



Silver Moon

Adult Fiction



The Brotherhood

Falconer Bridges

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THE BOTHERHOOD

By
Falconer Bridges

SILVER MOON

GREAT NOVELS OF
EROTIC DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION

Publisher Information

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SEX

New Authors

NEW AUTHORS ARE WELCOME

Please send submissions to;
The Editor; Silver Moon books
Suite 7, Mayden House,
Long Bennington Business Park,

The Old School

THE DUKE STIRRED, roused from his slumber by the impact of Lolli's bottom as she dropped on to the pillow beside his head. He smelt the animal muskiness of her sex and felt the smooth flesh of her haunches brush against his cheek. Sleepily lifting one arm in order to fondle the creamy expanse of thigh above her blue stocking tops, the back of his hand brushed against the nakedness of her vulva, the grasping lips of her labia clamping themselves moistly to his flesh. He instantly exploded into full awareness.

"I'm not wearing any," she whispered, as if he needed any confirmation of her lack of underwear.

In one quick movement he rolled between the arched vee of her legs, coming to rest beneath her knees, flat on his stomach with his nose buried between her labia and his eager lips pressing urgently at the entrance to her vagina. It was all that he had imagined as his tongue delved into the tunnel, the exquisite flavour of her juices impacting not upon his brain, but signalling direct to his manhood and precipitating an instantaneous straining erection that was so granite solid it hurt. He pushed his tongue deeper into her, rubbing her unsheathing clitoris with the nub of his nose and then withdrawing to lap at her sex like a cat savouring a saucer of milk.

Looping both arms around her backside he clasped his hands together and tugged her vagina even closer to his face, and with his mouth squashed tightly against her pudenda he sucked and licked her into a state of squirming fervour.

"Now, now! Fuck me now!" she gasped.

He was thunderstruck, totally unprepared for this turn of events. He'd been working on her ceaselessly for the last couple of years, ever since she turned sixteen in fact, with absolutely no success whatsoever. She had remained completely unmoved by his attentions, even though he was Head Boy and lusted after by ninety nine per cent of female contingent of the school. And suddenly here she was, sitting on his face and demanding to be fucked. He didn't

waste any time deliberating that conundrum, if she wanted his dick she was going to get it. And fast; the whys and wherefores could wait until later.

He shifted his position and pulled her down the bed, legs wide apart on either side of his hips. Digging his fists into the mattress he lifted himself up and ran his lips over her downy young belly, her ribs and her nubile but wonderfully full breasts, before pulling himself up over her body until his throbbing penis rested at the portal to Heaven and his mouth lay over her own. Pressing a tender but urgent kiss onto her lips, he transferred the lingering drops of her sexual juices to her own taste buds and then, unable to deny himself any longer he lunged his overpowering erection at her pleading womanhood.

Only it wasn't as easy as that.

Much as she desired it, her sex seemed reluctant to admit his pulsating member. He inserted a finger, then two and then more, widening her channel and stimulating her clitoris. A caressing palm rolled over her glorious cleavage, his fingers plucking, pulling and teasing at her inflamed nuggets. Easing his helmet between her labia, he confronted her protesting hymen and after an heroic struggle broke through the barrier, gaining a limited entrance into the tightness beyond. A slight retreat, another push, and he was further in. Stronger and stronger, deeper and deeper, his thrusts bored their way further into her virgin tunnel, stoking the fire in her loins into solar heat, floods of her juices lubricating and easing his entry into her welcoming but as yet unpenetrated sex.

Moaning with passion, her breath came in short sharp gasps as they ground at each other, his ever swelling penis mercilessly reaming up and down the entire length of her now fully accommodating vagina. Sensations unknown raged through both their bodies until reaching a shattering peak of fulfilment, the oceans of semen boiling in his testes erupted into an overwhelming ejaculation. Wave after wave of seed surged deep into her womb, as her body jerked and thrashed uncontrollably through an endless series of multiple orgasmic climaxes.

Thoroughly sated they remained locked together, drawing deep draughts of calming air into their lungs as their overloaded senses gradually subsided into some kind of normalcy. But something was wrong. What was happening?

“Duke . . . Duke . . . Wake up!”

A hand was urgently shaking his shoulder, while an authoritative voice thundered in his ear.

“Wake up damn you, we’re here!”

Duke struggled to pull himself together, the vision slowly fading from behind his closed eyelids as his senses returned. Oh no. It had been a dream! All that was seven years ago now he realised, and he had never got within striking distance of Lolli. It was coming back to the school that had triggered the memories of unrequited teenage passion that had dogged his last years of study at this venerable institution. He’d never got a look in, she was always hanging around outside the Housemaster’s study, so much so that Duke reckoned she’d got ‘a thing’ about him. Him! The most universally feared amongst a faculty of feared tutors.

It had always appeared to Duke that he had been singled out for particularly harsh treatment by the schoolmaster, being given extra tasks and a much more demanding academic workload than any of the other pupils, except that was, for his three compatriots, Connie, Molly and Ham. In his own case, he had fleetingly considered that perhaps the reason was because he presented a challenge for the attentions of Lolli and it was some sort of punishment. Common sense had won out in the end. ‘Don’t be an ass,’ he’d told himself, ‘the old boy’s practically a pensioner’, which unknown to him was still the greatest mistake he’d ever made in his life.

But, as an eighteen year old he had resigned himself to a life without Lolli on the end of his dick, finding consolation in the thought that as heir to one of the greatest fortunes in the world, he’d be able to shag anything that walked on two legs. After all money could buy whatever he desired, including love. So as much as he was able, he had dismissed Lolli from his mind. Until now. And now it seemed he was again about to meet his once imagined

rival in love, except that now he was the Headmaster of the school, having been appointed to that position about the time Duke and Lolli had departed from its hallowed portals.

It was no wonder Duke had fallen asleep though. For some unexplained reason, his father had ordered his chauffeur to remain in London and was driving himself. There was no conversation and the glass privacy partition was closed, so that all alone on the leathered expanse of the back seat of the Bentley and with nothing to relieve the soporific tedium of the journey from town, he'd simply closed his eyes and drifted away. But now here they were, parked right outside the main entrance to the school. Being in the middle of the summer holidays there were no noisy hordes of students milling around the quad and everything seemed dignified and peaceful, his now more experienced eye appreciating the splendid architectural qualities of the old buildings. He got out of the car and walked towards the magnificent doors that opened straight on to the Great Hall. He'd never given them a second look before; 'schoolboys really must walk around with their eyes closed,' he said wonderingly to himself. But he still had no idea why he had been brought here.

"Father, what's this all about?" he asked.

The Sons Of Adam

DUKE LOUNGED UNEASILY in his chair as from the other side of his heavily carved oak desk, the Headmaster studied him through eyes of piercing intensity. It was brought back to Duke in no uncertain manner just what a powerful, intimidating personality the older man possessed, the strength of his character having faded from Duke's mind during the intervening years since they had last faced each other. Unlocking his stare, the Headmaster redirected his gaze to the artistically illuminated pages of an ancient leather bound tome that lay open on the inlaid top of the desk. Watching intently as reverential fingers traced a path over their surfaces, Duke saw that the text was written in that strange lost language that only himself, Connie, Molly and Ham had been taught in sworn secrecy by the Headmaster himself during their days under his tutorship. Momentarily he allowed his thoughts to stray fondly back to his school day comrades; they had all been of almost exactly the same age, were inseparable friends and by some strange freak of fate, all possessed the same birthmark on their upper left shoulder, a design somewhat resembling the mathematical symbol of Pi. It was them who had corrupted his given name of Marmaduke into his now universally accepted moniker of Duke.

A pointed cough from The Headmaster lifted Duke from his reverie and once more he concentrated his undivided attention on the matter at hand, although he was experiencing great trouble in understanding just exactly what that might be. The young man's father, Montague D'Arcy DuPont, stood silent in the semi darkness of the heavily draped study. The flickering light from a ring of thick candles set in ornate seven branched Menorah, the candelabras usually used in worship, threw eerie shadows over his rugged features as he followed the proceedings with maximum concentration. He answered a questioning look from The Headmaster with a barely perceptible nod of assent and in response the latter lifted the ancient book from the desk, cleared his throat and translating as he went,

started to read out loud from its pages.

“Not content with the Paradise the Lord God had created in the Garden of Eden and lusting after the carnal pleasures of the flesh, the woman Eve spake unto Adam thus:’ Believe me, we will not die! Has not the Serpent told me so? ‘

“And Adam was tempted. His manhood sprang forth and his hand made its way to that nest of all pleasures and seat of all tribulation between her legs. The Archangel Michael and his attendant Hosts of Heaven held their breath as his fingers parted the soft lips of her sex and dallied with the tender delight that had so far been hidden from his knowledge.

“And Adam went into the woman Eve, and when he had known her, he knew also that he had failed of the Lord’s command. In great wrath he bound her to the tree of knowledge, the fruit of which she had seduced him to eat. Her wrists he bound about the tree with strong vines, and with his bare hands, for he was a mighty man in the full flowering of his God given strength, he stripped a sapling branch of its bark and beat her with the full severity that every woman since that day has been born to receive as her due. He closed his ears to her pleadings and laid a pattern of twelve mighty lashes on her back.

“And when The LORD came into the Garden in the evening searching for His children and found that they had hidden themselves away from His sight, He was mightily wrathful and commanded them to leave the shelter of the trees and lay their sins at his feet. When Adam had told Him all that had happened the LORD said: ‘Adam, thou hast done great evil this day and must be banished from the Garden; but great also has been your labour in taking retribution on the woman’s flesh. ‘

“Looking upon the pattern carved on the woman’s naked back, He spoke further. ‘Though you must go from the Garden out into the world and seek to repair the damage done this day, yet I say unto you Adam, the pattern of lashes you have laid upon this woman’s sinful body shall be borne forever forwards by those of your true lineage, and this shall be the sign by which all true “Sons of Adam”

will be known until the end of times. “

Duke had been listening with increasingly incredulous ears and as the Headmaster laid the heavy book back on to the desk top, his mind was a whirl of confusion. It was obvious a reaction was expected of him and in desperation, coughing nervously, he looked from one man to the other and then back again. Stony faced, his elders betrayed no emotion. Silence crushed in on him from all sides, the thick incense like smell of the candles only adding to the overpoweringly heavy atmosphere. He said nothing.

The Headmaster finally broke the impasse:

“The sign you are already familiar with. It is the pattern of the birthmark that you and your three friends all bear as the confirmation of your heritage.” And after a little hesitation. “It may interest you to know that both your father and myself also bear the same mark.”

Vacating his position in the shadows Montague approached his son and laying a hand on his shoulder addressed him in tones of the deepest solemnity.

“Marmaduke, you have reached the age of initiation and the time has come for your destiny to be revealed. Your life is not your own to control, you have a purpose to your existence which must be fulfilled. From the moment that man was banished from Eden along with Lucifer the Serpent, the Sons of Adam have waged a never ending battle against him and his evil disciples . . . And you are a true Son.”

The Lodge

MONTAGUE HAD OCCASIONALLY mentioned The Lodge, referring to it as 'his club', and Duke having no real interest in fuddy duddy establishments had paid minimal attention. The 'Old Boy' network was of no interest to him but if his ageing parent wished to while away his idle hours in the company of port swilling, gout ridden ex colonials, then that was all right by him. The reality was proving staggeringly different. Even his initial introduction to his present surroundings had been pure James Bond. Now accompanied by the Headmaster they had passed through huge ornamental wrought iron gates, nodded a greeting to a respectful lodge keeper and driven through immaculately kept parkland, to pull up outside a building of true gothic splendour. A building which stood in secluded isolation providing the privacy and security demanded by its patrons.

Waiting to greet them, standing outside the imposing double doors that led into the entrance hall was Madame Stalevsky herself, which although Duke did not know it was a great sign of his father's importance. She stepped forward and was about to speak when the unmistakable clatter of an approaching helicopter interrupted the proceedings.

"Ah, perhaps you gentlemen would be good enough to remain here for a moment," she shouted over the rapidly increasing roar. The 'chopper' came in low over the top of the house, pivoted and then descended only a hundred yards or so away, sinking down behind some trees and setting them swaying as if in a hurricane. A few moments later a group of men appeared running along a path which led out from the trees. In the lead were two imposing characters who Duke later learned were the mute Russian twins, Yuri and Ivan, Madame Stalevsky's trusted assistants. To his amazement he saw that they were carrying machine pistols and behind them came four men in suits surrounding a fifth man.

The two Russians turned and kept watch as they reached the doors and then the group of four shepherded the fifth man inside. In passing this man threw a tight lipped glance of acknowledgment at Montague DuPont, who returned the silent salute. As soon as he was safely behind the doors the four suits turned, ran back down the steps and positioned themselves at judicious intervals along the front of the building, obviously standing guard. Yuri and Ivan piled into the hall, unslinging their guns as the man who had arrived in the midst of such tight security strolled unconcernedly into depths of the house. Duke gaped at the disappearing figure, he knew instantly who he was - anyone would have - he was one of the most influential and powerful men on the planet. And most amazing of all, he was there to meet his own father.

The Lodge as Duke now knew, was probably the most luxurious and exclusive private club in the entire British Isles. Frequented by only fabulously rich and powerful personages, its mere existence was unknown beyond its privileged members. Dedicated to the pleasures of the flesh, particularly the S&M variety, it offered everything a truly masterful gentleman could wish for, boasting as it did the finest stable of Housegirls in Europe. . or maybe even the world! In a return to eighteenth century values, the girls were respected and highly valued, it not being anything out of the ordinary for one of them to rise through society to an exalted position, as was often the case with their counterparts of the 1700's. And needless to say, as both his father and the Headmaster were prominent figures in the hierarchy of the establishment, he had been offered his choice.

His choice turned out to be not exactly to The Headmaster's liking however. On taking his first meal at the club, Duke was astounded to be served by the very girl of his dreams. . Lolli. But now she was every inch the glamorous sophisticate, her low cut blue satin dress displaying her full firm breasts to the greatest advantage, her pale skin and the cascades of dark hair falling in waves on to her shoulders only serving to emphasise her indisputable beauty. As she leaned over the table, catching a glimpse of her broad nut brown areolae and wonderful hat peg nipples he broke out into an instant

sweat which was swiftly accompanied by a crippler of an erection, fortunately hidden from his companions by the table top.

He watched in amazement as the Headmaster, whom he had now been instructed to refer to as Richard, slipped a hand inside a previously unnoticed slit in the back of her dress, stroked her bottom under the clinging material and then delved between her thighs, obviously fingering her vagina. Apart from an undoubted twinkle that flashed into her eyes, Lolli showed no reaction other than widen her stance in order to better facilitate the probing digits. This was all too much for Duke. He couldn't stand it, he'd wanted to fuck the arse off this girl for as long as he could remember and here she was, as were all the girls, in his father's words 'ready, willing and available'. He beckoned her to him and snatching his room disc from where he'd placed on the table, he fastened it around her neck. That was how you reserved a girl at the Lodge he'd been told and he was going to reserve her before anyone else got the chance.

Only there seemed to be some sort of problem because Lolli looked a question at the Headmaster, who started to say something only to be interrupted by Montague. He spelt out the facts to his son, who for the first time learned that his teenage dismissal of the Headmaster as a worn out old dodderer was as far from the truth as it was possible to get. It seemed that after some initial sexual and disciplinary guidance from his former tutor, Lolli had been introduced by him into the Lodge where her training had been completed by Madame Stalevsky. But there had been an understanding however that when he was in residence she would always be reserved, unmarked and in perfect condition, for his sole use. So unfortunately at that particular time she was the only girl not open to universal usage.

Following this explanation the Headmaster remained in silent rumination for a few moments and then drew Montague to one side, engaging him in a whispered conversation. When he returned his attention to his son, Montague's face bore a look of surprised wonder.

“You my boy, are an extremely privileged young man. For the first time ever my great friend Dickie here has relinquished his right to his own special girl. As we are about to commence your initiation he feels you should enjoy only the best of everything on offer. . and believe me, Lolli is the Very best.”

So it was settled. And there she was in his room. He was going to fuck her silly, no question about that, but he had a desperate need to fulfil the fantasy he'd entertained since they were both eighteen year old sixth formers, he wanted her as a schoolgirl; thigh length pleated grey peltmet, crisp white blouse and school tie, blue stockings that revealed just a suggestion of succulent creamy flesh at their tops. . the lot! But no knickers. And that's what he got.

And what a schoolgirl she made. She was now twenty five years old, the same age as Duke and in the full bloom of womanhood. She had everything. Wonderfully full, heavy breasts with nutmeg nipples that tested the ability of the cotton to keep them imprisoned. Long, lithe never ending legs and a smooth rounded bottom that transformed the skirt into a garment of the most enticing eroticism, barely hiding as it did her forest of dark pubes. Add to this, clear unblemished flesh and the looks of a fashion queen, and then you'll still only be halfway to understanding what an absolute vision she presented to her unbelieving observer. He could have wanked himself to a drooling death just looking at her, only he didn't have too. She was his to do with as he pleased, and he intended to do a lot.

Once again memories of the school flooded into his mind. It had been an experiment, and she had been part of it. Much to the opposition of the 'old guard' girls had been admitted to one of the most diehard of traditional boy's public schools. Their argument had been that 'the fillies' were just a bunch of loose-moralled little whores and that the boys would abandon their studies in favour of the pursuit of pussy. They never knew just how right they'd been, and Duke's thoughts circled around the time he'd stolen a pair of Lolli's knickers and the countless ensuing nights he'd spent with them stretched over his face, sniffing their pheromone soaked gusset

while masturbating with one hand and slashing at a pillow with his prefect's cane; the pillow of course in his imagination being Lolli's bottom.

Now, as a true submissive Lolli obeyed his orders without question, but Duke could not help but feel that deep inside she still regarded him as an overzealous prefect hell bent on getting inside her pants. He had no doubt that she was mentally questioning his capability to provide the dominance and discipline she now looked on as her right. But he was a different person from the lanky prefect of their schooldays. An air of self-assurance and maturity had stamped itself on his personality since their last meeting. 'She just couldn't see it,' he told himself, 'she was still too engrossed in the Headmaster'. Duke had a battle on his hands. He knew that full well. But dominance and mastery were a part of his breeding, those qualities were in his genes. And those genes, as he was now learning, extended backwards into the farthest reaches of time.

Casting an appreciative eye over her poised, sex charged figure, Duke knew instinctively that Lolli was no mere plaything. This was a woman unlike any other he'd ever met. But she was just that! A woman. To be used like any other, in whatever way he saw fit. So, what course should he pursue? He wasn't exactly sure, but he determined to give the Headmaster a damn good run for his money. A difficult task lay ahead. There was no question of that. But just how difficult he was yet to find out. It was time for action.

"What have you chosen?"

He'd learnt that from his father. "Give 'em their choice; whip, paddle, riding crop or whatever and it confuses the little mares," that's what he'd said. "As often as not you finish up with what they fear most." And that advice had always proved a good starting point.

"A cane . . . and a tawse."

Lolli had learned that from The Headmaster. Right from that very first time, when he'd summoned her to his private apartments in the school the night before she went up to Oxford, they had been the implements that had provided her with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

“Off the bed!”

She complied immediately.

“Over there . . . legs apart . . . and lift your skirt.”

The scenery was bewitching. Luxuriant dark pubes, her labial slit poking through the thinner curly hairs between the top of her legs, and smooth, creamy thighs.

“Turn around . . . slowly.”

Again his orders were obeyed without hesitation. ‘Oh God, look at that backside,’ he thought, quickly followed by, ‘Jesus, have mercy,’ as an erection the likes of which he’d never known, pushed the front of his trousers into a perfect facsimile of a circus tent. Her gaze fixed firmly on the site of his pulsing penis, Lolli widened her eyes in a display of affected innocence and pouted coquettishly in her most alluring schoolgirl manner.

Duke could see what was happening. She was Lolita once more. . the Nymphette who’d driven the dribbling oiks of the school into terminal masturbatory overload. He was in no doubt that so far she was convinced that she was winning the battle for control, and that her first impression of him had been correct. That did not make her feel good, he knew that. Quite the contrary, she needed a man to be masterful and strong. He imagined the question running through her mind: ‘Why had Richard given her to this pretender? this adolescent who knew nothing of the needs of a woman like her’. Duke could practically feel her scorn, and shaking himself out of his open-mouthed stupor reminded himself that it was his duty to demonstrate total authority over her, to command her respect in all spheres and to hold her in complete subservience. If he was unable to control himself how could he possibly hold sway over her? He imagined her report to The headmaster: Could do better! Yes he could. Starting now!

“Stop that!” he shouted with a vehemence that instantly wiped any trace of superciliousness from Lolli’s features. He was forced to wait a few moments while his brain fought a semi- victorious battle with his libido and his penis slackened sufficiently for him to rise without embarrassment. Now steely cool, he picked up the

tawse and advanced on her with a deliberateness of purpose that chilled her to the marrow. Hard eyes pierced her own with daggers of intent.

“Hold out you hand, palm up.”

Whack! Whack! Whack! The leather smacked down on to her flesh with full force. Nobody had done that to her since her schooldays. It was humiliating.

“You’ve been a naughty girl, and what do naughty girls deserve?”

She knew well enough. A strap to the hand that was the only punishment a prefect had been allowed to administer to a girl. No canes smacking down on to tender young rumps, that was for the Headmaster only.

“Six of the best.”

“Correct. So let’s have the other hand.”

Both her palms pulsed with a stinging intensity before the tawse was thrown to one side. It had hurt far more than she remembered.

“You know I’ve always wanted you and you played on that knowledge. A bad move.”

Two forceful slaps that she never saw coming reddened her cheeks, tears of surprised pain welling up from her previously untapped reservoir of emotions. In an instant her breasts received the same brutal treatment, and spinning her round he pushed her neck forwards until she assumed a bowing stance, and rained a flurry of full-blooded blows on to her jutting backside. Keeping her in a bent over position, with one hand firmly pressed on the back of her head, he ran the other over her smarting rump before sliding an upturned palm between her legs, firstly to cup her mons and then to rasp the length of her labia. The lips were closed and dry. He knew Lolli’s reputation, so the fault was his. But he was working on it.

Pulling her upright by her hair he turned her to face him. She wasn’t so sure of herself now, this was a different Marmaduke! Unbuttoning the blouse just over the area where her breasts pushed its capacity for containment to the limit, he slipped his hands under the school tie, inside the open fronts of both sides of the

garment and up over her marvellous mounds. Because it remained fastened at the neck and waist, the blouse was still fairly tight over her body and the backs of his manipulating hands strained against the material as he fondled, squeezed and generally mistreated her mammaries.

The firm flesh pressing on the inside of his palms confirmed the superb condition in which she'd kept herself and he knew the rest of her body was going to feel just as exquisite. Vice like fingers and thumbs gripped her proud nipples; pinching, pulling and stretching. She really was a magnificent animal. Lolli shuffled, opening her legs a little. Duke caught the movement but made no comment, allowing a small measure of satisfaction to impinge upon the previous self-doubt. She was feeling something, a stirring of arousal and he could sense it. Increasing his onslaught on her nipples, he felt fairly secure in the knowledge that between her thighs, Lolli's dormant sex was awakening, pulsing blood into her swelling labia and precipitating a nascent puddle of wetness that would soon stream into a flood of lubricating juices.

Lolli was already having to start to revise her first impressions of Duke's capabilities. But she didn't have time for much conscious thought in that direction because true to his expectations she was tingling inside. Shivers rolled down her spine as her kiln of lust fired itself up in preparation for the stoking she was now beginning to crave. His maltreatment of her nipples was so expert that in itself it added a new dimension to her wealth of sexual experiences. Her eyes closed, the discomfort mounted and a stifled moan of bliss escaped her lips. Now he was getting somewhere.

He released his crippling grip on her nuggets, his hands retreating from beneath the blouse and ripped off the remaining buttons, leaving it hanging loose around her neck, partially held together by the still knotted tie. The bottom of the blouse was still tucked into her skirt, and tugging it free, under the wrench of his hands the garment disintegrated, falling completely apart and leaving only the circle of the collar with its attendant tie, around her neck. He prized

the cuffs over her wrists, and with the cotton back of the blouse bunched in his fist he pulled the shredded cloth free of her arms and body, hurling the remnants across the room.

The surge of elation that ran through Lolli communicated itself instantly to Duke. He felt it rise even further as he grabbed the tie, tugged her over to the bed and threw her down so that the dead weight of her breasts flattened her against the bedding. Her arms stretched out in front of her on the duvet and her legs fell over the edge of the mattress, allowing her feet to flatten against the carpet. Gathering up several pillows, he pushed them under her belly so that her rump was projected upwards. Her blue-stockinged legs with their expanse of creamy thigh straightened and her heels rose from the thick pile, allowing him full visual and physical access to her rear.

‘It’s funny how you can see so much more from behind,’ he thought, allowing himself the luxury of several moments of salivating voyeurism. Her sex was the stuff of dreams; tumescent labia engorged and widening, with rivulets of love juice running down to drip from the wispy ends of her luxuriant pubes. He ran his palm along the inside of her thighs between the stocking tops and her sex, caressing her gently, almost romantically and she responded with a long low moan of pleasure. And for the first time he noticed the faint outline of the sign of The Brotherhood etched into her backside. That brought him up with a halt. He’d have to check the insides of her labial lips, a girl permanently claimed by a Brother was tattooed with the Sign. If she possessed such a tattoo he could still fuck, beat and abuse her but he could never own her. Somehow that bothered him.

