid over her body. She jerked against the leather strap or whatever it was pinning her arms together, but it held firmly in place.

She gasped as his hand slapped her bottom.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

Quivering, she obeyed, and then got another slap.

“Wider,” he ordered.

Heart pounding, she sucked harder at his cock as she spread her legs wide. She flushed darkly, knowing the view the men behind her had, and felt a wild sense of uncertainty and fear. Would one of them enter her!? Would she have to take them all on at once?! Be gang banged!? She hadn't considered that kind of thing when she'd let Smith pressure her into this!

Then she felt a hand against her sex. She tried to jerk up, but O'Neil's big hand on her head held her firmly in place. A moment later there was another hand on her, and then another, and then another.

As O'Neil pushed her downward she felt hands groping her breasts, her buttocks, and her thighs. Someone was rubbing her clitoris, and then a finger, a thick, long finger, entered her and pushed deep.

Helpless and bound, she could do nothing about any of them, even if she knew what to do! The finger inside her became a second, then a third, pumping slowly in and out, twisting and turning inside her. Fingers plucked at her stiff breasts, pinching and rolling, and then she gurgled as all her attention was taken by O'Neil's cock pushing into her throat.

She did her best to frantically slicken the thick hard shaft as it followed, sliding deeper into her throat as his hand pushed down on the back of her head. She gagged weakly, but controlled herself as her lips slid the rest of the way down his shaft, and then he was fully buried, throbbing, inside her as hands slid back and forth across and over and *inside* her body!

Hannah had considered herself an experienced woman, sexually, but this was so beyond the pale she could hardly believe she wasn't in a state of absolute shock! Her hips ground and twisted and rolled, but she could not pull free from the hands firmly pinning her legs apart, and sliding slowly over the curves of her body. She couldn't even see them, as her face was buried in O'Neil's lap.

She felt her chest tightening and her head pounding as his thick shaft cut off her air. He held her in place face in his groin, hands roaming everywhere, until she started to feel a sense of panic. Then his grip relented and she slid her lips back up the shaft. The head popped free of her throat and she gulped in thick breaths of air.

He didn't let her head go, but actually tightened his grip on it, tilting her head up and back so that she was staring up at him as he stared back down. He held his thick cock in his other hand, and slapped it lightly against her face as she gasped for breath, then tilted her head back down and pushed himself back into her mouth.

At least three fingers were thrusting into her now, and sometimes it felt like four! Slick fingers were rubbing at her clitoris while hands kneaded her breasts and caressed her buttocks. Then she felt a finger pushing into her ass, and gurgled as O'Neil's cock slid into her throat and her face descended fully into his groin.

She was electric with tension and stress and shock, but swimming, as well, through a strange dark heat that actually threatened to turn into the hot fever she'd felt with Wilson. Hannah was dismayed at this, and forced the heat back as she focused on the job at hand, that being coping with O'Neil's cock stuffed down her throat.

Her head pounded, and black dots danced before her eyes, and then she gurgled as he pulled her head up by the hair and his cock came free. She coughed and gulped in air, eyes glassy as he tilted her head up and back again, staring at her.

She moaned, gasping at each hard thrust from the fingers inside her. Her legs were still held tightly wide, her bottom raised, and now the finger in her ass was deep and twisting around, a second moving to join it. She winced and gasped as fingers pinched and plucked at her nipples, then she was pulled back onto O'Neil's cock and slid down to the hilt.

"Such a lovely young woman," he said. "Very valuable, in your own way, and worth a good deal of money."

He pulled her up again and she gasped, chest heaving. "I think I want to buy you," he said calmly.

"I-I...I'm n-not for s-sale!" she gasped.

His lips curled slightly. "Of course you are. All women are. There but remains the price to discuss."

Then he shoved her back down on his cock again, pinning her there for long seconds before pulling her back up once more.

"I'm given to understand you can make as much as a thousand American dollars a month here," he said. "That is a great deal of money – to some people."

He pushed her back down again, and this time she found herself getting used to the thickness in

her throat, and even able to draw in a little breath around his thick shaft.

“It is nothing to me, of course,” he said, drawing her back up by the hair. “I can pay you several times as much for a more personal and private use.”

Hannah's head ached. She was still gasping, chest heaving, and fighting through churning, swirling rushes of heat, anxiety and sensation. But she felt a sudden mercenary thought, wondering if she could get paid by Smith and also by O'Neil. That would certainly guarantee the safety of the estate...

She was pulled down onto his cock again, gulping it down as it slid down her throat.

“In return, you will learn to perform exactly as I desire,” he said. “I will teach you much, including about yourself and your body.”

He pulled her back up, and her mouth filled with liquid as she sucked almost dazedly, instinctively, swallowing it down. She heard him sigh, then grunted as he pulled her up by the hair again.

“You are a sexual animal, like many young women,” he said. “We shall bring that animal alive within you.”

She felt herself pulled upright, still on her knees, chest heaving, and eyes still glazed.

“And when you return, perhaps you will earn even more money here,” he said. “For you will have come fully into your heat, and men will sense this and wish to possess you, if only for a few moments in time.”

He showed her a thick roll of bills, then unrolled it. They were all thousand dollar bills.

“For you,” he said, for a few days of ... amusement.”

She stared at the money, trying to calculate how many bills were in the thick wad of cash.

Then his hand went to her mouth.

“Open,” he ordered.

Her mouth was already open, in fact, since she was still breathing very deeply. A tug on her hair pulled her head up and back and opened her mouth further as something was pushed in, wedged in, something rubbery, leathery... a ball gag, she realized with a shock.

The strap went around her head, and then she stared down at O'Neil's hands as his fingers plucked and pinched at her nipples. He tugged them out, stretching them so they ached, and she gasped as one of the other men moved in with a pair of clips on the end of chains. He let them close around her straining nipples, and as O'Neil let go a sharp burst of intense pain bit into both.

Hannah cried out, twisting and writhing as the clips crushed her aching nipples, but O'Neil only stroked her hair.

“It will pass,” he said. “Nothing I do will harm you. Your body is like a work of art to me, and I would never cause damage to it.”

The intensity of the pain did begin to ease down to a hot throbbing ache as she was lifted to her feet. She saw that the two clips were attached by thin chains which joined together into a longer one attached to a leather handle.

It was ... a leash, of sorts, and all the men turned to walk out of the room, O'Neil pulling on the leash. Hannah gasped at the sudden jerk on her nipples, and twisted around, hurriedly following him as they exited into the even more dimly lit aisle outside.

They all turned, headed through the narrow corridor to the back door, she wearing nothing but her stiletto heels.

Chapter Five

They emerged into the alley behind the club. A long, sleek limousine with tinted windows stood there, with a large SUV parked behind. The men who were with O'Neil mainly headed for the SUV as a man in a suit held open the rear door to the limo.

Hannah was acutely aware that she was entirely nude as the soft, cool air rushed over her skin. Her eyes were huge as she stared around her with a sense of shocked disbelief. This had not been the kind of thing she had expected and her mind was swirling and churning as she tried to keep from panicking.

She had thought slavery meant she and O'Neil in his home – . No! He lived in a castle! A castle! She was being taken to a castle to be a sex slave! It was almost unbelievable! But even so, she'd imagined she and O'Neil alone, playing occasional bondage games. Not... this! Being naked in front of his men, well, that was at least in the club, in the champagne room, where she'd been publicly naked so often in the recent past. It was weird but at least somewhat familiar. But being outside, in the alley, staring up and down wildly at the traffic and people moving past on either side of the alley, this was beyond shocking.

She gasped at a slap to her bottom, and jerked her eyes around to O'Neil.

“Back straight,” he said, he ordered. “Always keep your back straight.”

She hadn't even entirely agreed to anything! What was he doing!? Wasn't there supposed to be some sort of romantic dinner and an attempt to seduce her into accompanying him!? She had expected a slow lovemaking session at an expensive hotel, maybe slow introduction to bondage games, an invitation to his yacht.

Instead she was being carried away like a... like a prisoner, like a sex slave! This was not what she agreed to with Smith! At least, it wasn't what she had thought she was agreeing to!

Her face burned at the look the man holding the door gave her, even though, of course so many men had seen her nude in the club. But this was different!

O'Neil headed for the limo, and the cruel pull of the clips on her nipples forced her to hurry after, blushing furiously as he climbed in, the chain pulling inexorably on her nipples forcing her to bend over and climb in, one knee on the seat, twisting with a muffled cry of pain as he pulled her in and the door closed behind them.

“Don't worry, you'll get used to it,” he said, his hand squeezing her breast for a moment.

She shook her head rapidly and tried uselessly to protest, but the gag made it impossible to speak, for it pinned her tongue down and would not allow her to form words, however muffled they would otherwise have been.

He pulled the clips off her nipples, then drew the seat belt across to pin her to the seat even as her nipples burned with a fiery stinging ache at the release of pressure. Hannah twisted and jerked as the fresh pain burned into them, but it slowly eased as she sat back, gasping weakly.

The limousine moved off down the alley and then paused at the sidewalk. There were people standing not five feet away staring at her, and even though the windows were heavily tinted Hannah shrank back.

O'Neil was already on the phone, but she didn't recognize the language at first. Then it came to her, it was Gaelic! The limousine pulled into traffic and headed through the city, and there was nothing for Hannah to do but sit there, still shocked, and see all those eyes staring at the big car as it moved past them.

The drive was about twenty minutes, into the suburbs, then through a gate, down a long driveway, and into a garage in a large, stately home. The limo driver popped out and ran around to get the door on O'Neil's side. He got out and went inside. Then another man opened the other door, one of

those who had been at the club, removed her seat belt, took her arm, and pulled her out of the car.

He led her into the house, down a narrow corridor to a set of narrow stairs leading up. He had to push her ahead of him, for there wasn't room for two. Upstairs, around a corner, was a beautiful hallway with paintings on the wall and gleaming hardwood floors. They went into the nearest room, which was completely empty, or at least, empty of furniture.

It had high ceilings with elaborate corner moldings and a fireplace at one end. Two broad windows looked out on a garden with a narrow stream running through it. The floor was polished wood, with a round, blue Persian type rug in the center. There were also two enormous, full-length mirrors in the corners of the room bracketing the fireplace. Each was at least five feet wide, and she wondered what they were for.

They were joined by another man and Hannah found herself pushed against one of the walls as padded leather restraints were efficiently locked to her wrists and ankles.

The leather strap binding her elbows together was released at last, and she moaned as her stiff joints protested. The man pulled her arms firmly up and out, then pulled her away from the wall and into the center of the room to stand in the middle of the round rug. Her arms were lifted up and out and she saw them fasten chains to the restraints, then lock them in place.

Her legs were pulled apart and similar chains were attached to them, all the chains taut but not pulling on her. One of the men grinned and patted her bottom. The other gave one of her breasts a squeeze. Then they left her, turning off the light and closing the door behind.

What have I gotten myself into, she wondered dazedly. She knew that Smith would know where she was from the tracker – presuming he even thought to look for her. For all she knew he wouldn't miss her until she was already in Ireland! The only light in the room was starlight and moonlight coming through the windows behind her, casting her shadow against the wall.

She tried to work her jaw around the ball-gag. It was uncomfortable, holding her jaw apart in an unnatural position for so long. Almost as bad, she was starting to drool around it, which was gross and discomforting. But at the same time, the whole thing had a bizarre, almost unreal eroticism to it that was arousing some dark side of her sexuality she had done her best to ignore.

After some five minutes the door opened. The lights snapped on, and Hannah's eyes squinted against the light. She blanched, though, as a middle aged woman came in. The woman looked at her with some interest for a few seconds, then shook her head, muttered something in Gaelic, and turned to the fireplace. There was already wood set in place, and evidently tinder. The woman squatted by the fireplace, set fire to the latter, and then quickly built up a fire in the logs, before turning, snapping off the light, and leaving without a second glance.

She stood in place for some time. It was hard to measure, but she guessed it to be over half an hour, perhaps longer. She had nothing to do but stare at the flames, and at her own dim images in the two big mirrors, and wonder, somewhat forlornly, what was to become of her. Her legs and arms were getting stiff, but she could not bend them. It was bizarre! And yet, the sight of herself, helpless, stretched out, nude, was strangely fixating.

She admitted Smith was right. Something about bondage had always aroused her. It went utterly against the grain, and had alarmed her at the time. She was, after all, an intelligent, educated, forthright woman who enjoyed giving orders to others, not taking them. There was no place in her self-image for a cringing, submissive woman who wanted to be tied up and spanked!

And yet, her eyes could hardly keep from flitting to her images standing helplessly there, and each time she did she felt a hot little throbbing between her legs and a tightness in her chest, an almost breathlessness at the shocking reality of what she was seeing.

The door opened again, the lights snapped on, and a man walked in. He was slim and middle aged, and smiled at her.

“Good evening,” he said cheerfully, as he pushed a wheeled metal table into the room.

He closed the door behind him, humming softly to himself, then moved to stand before her.

"I'm a doctor," he said. "I am going to withdraw some blood for tests, mainly for sexually transmitted diseases. But we will look for anything else which might be communicable, as well as determine your physical condition. I have had a look at the examination results from your last physical six months ago and you seem to be in extremely good health, so you need have no fear."

Easy for him to say, Hannah thought anxiously.

He did draw blood into several vials, checked her heart and blood pressure, examined her eyes, and then parted the lips of her sex and used a speculum to look inside her. The examination was quite thorough, and took about half an hour. Then the 'doctor' if that was what he was, left.

She was left alone for some time, long enough to feel bored, if that was a word which could be used, given her situation.

The door opened, and O'Neil entered. She felt a wave of relief mixed with anxiety as he looked her up and down. He moved slowly around her, nodding to himself.

"Yes, I was right. You have a truly beautiful body," he said, his hand reaching to slide across her belly, then up her chest.

Hannah felt a rush of swirling emotions: embarrassment, anger, arousal, vanity, confusion, anxiety, as well as a rising of that darkness she had sensed in the back of her mind.

"I must not tempt myself too badly, however, until the medical results are returned. A man such as I cannot take chances, you see."

He combed the bangs back from her hair.

"You are going to experience many temptations over the coming days," he said. "I expect your stay with me to be quite memorable. It will certainly be a learning experience."

He went to the far corner of the room behind her, and opened the cupboard door there. He disappeared from view, then returned carrying several objects.

"Your body must begin the process of submission," he said, slapping her bottom with enough force to make her yelp in pain.

He pressed his hand against her buttocks, and she felt pressure against her back passage, pressure which grew and grew as something round and slippery sought entry.

"You see, your body does not wish entry here," he said, sounding mildly amused. "But I seek entry, and will do so with some regularity. So your body must reconcile itself to this lovely part of itself being frequently in use."

She gasped as the round thing forced her sphincter wide, then slipped slowly inside. Her anal opening slipped closed behind it, or almost, and she felt her body sucking the object upward only to have it halt, with the feeling of pressure against the outside of her. It was, she knew, a butt-plug. She'd never actually seen one in person, but that was all it could be.

The next object was more familiar. She'd had dildos before. This one was a good size, and with lubrication, O'Neil had little difficulty sliding it up inside her body. It went deeper than she found comfortable, but her gasps and moans and flinches did not seem to cause him much concern.

"Your body will adapt to my size," he said calmly.

He kept pushing and twisting and turning until the dildo was fully buried within her. In fact, the base of it was nestled just inside her pussy lips. He slipped a metal key of sorts into the base and began turn it, and Hannah felt a strange sensation within her, as if the dildo was actually growing, spreading out inside her body. She tensed, and pulled at the restraints, but to no avail as he paused and then withdrew the metal key.

He flicked off the overhead lights, but didn't leave. Instead, he padded around behind her, and she tensed again as she felt his hands on her shoulders. They slid up and down her bare back, caressing her skin, then glided along her sides and ribs before curving around in front of her to cup her breasts and squeeze them.

"Lovely," he said. "It's difficult to believe so many men of wealth make so little use of it to experience life's great pleasures."

Hannah moaned helplessly, feeling the swirling arousal gathering in her lower belly, the ragged excitement starting to build in her chest as his hands moved over her.

One of his hands slid down her belly, circling slowly, then reaching her sex, which he cupped gently for a moment. His fingers slid up, and the middle fingers pressed forward against her clitoris, rubbing gently but insistently. A part of her sought to ignore it, but the sensations were blossoming within her and spreading out over her body, her nipples tingling and hard, her pussy moistening around the dildo he'd shoved inside her.

"I shall teach you much about the meaning of submission," he said in a low, accented voice. "I shall teach you the joys of your own body, and the pleasure it was meant to experience."

She cried out into the gag as she felt her hair suddenly yanked up and back.

"I will also teach you how to obey," he whispered into her ear. "I shall make your obedience an instinct, and your desire beyond your control."

He bit lightly into the nape of her neck, his lips sucking softly for a long moment until he drew back and then left the room.

Hannah stared at the closed door, heart pounding, eyes blinking in the soft yellow light of the fireplace. Her mind was filled with his strange dark words, feeling both anxiety a dark, churning sense of excitement and heat. Her pussy ached, but it ached with something akin to pleasure given her current state of mind. Her nipples throbbed and she moaned as she stared at her image in the mirrors, her eyes filled with heat and arousal.

This was so kinky and perverted and wild and... and ... hot!

And yet built churned within her at her response, guilt and self-loathing that she would find this kind of thing the least bit exciting! Her body was aching from being held so stiffly poised, but she still felt a wild dark heat swirling within her at the thick dildo inside her, at the shocking, kinky situation, and at the anticipation of what was to come.

And then the door opened again, and O'Neil wandered in.

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O'Neil just stood there for a moment, inside the door, admiring the view. She was exceptionally beautiful, her body like a sculpture the way she was posed, perfect skin glowing in the reflected fire. His hand hesitated over the light switch, then snapped it on. Her skin was still perfect, glowing now like ivory.

"Slave," he said.

He walked around her slowly, admiring her as he would a work of art, the delicate curves of her body making his cock twitch within his trousers. But not yet. He must discipline himself as much as her. Still, there was much he could do with his new toy even before the tests came back.

He went to the closet. It was enormous, a room by itself. He considered the toys and devices within, then came out with a thin flog. It had a long, slim handle attached to very thin leather laces. The laces themselves were twined together for the first two feet of their length, allowed to spread out only over the final foot in order to narrow the area of impact.

It would sting. Depending on how he used it it would sting considerably, but it would cause no damage to that lovely, flawless skin.

An officer, he thought with amused excitement. She was a British officer. That was simply so delicious as he gazed at her there, trying to twist her head around to see what he was doing that his cock hardened and he had to fight down an urge to simply plunge himself into her body.

"Discipline," he said. "Discipline is the central requirement of a good slave," he said. "And it's something you modern girls know little of."

Where to strike first, he thought, pulse racing as he beheld her beautiful back. But no, best not to shock her too much with the first blow. He swung his arm out and the whip sliced through the air soundlessly. The final foot of loose laces cut into her perfect backside with a soft thwack of noise, echoed a moment later by her squeal of pain as her hips bucked forward.

His cock pulsed at the sight.

God!

“You've never been whipped, have you... Hannah?” he asked.

He brought the flog down across her bottom a second time, with equal results.

“I think every young girl should get a good whipping,” he said in amusement. “It would demonstrate to them how attractive respect for their betters is.”

He brought the laces down across her bottom a third time, slightly harder, and got another breathless squeal.

“As a sex slave, your body will be punished for any failing, or even perhaps, simply because I wish it, because it pleases me to punish you.”

He swung again, and this time the final foot cut across her back. He was staring past her at the mirror as it hit, wanting to enjoy the shocked look on her face as she felt the pain, not to mention her out-thrust breasts as her entire body bowed forward.

“I confess, Hannah, that it is a rare delight for a man to whip a woman as beautiful as you,” he said.

He swung against that proud, sculpted back again, harder, and she squealed and jerked once more.

“You have a beautiful back,” he said admiringly, striking again.

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Hannah had felt a shocked fear at sight of the whip, but the first blow delivered a double burst of sensations. The first was the stinging. Yes, it did sting, but it was nothing like the agony she had feared on seeing the whip. With that came a huge sense of relief, and a great lessening of the tension and fear which had gripped her. He wasn't crazy, after all, she thought. He wasn't going to torture her. It was just like Smith said. Thank God!

The next blow struck, and it still stung as she gasped in response. Then a third followed. But what shocked her was the fourth. It struck her back, and that carried with it any number of years of fantasy, television, books, and movies. A blow to the bottom was just playing. A blow across the back, well, that was a real whipping.

And she had just been whipped! She was being whipped! That was a shocking thing, and Hannah felt almost breathless with the realization even as the whip struck her back a second time. She cried out, feeling her body jerking violently against the four shackles around her wrists and ankles, and the reality of her situation really struck home.

Down low in her belly.

Oh! My! God!

She stared at the mirrors, seeing herself, seeing him a little behind her, seeing the whip. She let out a helpless squeal as the whip struck her back a stinging blow for a third time, and saw her body arching and bowing in response.

This was insane! It could not be happening! Not to her!

Another blow cut across her back, lower down, and again she arched and cried out.

Another blow followed, and her back was starting to heat, now, then heated further at a fifth blow. The whip cut across her bottom once more, and then again, as she gulped in air and stared through wide, unstarving eyes at her own image.

He paused and went back to the closet, then returned with something that looked rather like a pen. He arched in front of her, but then grasped her hair, forcing her head up and back so she could stare only at the ceiling.

“Slave girl,” he said. “Do you feel the pain, slave girl? Pain is heat. Pleasure is heat. It's all just heat, slave girl,” he said in a near whisper. “You must learn to bask in the heat.”

She groaned as she felt the dildo being slowly drawn from her body, and her mind squirmed at how wet she was, and that he would quickly realize it. She felt vacant when it was withdrawn, but then

something else pushed up inside her, something very thin, not much wider than his thumb, if that. It teased, rather than aroused.

But then she felt a pressure pushing up, sliding up over the top of her sex to press against her clitoris. His other hand slid up her body and over her breasts, and his fingers pinched and rolled her throbbing nipples.

“Think of yourself as a slave. Think of yourself as a sex slave,” he said softly. “Believe in it. Live it. And you will feel it.”

But what Hannah felt was a buzzing sensation between her legs as he moved away. She gasped, her head coming forward and stared downward. There was a narrow wedge of ... something, sliding up across her clitoris, apparently attached to the thing, the vibrator, he'd put inside her. It was like... like he'd slid a pen into her, and the clip was pinching in on her flesh at the top of her sex to hold it in place. Only this clip vibrated against her.

He moved behind her, and turned, the whip flew forward and she cried out as it cut across her back, her body jerking sharply again. She moaned, staring at herself, feeling the tension in her limbs as she pulled against the bonds. The vibrator was a teasing thing, just like the body of it up inside her. She felt her arousal deepening.

A sex slave!

The whip flew forward, but this time he stood closer, and the thicker body of the whip slapped against her side, the whip curling around so that the thin laces snapped at her belly. She squealed again, twisting and pulling, gasping for breath as a new shock gripped her.

The whip curled around her ribs and snapped at her breast! The stinging hurt worse now, and her body thrashed and jerked as her mind went wild with the intensity of it all. Again and again the laces curled around her writhing body, snapping at breasts and belly, and then, finally, at her sex, causing her hips to buck back wildly as she danced to the unpredictable stinging of O'Neil's whip.

She was breathless and sweating, wild-eyed, her pulse racing and heart pounding. Stinging pain and taunting pleasure swirled inside her, along with a wild, dark sexual hunger which seemed to be growing by the second.

Her skin was growing warm where the laces kept striking, turning pink and then red as her body flushed. Again and again she twisted and writhed as the laces struck, at times hanging almost freely from her wrists as she found herself dazed and off-balance.

She groaned as he pulled her head back by the hair once again. His lips were at her throat, his hand at her breast.

“My slave,” he whispered, biting softly, then less softly at her throat, “My sex slave.”

She shuddered as she felt him grinding his erection into her buttocks.

“I am going to enjoy training you, slave girl,” he growled. “I will teach you to thrill to pain.”

He drew back, and then the whipping continued. Her breasts, her belly, her pussy, her bottom and her back all were struck repeatedly as her skin reddened and heated. She twisted and writhed helplessly, unable to keep still, exhausting herself.

He drew back and she half hung by her wrists, panting, moaning, eyes slitted now. She felt him grip her hips and pull them back. Then she felt his fingers against the butt-plug he'd pushed inside her. She groaned helplessly at the erotic sensation of it pulling out of her. But a moment later she felt herself penetrated again, this time by something much longer.

Her eyes opened, and she stared at herself in the mirror, stared at his head over her shoulders, at his body positioned behind her. That wasn't a dildo, she thought dazedly. She groaned as it pushed deep into her belly, and a shattering understanding reached her overheated mind. He was fucking her in the ass! He was doing her right now! Tied hand and foot, having just been whipped! Now he was fucking her in the ass!

The orgasm blossomed quickly inside her, the sensations doubling and redoubling until her entire body shook and thrashed to the intensity of the pleasure tearing through her. She screamed into

the the gag, crying out in breathless, mindless animal heat even as she felt O'Neil's cock pounding into her with unrestrained violence.

It should have hurt, and that pain should have distracted from the pleasure, but the pleasure only deepened as he jerked her hips back and rammed himself up inside her again and again, her body shuddering to the impact of his hips.

Chapter Six

Even after he left, Hannah remained as she was, groaning dazedly, her legs wobbly, needing the support of the chains attached to her wrists to keep from falling, at first.

As her mind wakened she rolled her head back, mind filled with a strange sense of disbelief. She could hardly imagine that was her, that she had reacted to being whipped and sodomized like that! She had always disdained sodomy as disgusting and animalistic. Yet the feel of O'Neil's cock driving up between her buttocks had filled her with a horrific sense of wild dark heat which had flung her headlong into a massive orgasm.

What was happening to her, she wondered weakly.

She remained as she was for what felt like hours, and the last sense of arousal slowly faded away. He had put the dildo and butt-plug back inside her, and she was aware of their presence, but did not feel any particular sense of arousal because of them. Her feet were aching from the high, stiletto heels, and her ankles were on fire. Her legs and arms were stiff and sore and she would have killed to be able to bend and twist her torso.

Anxiety and heat slowly gave way to frustration and indignation. If he wanted her to simply wait on his return he could at least have had the consideration to lock her into a closet or something! It was amazing how tiring just standing around and doing nothing was.

And how odd it was doing so naked... in a strange house full of strangers...

Her legs wanted to bend, to give way, and she found herself slumping in place, putting more weight on the overhead chains bound to her wrists. They were deep into the night by now, and she wondered if they had simply forgotten her, or perhaps left her there till the next day. She tried to remember what time they had taken her. It had been about nine when she'd started, and they'd been her first lap dance.

It was probably well into morning, she thought, with some dismay. Past three, she thought. That meant, in all likelihood, everyone was asleep! The bastards!

No. Not everyone. For a middle aged man appeared and put more logs on the fire. He looked at her frankly and appreciatively as she blushed in the dim light, then walked over to her. She shook her head anxiously as he smiled at her, but she felt that strange dark rising heat as he reached out and fondled her breasts. Laughing softly, he slapped her bottom, said something in Gaelic, then left her alone again.

For a few minutes her mind dwelt on the indignation, outrage, and sense of being victimized, along with her own strange dark hunger. And after that she felt very much alone, and very much more aware of her helplessness. Why, anyone could do anything to her they wanted! She was aching and uncomfortable and could do nothing whatsoever, not even complain about it! Hannah began to understand how totally adrift she was on the whim of this dangerous man she didn't even know.

She was half dozing some time later, her head low, swaying only slightly due to the hold of the thick leather restraints around her, when there was a machine-like noise from close by. She jerked her head up as she felt an instant shift in the pressure on her wrists. For a moment she thought the restraints were growing tighter, and then to her shock she felt herself lifted, raised right off her feet!

She could not go high, of course, for almost the instant her feet left the rug the chains attached to her ankle restraints went taut. Still, she felt the pull increase, and felt a pressure on her body as the four restraints pulled strongly in opposite directions.

She gasped and her eyes rolled as she jerked her head from side to side, searching out what had happened who had done it. But there was no one there. She moaned helplessly, staring up at her wrists and arms, at the chains which led through rings set in the ceiling to a small black box where, evidently, they were linked to some sort of pulley.

She immediately felt the increased pressure to her spine, her arms and her legs. Now she couldn't bend her limbs even a fraction of an inch. All four were pulled taut as she hung, in effect, spreadeagled in mid-air. Her wrists ached, and her breathing became harsher as her heart raced.

Surely this at least meant he was going to come for her and let her down, she thought with some desperation. For he couldn't leave her like this for long!

She groaned, trying to move, to shift her limbs at all, but failed. She stared at herself in the mirror, feeling a breathless sense of arousal creeping up on her. This was even more outrageous! It was like... like she was being tortured! So why did that sense of outrage feed a dark sense of arousal?

She felt it spreading through her body even as she hung there, straining, groaning. Some dark side of her mind was excited by the abuse of her lithe body. And that confused her terribly.

Looking down, she saw that the tips of her stiletto heeled shoes were a scant inch from the floor. Yet that distance might as well have been a mile. She could do nothing to relieve the pressure on her arms and shoulders and wrists. She also discovered that it was growing more difficult to breath, though she wasn't certain why. Beads of sweat began to stand out on her forehead, and these grew and spread up down her body.

Hanging freely was not an option, she realized. She had to exert some small pressure on her arms each time she inhaled, else she could not expand her lungs. This took only a little effort, but it was a never-ending effort that soon had her arms aching. Hannah felt as though she'd run a marathon, and sweat trickled slowly down her now glistening body as she moaned weakly.

Her breathing gradually slowed, and she felt herself growing light-headed as well as exhausted. She lost all sense of time, and her concern about her aching body faded away in the light of the desperate and focused effort at marshaling her resources so as to continue to slowly expand her chest. Her vision began to swim as her eyes became glassy, and she felt more and more disoriented.

* * *

O'Neil watched her on the monitor, shaking his head. God, the image was so erotic as her body strained outward. Everything about her roused him to passion. He had abandoned his own usual care and restraint to take her before the tests were back. He hadn't been able to suppress his own hunger and had slammed himself up into her beautiful ass like a desperate, starving man throwing himself on a feast.

He was angry at that, upbraiding himself. He had no reason to be desperate. Sex was available to him at his whim. But he had wanted her, and wanted her immediately.

And it was worth it.

He watched her hanging there, limbs outstretched. He wanted her again, wanted her badly. But he would restrain himself for now. He'd seen her last medical report from the British Army, and she was entirely healthy so far as they were concerned. But he was a careful man by nature.

Usually.

* * *

What had happened?

Hannah blinked her eyes rapidly as a flood of relief swept over her. She moaned and gasped as she felt her changed circumstances. The pressure on her wrists was gone, and she could inhale as deeply as she wished. Her body was no longer pulled taut, and she was being moved. She felt something soft beneath her – the rug? There were hands on her, but she had no idea whose. She found she could not see, and for a moment wondered if the fire had gone out. Then she realized there was something over her eyes, some sort of blindfold.

She was gulping in air, and could still feel how slick her body was, the hair matted against her skull. She felt her arms drawn together behind her, then was rolled onto her back. She felt pressure on her ankles, the restraints pulling them down towards her hips. Then there was a similar pressure on her wrist restraints, pulling them down her spine, down towards her buttocks.

She groaned as her body bent under the dual pressure. Her back arched and her hips were forced

upward. Her wrist restraints, she realized dazedly, were attached to some sort of rope which went upward, the soft rope – knotted rope, she realized – went right up between her legs, jammed against her sex, in fact, and disappeared somewhere above her.

In fact, such was the pressure that the rope had sunk between the lips of her sex, angled up almost directly above her. As she slowly writhed and moaned and twisted against its pressure the knotted rope sawed slowly back and forth against her sensitive flesh, one knot in particular placed, either cruelly or by luck, directly over her clitoris.

She cried out weakly, but heard no response. She could do nothing but lay there in place, arched, hips raised in an unnatural position, body trembling under the pressure.

She was terribly thirsty, she realized, somewhat forlornly. She moaned into the gag and twisted a little, trying to see if there was any way to ease the stress her body was under. There wasn't, yet she continued to shift and twist, her body incapable of remaining still where it was possible to ease the ache and discomfort, however momentarily, by shifting, by twisting, by pulling.

Then she felt a pinching sensation at the base of her right nipple. She stared blindly up, moaning into the gag as she felt something tightening around the nipple, gasping and then crying out weakly as it closed and the pressure grew much tighter. Her nipple ached, it burned! Yet now the fingers were pinching at the base of her left nipple!

She gasped again as that nipple began to burn, as well. It was as if some sort of cord had been pulled tight around both nipples! And now she felt the cord lifted up and out, then tied in place. Her nipples throbbed and ached, and she whimpered in a sense of hopeless self-pity. This was all so unfair! Why her!?

She had no idea if anyone was still present. She assumed she was still in the same room, though she no longer heard the soft crackle of the fire. It might have gone out. She didn't know how long she had been there now, after all.

Then there was a soft whisper next to her ear, one she hardly heard at first.

“You will learn to be a proper slave,” it said.

She moaned into the gag. She'd do anything he wanted to right now if he'd just untie her!

But there was nothing further but her own body's ache and stress.

Her discomfort caused her body to continue to wriggle and twist, however hopeless it was. Only now, the movements tugged her nipples against whatever was holding them, as well as grinding her aching clitoris against the knotted rope. She tried to keep still, but never managed to do so for more than a minute or two. The imperative to try and find a more comfortable position kept her body in soft, slow, desperate movement.

Her nipples throbbed, but... not altogether unpleasantly, for some reason. Hannah fixed an image in her mind of her position, since she could not see, imagining crowds of people staring at her, lusting after her, licking their lips excitedly as they saw her straining against the bonds.

Her pussy ached as the rope slid up and down against it, but she felt herself beginning to grow moist, the rope starting to grow slick. Her breathing became more ragged as she twisted slowly in place, and the first throb of heat came as the knot ground across her clitoris again.

She wanted to fight that heat, and yet didn't. It had been hours of discomfort, and her mind fixed on any sign of relief – and this, after all, was a great relief. For somehow, the rising arousal pushed the discomfort aside, or even lent it a strange dark erotic thrill. As her arousal deepened she found her body influencing her mind, influencing her behavior.

She arched and relaxed, arched and relaxed, softly, slowly, groaning to herself as she felt the rug against her shoulders and arms. The slick, knotted rope ground across her clitoris, and then back. It should not have been pleasurable but was. Her heart beat faster, her breaths quickening. Her movements also tightened and relaxed the pull of the cords on her nipples, making them burn and then ease repeatedly.

Her movements were only half deliberate, but her arousal was undeniable, and it was a welcome

distraction to the hours of nothing but discomfort. Dark fantasies swirled through her mind, fantasies she'd had before on occasion, fantasies she had often shied from but now embraced, feeling her body's heat rising into a low grade fever that let her escape the world and immerse herself in dark pleasure.

Occasionally, though, a sound would cause her to stop, frozen in place, breathlessly trying to determine if she'd heard the door open, if anyone could be there watching. Only after continued silence gave her some assurance she was still alone did she resume her slow, grinding movements. The pressure against her clitoris was harsh, though the rope was soft and slick with her own juices. It was not what she would have thought would have ever given pleasure.

And indeed, it was a low grade pleasure, at first, but the continued rubbing was making her clitoris ache and causing it to be hyper-sensitive to the touch. The sensations flowing through her were more powerful, and more intense, and she was gasping and moaning now, unable to halt her movements, unable to care if anyone might be near.

She lost herself in the heat, twisting and writhing, crying out softly as the dark thrilling rushes of heat flooded her body. Her head rolled and her hips jerked up. And then with a helpless, shuddering cry of pleasure, the orgasm exploded within her, and she felt herself flying through the howling storm of sensations as they slowly reached their peak.

She fell limp, chest heaving, gasping for breath, dazed and moaning

Again she lost track of time. She felt drained, worn down, exhausted. Yet the discomfort was too much to sleep. Her back ached more now, and her clitoris was burning, but not in a pleasant way. Still, her mind went into a kind of numb form of semi-awareness, dazed perhaps. She had no idea how long she was bound in that position.

And then it changed again. Her head throbbed, and she groaned as she felt her legs straightened out, felt the pressure leave her arms. Her legs were lifted up... then up higher still, and spread open. She grunted as she felt the pressure on her ankles, moaned as her arms were pulled down and apart, as the blood rushed to her head. Behind the blindfold, she blinked rapidly, her mind coming back to something near wakefulness.

She was hanging upside down, she realized. She was hanging upside down, hung by her ankles, her legs spread quite wide. Her arms were also held down and apart, tied or chained, she knew not. Her head pounded as the blood flowed down into it and she felt herself becoming somewhat dizzy. Gradually, slowly, the sensation eased.

She could feel fingers at her sex, groaned as the thick dildo was eased up and out of her. But almost immediately another was pushed down deep. She heard the crackle of fire, and then the blindfold was swept from her eyes. She saw a form retreating in the darkness, then stared, upside down, at the fire crackling in the fire place.

The fire was reflected against her body, which seemed reddish in the mirrors in the corners. But there was more to it than that, she soon realized. She saw a light source there between her legs, and thought at first she must be imagining it. But no, it was a candle. A thick candle, sprouting from the juncture of her thighs, buried deep down inside her, where it ached.

She gaped at it in disbelief, staring at the flickering candle in the mirrors. A strange sense of almost admiration gripped her, if outrage could be tinged with approval. She simply hadn't the perverse imagination to ever think of doing or experiencing such a thing!

At least the pressure on her arms and wrists was minor now, and whatever had been tied to her nipples was now removed. They had hurt when that was done, but now they throbbed hotly, and she felt a strange pins and needles sensation from them which made her long to touch them.

Perverts, she thought dazedly.

Was it day yet? She tried to see, but that required substantial effort to twist her head and try and look behind her. She could not quite manage it. But then she realized that cocking her head straight back, until she was facing the floor just behind her, allowed her to roll her eyes up towards the windows. There were heavy curtains drawn, and she could not tell if there was light behind.

The effort, unfortunately, made her body jerk somewhat, and she cried out in surprised pain as hot wax spilled from the candle down the front of her body, across her clitoris. The sudden pain caused her to jerk violently, and more wax was spilled, trickling down her abdomen. The wax slowly cooled, of course, and became much more bearable, yet still it was a warm and tight against her flesh.

And she was still thirsty. Hungry too. Odd, she thought, that she could feel such simple and familiar needs given the bizarre situation in which she found herself.

She felt a surge of that dark heat, but there wasn't enough, other than the penetration of the candle and her tingling nipples, to feed it. Her own sense of dark arousal at the sight of what was done to her could only go so far, and slowly her mind started to drift again as time passed.

She was again wakened from her dazed state by movement, by pressure, by a shifting of her body. Her eyes felt red and hot and heavy, fluttering weakly as she was lowered to the rug. She lay on her belly for some minutes, her head dizzy from returning blood. She felt her ankles pulled up and back, felt them attached to her wrists, then felt a pressure on both as she was raised upwards.

She groaned weakly, gasping as she felt herself hanging in mid-air again. This time by ankles and wrists locked together, her body bowed again, her heavy head hanging low as she swung slowly in place.

“Would you like a drink, little slave girl?”

The words caught her attention, for she was extremely thirsty by then. She raised her head tiredly. The light in the room was dim, but it wasn't coming solely from the fireplace now. The candle seemed to have been removed from her body, at least, but she felt something there, something inside her. Had she not noticed them removing it and sliding the dildo back? She wasn't sure. She wasn't sure of anything any more.

She saw a hand before her holding a cock. No. No, it was a dildo, a very realistically shaped phallic object. The helmet head pressed against her cheek, and she felt the moisture on it. Then hands undid the strap behind her head and slowly and gently worked the ball gag out of her mouth.

She cried out weakly, her jaw stiff and aching, and panted for breath. Then she felt pressure on her scalp as her hair was gathered up, twined into some sort of braid or tail. She groaned as it pulled her head up and back until she was staring straight ahead. Then it was fixed in place somehow above her, perhaps tied to the same thing as her ankles and wrists.

The pain in her scalp was a sharp ache, but spread out enough that it was not overly distracting compared to the ache in the rest of her body.

The head of the dildo brushed her lower lip, and she felt the moisture on it immediately, licking at it. As she did she felt a buzzing sensation against her sex, only for a moment.

She struggled to talk, but then the dildo pushed into her mouth and she moaned in relief at its moisture. Her mouth was bone dry, her throat even worse. The dildo was wet and she sucked and licked at it somewhat desperately. And as she did she felt that buzzing against her sex again, like a vibrator. She ignored it. It didn't hurt, so it didn't matter. Her mind was numb, a blur, and her focus, such as it was, was only on the most immediate of her needs.

The dildo drew back, no longer wet, her furnace dry mouth having sucked the moisture off it like a sponge. It returned, twisting and moving in a soft yellow light that was focused on it from above. She could see little of the person holding it beyond their forearm. Her glassy eyes were focused on the dildo and the water dripping softly from it.

The dildo slid from side to side along her lower lip, and she thrust her tongue out, moaning at the feel of moisture. Then it slid slowly into her mouth and her cracked lips closed greedily upon it. Perhaps instinctively, she began to suck, and she detected more moisture. She sucked harder as the buzzing between her legs continued.

She stared, cross-eyed, at the long shaft of the dildo. It looked very real and as it pushed forward, she sucked even more thirstily. It gave out little moisture, but some, as she sucked, and her parched mouth and throat sucked down every greedy drop. Then the light went out, it went away, the

buzzing stopped and she was left hanging.

Moaning softly. She stared at herself in the mirror, disbelief swirling again at how her wrists and ankles had been gathered up together and bound to the chain, her hair pulled back as well, until she hung there, bobbing and turning gently, breasts hanging down.

More time passed. She had no idea how much. Then the soft yellow glow reappeared, and the glistening dildo caressed her lips. She opened them and sucked on it as it slid in. The buzzing of the vibrator started again between her legs. She started to expect it, to brace herself for the initial discomfort, for her clit ached, and then the strange, quivering sensations.

This happened repeatedly through the night – or through the day. She had no idea which. She never was able to suck more than a little water down, but any water was better than none.

And then the light appeared again, and the dildo slid into her mouth. She sucked thirstily, licking and moaning as her lips closed around it. The dildo pushed in and out slowly as she felt the now familiar buzzing against her sex. Yet something was different, and she slowly realized that this wasn't a dildo but a man's cock.

But that hardly mattered. It had been dipped in water, perhaps, and was soaking wet. She sucked, she licked, and when it seemed dryer, it was taken back, then pushed forward, wet once again. She fixated on it, sucking and licking as it pushed into the back of her mouth.

There was much more liquid, this time. Her mouth was finally able to moisten, and the water trickled slowly but insistently down her throat. Then the cock pushed down after it and she moaned weakly around it as her face was pressed into someone's groin. She felt no urge to gag, and merely stared dully at the dark fabric of someone's trousers until the cock slid back out.

It withdrew and she felt her body shift, felt herself being lowered. She groaned as her breasts came into contact with the rug, as her body slowly came down atop them, as the pressure finally eased on her wrists, ankles and then her hair.

“Would the slave like more water?”

Hannah couldn't speak at first, then gasped out a yes, her voice weak and gravelly.

Hands gripped her hips, raising her bottom, and positioned her knees under her.

“Up. Up,” the voice insisted, accompanied by sharp, stinging blows to her buttocks that forced her into obedience.

Then... nirvana! A bowl of water was placed on the floor before her! Hannah jerked her wrists against the restraints still looking them behind, then angled her head slowly forward, trying to put her weight on her shoulders. She was exhausted, but thirst was a powerful motivator, and she managed to get her lips and tongue into the bowl to raggedly slurp down its contents.

Hands lifted her up and carried her out of the room. She squinted against the light, moaning. She was carried into a large bathroom, and then into a large bathtub filled with warm water. She wasn't alone in it. O'Neil sat in it and held her in his arms across his lap. The water was up to her chest, and he gently bathed her, whispering softly into her ear, calling her a lovely slave girl.

Chapter Seven

She woke. She hadn't remembered falling asleep, but Hannah suddenly felt alert, staring up at the ceiling overhead. She was on a bed, a soft bed, but it had no sheets, blankets or pillows, and she was bound to the four corners. She was neither gagged nor blindfolded. Her body ached all over, but she wasn't in any actual pain.

All of which was a vast improvement on her previous state, she thought weakly.

But she was still helpless and firmly bound in place.

This time she didn't have to wait long. The door opened, and O'Neil was there dressed in a very expensively tailored suit.

"Ah, the slave awakens. Would the slave like something to eat?"

"Y-Yes," she said in a weak croak.

"Yes, master," he said.

She blinked at him uncertainly, her mind still half asleep. "Yes, master," she whispered.

"Louder, slave."

"Yes, master."

"You will have to work for your food, slave."