“Those marks on your rump! They look like some kind of design, what are they?”

“I’m not allowed to say.”

Whack . . smack . . again and again his palm landed with brute force on the tender rippling meat of her bottom and thighs. He was a strong young man and it hurt. She sucked air as she fought both the pain and the resultant increase in yearning it created in her

pussy.

“Come on girl, what is it? Who did it?”

“You can beat me ‘til I’m black and blue but it won’t do you any good, it’s a sacred vow. I’ll never tell.”

He was still wearing his tuxedo and black tie and could now feel their restricting influence upon his actions, so the jacket went the same way as Lolli’s blouse and the bow was pulled apart and thrown to the ground between her tiptoed feet. Picking up the cane he slashed it back and forth. It was satisfyingly pliable and cut the air with a zinging whoosh that not only pleased him but notched the barometer of her dread up several more fevered points. It was not hard to guess who had imprinted her with the sign of The Brotherhood, and he found his respect for the Headmaster growing by the minute. In addition a new found admiration for her determination and guts made an entry into the notebook of his mind, it looked as if she was going to keep her mouth shut. . good girl! But he had to test her to the full.

“I will not stand for wilful disobedience from a mere serf, we’ll soon loosen that tongue of yours.”

Lolli trembled, not in sexual anticipation this time, but in fright. This was going to be a tough battle of wills. Her mouth dried, her tongue suddenly turning into a leaden lump. She prepared herself, mentally steeling her flesh into a barrier of de-sensitised nerve endings. And she prayed. The sign was already a faint imprint upon her flesh, so after a little thought Duke decided that his immediate action must be to reinforce and emphasise that marking until it was unmistakably his own. He determined to punish her with the utmost severity, both to push her to the limit of her resistance and to leave an indisputable message to any and every ensuing rooster who might follow in his wake.

‘Look at this,’ he wanted it to say. ‘Look and know that this woman has been possessed by Me, Marmaduke DuPont, a member of The Brotherhood and a true Son of Adam! He lifted the cane high and set to work. Working by the book and adding a few deft touches of his own he gave her a damned good thrashing; and she

didn't break. In fact he suspected that she enjoyed every crippling slash of the cane. He traced the Headmaster's outline in meticulous detail, delivering twelve viciously applied strokes and taking great satisfaction in the perfection of their precise geometrical pattern, until the burning weals shone like red neon against the paleness of her skin. Whack! Smack! With all his strength the blows landed, rippling her pliant flesh and prompting ever intense screams of agony, interspersed as it seemed with ululations of gratification. She certainly was proving to be an enigma. The torture was intense, the pain unbearable; but so it seemed was the pleasure.

What to do now? Duke pondered. She was made of good solid stuff this girl, he'd driven her almost crazy with a combination of lust and pain but she hadn't given an inch. He whipped the cane up between her legs, stinging her vulva and flicking drops of her juices from the dripping strands of her pubes. She hung on by a thread, fighting an overpowering desire to commit the ultimate transgression and allow herself to come to orgasm without permission. Another one like that and she'd be done for. Her vagina on fire and her torso laid flat on the bed, her hardened nipples rubbed in excruciating delight against the softness of the satin sheets. Her labial lips were engorged and parted, her clitoris swollen into a pillar of unhooded erectile flesh and if her training had not been so comprehensively complete she would have been screaming for release. She owed an incalculable debt to Madame Stalevsky, she was in absolutely no doubt of that. Making a mental connection, the initials MS flamed across her consciousness. Yes, they both had the same initials. What a confrontation that would make: Madame Stalevsky and the Marquis de Sade!

Duke had been made aware of Lolli's speciality and determined to use that as his second line of attack.

"Up and off the bed, onto your knees."

The relief was almost solid in its immensity. She sank to her knees in front of him giving thanks that this new position allowed her occasion to calm her throbbing sex. She knew what he had in mind and concentrating on that alone she might be able to regain

control over her overloaded sensory system. Her expertise in fellatio was legendary amongst the members and allowed her the foolish thought that she could use this as a weapon to fuel a counter offensive against his increasingly overwhelming storming of her senses. She had been owned body and soul for the past seven years by the Headmaster, she belonged to him and wanted to remain in his possession, but in no time at all this upstart had driven shafts of doubt deep into her heart. She had to fight back.

Duke stood watching as dispassionately as his own supercharged libido would allow as Lolli reached out and slowly but deliberately slid his zip downwards, endowing that simple action with all the sexuality of which only a daughter of Aphrodite is capable. Then it was his turn to shiver inwardly as her fingers crept inside his shorts and freed his straining joystick from captivity. One look and she was bewitched.

It was beautiful!

Perfect.

Her tormentor was indisputably and magnificently male. Hunger flashed in her eyes as she took in its classic dimensions and tongue-beckoning glans. She was lost. It had been a short fight.

One loosely-clasped hand slid down the length of Duke's penis, lingering at its base as a second slipped under his scrotum, its owner sighing in satisfaction as the weight and size of his testicles were tested and their capacity to contain a sea of tasty semen confirmed. An ensuing gentle but stimulating fondling of his reproductive organs stiffened his erection into a solid rod of steel. A tongue slipped from between two impatient lips and took its first taste. 'Mmm. . . this was one delicacy she couldn't wait to get down her throat'.

Both hands worked on his shaft while at the same time she lapped it from helmet to balls and back before guiding it into her mouth. Duke let it linger just inside her lips as she rolled her tongue around his purple bell, blowing, sucking and savouring the throbbing dome. She was certainly living up to her reputation and he found his expectations had been woefully below the reality of her

actual performance. Her lips slid further over its length, her jaws opening to their limit to accommodate his impressive girth and her tongue performing feats of intoxicating stimulation. Further and further in it went until he felt it hit the back of her throat, and then with head bobbing back and forth she captured it in its entirety, his glans now taken well into her gullet and in a reversal of earlier action, this time Her nose pressed tight against His pubes.

Slowly but surely she increased the tempo and length of her oral sweeps up and down his throbbing rod, her fingers massaging gonads bubbling with imprisoned semen. Beads of perspiration clung to his brow as he fought to control his raging desires. God, she was good and he'd have to get a grip on himself if he was going to execute his plan with any measure of success. She could feel his tension mounting, his urethra swelling in readiness to deliver its fountains of creamy sperm on to her waiting taste buds. This was going to be the feast of a lifetime and she was starving. She dismissed her fingers from testicle duty and clutching one firm muscular buttock with each hand to ensure his weapon stayed in position, she plunged up and down with increased frenzy, until she felt the boiling sperm begin its race to ejaculation. This was it! For him as well as her.

Desperate to prevent a single drop from surging on to her tongue, he pushed her head backwards with an unintended roughness, wrenched his jerking penis from her mouth and lunging for an empty whisky glass on the bedside table, directed his considerable ejaculate into it. Lolli was devastated. Dumfounded. She knelt looking up at him in amazement, disappointment written large over her face. Duke then held up the glass, which in alcoholic terms held at least a triple measure of milky white nectar, and waved it slowly backwards and forwards before her disbelieving eyes.

Totally ignoring her distress, he set the glass back down on the table and re-holstered his weapon. He was going to let her stew for a while. A few minutes later Duke was on his way to the bar and Lolli was hanging a foot or so above the carpet in his room, chained by the wrists to the ceiling, her arms and shoulders straining to

support her weight.

Having properly re-attired himself in jacket and tie, he strolled into the bar, which proved to be intimate, comfortable and absolutely in keeping with the lavish standards of The Lodge. There were tables and chairs set in various nooks and crannies, offering privacy if it was so desired but the front of the bar counter itself was lined with high leather backed stools, allowing members to converse freely amongst themselves and pass banter back and forth with the serving wenches. Many of the housegirls were highly educated and quite able to hold their own in an in depth discourse with the members, Lolli herself had a first in economics, was fluent in several European languages and had, upon coming down from Oxford, been offered an exceedingly lucrative position with a merchant bank. This she had turned down in favour of life at The Lodge, an action an uninformed outside observer might well fail to understand; but in which she had something in common with all the other girls, in that no matter what their background or personal achievement, every one dearly valued her position and undertook her services because it was her own desire. They lived for the thrill and variety of experiences they found there that were offered nowhere else.

Sitting at the bar itself was Montague, together with the Headmaster and the man who had so dramatically arrived by helicopter and who they referred to simply as Mr. Luther, inferring that his real identity was not to be mentioned.

“Ah, Marmaduke, come on over and be introduced.”

Duke reverently took the proffered hand, marvelling at the stratospheric circles in which he was now moving, and in doing so he couldn't help but notice the cufflinks the man was wearing. Inlaid with the Sign of Adam, they were identical to those sported by both his father and the Headmaster and also to the pair they had ceremoniously presented to him before leaving the school premises. Another shock, Mr. Luther was a member of The Brotherhood!

“So you are Montague's boy, eh?” He was studied minutely. “Follow in your father's footsteps and one day, you too will be a

great man. Now if you will excuse me, I have kept someone waiting far too long.” And with that the man dismounted from his stool, beckoning to a girl standing demurely across the room. Melinda, my father’s favourite girl, Duke thought; so he’s making sacrifices too.

“Dad, all of this is really weird. Just what is going on?”

“Forget that my boy, explanations later, for now tell us all about Lolli.”

And he did. In complete and thorough detail, Montague and the Headmaster nodding in approval and sometimes chuckling over the juicier parts of his report. They were particularly impressed by the ingenuity he had demonstrated when he’d withdrawn his ejaculating penis from her mouth and spent himself into the whisky glass. To deny Lolli the taste of the magical ambrosia she so craved had been a masterstroke, the ultimate torture. They had to know and the question was voiced in unison:

“What was her reaction?”

The reply was straightforward and simple:

“She cried!”

On the return journey to his room, Duke wallowed in the afterglow of the congratulations the two older men had heaped upon him. But he also contemplated their unstinting praise for Lolli. Even faced with his final act of cruelty she had not capitulated, she had still said nothing. ‘Not that she really knew anything,’ they had told him, ‘all she knows is that The Brotherhood exists and she has been sworn to secrecy on that point. ‘ But even so, she would not even divulge that minor snippet of information. They were right, Lolli was a woman of true character and integrity. She was positioned exactly as he’d left her, arms straining, swinging free and in distress. ‘Yes, he had abandoned her for an excessive amount of time,’ he conceded to himself. But that was all to the good, it only added to her general pain and discomfort, the tortured look in her eyes metamorphosing into one of defiance as he spoke.

“Explain the design and I’ll let you down.”

Silence.

“Come on now, don’t be a silly girl; tell me and your torment ends.” Nothing.

This time he prepared himself properly. Off came the jacket, then the tie, but not the shirt. His look of cold determination chilled her to the marrow. ‘Be strong,’ he imagined her telling herself, ‘for all that’s sacred, don’t let him get the better of you.’

He walked over, said nothing and whacked her breasts mercilessly with his open palms. Spinning her around so that her back faced him, with one hand he lifted the short skirt and with the other delivered the same punishing treatment to her buttocks. Her abused flesh pulsed in scarlet protest as her breath rasped in short sharp gasps, the only outward sign of her suffering being a solitary tear that traced a path down her cheek to splash saltily on her tongue.

He swivelled her round to face him once again and under the skirt grasped her buttocks. Pulling her close, through the material of his trousers his manhood pressed hard against her mons. Even in its flaccid state it was big and heavy enough to excite her as he clenched, squeezed and pinched the abused meat of her bottom until she felt the stirring onset of arousal once again. The blouse collar was still around her neck and the tie hung in the valley between her cleavage. Still pressing her close to his genitals with one hand, he grasped the tie with the other, pulling her head nearer and brushed his lips fleetingly over hers. Torture and tenderness, a two pronged attack and it was certainly forging an inroad into her defences, as the butterflies in her stomach plainly signalled.

His mouth teased the smoothness of her neck, lingering over her adam’s apple before leaping over the blouse collar to alight softly over a fluttering heart. Then he bit her! A vicious wolf of a bite. His teeth clamped on to her still aching breast catapulting a prolonged, harrowing scream from her lips that emptied her lungs. The world spun, undulating waves of blackness danced before her eyes until he finally released the flesh and her vision returned. The pain was unbelievable. And lasting. She’d been subjected to uncounted forms

of punishment, but apart from the pain, the total unexpectedness of his action had been enough to shock her to the core.

Now she really knew she wasn't dealing with an amateur and she soon came to regret any assumptions she'd made concerning his prowess. First he slowly rolled her stockings down her legs, slipped them over her feet and then tied them both around her forehead in an imitation of a samurai bandana.

"That should soak up the sweat very nicely."

Then the skirt was eased over her bottom and dropped to the floor. Apart from the tattered collar and tie, she was naked. He rolled the tie and threaded it through her teeth.

"Something to bite on."

That's all he said; then, and until he'd exhausted every last idea his inventive mind could conjure up. He'd started with the tawse and completed the exercise with the cane. She was almost beaten senseless. Scarcely an inch of her supple meat had been left unscathed, the scarlet undercoat left by the strikes of the leather being overlaid with criss-crossed weals and stripes from the cane. She was hurt, sobbing and distraught, but her lips had remained sealed.

The implements of correction lay discarded on the carpet as he approached her and tenderly stroked her tortured body. After pulling the perspiration soaked bandana from her head, he removed the collar and tie, freed the chains, massaged her arms and set her back on a pair of unsteady feet. Her head fell forward and tears flowed freely over his shoulders, soaking his shirt. He lifted her head.

"You're everything I was told you were; a treasure, a girl in a million and I think there's something you should see."

He stepped back, slowly and deliberately removing his shirt. Turning sideways he presented her with his left shoulder. Her world stood still. The shock on her face as her eyes alighted on the Birthmark said it all. Duke was a member of The Brotherhood! He allowed her a few moments to digest this new information, catching just a glimpse of the pride she now felt as she imagined

him relaying the details of their encounter to the Headmaster, and having to admit that she had taken everything he could give and not broken her oath of secrecy. With a pang of disappointment Duke acknowledged that despite his best efforts, her allegiance still remained solidly to her mentor. All right, the battle would be longer than he'd thought. But one thing was certain: he was not about to give in.

Taking her hands he lifted her to her feet and led her over to the bed, rewarding her at last with the glass of sperm. She sipped it slowly, savouring its exquisite taste until the very last drop tipped into her mouth, her tongue rolling over her lips to garner any last trace of the precious emission. Duke allowed himself a little satisfaction as she swallowed with obvious relish. 'At least she had enjoyed that,' he thought. It was one step on the right path, and now the direction was mapped out, he would have to ensure he did not get lost along the way. Although she was a Housegirl, Lolli was no prostitute he told himself. She was the embodiment of a perfect slave; submissive, obedient and truly beautiful. And unfortunately, as yet still utterly faithful to the Headmaster.

The Brotherhood

“YOUR FIRST NIGHT at The Lodge and you land me with a fine of a two thousand pounds a day for a girl being returned in an unusable condition. I’m informed it could be a week before Lolli is fit for anything other than domestic duties. I trust the experience was worth it?”

It was only a mock admonishment, Montague’s pride in his son’s performance being plain to see. And the fact that Madame Stalevsky had been suitably impressed only added to his sense of satisfaction, not that he intended to pass on that snippet of information, Duke was full of himself as it was. However, Montague could not help but notice the Headmaster’s deeply pensive mood. He suspected that his great friend had always known that one day some young buck would come along and attempt to usurp his position, and it looked like this could be the day. Montague was quite certain however, at least for the moment, that the Headmaster was still the number one dominant feature in Lolli’s life, it would take a lot more than one night of overheated passion to unseat him from his throne. It was patently obvious that as far as Lolli was concerned, amongst the members of The Lodge, the Headmaster was the undisputed King in a court of pretenders, but Duke was indeed a challenge to his supremacy. The Headmaster would not give in without a fight, Montague knew that, but if he were to be displaced, then what better person to do so than his son. And in any event, they had to start thinking of the child. Lolli would be perfect.

Having enjoyed a prolonged, hearty and very late breakfast, the four members of The Brotherhood sat drinking coffee in the lounge. No one else was in the room but still they conversed in the ancient language that until two days ago Duke had considered of no conceivable use. That kept them safe from prying ears and he began to understand the benefits of at least one of its uses. The Brotherhood was not great in number he was told, only the first born son bearing the mark of Adam, but throughout history they

had wielded enormous power, prompting any number of cultural and scientific advances. Behind the scenes their agenda included every matter of global importance, influencing governments and industry alike and shaping events as best they could for the good of mankind. One of the reasons they wielded immense power was their connection to industry and banking, 'whosoever controls the trade of the world, controls the world itself,' he was told. But much more than that they were the custodians of the world, but there were those who would plunge the planet into darkness, and against them they fought the unending battle of good versus evil. To that end they were blindingly ruthless in the treatment and retribution dealt out to their enemies. No quarter was given, the defence of Truth and the defeat of the Serpent being paramount. There was a lot more and he listened respectfully until it was over.

"There's something I have to say. If I accept that you . . . we, are as powerful as you say, isn't that amount of power dangerous? I mean, it's the age old question, Quis custodiet ipsos custodies: Who will guard the guardians?" Mr. Luther provided the answer.

"There is only one higher authority than The Brotherhood, and that is GOD himself."

The three elder men excused themselves from Duke's presence, but not before telling him that as part of his indoctrination he must undertake a personal quest, the nature of which they would shortly be deciding. They had some extremely serious matters to discuss, the nature of which he was not yet ready to share, so they suggested that he spend the rest of the day sampling some of the other amenities on offer. He did just that, spending a succession of enjoyable hours playing squash, swimming and exploring the estate on horseback before being joined by Montague at the snooker table. After being wiped out by his father three games running, he'd had his fill and they joined the others in the dining room.

Following coffee and liqueurs they adjourned to the lounge for cigars and to select their girls for the night. Duke wanted Lolli and no one else. Following his largesse of the previous evening The Headmaster was in no position to exercise his right to her services,

and so the only obstacle was Madame Stalevsky. After some hard bargaining she reluctantly released Lolli into Duke's custody, with the caveat that she would only be used for purely sexual purposes.

That was sufficient for Duke. He couldn't get enough of her. Her body was sweet, lush, and made for sex. The prohibition of physical punishment restricted his options, but he was inventive enough to ensure that he enjoyed hours of sweaty, sensual, and sometimes experimental love making. After stimulating Lolli's desires with what by necessity was a gentle manipulation of her breasts, nipples and clitoris, her every orifice received his attention.

Starting with her vagina.

Moist, warm and inviting, it was still everything he had ever imagined it would be. His fingers slid into its nicely tight tunnel with a pleasing ease. Lubricated and expectant, it accommodated his exploring digits with a grasping clamp, and it was with great restraint that he stopped himself from replacing his fingers with his throbbing shaft. He stroked her clitoris once more, feeling its soft bud harden under his touch and sensing her body tighten in anticipation. Her forest of pubes dampened as he continued his exploration of her sex, until totally drenched, they dripped tiny globules of her juices from their straggling curls.

Her arousal increasing, Duke stroked, caressed, pinched and stabbed at her vital nub, until she was in a veritable state of frenzy. He savoured his dominance over her. She was wound up tight as a spring, gasping for release, but that release would not be allowed until he gave permission. And he was not about to do that. Instead he increased his manipulations, widening his hand so that his thumb could penetrate her anus at the same time his fingers plunged back into her sex. Fingers and thumb working on the walls of the septum between anus and vagina, he increased his tortuous treatment of her most intimate regions. But much to his chagrin her training held fast, and fighting off the threatened orgasm, she forced him to acknowledge her immense value to The Lodge. His fingers were by now wet and sticky with her juices. Pulling them from her lusting hole, he ran them under his own nose before pushing them into

her mouth. Obediently she rolled her tongue around each separate digit, sucking them clean. She continued sucking until he ordered her to stop, when he removed them from her mouth and wiped them dry in the valley between her breasts. And that valley had another use.

Pushing her to the floor, he made her lie full length on her back, and then kneeling down himself he placed his legs astride her abdomen. With her breasts heaving beneath him, he released his weapon and slammed its weight between their firm, but yielding mounds. His penis was held tight, but even so he squeezed both breasts inwards as he began to slide up and down. The feeling was truly sensual, different to intercourse or fellatio, but satisfying nonetheless and he carried on enjoying the sensation until he felt drops of pre-ejaculate fluid seep from the eye of his glans.

That was the signal to move on, and altering position, he ordered her to stretch out her arms before brutally planting his knees into her armpits so that she was unable to move.

“Open your mouth!”

She obeyed, and in an instant his solid erection tunnelled through her lips and slammed up against the back of her throat. She didn't need to be told what to do then, immediately sucking and tonguing his rampant flesh. He let her carry on in that fashion for several minutes until he thought that perhaps she was enjoying herself just a little too much. She was there for his pleasure, not her own! So, with his knees still pinning her shoulders firmly to the ground, he grasped tight bunches of her hair, pulled her head upwards and started fucking her mouth in earnest. Every downward thrust of his penis was met with an upward tug of her hair, as time and again he pistoned in and out, his bell end sometimes bruising her tonsils and sometimes sliding deep into her throat. The turmoil in his gonads gradually mounted, until at last his reservoirs of semen boiled over. Jetting through his ejaculatory duct, the salty nectar surged into his swollen urethra before spurting uncontrollably over Lolli's grateful taste buds.

The rivers of seed he produced tested to the utmost Lolli's capacity to handle them. She gulped, swallowing as fast as she could, sometimes gagging as another pulse pumped a further stream into her already overflowing mouth. But rapacious as she was, trickles of his thick ejaculate ran down her chin as she desperately tried to raise her hands in order to allow her fingers to scrape up the escaping ambrosia and transfer it to her tongue. He was not concerned whether she caught and swallowed his sperm or not, continuing to pin her helplessly to the floor. As the rock of his penis slowly slackened, its length and girth shrinking somewhat, there was room in her mouth for her tongue to roll over it, and licking and sucking she halted its descent into flaccidity. Once more her mouth began to fill as it immediately hardened up, prompting Duke to gloat over what he felt was a fair assumption. That being, that as a younger man, he could re-activate his manhood and get back into shagging mode far faster than the Old Boy, referring of course to the Headmaster.

And unfortunately for that respected personage, Duke was absolutely right. As he lifted his knees from her shoulders, pulling his penis from her lips, it was already rampant and rock solid, ready for any number of future encounters. Not allowing her to rise, he ordered to turn over on to her stomach. When she had done so, he bent her legs upwards from the knees and parted them wide, slipping his own knees in between her thighs. Pressing his iron rod downwards with one hand, he aimed it straight at her projecting anus. Three fingers of his other hand plunged into her rectum, opening it up and paving the way for an enthusiastic session of anal intercourse. After burrowing his penis deep into her backside, Duke withdrew somewhat, resting the ridge of his glans just inside the barrier of her sphincters so that it was clamped good and tight. Retreating very slightly he pulled out. Then he pushed back in. A miniscule movement each time. But a movement whose friction was sufficient to stimulate and excite that most sensitive spot under the end of his penis.

And so it began again. A little push. Then a much stronger, deeper penetration. Her anus widened as his thrusts became more and more urgent, until with each one he was slamming his belly with a resounding smack up against her buttocks.

In.

Out.

Deeper and deeper, his entire length disappearing into her bottom, he rode her like a bucking bronco. Looping his hands under her breasts, he whooped in true cowboy fashion as he leapt towards a fevered climax. Unbelievable reserves of sperm abandoned the strict confines of his testicles and raced to find freedom in the relative spaciousness of her rectum. His cock jerked, and his brain revelled in the knowledge that he was literally fucking the arse off his schoolboy fantasy. And at that moment it was of no matter to him whether she liked it or not. Who cared? He was the Master, and she was the slave.

Time flew by. Using one position after another, he demonstrated not only vast knowledge of sexual techniques, but also enormous stamina. Endlessly, his shaft reamed her vagina, stimulating her to distraction as he reached orgasm, shooting his seed deep into her time and time again. Inwardly she screamed for release for herself. But that release never came. As an added torture he refused her permission to come. A nice touch he thought. To leave her totally frustrated and begging for more was a very suitable way to treat a slave. Also, he was still remonstrating with himself for being overly beneficent in allowing her to taste and swallow his semen. He should not have done that, it weakened his strategy, so his refusal to authorise her to orgasm partly made up for that mistake. As for himself, he had enjoyed himself greatly, but her sorely bruised and tortured flesh had demanded that he treat her with a certain degree of gentleness, a consideration not in keeping with the treatment she had been trained to receive. She was used to, and expected, a certain amount of pain. She had been fucked witless, no question as to that, but if he had possessed greater experience Duke would have understood that perhaps his approach to her had not been

not altogether correct. A slave is trained to suffer. To suffer without comment or protest. And although she was still in great discomfort from his treatment of her the previous night and really could not have withstood another physical assault, that did not excuse his inappropriately mild behaviour. Later, he was firmly lectured by Madame Stalevsky as to what his correct course of action should have been. She reminded him that she had not wanted to allow him to use Lolli until she was properly recovered and her flesh fit for flogging. 'He would have gained greater satisfaction that way,' she said, 'and Lolli would have felt she had performed her duties more in keeping with the normal standards demanded of her'. It was obvious that he had blotted his copy book in Madame Stalevsky's eyes, but he failed to realise that he had also re-kindled Lolli's doubts as to his Masterly status.

At the time Duke remained completely oblivious to those concerns, his mind and body buzzing with the excitement of his actions. But then, during what he had determined would be only a brief respite in their almost continuous carnal activity, there was an almighty commotion in the corridor outside his room. Not stopping to cover his nakedness, he leapt from the bed and wrenching open the door, hurtled through it to see Yuri and Ivan involved in a furious struggle with an unknown man. He raced to help them, but his assistance was not required, they held the man immobile with his wrists handcuffed behind his back before he could reach them. Explanations were impossible as being mute they were unable to talk and he could not understand their sign language, but upon Madame Stalevsky's arrival she informed him that somehow the man had gained entry into The Lodge and assaulted one of the Housegirls. As the attacker was dragged away, glaring murderously at Duke, the door to Montague's room opened and his son rushed to tell him the details of the incident.

"It's not the girl he was after."

His father's comment was uttered in the absolute certainty of its correctness. The strength and sophistication of the building's security systems plus the added precautions brought into operation

to provide extra safeguards for their 'special guest' meant that only someone possessing exceptional professional skills could have gained access to its interior.

"You! Check on Mr. Luther. Now! I've got to see just who they've got there."

And with that they both sprinted off in opposite directions. Obeying Montague's shouted order to stop, the interloper and his escort halted, and upon reaching them he spun the captive around, starting, in instant recognition as they came face to face.

"Aslan Myerberg! "

The name exploded from his lips in an outpouring of hatred so vitriolic that everyone but the man himself stared in open mouthed amazement.

The Assassin

“ASLAN MYERBERG, A vulgar obscenity, a man who has no fundamental respect for mankind, a man so tainted with evil that even his mother, if he had one, would not acknowledge his existence.”

They were a few of the milder indictments Montague laid against the man who since his capture had been imprisoned in one of The Lodge's underground training cells. Despite nearly twenty four hours of interrogation he had disclosed nothing to his inquisitors. Montague had not really expected any answers but he knew enough of the man's background to guess his purpose. Of German/Arabic parentage, after being trained by the KGB he had headed a feared special unit in the Stasi and upon the re-unification of Germany had disappeared, only to appear later as the leader of a gang of international mercenaries willing to sell their guns to the highest bidder. In short, he was an assassin and his target was Mr. Luther.

There was no question of calling the in police officially; The Brotherhood had its own method of disposing of its enemies. But before that occurred the unfortunate girl at the receiving end of Myerberg's attack must be allowed some retribution of her own. And to that end she was now receiving special attention from Madame Stalevsky, for the girl in question was her own personal property: Rosa!

Raven-haired with large dark eyes and very pale skin, she was quite sturdily built, but she was shapely with it, having curves in all the right places. On each side of her spine sloping diagonally up and out was a tattoo of a scourge, the thongs of each whip spreading out over her shoulders. A heavy steel ring pierced her left labial lip and from it hung a chain with a disc on the end bearing Madame Stalevsky's initials. Rescued by John Carpenter, one of the founders of The Lodge, from captivity in a London brothel, she was originally from the Balkans and had been the first foreign girl to be brought into the establishment. She was subsequently claimed

by Madame Stalevsky, who sometimes kept her for her own use for weeks on end.

The previous evening had been one of the few occasions on which she had been allowed to work in the club and was how she came to fall foul of the insidious Myerberg. Mr. Luther was certain that in stumbling upon the would-be assassin, she had saved his life and as a reward, after she had dealt out the designated punishment he wished to claim her for the night. An enormous honour and one which for once Madame Stalevsky was in ready agreement.

And so Rosa shuffled uncomfortably before her, completely naked, as she was dressed in his desired attire. Firstly, it was hold-up stockings, in precisely the same shade as the nail polish and eye shadow which had been previously applied with meticulous care. Next, in matching colour, long leather boots were slipped over her feet, tugged past her knees and left nestling the most tender parts of her upper legs, a few inches below the stocking tops. Perched on skyscraper heels, with the leather that clung to her supple thighs directing an upwards path toward her densely foliated pubis, she luxuriated in her undeniable allure. The shade of the leather and the purpley black of her hair and pubes complemented each other in every way. She was the human embodiment of a tone poem, but with the contrasting colours of flesh and material replacing varying intervals of sound.

As she studied herself in the tall wall mirror the desire to touch and pleasure herself became unendurable, a flood of juices threatening to burst through the dam of her defences and cascade from her vagina to soak her pudenda. And so when Madame Stalevsky bundled her arms behind her back and snapped handcuffs over her wrists, she felt a great wave of thankfulness sweep over her. Now that her wrists were manacled and locked into position in the small of her back, just above her swelling buttocks, she felt safe. Madame Stalevsky obviously felt safe too and carried on with her duties in a brusquely efficient manner. From nowhere a leather Basque leapt into her hands and was laced tightly around Rosa's waist. Needless to say, the colour once again matched exactly. There

were no bust cups, the top of the garment being heavily wired and when lodged into the creases beneath her breasts it pushed them upwards into high protuberance, the fronded bottom laying a leafy edge several inches above her forested pudenda. The piece de resistance lay in a collar. A fiercely-spiked band of leather that was clasped around her neck, with just one huge ring lying beneath her Adam's apple. Madame Stalevsky clamped the clip of a long lead on to the ring and without further ado tugged her towards the door. They passed along the corridors, down the wide staircase with its elaborately carved banisters and carried on descending into the bowels of the building.

The training cells, the dungeon, the wine cellar and the champagne bins were left behind and they entered an area which was strictly out of bounds to both members and girls alike. She was led past a succession of cave like alcoves containing what appeared to be ancient war machines, lances and such like and she thought that they must be in the vaults, for the walls were now just bare stone and everything seemed unimaginably old. She was right of course, because The Lodge, fine old building that it was, had been built on even older foundations whose location had been a well-guarded secret throughout the centuries. It was chilly down there, yet the shivers that ran through her body were not triggered by the cold. They were shivers of uncertainty, fear of the unknown.

Finally, they stopped before a wide, high, oak door. Sunk into its surface was a large golden emblem that resembled the mathematical sign of Pi. Leaning heavily against the door, Madame Stalevsky forced it ajar. Suddenly they were standing in the entrance to a vast, catacomb like chapel. There were no electric lights; instead flaming torches lined the walls, casting flickering shadows over tapestries depicting bacchanalian orgies of depravity. They must have been very old as all the male figures wore ornate medieval garments or armour, with the cross of the Crusades and the strange Pi-like design being prominently featured on breastplates and pennants. They seemed to be celebrations of victories, with the bodies of the vanquished lying stuck through with swords and spears as their

women were being ravished all around them. Unknown to Rosa, all these artefacts were symbols of the glories that had been achieved over the ages by The Brotherhood in their endless fight to ward off the apocalypse.

Knights with exposed, grossly exaggerated sexual organs were prominent, and those organs were being used in every conceivable way. Women, with their garments thrown up over their waists, lay spreadeagled with penises thrust into every orifice. Their mouths, their anuses, their vaginas were all being used, sometimes all three at once by separate warriors. A naked woman was strung up by her arms and as one knight took his pleasure in whipping her, another was sinking his shaft into her garden of delights. Yet another was on her knees, being held down by her shoulders from behind as a climaxing victor directed a stream of semen into her mouth. Scenes such as these were repeated again and again. And there were statues. Life sized representations of Arthurian personages indulging themselves with women, their thickly veined shafts seeming almost real.

Rosa wanted to reach out and touch one. To weigh the exaggerated testicles in her hand. To run her fingers along the length of the sculptured erection. To see if the sexual equipment felt as real as it looked. To pull one close to her mouth and gobble it down to her throat. She couldn't believe those inanimate objects had prompted such an immediate, fiery response. Her nipples hardened visibly and the heat in her loins started to burn all over again. Luckily, once more she was saved from disgrace by the manacles. Madame Stalevsky had made the right move in using the handcuffs. A tug on the lead sobered her somewhat as she was pulled further into the chamber. It was an echoing, shadowy place but her eyes were more accustomed to the light by then, and, with a shock, she saw that what she had taken for another statue was in fact, a man.

A living, breathing, man.

It was Myerberg. He was naked and hung from the ceiling by chains which bound his wrists together. Swinging free in the air, the muscles in his arms, shoulders and neck were taut with

tension. He must have been in agony. Flanking him, on either side, stood Yuri and Ivan and somehow it struck her that in those strange circumstances, their muteness was only proper. She felt the handcuffs being unlocked and then a hand circled around her neck to unclip the lead from her collar. It was a strong masculine hand and she started to turn in surprise, only to be bundled to face forward again. Three be-robed, hooded figures pushed past her. Two of them turned and stood to face the small assembly, shaking off their hoods so that they folded over their shoulders, revealing the identities of the wearers to be Duke and The Headmaster. The third went up to an elaborate altar, and took from its surface a Cat O Nine Tails. Not a tawse, but a genuine cat, with nine tails, each one with three knots tied in it. Balancing the thick leather haft in two upturned palms, with the tails dangling downwards, he approached and proffered it to her.

“The punishment is fifty lashes,” said a voice.

The voice of Montague D’Arcy DuPont.

“And you will administer the thrashing.”

That brought her up with a jolt. She hated Myerberg but she wasn’t sure she could whip him. To be whipped herself was joy, but to inflict such punishment on someone else, that was unthinkable. She hesitated.

“Take it.”

The voice through the open mouthpiece of the hood was arctic cold. Authoritative.

“Take it now and commence the punishment.”

The command was so undeniable that her hand sprang to grasp the Cat. “And you,” he barked at Myerberg will count the lashes.

“Now . . . BEGIN.”

She lifted her arm and laid the tails on Myerberg’s swinging back. “One,” he counted.

“STOP! “

Montague DuPont’s voice had the hidden majesty of an iceberg. One tenth projecting above the surface, the immense bulk of its rage submerged below. He was steel.

“I said thrash him, not stroke him like a pet rabbit. Use all your strength girl, all of it . . . Now, get on with it! “

She didn't need telling twice. That one angry reprimand was enough. She lifted the Cat high and this time lashed Myerberg's unsuspecting flesh with all her might.

“Two,” he grunted through gritted teeth.

His skin immediately started to discolour from the diffusing blood beneath the surface. He was going to be very satisfactorily bruised by the time she'd finished. With forty eight lashes to go, she decided to spread them all over his body, working down from his shoulders, over his buttocks, down his legs and back up the front. She proceeded in that fashion, with him counting and Montague seemingly satisfied with her efforts. She began to feel unaccountably titillated as she progressed and saw the stripes building up. As each blow landed a minor spasm of arousal churned in her belly and her sex began to loosen as juices were drip fed to lubricate its widening channel. Something was happening to Myerberg too. By lash twenty five she was down to his calves and he was gasping out the numbers more in a tone of appreciation than pain. She started on his shins, the tails wrapping around his legs and leaving small, scattered, heavier marks along the lines of the tails where the knots had bitten. He leered at her through lasciviously gritted teeth and in response she lashed him even harder, receiving a jolt of her own, when in response, his penis jerked visibly.

He was becoming aroused. And so was she. The yearning in her vagina cranked up several notches as she transferred the site of her punishment to his thighs, just below his gonads. He sprang an instantaneous erection and his strangled cry of “thirty five” rang out several decibels above his previous counts. She lashed faster and more furiously, fascinated by his twitching cock and growing wetter and hotter in her sex with each passing blow. The blows increased to a crescendo, with her tortured pussy crying out for relief. Finally, with an ear battering shout of “fifty” his penis jerking and writhing wildly, he ejaculated, sending a fountain of sperm arching towards her. She disintegrated. All control vanished. She dropped the Cat,

plunged her hands down to her pudenda and pushed her fingers straight into her dripping hole. The first touch on her inflamed clitoris catapulted her into a shuddering climax, orgasm following orgasm, until finally sated she staggered to lean against a wall for support.

A disparaging laugh shocked her into awareness. She straightened up to see everyone staring fixedly at her. Although vividly striped and obviously suffering the torments of hell, Myerberg cackled like a hyena. Yuri and Ivan radiated contempt, and an icily raging Madame Stalevsky stepped forward and rained a series of vicious slaps back and forth across Rosa's face. She repeated the treatment to Rosa's breasts, causing her to scream in agony before turning away, snorting in disgust. Montague DuPont slipped the hood from his head, displaying a countenance of frozen disapproval.

"Rosa," he said in a cold, intimidating but perfectly controlled tone, "I can only say that I am extremely thankful that Mr. Luther himself was not present to witness your outrageous exhibition. If he had been, your days at The Lodge would have come to an end. You do realise that, don't you?"

She nodded in miserable agreement.

"As for everything that happened here, you will forget it. You will tell no one of this chamber. It does not exist. Is that clear?"

No it wasn't, but she was not about to risk her future any further. Her lips were sealed forever. She had committed a major sin, disgraced herself and infuriated Madame Stalevsky, and that was more than enough trouble for her to contemplate. The two women were dismissed with a wave of the hand, leaving the Russian twins and The Brothers alone with Myerberg in the dim, eerie surroundings. Montague turned to the others.

"Now then, how shall we dispose of this Machiavelli?" he questioned.

Rosa suffered hideous verbal torment from Madame Stalevsky as she was roughly bundled back through the subterranean depths of The Lodge, although there was no physical abuse, because she had to be in prime condition for Mr. Luther. That would follow later. Taken back to her room, she was thoroughly, if somewhat brutally, cleansed and when she was once more in what her Mistress deemed to be a presentable condition, she was duly taken to him. Being unaware of the earlier events he was delighted with her, both in appearance and performance. After fully satisfying all his desires he ordered her into the dog basket at the side of his bed, and with a final command of 'stay,' he allowed himself to fall into an exhausted sleep.

On awakening several hours later he was perturbed to discover that Rosa was not in her basket, immediately summoning Madame Stalevsky to demand an explanation of the incident. She could offer none, and being extremely disturbed herself a search was instigated. Rosa was not to be found anywhere and upon returning to his room Mr. Luther discovered that a laptop computer containing secret and vital information was also missing. This was disastrous and the only assumption could be that it had been taken by Rosa. Yuri and Ivan were quickly dispatched to check on the dungeon where Myerberg had been imprisoned in chains. The two armed security men who had been guarding the door were found slumped unconscious, knocked out it seemed by drugged coffee, the cell door was open and the prisoner was gone. There was instant panic and a full security alert instituted, the outcome of which being that it was discovered that Montague's Bentley was missing from the garage. On being roused the guards confirmed that it had been Rosa who had given them the drink. So unaccountably and inexplicably it seemed that she had freed Myerberg and fled with him, taking the laptop with her. Why? That was a question to which no one had an answer.

An emergency conference was called immediately between the members of The Brotherhood, during which their options were explored thoroughly. Before indoctrination, every initiate was

required to complete a task of great import, usually both physically and mentally demanding, and it was decided that the recapture of Myerberg and the recovery of the laptop should be Duke's particular quest. Although Myerberg was a formidable adversary, the assignment held no qualms for him. Standing several inches over six feet, with a solid well-muscled body, Duke was well versed in the martial arts, and had received extensive weapons training. With Mr. Luther's helicopter being put at his disposal to aid his efforts in any manner he decreed, he felt highly confident of success.

There was no dissension to the theory that Myerberg would head for the continent, and acting upon this assumption the three Elders activated their contacts in the higher echelons of the security services, triggering an intensive, but officially unacknowledged screening of the channel ports and small south coast airstrips closest to The Lodge. It was a certainty that he would not risk using a commercial airline and the dangers of being spotted if he were to attempt to use the 'tunnel' were too great, so it was with cautious optimism that they awaited results. Their confidence appeared to be rewarded after a surprisingly short passage of time, when Montague's car was found abandoned close to the ferry terminal at Portsmouth, although Duke himself expressed a muted concern over the fact that the vehicle had been located so quickly and so easily.

Both Montague and The Headmaster commented that Lolli's fluency in European languages would make her an invaluable asset, and it was not long before Duke found himself asking for her assistance. Madame Stalevsky, although initially being somewhat taken aback, was only too pleased to accede to his request. She wanted Rosa back. Now! And so it was, with the new dawn painting the sky the hue of molten lava, that Duke and Lolli ran to the waiting helicopter which took off and whirled skywards.

This was it.

The chase was on!

The Needles

THE FERRY HAD been under way and been heading out into the channel for two hours or more.

In the unoccupied cabin that Myerberg had surreptitiously commandeered in order to keep them out of sight during the crossing, Rosa struggled against her bindings. It was useless, the knots were tight and expertly tied. Although she had aided his escape, her actions had been committed under extreme duress and she knew that he was not about to allow her any chance to attain freedom for herself. Her skin was rubbed raw and with a tearful sob of defeat she finally abandoned her efforts to free herself. The actual purpose of the horizontal steel rail to which her outstretched wrists were bound, was to prevent the occupant of the top bunk from being tipped out in stormy weather, but it had proved ideal for Myerberg's purposes, in providing a solid immovable base to which she could be secured. He'd laid her back against the small ladder which provided access to the bunk for the less nimble and strapped her ankles to its base, just above the cabin floor, so that she was trussed up like a letter T. After gagging her to prevent the possibility of outside ears hearing her pleas for release, he ignored her completely.

Rosa's meaty prominent buttocks proved a constant source of distraction as Myerberg sat on the lower bunk attempting to gain access to the laptop. So much so that he abandoned his efforts in favour of gaining access to her instead, the stirrings in his cock overcoming his curiosity as to what had made the computer so valuable to his employers. The information it contained would have to be obtained by someone with the same level of expertise in computer technology that he possessed in terrorism. Snapping the lid shut, he pushed it to one side and rose from the bunk.

There was an undeniable aura surrounding Myerberg. Not pleasant, or charismatic, but menacing. He was evil. His inner vileness seemed to issue from his pores, enveloping the atmosphere

and filling the cabin. With his hooked Arab nose, cruel black eyes and the raised scar that ran down his left cheekbone, from the corner of his eye to his mouth, his very countenance provoked fear. Rosa shivered as that fear bit into her. Feeling fairly safe from discovery for the moment, Myerberg was not about to let the opportunity that now presented itself to slip by. The beating he had received from Rosa the previous day had left him bruised, sore and striped, and he was determined to take great satisfaction in dealing out retribution. In the remaining hours before the Ferry was due to dock she was going to suffer. That was certain. And when he'd finished she was not only going to feel the same pain that he did, but she was also going to be well fucked into the bargain.

So hasty had been their flight that Rosa was still dressed as she had been for Mr. Luther's use, having stopped only to throw an all-enveloping long, belted Burberry over herself to hide her semi-nakedness. Needless to say the coat had been discarded when Myerberg had tied her to the bunk and now as he stood to face her, all her many charms were on open display. Bruises and fading weals were scattered over her body, remnants of her treatment at the hands of the 'great man'. Her eyeshadow and lipstick were smudged, and all in all she now presented a fairly dishevelled image. He could have allowed her to take a shower, to clean herself up and tidy her make up. But although the facilities were there, he did not, finding her degraded appearance all the more enticing. It gave her that 'tarty' look that was so much to his liking, a relic of his days prowling the back streets of East Berlin. With those hard, mean eyes devouring her with a voracious hunger, his thin lips curled into a smile of intent so evil that Rosa's fear instantly turned into terror.

That terror may have turned her insides to jelly, but on the outside she remained a voluptuous, desirable woman. Her lush full breasts were pushed up high by the heavily wired Basque, the impossibly large diameter of their areolae and the protuberance of her nipples begging for his attention. Cupping one heavy melon in both hands he squeezed as much as he could into his mouth, sucking, nipping and biting the succulent flesh before rolling her hard nugget around

his tongue. He felt her muscles tense, as despite herself she felt a thrill of arousal. She obviously loved her nipples to be molested and detestable as she found him, he was abusing her breasts in a fashion guaranteed to test to the limit her ability to withstand his advances. He knew she would not capitulate without a struggle, imagining that she would try to focus her mind on something, anything, that would distract her attention from the ripples of desire stirring in her loins. But that would prove useless he told himself, resistance was not an option. The boundaries of his ego were unlimited and it simply did not occur to him that as her emotions continued to rise, Rosa might find escape by closing her eyes and concentrating on an image of Madame Stalevsky. So much so that as his hands, mouth and teeth ravaged her breasts they no longer belonged to him, but to her beloved Mistress.

It was the comprehensive training and treatment she had received from Madame Stalevsky that in itself was Rosa's biggest danger. Madame Stalevsky was nothing if not a genius when it came to preparing her girls for a life of compliance and submission, and if any man at all showed a sufficiently Masterful attitude, Rosa would have been unable to do anything other than capitulate to his orders and desires. She did not have to like him. Truly subservient and pliable, she was safe in the cushioned surroundings of The Lodge, but outside, in the clutches of a monster such as Myerberg her vulnerability was incalculable.

And what a monster! His catalogue of abominations included countless instances of torture, rape and genocide, the individual deaths occurring at his hands barely counting in the final analysis. And that was only during his reign at the Stasi. Since then he'd gone on to even greater depths of depravity, some of which Rosa, a displaced Yugoslavian Catholic, had witnessed at first hand. Having adopted the religion of his mother, Myerberg had led a band of roving guerrillas during the troubles in Croatia, and later in Kosovo and she had been unfortunate enough to fall into their clutches. After subjecting her to unmentionable humiliations they had 'sold her on' via the 'Balkans Route' to contacts in London, where she

was forced to work as a prostitute. Later, Myerberg in searching for a way to penetrate the defences of The Lodge, could not believe his luck when he discovered that she had been 'sold on' once more - to that very establishment.

The kidnapping of her mother and younger sister had been easily arranged, and that done, he had her solidly under his control. He had left her under no illusion that he would not hesitate to carry out his threat to kill the hostages if she did not co-operate, and so she was drawn into the plot to murder Mr. Luther and steal the 'laptop'. Mr. Luther had not met his demise as planned, but the computer had been secured and now there she was, on the run with her life in the hands of a homicidal maniac.

Myerberg pummelled, plucked and stabbed at her breasts and genitals, prompting ever more painfully sweet sensations in her loins, his inventive maniacal mind working methodically through a litany of vile tortures that it would be possible to inflict upon her defenceless body in the cramped circumstances. Suddenly, with no prior indication that might have allowed her to steel herself against his onslaught, he bit the fullness of her breast with a ferocity that had her squealing despite the tightness of the gag, a full imprint of his teeth sinking into her flesh. Rosa writhed in agony as he prolonged the torture by worrying at her tender mammary like a rabid dog, until with tears streaming down her cheeks, he released the vice-like clamp of his jaws, and sucking and lapping at the marks laid a soothing layer of saliva over her shocked meat. The resulting mix of agony and delight shot arrows of lust straight to her sex, proving once again de Sade's claim that pain and pleasure are the same emotion. She was in for a mammoth battle of willpower. His against hers. But he hadn't even started and she was already wilting.

Still weeping copiously she endured a renewed abuse of her breasts. He fondled, squeezed and licked, until totally lost in a blizzard of emotion she pulled against her bindings in an effort to thrust her pulsing nipples even more firmly into his already excruciating grasp. "No! "Punishing slaps rained down, reddening her pale skin as he treated her flesh to a vicious beating. Slap. Slap.

Again and again, each agonising strike only serving to inflame her rising passions.

“No,” he reprimanded once more in his sinister tones. “I want no reaction from you. Behave as you have been taught by your precious Madame Stalevsky.”

To reinforce his command, he viciously pushed his hand between her tightly closed thighs, grasped the disc upon which Madame Stalevsky’s initials were inscribed, and gave the chain to which it was attached an almighty tug. The other end of the chain was attached to a ring which pierced her labia and although she was fortunate that the flesh did not tear, Rosa convulsed in agony, almost choking on the gag as she fought for breath.

Although he was a man to whom compassion was an alien feeling, he allowed her a moment to collect her senses and for the sobbing to subside. But there was no sense of pity involved. It was purely because her writhing form was interfering with his actions. Shivers of pain and fear rippled through her being as she tugged her muddled thoughts back to Madame Stalevsky, murmuring a silent plea for help. And at that very moment her Mistress’s thoughts were well and truly centred on her. Madame Stalevsky’s rage was unbounded as she pondered Myerberg’s possible violations of her property. If he was found she had volunteered to carry out his execution herself.

In the meantime Myerberg’s merciless murderer’s hands had returned to attack and excite Rosa’s breasts once more, before changing tack and sliding sensuously over the well-honed contours of her body. A body that despite everything still lusted for his advances. He stroked the smoothness of her stomach, toying with the jewel that decorated her pierced navel just below the fronded bottom of the Basque, and turning his palms downwards he followed the curve of her mons. Pushing between her thighs once more, he dipped the edge of his hand into the warm, moist labia, stroking her emerging clitoris with an agile thumb.

Succulent, juicy and aroused, her vagina shrieked for attention. Alerted to her desire for fulfilment Myerberg immediately ceased

his manipulations. After all, the purpose of a slave was to provide pleasure for her master, her own needs being of little consequence. He fully intended to make great use of her sex, in fact he was looking forward to that pleasure with sadistic intent. But not yet. And that proved to be the saving of Rosa, the overwhelming urge to climax diminished with the withdrawal of his hand, allowing her to add a little steel to her resolve.