He walked over to the bed and undid the chains binding her ankles down. He undid her wrists, as well, and for the first time in a while, Hannah was unbound. She groaned and sat up slowly, bending arms and legs with relief.

As with the other room, the floor was highly polished hardwood. There was a rug placed in a large open area, and O'Neil, holding a thin crop or switch, pointed at it.

"On your knees, slave."

Grunting with effort, gasping with the pain of strained muscles, Hannah slid out of bed and onto the floor. She felt more awake than she had in a while now, but her stomach grumbled angrily, and she knelt quickly in hopes he would get to the food part.

"This is a test in obedience. If you obey promptly, you will be rewarded. If you fail or hesitate, you will experience pain."

That sounded both hopeful and ominous. Hannah looked at him anxiously.

"Keep your back straight at all times," he directed. "Ease your heels out from under your buttocks. You can't maintain that position for very long. That's right. Spread your legs wider. Wider, slave," he ordered. "You will have to become more limber. Hands on your outer thighs, facing up. Head back. Do not look at me, slave. Look past me."

She obeyed, her stomach rumbling. She had no idea what this was in aid of, but it was easy enough to do, and certainly less painful than most of the positions he'd had her in of late.

"Now, you will lean forward as you bring your arms up and then down and kneel on all fours. Keep your head up and and back straight."

Again, Hannah obeyed, on her hands and knees, her neck aching a little as she looked forward.

"Allow your hands to slide forward on the rug until your upper chest is against the floor, but keep your bottom high, and spread your knees apart."

Again she obeyed, grunting as her breasts pillowed out beneath her. A slap by the crop across her bottom stung as he moved behind and ordered her knees wider.

"You must keep your upper legs at a ninety degree angle from your body, but spread out to either side, the bottom raised high, the sex open and inviting," he said.

As he spoke, he let the tip of the crop slide up and down against Hannah's pussy, and she felt a flickering of sensation, both pleasant and unpleasant, for she was still sore down there.

Eroticism took a back seat to hunger at this point, however, and she simply wished to get this

over with.

“Take care to remember these positions, slave, for you will be required to repeat them often. Once you are directed to assume a position you will assume it and not move from it until directed. Is that clear?”

“Yes, master,” she said softly.

He had her slide back up to all fours, then back on her heels, or off them, as it were, then went through them all again, and then again, as her stomach grumbled.

The door opened, and the middle aged woman she'd seen before appeared, with a plate of something she handed to O'Neil. The woman looked at her, sniffed, then withdrew and closed the door.

She had no idea what was on the plate but her mouth started to water as O'Neil pulled a chair over before her and sat down.

He did not set it on the floor for her to eat, as she half suspected he would. Instead he plucked a piece of some kind of meat, dripping in sauce from the plate, held it up a bit, then extended his hand.

It took a flickering moment of indecision before she realized she was not to reach for it, not to take it, but merely open her mouth. She did so, and his fingers slipped inside. She closed her lips, and with barely a bite, she gulped down the food hungrily.

Another bit of meat followed, then another. Then O'Neil ordered her to simply open her mouth wide. He tossed the next bit into her mouth, and Hannah was too hungry to care. She gulped it down, and the next, but he missed with the next and she scooped it off the floor and popped it into her mouth.

He glowered at her and stood.

“Did I give you permission to move?” he demanded.

Hannah felt a sudden jolt of anxiety. “No, master!” she gulped.

Looking darkly at her, he moved to dresser and opened it, then drew a long, slim strap and moved behind her. He squatted behind her.

“Arms behind your back,” he snapped.

She obeyed, and felt the looped strap go around her arms above her elbows. It circled and circled, drawing her elbows back tighter and further, until her shoulders began to ache. She groaned as she felt the leather tightening around her arms both above and below her elbows, then her elbows themselves were pressed together, her shoulders burning.

He came around in front of her again, frowning.

“You do not move once placed in a position, slave. This has been explained to you!”

“I-I'm sorry, Ma – .”

He slapped her face, and she gasped, her head thrown to one side, almost unbalanced. But the slap was not hard enough to knock her off her knees, despite her surprise.

“You do not speak unless asked a question. I am not interested in your apologies. Place your face to the floor now!”

That was awkward given her arms bound so securely behind her back. Hannah grunted as she fell forward in a somewhat controlled fashion, to land on her right shoulder. She rolled to her left, grunting again as she spread her knees.

“No. Keep your knees together, bottom raised.”

She obeyed, and saw him pick up the crop with a sense of anxiety.

“Any deviation from your orders will be punished,” he said.

The crop snapped down across her buttocks and Hannah cried out at the sharp, stinging pain.

“You will learn to obey,” he said.

Crack!

“You will learn your place.”

Crack!

“You will learn your true nature.”

Crack!

“You will become a slave in mind and body and soul.”

Crack!

She gasped as she felt him twining her hair around his fist. She half expected the pull and tried to rise, but the majority of the force came from his pull on her hair as he drew her up and back onto her heels.

“Resume your previous position, slave,” he ordered.

Panting, her bottom hot and aching, Hannah quickly knelt again, back straight, heels beside her buttocks as he sat down with the plate once more.

He held out his fingers and she licked the food off it, desperately relieved that her punishment did not include continued hunger.

Sometimes he held the bit of meat, rather like a small meatball, in the palm of his hand and had her lick it off. Sometimes he held it in his fingers and let her lick it from there. Sometimes he tossed it into her open mouth. Hannah didn't really care so long as she got to eat it.

When the plate was done he pulled her to her feet but the hair and led her into an ensuite bathroom. There he filled a cup with water and let her drink from it. Then he brushed her teeth, and wiped her lips when done.

He led her back into the other room and knelt her before the chair, then pulled off his trousers and shorts and sat down.

“Please me, slave,” he said.

There was such an arrogance to his words that it left her momentarily breathless. Then came a sense of outrage a sense of indignation, and a squirming sense of heat at the sight of his full, thick cock. Still, she knew she had no choice. There was no point even thinking about whether to do as he ordered. She briefly considered whether his order allowed her to move, decided it did, and then cautiously rose off her heels and leaned forward between his legs.

“Slowly, slave. Take your time. Impress me, or you'll taste the crop again.”

Hannah felt a jolt of anxiety, and licked her lips, then licked lightly along the base of his cock.

“Start at a distance and work your way in, slave,” he said.

She licked at his thigh instead, rubbing her cheek against it, then rubbed her cheek against his cock and balls, letting her lips brush over them. She had given lap dances often enough, and considered that her face could simply substitute, to some degree, for her buttocks. She rubbed herself against him, her mouth sometimes open, sometimes closed. She let her tongue slide out only a little, then more, licking at his belly, at his abdomen.

She used her face to push his cock up and back. The feel of the soft yet hard flesh against her skin made her pussy throb hungrily, and she took one of his balls into her mouth, sucking on it, licking it, feeling the deepening sense of erotic hunger starting to affect her mind. She drew the other one in, using her lips and mouth and tongue to massage him. Finally, she licked at the base of his cock, letting her tongue trail slowly up its length until she could suck the head into her mouth.

He brought his hand down on his bare thigh and she rolled her eyes up.

“You will raise your head when I seek your attention.”

Hannah obediently leaned up and back.

“What are you?”

She looked at him in confusion.

“You are a slave. Say it.”

“I-I am a slave... master.”

“Again.”

“I am a slave, master.”

“Again.”

“I am a slave, master.”

“Continue, slave.”

She leaned in and took his cock between her lips, sliding her lips slowly down, drawing it in across her tongue and deeper into her mouth. She licked and sucked at it as her lips bobbed up and down, then drew her mouth off and began licking at his balls again. She let her cheek and face rub back and forth against him, kissing it along the shaft, then at the head, drawing it back into her mouth once more.

Rarely did the men she performed oral sex on want her to draw it out. Their need was immediate and urgent, or if it wasn't when she started it certainly became that way very soon. O'Neil was clearly in no hurry. And Hannah found herself enjoying the oral sex, aroused herself by her own actions, by her own helplessness, by her sense of sexual slavery.

Hannah took a while before increasing the force of her gentle licking and sucking, and before forcing her lips lower. By the time she felt him slipping into her throat and forced her lips all the way down to the base, she was becoming a little anxious at his lack of visible response.

Most men she had known would have been groaning and demanding more by now, or pulling her up to fuck her. O'Neil simply watched her. His rigid cock was the only sign that he was aroused.

Of course, it was a fairly obvious sign.

She held her lips in place as long as she could, then slowly drew her head up, sucking as she did, until the head popped out of her throat and into her mouth. She drew herself off and then resumed licking and sucking at his balls, but sucking harder now, then licked her way up the underside of his cock, using her lips to massage the shaft until she could take the head back into her mouth.

She slipped back down its length again in stages, bobbing up and down on the first third, then taking the second third, then the whole thing, somewhat proud of herself that she was able to bob her lips up and down without gagging while he was inside her throat. She sucked harder, licking faster as the head came into her mouth, and was relieved when she finally felt her mouth filling with liquid.

There was little other sign in O'Neil that he had come, but then his hand came down on her head and forced her slowly down the length of his cock until he was buried in her. He held her there for long seconds as she felt him soften and shrink, then pulled her off.

"Adequate," he said. "But you will have to learn more proficiency. I will have someone teach you."

Hannah frowned indignantly and then gasped at a slap to the cheek. As before, it stung, and knocked her head aside, but mostly by surprise. It was not strong enough to leave a bruise.

"You express disapproval, slave? You express unhappiness? A slave expresses neither. A slave expresses only her enthusiasm to please her master in any way she is permitted to do so."

"Face to the floor," he said, getting up.

Hannah fell on her shoulders again, raising her bottom as he brought the crop whistling down onto her buttocks. She cried out softly at the sting, then again, and again, and again as ten sharp blows landed on her soon-burning bottom.

"Make no attempt to ever reprove your master, slave," he warned sternly. "You are no longer permitted such thoughts or feelings. You are no longer human. You are something less than human. An animal, perhaps: a pet."

He drew her back up to her knees by the hair.

"You have much to learn, slave. Spread your legs wide."

Moaning, she obeyed, but instead of another blow she felt his fingers against her, then felt herself being penetrated. His fingers were slippery with something as they slid up into her pussy, dipping in and out, then pushing more deeply as she felt her mind starting to squirm with a newly risen heat.

His fingers withdrew, but something else pushed forward, a dildo, she guessed, moaning as it filled her and was driven deeper. Then his fingers were at her back passage, and then another dildo pushed deep, achingly deep inside her.

"Do you hear me, sex slave?"

“Y-Yes, master,” she panted.

She felt him undo her arms and groaned as they came free.

“You will put your arms underneath you, sliding your hands back down past your belly. Do it now, slave.”

Hannah obeyed, gulping as she felt the snap of the crop, but more lightly.

“Legs wide apart, slave. Remember what you are. You're a sex slave. You're a randy little slut who wants a cock inside her.”

Hannah flushed at the words.

I want you to reach up and feel the base of the dildo, slave. Do you feel it?”

Hannah's fingers touched the thing, and she felt surprised at the thickness.

“Y-Yes, master.”

“Do you feel how tight you are around it, slave?” he asked softly.

“Yes, master,” she said, fingers circling the dildo where it entered her.

“Use the fingers of your other hand. Touch your clitoris, slave girl.”

Eyes blinking, Hannah obeyed, the flush spreading down her face and into her chest.

“What a lovely sight, slave. What a gorgeous sight I see there before me. Close your fingers around the base of that dildo, slave, and draw it slowly out.”

Hannah couldn't help herself. She was starting to become aroused again. She gripped the dildo and felt the resistance within her tight pussy as she slid it slowly out.

“Far enough, sex slave. Now push it back in.”

Hannah groaned against her will as she pushed the dildo back into her body.

“Continue, sex slave. And rub your clitoris.”

Her flush deepened as Hannah obeyed. She was... she was...

“Masturbate for me, slave,” he said.

The word jolted her, and her hands paused. The crop snapped across her buttocks with stinging force and she cried out in pain.

“Continue, slave,” he ordered.

Her hands continued as Hannah's mind squirmed against the thought of what she was doing. She'd had sex with men before, had exposed herself to numerous men, before and after her short time as a stripper, but she had never masturbated! That was such an intensely private act!

And yet she was doing it, and knew he was right behind her, watching.

Her heart beat faster, her body flushing with more than embarrassment as her fingers hesitantly rubbed at her swollen clitoris and she pumped the dildo inside her.

“Roll your hips, sex slave,” he said. “Roll your hips, slut. Grind them while you masturbate for my amusement.”

Hannah felt another jolt of embarrassment, but somehow also a hot rush of liquid heat as she obeyed. This was so shockingly wicked and outrageous! And yet it aroused her deep within her dark mind, so that she was very quickly almost feverish with the sense of uncontrollable erotic need. She was gasping and panting and moaning as she thrust the dildo in and out, as her fingers rubbed with increasing hunger against her burning clitoris.

“Stop!”

She gasped, frozen in place as much because she was startled as obedient.

“Hands behind your back. Now!”

Moaning, she obeyed, and felt them bound together again.

“Roll onto your back.”

She obeyed again, staring up at him.

“Knees up and back, spread them, slave.”

Moaning again, she obeyed, flushed with heat and hunger, watching as he squatted before her, crop in hand. He pressed the tip of the crop against her clitoris, the tip, which held the long, thin, flat

flap of leather.

“Nasty little slut,” he taunted.

He rubbed it back and forth, and Hannah squirmed helplessly, moaning as she stared.

He drew the tip back and slapped it down and she gasped at the brief stinging sensation.

“Slut,” he said.

Again he slapped the thing against her, and again, then again, faster, and faster. He used just the tip, holding the crop only a foot below it so that it was a blur as it slapped against her burning clitoris. She ached, she throbbed, the sensations bursting within her like firecrackers, and then the orgasm took her mind and shook it like a dog with a rat.

“You see, slave? You have no reason to reprove me. You are nothing but a filthy little slut, a sex slave, a low creature of flesh and hunger. Soon you will realize that deep within you.”

Chapter Eight

The boots were amazing. They were thigh-high, and perfectly fitting. They laced up on the insides, rather than being zipped, and rose to within a few inches of her pussy. They had five inch stiletto heels, of course, and were of soft black leather. They matched the gloves he put on her, which rose almost to her shoulders, made of soft kid leather.

Gloves. They were not gloves. She simply didn't know what else to call them. They had no fingers. Not even thumbs. So they certainly weren't mittens.

In addition, there was the halter. The halter was a perfect match to boots and gloves in its dark, soft leather contours. It cut across her chest just below her breasts, with two inches pressing upward against the underside of her breasts, but it covered them not at all. The bottom strapped behind her back. But another pair of straps, thickening at the sides, rose up on the outside of her breasts, then thinned as the straps were drawn in across her chest, crossing each other to go over her shoulders.

The effect, of course, was to squeeze her breasts in together from the sides and the top outside corners. And just in case that wasn't enough, another strap cut horizontally across her chest just at the top of her breasts, squeezing them down a little.

The effect was rather startling to Hannah. Her breasts were squeezed together on all sides as if on display at a show. Which, she supposed, they were, in a sense.

Then there was the 'thong' though it certainly didn't resemble any she'd ever seen – or imagined. It was more a strap, a stronger leather strap, with a second strap attached like a T. The upper part of the T went around her waist – tightly – and the lower part, about two inches wide, descended down the middle of her abdomen, went between her thighs, and then, narrowing, went up between her buttocks to fasten behind to the top part.

Tightly.

Attached to the vertical part of the T were a thick butt plug and a matching dildo, both leather, both inserted before the straps were tightened.

The front of the lower part had a hole cut in it, round, shaped like a heart, directly over her clitoris. The leather squeezed in on her flesh, and so, that portion of her which was not squeezed in – her clitoris, and the bit of flesh around it – were squeezed out.

There was a small chain attached to the front of the thing, and on it hung a small spiked metal ball smaller than a marble which hung directly over that opening. As she moved, the little ball would bounce and swing, occasionally – or not so occasionally – striking her swollen clitoris.

And then there was the collar.

Hannah had felt a little shock on seeing it. She'd felt a strange churning mix of anxiety and heat when he'd slipped it around her neck. It was firm, but did nothing to restrict her breathing. And it matched the rest of the fetish gear he'd found. It was black leather with a large metal ring in the center.

O'Neil had slipped a thin cord through that ring, the one with the metal loops on the ends. Those loops were then tightened around her nipples. He had adjusted the length somehow so that, as she stood upright, unmoving, it was precisely measured so as to be perfectly taut but not pulling on her throbbing pink buttons.

But of course, as she moved, her breasts moved. They didn't move much given the way the halter squeezed them in and up and down, but they did move, and so her nipples moved – or tried to. They couldn't, of course, so there was a constant tugging at them with every step she took.

The strap across her mouth was thick enough to cover most of her from just below her nose to just above her chin. And like the strange 'thong' there was a dildo attached to the inside. It was thick, but short, more like a very large cockhead, and it was stuffed into her mouth, the tip threatening to go down her throat, but not quite long enough to do so.

It was time to travel. It was time to go home, O'Neil said.

He had her practice walking, the crop ready at hand if he didn't approve of her posture, then attached a lead, a leash, she thought with a sense of outrage and indignation, to a ring on her belt, leading her down the stairs and through the main house.

Her face flushed as the eyes of men and women lit upon her. She had displayed herself naked many times, and to more people, but this was entirely different.

She dropped her head but that brought a quick slashing blow from the crop, making her bottom burn.

“Head up, shoulders back, chest out,” he ordered.

She obeyed, flushing further.

He spoke to the others in Gaelic. There were a number of back and forth conversations between he and them as Hannah stood awkwardly and embarrassed, practically forgotten save for the many flickering eyes on her.

Then everyone started moving about. O'Neil headed down the hall, and she had to hurry to follow in her long, stiletto heels. He went to the door and outside, and once again Hannah found herself out of doors and naked, or worse than naked. It was daylight this time, but heavily overcast. She looked around but could see nothing but the front of a stone house, hedges, trees and gardens, and a tall stone wall surrounding them.

She was placed into the limousine, this time on a seat facing back, and strapped in place. Then O'Neil and another man got into the rear. They still spoke in Gaelic, ignoring her, though their eyes rarely went long without lighting on her body.

The car moved off, and she blinked at the scenery as it picked up speed and headed out of the gate. They were on a paved road, a country highway perhaps, and moving quickly. She could see two other cars, or SUVs behind them. She wondered if they were going to Ireland, and if so what exactly she was expected to find out given she was utterly immobile all the time and had no way to communicate anything anyway.

She supposed they expected her to not be so 'tied up' the entire time. Perhaps this was in the nature of an introductory thing, like training. And afterward she'd be more free to move about, perhaps to do chores or something. Surely she wouldn't be strapped down to a bed or hanging from her wrists twenty four hours a day for weeks!

The drive was uneventful. She had no idea what O'Neil was talking about, and again wondered how Smith expected her to be able to tell anything given her lack of familiarity with the language.

She thought over what O'Neil had said, about her being 'less than human'. It made her indignant, but there was also a sharp little dark erotic pulse at the thought of herself being entirely outside what would be considered acceptable behavior. Yes, it was silly. But at the same time, if she wasn't human, but some sort of 'other' called 'slave' then her behavior was what would be expected of a slave girl – a sex slave.

In a way, that made it less embarrassing and allowed her some relief from the guilt of acting like some sort of horrible slut. Was that the idea, she wondered, or was he just that incredibly arrogant?

They turned off the road and went through a tall chain link fence, and she discovered they were at a private airport. There was no control tower that she saw, just a long low building, and in the distance, a few more. The car drove past the building and pulled up in front of where a private jet sat. The door opened, and the men got out.

She sat in the car for at least ten minutes while they moved about, doing whatever they were doing, and talking to each other. Then a man she recognized from the club opened the door, unstrapped her, and pulled her out by the arm. He took the 'leash' and led her to the jet, and then up the steps and into the cabin.

Hannah had not been on a lot of aircraft, and certainly none like this one. It was luxuriantly furnished, and instead of the plain forward-looking seats she expected, there were a number of thickly

cushioned seats almost like leather recliners up and down the windows. They were turned at different angles, indicating they were on some sort of metal turntable, and the man strapped her to one, gave her breast a casual squeeze, then left her there.

The only thing that really surprised her was that she wasn't at all surprised by the squeeze. In fact, she ignored it, at first. Only as she sat there alone thinking on her position did she consider just how unaffected she was by what she'd once regarded as an intimate act. Her world view was changing, and she wasn't at all sure it was for the better.

A steward walked up the aisle, primly ignoring her, and then O'Neil and his people got on board. It was the same group of men who'd seen and fondled her at the strip club, along with two more, and she blinked nervously as they took their seats for takeoff. Several of them smirked at her, and she felt her stomach thrumming anxiously.

The aircraft started moving, and then took off, climbing into the air and headed for, she presumed, Ireland. The men undid their seat belts and relaxed while the steward served drinks. Hannah stayed as she was, and again recalled O'Neil's comment about her not being human, but being something less than human. Like a pet. People could ignore pets except when they wanted to play with them, she thought.

She was once again shut out of the conversation, unable to understand what was being said. Rather like a pet, a dog, she thought, hearing all those voices but without any idea of what they meant. There was a strange mental adjustment to that, to thinking of herself as some sort of pet, a pet slave girl, say. Not quite human. It meant she wasn't bound by the same sorts of rules, the same societal requirements of a 'human' girl.

If she could actually persuade herself of this then she wouldn't feel as guilty, as self-conscious, as embarrassed. What was more, the idea was outrageous, and that meant darkly arousing. Not that it took an awful lot, given the sorts of looks she was getting, the kind of casual lust she saw in the men. There was just her, naked and helpless, and eight horny men who had her totally at their mercy.

Her insides squirmed at the thought of that, and the flush of heat in her spread downward.

She sat nervously waiting for what would happen, though with an erotically charged undertone in her mind, for almost an hour before one of the men said something while looking at her. Others looked at her too. There was laughter, and a few of what she took to be ribald comments. Then one of them got up and walked to her. He leaned over her and undid the seat belt. With a quick pull on her hair, he drew her forward and pushed her onto her knees, then moved behind her and worked at the strap around her head.

He undid it, and then pulled the dildo-gag thing out of her mouth. There were more comments that brought snickers and laughter and she blushed as she worked her jaw. Then she felt him unstrapping her arms. The strap came free and she groaned as her shoulders were finally released and she could move her arms again! The man left her and returned to his seat and Hannah spent several minutes working her arms, twisting and bending and rubbing them.

O'Neil snapped his fingers, and she looked up anxiously.

"Knees," he ordered.

All of them were looking at her!

Hannah flushed and took the proper position, heels beside her buttocks and knees spread wide. That got more comments in Gaelic and more snickers and she felt the sexual tension growing within her.

"Hands and knees," O'Neil said.

Flushing more, Hannah fell forward onto her hands and knees, very much aware of all the eyes on her.

"Face down."

Swallowing, she slid forward and down, her now-throbbing breasts pillowing out against the carpet, her bottom raised high and legs spread.

More comments greeted this, and a general snickering and laughter which made her face heat even further. She wasn't sure why this was so much more intimate, so much more embarrassing than performing on stage, but it was. It was like the difference between wearing her bikini on the beach and wearing it in a shopping mall.

“Hands and knees,” he said.

She pushed herself up onto all fours again, then motioned her forward with his finger. Hannah gulped and then crawled forward, past the men on either side of the aisle, four to a side, with him on the end of the row. She stopped before O'Neil, and he twirled his finger, indicating she should turn around and present her bottom to him.

Hannah obeyed, licking her lips anxiously as he reached for her leg. There was a slim leather strap going around one of the boots near the top. It circled her leg twice, but she'd paid it no attention as it seemed to be merely a decorative part of the boot. Now he unsnapped it so the strap hung loose, then lifted her ankle up and back, pressing it against her bottom. He wrapped the strap around it and buckled it in place again, then did the same for the other boot.

He snapped for her to turn towards him again, and after obeying, she noticed that there were similar straps on the gloves, up near the top. He bent her arms at the elbows so her wrists were pressed up against her upper arms near her shoulders, then slid the straps around to pin them in place.

“On all fours,” he said.

Hannah fell back down, but of course not to her hands and knees now, but her elbows and knees. At least there was some padding in both areas as under O'Neil's order, she crawled back along the line of men, then turned and crawled back to him again, her stomach churning. Now she truly was like an animal! A sexual animal! A pet! She couldn't stand if she tried!

There was more Gaelic conversation, more snickering and male laughter, then O'Neil pointed at the man on the row on her right, the last man just before where O'Neil sat.

“Pleasure him,” he said.

The word was a shock to her system, and she turned wide eyes on the smirking young man beside him. She recognized him from the strip club, and so, in a sense, all of them, or at least, most of them had already seen her doing just about everything already. Even so, her chest tightened and her stomach started to flutter.

Her mind rebelled but she quashed it quickly. There was no real choice, she thought. If she refused O'Neil would simply punish her and then insist on her doing it anyway. Or worse, what if he simply sent her home? Then everything she'd already undergone would have been for nothing and she'd still not be able to save her family's home. She'd performed oral sex in front of them before, she told herself, steeling herself to obeying. She'd survive doing it again.

All this took place in a moment of thought, and then she was rising and sliding up between his legs, stomach churning, chest tight, her bound 'gloved' hands suddenly reminding her she had no means to work a zipper or anything else. There were more laughing comments, and the man undid his own zipper, then pulled his cock out for her. She leaned in, elbows on the seat to either side of his hips and licked at it, again deciding in the flick of a thought, to compromise between a fast blowjob, and something slower and lingering like O'Neil had her do last time.

She licked up and down along the shaft, mouthing the flesh momentarily, caressing it with her lips, sliding down lower to lick at the bottom of the shaft. But with an oath, he gripped her hair and then shoved her mouth down on his cock – to much laughter.

Hannah began to suck, deciding a faster job was what they were looking for. She bobbed up and down, sucking and licking, pushing her way down further each time as all the man watched and made comments. A hand slapped her bottom. It was O'Neil, and she shifted her legs apart almost at once, for she couldn't think of anything else he was annoyed at.

She took him into her throat and slid all the way down as he reached under and began to fondle and squeeze her breasts. She slid slowly back up, working her throat muscles now, then sucking and

stroking her tongue as she rose and he popped free into her mouth. She felt another hand on her other breast, probably the man beside him, but paid it little attention as she focused on sucking and pleasing him.

She slid back down, then up, then down, then up, working her tongue and mouth until he finally came and, relieved, she swallowed it down, then licked his cock clean.

She raised her head, a little breathless, and O'Neil pointed at the next man.

Hannah felt both dismay and a squirming sense of guilty excitement as she shuffled down and began on this man. The conversation around her turned, she thought to other things. A screen came down from the ceiling, some sort of news how in Gaelic appearing. One of the men made a phone call. Two others were in earnest conversation about something which didn't seem to concern her.

She sucked on the man, bobbing up and down, taking him into her throat, until he too came, and poured his juices into her mouth. She rose up, and the man next to him, patted his lap. She glanced at O'Neil, but he was ignoring her, watching the screen. Hesitantly, she slid aside, and started on the third man. Then came the fourth, then she had to cross the aisle, and start on the first man in the row there.

Her throat was starting to ache, and so was her tongue, but she didn't see any chance of protesting. She worked her way slowly down the line as most of the men did whatever they'd been doing before. She wasn't exactly ignored, but few were spending a lot of time staring at her repeated oral sex performances.

Her own anxiety slowly dissipated as it became almost... routine. Bizarre, sexually charged, but routine.

When she had finished with the last man O'Neil snapped her fingers, and she crawled across the aisle to him, prepared to now perform on him in turn. Instead he circled his finger, indicating she should turn once more. She did, and felt his hand at the strap around her back. He unbuckled it, and she gulped as she felt the strap between her legs loosen. She felt a sense of sharp relief as the firm pressure against her sex was eased, then grunted as the two leather probes slowly pulled free of her body.

All the men's eyes were on her again, with more laughter and jokes. The steward walked up, then, carrying a box, which he set down on the aisle before O'Neil. O'Neil grinned and pulled off the top, then took what looked like... what looked like a rounded object, or half of one. It was as if someone had cut a log in half down the center, then put some padding on it.

The flat side sat on the floor. The top part was smooth except for a round object near the front. Then with the push of a button, a dildo, a very large dildo, pushed up just next to the round object – to more laughter and comments.

It was a very large cock, bigger even than O'Neil's, and very black.

O'Neil pointed at it, and Hannah's stomach lurched. This was not at all the kind of thing she'd imagined having to do!

"I think it's too big," she said anxiously.

O'Neil scowled at her and shook his finger. "What did I tell you? Hmm? Did I not tell you that you do not speak unless asked to? Did I not?"

Hannah bit her lip at a wave of anxiety as O'Neil said something to the steward. He walked off and then quickly returned with a belt or strap. It was about three inches wide, and at least four feet long. O'Neil doubled it in his hand and glowered at her.

"Face down," he ordered.

Heart thumping, moaning softly, she obeyed.

O'Neil released the straps holding her feet up against her bottom, and then brought the strap down across her buttocks with a quick, sharp blow that resounded through the small cabin.

Crack!

The men didn't seem to have much sympathy, even as the belt cracked down again, and then again. Each blow produced a very sharp jolt of pain followed by a burning sensation, and the pain of both began to mount as the blows continued to land!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt quickly set her bottom on fire, and turned her breathing into ragged gasps and moans as her eyes began to fill with tears.

“Come here, slave.”

She rose on her knees and elbows, turning to him and saw he had some sort of squeeze bottle in his hand. He motioned her forward.

“Open your mouth, but do not swallow this.”

Nervously, she obeyed, as he placed the tip of the squeeze bottle in her mouth. She tried to read the upside down writing, but it was in Gaelic. She felt something thick oozing into her mouth, amid more laughter, then he withdrew it.

“Place this on that big stiff black cock there so you can slide your tight little pussy down onto it.”

Mouth full, eyes blinking rapidly, Hannah turned and crawled to the thing, then pressed her lips above the top and let her mouth slowly open. The oozing liquid, thick as honey, but tasting faintly of cherries, oozed down onto the black thing and then began to trickle down its sides.

“Now, get on. You're going to put on a show for my men.”

Panting and sniffing, Hannah forced herself back up to knees and elbows, then rose further, turning, eyes blinking rapidly as she shuffled over to the thing. She eyed it anxiously, then straddled the 'log' and was eased forward atop it. She sank down – slowly, biting her lip as the fat rounded head pushed against her soft mound with growing force. She groaned as the thick, oozing fluid atop it pressed against the mouth of her sex, and her pussy lips slowly began to spread apart.

She groaned as the lips of her sex stretched wider, then wider still, achingly wide as she finally felt the head pushing up into the mouth of her sex. She raised her eyes, feeling a dark wave of embarrassment at all the men staring intently. She didn't think she could still be embarrassed, but she was wrong.

The stillness, the intent gaze, the rising hunger in their eyes was quite different from the smirking and jeering and laughter which had formerly ran among them. It was as if they were watching and waiting with bated breath, anxious to see their plastic cousin successfully make the journey up into the depths of her body!

She adjusted her position, easing up, then sinking down, and found it somewhat easier, gasping as several inches pushed slowly up inside her. Now there were muttered comments from the men, but these too were an entirely different tone. And she felt something like dismay as she realized that the men she had spent such effort on were already getting aroused once again.

And so was Hannah.

She rose a bit, then sank deeper, letting out another shuddering gasp which seemed to make several of the men grunt in excitement. Hannah was used to being the center of attention, but this was, again, quite different. Dancing naked was nothing like this, and even performing oral sex at least had her and a partner sharing the spotlight. This was all her, and she groaned as she sank lower, feeling a strange little rush of heat finally at the rising tide of sexual hunger around her.

Again she eased up, but she was nervous of O'Neil's patience. She slid down once more, feeling, for the first time, a slick, full, erotic sensation that made her insides start to thrum in an old and familiar pattern. She groaned, pushing herself lower as the resistance grew, sinking more than half way down, then more than two thirds. The dildo was long, as well as thick, and she grunted as it ached deep inside.

She still had no arms to use, no hands to reach down to support herself. They remained pinned up at her sides as she used the muscles in her thighs to begin riding the thing, gasping softly at first. With all those eyes on her, she felt exquisitely self-conscious, but as she continued to move the sensations from deep inside combined with that dark corner of her mind to warm both body and mind.

Her embarrassment faded, but not the deep awareness of all those men watching her as she rode up and down on the big black cock. Each time she sank lower she felt a little shimmering wave of

excitement, almost marveling she could take so much inside her. It ached, but she knew O'Neil would not be content until every last inch was up in her belly, and so had to force herself lower and lower.

The muscles in her thighs would ache later, she knew, but she was in excellent shape, and her body rose and fell again and again as she felt the nose of the dildo pushing and jabbing at the back wall of her sex. She also knew, however, that the heat now gripping her and growing in strength would allow her to take more. And knew also that she had no choice.

She sank down fully and let out a soft cry of pain as her buttocks finally met the leathery surface. At the same time she felt the straining ring of her pussy press down flat she felt the intense vibrations coming from the little round mound sitting immediately before the base of the black cock.

It was a more powerful vibrator than she'd ever felt before, and she gasped and eased up once more, her body heating with the effort now as her thighs worked her slowly up and down the big cock.

The men watching were talking to each other now, some in low tones, some making what she guessed were snarky comments, but none took their eyes off her as, face and chest flushed, she continued to ride slowly up and down on the thing. She sank fully down again, and groaned as the head pushed high in her belly, as her pussy, her clitoris, was jammed against the buzzing round vibrator.

Again it flooded her with overpowering sensations which drove her up, and left her gasping, but she sank down once more, her body undergoing a strange shift, the sexual heat spreading and growing more intense. Focused on what she was doing, she hardly paid attention to O'Neil as she ground herself down, feeling a wild, heady sense of excitement as she rolled her hips a little, as she arched back, grunting with effort, grinding herself into the vibrator.

She felt her swirling power of the sexual electricity rippling through her body, gasping and moaning, her breath ragged as she rode harder, as she ground herself feverishly against the vibrator thing on every down-stroke.

And then she sensed movement behind her. She felt a pull at her hair, and gasped, forced to scrambled awkwardly up, to rise on her feet as O'Neil stood behind her. She heard him say something, saw and heard laughter from the men before her, then she was turned and pulled towards the rear of the plane and through a doorway into a narrow aisle.

There was a bedroom in the rear of the plane, and he pushed her through the door and closed it behind him. Hannah staggered back and half sat, half fell onto a double bed as O'Neil removed his clothes. Her chest heaved as she stared up at him, and she felt a thrum of excitement as he bared his chest and she saw the firm muscles and tanned skin. He jerked his belt open and pushed his trousers off, and she licked her lips as his cock sprang up hard and hungry.

He stepped forward to the edge of the bed, and a big hand swept behind her head, gripping her hair again, pulling her forward. Her lips opened wide and she rolled her eyes up as his cock pushed into her mouth. Her tongue licked eagerly as her lips began to suck and kiss. O'Neil pulled her forward as his cock slid deep into her mouth, and Hannah felt the erotic slickness of the warm flesh as it caressed her tongue.

But this was not what O'Neil was after, and he pulled quickly down, then shoved her hard so Hannah fell back onto her back. Big hands gripped her hips and flipped her onto her belly, then jerked her hips upward. She gasped at a slap to her buttocks, and her knees spread wide as she felt the slick head of his cock rub along her overheated sex.

Then he pushed into her, and she groaned in pleasure, his hands lifting her hips further as his cock slid firmly into the snug sheath of her sex and the head drove deep into her belly.

Her hands fluttered weakly beside her head, arms still pinned as O'Neil rolled his hips against her, twisting his cock inside her. He drew back, and started to thrust, slowly, deeply, but quickly increasing the pace until his hips were slapping hard against her buttocks.

The hard, pounding beat of his hips was a jarring blow, shaking her body with every stroke, and she gasped and moaned and cried out softly as his cock punched deep inside her again and again. It was a strange kind of fucking, for there was nothing for her to do. She realized, without really thinking

about it, that she had no part to play in it other than as passive receiver of O'Neil's lust and carnal hunger.

But that left her mind free to simply experience the passion and arousal, as O'Neil mounted her like a bull. His hips pounded against her, his body twisting and shifting from side to side, his cock a steady driving force as he struck her buttocks with bruising force. Hannah could only gasp, face against the sheets, bottom raised, eyes slitted as her body shook and her pussy burned and throbbed and ached.

She heard a steady gurgling, grunting and gasping, and was only dazedly aware it was her. The sexual heat grew hotter, the intensity of the sensations burning through her more powerful, more intense, and she felt buffeted by wildly uneven waves of uncontrolled pleasure. Her mind swirled and tumbled under the storm of sensation as her breathing became more ragged and desperate.

A part of her wanted to scream, but had no words and no breath as the orgasm hit. The intensity redoubled and overloaded her system as her body began to tremble and shake to the wild release of sexual energy. She found it hard to draw breath, but didn't care. Her muscles spasmed and her limbs shook violently as O'Neil continued to ride her, to pound her, his big hands keeping firm hold on her hips as he thrust into her with unrelenting power and speed.

The orgasm tore through her with a tremendous release of energy, leaving her gasping and a big shell-shocked. Hannah's eyes were closed and she groaned as she basked in the aftermath, not wanting to move, to think, to do anything.

But it was impossible to ignore the continued pounding against her bottom, the continued thrust of his big cock inside her. She groaned weakly, eyes fluttering open, mouth wide as she gulped in air. Her body continued to shake to the hammering of his hips, the bed shaking below her as O'Neil continued.

Her eyes widened suddenly as she felt his hand seize her hair and jerk her head up and back. That pulled her chest off the bed, causing her back to arch, but not rise as he kept her firmly in place. His other hand shot in beneath her to cup and roughly fondle her breast as his hips continued to pummel her.

God! He was really fucking her, she thought dazedly. Her bottom was going to feel sore after this kind of relentless hammering!

And there was nothing whatever she could do about it, she knew, her body jerking even more energetically to the harsh blows as he used his grip on her hair to pull her back to meet them. Her scalp ached, but did nothing to distract her from the wild hammering.

And then suddenly he shifted his grip, his pounding ceasing, as she felt herself flung roughly up and over onto her back. Now she could see him, his eyes dark and intent as he leaned into her, his cock sliding into her gaping sex as he gripped her legs behind the knees. Hannah groaned as her legs were forced up and back, exposing her obscenely, her ankles high in the air as he rode her.

Her eyes flicked down his chest, over the firm pectoral muscles, the tight stomach, then back up onto his powerful shoulders. She grunted with the impact as his hips slapped against her, as he drove himself down into her. Her eyes shifted to his cock, staring with a sense of something like fascination as it drove in and out between the straining lips of her sex.

A long minute passed, then another, and nothing seemed to tire him! His hands shifted further down her legs until he had straightened them and pressed her ankles back over her head. He leaned further into her, over her, his cock driving into her like a piston as the bed and mattress shook beneath her.

Hannah felt her wrists pulling almost instinctively against the straps, her hands wanting to slide up and over his body, to caress his muscled shoulders and arms. She had barely noticed the reignition of the heat within her but now it rose with dizzying speed until she was once again suffused in hunger and need, gasping and moaning and shuddering as his cock pounded into her.

Another orgasm erupted out of nowhere, and her head thrashed and jerked as her hips bucked desperately up. It stretched on with agonizing ecstasy, bathing her in the fire of a powerful release, and

yet release was hardly the word. He continued to pound against her, and her arousal did not seem to have passed at all, but rather, grew stronger almost immediately.

She knew a moment of confusion, of shock, and then another orgasm hammered into her, and she began a roller-coaster ride as the sensations rose and fell again and again, sending her mind spinning and drifting under the floodwaves of pleasure. She could hardly breathe, for she had no time to breathe, and was light-headed from lack of breath. But she hardly cared. The pleasure was all, and she clung to it with feverish need until O'Neil finally halted, grinding himself against her gasping, whimpering body for a few seconds, and then withdrew.

Chapter Nine

Hannah had no idea where they were when the plane landed. She was entirely clad in a glistening PVC bodysuit, including a hood which entirely covered her face and head. The only openings in the horribly tight suit were between her legs, and over her mouth, nose and eyes.

The T-shaped belt had been placed over it, with the dildo and butt plug shoved up inside her, thus covering her flesh there. The dildo gag went over her mouth to block that opening, and then a blindfold was placed over her eyes. She was thus totally encased in leather, with only two small openings under her nostrils.

Her arms had been strapped tightly together behind her back, then a sort of leather sleeve slipped over them. She felt further straps tightening her arms on the outside of the sleeve until there was no possibility of moving them whatever.

She was lifted out of the seat, and pulled forward by the leash attached to her belt. Someone lifted her down stairs, and then she walked until someone bent and pushed her down and into a car. She sat there silently as the car drove wherever it was going. Then she was once again pulled out and led forward by the line attached to her waist.

Someone lifted her up onto his shoulders and then carried her up a flight of stairs, then another, and she was set down on a wooden floor. She was pushed down onto her bottom, then onto her back. Then she felt her ankles lifting up, pulled by the restraints around them, pulled higher and higher until she was, as she had been before, hanging upside down.

It was very hot here, wherever here was.

And the PVC suit certainly didn't help. She was soon swimming in sweat, stewing within the leather suit. She was left to hang for some uncertain period, during which her mind faded in and out, drained by the heat. She had no idea how much time had passed before her gag was removed, but then she felt a familiar buzzing against her body, against her still exposed clitoris.

She moaned dazedly, and her mouth opened slightly, instinctively. Something pushed into it, something round and slick, and coated with liquid, and she sucked unconsciously. Every time she felt the buzzing vibrations against her pussy she knew the liquid would come, and opened her mouth, sucking feverishly on whatever was placed within.

Her body was repositioned, but the heat continued to make her head throb and her body bake. Sometimes the buzzing came first, and sometime she simply felt something against her lips. Something warm and wet which caused her to immediately open her mouth in welcome.

When the blindfold was removed she saw, of course, that it was a cock, or at least, a reasonable resemblance to one. That wasn't a surprise. She had known it all along. But somehow, just the sight of it roused her every time it appeared, roused her interest, her energy, her anticipation for relief. The buzzing against her pussy was really not relevant to her, though it did feel good. The only real feeling which her mind could focus on, however, was thirst.

It was too dark to see much of anything else, or to care about much of anything else. Thirst occupied her full attention when her mind was awake, and the rest of the time, her mind floated weakly, unthinking.

* * *

Hannah woke in bed, as she had before. She was spreadeagled and bound as before. The room was cool and the bed soft, as before. Something moved above her, and her eyes fluttered as hands tilted her head slowly back.

She saw it then, a cock, semi hard, dangling over her face. A wave of anticipation swept her and she opened her lips, tilting her head further as the cock slid down into her mouth. It hardened almost at once, and she moaned as she sucked and licked at it while the cock moved slowly in and out. She felt

the familiar buzzing between her legs, felt something solid inside her, and something vibrating against her, but paid them little heed at first.

It truly was a beautiful cock, and it felt so good in her mouth, and so satisfying. She felt her head tilted further and the cock, now slick, pushed into her throat. She barely gagged, moaning with further pleasure as she felt it sliding down her throat.

Hands caressed her breasts and fingers lightly pinched and rolled her nipples as the cock began to slowly move in and out. It used its full length, pumping up and down inside her mouth and throat. Hannah lay still, enjoying the sensation, moaning softly around it as the buzzing between her legs grew, and sensation rippled through her belly and up into her chest.

* * *

The pleasure came immediately after the pain.

The pain wasn't very painful, of course, just a stinging sensation and a heat in her breasts as the thin flog cut across her taut flesh.

Hannah was dazedly aroused. She stood, back against a polished vertical post. The top of the post was horizontal, and her arms had been drawn back over the top, then down, to fasten to the side of the vertical beam. Between her legs was a rounded ball which began to vibrate an instant after the laces cut across her breasts or belly, and heat filled her.

Her mind bathed in sensation, all of it heightened, and she moaned dazedly as pleasure and pain surged back and forth inside her. Both were really just heat, of course, and they came to blend together in her subconscious as she swayed in place, groaning weakly. She had no idea what was happening, nor did she care.

When she was released, she sank to her knees, exhausted, but a snap of pain to her buttocks raised her onto all fours, and then she crawled, pulled forward by the collar. She didn't know where she was going, nor did her mind consider why it would matter.

She wished she could sleep, though.

* * *

She woke, eyes blinking, groaning softly as she tried to uncurl. She quickly found herself unable to do so, and rolled awkwardly onto her back, legs raised up and pressed against the bars at the bottom of the cage. Her mind felt much more alive than it had for some time, the shrouding fog which had gripped her almost gone. She wondered how much time had passed, and whether she'd been drugged.

Then she examined the cage. It was not new. It was rather familiar, in fact, but she didn't know why, or remember being put into it. Her hands rested on her belly, and then one hand almost unconsciously slid downward to cup her sex. She felt a comforting warmth in doing so, and as she looked around the room which held the cage, her fingers began to rub gently against herself.