The suppleness of her thighs was tested, down to where her stocking tops clung to the flesh above the long leather boots, lingering fingers transmitting fevered spasms of lust to her palpitating heart. His explorations complete, he clasped both hands around her waist, lodged the edge of his palms on the wide swell of her hips and with his thin lips almost brushing hers, whispered his intentions. The colour drained from Rosa's face leaving her as china white as a Geisha Girl in full make up, and she watched with great foreboding as he checked the tightness of her bindings, picked up his jacket and left the cabin.

The floor of the corridor rolled beneath his feet as the huge diesels powering the boat fought the ocean swell, causing him to sway drunkenly as he made his way towards the piano bar. On constant alert, he checked the few drinkers making use of the facilities, decided that there was no threat to his anonymity and ordered a large ice cold vodka and a Canterbrau. Downing the spirit in one gulp, he sipped a little of the beer, ordered another vodka and dispatched it and the remaining beer with the alacrity of a hardened alcoholic; except of course he wasn't. He was just in a hurry, and the alcohol surging into his bloodstream gave him a warm glow that distracted him enough to miss the disguised, but keen interest the barman showed in his disappearing figure.

His next stop was the general boutique, where holidaymakers could buy all the essential little items they found they had forgotten to pack into their doubtless already overloaded vehicles. As he made his first purchase the Captain was already in radio contact with the mainland, the picture of Myerberg that had been faxed to all recently departed ferries having served its purpose in admirable fashion. By

the time he had added a pair of candles and a clothes line to his collection of household necessities, Mr. Luther's helicopter was lifting from the heli-pad at Portsmouth, where its passengers had spent a frustrating few hours awaiting news of the fugitives.

Rosa had been awaiting Myerberg's return with great trepidation. As she heard the cabin door open, her heart pumped up its beat, sending her pulse rate soaring.

"How have you been, my little one?"

The words were uttered in a sneering, threatening tone that leeches the resilience from her body. She tried to splutter a suitably denigrating remark from behind the gag. It was indecipherable.

"Ah, you missed me. How gratifying."

She struggled against her bonds to absolutely no effect, as delving into a capacious plastic carrier bag, he began to pull out its contents. First came a packet of disposable razors, and ruefully rubbing his now scabrous chin he casually dropped it on to the bunk. He would pretty himself up later, right now he had more pressing things on his mind. Back into the bag went his hand and further items began to emerge. Holding them up, one by one he waved them in front of her face. Out came a rope clothes line. Then a box of red candles. Several packets of assorted needles followed, to be quickly joined by three or four cards of spring loaded plastic pegs. Her eyes widening in terror, she could only watch as he took off his jacket, unclipped his shoulder holster and laid the automatic on the bedside table. In thoroughly narcissistic fashion he admired his reflection in the large mirror screwed to the cabin wall, and with exaggerated flourishes ran a comb through his long greasy hair until it was arranged to his complete satisfaction. As well as his own reflection, Myerberg could also see Rosa's trussed image, and as her eyes met his in the silvered glass he leered at her with an evil, lascivious intent. After turning off the piped Vivaldi, he set the cabin's radio alarm to give thirty minutes warning of arrival in port and began to put his ideas into

practice.

The marks where his teeth had sunk into her breast still glowed fiercely, and with mock compassion he softly laid his wet lips on the injured meat.

“Daddy kiss it better,” he sneered, before treating her to another vicious nip, swiftly followed by a series of numbing slaps to both udders. Then laying his palms fully over her nipples he gently squeezed, fondled and massaged until Rosa was back in that mystifying world where fear, desire, love and hate all meld into one incomprehensible emotion. She looked at him with bewildered eyes. Eyes that said more than a multitude of words. Eyes that betrayed her inner feelings, signalling to Myerberg her growing capitulation to his masterly treatment of her mind and body. His vanity coming to the fore yet again, he told himself that her reaction was only natural. She was a slave, and true to her training she felt a great sense of privilege to be in the presence of a superior male. Even one she so obviously hated as much as him. He could sense her disgust in herself as she fought to suppress those feelings, but the heat he had generated in her loins before he left the cabin again burst into flames of lust.

Myerberg massaged his ego with thoughts of her weakness and his strength. She was a whore. All women were whores. She and her kind were no more than cattle; pieces of meat, to be used, abused, and maltreated in any fashion his sadistic mind chose to employ. But he recognised her increasing subservience to him, and that, added to the threat to her mother and sister, emboldened him to take a chance. After all, he would be wanting to use her mouth later on.

“I am going to remove your gag and it will go all the better for you if you do not try anything silly.”

And Rosa did not. She didn't scream or make any response, just spitting out the specks of cotton left on her lips and tongue by the loosely woven material.

“And your legs. What progress can we make with them closed so tightly together?”

Dropping down on to one knee, he unfastened the bindings securing her feet to the ladder. As he rose she kicked out with the sharply pointed toe of one of her high leather boots. But he was too quick for her, catching her foot in mid strike before it could land in a delicate spot. And so his testicles remained intact inside his scrotum. Uninjured and full of creamy sperm. Sperm that she would doubtless soon begging him to allow her to swallow as he jetted it into her mouth in savoury streams.

One hand firmly clasped around her leg he pulled her violently towards him, with the other raining down punishing blows to her thighs, breasts, face and any part of her body he could reach. When he finished she was reddened all over, panting and sickened with pain. He was much like Madame Stalevsky in his behaviour and treatment of her, showing no anger, just cold, steely determination. But it was a fact that he would have been disappointed if Rosa had not made some effort to fight his advances. A little resistance only added to the pleasure. Her struggling now ceased, before dropping her leg, he poked three rigid fingers straight into her vagina, pumping them viciously up, down and around to cause the most pain and discomfort. She fell back against the ladder, leading her stiletto heels on the bottom rung to support herself and take the weight from her arms, which were still bound to the steel rail of the upper bunk. Rising, he kicked her legs off the step.

“You have been a naughty little girl, and naughty little girls must be punished. Is that not so?”

“She nodded her head in acquiescence, the returning strain on her arms and shoulders causing her to grimace in pain.

“What did you say?”

“Nothing.”

That was his point. A nod was not good enough. She had to respond correctly and show the respect due to him from a slut of a slave. Especially after she had tried to remove his gonads. Coldly he raised his hand, very calmly and deliberately smacking her hard,

very hard, across her face and breasts before stepping back and directing a withering, questioning look direct into her watering eyes.

It took another flurry of stinging blows and an extra few seconds. Suddenly her mind unblanked.

"Yes . . . Master. I was bad, ungrateful girl."

"That's better. Let there be no more lapses of that kind."

There would be no further lapses, she promised herself that. There was no point in causing herself unnecessary pain. Unconcernedly, as if the exchange had never taken place, Myerberg resumed his preparations. In the constricted confines of the cabin his options were extremely limited; the space between the bunk beds and the opposite wall being insufficient to allow him a good swing of the arm, so a proper thrashing was out of the question. But a man of his resourcefulness will always find a way, an attribute that in a person possessing more exalted principles would have earned respect. As it was, it only made him the more dangerous an adversary.

Uncoiling the clothes line, he cut a suitable length with a wicked looking flick knife and after fastening one end around the ankle of her left boot tied the other end to the doorknob of the washroom. Pulling the cord taut and tight he repeated the exercise with her right ankle, this time securing it to a clothes hook screwed to the cabin wall. Her legs were now stretched widely apart, the chain hanging from her pierced labia dangling in space, four or five inches beneath her widening inner sex lips. The long leather boots with their skyscraper stiletto heels and the few inches of lacy stocking tops emerging from under their terminus, high on her thighs, added an irresistible eroticism to her already highly inviting body.

Boots, stockings and creamy thighs. Who could ask for more? And right at their apex, a lusting, lubricated tunnel that had been taught every last nuance of sexual gratification. Myerberg knew a pleasure awaited him that was totally beyond the expectations of all but the most privileged few. Playboy politicians, movie stars, even the most dedicated seekers of esoteric pleasures, never had the opportunity to avail themselves of the services of a housegirl

from The Lodge. Mostly, they did not even dream that such an establishment existed. But not only did it exist, Myerberg had in his clutches Madame Stalevsky's own personal property. A girl trained to the highest levels of subservience. A girl who lived for no other reason than to serve. To be dominated. And to give complete satisfaction to her Master.

He had no intention of using her sex until he had worked on her body, but nonetheless he could not resist the temptation to slip his fingers deep into its juicy depths, finding it warm, moist and inviting. Massaging her clitoris with purposeful intent, in no time at all he persuaded its dormant nub to emerge from its hood, swollen and erect beneath his touch. An idea struck him. Still rubbing and stimulating his appreciative target he reached over and unclipped a peg from the card. Wilting under his manipulations, Rosa's eyes were closed as she allowed herself to wallow in her increasing arousal. So, unaware of his intent, the shock as he pressed the peg open and then allowed it to spring tight, clamping the tender flesh of her clitoris was cataclysmic. An irrepressible shriek raced to her lips, quickly and brutally muffled as Myerberg slammed his palm over her mouth.

Gradually she calmed herself and Myerberg cautiously removed his suffocating grip on her cheeks. He had got the better of her that time, and as her breathing slowed he could imagine her chastising herself for allowing her feelings to overpower her self-control. Instead of being constantly alert, she had disassociated her mind from everything but physical satisfaction. Not good for her at all. From now on she would be on her guard, ready for any surprise he might be thinking of springing on her. The discomfort in her vulva was something else however. Even though her passion was somewhat diminished, the peg still gripped her tender clitoris so tightly that even if it had the desire, it would be unable to re-sheath itself back in its protecting hood. Plunging into the carrier bag once more, Myerberg came up with a bottle of extra proof vodka. Unscrewing the cap he took a mouthful straight from the bottle before proffering it to Rosa. She was well in need of a little

fortification and anticipating the re-vitalising effect of the alcohol, opened her lips. With a derisive snigger, he snatched the bottle away, took another slug and put the bottle down.

“What a pathetic little soul you are.”

Nothing else. And that almost as an aside as he picked up a packet of steel needles, tore off the cellophane packaging and selected a long thin sample of its contents. Arm outstretched, with the needle pointing vertically from between finger and thumb, he advanced on a Rosa. Horror was etched into her face, as pulling and tugging at her bonds, she stared at this new instrument of torture. Mentally she crossed herself, whispering atonement for whichever of her sins had called for this dreadful punishment.

“Hail Mary, full of grace . . . “

He was almost upon her, the needle aimed directly at her breast. This was it then. The overture was over; the opera was well and truly under way. Needle torture had never been blessed with Madame Stalevsky’s unqualified approval and so Rosa had not experienced its particular delights. However it was not particularly uncommon, the ‘aiguilles charnelles’, as the needles are termed in the more select Parisian establishments, usually being tipped with rings for adding weights or adorned with jewels to provide a more erotic display. Myerberg had no such exotic implements, a fact which did not concern him in the slightest. He was confident that the everyday household sewing needles he had obtained from the boat’s general boutique would, in his expert hands, prove thoroughly satisfactory for his purposes. If a man such as him is worthy of any accolade whatsoever, then it was to his credit that he had ensured the needles were stainless steel and not chromium, therefore lessening the risk of any danger to Rosa’s wellbeing. Of course the fact that once they had docked, he intended to keep her with him for further personal use before selling her on the meat market at Marseilles, gave him an added incentive to keep her in pristine condition.

It appeared to Rosa that Myerberg’s intention was to stick the needle straight and deep into her breast flesh, and eyes closed, she steeled herself as best she could against the imagined pain. But that

had not been his plan at all, and a flash of surprise crossed her face as she felt the flesh high up one breast being squeezed together between his thumb and forefinger. That in itself was quite painful as he possessed an iron grip, so the sudden sharp sting that quickly followed proved no greater discomfort.

“Open your eyes! “

A curt command. Rosa obeyed, glancing down to see a long needle pushed into the ridge of flesh pinched up by Myerberg's fingers. Her eyes widened in horror and satisfied that she was now following his actions, Myerberg gripped the needle and propelled it through her breast until she felt another sharp sting as the tip thrust through the skin at the far edge of the ridge. The actual pain of the piercing had not been as savage as she had imagined it would be, as the insertion had been made in the manner of a subcutaneous injection, through the tissue under the skin, and not deep into the flesh. However the two ends of the needle projecting from the firm mound of her mammary captured her eyes, and as his fingers puckered up another ridge of flesh below the original insertion, an insuppressable fright swept over her.

In his usual sadistic manner, Myerberg was enjoying himself immensely. He knew the pain would not be great, but the whole purpose of this particular form of torture was to induce fear, and in that direction he was succeeding admirably. In went the second needle, with its accompanying stinging sensation, but this time he threaded it uncomfortably through the tissues before it emerged inches further across her breast. Into the flesh went another. Then another. Needle after needle progressing downwards before leaping over her areola and nipple to continue on the underside of her breast almost down to her rib cage.

Myerberg moved to her other breast, sorting through the packets to find the longest needles. Far from her fear diminishing, he could see it increasing with every insertion. She was helpless. She could easily handle the pain, but she could not blot out the fear. Myerberg fully appreciated the aphrodisiac effect of power, feeling no surprise that as her sense of fear grew ever stronger it obviously began to

be erotic. She was now thrilling with every insertion, until having decorated both breasts with ladders of fine steel Myerberg stepped back, allowing her to see the results of his labours in the mirror. Her body tingling, she squirmed in an unexpected eruption of need. The glinting tips of metal emerging from her flesh could well have been arrows fired from the bow of Eros, not producing love, but desire. A desire she had to fight. Her loyalty to Madame Stalevsky must not be compromised. But it was hard. This new torture really was exquisite. And the added fear prompted by being tied, helpless and not knowing whether Myerberg would ever let her go or not, only served to inflame her rising passion. Between her legs her pubes grew damper, her labia parting and widening as trickles of juices flowed to lubricate the lusting tunnel of her vagina.

Myerberg felt an eruption of his own, in his penis as her obvious arousal transferred its effect to him. He indulged in another moment of self-satisfaction. It did not matter to whom a slave belonged, a couple of hours under his domination and she would be lost to her original owner forever. But exaggerated vanity was Myerberg's 'Achilles Heel', his one failing, for that was most certainly not how Rosa felt. She could not deny his strength, nor the feelings he instigated in her body, but she would never transfer her allegiance to him. Not even if she had to die to prove it. And of course, Myerberg, if he had known of those sentiments would not have cared one way or the other. So what if she died? Just one more piece of meat headed for the incinerator. But for the moment she was alive. Vibrant with sexuality. Ripe for a little more torture. And who better than he to inflict it?

It was time for the candles. Stroking the wheel of an American Forces type Zippo, he flamed the lighter. The question on Rosa's face was clear, she recognised the origin of the lighter and was perplexed. Obviously she did not understand that a mercenary works for purely for money, not ideology, and so from time to time his services were also provided to the Capitalist Infidels, the hated enemies of his present employers. The cigarette lighter was a souvenir of one such adventure. Holding a candle upside down,

he played the flame over its tip until the wick was burning well and wax had begun to drip in large globules. Carefully avoiding any possibility of the hot wax falling on to his own flesh, starting from the top of one breast he laid a stream of molten candle droplets on to the meat through which the needles had been sunk. After pausing to drip an extra-large splurge of wax on to her nipple, he pushed the swollen underbelly of her breast upwards and deposited more hot wax on to its tender skin. As each drop fell Rosa bit her lip, sometimes gasping as a larger pool seemingly burnt into her flesh. Her other breast suffered the same treatment, until apparently satisfied, Myerberg stopped to admire the patterns of shining steel and red wax adorning her body.

There was one further item that Myerberg had left concealed in the carrier bag, and he now drew this out. It was a wooden ruler of the type that schoolmasters used to employ to rap the knuckles of wayward pupils. Twelve inches long, it was ideal for his purposes. Positioning himself between her wide open legs, he ripped the clamped peg from her clitoris, the tortured nub retracting into its hood in an instant. Rosa's gasp of pain transmuted the look of determination on his face into a grin of sadistic satisfaction. He loved to see people suffer. Especially women.

Squirming futilely, Rosa's densely-pubed sex lay before him and bending forward he ran his nose over her mons, taking in the musky, lightly scented aroma, before nipping an errant curl between his teeth and giving it a vicious tug. A switch clicked in his brain. He liked pubic hair as well as the next man, but if he was going to do this at all, he may as well do it right. He checked his watch. No problem. There was enough time.

The packet of razors lay on the tiny table under the mirror. Picking it up, Myerberg squeezed the bottom of the cellophane bag until the displaced air puffed it up like a balloon. The top popped open under the pressure and he took out one of the plastic disposables. Dropping the bag, he pulled the protective cover from the blades and set to work. Starting on the pubic bone he started to shave Rosa. But the hair was long, thick and curly, and it stuck

between the twin blades in tangling twists. He tried another. That tangled up just as quickly. It was no good, the hair would have to be trimmed short before the razors would be able to do their job properly. But he did not have any scissors. But then again, he did not need any. He had the flick knife.

It was a murderous weapon and Rosa flinched involuntarily as the blade clicked open and Myerberg brandished it under her nose. Rolling a thick curl around his finger he pulled it tight and sliced through it as close to her flesh as he could. Slash followed slash as first he scalped her mons, and then cut off the straggly hairs lining the creases where the outer edges of her vulva met the tops of her thighs. For the first time the slit dividing the fleshy thick lips of her labia was fully exposed to his view, right up to its origin at the bottom of her pubic mound. He liked what he saw.

Now for the close shave.

He could have lathered the bristles, there was soap in the washroom, but he wanted her to feel the scrape of the blade over her dry flesh. Any blemishes on her pale skin would spoil his planned enjoyment so he was careful not to cut her, and when he had finished Rosa's sex was as devoid of foliage as the day she was born. It itched. And it was somewhat reddened. But her skin was intact and he was immeasurably pleased with his efforts. Picking up the ruler, with swift, short upward strokes he smacked its flat surface up against her sex. Her already tumescent labia rapidly swelled further as the stimulation and pain triggered a reaction within them, until they became noticeably disdended and parted. Myerberg prodded their puffy surfaces with his stiffened fingers to test their readiness for his next move. They were ready.

Now being so engorged, her vulva was relatively insensitive, but the shock as Myerberg took one of the smaller needles and pushed it through the flesh of her labia was fairly immense. She was bound securely and tightly, so she could not even struggle as he first presented another needle for inspection, and then thrust it into position below the initial insertion. Following the procedure he had used with her breasts, he stuck needle after needle through her

numbed outer sex lips and as she watched through the mirror, the insertions again became increasingly erotic. Highly erotic in fact. So much so that when he stopped, having utilised every centimetre of usable flesh, she was silently willing him to continue.

If Myerberg had even suspected this sentiment, there is no doubt that he would have been incensed. Madly vindictive. This was supposed to be torture. Punishment. A glorification of his power over her. But he did not suspect and so her secret was safe. Which was all to the good, as he would not have been averse to causing her real bodily harm if he thought his ministrations were achieving a result, the opposite of his true intentions. He took her silence and fraught look as total confirmation of success. She was cowed, frightened and vulnerable. He was sure of it. The evil grin once more cracked his vultureous visage as he coolly pulled down his zip and freed his straining weapon.

Proudly he displayed it before Rosa's watering eyes. If he had expected any reaction, then he was to be disappointed. No flicker of emotion showed on her face, and she remained as impassive as her thumping heart would allow as he put one foot on the bottom rung of the ladder. One above the other as he bent his head in order to prevent his scalp from scraping on the low ceiling, his feet ascended the few steps that lay below Rosa's wide spread legs. His shoes lodged under her sex, pressing on the needles threaded through her vulva. He grinned again as he felt her squirm with discomfort, shuffling his feet to increase the effect.

Leaning back from the ladder to avoid the needles planted in her breasts, his penis was now on a level with her mouth. Bent fully over from the waist, the weight of his torso pressed on the top bunk as he carefully lowered his legs against her mammaries, avoiding any damage to himself from the needle points. Unable to see her face, with one hand he reached down, guiding his penis towards her lips. They did not open quickly enough and a vicious shuffle of his feet taught her the error of her ways. The resulting gasp as the pain surged from her vulva resolved that problem. As her mouth opened involuntarily to let out a scream, his pulsing member immediately

seized its opportunity, shooting straight between her lips and landing on her salivating tongue.

Now it was her turn. She bit him. A good, hard crunch and she tasted blood. Myerberg momentarily went berserk, throwing himself backwards from the ladder, in the process injuring both himself and Rosa with stabbing pricks from the needles. His ice cold demeanour returning almost immediately, he rained blows over the entirety of her body as he punched, slapped and mercilessly punished her for her irreverent action. Taking his ravaged penis in his hands, he inspected it closely. She had done no real damage, but he was still going to make her pay dearly. With the edge of the ruler he hit her in every conceivable spot that was not pierced by a needle or covered with wax. Angry, vicious red weals covered her arms, shoulders and back. Weals that had caused a maximum of pain and were rapidly turning purple as he watched.

But he was not finished. Cutting another length from the rope clothes line, he doubled it over and attacked her breasts, whipping the wax from her flesh. It was agony. Excruciating, mind numbing pain. Especially when the rope caught the needle points, causing her to scream in protest. His hand caught up the gag and he pushed it into her mouth, cocking an ear for any outside sign of reaction to her squeals. He waited a few moments. There were no sounds of activity outside the cabin. A few moments more, and still there was no knock on the door. Either no one had heard or they had thought better of becoming involved in a domestic dispute.

Satisfied that no unwelcome interest in his activities had been aroused, Myerberg turned back to Rosa. Slowly, almost theatrically he pulled the needles one by one from her mutilated flesh, leaving a network of bloody pin points on her wretched, tortured body. With the throbbing in his penis calming down he contemplated the fact that she seemed to have learned nothing from the beating she had received after the previous incident, when she had tried to remove his testicles. She was a wilful little bitch all right, and when they landed, taming her was a pleasure he was greatly looking forward to. But for the moment that did not matter. He was not concerned

any longer with psychological supremacy; she was going to learn that attempting to mess with him was a dangerous, futile folly.

Tightening the gag to ensure there was no possibility of further sound escaping from her lips, after warning her of the dire consequences of attempted escape, he began to untie her bindings. First he freed her straining, outstretched legs, then her pitifully sore arms. She was a wreck. Hurt, bruised and weeping. With complete indifference to her distraught condition, he threw her to the floor, wrenched her legs apart and submitted her to the most brutal fuck she had ever experienced. But violent as the copulation was, it still stirred her senses. There was no doubt about it, she loved pain, although when it was all over she lay numbed and silent while he was once again cock a hoop. The King of the Castle.

His cooling sperm running in rivers down the insides her thighs, with his fingers threaded through the ring on her spiked collar, he pulled her on her hands and knees towards the wash room. Ushering her inside, he unbuckled the collar, wrenching it from her neck. With her still on her knees, he filled the basin to capacity and plunged her head in and out of the icy water. Pulling her to her feet and setting her snorting form in front of the mirror he ripped off the gag, warning her once more of the consequences of screaming for help or trying to escape.

“Your mother and your sister.

You have not forgotten their fate lies in your hands?”

He drew the blade of the flick knife across his throat to emphasise the point.

“Now, make yourself presentable. And be quick about it.”

That was an order she was only too happy to obey. Desperately hurt, striped and welted, she did the best she could with the limited facilities available to reinstate her usual enviable appearance. When she finally emerged into the cabin, Myerberg was staggered by her looks. Now devoid of any cosmetic enhancement she was still a beautiful woman. The weals covering her body could be hidden by her long overcoat, and luckily the only mark bespoiling her face was a small bruise around her right eye. Make up was available from

the fashion boutique, and the correct shade would lessen the visual impact of her injury.

Suddenly with a shattering burst of distortion, the cabin radio sprang to life. Time had passed more quickly than he had realised. It was time for action. Binding her hands, he tethered her to the bunk and replaced the gag. He was sure that she would not attempt to raise the alarm, but it was always wise to take precautions. Unlocking the cabin door he investigated the corridor and then stepped out into its empty confines.

So far, so good. They had almost made landfall and as far as he knew he was in no danger of being caught. His feet skipped over the steps as he ran up several flights of stairs, firstly to the boutique to buy the makeup, then up to the top deck and thence out into the fresh sea air. There was nothing suspicious, just lines of excited holiday makers leaning over the deck rails and as they approached the harbour, picking out recognisable features in the medieval walled town of Saint Malo. He moved to balcony overlooking the bow. The shock hit him with the intensity of a lightning strike. There below him, on the boat's emergency landing pad stood Mr. Luther's helicopter.

There was not exactly instant panic, Myerberg was stronger than that. But his guts froze as the possibilities of detection and capture whirled around in his head. And then, unexpectedly, the helicopter's engine roared into life, the rotor blades slowly spinning until they gained momentum. Emerging from some unseen exit, Duke and Lolli accompanied by the ship's officers strode across the metal plates of the deck. Myerberg had expected pursuit, but in strength and probably including specialised forces. So he was surprised to see only a Housegirl from The Lodge and the young man he had encountered briefly upon his capture, and who later had been present to witness his flogging at Rosa's hands. There had been no introductions of course, so he was still not aware that his hunter was Montague DuPont's son. After a short exchange, Myerberg's pursuers shook hands with the Captain and leapt aboard the chopper. In seconds it was airborne and speeding westwards.