She was naked, she realized, with all the leather stuff thankfully gone. Her hair felt soft and clean, as did her skin. So someone had bathed her (she blushed at that). She saw no markings on her body, and though she was sore in many places, the soreness consisted largely of aching, strained and stiff muscles.

The room was rounded, as was the cage. The stone walls were painted a soft white, while the floor was covered in a very rich, dark blue carpet. There were two windows on opposite sides, but blue curtains hung closed before them. There were two doors, one of which she presumed to be a closet or bathroom. There was a high backed chair against the far wall, and that was it. The ceiling was flat and very high above. The only other thing in the room was the cage.

It was circular, about four feet from side to side, and similarly high, with a rounded top. It rested on short legs, or a platform – she couldn't tell which – six or eight inches above the floor. The door was low, only wide and high enough to crawl through. And it was locked.

Hannah examined the bars. They were thin, but certainly beyond her ability to break them, and then while stroking her fingers along them she paused and drew her arm back to examine her wrist. It

bored a kind of bracelet. It was a good two inches wide, made of gleaming, silvery stainless steel. It had strangely rounded edges, and no discernible way to remove it. Its only decorative feature was a thick ring attached to the inside.

There was a second on her other wrist, and a matching pair on her ankles. Reaching up to her throat she felt a larger cousin to the restraints around her neck, and it too seemed incapable of being easily removed.

She knew some moments of anxiety, even panic as her fingers searched them for a means to remove them, but then, gazing through the curtain of bars separating her from the rest of the room she felt a strange sensation of something akin to epiphany. It was as if she were ... as if she really were some sort of... slave girl!

It should not have come as any kind of surprise to her, she thought, and yet this was a different kind of realization. It was something like acceptance that, at least for now, she really *was* a slave, a sex slave. That ran counter to her 'acting' or pretending as she had thought of it up until then. It might be only temporary, and at that thought her stomach roiled uncomfortably lest she be wrong, but in reality, as slave was what she was.

A naked, collared, caged sex slave.

She felt a breathlessness at that, a tightening in her chest, and felt oddly flushed. She had no idea where she even was, was completely helpless, completely naked, and completely at the mercy of O'Neil or anyone else who happened by.

And, she was... aroused.

She was startled by realizing it, and by the fact her fingers had continued to rub steadily at her clitoris to the point she felt a warmth between her thighs. She pulled her finger away, trying to clear her head and consider her situation, her options, what she ought to do.

Of course, it quickly became apparent there was nothing she *could* do. Absolutely nothing.

And if he kept her in a cage all the time, and spoke Gaelic to his people, how on earth did Smith think she was going to produce any sort of intelligence?!

Of course, she'd only actually been with him... Well, she actually didn't know. How many days had it been? Certainly less than a week. Perhaps this was some sort of introductory period and he would ease up on the bondage after he thought she was reconciled to her situation. He surely couldn't keep her in a cage for a month!

Could he?

She groaned softly, and then blinked her eyes as she realized her fingers had crept back between her legs and were rubbing steadily against her clitoris. She pulled them free, but reluctantly. What else was there for her to entertain herself with in a cage in an empty room?

And then one of the doors opened.

She quickly rolled onto her side, and then onto her knees, staring out through the bars. O'Neil entered, wearing an expensive cream colored suit.

"Do not speak," he said. "I prefer my slaves not speak unless spoken to. You should be aware by this time that the preference of your master must be taken as an absolute command. Any deviation from it will, of course, result in punishment. The further the deviation, the more severe the discipline.

He unlocked the cage door and straightened.

"Fortunately, your speech is not necessary to your function. Crawl out and position yourself on all fours, as you have been previously taught."

Blushing, she bent her head and slid through the low doorway and onto the floor. She found the carpeting to be very comfortably deep and soft.

O'Neil had already gone to the other door and opened it. From her position, Hannah could not see what was inside, for the open door blocked her view. A moment later he emerged, however, carrying an armful of some sort of leather straps and a sort of cane. He set the latter down and shook out the straps, and she saw it was a kind of halter.

He knelt beside her, then set the halter on the floor, pushing it underneath where she knelt and spreading the straps out. The straps were arranged in a pattern of some sort, but the only thing Hannah noted was a sort of double round figure eight pattern at one end. She was not surprised when he raised the straps, and they pressed against her breasts.

He pulled on the straps and she felt her breasts being squeezed in against her chest. He pulled a pair of straps up her chest and behind her neck, then fastened them together there as the double circle fell to the floor. A moment later he pulled up another strap and drew it up between her legs and then back along her buttocks. A side strap came up across one hip, then another across the other hip, and he drew them together at the small of her back.

A moment later he pulled more tightly on the one between her legs and Hannah felt the double ring pressing hard against her breasts again. This time he gripped the center of her right breast, pulling, his finger prodding and distending it until it squeezed through the middle of the ring of straps. He did the same on her other side, until the circles of straps were cinched tightly against her ribs, squeezing down around the edges of her breasts.

O'Neil did love his leather, she thought somewhat cynically.

She gasped as the strap between her legs were tightened, squeezing up into her, but she immediately discerned that there was something odd about it. That was confirmed when O'Neil ordered her to sit back on her heels. Looking down, she saw that the strap had a rectangular hollow cut directly over her pussy. It was perhaps two inches wide, almost as wide as the strap itself.

O'Neil stood up, and picked up the cane. Hannah examined it worriedly. It looked wider than her thumb, or his, and she certainly hoped he didn't intend to hit her with it. The thing would leave more than bruises if he hit her hard. It was perhaps a yard long, gleaming dark wood, and had a round metallic ball on the end about the size of a ping pong ball.

“Now, we will begin your training. It will be repetitive, but this brings instant familiarity when given an order. Unthinking obedience is a requirement for a sex slave, and you will experience far less disciplinary issues once you are proficient at this.

Hannah looked at him doubtfully, but felt a tightness in her chest at the restating of her being a sex slave.

“Keep your back straight. The backs of your hands pressed against your outer thighs, your head up and back, but not looking me in the face.”

She did as directed and he walked slowly around her. “Knees further apart,” he said.

She gasped at a sudden touch to her hip. It gave her a shock, rather like static electricity.

O'Neil moved around her again.

“Face down,” he said.

She slid forward and down, keeping her bottom raised, knees apart, arms apart on the floor.

She felt another touch, this time at her back, and another static charge.

“Face forward,” he said softly. “You do not need to look behind you. Curiosity is no longer acceptable. Do merely what you are told, nothing more.”

“Hands and knees,” he said.

He attached a leash to her collar.

“Now you will crawl at my heels, as a dog. You will keep your bottom high, and your head forward. Do not look up. Do not look from side to side.”

He began to lead her in a circle around the room, with Hannah crawling awkwardly. She gasped at another shock, this one to her bottom, then another to her hip, as he corrected her positioning and movements.

“Try to limit how much you move from side to side,” he said. “Concentrate on moving your knees directly forward, keeping your body in tight. You want to crawl gracefully, cat-like.”

“But my knee – .”

The shock she got next was much worse, and she yelped and jerked violently, until he pulled her

back into position by the leash. Her hair felt frazzled as she felt the echo of the shock which had surged through her.

“I instructed you to not speak until and unless spoken to,” he said calmly. “There is no issue you can voice your master has not already considered. There is nothing you wish to impart that your master desires to know. Your voice is unwelcome. Do not use it again.”

Indignation rippled through her, but she didn't want that shock stick thing to touch her again! She continued crawling, trying to limit her bottom moving from side to side, keeping her shoulders at his ankles.

“You'll get better over time,” he said.

Then “Up on your knees.”

That was a bit of a new order, but a pull on the leash guided her so that she knelt, her body straight from knees up.

“Display means put your hands behind your neck, interlock your fingers, and arch your back. “Beg means bend your arms fully at the elbows and drop your wrists down like a canine begging. Now display.”

Flushing, she obeyed, arching her back, pushing her breasts out as she looked up at him.

The cane came down and she winced at a shock to the side of her right breast.

“Do not look at me,” he said calmly. “Now beg.”

She drew her arms up before her, dropping her hands limply, as if she were a dog begging for a morsel of food.

Then it was back to crawling, then on her face, then on her heels, then begging, then displaying again. The orders came again and again, faster, and repetitive.

She was face down, her breasts squeezed below her, her bottom raised, knees well apart, when she felt the rounded ball touch her again, and winced in anticipation. But instead of a shock she felt something rather different. The electric current was softer and gentler as the balls slid down along that narrow slot between her legs, rubbing up and down along the cut out portion of the strap there.

The current danced against her skin, but wasn't painful. It was just – strange. But the more he left it there, the more she began to feel her nerve endings reacting, responding, as if it were a vibrator. And indeed, that was exactly what it was causing her nerve endings to do: vibrate, and quite actively.

“You will find, once you abandon old notions, western notions, of your proper place, and dignity and pride, that the life of a sex slave can be one of pleasure, indeed, of immense pleasure, of unrestrained hedonistic and carnal enjoyment,” he said.

Hannah felt something akin to dismay at the way her pussy was buzzing, at how quickly it was heating up as she clenched her fingers into the palms of her hands. It was becoming difficult to keep from moving, to keep her bottom from jerking and grinding back against it as the sensations between her legs became more pronounced, more intense.

Her breathing was becoming harsher, and she moaned softly as the round ball moved slowly back and forth against her hot, moist opening. She was somewhat amazed at how responsive she was to it, but her thinking began to unravel as the sexual heat within her rose to a level which began to draw her mind away from anything but pleasure.

He drew the thing back suddenly.

“On your heels,” he said, in as calm and toneless a voice as everything else.

She hesitated, and got a shock against her buttock. That caused her to jerk up and back and slide her bottom down between her heels, straightening her back.

Then came another crawl, then begging, then displaying, then face down again, where the ball rolled slowly up and down her quivering sex, the electricity flowing softly over her quivering nerve endings.

Then came a new order, and she lay on her back, drawing her knees up and apart, chest rising and falling quickly as he went back to the closet. He returned with a dildo, and its realistic shape gave

her a hot shudder the instant she saw it. The intensity of the hunger within her rose several notches, and she almost reached for it, wanting it in her mouth.

He handed it to her, and she gripped it quickly, then pulled it to her mouth, sliding it over her tongue, sucking on it without even knowing why, really.

“Place that between your legs,” he said. “There's enough of an opening for it to enter your body. Use it to masturbate.”

The word was a jolt, despite her previous experience, and Hannah's eyes blinked as a flush came to her face. She flicked her eyes up at him hesitantly, and was rewarded by another short, sharp shock from the stick.

“Obey,” he said.

Swallowing anxiously, but with heat wafting through her mind, Hannah's trembling hands brought the dildo down between her legs. She gasped as she rubbed it up and down against her naked sex, then groaned as she slowly sank it into her body. Her other hand moved down, her fingers pressing against her clitoris, but the stick shocked her wrist away.

“No. You will not touch your body with your hands. You will use only this.”

Whimpering, she clutched the dildo and drove it into her body, groaning in pleasure and erotic delight as she felt it sliding down deep into her belly. She drew it back, then thrust it in again. She was embarrassed to be doing this while he watched, but that really didn't matter. Her other hand moved down and she clutched the thing in both, pumping faster, harder, grunting as she forced it deep, hitting the back wall of her sex.

Her clitoris felt like it was swollen and throbbing, but he had ordered her not to touch it, and so she got only the thrusting of the dildo into her body and the wild, swirling hunger which roused her to a fever pitch. Even so, she felt the orgasm beginning to approach, felt her movements becoming more frantic.

“Stop,” he said.

When she failed to stop at once the shock stick touched her wrist and she gasped in pain.

“Roll over, face down, bottom up,” he said calmly.

Moaning, Hannah obeyed, trembling slightly. She gasped as the thing rolled across the top of her sex, but it was not turned on. Nothing flowed from it.

“Now all fours. Crawl.”

Again and again he put her through the various positions, and then new ones. Each time she went into the 'face down' position, he would lightly brush the buzzing little round ball against her clitoris until she could hardly stand it. Every time she was on her back, knees up and apart, he had her thrust the dildo into herself again and again – hard, but stopped her before she could relieve herself of the intense heat gripping her mind and body.

Hanna was soon sweating and flustered, embarrassment long forgotten, throwing herself through the various positions quickly to avoid the snapping bite of the cane, her mind swimming in a thick, steamy stew of hunger, lust and desire.

He positioned her on her heels, then went back to the closet and came out with a large object. It reminded her something of a cat's scratch post. It had a heavy base, and then a rounded upright post, only this post was covered in some other material, something like leather, but not.

“Would you like to climax, slave?”

She jerked helplessly, and her eyes went to him, but he didn't shock her.

“When posed a question you are required to answer.”

“Y-Yes,” she gasped.

The ball came down and shocked her nipple. Hannah yelped and flinched back.

“You will append 'master', when responding to commands. Do you understand, slave?”

“Y-Yes, Master!” she gasped.

“Then answer the question.”

He slid the cane down between her and she felt the crackling buzzing electricity dancing along her overheated sex.

“Y-Y-Yes, Master!” she moaned, her voice breaking.

“Beg.”

Her glassy eyes rolled up, then she rose into the begging position.

“Now beg orally.”

Her confused look caused further information.

“Ask to be permitted to climax,” he said.

“Please... I-I – may I climax, Master?” she gasped.

“Again. More feeling.”

“Please may I climax, Master!?” she gasped, her hips flinching and jerking against the buzzing round ball.

“Again,”

“Please may I climax, Master?!”

“You must demonstrate your worthiness for this gift being granted, slave,” he said.

“Hands and knees,” he said.

She obeyed at once.

“Lower yourself to your elbows.”

Again she obeyed, her bottom up and out.

“You will prostrate yourself, grasp my ankle, and lick at my shoe,” he said. “How determinedly you are to clean my shoe will determine whether or not you really want this gift to be granted.”

It was an outrageous, shocking demand, but while she flushed, while she felt the outrage, that triggered, instead of anger, a strange dark heat that only pushed her feverish sexual heat higher.

Hannah crawled forward, grasping the fine cloth of his suit trousers, then brought her lips down against the polished black shoe, and began to lick her tongue across it.

“I see little enthusiasm,” he said.

Moaning, she licked faster.

“Press your tongue down harder, slave,” he said.

She felt the ball slide down and push against her sex, and felt prickles of sweat on her body as she licked long and hard against his shoe.

“Beg again, while licking. Beg very hard.”

“Please may I climax, Master!?” she panted, moaning. “Please may I climax?”

He tilted his foot back on the heel.

“Lick underneath, slave.”

That was even more outrageous, and thus even more wildly arousing, and Hannah barely hesitated, her tongue sliding across the bottom of his shoe, tasting the odd piece of grit.

“Very well. Lay back on your back, spread knees.”

She almost flung herself back, panting, flushed from top to bottom.

“You may masturbate to climax, slave.”

She flushed in embarrassment at the words but her hands were already on the dildo, pumping it frantically in and out, and cheating so that her thumb brushed across her clitoris with every stroke. The climax was not long in coming, and she cried out, back arching and jerking, head rolling from side to side as her hips bucked up sharply and repeatedly, her insides flaring wildly and sensations flooding her mind and body.

Chapter Ten

“You will eventually come to realize the benefits of instant and absolute obedience to the directive you are given, slave,” O’Neil said calmly.

Everything he said was calm. Hannah wondered, a bit dazedly.

Even as she had lain on the floor, chest heaving, trying to fit her scrambled brain together after the massive orgasm, he had been in the closet, pulling out a very large object. It had rolled out on wheels, looking like little more than a smooth dark length of wood. But then he opened it, and the wood separated, rising to either side like the wings of a bird.

The bottom legs came apart, as well, so that the frame now consisted of two polished wooden boards, each about three feet long and three feet wide, angled precisely together at the center. The man ordered her to her feet, then helped her throw one leg across the thing so that she straddled it. She saw there were straps affixed to the boards, and he quickly strapped her legs down on either side at ankles and knees.

He drew her wrists together before her, and locked the shackles together, then attached a chain and raised her arms high. There was a hook overhead she hadn’t noticed before. He reached for it and pulled it down, as if it were on a collapsible cable. He slipped the chain into it, then released it, and Hannah grunted as her arms were pulled up high above her.

The cable was, in fact, elastic, she soon realized. She could pull it down, pull her arms down, but it wasn’t easy, and keeping it down would quickly wear out her muscles. In any event, he might consider that disobedient, and she had no reason, as yet, to do it.

Not that her position was particularly comfortable, of course. The frame she was straddling was rather sharply peaked, and that peak was jammed directly where her body was most tender. But she’d been in worse positions, and perhaps this was more of a time-out thing because she had disobeyed him and touched her clit?

God! She’d done everything else! You’d think he’d cut her a little slack, she thought.

She let her mind float back over recent events, still rather startled at the realization that she was doing all this at the behest of a man she didn’t know, had just met, and whose name she didn’t even know. Yet he’d ordered her, and so she had obeyed. She was like a caged sex slave or something!

And, of course, thinking that, and realizing that she actually was, made her pussy throb, her chest tighten and her nipples harden.

This would have been better, she thought, if there’d been some sort of dildo attached to the peak, so it could be jammed up high inside her.

At the thought, her pussy began to warm and she felt a tingling within her. She could not really move much, given how her legs were trapped. But she could use the leverage that provided to rub herself back and forth a little using just the muscles of her upper legs. She did that a little, almost experimentally. It ached, but she was already aching anyway, and this caused a hot flush through her lower body.

She ground herself very slowly and lightly against the corner, head turning as she looked nervously around, but she seemed to be quite alone. She continued to grind herself against the edge, groaning softly as her arousal quickened. It rarely seemed to take long, of course, these days, as she found herself immersed in a world of dark sensuality and heat.

The door opened without warning, and, gasping, she went still, looking over her shoulder as O’Neil entered and walked past her to the closet. He opened the door, and she saw now just how large it was. It was a walk-in closet with all manner of large and small objects filling it.

He came out with the long, thin wand with the ball on the end he’d used before, and she licked her lips nervously. The thing could give pleasure, or pain, as he desired.

Then she saw the thing in his other hand, and her pussy throbbed almost automatically.

It was a dildo, a realistically shaped phallic object with a round ball on the bottom.

He came over to her and casually pressed the head against her mouth. Hannah opened her mouth almost as automatically, and moaned heatedly as the soft silicone slid through her lips and across her tongue. She licked at it instinctively, sucking a little as the man turned it within her mouth, pulled back, and pushed forward again.

Hannah wasn't terribly surprised when it pushed into her throat. She was well-used to that sort of thing now, and handled it easily as it slid slowly down through her neck. When what she thought of as the end reached her lips, she assumed he'd pull it back up shortly, but instead he began to wedge the malleable silicon gel of the round base through her open lips until he had forced that fully into her mouth, as well.

Hannah gurgled weakly, as O'Neil turned away. The ball was, in effect, much like the ball gags she'd felt before, except, of course, with the added element of the thick shaft sliding deep down her throat. It was quite difficult to breath like that, but she had been able to in previous instances, and now tried to draw in some air around the silicon as he brought the rounded tip of the electrical cane down between her legs.

She moaned as the electricity began to flow, and she felt her pussy throb and burn in response.

“When you are given an instruction,” he said softly, “You must obey it completely.”

He drew the small round ball up along her groin, up along her belly, the hairs on her body standing on end as the electricity crackled softly. The thing slid up under her left breast, then circled her nipple, which crackled with its own electricity, tingling and burning. Hannah moaned and her body writhed as she tried instinctively to push her breast harder against the little ball.

You must think of doing only what you are told to do,” he said. “You must abandon any thought of having your own will, your own thoughts, your own desires.”

Hannah moaned softly, her upper body arching as her tingling breasts pushed against the ball which rolled around and over them.

And then the soft, shimmering electricity gave a sharp little spark and she yelped as it stung her nipple. Yet the soft current continued, and she moaned breathlessly as her nipple throbbed hotly, feeling intensely sensitive and swollen. Another sharp little snap, like static electricity, struck her nipple, and her body jerked back, but was soon pushing forward once more.

“Your only purpose in life is bringing pleasure to others,” he said. “Your own pleasure is irrelevant, and can only be achieved by pleasuring others.”

Another snap, and another, and another, as he shifted the round ball from one nipple to the others. But each snap only lasted an instant, while the hissing crackle of electricity rolled continuously across the surface of her skin. Her nipples ached to be touched to be sucked chewed, fondled, and her breasts felt horribly hard and swollen.

The round ball slid down her body and pressed against her clitoris, rolling back and forth so that Hannah cried out softly, arching, trying to push her sex up harder against it.

There was a sharp snap of sharp power which caused her to let out a brief scream and jerk back, but the hissing power continued to flow, so she was almost immediately back to grinding her pussy against it. There was another sharp snap, then another, then another, and each one made her gasp and flinch, but was followed by more of the delicious flow of soft electricity into her quivering body.

She began grinding herself frantically forward against the peaked frame as the shimmering electricity caressed her swollen clitoris, and despite the intermittent snaps of higher power her sexual hunger deepened into an all-consuming fever as she twisted and arched and sought to jam herself against the metal ball.

And then he drew back, and the frame began to hum as the two sides drew back together. Her legs were drawn in with them, and then Hannah groaned as she found herself straddling the very narrow top edge. The two sides which her legs were strapped to were now pressed together, her legs

straight down, and the pressure against her throbbing sex far higher.

Hannah moaned, drawing her arms down, but she quickly realized that this did nothing to raise her up or support her body's weight. The ball was jammed against the top of her sex, buzzing, making her hips want to grind against it, but the pain against her sex was mounting as her weight now was focused almost entirely on that narrow wedge of wood she rested upon.

The ball was withdrawn and O'Neil left her as she was.

Hannah moaned dazedly, grinding feebly against the narrow edge, despite the pain, but as the minutes passed her arousal eased and her pain deepened. She tried to use her arms to relieve some of the weight on her sex, but the elastic was taut enough to hold her arms high, but weak enough to stretch if she tried to add weight to it.

The pain in her groin grew to an unbearable heat and ache. She tried to lean back somewhat, but that only increased the pressure on her tailbone, which was not any better able to bear the weight. She eased forward again to relieve the pain in her tailbone, and there was a definite relief, but then the pain in her pussy grew much worse, and she shuddered weakly.

It was a clever punishment which forced her, like one of the other positions she'd been in, to continually move her body and seek some kind of relief. That she got the relief, at least temporarily, kept her shifting her weight backwards and forwards, irresistibly drawn to that wondrous relief of pain, however brief before the ache deepened elsewhere.

In addition to that she found it increasingly difficult to breathe. She could barely force enough air past the thick body of the silicon dildo jammed down her throat to get by on while relaxed. But the pain was causing her heart to beat faster, her blood to rush and her breathing to become more ragged and frantic. Hannah felt light-headed, and swayed weakly as the sweat of pain and exhaustion beaded on her soft skin.

She was half conscious when a sharp jerk on her head lifted her head up and back. She looked through glassy eyes at O'Neil's interested face.

"You have been a bad little slave girl," he said, giving one of her breasts a soft squeeze. "But I am sure you are sorry and will seek to mend your ways quickly."

He worked the fat round bottom of the dildo out of her mouth and she gurgled weakly as the long thin shaft slid up her throat and finally – out. Air rushed in and she gasped dazedly, moaning as he kissed her along her side of her throat, then along the front, his teeth nipping lightly as his mouth moved against her.

His right hand was fondling her breast while his left kept her head up and back, so that Hannah could not, in effect, see anything but the ceiling. Not that she cared, at that point, about anything but the sweet air rushing into her lungs.

The pain in her tailbone was mounting, however, as O'Neil kept her leaning backward. His mouth moved downward, chewing, sucking and licking at her breasts and nipples.

He chuckled and unstrapped her legs, then reached overhead. A moment later he pushed the frame forward, and Hannah groaned as it slid slowly out from under her. She expected to fall as the last inch slid forward, but he had apparently adjusted the tension of the hook her wrists were bound to, and it held in place, leaving her hanging, her toes just above the floor.

Hannah felt a tremendous easing of the pain between her legs, though now, of course, her wrists began to ache. She wondered if that was to be her life as a slave girl, suffering one kind of pain after another.

Her chest was heaving, but her head was starting to clear. She gasped as she felt her hair jerked back again, and O'Neil's lips came in as they had before, licking and chewing and sucking along her throat and down onto her breast. His hand coasted slowly up and down her body, fingers lightly brushing her clitoris in a way which brought a gasp from her lips for the pain and heat they brought.

He released her hair and picked up the dildo where it lay. Hannah gasped as she felt it jammed up between her buttocks, groaning as the head, still slick with her own saliva, pushed slowly in through

the tight opening and began to twist and turn from side to side.

She was surprised, in fact, at how easily it slid up inside her, slick or not. It was as if all her muscles, including her sphincter, had gone numb.

Then he moved around before her and sank slowly to his knees. He gripped her hips, his fingers caressing her soft skin, then he spread her thighs slowly apart as his tongue eased in across her clitoris.

It hurt. Hannah gasped softly, shuddering, her hips flinching back, but the pain was an odd sensation, unlike the dull, throbbing ache she'd felt until then. It was a hesitant, tentative sensation, sharp, but brief, and with something mixed in which hinted at pleasure.

His tongue licked lightly, repeatedly, and she gasped and moaned repeatedly, yet the thread of pleasure grew, pushing aside the ache until she was wriggling helplessly like a fish on the end of a line, feet jerking and spasming as his tongue licked a trail up and down her aching sex, and his lips sucked hungrily at her swollen clitoris.

“P-Please!” she gasped. “Oh God!”

“Yes,” he purred. “I am indeed your god, slave.”

He rose up before her, his eyes dark and filled with heat, and Hannah moaned as she felt something soft and warm rubbing up and down against her aching, sopping sex. It was not his tongue, this time, and she shuddered as it pushed between the lips of her burning, aching, sex. His big hands grasped her buttocks, spreading her thighs apart, and his cock slid easily up into the depths of her belly.

He started thrusting immediately, and pain and pleasure churned wildly through Hannah's battered body.

His hands slid down her buttocks onto her thighs, drawing them forward and up. His hands slid up along them to grip her at the knees, then up higher still as he raised her legs up and back. He had his big hands around her ankles now and lifted them up and back further, until he was effectively pushing them back on either side of her body, her feet above her shoulders, and then behind them.

Her lower body was forced forward by the pressure on her ankles, and O'Neil stroked harder and faster so that she shuddered continuously to his hard, powerful thrusts. Such was the intensity of the sensations within her Hannah didn't know whether to scream in pleasure or in pain.

And then she simply screamed as the sensations peaked and tore through her body and mind. Her eyes rolled back as the world spun around her, and O'Neil pounded his hips against her so that she shook violently through the maelstrom of sensations and emotions flooding through her.

Chapter Eleven

It seemed as if her initial 'training' was over. Hannah, wearing nothing but the shackles and collar, was finally allowed out of the round room. She was not even required to crawl, though she suspected that was for O'Neil's benefit, rather than hers. She could not, after all, crawl very quickly, and he was not an overly patient man.

The round room, it turned out, was actually in the top of a tower in his castle. It was built high on a cliff overlooking the ocean. The walls were high and broad. While the view from windows looking into the courtyard was restricted, the view from the rear, looking out over the ocean, was spectacular.

O'Neil's leather fetish reared its head again, in that he dressed her in the tall leather boots with stiletto heels and long leather gloves – though these actually did have fingers. A leather corset went around Hannah's waist, complete with leather laces that pulled in so tight in back she could hardly breathe. The corset squeezed her middle, and pressed up against the underside of her breasts. It hid nothing, though.

Then came the dress. It too was black leather. It was high collared, and tight, zipping up the front. The lower part was thankfully loose, and fell to the floor. There was no hiding what she was, given the broad silver collar around her throat with the ring prominent in the center, not to mention the leather gag, which was more of a mask, actually. It was made of soft leather, came up under her chin, and covered her lower face below the nose.

Her arms were free at her sides, though the shackles were still around her wrists, but O'Neil attached a leash to the ring in her collar and then led her out of the room and down a winding stone staircase to a high, broad stone corridor several stories below. He didn't speak as he walked, and held the leash loosely, but Hannah soon learned that her training was incomplete, for he stopped after about ten seconds.

“When you are walking or crawling at my direction, slave, you will stare straight ahead, not turn and stare all around you like a tourist,” he said.

He punctuated his statement with a swift hard slap to her bottom which stung, despite the leather dress. Hannah nodded her head hurriedly, her bottom stinging, and she turned and walked on, with her following, looking straight ahead.

They went down a much wider staircase of polished dark wood, and into a central hall, then down a more narrow corridor. They passed a woman about Hannah's age. She was short but attractive, with reddish hair to her shoulders, and wearing a black maid's uniform. Her eyes were wide as she beheld the gagged blonde, and Hannah blushed behind her mask, staring straight ahead as they passed her. Hannah could feel the woman's eyes on her as they continued.

They turned into a series of rooms, and stopped in a large drawing room of sorts, filled with sofas, chairs and tables. O'Neil took the leash and pointed at the floor just inside the door.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

Hannah knelt, spreading her legs as best she could in the skirt, and drawing her high heeled boots up on either side of her buttocks as he placed the handle of the leash on a kind of hook or peg by the door.

“If that leash ever comes off whatever peg I hang it on without someone else removing it you'll get a much worse whipping than your earlier one,” he warned, eyes narrow.

Then he walked into the room and sat down as an older man in a dark, three piece suit hurried in from another door on the other side. The older man didn't even glance at Hannah, but instead went to O'Neil.

“Mister Garcia is here, Mister O'Neil.”

“Show him in,” O'Neil said.

The man nodded then departed. A few moments later he returned with three men. Two stood just inside the door while he showed a swarthy looking middle aged man into the room.

O'Neil stood up and greeted the man – in English.

“Manuel. Good to see you,” he said, motioning him to sit.

“What can we get you?”

“Beer is fine.”

“Heineken?”

The man nodded, and O'Neil looked at the other man, who Hannah assumed was some sort of butler. He departed.

“What can I do for you? We usually conduct our business by phone and email,” he said.

Garcia eyed Hannah doubtfully. “The Americans have too many ways to intercept electronic communications,” the man said, his English easily understandable despite a clear Spanish accent.

O'Neil smiled. “Yes, they might not be very good at much else but they're clever with their electronic eavesdropping.”

“I'm told this place is secure.”

“Everyone who works here is a trusted family retainer. No one gets in without being checked and observed. And we take other – precautions. It's as secure as it can be made.”

“And her?” he said, eying Hannah dubiously.

“That's my slave,” O'Neil said. “You need have no fear of it.”

Hannah blinked as the word registered. He hadn't said 'she' or 'her' but 'it'. Did he do that simply for the outrageousness of it or did he really think of her like that!?

“Your slaves seem to change regularly,” Garcia said.

“A man likes change in his life,” O'Neil said.

“And is she an old family retainer, as well?”

O'Neil smiled. “Trust me, Manuel. It hasn't been planted here. Nor has it any means of communicating with anyone.”

“Not while she is gagged, certainly,” Garcia said with a snort.

“A female's mouth is always best kept occupied on something other than conversation,” O'Neil said dryly.

Arrogant bastard, she thought.

“Now what can I do for you, Manuel?”

“I have another large deposit for you, and I wish to discuss investment in a copper mine in Panama.”

“You brought the money in cash?”

“It is outside in the car.”

“I will arrange to have it deposited. You want to invest in copper? I'm not sure this is the best time for it given the economy. Mining stocks have been down across the board for some time.”

“I do not wish to buy stock. I wish to invest more directly with the mine's ownership. But the money must come through from a trusted bank.”

“Ahh, I understand.”

“It is best if no one but the people involved are aware of my investment.”

“You realize I cannot be responsible for the outcome of this investment.”

“Of course. Though I still hold you responsible for the bank stocks you put me in.”

“Trust me, Manuel. They'll rise again. They're very secure institutions.”

They spoke of other investments, including a group of automobile repair shops, and the market outlook for investing in resources and oil. The only thing at all suspicious about it, and it was quite suspicious, was that he'd brought money directly to be deposited. That wasn't how things worked, and as far as Hannah knew any cash deposits over a certain sum had to be reported to the authorities.

She was guessing that wasn't going to happen here, and wondered who Garcia was.

Their meeting went on for about half an hour, then they spoke of sports, of politics, and then Garcia left. O'Neil got up and picked up her leash. She started to rise and his hand went to her shoulder.

“Did I tell you to rise, slave?”

Hannah looked up at him in consternation.

“Did I say you could look at me, slave?”

She jerked her eyes back down.

“You do not anticipate, slave. You do only what you are told, and only when told to do it. No more, no less. Rise.”

Hannah stood up and he unzipped the dress down to the hem, then turned her to the wall.

“Lean forward. Place your hands against the wall,” he ordered.

She obeyed, her heart beating faster as he swept her dress aside to bare her bottom. He pulled his belt from the loops of his trousers and doubled it in his hand.

“You will learn your place, slave. You do not think. You do not consider. You do exactly as you are told at all times, and no more,” he said.

The belt cracked across her buttocks sharply and Hannah cried out in pain, the sound deeply muffled. Another blow followed, then another, so that her bottom began to burn rapidly. The belt hurt! It hurt more than those thin laces he'd used on her!

“Push your bottom out, slave, and keep it out,” he growled.

Moaning, Hannah obeyed, and the belt cut across her buttocks again, and then again, with sharp, stinging blows.

The butler appeared at the door, then halted for a moment, not seeming particularly startled or bothered.

“Mister Fernandez, Sir.”

“Show him to my office.”

“At once, sir,” he said, turning away and departing.

“Did I tell you to look towards the door?” O'Neil demanded of Hannah. “No, I didn't,” he said.

Crack! The belt snapped across her bottom.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her bottom was on fire, the pain rising, her eyes starting to tear up as her body shook, but he stopped at last, and pulled the dress back into place.

“Stand straight,” he ordered.

Hannah obeyed, trembling, and he zipped up the dress again.

“Remember. Obey,” he said. “Do nothing without instructions. Nothing whatever.”

He jerked on the leash and walked out of the room and further up the corridor, with her following quickly behind, bottom aching.

Looked at calmly, from a distance, she supposed children got the 'strap' from time to time, and so it was no big deal. But her bottom ached and burned, and she was still sniffing as they arrived at another room, this an obvious office with antique furnishings. Again, he ordered her to kneel just inside the door, then slipped the leash onto a peg and continued on to sit at a desk.

A moment later a couple came in. They too seemed Hispanic. The man was short, older, gray haired, and had a belly. He was wearing a striped shirt and casual trousers. The woman was much younger, probably in her early thirties. She was tall, with dark, shoulder length hair and high cheek bones, and an arrogant look on her face. She was wearing a dress that looked like a designer original, short and tight, emphasizing her big chest.

O'Neil rose from behind the desk and greeted him with a handshake and a bear-hug. His name was Juan. The woman was not introduced at all. O'Neil got him a drink, both of them, and then they sat down in the corner to her left, on red and gold Edwardian settee and chair.

It was more of the same type of conversation. Though Fernandez was apparently more of a messenger from someone called Miguel. The woman paid little attention to what was being said,

apparently much distracted by Hannah. She kept stealing glances at the blonde girl, which Hannah noted out of the corner of her eye. It made her squirm inside, embarrassed and feeling degraded and perverted. The look on the woman's face was a mixture of disbelief and disgust seeing Hannah collared and kneeling there like that, unmoving.

Hannah didn't dare look at her directly. Even if she wasn't too embarrassed O'Neil had already communicated the need to not to not look at things that weren't directly ahead of her. Her bottom wasn't hurting as much, but it still felt warm.

"I see you have a new slave," Juan said finally, sitting back and smoking a cigar.

"Change is the essence of life," O'Neil said with a smile.

"Sometimes. Sometimes," Juan said with a smirk.

"What is her name?" the woman asked suddenly.

Her accent was not Spanish. It was, Hannah thought, French.

O'Neil raised his eyebrows, and glanced at Juan. "I haven't given it a name yet."

"It?"

"It. I don't like to personalize objects."

"And she is an object to you?"

"A sexual object. Would you not agree?"

"All people are sexual objects."

"But it is not a person. It is a slave."

"And what marks the difference?"

"It is difficult to explain," O'Neil said. "A human being has free will. A slave does not."

"Only because you imprison her."

O'Neil laughed. "I do not imprison it, madam. It imprisons itself through its own weakness and sexual hunger. It longs for guidance and direction and discipline, having none of its own. Its only purpose in life satisfying its endless sexual hunger."

Hannah thought she should have been blushing more. She should have felt more humiliated by his outrageous description of her. But given what she had been through recently, she couldn't seem to find it in herself. She certainly wasn't going to do anything to anger him by disputing his description of her.

"Come here, slave," he said.

Hannah started, then hesitated in an agony of indecision while they all looked at her. Fortunately, he smiled thinly a moment later.

"You see. It does not know what to do. It is not permitted to ever move where its leash is on a peg, lest it be beaten. Yet I have given it an order it must obey. Since it cannot reason between the two it is like a program locked in an endless loop."

"You ... beat her?"

"Thoroughly," O'Neil said. "She craves discipline. As you are closest to the door, madam, perhaps you would go and get its leash for us."

"Oh no, I - ."

"Do it, Cecile," Juan said. "I wish to observe."

The woman stood, scowling uncomfortably, then walked to Hannah and plucked the leash off the peg. She started back, pulling on the leash, but Hannah held her position and it jerked against her collar.

"Come here, slave," O'Neil ordered.

Hannah slid forward onto her hands and knees and crawled the short distance, knowing that was what O'Neil would have wanted. Yes, it was embarrassing, but the sheer outrageousness of it was starting to set her pulse ticking more quickly, and his outrageous, over the top treatment of her lent a sort of kinky game-like sense to what was happening.

It felt surreal, kneeling before him while his fingers slid through her blonde hair. She didn't dare

look up at the other two after the recent strapping she'd been given for looking at the butler.

He slipped the leash off the collar, then sat back.

"Stand, slave."

Hannah stood up, still looking straight ahead, pulse racing now, heart thumping and chest tightening.

"Is it not a beautiful creature?" he asked slyly.

"From what I can see of her," Juan said.

"Ah, you wish to see more of it? Just unzip her dress."

A little shockwave hit her chest and rippled into her belly and groin at the words.

"Cecile, do it," the man said.

"But I – ."

He looked at her and she muttered something under her breath, then jerked the zipper down.

"Push the dress over its shoulders," O'Neil said.

She did, gulping as she saw Hannah was naked beneath. Although the corset really made her seem *more* than naked. The blood was racing through Hannah's body, and she was feeling that now-familiar sense of confusion, of veering wildly between humiliation and arousal at being so-displayed.

"I love how you dress her," Juan said with a smirk.

"No point in putting a lot on when I just have to take it off when the mood strikes me."

"Yes, I can see the advantages," Juan said.

"Putá," Hannah heard the woman mutter.

O'Neil heard it too and laughed. "Of course, she's a whore, madam. She is, after all, a sex slave. Her only purpose in life is providing others with sexual pleasure."

Hannah would have disagreed with that, had she dared, but his depiction of her was starting to turn her on, starting to make her feel like the sexual creature he was describing. The fact she was standing undressed as she was, in front of three fully clothed people examining her could not help but arouse her in any event. She had always gotten off on showing herself off, and that sensation of hunger at being exposed had gotten infinitely more powerful of late.

She tried to think back to her navy time, now seeming so very far away, but it was almost hard to imagine being a respected officer.

The butler appeared at the door, then.

"Mister Daeley is here, sir."

"Ah, excellent. I'm sorry, Juan. Bradford will show you to your suite and we'll meet for dinner."

Everyone rose, and left the room. O'Neil jerked his head, indicating Hannah was to follow.

She felt her chest tighten further. He had not said anything about putting her dress on again.

She had little choice but to follow them out into the corridor and up the hall, naked, save for the leather on her arms and legs and around her middle. That made her actually feel more naked than naked, and her mind squirmed self-consciously as they walked up the corridor and into the front reception hall.

Bradford picked up a pair of suitcases, and then O'Neil said something to Juan Hannah didn't catch, who chuckled in appreciation. O'Neil looked at Hannah, and pointed at two more suitcases.

"Take those up and serve Mister Fernandez as he wishes," he said sternly.

Hannah's stomach swirled and churned, but she stepped forward and picked up the suitcases. Fortunately, they were not overly heavy. Fernandez and his woman followed Bradford, and she followed them, her mind deliciously self-conscious and darkly aroused as she walked along in her stilettos, her breasts jiggling ever so lightly.

What did that mean 'serve him'?

But of course, she knew. She was a slave. She was, to put more of a point on it, a sex slave. If Fernandez wanted her she would have to do whatever he told her to do.

Bradford showed them into a lovely suite. Again, the walls were stone blocks, but well

maintained, and the furniture was heavy, dark, warm wood-grained, and with expensive fabric done in shades of blue and green. The outer room consisted of a comfortable leather sofa and chair facing an ornate fireplace. Off to the other side of the door was a desk with computer and monitor. Then through a wide door was a grand bedroom with an immense, four poster bed.

Bradford set the suitcases on the bed, turned, spoke with Fernandez, and left. Hannah still held her cases, not having been told what to do with them, and her arms were starting to get tired. She considered putting them on the bed, too, but suppose they told O'Neil? Suppose she wasn't supposed to do anything without being told, like O'Neil had said?

"The man is a pervert," the woman, Cecile said.

"All men are perverts, my dear," Juan replied in amusement.

"What are we to do with this... with ... it?" she asked disdainfully.

"Whatever we choose. That is the point of a slave, Cecile."

He turned to Hannah. "Put the suitcases on the bed, then open all of them and unpack. Cecile will instruct you."

"Really, Juan," she said in exasperation.

"Is she not beautiful to look upon?"

"She is a whore."

"That is beside the point."

"My body is not good enough for you to look at?"

"Would you like to strip naked for me?"

"To unpack the suitcases?!"

He chuckled. "You see. Slaves do not offer such opinions."

"Not while they're gagged."

Hannah had put the suitcases down as he'd directed, and was in the process of opening them all. There were several large chests of drawers in the room, but she wasn't sure what they wanted to put where.

The woman glowered at her. "Juan's things go in that chest," she said. "Mine go in the other. Underwear and shirts on the top, shirts and blouses below, then trousers. So you understand... slave?"

Hannah nodded and proceeded to unpack

"You see? She is like any servant, except you do not have to pay her."

"And she is naked," Cecile said dryly.

"Well, yes, that too."

"You are a pervert."

"Yes, I freely admit this."

Hannah put away their clothes, then waited for further instructions. She was still feeling a swirling rush of emotions and sensations, but feeling less embarrassed as the minutes ticked by. She was still very self-conscious, though. Cecile had her put the suitcases in the closet. Then a chest arrived, and she hung up suits and dresses.

Hannah was... aroused. Fernandez was not a man she thought especially sexy, by any means. He was out of shape and twice her age. And it certainly wasn't because of his girlfriend or wife or whatever she was. Her presence actually made Hannah very uncomfortable. No, it was the situation she found herself in. It was being a virtual slave ordered to serve strangers – and dressed in this leather outfit that made her into the walking sex toy O'Neil described her as.

It was the exhibitionist side of her that was aroused, that and that dark, feral side of her mind that seemed to revel in being degraded and demeaned.

"Stop staring at her, Juan," she heard Cecile say in irritation.

"Are you jealous, my dear?"

"Of this?" she sniffed.

Hannah felt a hand on her bottom, but given O'Neil's recent 'lessons', didn't turn around. She

assumed it was Juan's as it kneaded her buttocks.

"You see?" he said. "The difference between a servant and a slave girl. You can do anything you want to a slave girl, have her do anything you want. It is like a body without a mind, a toy to play with."

"You can find sluts anywhere. And they will do anything you want," Cecile said.

"Yes, but that is different. I must purchase their favor."

"So? You are rich!"

"You must see the difference, Cecile. It is a psychological one."

"You do not own here, in any case. O'Neil does."

"True. But she is mind to bid as I choose right now. So in effect, I can do whatever I want."

"You can do whatever you want with me," Cecile said, sounding sulky.

He laughed. "Very well, then. Take off your clothes."

"What? Now? Here?"

"You said - ."

"Fine," she growled, though she didn't sound happy.

Hannah heard the sound of clothes being removed. It was very hard not to turn around but for all she knew this was some sort of test O'Neil was putting her through. She wondered if they'd have sex right there behind her.

Hannah felt hands at the back of her head, then a loosening of the gag. It slipped down and away, and he turned her around to face them. She flushed a little, seeing that Cecile was naked. She glowered at Hannah.

"Slave. I want you to kiss Cecile."

Hannah cringed at the thought, her stomach starting to whirl. She had no interest in women! her mind spun around with alternatives but she saw no way of refusing without getting in trouble with O'Neil. She stepped forward and hesitantly leaned in to kiss her.