Myerberg heaved a huge sigh of relief. He assumed rightly that he had not been as inconspicuous as he had thought, and that couple's presence on the ferry must have been prompted by a belief that he was on board. He had no idea as to what had occasioned their quick departure, but whatever the reason it left him in the clear. And in a massive under estimation of Duke's capabilities he asked himself 'why a boy had been despatched to do a man's job? ' In a perverse sort of way, he felt insulted that an older more hardened adversary was not on his trail.

Making his way back to the cabin in double quick time, Myerberg collected a suitably covered up Rosa and was waiting with her at the disembarkation point for foot passengers as the ferry tied up in port. As soon as doors were opened he pushed her down the walkway and out into the terminal. Customs officials and the odd Gendarme were in evidence, but nobody bothered them as they crossed the tarmac towards where a parked Mercedes stood with its engine running. An agitated shaven headed thug stood by its open driver's door, reacting animatedly when he caught sight of Myerberg and his captive. The car was black, the man was red, and they both seemed ready to boil over. Hurriedly he pulled the rear doors open as they approached.

"Alluha akbar! " he barked, accompanied by a clenched fist salute.

"Yes, God is Great," came the somewhat desultory response from Myerberg as he bundled Rosa into the car. Settling himself beside her on the back seat, he was thrown backwards as with smoking tyres the car screamed out of the car park.

The Dungeon

DUKE HAD FELT all along that the easy discovery of Montague's Bentley at Portsmouth was too convenient.

And he now had no reason to doubt that a false trail had been laid. Subsequent to the barman's supposed encounter with Myerberg, despite a keen look out no one else aboard the ferry had spotted him, and now a firm sighting had been reported from a boat that had sailed from Plymouth heading for Roscoff. So that was Duke's new destination. Strapped in the seat next to the pilot he watched the pink coastline rush by beneath his feet, tapping his fingers impatiently as he willed the helicopter to a faster speed. The boat was at anchor in the ferry terminal as they approached, the small harbour surrounded by a fleet of police cars. Landing as close as they could, Duke and Lolli raced over to where the Gendarmes held a man and a woman captive. Before he had even reached them, Duke knew they had the wrong couple. It was not Myerberg and Rosa, just a pair of returning French honeymooners who possessed a vague likeness to them.

Lolli explained in accent less French to the officers that a mistake had been made, and amidst profuse apologies the couple's handcuffs were removed. A bundle of cash was passed between Duke and the man, enough seemingly to placate his ire at his false arrest, because he walked off with a satisfied smile upon his face and a parting nod to the police officer in charge. But it was not the money. He was smug because he had completed his mission satisfactorily and diverted Duke's attention away from Myerberg's real location.

So the trail had gone cold, and amidst a profusion of Gallic shrugs the French police took their leave, and Duke and Lolli dejectedly re-boarded the helicopter. Several hours later they were back at The Lodge. And shortly thereafter, following a brief conference with the Elders, Duke led Lolli into the bowels of the old building. He had a bucketful of frustration to get out of his system, mental as well as sexual. And he was going to use Lolli to rid himself

of that frustration. His mind was made up on that point. He had contemplated returning to the Secret Chamber, but had settled for the Dungeon because none of the housegirls, including Lolli, or any of the other members for that matter, knew of its existence. And it had to be kept that way. Rosa was the only housegirl ever to have set foot in its hallowed precincts, and apart from Madame Stalevsky and her two mute assistants the only other person who possessed knowledge of it was John Carpenter, the man who had created the renowned institution that was The Lodge.

Carpenter was not of The Brotherhood himself, but was trusted implicitly by them and they had been more than pleased when he took over the old building and renovated it, keeping their ancient temple hidden beneath its structure. But Myerberg had now hammered a huge dent into their shell of security, and the Elders could not be sure if he had targeted The Lodge simply because somehow he knew that Mr. Luther would be there, or if his knowledge was more complete and he had uncovered their closely guarded secret. And there would be no answer to that question until he was safely in their hands again, although the riddle of Rosa's defection had been solved when Myerberg's blackmail note was found during a search of her belongings. Her actions could not be condoned, but they could certainly be understood and to that effect John Carpenter had raced hotfoot to London in order to locate the pimp and find out exactly where she had come from.

As part of their own initiation quests, Duke's three compatriots, Connie, Molly and Ham, had been contacted and put on standby to help in the freeing of the hostages as soon as an intimation of their whereabouts was received. Their brief also included instructions to assist him in any way possible. With The Brotherhood worldwide informed of the situation and the necessary governments alerted, there was no more that could be done. So following their intense discussion with Duke, the other three Brethren had requested girls for night and retired with them to their respective rooms. And he had plumped for Lolli and the Dungeon.

Smack! Whoosh! Thwack!

The unmistakable sounds of flagellation and punishment filled the air. Pliant leather, a cane, a whip, Duke was using them all. One after another each instrument of correction fell on yielding flesh, followed by a scream of agony or moan of pleasure. Or both, as one sensation replaced the other. An enormous crucifix of flames flashed a flickering, smoky luminescence through the heavy air, now and again highlighting the angry weals decorating Lolli's tortured body. There was no other light, but Duke wished for none, the sorcerous atmosphere providing all the magic he needed to aid and enhance the accomplishment of his desires.

Oiled and naked, Lolli was a ball breaking vision of sexual allure. Allowing himself a few moments of distraction, Duke smiled in appreciation at the sight that greeted his eyes. Handcuffs snapped into iron hoops on the wall held her arms stretched above her head, and he had dealt out her initial beating as was held in that position. Releasing her wrists, he ordered her over to the punishment bench. Her creamy skin gleamed in the glow of the flames, her eyes bright and expectant, as sticking with the whip, Duke lashed into her flesh. A surge of delicious pain ran through her body. A pain that brought with it, joy. A lusting for more. He made sure that she was not disappointed. Another stinging lash followed almost immediately. Then a further four in quick succession, striping her taut rump to perfection. Bent over the whipping bench, her sex peeping from between buttocks that were created for punishment, she was as desirable a woman as any on God's Earth. 'God's Earth'. The phrase repeatedly tumbled through his mind, distracting him, and the hand grasping the whip fell limply to his side. 'God's Earth', that was what The Brotherhood was fighting to protect from evil forces such as Myerberg. He heard again his father's words: 'The struggle was ceaseless. The dawn of the new millennium had brought no respite, in fact Satan's influence seemed to be on the rise, the world over'. Lolli had remained immobile throughout his deliberations,

but becoming somewhat restive with the inactivity, she raised her head in an effort to determine what was happening. The movement shook him from his reverie, and with a start he realised that the situation with Myerberg had affected him psychologically far more than he cared to admit. The steel returned. He became once more his normal, masterful self; cold and authoritarian. Whoosh. The whip bit into the backs of her thighs. Delicious pain.

“Did I give you permission to move?”

And not waiting for a reply.

“No, I did not!” as the second strike fell.

That was more like it. It almost made her indiscretion worthwhile. “You know better than that girl.”

She did of course.

“If there should be any repeat of your disgraceful behaviour, the outcome will be the worst imaginable.”

She knew what he meant by that, shuddering as the full import sank in. It was not a reference to any physical torment that she could stand. What she would not be able to bear was for him to stop; to leave her incomplete and unfulfilled. The first time he had used her, on the night she had discovered he was a member of The Brotherhood, he had tortured her to the limit of her tolerance before flooding her senses with the most incredible of orgasms. She wanted those thrills again, and terrified that he would carry out his threat and deny her a repeat performance, she grovelled.

Master, I am your slave, your servant.”

“Yes you are! And you’re lucky in the extreme that I find myself in such a benevolent frame of mind. . . Very lucky.”

Four more bitterly punishing lashes followed, equally spaced so that she was stripped from her rump to the backs of her knees. He had carefully avoided her sex, saving that particular treasure until later, but the treasure itself did not seem to understand, her labia widening in anticipation, slick with the lubricating juices that were beginning to flow in abundance. Grasping a bunch of her hair, he pulled her to a standing position and spent several minutes fondling her full, heavy breasts and investigating the secrets of her vagina.

Feeling the shivers of lust running through her body, he altered tack and with an iron grip tugged her by the nipples into the centre of the chamber. Lying parallel to the floor, a large revolving wheel with a diameter of about six feet was fixed into a base set in the stone slabs. Several thick leather straps projected from its top, and with one arm around her waist he lifted her easily and sat her on its wooden surface. Pushing her onto her back he fastened the straps around her wrists, ankles and neck, so that she was held completely immobile, her arms and legs stretched widely apart. Taking the edge of the wheel in both hands he lifted it into a vertical position and secured it there. Pulling down strongly, he tested it for movement. It was perfect, completing two slow, balanced revolutions before coming to a stop, with Lolli head down and her hair streaming down on to the stone.

The wheel was also motorised, and with the flick of a switch Duke could have sent her spinning at any speed he desired. But he did not go for extremes and kept it slow and easy, as the wheel turned whipping down lightning strikes with a long, flexible cane. The notched wood fell all over her body as she turned. On her breasts, her thighs, her arms, her belly, and finally with expert accuracy on her swelling vulva. Howls of anguish, far eclipsing the shrieks of her earlier beating, flooded from her lips, adding an extra dimension to his satisfaction.

Dropping the cane, Duke slowed the revolving wheel until Lolli approached a position roughly equivalent to a quarter to three on the clock face. When she was perfectly horizontal he braked the wheel, securing it against further movement. Now that she was no longer in motion, the full extent of his exertions became apparent. Lolli was one well striped carcass, crimson weals flowing from breasts down to thighs. He was well pleased with himself. And also he had judged well. Lolli's head was stopped at crotch height and although her arms, legs and neck were strapped to the wheel, her mouth was still available and active. Her tongue slid out over her lips in anticipation as he approached her, pulled down his zip and presented her with a penis worthy of commendation.

His organ widened her open, painted lips, pushing through to rest on her tongue, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked him hungrily towards her throat. Because the strap securing her neck held her head practically immobile, she was unable to allow her mouth to roam over the length of his penis, obliging him to treat it as he would her vagina. Rocking backwards and forwards Duke fucked Lolli's mouth, her sucking cheeks and roving tongue adding greatly to his pleasure. As his thrusts speeded up, his buttocks tightened with the onset of ejaculation. Swiftly he pulled his wildly jerking weapon from her mouth, and once more denying her the taste of his magical emission, spurted his seed over her face and hair. Frantically running her tongue over her lips she tried to capture the dripping sperm, but his aim had been true and she was unable to lap up even the tiniest drop as it ran down her cheeks, by-passing her mouth and fell to the floor.

To add to her distress, Duke made a great show of wiping his penis clean and dry with a tissue, thus destroying any hopes she might have held that he would at least allow her to lap up the remaining sticky nectar that still clung to his glans. Disappointed and somewhat cowed, Lolli was obviously attempting to hide her feelings and it was with a certain sense of pride that Duke looked upon her battered, violated body and saw the anguish in her eyes. He was learning fast. And she was learning a new respect. Duke was really enjoying himself, everything was going quite well. 'Time for something else', he thought and gripping the wheel, he spun it slowly until Lolli was returned to an upright position. She was flushed and somewhat dizzy, and as he freed her bonds and set her on her feet, she staggered before falling into his arms.

"Pull yourself together, you're acting like a child after its first ride on a roller coaster," he reprimanded before opening his arms and letting her fall to the floor. She did her best to obey, but it took several minutes and much prodding from his foot before she once more stood tall on her feet. "All right. Legs apart and bend over."

So, not tied, chained or fastened to any of the available implements in the Dungeon, Lolli assumed the simple, old

fashioned 'touch your toes' stance. And there she was, legs wide apart with her hands clamped around her ankles and her hair once again flowing down on to the stone-slabbed floor. It was a well-established position that had been tried, tested and found eminently satisfactory over eons of time. Sometimes the most basic of methods can provide greater nourishment to a hungry penis than other more involved, mechanically based propositions. With his weapon in one hand and an unusual four-tongued tawse in the other, Duke studied Lolli's bottom.

Thwap! The tawse landed, leaving a pattern of broad stripes across her buttocks. She flinched but managed to hold back her threatened scream. Smack! Again it fell. And again. Six times in all before he aimed it straight at her vulva. It hit right on target, splaying her sex lips apart and propelling droplets of her juices into the air. She was good and ready, but Duke gave her another five, up and down her vulva, until he was satisfied and she was sobbing. He had dealt her twelve stinging blows and as each one had landed, four separate tongues of leather had left their mark upon her tender meat. Forty eight increasingly reddening mementoes of his efforts now lay imprinted on her rump and pudenda. 'Enough for the time being,' he thought, and sporting an impressive erection he advanced on her bottom. With seemingly no effort at all he eased his member deep into Lolli's inviting anus. Pushing, retreating, and pushing in further, he succeeded in penetrating her rear to the fullest extent possible. It felt good, tight and clingy as he worked slowly in and out, back and forth, the movement made the more easy by the copious amount of baby oil he had applied to his penis. Lolli had appreciated that consideration, anal penetration by an organ such as he possessed being difficult and painful. But Duke had not been thinking of her welfare when he greased himself, a housegirl was trained to endure pain. And to love it! In that respect he considered Lolli to be no different to any of the other girls. He expected nothing less of her; pain was duty as well as pleasure. Everybody hurts, everybody cries at some time or other and if those emotions equate with joy, then so much the better. That was the natural way

of things. No, he simply wanted to facilitate an easier entry, and he'd got it.

Accompanied by Lolli's moans of pleasure Duke pumped lazily in and out. After a while he pulled out completely, to be greeted with a hail of protestation, for which she received several very firm whacks across her rump from the tawse he still held in his hand. Blotchy crimson patches suffused from beneath her creamy steak where the tails had struck, joining with the multitude of those previously laid to create a continent of red on the atlas of her bottom. Occupied territory. Duke had staked his claim and now it was his.

Breathing in noisy gulps, Lolli gripped her ankles ever tighter as he ordered her to remain as she was, bent over and perfectly still. Maintaining that position was becoming a real trial; the small of her back hurt like hell, her arms and the backs of her legs were strained and her head throbbed. Her shoulders, backside and calves were soon racked with even greater pain, as walking around her doubled up form, he rained lash after lash upon her yielding flesh. But the pain was also joy, each stinging impact further inflaming her passions as the sensations flowed through her being to congregate in her channel of lust. Fighting for control, she moved not an inch. Nor flinched. Nor even whimpered.

"Good girl. Now we can continue."

Resuming his position behind her, still holding the tawse in one hand, with the other he guided his rigid missile towards her anus. But then, seemingly changing his mind he pushed it downward, aimed a few inches lower and launched its warhead straight at her sex. She was so aroused and slippery that no resistance was offered, allowing him to penetrate deep into her tunnel at the first thrust. A couple more and he was in up to the hilt and leaving his organ to luxuriate in her juices he laid his chest upon her back, slipped a hand under her breasts and tugged at her nipples. Using just one hand, he skipped from one hard jutting nugget to the other, pinching and squeezing. Needles of tingling electricity tormented her every nerve ending; she was alive with lust, her resilience being tested to the ultimate degree.

Still supported by her back and keeping up the assault on her nipples, he pulled back from her heated sex and began to move languorously in and out, in long reaming strokes that saw his penis withdraw almost completely before burrowing deeply back into her. The entire length of her tunnel was stimulated at each thrust, its walls contracting in muscular spasms to grip and massage his marauding member. Ecstasy. It was wonderful, but she was in grave danger of climaxing without permission and so it was with grateful disappointment that she felt him leave her body entirely.

She relaxed, safe for the time being and awaited his next move. Straightening up, he stood behind her, lodging his pulsing glans in the pucker of her anus. At the same time he reversed the tawse and introduced the haft to her vagina. This was one of the Headmaster's specialities, a subject on which he had instructed Duke, and which many of the housegirls had come to appreciate and look forward to. Lolli especially, although in her case she had experienced the thrill it provided long before her arrival at The Lodge. Just before she had left the public school to go up to Oxford, the Headmaster had finally fulfilled the girlish fantasies she had been nursing about him throughout her years under his tutelage. He was her introduction to SM and she embraced it enthusiastically and wholeheartedly, the culmination of her first experience with him being an earth moving orgasm produced by his expert use, in tandem, of his own equipment and that particular instrument of punishment. And now she was about to be gifted with that same, unique thrill, at the hands of Duke.

Penis and tawse respectively penetrating her anus and vagina, flesh and leather began to fuck her into a frenzy. Slow and easy at first, pushing deeper and deeper, Duke gradually increased the speed of his strokes until he was pistoning in and out with the energy of an express train. The force of his thrusts was causing Lolli to rock unsteadily on her feet, so looping his free hand around her waist to help her keep her balance, he thrust towards his climax. And it came with a mind blowing eruption of ecstasy, as jet after jet of hot, sticky sperm poured into her anus.

It had been a monster ejaculation that had set Dukes pulse rate soaring, and he remained with his manhood stuck deep into Lolli's bottom as he slowed his breathing. The tawse still penetrated her vagina up to the haft and he knew that she was crazy with lust, awaiting his permission to come herself. In a merciless display of power, he stoked her tunnel into a raging ferment of desire, before whipping the tawse from its grasp. And then he left her. Just like that. Once again permission was denied. Victory to him he thought. As Duke was about to leave the Dungeon, dragging Lolli behind him on a chain wound around her wrists, Yuri and Ivan came bursting through its heavy iron studded door. In an unprecedented invasion of privacy, they had been sent to summon him into the presence of The Elders of The Brotherhood. The absolute irregularity of that action alerted him to the fact that something extraordinarily important must have occurred. So handing Lolli over to the custody of the Russian twins, he rushed off to find his father and the others.

Le Manoir

DUKE WAS DEVASTATED when he heard the news.

Myerberg had been within his grasp after all. True to the report of the barman, he had been on the ferry to Saint Malo and only Duke's doubts had allowed him to escape. Confirmation had come in the form of a photograph. The boat had a resident cameraman who took pictures of passengers as they boarded, which after being developed and printed, were available for purchase. Long after they had made their escape, a full colour 'head and shoulders' shot of Myerberg and Rosa was found posted up outside the photographer's booth. Communicated to The Lodge via a colour link, upon inspection there was no question: It was them!

So now it had been confirmed. The fugitives had landed in Brittany, and luckily enough The Brotherhood had extensive membership in that area, as well as the usual highly placed connections. That would be an enormous help, but of course there was no certainty that Myerberg had remained in the vicinity. By then he could have made it to the Southern borders of France and crossed into Spain. Or he could have fled to his Fatherland. Or Switzerland. Or Italy. If he had really got a move on, he could have reached Marseille and even then be on board a ferry to Algiers or Tunis. The possibilities were endless, but they had to resume the chase somewhere, so Duke elected to return to the Côte de Granit Rose and base his operations there.

There was in fact, one other member of The Lodge who although unaware of their association with that establishment, did know of the existence of The Brotherhood. And that was Oliver Carlisle. Twenty five or more years previously he had come into contact with them in a most unhappy manner. Having taken up with Marie-Hélène, an older woman, their relationship was discovered by one of the Brothers. The woman was a widow and had previously been the property of a Swiss tycoon, himself a member of the order. Although she had been rich and powerful in her own right, their

ruthlessly strict code of ownership dictated that following her husband's death, she was not allowed to associate sexually with anyone other than another Brother. So arrangements had been made to eliminate Oliver, but in a giant blunder, Marie-Hélène and her son were killed instead.

Their regret had been communicated to him and as some sort of recompense the death sentence on him had been lifted, a huge sum in financial compensation finding its way into his bank balance. Not only that, he had inherited Marie-Hélène's business empire and found consolation in a still on-going union with her daughter, Véronique. He owned hotels all over Brittany, but more importantly, in partnership with John Carpenter, he had established a sister establishment to The Lodge deep inside a Breton forest. Carpenter himself had returned from London having found out that Rosa was a native of Pristina, giving them a lead as to the possible whereabouts of Myerberg's hostages.

It was agreed that Carpenter should make an approach to Oliver, who in the intervening years had dismissed The Brotherhood from his thoughts. In the utmost secrecy, the situation was duly explained to him, concentrating on the danger to world peace if the laptop's information were to be accessed. After a gigantic initial shock, Oliver reluctantly suppressed his feelings and agreed to help. So it was, that later the same day, Duke and Lolli found themselves back in France, ensconced in the impressive surroundings of Le Manoir, Oliver's extravagantly luxurious and well equipped answer to The Lodge.

Oliver had a very useful contact in his old friend Thierry, a highly placed official in the Department of Gendarmerie and after contacting him and The Brotherhood's own sources, in an effort to get the chase under way once more, Duke decided that a little relaxation was in order. Firstly he partook of a particularly splendid dinner of lobster, langoustine and other local shellfish, washed down with the finest of champagnes. He was waited upon of course by his own slave, Lolli, taking enormous pleasure in the envy he saw on the faces of the other clientele. Well aware that they found

her absolutely stunning, he smirked unashamedly as when she bent over the table to serve him he fondled her proud, full breasts and then as he dipped his fingers inside the slit in the back of her skirt, he investigated the moistness of her vagina.

His usual after dinner cigar was complimented with a few shots of twenty year old single malt Scotch whisky, which in contrast to English tastes, the Gallic clientele seemed to prefer to their own fine Cognacs. Lolli had remained standing attentively close by, fetching and carrying when required, but otherwise maintaining her poise and keeping her silence. Her total, unquestioning obedience to him, together with her glorious looks and cock twitching figure enhanced 'The Duke's growing prestige by the minute. Little did they know that her perfect behaviour could not yet be entirely attributed to his influence, but was still mainly down to the expert attentions of The Mistress of The Lodge. Many of them actually knew of Madame Stalevsky, tales of her intimidating presence having been carried to Le Manoir by Oliver Carlisle himself.

Thoroughly sated in the gastronomic department, Duke decided that it was time for more physical pleasures. Before leaving to investigate the more practical facilities offered by Le Manoir, he stopped to take one last look at his opulent surroundings. Grandeur was what he saw, decadence on a magnificent scale. Decadence, his father had once told him, was beyond the reach of most men. 'You have to be extremely rich to be truly decadent. ' And as he was extremely rich, he felt no shame as went in search of even greater self-indulgence.

In a stone-walled chamber, the soft twilight permeating the thick opaque glass of the tiny medieval windows, he found equipment and surroundings perfectly suited to his requirements. Now in a more adventurous mood and feeling far more confident of his Mastery than in his previous encounters with Lolli, he was making use of the ceiling. Duke had a penchant for stone dungeons and flaming torches, a trait he had inherited from Montague. A trait, that due to ancestral memories of their bloody conquests, was probably common to the whole of The Brotherhood. He had been more than

pleased to find an array of ready prepared torches, and now ignited, their flickering light flared through the fast approaching darkness. Lolli's oiled body gleamed in their ruddy glow, grotesque distorted images of her shapely form dancing in shadows over the walls.

Thick leather straps were looped under the fullness of her breasts, edged into the ridge where they joined her rib cage, before circling their perimeter to be clamped tight over her pectoral muscles. Large brass buckles secured the straps, which were pulled so tight that the metal dug deeply into the flesh, constricting the base of each breast and squeezing out the rest. Metal rings were attached to the buckles, through which heavy chains had been threaded, and she had been hauled off her feet, her breasts taking all the weight as she hung from the ceiling.

With the supply of blood constricted, he was taking extreme care to ensure that no sign of necrosis appeared, the possible death of tissue cells being a very serious concern. Montague had warned him of the possible ghastly results that could accrue from the amateurish application of breast torture, citing instances he had observed which had resulted in the formation of prominent ridges of scar tissue. But Duke was no amateur. He knew exactly what he was doing and exactly how long the torture could be continued before it presented a genuine danger to her health. He would stop long before that point.

Folding her arms into a triangle behind her head, he handcuffed her wrists together, fastening them to a ring on the back of a broad leather collar that snaked around her neck. A steel rod about three feet long was passed between her elbows, and her upper arms were bound to the rod. With her arms pulled back out of the way in this fashion, her breasts were thrust forward offering a clear, uncluttered target. Her feet surveyed the floor from a height of around six inches, short lengths of chain around her ankles fastened to loops set into the stone paving, pulling her legs wide apart.

To increase the torture to her breasts, broad flat clamps squeezed each nipple so tightly that they were flattened into an ovoid shape, far removed from their usual rounded selves. Both already abused

mammaries were now ripe for a beating, Duke scanning the room for a suitable implement. The choice was made all the more difficult because the chamber was stuffed with a multitude of diverse instruments of torture, some of which he did not even recognise. He determined that given the opportunity he would investigate the nature and use of those obviously specialised instruments to the full. Some of them looked very interesting indeed, but for the meantime as he was already well into his stride, he plumped for a simple plaited, flexible riding crop.

Standing back in order to deliver a well ordered strike, he laid a diagonal line of pain over the bulging slope of her breast above the nipple. With Lolli still gasping as the impact burnt into her flesh, he laid another numbing strike across the first one. Flaming up in an instant reaction, the blood vessels beneath her epidermis filled the welts with blood, imprinting the design of a large crimson letter X on the pale flesh of her breast. Agonisingly sensual currents of fire transmitted a mixed cocktail of agony and joy to her brain, which in turn re-directed those sensations to stimulate her increasingly raging libido. In a well-trained subject the talent of instantly turning pain into pleasure is extremely well developed. And Lolli was a particularly well trained woman! So it was with great impatience that she waited for the next strikes to fall. This time they whipped up from under her breast. Savage, stinging cuts, that judging by her reaction only confirmed to Duke just how much she loved this kind of treatment. And he was delivering it with a faultless expertise.