"No, slave. I want full body contact. Put your arms over her shoulders and kiss like you would kiss a lover."

Hannah squirmed inside, but she moved forward, feeling her warm, soft flesh against mine, her breasts, harder, clearly fake, pressing against Hannah's from above, for she was taller, despite her stiletto heels. Their lips met and Hannah grunted as Cecile's hand slid into her hair and gripped it tightly, sharply, jerking her head up and back as she kissed Hannah hard.

The feel of her breasts against Hannah's was extremely sexual, given the circumstances, and despite her not really having a thing for women she felt her nipples tingling and her breasts flaring with heat. Cecile's free hand slid down her back and squeezed her ass hard as she ground her body against Hannah, and the blonde girl felt a breathless sense of anticipation as their tongues joined together.

Hannah was fully aware of Juan watching, and a part of her found putting on this lewd demonstration extremely arousing, despite it being with a woman. She felt him up behind her, felt his hands sliding around her to cup her breasts. Then he drew her arms back behind her and she felt her wrists locked together in a practiced fashion.

Hannah didn't think this was new to Juan.

"On your knees, slave," he ordered.

Pulse racing, Hannah sank to her knees, looking uncomfortably into Cecile's groin and feeling panicky. She had no desire to do what she suspected she was going to have to do. She had no experience with it either, except from the receiving end. That, of course, gave her a lot of insight that a man who'd never performed oral sex on a woman couldn't match, but she was still anxious.

Cecile sneered down at Hannah, then gripped her hair again, twisting her fingers in it so it hurt, and drawing her face in against her groin. She rubbed the blonde girl's face into her pussy, and Hannah could feel the moisture there. It was gross, but the heat within Hannah flared anyway, again, not because of Cecile, not because she was a woman, but despite it. It was the outrageous nature of what

she was doing that was making her heart pound.

“Please me, slave girl,” she demanded.

And she had no choice. So with him looking on, Hannah stared at her neatly shaven sex, then leaned in and began to lick on either side, her mind spinning as she tried to consider best how to do this. She thought of her own experiences, what she liked, but didn't know if they wanted it fast or slow or in between.

She shifted her legs apart, and she ran her tongue up and down Cecile's slit, letting her lips press softly against it and riding up and down until she met her clitoris. She started to lick and suck at it as Cecile continued to twist her fingers in blonde hair, and Juan looked on, no doubt with a huge erection in his trousers.

The thought of that continued to arouse Hannah. It wasn't that she was licking at Cecile, but that Juan was watching and being aroused by the performance.

“Sit down on the edge of the bed,” he ordered.

Cecile moved back, and then began to pull Hannah by her grip on her hair. Hannah shuffled awkwardly forward on her knees, and then the French woman sat and pulled Hannah's face in between her thighs. Hannah moaned excitedly as she felt Juan behind her, and licked harder, starting to fall into that sexual fever where almost nothing matters but the heat and pleasure.

The thought she was performing oral sex on a woman was wildly shocking to her, but should not have been as exciting, as hot, as arousing as it was. But her body pulsed with heat as Juan ran his hands over her buttocks. And when he pushed himself into her she moaned against Cecile's pussy, her tongue licking harder, twirling and swirling around her exposed clit while Juan's hands moved up her sides, then underneath, cupping and kneading her breasts.

Cecile's fingers never left her hair, never stopped twisting it, pulling on it, making her gasp and moan in pain. her body shuddered to the impact of Juan's hips against her upraised buttocks as his cock drove deep into her belly again and again. Hannah was amazed yet again that she was doing something this obscene, this wild, this perverse, and her mind churned with the wild dark excitement that was gripping her body.

She felt Juan's breath against the right side of her neck as he leaned into her.

“Lick her. Lick her, slave! Make her come,” he growled, his fingers digging roughly into her breasts as he ground himself against her.

“Make her come and then we will beat you for the pleasure of it,” he grunted, panting as his hips worked himself in and out.

The sexual tension within Hannah grew more intense, and her body was literally trembling with the hunger and need as she licked frantically at Cecile's pussy. She felt a sense of wildness, as if flinging aside any notions of morality or proper behavior and giving herself completely to an uninhibited sexual desire. God! It was just all so fucking... hot!

She felt herself sinking into the persona O'Neil had created for her, of a wild, sexual animal, and some part of her reveled in it as Juan's cock drove in and out of her and his hands mashed her breasts between his fingers. Even Cecile's continual twisting and pulling at her hair, her 'forcing' Hannah down against her stroked that strange, submissive, even masochistic dark side of her mind which had been growing over the past week or more.

She grunted and gasped and moaned as her tongue swept out again and again, heedless of what she would otherwise consider a very gross contact with Cecile's pussy. She was tied up. She was being fucked. She was being used. She was being forced! All of that thrilled the dark side of her mind, and her body quivered and burned with the resulting firestorm of arousal.

And then the orgasm swept over her, turning her mind to a glittering explosion of sensations as her body bucked and jerked and convulsed to the intensity of the wild release of sexual pleasure and sensations. Juan rode her all through it, and Cecile pulled at her hair whenever her tongue stopped working, and somehow she survived through it all until the orgasm began to subside.

Then she just wanted to collapse into mush, but she had to continue licking, and her body continued to be hammered by Juan's heavy hips until he and Cecile took their own pleasure and orgasmed against her.

* * *

The beating took place immediately after.

Hannah had not actually thought he meant it, and in truth, it wasn't exactly a beating.

What they used was a kind of leather strap or paddle. Actually, it was a mix of the two. It was shaped rather like a ping-pong paddle, but a little longer, and without any wood. It was leather, about a foot long, and six or seven inches wide, attached to a handle. It had thin holes scattered over its surface like a spatula. And it hurt!

Juan put the gag back over her mouth. Then she was bent over an antique chair, with her bottom raised sharply. The back of the chair jammed up into her abdomen, despite the the additional height she gained from the high, stiletto heels, but at least it was somewhat padded. Her arms extended down and forward and were chained to the front legs of the chair.

She didn't stop to think where they got them from, though perhaps O'Neil had thoughtfully provided them for the rooms he loaned out, but two huge dildos were shoved inside her as she was bent over, twisted and turned until both were flush with the openings to her body. Then her ankles were clipped together so they couldn't move, and Cecile attached a pair of nipple clips to her nipples, pulling them down and forward and locking them in place.

The nipple clips burned! Hannah screamed and twisted and writhed as they clamped down, but could do nothing about them, and slowly, the pain eased down to a dull throbbing sensation. Her ankles were linked together by the restraints around them, and the two chatted about what best to use to 'spank' her.

And then the strap or paddle or whatever it was called, slapped down across her bottom with stinging force. Oh it stung! Her eyes bulged as she reacted, and her body jerked convulsively against the restraints, her head jerking up sharply, pulling at her nipples as the force of the sting burst inside her.

Another blow followed, then more, one after the other, pausing only as they traded off the paddler, smacking down against her bottom as she howled and twisted and shook at the wild pain. Then the pain began to ease, to soften. Her bottom was on fire by then, and the sensation of that fire seemed to overwhelm the stinging force of each successive blow, moderating it, muffling it. The blows still stung, but not nearly as much any more.

Her pounding heart began to ease down, and she began to get her breath as the pain faded. She started to calm, moaning weakly as she stopped struggling. The steady *Crack! Crack! Crack!* continued as the spanking continued, but she merely moaned and gasped occasionally now.

Juan appeared before her, and it was evident the blows had excited him far more than they had Hannah! He was very hard, and undid the gag to get at her mouth. Hannah moaned weakly as it fell away, and he gripped her hair to raise her head up, then pushed his big cock through her open lips and onto her tongue.

The feel of it, the sight of it, combined with the relief of the sharp, stinging pain to send a rush of something through her. Hannah wasn't suddenly aroused again, but she began to feel more sexually piqued. She thought it was just that any sight of a cock now aroused her. But it was also the dark, nasty, sexual eroticism of what was happening stroked the masochistic side of her sexuality now that the worst of the pain had faded.

Hannah began to lick and suck almost without thought, almost instinctively, as he pushed himself deeper into her mouth. Her nipples sparkled with pain each time he pulled her head up and back, for that pulled on her upper body, as well, and thus against the clips on her nipples. But as his cock grew slick and hard in her mouth, and slid in and out, the heat started to rise within her again.

Hannah felt her legs parted, then chained down once more, and then the dildo in her pussy

began to move in and out as fingers stroked against her clit. The heat rose slowly, unevenly, as her bottom throbbed and burned, as her nipples sparkled and ached, as her wrists pulled against the restraints and the wildness, the wrongness, the outrageousness of all that was happening flooded through her mind.

And then, slowly, the aches and pains began to seem arousing, as well, as if the sensations were simply so much fuel for her own inner fires. Now the sharp stinging sensations every time her nipples pulled against the clip made her gasp in both pain – and pleasure. And soon her mind had once again slipped over into that sexual fever where nothing mattered but the heat and pleasure that drove her towards another massive orgasm.

Chapter Twelve

O'Neil established an exercise routine for Hannah which was a kind of sexual yoga. It included shifting into a variety of positions, many of which were taken straight from yoga texts, but when done naked assumed an entirely different sort of mentality. After them, she would do other exercises on the machines, altogether doing about an hour of exercise. She would be required to do them every morning, then shower and waken him, usually with oral sex.

She would kneel by his seat during breakfast, usually naked, and he would feed her by hand from his plate. Then she would drink milk from a bowl on the floor.

After that, her day varied depending partly on his whim, and partly on what he intended doing that day. He might leave her tied up somewhere, or in the cage for hours. Or he might dress her in the leather dress, or something similar, and have her spend time around him while he met with others or worked alone in his office.

Lunch would be spend on her knees, again at his side, while he fed her.

Usually he would have sex with her at some point during the day, either before or after lunch, but that again depended on his schedule and who, if anyone, he was meeting. Then in the late afternoon, before dinner, he would put her through her paces, which involved instant obedience to a variety of positions he'd have her place herself. He was quite free with the riding crop to encourage her to very quick and very energetic obedience.

In the evening, she would normally be entirely naked save for the shackles, and lay or sit at his feet while he talked on the phone, watched TV, watched a movie in his theater, or read a book.

After two weeks she was given a room, though she never slept in any bed but his. The room had a closet with a number of dresses, as well as a makeup counter. The dresses were all, needless to say, extremely provocative, for evening wear, and he would choose the one she should wear to whatever affair he was holding, then leave her to make herself up.

The first time she was alone with all the makeup, her eyes skimmed over the various bottle, lipsticks, powders and oils, and she recognized the lipstick and compact Smith had once shown her. Just to be sure, she picked them up, and twisted them in the ways she'd been shown, looking guiltily behind her as she confirmed what they were.

She hesitated for long minutes about what to do. Yet, there really could be no choice. The purpose behind her being here was saving her family's estate, and that could only be done by following through on her agreement to provide Smith and his people with information. Not that she had a lot. They clearly knew she was here, and had someone inside, at least someone capable of delivering a couple of small, seemingly innocuous packages.

And now they had her. Just as O'Neil did.

She sighed forlornly. If only things could be back the way they were. She thought bitterly of how her father's foolishness had destroyed all that, and wondered if she would ever get her old life back. She also wondered just how much she could trust Smith.

She used the recording device as she'd been shown. She quickly said the names of those who had come to meet with O'Neil and why, insofar as she knew, then pressed the button for it to transmit.

Then she used the makeup for its intended purpose before donning the dress O'Neil had laid out for her. He was having some sort of dinner party, and she was to attend.

It was a deep blue, which went well with her hair and eyes. The ankle length dress was was silken and shimmering. It had a narrow, pencil skirt that was slit up the side to the hip, and squeezed tight around her bottom and waist. The back was open, and the front might as well have been. It did not show any cleavage. On the contrary, the front of the dress rose to her neck, and circled it. But it was so thin and tight that her breasts might as well have been bare.

Still, it was a very expensive, designer gown, and it certainly looked good on her. With the bare shoulders and back it really did cry out for her hair to be put up. She knew how to do that quick and easy, for she'd had to do it on many occasions in the navy, even if only to put her hair up under her caps. Of course, her hair was longer now, but it took little effort, and the results were perfect.

She wore white, elbow length gloves, and white high-heels with the outfit, but no underwear. That would mean she had to walk carefully given the huge slit in the side of the gown, and of course, the movement of her breasts under the thin, light fabric would be quite noticeable. But then, it wasn't as though nudity was an issue for her any more.

In fact, her mind and body were becoming so sexualized that almost any kind of sexual service now had her feeling a sense of dark hunger. It might be embarrassing, or even painful, but that no longer seemed to matter. In fact, sometimes that seemed to make her even more aroused.

As she gazed at herself in the mirror, she had the flicker of a thought that O'Neil might not like her showing initiative in doing her hair up. He had not, after all, told her to. For a moment, her hands moved to lower it, but then she halted, for the thought of being punished did not hold the fear it should have. Instead, her chest tightened and her stomach fluttered a little as if she were out of breath. She felt a pulse of hunger between her legs, and then lowered her hands.

She wondered how he would punish her, and how nasty it might be.

When she was done, she sat carefully on the bed to wait. She was not given any directions in how to move around in the keep, and it was not a small building. Nor did she think he would appreciate her exploring it on her own.

The door opened – he never knocked, of course – and O'Neil stood there wearing a black tuxedo, tailored, of course. He looked handsome, masculine, and powerful, and she felt a further tightening in her chest as she stood up.

He examined her and nodded.

“Lovely,” he said. “I didn't tell you to put your hair up.”

“No, master,” she said serenely.

His hand cupped her bottom through the thin fabric, and she felt his fingers reaching under her buttocks to check for the butt-plug she was routinely required to wear.

“Bend over, slave, and spread your legs,” he ordered.

She obeyed, of course, bending over the nearby dresser as he swept the skirt up and open to reveal her. She felt his fingers at her sex, and then something like a thick pen pushing up inside her. She recognized it, or thought she did, then was sure when she felt the clip part sliding up across the top of her sex and over her clitoris.

He pulled the skirt down and drew her back upright.

“Let's go, slave girl. I'm sure the night will be quite interesting for you.”

The clip was firm against the top of her pussy, squeezing in against her to hold the longer part up inside her. It did not vibrate or buzz, but she felt herself growing wet anyway as she walked along behind him.

They went downstairs and through the main broad corridor of the keep to the ball room at the rear. Her heart was thumping somewhat faster than normal with the breathless anticipation of what was to come. For she was certain that, no matter what happened, she was going to wind up naked with someone between her legs that evening.

She hadn't been told how many were to attend. She'd imagined anything from a small dinner party of a few couples to some sort of huge gathering. It turned out to be a group of about three dozen people, both men and women. The men tended to be older the women younger and universally beautiful.

The men all came up to greet O'Neil as he moved slowly through the room, and give her the once over. None spoke to her, and she wasn't introduced. Nor were the women with them. The women gave her more than the once over, and Hannah wondered if any of them was a slave, or something

similar. She tried to remember the names of the men for her next report, and kept her ears open for anything they spoke about that Smith might find of interest.

Yet the conversations were, for the most part, what she had encountered before at parties, a mix of gossip, politics and sports.

The room was about a hundred and fifty feet in length, and half that wide. The ceiling was at least thirty feet overhead, with four large, crystal chandeliers hanging in a row down the middle of the room. Six huge windows overlooked the ocean, and music played in the background from a string quartet. All the men were in tuxedos, and the women in gowns, though none quite as sexy as Hannah's.

Some of the women broke off to talk together, but O'Neil had told her to stay at his left and a little behind, so she did so, following him slowly as he moved around the room. The only conversation of interest was when a man named Sanchez asked him about a deposit he wanted to make, and O'Neil somewhat curtly told him to speak with Mister Hampton.

Hannah filed that away for future reference, and wondered when she might have a chance to look around somewhere and take pictures. She knew where O'Neil's office was now, at least, and a little more about the layout downstairs.

Then the little vibrator thing started to buzz. It startled her, at first, and she inhaled sharply, before looking nervously around. No one seemed to have heard or noticed anything. She looked up at O'Neil, whose back was to her, but he gave no sign he'd done anything. Hannah tried to do the same, but felt her lower body starting to hum in tune with the little vibrator.

Her nipples stiffened, but they seemed almost perpetually hard anyway, and given the coolness of the air and thinness of the dress, they had already been quite visible. As the vibrations continued she felt her stomach fluttering and her breathing becoming rougher, though she strove to control it. She kept her body from moving with effort, and licked her lips nervously, looking around as she felt the heat deepening within her.

She had no idea who these people were, whether they were 'regular' people, or a bunch of perverts like O'Neil. But until she did she certainly wasn't going to allow any kind of evidence of her arousal to become known to them.

It became harder, though, as the vibrations continued. She felt a flush spreading up her body as her pussy warmed and became wet, and her clitoris began to throb hotly. She felt moisture growing on her forehead and upper lip. The sexual pressure began to build inside her, and she felt a panicky worry that she would have an orgasm, a loud, obvious orgasm, in the middle of a very proper dinner party gathering.

Then the vibrations ceased, and she felt a wave of relief sweep her. The sexual pressure slowly eased back until she could relax a little, and pay more attention to what was being said around O'Neil again.

Until it started buzzing again. It took less time to arouse her now, and the intensity become more unbearable... until it stopped once more.

O'Neil obviously had some sort of remote control, but she had no warning or indication when he was going to turn the thing on or off. She became flustered and anxious as she moved slowly around at his side, her body moist with hunger and heat, and her mind either fighting the hunger, or nervously waiting the thing's next activation.

Finally, they were all ushered up a corridor to dinner. The table was enormous, though she'd seen its like before. Her family had a dining room not very dissimilar, after all. She again sat on O'Neil's left, a little surprised he hadn't sat her on the floor. She decided that meant the people around her were 'respectable' and would have been shocked by such a thing.

It was not long after sitting that the vibrator began buzzing again, however, and she spent the dinner, as she'd spent the time before it, in a flustered, pulsing heat of sexual desire, desire which rose quickly, then sank slowly over time.

She hardly did more than nibble at the food, paying it little attention. All her efforts were

concentrated on keeping control of herself, of not breathing too loudly or raggedly, not moving in her chair, and not making any sounds when the device turned on or off.

She made it through dinner, somehow, and the group moved to another series of drawing rooms, most filled with art and sculptures. The library was a beautiful room, and a number of rare books had been set out for the guests to peruse. The servants served wine and liqueurs to the guests on silver trays as people found comfortable padded chairs to recline and chat.

The vibrator continued to turn on and off at irregular intervals, but Hannah thought she was gaining a measure of control over herself. She was heavily aroused, but not beyond her control, by any means. Then she followed O'Neil into his office. Again, it was a large, open room with many antiques and paintings. And there were already a several people there when O'Neil walked in. Three were men, one was a young blonde, a very young blonde barely out of her teens, if that.

Everyone held wine glasses, including O'Neil – everyone but Hannah, who had not had one offered to her by the servants.

Two of the men were sitting in a corner, while the third was examining a book on a small pedestal. The girl was looking out the window, and turned as they arrived.

“Gentlemen,” O'Neil said. “I trust you're enjoying the evening.”

“Lovely gathering, O'Neil,” said the man by the book.

“Thank you, James. Glad you like it.”

“I'm sure we'll like the next part even better,” said a balding, dark eyed man sitting in the corner.

“I strive to be a superior host,” O'Neil said with a short, slightly mocking bow.

The other seated man rose and came over to stand in front of O'Neil, but it was Hannah he was looking at.

“Where did you find her?”

“This, my dear, Saunderson, is a former officer in her majesty's royal navy,” O'Neil said.

The three men looked surprised, and then Hannah saw the gleam of hunger in their eyes. She wasn't sure why that information would excite them more, or why O'Neil hadn't told them she was a stripper. Maybe they liked the idea of a 'proper' girl being a slave rather than a whore.

“And was she an obedient officer?”

“One assumes so. She is obedient enough now.”

“And will she obey anyone, or just you?”

“At the moment, just me, and anyone I tell her to. Though I wager by the time I'm done with her she'll obey any man who talks to her.”

“Particularly if she gets a stiff cock inside her,” the man said.

“All most men would care about would be getting her to allow a stiff cock inside her,” said the bald man.

“All women crave a stiff cock,” O'Neil said. “It's simply difficult to get them to understand that sometimes.”

Being the center of attention was making Hannah nervous and anxious, but she was also feeling even more aroused as the prospect of her seeing some of those 'stiff cocks' they were talking about became more pronounced.

She was not surprised when ordered to kneel, but felt that flush moving up her body as she settled onto her knees before the man, aware of all eyes on her.

“Unzip his trousers,” O'Neil ordered.

Hannah felt a rush of heat at the words, and reached up with her gloved hands, unzipping the man's trousers. Then she waited.

“Reach in and take his cock out, and show him what a good little oral artist you are,” O'Neil ordered.

And with all eyes upon her, Hannah obeyed, bobbing up and down on the man's cock as the buzzing between her legs began anew. She grunted as the man reached down and buried his hand in her

hair, twisting and jerking on it to pull her in closer. She slid down to the base of his cock, taking him into her throat, and in seconds he exploded.

The bald man remained seated, and she sucked him there, then moved to the third man, crawling across the floor. Her hair was somewhat mussed by then, and was further mussed when he too gripped it in his thick hand and pulled her face into his groin.

All the while she remained dressed, which felt distinctly odd to Hannah. But when she had finished the third man O'Neil ordered her to stand. Then he moved behind her and slid his right hand in through the slit in her dress, rubbing at her clitoris as the others looked on. Hannah felt her insides turning to mush, and breathlessly ground herself back against O'Neil's cock as her breathing became more and more ragged.

She felt O'Neil drawing the narrow vibrator out of her, and as his hand came free, she felt his other hand behind her neck. The front of her dress collapsed to her hips, baring her breasts, and then, as he drew his hands back, she felt him tug the zipper at the small of her back, and the dress slid down to the floor, pooled around her ankles.

“Over there, slave girl,” he said, pointing at a low, narrow coffee table.

A little frazzled and breathless, Hannah stared uncertainly. Then O'Neil walked over, reached to the shelf under, and pulled out a thick black dildo, a very lifelike looking cock with a suction cup on the bottom. He pressed it against the table near the end, and grinned at her.

The other three men grinned too. The girl just looked on with wide eyes.

Heart thumping, Hannah straddled the table facing them all, then gripped the head of the dildo. Her body burned at its touch, and she sank down, feeling it against the entrance to her sex, then sinking further. She could not repress a moan of pleasure as it penetrated her, and whimpered at the hot rush of nearly overwhelming sensual pleasure as it pushed up into her belly.