Whoosh!

Thwap!

The sound itself was almost alive as the crop cut through the air again. Once. Twice. Three times. And for a fourth and final time, stripping her other breast in identical fashion to the first. Both bulging, constricted breasts now had the pulsing cross of a letter X cut twice into their flesh, one above the nipple and the other burnt into its underbelly. Four crosses in all. Eight separate flaming ridges, the top of each one tipped with a small rectangular bruise where the keeper itself had landed. Eight glorious, stimulating,

satisfying strikes that had Lolli outwardly grimacing in pain, and inwardly screaming for more. And more was what exactly what Duke intended she was going to get. The crop had played its part and he now sought some other implement to take its place. After some consideration, he replaced the crop into its rack and selected a ridged Malacca cane. But he was not about to use it in the usual manner. Instead, holding it at shoulder height, he wrapped his fist wrapped around it, gripping it as he would a javelin on the sports field and jabbed at her right breast. The skin was not broken, but it did produce a marked, flaming indentation, together with a gasp of agony from Lolli. Her taut flesh regained its smoothness almost instantaneously, but it was obvious, even though the darkening tone of her skin that a small bruise was rising fast. He jabbed again, adding another potential bruise, carrying on the torture until firstly the areola of one breast and then the other, was enclosed in a ringed stockade of six small circular welts. The end of the cane punishing her flesh had carried its own particular brand of pain, and together with the previously administered strikes, she had suffered twenty mind numbing attacks on her already trussed and tortured breasts.

Lolli was going to display a very interesting pattern of bruises for the next few days, there was no doubt of that. But it had been worth it. As her flesh burned and pulsed with pain, so did her sex with desire. Duke was aroused himself, a fact which his rigidly erect penis was communicating in no mean fashion. Her body tingled, a wave of expectation running from head to toe as he put down the cane and approached her. Being suspended six inches above the floor, there would be no problem fucking her standing up, his weapon bumping up against her pubis confirming that fact. She was at just the right height.

But he had not finished with her breasts. Taking a thin metal chain about thirty six inches long from his pocket, he clipped one end to the clamp oppressing one of her nipples, and pressing closely up against her body looped it around his neck and clipped the free end to her other nipple clamp. Testing his idea, he jerked his head backwards, pulling the chain tight and thereby suddenly tugging

her nipples outwards, raising a surprised squeal. Lodging his chin in her cleavage he slackened the chain, concentrating now on her sex.

The restrictions on his movements imposed by the shortness of the chain obliged him to keep his solid shaft crushed upright against her as he delved between her wide open thighs. Smooth and velvety, her belly obligingly massaged the throbbing gristle as it slid over her skin, driven by the almost imperceptible, unconscious thrusts of his bottom. Parted, tumescent labia greeted his touch. Lubricated and ready, her vagina was a volcano of lust, greedily sucking his fingers into its hungry confines. He massaged her unsheathing clitoris until he was able to grip its emerging length between his finger and thumb, driving her almost insane with the need to climax. A need to which she must not submit. Turning her mind into a blank, with gritted teeth she fought to maintain control.

Admiring her tenacity, Duke finally relented, leaving her weak with relief but still overflowing with desire. Pulling his bottom backwards to gain the necessary space, he gripped his penis, pushing it down over her pubes until edging slightly forward he allowed it to lodge in the crease of her vulva. Then coming up really close he slid its upper surface along the juicy open lips, lips that closed halfway over its circumference. Again and again, very slowly he drove into the slit, only allowing contact on the inward push, finding it a very pleasing but different sensation. Stroking, half submerged, along the full length of her labia, his glans began to bury itself into the opening to her vagina until eventually the entire head was burying itself into her widening hole. It was a marvellously sensuous feeling, for him and for her. But now he wanted his shaft, all of it, deep inside her and tilting it upwards with his hand he pushed until every inch had bored its way into her welcoming tunnel.

This was what she had been waiting for. She flexed her vaginal muscles, clamping him very satisfactorily tight. As he began to fuck her in earnest, she clamped and unclamped the muscles to match his inward pushes.

And now came the magic moment. The reason for the chain around his neck. As his passion rose, with every urgent thrust he

pulled his head backwards, tightening the chain and tugging on her nipples. An excruciating network of pain radiated out over her maltreated breasts to join and mingle with the joyful exultations being emitted by her sex. Not only that, but grasping her buttocks he pulled her towards him as much as her constricted circumstances would allow, deepening his penetration so that every thrust threatened to leave her cervix irretrievably bruised and battered. It couldn't last long. And it did not. His penis swelling to even greater dimensions, he pumped stream after stream of hot, salty sperm deep into her as he reached a juddering orgasm. Almost overcome himself, he did not forget his strategy, it was time to alter his tactics. The planned words came out in gasps.

"You have permission to come."

And she did. Immediately. Writhing on the end of his juddering penis In a staggeringly noisy, almost theatrical display of such intensity that Duke was astounded. He had never underrated his own capabilities, but he had never provoked such a reaction as that before. He was impressed by his own virtuosity. So was Lolli, of that he was certain. Another point to him he thought, his challenge to the Headmaster's supremacy was well under way. When both their erupting emotions had calmed, he freed Lolli from her bondage and as was now his usual custom, towed her behind him on a chain as he led her to his room. Mentally and physically he was geared up for more sexual activity, and once behind the locked doors he fondled Lolli intimately as she stood motionless and obedient. Her vagina was an inviting honey pot, sweet and tempting as his fingers once again explored the dewy slit of her widening labia. A shiver ran through her as he stroked her clitoris into erection, relaying a message that was as plain as if she had spoken the words. She wanted him again. 'Good,' he thought, because that gave him the opportunity to deny her. She had to be kept in line. To remember that he was her Master. He had not granted her unlicensed permission to wallow in arousal, and gratification would only be allowed at his command.

Confusion. That was his plan. To keep her guessing. Strict discipline, moments of compassion, then the iron fist once more. An interchange of roles: Was he the severe Master, the considerate lover, or a cold, ruthless man of steel? He had to completely break down her defences and hopefully that was the way to do it. So to her obvious chagrin, he withdrew his fingers, making a great show of running them under his nose, but not offering them to her. That was another denial, because he knew now that she loved the taste of her own juices. Not as much as sperm of course, but enough to trigger a spark of resentment over his action. So, there was nothing for her, but for his own satisfaction he inhaled deeply in order to savour the heady smell of her sex before wiping his fingers dry between her breasts. She looked down. Duke could almost feel her frustration. There, glistening in the valley of her cleavage were her wasted juices. So near, yet so unattainable. Breaking the silence, in the most severe of tones he reprimanded her for being presumptuous enough to display arousal without his express permission. He saw her stiffen. She was not so certain of herself any longer, he was definitely managing to drive a small wedge of doubt into her previously rock solid self-assurance.

He was much tempted to step up his offensive. To pick up a cane and discipline her. To fuck her again. And again. But a voice in the back of his mind reminded him that they were on an errand of supreme importance and no little danger. Lolli had to be fit to carry out the duties for which he had requested her presence, and reluctantly he decided that she must get some rest if she was to be able to function properly the next day.

His decision made, he allowed her to take his shaft into her mouth for one last, lingering act of fellatio. There was no point in denying her every pleasure. Or himself for that matter. Tonguing and sucking, she titillated his dormant flesh into full erection, sliding her lips up and down in a ceaseless cycle of teasing enticements, until his straining penis reached the limit of its length and girth. Swelling and throbbing, it revelled in her expert attention, pulsing against her cheeks and leaking the unrivalled taste of its pre-ejaculate fluid over

her taste buds. Forget his Testicles, as she worked on him Duke felt as though was wrenching his seed from his every extremity, calling for, and capturing, the essence of his being. What a woman. What a mouth. And what a succulent morsel he was providing for her. Amidst the volcano of his erupting passion, he fought to remind himself that aside from pleasuring him to previously unequalled levels, she was also in pursuit of her own ultimate gratification. His sperm.

It took a major feat of concentration, but with the greatest effort he divorced his mind from his cock. He had to be ready. Her tongue rolled and rasped, her cheeks hollowed and her throat opened to accept his glans. A man could lose himself in the intensity of the sensations she provoked, and it took great mental strength not to just give in and let her have her way. But Duke had that strength. As she drew him to ejaculation, he wrenched his juddering weapon from her mouth, spurting jet after jet of the magical elixir she craved so much, in every direction but her tongue. There was no whisky glass on hand this time and when his bollocks were finally totally drained, pools of milky semen lay on her shoulders, her breasts, and in her hair. But not a single drop lay on her tongue. Duke was exhilarated. Lolli was devastated. That much was obvious, but she too retained her self-control, only one tiny tear betraying her disappointment. Cool and detached, he paid her no further attention as he climbed into the ornate four poster. One last order saw her stretch out on the floor beside his bed, and utilising a technique of relaxation he had been taught in his youth, he was asleep in an instant.

Lolli on the other hand, fidgeted and tossed about all through the night, her mind a turmoil of conflicting emotions. Duke would have been well pleased if he had known of this confirmation that her loyalty to the Headmaster was being severely tested. He still had a long way to go, but he was proving to be much more of a man than she had been willing to accept. It was while taking 'petit dejeuner' the following morning that Duke received the first intimation of the impact that Lolli had delivered to his French hosts.

Lolli was again attending to his needs, and while she was in the kitchen percolating fresh coffee an Armani suited media executive leaned over and casually told him that several of the guests, including himself, had formally enquired as to her availability for their own use. Under the House rules which were basically the same as those of The Lodge, any girl brought into the establishment by a member must be made available to everyone. Completely unaware of his mission and status, to the members of Le Manoir, Duke was just another visiting associate, and so they looked forward in great anticipation to savouring the delights of his most alluring slave. He was digesting the implications of this information when a seemingly urgent note was rushed to his table. Reading it quickly, he threw down his napkin, called for Lolli and left the breakfast room in what appeared to the other diners to be a somewhat insultingly indecent haste.

Myerberg had been spotted.

The Cathedral

Saint Malo

Intra Muros, behind the imposing ramparts of the ancient town walls, the narrow bustling streets teemed with a cosmopolitan blend of locals and visitors. The pirate history of the Citadel that was once the home base of feared Corsairs and the centre of the French slave trade, seemed to be burned into the granite flagstones. Countless tiny restaurants and colourful cafés offered gastronomic delights, tablecloths flapping in the gusty draft of the warm breeze. Totally oblivious to these delights, Myerberg, keeping a tight grip on Rosa, and with his thuggish accomplice carrying the lap top, hurried to his rendezvous.

Once inside the portals of the Cathedrale Saint Vincent, Myerberg searched its vast but murky interior for signs of his contact. He found none, poking into alcoves and out of the way corners in vain, snorting in unconcealed derision at the numerous small caskets supposedly containing relics of long departed Saints. He waited impatiently, pacing like a caged animal for an hour or more beyond the agreed time. Beginning to feel conspicuous he retreated with his companions into a darkened recess containing the tomb of a revered Malouin, a citizen of St. Malo whose exploits had been so great as to warrant his interment in the hallowed surroundings of the Cathedral itself. Unknown to Myerberg, using a network of informers the local police had located him with surprising ease, finding him holed up hardly a stone's throw from his point of landing. Following instructions from on high he had not been apprehended, but a close watch had been kept on him awaiting the arrival of Duke. Meanwhile in a reprise of Claude Raines' role in *Casablanca*, the chief of the Gendarmerie, the National Force, had 'rounded up all the usual suspects.' In doing so, by pure chance he had netted Myerberg's contact, who was now languishing not two minutes' walk away, in Police headquarters.

So in increasing exasperation, Myerberg waited in vain to transfer possession of the laptop and receive his payment.

Rosa had been stripped of the Basque, the high boots and the spiked collar, Myerberg not wishing to draw attention by hustling a veritable sex bomb through the thronged streets. Possibly he had another accomplice because someone had been shopping, and the clothes which now replaced them, although simple, showed a definite female touch. Rosa was now wearing a cream, low necked wraparound tulle top that hung almost to the waistband of a calf length Raspberry wool pencil skirt, and a pair of cream high heeled pumps with woven straw soles. That was it. No bra, no knickers, nothing. And she looked stunning!

An enticing two or three inches of naked flesh lay between the hem of the blouse and the skirt. Doing nothing to divert attention away from Rosa, her nipples stood out in proud nuggets through the thin material, the large dark areolae eminently visible where the soft fine silk clung to her breasts. Yellow carbon edged flames flickered from rows of small ceremonial candles, and gleaming now and then in their glow the bejewelled gold ring piercing her navel highlighted her smooth, pale skin. Myerberg had to accept that there was no way to make a woman of her striking beauty into the inconspicuous nonentity, which at that moment, he would have much preferred her to be.

Skulking in the gloom behind the tomb, Myerberg's mountain of a minder could not tear his eyes away from her magnificent cleavage. He was an abomination. An atavism. His hair shaved down to his skull, with a retreating forehead and prominent brow ridges he resembled nothing so much as a Neanderthal. Rosa shrank away from him as he laid a coarse paw on her breast, squeezing the flesh before tugging at her nipples with his rough spade like fingers. Myerberg caught her movement of rejection, and in a totally emotionless reaction knocked her backwards as he smacked her violently across the face, raising a scream that echoed endlessly as it bounced around the stone walls. The Apeman slammed a stifling palm over her mouth as he and Myerberg tensely awaited any sign

of an investigation. But there was none. The Cathedral was sparsely populated and after a few enquiring glances, what pilgrims there were, dismissed the interruption to their worship and resumed their communications with The Almighty. Pushing the thug's hand away, Myerberg clasped his own steely fingers around Rosa's throat.

"One more sound from you, and you will not live to make another."

Disdainfully throwing her away, he bounced her painfully against the stone wall, before addressing the Ape in a distinctly German inflected accent.

"If you want to fuck her, you have my permission. There will be no resistance."

He was wrong.

An instant protest leapt from Rosa's lips.

"No. Not in the House of God."

Myerberg hit her again. Hard. Several times. But it was not just the pain, the look in his cold, merciless eyes struck terror into her soul, and she shrank back in abjection, grimly awaiting her fate. Now that he possessed her, he expected her to behave as any dutiful slave, which meant she must service any and every man, or woman, that he so ordered. She had been fucked many times before by men who nauseated her. But that was all before she was rescued by John Carpenter and introduced to The Lodge, the majority of instances occurring while she was held captive in the London whorehouse. And not only that, she had been beaten and humiliated time and again into the bargain.

Carpenter was the first man ever to thrash her into orgasm, the man who introduced her to the real world of SM. The man who awakened her appetite, and taking her out of the hands of amateurs, handed her over to Madame Stalevsky for the most expert of training. And now at the peak of her prowess, there she was being thrown back into the cesspit, helpless to resist the brutal onslaught of this animal of a man.

He was on her in a second. Pushing her back against the stone tomb, he ripped the blouse from her back and attacked her in a truly

bestial fashion. Her wonderful, voluptuous breasts were ravaged and beaten by his horny palms, before his thick gorilla's lips slopped over her nipples. He sucked and bit with vicious intent, Rosa's clenched teeth being barely able to repulse a yelp of agony. There was no finesse. He went at it like a bull on a service call, battering and bruising her in the manner of the men she had encountered prior to John Carpenter.

His head may have been smooth but his chin was a rasp of bristly growth that raked her tender flesh with the abrasive effect of the coarsest sandpaper. He slobbered and roiled around her breasts, scraping the skin raw and leaving it an angry scarlet. Myerberg smiled in sadistic satisfaction, he was enjoying Rosa's humiliation. In fact he found it arousing. So much so that when the Ape grabbed the tight pencil skirt and wrenched it up over her thighs, Myerberg swiftly moved in to claim a piece of the action. Pushing the Ape away he spun Rosa sideways, and thrusting his hands under the half raised skirt tugged it the rest of the way over her rump until it rested in a bunched ring around her waist. Running his palms over the meaty buttocks that had proved such a distraction on board the ferry, he allowed himself a moment's wonder at the firmness of her flesh. What a prize she was! And she was his to do with as he pleased. Him and the Ape.

There was a problem though. And that was time. Apart from the danger of discovery by the Priesthood, he still had to be on the alert for his contact. So he was going to have to be quick. With one fist gripping the nape of her neck he pushed her forward until she was bent horizontal from the waist, an ensuing flat palmed slap delivered to the back of her head serving as an instruction not to move from that position. Bending to clasp the insides of both her calves he prized her legs wide apart, her recently denuded sex revealing itself in all its inviting glory. He wanted his cock in there, deep and thrusting, and saliva ran from his lips as he relished the thought. Running his palms up the backs of her thighs and over her rump, he straightened up, positioning himself with his knees inside her thighs, and the sights of his crutch trained on their target. With

an onomatopoetic zipping sizzle he ripped his flies down and freed his straining shaft, which of its own accord slapped between her buttocks and smacked in perfect alignment against her vagina.

But he was refused admission. It did not want him. Her sex lips were not parted in the slightest and there were no lubricating juices assist his penetration. He solved that problem in typical Myerberg fashion. Jabbing viciously with his bunched fingers, he burst through the barrier of her introitus and thrust all five digits straight into her tunnel. Ignoring Rosa's distress at this savage attack on her most private territory, spreading his fingers and thumb wide, he opened up her channel until he had stretched it enough to accommodate his bell end. With his fingers still in place holding her lips apart, he slid his penis under his palm and plunged through the open portal, and with thrust after vicious thrust, battered his way up to her cervix. Pulling his fingers away, the walls of her vagina clamped his penis like a vice as they contracted. It was tight as hell. Tighter than the grip of his own fist. Myerberg was as near ecstatic as a creature of his detachment and coldness could ever be.

The Ape was hovering in undisguised frustration as Myerberg gave him the signal to join in. Quick as a flash, his own zip was down and his weapon drove up against Rosa's lips. Her reaction was too slow for his urgent need, a whirlwind of heavy handed slaps encouraging her to open her mouth. In past her lips and over her tongue, his salty shaft hit her throat. Not giving her time to react in any way, experimentally he pumped in and out. He was not satisfied. Out came his penis, off came his belt, and his trousers dropped to the floor. Then he was back filling Rosa's mouth once again, only this time his bloated testicles slapped up against her chin. That was what he was after. They were full, heavy and solid, battering Rosa's bottom lip with every thrust.

Myerberg was by now lunging in and out himself, reaming her vagina with long, powerful strokes. Trying to find sanctuary in her mind, Rosa took no active part in the action, except from trying to keep her balance as she was fucked vigorously in both mouth and cunt. But she could not maintain her detachment. Although

she fought to deny it, Myerberg's demanding thrusts prompted an undeniably thrilling tingle in her sex. Juices began to flow, lubricating the intruder so that it began to slide more easily. As for the Ape, closing her eyes and so disassociating herself from his hideous appearance, she began to appreciate his penis as a satisfyingly tasty and sizeable morsel. Unseen by her, his repugnant features cracked into an evil grin as he felt her sucking and licking, trying to speed the moment when the lakes of seed that were stored in his swollen bollocks would begin to stream over her taste buds. In a complimentary rhythm, the muscles in her vaginal wall gripped and stimulated Myerberg's thrusting cock.

Rosa shuddered, ripples of unwelcome arousal radiating through her body as the pair increasingly intensified their assault. Myerberg could sense that she was becoming a furnace of lust herself. But he also caught a feeling of her internal struggle not to capitulate to his will. She would probably fight him to the last, even to the point of denying herself the joy of coming to orgasm. Momentarily he thought of testing her resolve by giving permission, quickly dismissing the notion. This shag was for him, and he had spent a dangerously long time over it already. His strokes increased in speed and power as he attempted to hurry his ejaculation, his eyes signalling the Ape to do likewise.

In a furious combined barrage of thrusts, both men erupted into orgasm simultaneously, two juddering organs pumping rivers of sperm into their respective orifices. Her vagina and her mouth were filled to overflowing. Surprisingly tasty and satisfying Ape seed was gulped down her throat, as at the same time floods of Myerberg's sticky semen rushed to fill the well of her vagina. As he pulled his still solid weapon from her sheath, Myerberg had to fight the clamping muscles trying to hold back its retreat. Rosa was a tremendous fuck, he could not deny that.

Sperm dripped from her mouth and ran down her thighs as the rapists hurriedly tidied themselves up and resumed their alert. Behind the closed door of a confessional standing against the wall opposite, a priestly hand emerged wet and sticky from

beneath a stained cassock. Their performance had not been quite as private as they thought. Left to her own devices, Rosa mopped herself dry, before gathering up the tulle top from the floor. As she straightened up to pull the skirt back down over her bottom, she halted in surprise. There, carved into the granite of the tomb, was the mysterious Pi like design she had seen at The Lodge: The Sign of The Brotherhood. Standing tall and wrapping the blouse around her, she seemed to gain a new strength as she peered into the shadowy interior of the Cathedral, certain that the ghosts of entombed Brothers were looking down on her, and even then planning her salvation.

Myerberg was now intensely concerned at the non-arrival of his paymaster. He knew how important the laptop was to his employers, and only some calamitous event could have delayed his appearance at the scheduled time. Suddenly he became aware of a burly figure loitering behind a giant carved pillar. A figure who he now remembered, had followed them into the church and who while seemingly doing his utmost to appear invisible, was talking into a two way radio. The figure had 'Cop' written all over him. Myerberg signalled the Ape, bringing his attention to the undercover man, who realising that his cover had been blown began running towards them, yelling frantically into the radio as he ran. The ape moved to intercept the cop, grappling violently with him as Duke and Lolli burst through the Cathedral doors. Myerberg recognised them immediately this time, and grabbing Rosa in one hand and the laptop in the other he took off at top speed.

The Ape was making mincemeat of the cop, who looked in a pretty dire state, so 'The Duke was forced to leap into the affray and save him from further punishment. All the years of physical and martial arts training had left him with the destructive capability of a human tank, and the Ape soon lay sprawled unconscious on the unyielding flagstones. The delay had been minimal, but it was enough. Myerberg had made his escape through an open side door and out into the steeply sloping alley. Dragging Rosa's stumbling form over the cobbled stones, he made it to the Rue Jacques

Cartier and was soon lost in the teeming crowds. Racing out of the Cathedral, Duke searched the streets in vain. He was beside himself with frustration. Five minutes earlier and he would have had his quarry, now there was every chance that he would evade capture once again. But then with their heads bobbing above the crowds as they ran, Duke spotted the fleeing couple several hundred yards ahead of him and hurtled off in pursuit, sending people spinning as battered his way through the mass of humanity. He was almost on them when suddenly two policemen leapt in between them, and grappled with Duke, trying to restrain him.

“Let me go you fools, he’s getting away!”

Duke’s words fell on deaf ears as the two policemen struggled to hold on to him. They were having a really hard time trying to subdue him and a couple of passers-by ran to their aid, finally pinning his arms behind his back. Myerberg took one last backwards glance and with a triumphal leer raised the laptop high in the air, before disappearing once more. In the confusion Duke did not notice, but the Armani suit from Le Manoir had witnessed the proceedings from inside a shop doorway, and with a wry smile on his face he nodded to the policemen before walking away. Panting and out of breath Lolli finally arrived on the scene, it taking considerable effort to persuade the policemen that Duke was not some out of control vandal and that he had actually been in pursuit of a criminal. After checking in with headquarters they made their apologies and released him. Gendarmes were despatched to all the town gates and the local Agents de Police instigated a thorough search of the Citadel, but by then it was too late, there was no trace of Myerberg and Rosa.

After several tense hours spent pacing the floors of Police Headquarters, Duke was forced to accept that the assassin had evaded him yet again. But what Duke and the Police did not know, was that the man Myerberg had come to meet was incarcerated in their own headquarters. After a brief inquisition, along with all the other ‘suspects’, he was released, very shortly afterwards to make contact with Myerberg and arrange another location in which to

complete their transaction. Despite a totally unlawful, physically violent interrogation, the Ape volunteered no information and was held on a charge of nothing more serious than assault on a police officer. Dejectedly, Duke resigned himself to the fact that a hot trail had frozen over. His Quest, the capture of Myerberg was proving an even more formidable task than he could have ever envisaged.

The Armani Suit

THIERRY, OLIVER CARLISLE'S highly placed contact in the Gendarmerie, arrived in the late afternoon to take personal charge of the clandestine police operation that had swung into action to assist in Myerberg's capture.

"Nothing was official, the whole business had to be kept under wraps," he told Duke as a few hours later they sat together with Lolli, awaiting developments and drinking Ricard on the terrace of a café' opposite the Hotel de Ville. The gentle evening breeze ruffled the pennants flying from the Town hall, carrying to their ears the Spanish voices of a pair of guitar players strolling between the tables of the bar next door. 'Un Amour'. It was the music of the Gypsy Kings. As good as the real thing. Duke's mind wandered momentarily. 'If only he could just sit there and soak up the atmosphere, he'd be more than content,' he thought.