As with the men on the airplane, these men were fascinated, as well, watching as she rode slowly up and down, accompanied by many gasps and moans as she adjusted to the thickness and length. Her fingers began to rub at her clitoris, heedless of the fact O'Neil had not instructed her to do so. She knew this would probably cause her to be punished, but in the face of such heat, nothing else mattered but easing the incredible sexual tension squeezing down around her mind and body.

She noted the bulges in the trousers of the men across from her, feeling a sense of dark, excited smugness at how quickly she had aroused them once again. She wanted them aroused, wanted them to be hot for her, wanted them impressed, wanted them thinking she was a wild sexual creature. Now flushed and overheating, she felt herself reveling in just such a persona, in the thought of herself as a sex slave, a wild sexual animal.

A hand gripped her hair and she cried out weakly as she was all-but dragged up off the thick black cock. Her hands instinctively reached up to grasp the hand, to ease the pressure, but the hand released her only to grasp her wrists and pull them together behind her back. She felt the link in one of the restraints snapped into the ring in the other to pin her wrists in place, then the hand was in her hair again.

“Nasty little slut,” she heard O'Neil's voice say. “You weren't told you could play with your clit.”

He bent her body, back arching sharply as she maneuvered her off the table and over to the side where one of the men sat on the sofa. That man turned his body, laying down along the sofa, and Hannah moaned as she was pushed into place, turned, and straddled his body. Her head was still being forced back so that she could see little other than O'Neil behind her. She could feel hands on her hips, then on her thighs, and then the feel of a hard cock pressing against her opening.

With a groan, she did her best to sink down, despite the pull of the hair. It resisted for a moment, then pulled her head forward and released her. With a shuddering gasp, her head fell forward and she saw the man leering at her from underneath as she felt his cock sliding up into her body.

His hands cupped and mauled her breasts as another man moved up beside the sofa. He grasped

her hair, pulling her head further forward and down, then fed his cock into her mouth as she felt movement behind her. The wildness within flamed hotter as she felt herself manhandled, quite literally, and felt fingers at her bottom.

A wild thrill of shocked delight swept over her, mixed with just a little anxiety, as she felt the butt-plug pulled free. Then another cock pushed slowly up into her ass while the cock in her mouth drove down into her throat. Her hands jerked helplessly against the restraints as the three cocks pushed in and out of her, and then the raging heat exploded into a massive orgasm that threatened to drive her into unconsciousness with the force of the pleasure flooding through her.

Her eyes rolled back in her head, and her body trembled uncontrollably as the orgasm flared wildly. But the three men held her tightly in place as they thrust into her again and again, their delight and excitement at the lithe young blonde girl's writhing body only making them use her harder.

The orgasm continued to tear through Hannah, and when it finally eased she was left numbed and dazed, hardly even aware of the men continuing to use her for a time. When she did become aware the knowledge was of little interest. Her mind was dazed, stunned by the power of the orgasm, and nothing else seemed to matter while it recovered.

When it did finally recover she found herself still in the midst of a lewd sexual tableau which partially amused her, but certainly didn't upset her. She worked her body as best she could, knowing it was her task to please the men sexually, doing it as routinely as breathing or walking. She rolled her hips and rode the cock beneath her, squeezing down with her internal muscles as his cock slid out, easing them as he pushed forward.

It took little time for the arousal to reignite within her, but it was not as powerful this time. Still she felt a warm sense of exultation as she brought one man after another to orgasm, experiencing the life of the sexual animal O'Neil had described her, and basking in the allure of her complete sexual freedom from orals or inhibitions.

Chapter Thirteen

The restraints around her wrists and ankles were not the metal ones Hannah was used to. These were padded leather held together with strips of Velcro.

She stood, spreadeagled, impaled, really, on a thick metal bar which rose from the floor between her legs. The post was quite thick, and buzzed softly, deep inside her belly. Combined with the ache as the rounded nose pressed uncomfortably against the back wall of her sex, her body was soon swept into another sexual fever. Alone in the room, she jerked and shook, gasping and moaning and sobbing helplessly as the massive orgasm churned through her system.

Another followed, and another on top of that. Hannah trembled dazedly, her body overheating inside and out. Beads of sweat trickled down her body as the sexual heat grew in intensity once again. She twisted and thrashed and screamed into the ball gag as another orgasm tore through her, followed by several more.

So good, she thought dazedly. *So goood*.

The orgasms came faster after that, and she twisted and thrashed in maddened convulsions as the strength and force of the climaxes shattered her mind again and again. She wondered, fleetingly, if she would go mad from them all, but she didn't really care.

Her arms pulled more and more harshly against the restraints around her wrists as her movements became more violent and her self-control faded away. And then the orgasms faded as exhaustion set in, faded, but did not disappear. They came slower now, the pressure taking longer to build up within her dazed, exhausted body.

She was all-but hanging by her wrists by then, swaying and moaning, eyes glassy as the burning, throbbing post within her set her on the path to orgasm yet again.

Her wrists were sweaty, like the rest of her, and one of the leather cuffs had not been quite tightened enough. As she approached another orgasm, and her body began to twist and writhe, her arm pulled free and she almost fell – save for the second arm holding her in place. Her hand immediately dropped between her legs, her fingers rubbing frantically at her clitoris as another orgasm shook her. This one immediately built up to more power with the touch of her fingers and she screamed into the gag as it tore through her mind.

She half hung now, from just the one wrist, still swaying weakly, but, drained, she focused her eyes, and then, to some extent, her mind. She reached up with the free hand and undid the straps on the other, so that both hands came free. Groaning, she slowly bent, very slowly, very carefully, and reached out trembling fingers to pull on the velcro strap around one ankle, then the other.

With her ankles free she drew her legs slowly back together. This raised her up higher and then still higher on the post. Yet she was still locked in place, uncertain how to remove herself until she looked up again at the leather cuffs dangling above her head. She reached up, gripped them, and pulled herself slowly up until the thing came out, then eased down, and all-but collapsed onto the rug, panting, chest heaving, moaning.

It took quite some time to recover, and she remained drained and weary, her muscles aching. But now, as her mind began to function, she knew both fear, and opportunity. Fear, because she had done what she was not supposed to do. She would be punished, perhaps severely, for escaping the restraints. Unless, of course, she could slip them on again, and already, she could see how she could do that.

But in the meanwhile, there was opportunity, for it was deep into the night, and everyone else was presumably asleep. No doubt there were guards on the gate, and alarms on the doors, but she had no plan to escape. Instead, she padded slowly up the narrow corridor to 'her room' and there found the recording device. Then, still naked, she made her way back down the hall to the staircase, then down it

and up another corridor towards O'Neil's office.

The computer was not turned off, and she examined it, then looked through files, searching for anything which looked interesting. She was looking for documents with numbers, amounts, or names, and when she found them, she took pictures of the screen. She also searched through the desk drawers, taking pictures of likely looking documents.

She didn't know if any of it was of any value, but at least Smith couldn't accuse her of not trying!

When she had stayed as long as she dared, she made her way back to the room, then, pulling herself up by the overhead restraints, she carefully, and with much difficulty, lowered herself onto the fat, buzzing metal post again, groaning as it pushed up into her body. Gasping, wincing, she slowly spread her legs gradually further apart, then bent and attached the ankle restraints.

She was able to snap one of the wrist restraints around her wrist, then slowly worked her other wrist up into the second until she was, more or less, as she had been. Her pounding heart began to ease now that her fear of discovery had faded. But another problem arose. The buzzing within began to arouse her once again.

* * *

When O'Neil checked on his slave early that morning he found her, as he'd suspected, barely conscious, hanging by her wrists, her overheated body twitching and jerking, her eyes glassy. He was pleased. Things had gone as he'd suspected. He released her and carried her up the hall and into the bathroom, then bathed her before setting her in the cage in the next room. Then he went to breakfast.

* * *

Hannah slept much of that day, exhausted. The orgasms had torn through her one after another, until it had seemed like one unending climax had shaken her body and blasted her mind. She felt shell-shocked by the endless storm of pleasure, her nervous system numb, her mind fogged. Every muscle in her body felt strained, as if she had been writhing and twisting and thrashing without stop for much of the morning.

Even as she lay curled up on the padded floor of the cage she felt her mind battered by the echo, the memory, of that howling storm of pleasure. She continued to twitch and jerk, gasping weakly for some time.

When O'Neil came for her, she groaned weakly, and tried to sit up.

"Come, slave," he ordered.

His voice was a low growl, and something in it hinted that something had changed.

He led the stumbling, weary girl back up the hall and back into the room where she'd spent most of the morning, then, to her surprise, bound her ankles and wrists once again. It was not normally his way to bind her again in the same way she'd just been bound, but she soon realized the change. With arm and wrists shackled in the padded leather restraints, she was raised up by her ankles, not her wrists, and the chains tightened to the point she gasped as her body ached from the strain of her four limbs pulling in different directions.

"I am troubled, slave," he said, letting the leather laces of a long flog dangle to the floor. "Do you know why I'm troubled, slave?"

"N-No, M-master!" she gasped, unable to see him standing behind her.

And then she saw the television on the wall come to light, and saw – upside down – an image of herself from the previous night, impaled on the vibrating post, moaning and twisting and thrashing.

"I wanted to see how much entertainment you got out of my generosity last night," he said.

The image changed, and she saw herself pulling free of the restraints, pulling herself off the post, and then disappearing out of the camera's view.

The flog whipped out and snapped down across her back. The stinging pain was considerably worse than the previous flog he'd used, and Hannah screamed and writhed against the sudden onslaught of pain.

Yet even with the pain came the dark heat she'd experienced more and more of late. The flog cut across her breasts, straining tight against her body, across her flat belly, across her back and then cruelly, overhand, sliced down between her spreadeagled legs to snap and bite against the soft flesh of her abdomen and pussy.

For a long minute Hannah writhed and screamed as the blows came quickly, her mind swirling into confusion and dazed alarm as the pain bit at her again and again. But as the blows continued the heat of pain began to shift as the darkness spread out from her mind, and the sexual submissive O'Neil had been wakening began to greet each fresh strike with a sense of elation and hunger.

Even so, she became dazed and breathless with the continued flogging, so that when he paused to question her it took long seconds to get her mind to function well enough to reply.

"Tell me where you went, slave," he demanded.

Fortunately, the lie came readily to hand, since she had had it ready at the time.

"I-I went to rest, master!" she cried.

"To rest?! Did I tell you to rest? Did I not deliberately ensure you could NOT rest, slave?"

She hesitated and the flog cut overhand and snapped down between her legs. The burst of pain was startlingly arousing even as she cried out and twisted against the restraints.

"Answer me, slave."

"Y-Yes, master!" she cried.

"Then why did you escape?"

"I-I was tired, master!" was all she had to offer.

Naturally, it wasn't enough. The flog snapped down again and again, until she was breathless and dazed and every part of her torso was covered in small criss-crossing red lines. Strangely, while the pain was real enough, it didn't seem to matter as much as it used to. Her body was gripped by a torpid sexual hunger which only seemed to gain more strength as her abuse continued.

"You are halfway through your training, slave," he growled. "You should know better than to try to disobey my wishes."

"B-but my ... my arm pulled free, master!" she cried.

He glared but conceded the point. "In future, I assure you that will not happen. You will not be tempted to again escape from whatever punishment or fate I have decided upon."

He put the flog down and moved away. Shortly afterwards she felt her hair gripped and pulled back. Then a leather hood was forced over her head. It pulled down around her ears and under her jaw, then fastened tightly there. There was only one opening she could detect, over her mouth. A penis gag quickly pushed into her mouth, the strap covering the opening solidly.

She then discovered there were other openings, however small, for she could breath through her nose. She was blind, however, and could, of course, not speak. Shortly after, small round objects were pushed into her ears, blocking her hearing.

She groaned as she felt fingers at her sex, gasped and moaned as they caressed her aching sex lips, then spread them apart to insert – something. A dildo, she presumed, as it slid deep into her body. Another pushed into her backside, and then the buzzing began. She moaned weakly, not at all wanting to endure more endless orgasms!

And then she heard the sounds of passion, of feminine moans and gasps, of whimpers and cries of pleasure. They were her own, and yet she was largely silent. They came not from her mouth but from the plugs he had pushed into her ears.

"I am a slave, she heard her own voice say, passionately. "I am a sex slave!"

She had no idea how long she was left like that, hanging upside down. Orgasms came and went, and her exhaustion and ache deepened. She slipped into a state of dazed semi-consciousness, writhing to the pleasure, but after a time, unthinking.

She found herself flat on her back, but didn't care, and someone was atop her, thrusting into her body but again, that did not seem important. She had no idea who it was, nor did she care. She was in

an exhausted haze, and she remained so for some time. She was mounted repeatedly, twisted, pulled, rearranged, penetrated in all three orifices, and suffered more draining, but wrenching orgasms, but it was all in darkness and with no sound but her own cries of passion coming through the earphones.

“...slave. I am a slave! I am a sex slave!” she heard, again and again.

The gag was pulled from her mouth, and she was allowed to drink, as well as to take food from someone's fingers. No one spoke to her. The only sounds were that of her own recorded passion. She was spanked and mounted. She was strapped and mounted. She was flogged and used, sometimes by one, sometimes by many. With no sound, no sight, nothing existed but touch, and the sensations which arose from that touch.

She had no idea who used her body, nor did it occur to her to wonder about it. Hannah lived in an unthinking, dazed world of sensation. And any sensation which was good – was good. There was not a single thought in her head as to dignity or pride, morality or inhibition.

When the first police officer found her, chained in the round room, spreadeagled, a very large dildo clearly penetrating both lower orifices, he was shocked, and yet manfully suppressed the sense of excitement he felt at the sight of such a beautiful creature of sex. That she had no face, no head, in fact, but a featureless mask, made that easy.

His first thought was to release her, but if she fell, as seemed likely since she was almost hanging by her wrists, the objects protruding from her body might damage her. And so, hesitantly, he reached for the base of the large dildo protruding from her pussy. His thumb brushed lightly across her clitoris, and the female body, young, beautiful, athletic, arched sharply as a moan escaped it. Hips bucked eagerly forward, and he drew back with a shocked expression.

And yet it was all too clear that the sound which had come from the faceless female body was not that of despair or pain. He was a young man, true, but he had heard such sounds before. Swallowing uncertainly, he reached forward again, feeling the tightness of the grip of the flesh encircling the dildo. He pulled it out slowly, feeling his cock throb as the female body arched again, twisting and bucking.

Helplessly, he looked behind him, then slid the thing back up inside her, his thumb deliberately stroking across her moist, swollen clitoris this time. He was rewarded with an even more obvious cry of muffled pleasure, and his cock hardened still further.

Again, he looked behind him, then reached up to fondle firm, round breasts as his thumb began to stroke across the clitoris. The faceless female form bucked its hips forward desperately, grinding against him as his fingers encountered the second dildo.

Heat lit up his eyes, for while happily married, his wife was a religious woman, a saint, he thought. There was no way he would ever have even proposed something so crude as anal sex with her, despite how it had occupied his fantasies for years.

But now... now he had a female body with no face to it, a female body writhing in hunger and passion and lust, a female body of surpassing perfection with no eyes to record his presence. It was too much for him, and he pulled the dildo from the female's body and thrust his own cock eagerly up inside her. It was a hard, desperate thrusting which lasted less than a minute.

Even so the body of the female writhed and bucked in passion as its muffled voice cried out in wild pleasure. He barely restrained himself from doing the same. Then, overcome with guilt and fear, thrust the dildo back inside and hurried away to let someone else discover her.

The next man to discover her was made of sterner stuff, but not quite stern enough. He did successfully restrain himself long enough to remove both dildos and to unchain her and lower her carefully to the floor. But once there, freed, the faceless female positioned herself face down, raising her bottom high, spreading her knees wide for mounting, and began to roll her hips invitingly.

It was too much, and he mounted her... it, with an eagerness he had not known in years, thrusting desperately as the female grunted yelped in muffled pleasure. Then, he too scuttled away to leave someone else to find the female, whoever she might be.

After the Irish police had secured the premises, Smith walked in, in company with one of his colleagues. They searched room to room, and found the female who, despite being anonymous within her hood, could only have been Hannah. They glanced at each other, then back at her. For she lay on the floor, knees up and back, masturbating with a dildo.

“Oh... my,” Smith's colleague said.

Smith made a face.

“You know, if she's that much of a nympho, we could put her to good use in any number of operations,” he said.

“Yes, I can imagine the use you'd like to put her to,” Smith said.

It was better for her anonymity, and for theirs, since there could be cameras around, that the hood remain in place for now. They found a robe for her, and she was taken out into the car. Since it would have drawn too much attention were her hands free to do what they wanted to do, they simply locked the wrist restraints behind her back before putting the robe around her.

Hannah was taken to a small, quiet house and placed alone in a bedroom, still hooded and bound, to wait the attention of psychological staff.

* * *

Hannah woke in a cot, groaning weakly. She was naked, she saw, and her wrists were strapped to the bars above her head. There was certainly nothing new in that. She could see, however, which had to be good. She had no idea where she was, but the room looked small and cheap compared to all the others she'd been in of late. It was hard to think of recent events, hard to even know what was recent. Much of it was quite foggy.

She raised her head a little, and looked down the length of her body. It seemed unmarked, and she had been washed. Her hair felt clean. And then she felt the familiar rising of heat at the sight of her own nudity. She thought of a cock, next, and wished she had one there, inside her.

There was no sense of anxiety other than how long it would take before someone arrived to make use of her. She hoped it would not take long. She wanted to spread her legs around someone's hips and feel them deep inside her!

The door opened and she looked up with a sense of eagerness. The man there seemed unprepossessing, older, with a white jacket, as if he was a doctor. She wondered if he liked to play doctor games, and would examine her now. He sat down on a small chair next to the bed, and Hannah thought about how well sized the chair was for her to straddle him and ride him.

“Good morning, Miss Foster” he said.

She blinked uncertainly.

“My name is Doctor Goodman,” he said.

That certainly sounded like a phony name to her, and Hannah smiled hungrily at him. Next he would tell her he was going to examine her.

“You've been through an extremely trying experience,” he said, “But it's over now, and you're away from those people. You seem in relatively good condition, given your experiences, and we hope to be able to release you soon so you can return home.”

What game was this, she wondered.

“Now I'm going to unlock your wrists. I do not want you to make any sexual contact with your body Do you understand?”

She nodded, though she didn't.

He reached across her and unfastened the restraints. Hannah didn't move, since he hadn't told her to.

“Would you like to sit up?”

Again Hannah frowned. What did he care what she liked to do? What did it matter what she liked to do?

“You may sit up,” he said.

Hannah took that as instructions and did so, slowly, again checking herself to ensure she was not damaged or marked. She cupped her breasts lightly, and her fingers went automatically to her nipples.

“No. Put your hands at your sides, please,” he said.

She reluctantly obeyed.

“Can you say your name? Who are you?”

“I am a slave, master,” she said.

He blinked and shook his head, blushing a little. “Uhm, no, no. You misunderstand. You are no longer a prisoner. I want your real name. Hannah Foster. Can you say Hannah Foster?”

She stared at him.

“Say Hannah Foster.”

“Hannah Foster,” she said warily.

“There. You see. We're making progress,” he said happily.

Epilogue

It took some weeks before Hannah was able to resist the urge to touch herself almost constantly, or before she got used to wearing clothes. And even then she wasn't happy with having to do so. She went home, briefly. But though her family was delighted at the reversal of their economic fortunes they were bewildered by the change which had come over her. The way she dressed, for one thing, was so unaccountably sexual, the clothing so revealing, that they found it difficult to cope.

So did she.

She returned to New Jersey to be a stripper, but while she made a lot of money she was soon fired by a manager afraid of the police. Her lap dances now inevitably ended with her client's cock deep inside her pussy as she rode him excitedly.

Hannah became a call girl for a time, but while the money was even better, the time between calls, the time alone, the time without a man near her, became too frustrating. A visit to a local university pub created a diversion for a time. She made a pair of very attractive college football players and returned to their dorm.

What followed that was a series of sexual parties where Hannah wound up servicing various members of the football team, sometimes in large numbers. Acting bratty, very obviously bratty, soon also got her the bondage and spankings she yearned for, as well. And for a few weeks she became the in-house 'slave' of a fraternity house filled with three dozen young athletes.

The fierce hunger within her began to gradually diminish after that, and she returned to working as an escort and sometime stripper – though with enough discipline now to keep from mounting all her clients. She continued to attend wild parties, however, and haunt the better nightclubs in search of strong, handsome male partners.

The hunger and submissiveness O'Brien had roused in her took some time to exorcise. Or at least, to tone down to a level where she could think straight and not be entirely controlled by the hunger and lust within her. At that point she returned home, and then reapplied to the navy. She was accepted, but assigned to a shore job on a base working mainly with other women.

That was frustrating, at first, but there were a number of lesbians there, and she soon found ones cruel enough to give her some of the dark, submissive thrills she sought. She still had little interest in women, of course, but it was the bondage and misuse she craved – even if their cocks were silicon.

And then she was sent to a supply ship under the command of Captain Richard Black, a cold man who nevertheless turned out to have his own dark, and even violent heat. Black beat and tormented her into an even more desperate hunger for masochistic sexual passion.

And so she found herself standing before Smith again, of all people.

“You,” she said, startled.

“Me,” he said.

“What do you want?” she demanded.

He looked at her carefully. “Every time you leave ship you get written up for having hair that's too long,” he said. “Do you know that?”

She shrugged. Black wanted her hair long so he could pull on it as he rode her.

“I've got another assignment for you.”

“Are you kidding?” she demanded.

“A harem, in Saudi Arabia.”

She stared at him in disbelief. The logical side of her mind was outraged by the gall of the man, but then there was that other side, a side which began to feel an intense rush of heat at the thought of herself as a helpless harem girl, as a ... sex slave.

“It pays very well,” he said. “But the sheik is considerably nastier than O'Neil, and you can expect harsher punishment.”

The logical side of Hannah considered what curse to fling at him.

“Yes,” she breathed.

It didn't matter how she had become the way she was. It didn't matter whether that submissive, even masochistic side of her had already been present, inert, waiting to be exploited, or whether O'Neil had created it. The fact was it was there, and it ruled her fantasies and passions to the point she could only just control herself, and only then so long as she got a lot of hard, nasty sex.

She was still young, she thought, a trifle dazed. She had time to revel in lust and passion and sex yet. And perhaps the more often her lust got satisfied the less often it would one day arise.

Perhaps.

THE END