But that was impossible and he was jolted back to reality when the 'undercover policeman' plonked himself heavily in the chair beside him. He had been patched up, and did not now look quite so much the sorry wretch that he had in the Cathedral. Reporting directly to Thierry, he told him that the Mercedes car that had picked up Myerberg on his arrival at the ferry terminal had been found dumped in the visitor's car park at Cap Fréhel. As a replacement, while its owner was marvelling at the giant lighthouse standing atop the sheer pink cliffs, a Renault Twingo had been taken. They assumed that the thief had chosen that particular vehicle for its anonymity, the roads being awash with them. In turn, the tiny car had been abandoned in a country lane just outside Val-Andrée. And that was it.

So Myerberg was fleeing West, keeping to the back roads. But where was he now? Had he met further accomplices? Was the dumped Twingo another false trail left to disguise the fact that he had really taken off in a different direction entirely? Those were unanswerable brain teasers and Thierry suggested that Duke and

Lolli should return to Le Manoir, where he would very shortly join them. "It was as good a place as any to await developments," he said, and the opportunity to combine a little pleasure with business was very tempting.

So with his foot flat to the floor of the Maserati 3200GT that Le Manoir had given over to his use, Duke rustled up all of its 370 horse power and roared away from the uneven cobbled streets and headed into the crimson sunset. A little later, after an intense telephone call to The Lodge, during which he spoke to both Montague DuPont and Oliver Carlisle, Thierry traced their progress in a little more sedate style.

Back at Le manoir, Duke and Lolli were already ensconced once more in the stone cell. It was not going to be a long session. Duke just felt the need to shed some of the tensions of the day, and a couple of not too swift orgasms ought to help uncoil the tightly wound spring of his nerves before he set himself properly on track for the night ahead. He lay on an ancient oak bench, flat on his back, with Lolli suspended above him from the ceiling. Chains looped under her armpits, linking together above her head, before running through a pulley to be clasped firm and taut in his hands. Her legs were splayed out horizontally from her hips in the manner of a gymnast, and lowering her, he impaled her fully on his iron rod, then lifted her off before dropping her down once more. In this way, just by moving his own backside fractionally, he speared her sex and her anus in turn, the juices that clung to his penis each time her claspig vagina was pulled from its possession, easing and lubricating every following plunge through her sphincters and up into her bottom.

Duke was acutely aware of the deep passions engulfing Lolli as she moaned and shuddered, crying out every now and then in added pleasure as a particularly deep penetration bumped against her womb. Up and down. In and out, his penis punched through introitus and sphincter, before sliding easily, but tightly, into the depths of her two most intimate holes. Neither one wanted to let go and Duke could actually hear the squishing, sucking plops as

Lolli's anus was lifted off and her vagina dropped down to take its place. Her breasts were heaving, her nipples hard and extended as she sucked in huge breaths of warm, smoky air. Her hair was damp, perspiration lightly glistened over her skin and her eyes held a wild determination as she fought her threatened orgasm. Duke knew she would hold fast to her training, he must come first! But after that, maybe she was hoping that he would once again give permission for her to climax herself. 'No dice there,' he thought. Beneath the veneer of compliance and pliability, she was tough. As tough as they come. And the battle to wrest her free from the Headmaster's influence and bring her completely under his own domination was still far from won. He had to keep her guessing. To keep working on her until her own self-determination crumbled and he could replace it with his own. Then he would take her over completely. As of that moment he was unsure of his progress, but of one thing he was in no doubt: he was giving her the rogering of a lifetime. And when he had achieved his own orgasm, he was going to leave her. Heaving, panting and praying for her own relief, he would refuse her silent plea for gratification. And if that meant she thought he was a complete bastard, then so much the better.

Slowly lowering her until his was penis sunk deep into her anus, Duke looped the chains on to a large iron hook embedded in the stone wall. The chains still tugged tightly under her armpits but her buttocks rested heavily on his thighs. Pulling himself upright from the waist, her lightly sweat dampened breasts brushed saltily up against his lips. With his eyes closed and his mouth buried in the valley of her cleavage, he gripped both her nipples between the fingers and thumb of each hand. Rubbing and squeezing, he tortured them into full erection, at the same time licking and kissing the underswell of her breasts. Transferring his mouth to attack her right nugget, he pushed the newly freed fingers under her vulva, where it was trapped tight against his flesh. Her sex was pressed so firmly against his lower belly that it was something of a struggle for his fingers to work their way between its flattened lips. With his fingers finally thrust upwards into her oozing vagina, he

manipulated her clitoris with his thumb.

He was now stimulating her on three fronts. A mouth nipping at one nipple, fingers rolling the other, and a hand molesting her sex. All at the same time. She was rigid with arousal, so much so that Duke felt obliged to issue a warning.

“Take care Lolli. Your emotions are running out of hand.”

That was enough. It took an effort of immense proportion to dampen the fire in her loins, but somehow she did it. Duke continued his stimulations, actually stepping up his attention to her clitoris. It was torture. Pure and simple. And he piled it on. More and more, until her face was twisted in determined resolution and the teeth biting her lip had raised blood. He could read the defiance on her face. ‘Let him do what he will,’ it said, ‘nothing would make her fail her training’.

Duke relished a battle. If she did manage to hold out, all well and good. But, if she succumbed? What then? He would have to think about that, but it certainly opened up a lot of possibilities because the punishment would need to be tough and uncompromising. He let the thought go for the time being because he was getting pretty worked up himself by that point and as Lolli was jammed so tightly against him, it proved impossible to move his penis inside her. If he thrust upwards he only succeeded in lifting her whole bottom on his legs, his weapon remaining immovable, firmly clasped by her anus.

There was nothing else for it. Unhooking the chains from the wall, he laid back down on the bench and pulled. Lolli slid upwards and the sensation was magnificent. Tight and sensuous, her sphincters clutched the ridge of his glans as he pulled her clear, lifted her and then plunged her downwards. It was her vagina this time. Lusting, lubricated and ready, it swallowed his manhood, muscles clamping and rippling to assist its penetration. It was a wondrous feeling and Duke found it increasingly difficult to maintain his own self-control. Up and down went the chain, as a wildly enthusiastic vagina and a more passive anus took it in turn to accommodate his pulsing penis. It was too much. He could not take any more, and

clutching the chain tight, he held her suspended a few inches above his crotch and thrust upwards. Again and again, lifting his bottom from the bench and thrusting deep inside her swimming sex, until he shuddered under the impact of an awesome orgasm. It was the equal of any he had experienced, momentarily weakening him so that he relaxed his grip on the chains and Lolli slid down, to be once more completely speared.

He left her that way, ignoring her squirms, which were obviously the expected plea for permission to come herself. Permission denied. That much soon became very clear to Lolli, as quickly recovering, but still savouring the thrill, Duke lifted her clear, tied off the chain and left her swinging in mid-air. Rising from the bench, he gave her a curt nod and a ringing farewell slap.

“I’ll send someone down to sort you out.”

And then he was gone.

Alone in the dim, fearful confines of the cell, Lolli’s sobs of frustration went unheard, the cold stone walls bearing the only witness to her thwarted expectations. Duke opted for a swim and a sauna as an aid to relaxation before he contemplated his options for the rest of the night. Having been freed by the Mistress of Le Manoir, and returned to her room to clean up and prepare herself for later use, Lolli took advantage of his absence to make a call of her own: to the Headmaster, on the tiny satellite phone that he had slipped into her hand as she left The Lodge.

Suitably refreshed and garbed Duke played the gaming tables as he awaited Lolli’s appearance. Concentrating on a vital spin of the wheel, he was not aware of her entry into the casino, but sensing a change in the atmosphere, he turned to find the cause. She looked absolutely devastating. Wearing a long backless satin evening gown of the deepest sky blue and a minimum of diamond studded Rhodium jewellery, her appearance was incendiary. Soft and provocative, her lips called to every penis in the room. Her full, heavy breasts fought the dress and her backside was a dream of firm, taut flesh beneath the clinging material. With a flash of her eyes and a toss of her cascading auburn tresses, she commandeered

the room. Bathed in the immense candle power of the multi-tiered crystal chandelier that hung from the ceiling, an aureole of light surrounded her head. She was an apotheosis, a sublime example of feminine allure unequalled by any woman Duke had ever seen. He was overwhelmed, a giant sea change turning his attitude to Lolli on its head. His desire to dominate her, to tear her allegiance away from the Headmaster just to prove that he could do it, was gone. He still wanted to beat, thrash and fuck her. And he still wanted her as his slave. But he also wanted to own her, body and soul. To keep her for himself. For ever.

‘What! Where the hell did that idea spring from?’ he asked himself. He did not have time to ponder the question, because all thoughts of dice, cards and the roulette wheel seemed to disappear from the collective minds of every man present. She was surrounded by admirers, each and every one clamouring for the privilege to claim her for the night. Duke pushed through the crush, and taking her arm to display his right of ownership, quickly negated any such ideas.

Leading her out into the bar, he was hailed by Thierry, who was sitting with a stunning, sophisticated woman of about forty or so. She had a marvellous figure, shoulder length anthracite locks and an animal magnetism that flowed across the room.

“Come and join us. Please.”

Duke and Lolli walked over, taking the proffered seats.

“Allow me to introduce Véronique, Oliver’s wife.”

The introductions over, Thierry called for another bottle of Dom Perignon to replace the one plunged neck down into the ice bucket. The empty bottle was removed and its successor, plus four fresh crystal flutes delivered to the table. Thierry waved the serving girl away, and with the base of the bottle held between four fingers and his thumb, expertly poured the champagne. There was no talk of Myerberg as they enjoyed a leisurely chat and demolished the bubbling elixir. Véronique complimented Lolli on her fluent French, Duke ordered more wine, and after a convivial hour or so, the party split up, Thierry and Duke both having more sexually

related concerns on their minds.

It seemed that Oliver Carlisle was in England on business, and was staying at The Lodge, which is where Thierry had called him to obtain his permission to use Véronique for the night. Thierry had known Marie-Hélène, her mother, and had never ceased to marvel at the similarity in their looks. And their performance. As they disappeared, Duke congratulated himself on being the only man present at Le Manoir to possess a woman whose poise and allure outshone those of the owner's wife. He was tempted to avail himself of the facilities of the stone chamber once again, but in the end opted for his own room. Sending Lolli on ahead, he stayed behind himself to inspect the impressive ranks of corrective implements displayed in racks and available for the member's use. And as he pondered his choice, he deliberated over the present state of his situation with Lolli.

It would not be true to say the Duke was exactly desperate to impress her, having more than enough self confidence in himself and his talents, but he was anxious. If Myerberg was unearthed and the chase resumed the following day, then he might only have that night to complete his conquest of her. And that was a sobering thought. He felt that he had something to prove to his father. Not just that he could successfully complete his quest, but also that he could convert Lolli to complete fealty to himself. There was more to her assignment with him than the business with the laptop. He could feel it. And the more he thought about it, the more he came to the conclusion that he was right. The Elders had planted the notion of requesting her assistance into his head, seemingly more anxious than him to have her tag along on the mission. Even the Headmaster. Was there some other sort of test going on here? A test of his ability to bring her completely to heel? With that thought in mind Duke approached the Armani Suit. From somewhere deep in his subconscious a previously hidden deficiency in Lolli's experience had suddenly surfaced. His battle to take total control of her had been severely hampered by the fact that she was a one hundred per cent totally trained and subservient chattel, and so there had

been nothing left for him to teach her or improve upon. Or so he had thought. But now a light shone through the dark, a beacon, bright as a supernova. Pure sexual gratification was not enough and neither was Physical abuse, no matter how much she both hated and enjoyed it. But he realised that there was a gaping flaw in the ethic that bound her to the headmaster. And that flaw he was about to exploit.

Lolli was waiting with all the patience of a well-trained slave. She had placed herself, legs apart as far as the dress would allow, and face to the wall in a mirrored corner. Duly strolling into the room, reflected in the mirrors, Duke saw a brief smile flash over her face. An expectant smile that resolved itself into an uneasy, questioning stare as instead of stripping her, or preparing her for punishment, he looped a studded collar around her neck. Hooking a long plaited leather dog lead to the ring in the collar, he tugged her towards the door. Nothing was said as he led her back along corridors lined with works of art worth a King's Ransom, and down the broad staircase to the ground floor. At the bottom, the Armani Suit was waiting.

An excited, gabbling crowd of French sophisticates thronged the common room, the noisome babble dropping to a muted hush as accompanied by Armani Man, Duke towed a bewildered Lolli into their presence. The furniture had been cleared from the centre of the room, and filling the vacant space about fifteen or so members stood in a large circle. With an obligatory polite bow and the shaking of hands, as they traversed the circle each member was introduced to Duke by Armani Man. There was no such introduction for Lolli, but after each exchange of names or title, she was tugged forward, Duke inviting each one to spend a minute or so sampling her charms. Lusting hands fondled her breasts, stroked her bottom, or if they could locate the slit, dipped beneath her dress and under her knickers to savour her moist, heavily forested sex. Fourteen exploring, losing hands later, the human circle had been circumnavigated. Armani Man joined his comrades and Duke tugged lolli centre stage inside the ring. Duke took it slow and easy. It was a big moment and he intended to play it for all it

was worth. He toyed with her breasts. He ran his hands over the soft swell of her hips and the more rounded curves of her rump, before beginning a slow, sensuous removal of her dress. The silk slipped first from one shoulder, then the other. Two wonderfully full and heavy breasts made their debut to a spontaneous round of applause from the gallery, followed by envious murmurs as a pair of appreciative palms fondled and caressed their meaty flesh. Nipples, hard and projectile, rolled beneath strong fingers and the first of the onlookers deserted his companions to find satisfaction elsewhere for his hardening penis. Down over her hips, the material continued its slide until the dark curls of her pubes showed themselves above the low elasticated top of her lace trimmed silk French knickers. Then amidst mounting anticipation from the onlookers, the dress was rolled over her rump and dropped to the floor.

And there she stood. Naked now, apart from the knickers, hold-up stockings and mountainous heels. An English temptress, an Anglo Saxon vision, something no Frenchman would ever willingly have accepted if he had not seen it with his own eyes. And despite the audience, or perhaps because of it, Lolli seemed to be deriving an inordinate amount of pleasure from the proceedings. Her face was a glowing flush of anticipation. Duke could see that she did not mind at all. If he was going to fuck her there and then in front of everybody, then so be it. She was ready. And then something happened. Something for which she was completely unprepared. Taking up the dog's lead, Duke tugged her to where Armani Man was standing on the edge of the circle.

"M'sieu she is yours."

The utter, absolute amazement on Lolli's face as he handed over the lead confirmed to Duke that his earlier presumption had been correct. At The Lodge, her services were in great demand, her favours having been bestowed freely upon the members. When chosen, she had never failed to give complete satisfaction, submitting to any and every demand. But once in the possession of a member, she had never been casually passed around from one to the other. She was valued too highly for that. As for the Headmaster,

he had never, either before or after he had delivered her to the guardianship of Madame Stalevsky, given her away to another man. Deliberately, coldly, just handed her over with orders to gratify any whim that man might harbour. And that Duke considered to be a fatal oversight on the part of the Headmaster. He had allowed genuine feelings of affection to influence his treatment of Lolli, sparing her some of the baser humiliations to which he would have enthusiastically exposed any other girl. And those considerations were going to cost him dear. Duke had uncovered a deficiency in Lolli's mental makeup, and in order to bend her completely and utterly to his will alone, he was going to exploit it to the full.

Unknown to Lolli, during her absence in Duke's room, he had apologised to his hosts for his arrogant behaviour in denying them the customary access to a visiting slave, informing them that he intended to put matters straight immediately. However since all of them appeared to be contenders for her services, at his instigation, a sort of mini snooker tournament was held to decide who should be the first. So that is how they had done it, the man who had scored the highest break winning the rights to her body. And that person was Claude-François, Armani Man.

Throwing a haughty, rebellious glance at Duke, Lolli followed obediently as in truly theatrical fashion, Claude-François led her back centre stage. Duke watched intently, fairly sure that her performance was just that. An act. Pure bravado, designed to show him that she was unaffected by his offhand treatment of her. And he was confident that she was still not really sure that he would allow the threatened scenario to continue. If that is what she thought, then she could not have been more wrong. He was determined that she should learn true, ultimate submission. And this was lesson number one. Claude-François and Lolli.

One man.

One woman.

Two actors with an audience of fourteen lascivious raised pulses. Like a born showman, Claude-François strung out the action. Allowing the anticipation to mount, he slowly circled around Lolli,

halting for a languorous massage of her breasts, a mouthful of erect nipple and an exaggeratedly dramatic investigation of her rump through the silk of her knickers. Knickers of deepest azure that perfectly matched the discarded dress. Knickers that sat tight over the top of her pubis, but were loose enough in the crotch to allow an exploring hand to roam over her sex. And Claude-François' hand was itching to do just that. But he knew how to work an audience and he was not about to spoil the moment. So it was not until after a suitably tension building delay, that his hand duly slipped down the front of the knickers, the outline of his knuckles poking out through the silk as his palm slid over her mons and delved between her thighs. "Ègoïste. Cochon." The man standing in front of Duke who made the comment said it with a chuckle. He did not seriously think that Claude-François was selfish, or a pig, but there was an undoubted tinge of envy in his voice.

Those knickers had to go. It was what they were all panting for. And go they would.

Eventually.

But before that happened, Claude-François had another scene to play. The outline of his knuckles disappeared as he tucked his hand further under her crotch, stroking the slit of her sex until it began to widen. And as it opened for his fingers, her juices started to flow. Slowly he eased his forefinger into her tightly slippery hole. And then his other fingers, until they were all buried deep in its warm, moist and welcoming grasp. He left them there for several minutes, manipulating the walls, searching for her G spot. He must have found it, because Lolli began to squirm under his touch, a flood of lubricating juices suddenly soaking his fingers. Now he had what he wanted. He pulled his sticky digits from her vagina and made a great show of sniffing up the rich bouquet of sexual aromas that clung to them.

If the audience had not been an assembly of cultured, self-controlled Gentlemen, there would have been a riot there and then. Claude-François smirked in obvious enjoyment at the vexed reaction of his friends. They were all lusting after Lolli, but he had

her! All to himself. And to add insult to injury, he put out his hand, palm upwards, and in a modified re-play of his and Duke's earlier troop around the circle, in turn, he held his fingers under the nostrils of every man present. He allowed them all a noseful of Lolli's vital fragrance, at the same time giving them a semi-mocking look that said, 'It's a pity you're not a better snooker player. ' And there was not one of them, who at that moment did not wish that he had put in a little more time with the French Chalk. To the winner the spoils. To the loser nothing. And they were the losers.

A lesser man than Duke could have been worried at the challenge posed by Claude-François. He was an impressive figure. About forty years old, not too tall, but handsome in a more flamboyant way than his English benefactor. And the body beneath the suit was well proportioned and muscular. More than that, he possessed a commanding presence, plus his handling of Lolli was correct and authoritative. Not one to make snap judgements, Duke nevertheless concluded very quickly that he was a man to trust. A man who would not buckle under adversity. In short, a man he would be pleased to call his friend. Knowing that Lolli was in competent hands, Duke retired to the bar. He contemplated ordering a girl for himself, but now that he was alone, Myerberg pushed all other considerations from his mind. Settling for a malt whisky and a cigar instead, he sat by himself, and was soon oblivious of his surroundings, deep in thought.

The spectacle of Claude-François' performance with Lolli had prompted several more of the onlookers to depart for adventures of their own by the time Duke took another look into the common room. He could not help but smile at the intense concentration with which the remaining voyeurs were following the action. And a virtuoso performance it was. Claude-François was playing the gallery for all it was worth. Lolli was bent over, legs straight and arms stretched wide and slightly upwards, as if she was about to execute a triple somersault from the high board into the Olympic depths of Le Manoir's swimming pool. Her breasts hung full and pendulous as every now and then, in an underhand action, he

flicked at them with a flat-tongued quirt, bullet nipples testifying to the extent of her arousal.

Duke awarded full marks to the Frenchman. If he had kept her in that position for any length of time, her muscles must by now be suffering agonising tortures. And he had not been sparring with the cane either. Lolli's projecting rump was striped with crimson ridges that were already beginning to darken into purple bruises. The backs of her thighs were likewise signalling the results of a thorough beating. Duke began to wish that he had not retired from the scene so soon. The scalding slash of the cane. Lolli's gasp of agony as it landed. The scarlet flash that followed the impact. All these things he could now only imagine.

And there was sperm. Dripping from her pubes and trickling down the insides of her thighs. So, Claude-François had fucked her as well. Several times, judging by the quantity. Or maybe it had not only been him, because now a figure stepped forward from the circle and took his stance behind Lolli. The light dawned. What they had discussed as a possibility, Claude-François had put into action: he was giving her to everyone. 'Good man' thought Duke, as noticing him for the first time, the Frenchman flashed a comradely smile. Legs apart and vagina well lubricated with sperm as well as her own juices, Lolli admitted the fresh penis with welcoming ease and a gasp of pleasure. She was hot and she wanted that thick shaft right up her, that was obvious.

As his colleague commenced a beautifully controlled, unhurried act of sexual intercourse, Claude-François edged up her torment by continuing the punishment of her breasts, ensuring that her sensitive areolae and erect nipples received direct attention from the braided leather. Low moans and whimpers formed the background to long, slow, deeply penetrating strokes from an undoubtedly well experienced shaft. In and out. Faster and faster as Lolli backed on to it, increasing the thrilling sensations for them both. Ejaculation approached and with a cry of 'Vive l'orgasme', a bucking juddering weapon shot its supply of hot sticky seed deep into Lolli's tormented sex. Tormented, because on Duke's instructions, Lolli had not been

given permission to orgasm herself. And as the dripping instrument of her tribulation was withdrawn, Claude-François lowered the quirt and confirmed to Duke that it had been the tenth successive penis to achieve its own fulfilment, with no relief given to her.

“M’sieu, all of us, we have now tasted the delights of your slave.”

By that he meant ten out of the original gathering. The other members, increasingly aroused by the erotic display, having been unable to weather out the wait for their own session with Lolli, had turned to other girls in order to satisfy their increasingly urgent needs.

“Ten nil to us, no?” he chuckled, “and also, no coming in the mouth. Just as you desired.”

Duke could not have been more satisfied. She had been passed around, shagged ten times, allowed no orgasm, and with semen splashing all around her had not been fed the tiniest drop. Splendid. It was then well into the wee small hours, but there was ample time before he required her ready and prepared for action. With Lolli still bent over and straining, he held a short soft toned, head to head conversation with Claude-François. Then with a smart, stinging slap to her backside, he gave her his instructions.

“Eight AM sharp. Outside my door and ready to go. Until then my friends here will do all they can to keep you amused.”

And with that, he left for his bed.

Duke was joined at breakfast the following morning by Claude-François, Thierry and Véronique. Despite the wealth and opulence of their surroundings, they were starting the day in typical ‘petite bourgeoisie’ fashion, eating croissants and drinking large, bowl-like cups of ‘café’ au lait. ‘Duke could not help but notice the way Véronique sat very gingerly on the edge of her seat, concluding that Thierry must have dealt her backside a particularly effective thrashing. In all other respects she was thoroughly animated, exuding a glow of satisfaction that signalled to all and sundry that

in whatever manner Thierry had used her, she had most certainly found it to her liking.

For a moment Duke lost himself in the thought of just how interdependent a truly successful SM relationship was. A dominant man gained a sadistic pleasure by inflicting pain or humiliation upon a woman, and she in turn gained a masochistic delight in being abused by him. And there had to be trust on her part. Trust that he would never go too far and cause her suffering beyond reason. There was no point, or pleasure, in beating a woman who did not desire it. That was pure bestiality. Depraved and beneath contempt. Born, bred and educated to be a gentleman, adherence to only the highest standards was acceptable to him, and assuring himself that he would never indulge in such behaviour; he was roused from his silent deliberations by a wave of laughter. The cause of the hilarity was Véronique. She was reading out loud a short piece in the morning newspaper about a woman in Provence who claimed she was being persecuted by a haunted commode. Amid the good natured banter that followed Duke summoned Lolli to the table.

“Fresh coffee and cigarettes.”

No ‘please’ or ‘thank you’, just the direct order.

“Yes Master.”

“And don’t be slow about it.”

Lolli quickened her step towards the kitchen, followed by every male eye in the room. Earlier, at precisely eight AM as instructed by Duke, she had presented herself to him. She was to serve at table, he told her. But not dressed as she was. Naked! Except that was, for stockings and stilettos. Reaching out, he had bunched the low neck of her dress in his fist, and in one quick movement, torn it from top to bottom. Her luscious full breasts fell out, heavily striped with fresh, still fading scarlet ridges. Her rib cage and belly were also very satisfyingly decorated with expertly laid patterns, and as he pulled the tattered garment from her shoulders and let it fall to the floor, he had seen that her backside and thighs similarly displayed the results of a sound thrashing. Someone very experienced had been disciplining her almost up to the moment of her return. Claude-

François! It had to be him.

Duke had no doubt of that. He had chosen well. The affinity he felt with his new found acquaintance was beyond questioning. Somehow in the short time since their first encounter, a solid all enveloping friendship and trust that normally would take a lifetime to achieve had sprung up. As they had taken their seats, the Frenchman had congratulated him on the overall quality of Lolli's attributes, both physical and mental, adding that he could now well understand why 'The Elders' had chosen her. Duke was somewhat baffled by Claude-François' final accolade to Lolli, but was preempted from any further analysis of his remarks by the arrival of Thierry and Véronique.

In snatched asides during the general conversation, Claude-François described to Duke, how after his departure the previous night, he had allowed the remaining members to either fuck Lolli or allow her marvellous mouth to work on them. When they had all been satisfied once more, in whatever manner they had chosen, he had removed her to his own apartments. And in the remaining couple of hours between then and the scheduled time for her return to Duke, he had subjected her to all and every manner of chastisement and sexual experimentation.

Nothing of course that Duke would not have approved. He had ejaculated several times into her wonderfully tight and accommodating vagina, never allowing her to come herself. Also he had not neglected her mouth. Her tongue had rasped and tantalised his penis almost to the point of a genuine loss of control on his part. And that, he added was an altogether new experience. Lolli was the most expert exponent of fellatio he had ever encountered, but true to his promise, he had not allowed her the slightest taste of his semen. A mouthful of sperm to her was the equivalent of a banquet at a Michelin-starred restaurant, a point that Duke had explained very thoroughly.

And articulate as she was, the thrill of her throat being blasted with three stars of salty heaven was greater than she had ever found the words to express. Suffice to say, Claude-François was well

equipped to achieve that very barrage. She loved spunk. And he could have provided it. In quantity as well as quality. But starved she must be. That had been Duke's instructions. And so, starved she had been.

Duke was sure that Lolli had been greatly chastened by his actions of the previous night. His plan to humiliate her, to degrade her by passing her around to all and sundry, certainly seemed to have had some impact. He could sense it in her attitude toward him. It was somehow more respectful, as if she now understood that he was a man who could be absolutely ruthless when the occasion demanded it. And now she faced further humiliation by his treatment of her in the breakfast room. Totally unattired apart from the stockings she was the centre of attention. The fresh bruises and marks covering her otherwise flawless skin bore testament to the fact that Claude-François had not wasted one moment of the time he had spent alone with her. The comments were many and ribald, a scarlet flush darkening her face on several occasions as the more lascivious of them fell on her embarrassed ears. As she passed, exploring hands reached out to fondle her breasts, to squeeze her rump and to slip between her legs to sample the delights of her vagina. It was demeaning, he knew that. It was meant to be. She had not been subjected to anything like that since the very earliest days of her training. But she had to be bent to his will, and 'back to basics' was as good a method as any.

But itching for news of Myerberg, Duke hurried breakfast along as fast as was decently possible. His suppressed impatience did not go undetected by Thierry, who draining the last of his coffee, left the table to check on the latest developments. Claude-François also rose to leave.

"A pressing appointment I'm afraid."

They were Armani Man's parting words. Suave and self-assured, he took Duke's hand. And in that moment all became clear. Duke suddenly knew why he had felt such a kinship to this stranger. The handshake, plus another secret sign gave him the answer and left him staggered.

“Take care my friend. The fiend you seek is a resourceful and highly dangerous criminal. I wish you luck.”

This time the words had been spoken in the ancient language.
A bombshell.

Claude-François was of The Brotherhood! A complete revelation to Duke, this was something that Lolli already knew. When, in the final culmination of their assignation, he had thrown off all his clothing, she had been jolted by the sight on his shoulder of ‘the birthmark’. The Pi-like sign. Immediately she had wrongly assumed that that was the reason Duke had so casually given her to him. They were Brothers in soul and spirit. To her that explained everything. The Headmaster had told her at the very beginning of her apprenticeship that any encounter with a Member of The Brotherhood must be counted almost as an encounter with a deity. And so she had given of her very best, although she had still felt unreasonably resentful at Duke’s cold, unfeeling attitude.

So Lolli had been ahead of Duke in learning Claude-François’ secret. But that was not his only one. Thierry knew something else about him. Something which he had not disclosed to Duke. And that was that Claude-François was a highly placed member of ‘Le Direction Générale de la Sécurité’, the French equivalent of MI6. And not only that, both Frenchmen shared a knowledge that would have left Duke incredulous and incandescent with rage if he had known they were keeping it from him: They knew the exact whereabouts of Myerberg! After what seemed like an eternity to Duke a less than ingenuous Thierry returned to the table, informing him that nothing further had been learned and there was no fresh information on Myerberg. Although he added that he was fairly certain that the fugitive had taken refuge not too far from Val André’.

Totally trusting, Duke did not question his reasons for making that statement. Duly relaying his disappointing progress to Montague back at The Lodge, in return he was given some more heartening news. In response to the massive rewards being offered, a tentative lead to the location at which Rosa’s mother and sister

were being held had come up. Connie, Molly and Ham had been despatched hotfoot to Pristina to try and verify the accuracy of the information, and if proven correct to do whatever they could to bring about the release of the hostages.

Knowing that his friends were now actively engaged in their part of the mission, Duke found it impossible to just sit around awaiting developments. In his schooldays The Headmaster had ensured that all of Duke's attributes were honed to the finest measure, both intellectually and physically. He had a powerful brain, but not only that he was a man of action, and unable to remain inactive he determined to do some investigating of his own. The Maserati was a good fast car, but he wanted something more easily able to negotiate the country roads at speed. Besides there was always the chance that it had been spotted by Myerberg or his associates, so the car was ditched in favour of a Ducati 916 SPS, the ultimate in motorcycles. Ordering Lolli to dress in something suitable, she appeared shortly afterwards in a tight fitting one piece trouser suit of supple black leather that displayed her every voluptuous contour. How was he supposed to keep his mind on the chase with her looking her prick teasing best? He did not know. But somehow he had to do it.

Dressed in black leathers himself, his dark hair and rugged good looks gave him the appearance of a matinée idol. In fact early on when he first appeared at The Lodge, seeing him for the first time in the seven year since they had parted at school, Lolli had likened him to her idea of a young James Bond. And it is quite true that he had that same mixture of easy going charm and utter ruthlessness as that of his purely fictional counterpart. As Duke and Lolli roared off, both their thoughts were centred on the deliciousness of the other's looks and sensuality. And although they did not realise it at the time, it was the beginning of a thoroughly permanent mutual appreciation society. It was clear to Duke that with no firm lead to go on, a haphazard search was less than futile, but all the same they spent a frustrating day racing all over the northern Brittany coastline, stopping now and again to peer into bars and cafés in the vain hope that their quarry may have been incautious enough to

show himself in public.

Scorching along a dangerously winding cliff top road, oblivious of the spectacular red granite rock formations that made the area such a fascinating mecca for lovers of natural beauty, Duke found himself having to accept the fact that his day had been an unquestionable waste of time. Myerberg had eluded him. The man was no easy quarry and much as he detested his enemy, Duke had to admit to a grudging respect of his capabilities. Rubber burned and smoke flew as he cornered a tight bend, with Lolli's breasts pleasingly crushed against his back as she clung to him. Suddenly with a squealing of brakes and a skidding swerve that almost threw Lolli from the pillion seat, he screeched to a halt, turned the bike in a half circle across the road and hurtled back the way they had come.

"What's happening?"

Lolli's shouted question failed to penetrate the barrier of his crash helmet, and no answer was forthcoming. A mere few hundred metres back up the road he again screamed to a standstill, at the point where a minor lane joined the main road. With the roar of the engine diminished to an idling burr, Lolli yelled her question once again.

"What are you doing? What's happening?"

"The policeman. The undercover cop at The Cathedral. I thought I saw him." Duke could not see it, but Lolli's face blanched.

"Impossible. Why would he be here?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure it was him."

With his feet splayed out on either side of the Ducati, Duke manoeuvred the heavy bike into the lane, before giving it a little throttle and cruising forwards at walking speed. Passing the entrance to a mobile home holiday park, they reached the end of the lane. Sheer cliffs fell before them, the pounding waves throwing giant spumes of frothy spray over the weird, mountainous piles of pink granite that rose from the sea bed. Investigating every metre of the return journey, Duke slowly made his way back to the main road.

"Why are you wasting time? Let's get on with it."

Duke said nothing. Lolli was right, he had been mistaken. Revving the bike, he pulled back on to the main road and took off. Tarmac flashed beneath their feet as a sigh of relief passed Lolli's lips. The search continued, but nothing more of even the slightest interest caught his attention. Eventually, in the early evening he finally admitted defeat, and at a sensibly lower speed headed back to Le Manoir.

On his part, with no sign of detection or pursuit, Myerberg was feeling supremely self-confident. His ego was even more bloated than usual, assuring him that he was more than a match for his adversaries. They had come close to capturing him, he could not deny that and they were no doubt frantically searching for him at that very moment, but he could outwit them any day. His youthful pursuer from The Lodge was not proving much of a challenge, and the brainless cop in the Cathedral was nothing but a moron. Who but an idiot policeman could have so spectacularly blown his own cover and in doing so allowed the object of his surveillance to get away? He had avoided their clutches three times.

And with ease.

All he had to do now was lay low for a few days while the arrangements for his escape were finalised. His employers had finally come to the conclusion that there was no one more suitable to prevent the re-capture of the laptop than him. He was vicious, unscrupulous and ready to kill, so they had agreed that the best way to finalise their arrangements with him was to remove him as well the computer to its ultimate destination. He felt safe enough himself. After all, nobody was going to come looking for him on a camp site packed with holiday makers.

The Devil's Spawn

Nipples!

Like hat pegs they were. And they belonged to Rosa. Solid, erect and of dimensions enough to make Myerberg's associates gasp. Never mind that one of the vile sub humans supposedly delegated to do nothing but watch over her, had a giant erection sunk deep into her bottom, and the other's cock was plunging in and out of her vagina with brutal, frenzied piston strokes. Her guardians were having the time of their lives. One in front. One behind. One prick up her twat. One up her arse. The very coarseness of those terms, their own, only serves to illustrate their abominable characters. They both pawed mercilessly at her breasts, grunts, laughter and disgustingly lewd and foul comments pouring from their lips. On the end of their cocks, Rosa was being thrown around like a rag doll and obviously suffering hellish torments. And watching the action alongside Myerberg was a woman.

A woman with a striking figure, strong features, high cheekbones and spiky, cropped hair. And somehow just a touch of masculinity. Until she had joined him, he had not really paid much attention to the actions of his perverted accomplices. What did he care? They could fuck her. They could thrash her. As long as they kept her alive and she remained in a sufficiently reasonable enough condition for him to realise an acceptable price on the meat market, he didn't give a toss. But the woman obviously found the spectacle highly stimulating, because as she watched she began to fondle her own heavy thimble tipped breasts through the diaphanous chiffon of her blouse. Myerberg watched with ever mounting interest, his eyes switching between the assault on Rosa and the woman. The woman was engrossed. Her legs shuffled wider apart as involuntarily her labia began to swell and her knickers dampened. Slipping a hand inside the blouse, her fingers rolled and tugged at her own nuggets. With eyes closed she began to sway gently back and forth, her free

hand slipping down her belly and over her mons, pushing the soft suede of her skirt between her thighs. Gently and sensuously she stroked the supple silk lined leather up and down her sex, before lifting the hem of the skirt and slipping her hand underneath.

The sinister voice whispered in her ear.

“You would like her for yourself?”

Her hands ceased their movements but remained stuck where they were. She stood wary and motionless. Myerberg removed her hand from beneath the skirt and replaced it with his own. It was wet under there. He liked it. He slid a finger along the soaking gusset of her knickers, pushing the satin up into her labial slit.

“My friends will be finished soon. For a small consideration she can be yours next.”

Myerberg felt her cringe under his touch. He knew she did not care for him too much, but that was not the reason. She did not really like any man too much. But girls?! Yes, she did like the girls. Especially it seemed, Rosa. And Myerberg wanted to know what it felt like to fuck a lesbian. Not too different to fucking any woman who did not really want you to as it turned out. And he had certainly done his share of that! So the experience was not the adventure he had imagined, and he finally threw her off after a somewhat perfunctory orgasm at almost the same moment the two thugs ejaculated into Rosa. Although offering no resistance the woman had not co-operated in any active way with Myerberg's use of her, remaining cold and unmoving as he had thrown her skirt up over her backside, ripped off her knickers and shagged her from the rear, doggie fashion. Straightening up she pulled off her blouse, using it to wipe her sex and thighs clean of Myerberg's dripping sperm. At the same time the two animals were cleaning their cocks on Rosa. Anywhere and everywhere. All over her body. So apart from the sperm that oozed from both her anus and her vagina, it was also smeared over her breasts, her face, her backside and her hair.

The ‘goons’ names were Didier and Pierre, and to disguise their more nefarious activities, they ran the security operation for

the holiday complex. Both were typically Gallic, but Didier was the biggest, roundest of Frenchmen, being well over six feet tall, muscular and with short cropped hair. Pierre on the other hand, although also over six feet in height was lithe and nimble with long grey streaked hair tied back into a bushy pony tail. And they were both ready to go again. Spinning Rosa around, each of them with a re-vitalised weapon clasped in his palm, they prepared to change holes. The woman glared at Myerberg.

“An agreement we had.”

Myerberg did not like it. She had definitely got the best of the bargain. But it would pay to keep her sweet. For the moment, he needed her.

“Let the girl go!”

And the goons did not like that. But even they would not risk Myerberg’s wrath. Sulkily and with great bad grace, they pushed Rosa to the ground and started the attempt to stuff their pulsing erections back into their trousers. Rosa shuffled across the floor and with her knees up against her chin, huddled in a corner. Trembling and afraid, she looked out through misty eyes.

“Come now my pretty, your tears, dry them you must”

Rosa looked up into the woman’s own eyes. They were a cold, steely grey. But there was hunger in those eyes. Myerberg saw it. And it had not been there for him. The woman held out her hand, and after some hesitation Rosa took it and allowed herself to be helped to her feet. With a firm grasp on Rosa’s arm, the woman headed for the door.

“No! . . . We all watch.”

Myerberg’s words were tinged with anger. Anger that any woman could possibly prefer the charms of another woman to his own. Involuntarily he ran a finger down the livid scar that disfigured his cheek. Could that be it? No, he decided. It was a badge of courage, a testament to his strength that only added to his magnetic appeal. The woman was a dyke, and that was that. Her response was accusatory.

“Our agreement, it was not that.”

His was totally unarguable.

"We don't see, you don't do."

That was his only comment.

And the woman wanted Rosa.

Badly.

"If that is the only way, so then it must be. But in here - no."

Myerberg had no problem with his entertainment being provided in another setting. He said so. In his most spine-chilling tones.

"Anywhere you wish. Just make it interesting."

He did not doubt for a moment that she would. The short twilight was disappearing fast as they stepped down on to the grass from the mobile home. Situated right on the edge of the site it was mobile in name only, being very large and looking more like a Swiss chalet than a caravan. Ringed by giant pines, the roots of the trees pushed up through the packed red earth of the narrow track that led to it. The first few dim stars that in the later complete darkness would become a blanket of twinkling diamond points, shone pale in the crimson tinged sky. There was a Breton band playing in the bar and although it was quite some distance away, the warm breeze now and again brought snatches of accordions and fiddles to their ears.

It was a wonderful night. It would have been idyllic in other circumstances. But these were no other circumstances and Rosa's sobs continued as still naked she was half led, half dragged towards the swimming pools. Being late evening, the entrance to the pool area was barred and locked. But Pierre had a key, and in no time at all Rosa was standing thirty or forty feet from the ground at the threshold of a giant flume. Odd droplets of sperm still fell from her vagina as the woman forced her into a sitting position and then propelled her down the flume. It was a monster of a slide, curling in circles several times before emptying into the pool. Rosa hurtled down it at express speed, until screaming at the top of her lungs she plunged into the chlorinated water and disappeared into its depths. Her hair in rat's tails and plastered to her head, gasping and choking she bobbed to the surface just as the woman splashed down beside

her.

The water running over the flume's surface during her headlong rush had sluiced away the remaining semen that dribbled from Rosa's two intimate orifices, and as she climbed from the pool the only thing that now dripped from her straggly pubes was water. The evening was warm, but the pool had been freezing and Rosa's teeth were chattering as the woman joined her. Her hands were all over Rosa in an instant. Strong fingers pinched her breasts, rolled her nipples and prodded her vulva. The men watched in silence. Both women were naked. All three men found themselves with burgeoning erections and the woman's plan to submit Rosa to a lengthy session of sex and torture came to a premature termination.

"Enough of this!"

Myerberg's voice was even colder and more brutal than usual.

"You two. Take the woman. Use her as you wish. But the girl is mine. Disturb me at your peril."

Didier and Pierre leapt on to the protesting woman and dragged her away from the poolside and towards the bushes. She was struggling violently, and Pierre, grabbing the heavy black truncheon that hung on a long chain from his belt, struck her several flesh thudding blows as they fell into the shrubbery. In moments she was screaming hysterically. There was no danger of being disturbed. It was pitch dark now and the pools were off limits at night, plus they were far enough away from the main action on the site for her screams to go unnoticed. And in any case, the two thugs themselves were the night security patrol. Rosa was wild eyed with terror. She ran. Blindly, in a panic. She had nowhere to go and Myerberg caught her easily. Blow after blow rained down on her breasts, face and stomach. She collapsed to the ground, only to be dragged mercilessly over the pebble strewn earth to the gate and thence over the rough ground back towards the mobile home.

Myerberg knew what he wanted. And that was to terrorise Rosa. To inflict pain and subject her to base humiliation. She was never going to relinquish her dedication to Madame Stalevsky, by now that much was patently obvious, so he had given up trying to instill

in her some sort of willing subjection to himself. His plan was straightforward. He was going to fuck her. And beat her. And hurt her. Both mentally as well as physically, as much as he could in the process. All for no reason other than the truly sadistic satisfaction he experienced when he put a helpless victim through the agonies of torture. Wretchedness and misery. Fear and despair. They were his food and drink and he intended to feast on Rosa until he was bloated. The sharp edges of pink rock that projected through the solid earth had wreaked havoc on Rosa's tender flesh as Myerberg had dragged her over its surface. She was grazed, cut, bruised and filthy. Dirt and grit stuck to her body, mixing with the trickles of blood flowing from her wounds. He did not care. His lip curled into a sneer as he looked her over.

"Get yourself smartened up. And quick. A dog would not fuck you the way you look."

Rosa scuttled into the shower room, pulling the door closed behind her. Myerberg prised it open in an instant. She was to be allowed no privacy, he was going to monitor her every movement. Stepping into the deep shower well, she set the water temperature to a steaming heat and turned on the taps to full flow. Spurting in torrents, the hot water had her gasping as it hit her with needle tipped power, stripping the dirt from her body and soothing her throbbing limbs. She stuck her head under the shower head, allowing the water to run over her shoulders, down her back and over her scratched and lacerated rump. Myerberg retreated to the back of her thoughts as she began to luxuriate in its healing flow.

Her muscles relaxed, the steam opening her pores and preparing her body for a thorough cleansing. Squeezing out a plentiful supply of soapy gel from the tube lodged in a recess of the shower wall, she smoothed it over her body. Breasts first. Her palms rolled over their full, heavy orbs and lingered over her stiffening nipples before slipping down her rib cage. She massaged her stomach with long, slow, circular motions, further and further down until both palms were caressing the bulge of her shaven pubic mound. Her legs widened, the palms ceased their attention to her mons and together

slid under her vulva. Using both her forefingers, one behind the other, she stroked her vulva along its entire length. It had been several days since Myerberg had denuded her sex on the ferry, and it still felt strange. But it also felt good. The water was not the only thing now making her wet. In went a finger. Then two. Then another two from her other hand. The first of those two fingers manipulated her budding clitoris, the other two explored her vagina. With closed eyes she began to lose herself in the growing arousal stimulated by her fingertips. Her sex lips swelling and loosening, she spread them apart between the first and index finger of one hand, exposing her erect clitoris. Taking the shower head from its bracket, with the other hand she pushed it between her legs and directed the stinging spray directly on to the hard, fleshy nub. Heaven. And it was too much for Myerberg. He had been enjoying the spectacle but now it had to stop.

A woman such as her was for fucking. For chastisement. For total domination. She was not there to enjoy herself. A punitive arm reached through the steam and pulled a suddenly awakened Rosa from the shower. Reality hit her. Hard. Myerberg could not believe the extent to which she had lost herself, and she in turn was shamed by her behaviour. 'She was a tart. A disgusting low life slut.' It took little imagination for her to conjure up what Madame Stalevsky's words of condemnation would have been if she had witnessed Rosa's behaviour. Myerberg on the other hand liked sluts. And the more crude and depraved they were, the better he liked them. So her actions had not sickened him. On the contrary, he found them stimulating. They had turned him on.

A partner in crime of Myerberg's accomplice in St. Malo, it was the woman who had provided the safe house for him in that town, as well as Rosa's wardrobe for the encounter at the Cathedral. Street clothes she had called them. She may well have regarded them as every day wear, but as Rosa had been hurried through the thronged alleys on that day, every man that had laid eyes on her had found them erotically arousing enough to generate a good, solid twitch in his pants. The other garments she had purchased, and had now

transported to the caravan, she considered far more exotic. As Myerberg pulled open the cupboard in which she had stored them, he was greeted by a selection of basques, suspender belts, stilettos and spiked, chain laden fetish garments. Whips, canes and various other implements of punishment filled the remaining space.

He had to admit that the woman showed a particularly adventurous spirit in her choice of attire and equipment, wondering again why she had been such a failure when he had her squirming on the end of his own cock. Lesbians were a breed apart he determined. A full breasted, roundly-rumped and wide-mouthed woman like Rosa was sufficient to fulfil any fantasies of his, however wild. And if it proved otherwise, she would be extremely sorry.

Myerberg had no lack of ideas as to how to utilise the contents of the cupboard, but he decided to put them on hold for the time being in order to deal with the fairly spectacular erection he was sporting. Ripping down his zip he released his straining weapon, pushed a sodden Rosa down on to her knees and aimed it straight at the commisure of her tightly closed lips. She was not going to co-operate willingly this time, he could see that. And it pleased him. It meant that he would have to deliver harsher punishment than if she had given in easily.

Grasping the back of her head with one hand, with the palm of his other hand pressed over her mouth, he viciously pinched her cheeks between his thumb and forefinger. The digits dug deep, squeezing her jaws open and catapulting a squeal of pain from her lips. His cock took its advantage and within a split second was thrust as far as was possible into her mouth.

“Now, suck bitch! “

Rosa lost no time in obeying his command. Myerberg was already in a rage and it was plain that it would not be in her best interest to antagonise him further. Cheeks hollowing, she sucked on his rigid flesh, tasting the trickle of fluid that even then was seeping from his meatus. Keeping his hand clamped to the back of her head, he began to slam his shaft in and out, his helmet now and again smashing down into her throat, blocking off her windpipe and

making her desperately fight for breath. With each thrust he pulled her head forward, slamming her nose into the base of his stomach, all the time ordering her to suck, suck, suck. She tongued, sucked and blew, her teeth raking the length of his shaft, until with sperm racing up his urethra, he clasped her head rigid and spurted oceans of salty come into her mouth. He was stuck so far into her throat, and the quantity was so great that Rosa was totally unable to handle it. Choking and snorting she swallowed what she could, but streams of his sticky emissions jetted from her nostrils as he grunted in the satisfaction of his ejaculation.

He left his slowly softening weapon where it was, even though Rosa was gasping for air. Not until it had entirely detumesced did he attempt to pull it from her mouth. The sperm that had shot from Rosa's nostrils and oozed from her lips hung in globules from his jungle of pubic hair.

"Lick it up. All of it"

She started with his cock. It was still covered with its own share of spunk. Over his bell, up and down its length, she licked and cleaned. The globules clinging to his wiry pubes proved more difficult. Some she managed to lick up, but with others she was forced to purse her lips and suck very hard before they detached themselves and shot into her mouth. She swallowed it all. But for the first time in her life it was not the treat to which she was used. It was not that it did not taste good. It did. The equal of most, she had to admit. But it was his. The sperm of a devil and she did not want to be defiled by it. Finally, she had lapped or sucked up every drop, and fighting to keep it down, she squatted back on her calves.

Sperm still trickled from around her mouth and chin however and Myerberg eyed it with a despicable, leering interest. Stepping back a couple of paces, he looped a palm under his penis and concentrated for a moment. Suddenly a jet powered fountain of urine arched towards Rosa. Side to side, up and down, he directed the warm stream, drenching her hair and washing the last traces of sperm from her face. He lowered his aim, showering her breasts, before walking around her to squeeze the faltering steam over the

tattoos of scourges decorating the back of each of her shoulders. Whereas after her shower she had been dripping water, and then sperm, she was now dripping piss. Myerberg surveyed her drenched form and smiled. A wicked, nauseating smile. A good start he thought. She looked thoroughly demoralised. And no doubt that is how she felt. Which was the exact opposite of how he was feeling.

“You look disgusting. That dog that would not fuck you. . If it saw you now it would kill itself.”

Myerberg knew how to turn the screw. To drive someone to self-loathing. It was him who had turned Rosa into a humbled wreck, but he laid the fault on her. She wrapped her arms around herself, sobbing pitifully.

“Stop that caterwauling. Into the bedroom and make yourself presentable. And do something with your hair.”

She did not even try to stand. Instead she crawled on all fours over to the bedroom, finally pulling herself upright using the door handle as a support. “And do not take long.”

As her delicious butt disappeared into the room he tucked his penis back into his trousers, unflipped the Zippo and flamed a fat Jamaican cigarette. Taking a deep pull he held the smoke in his lungs, allowing it to take effect before puffing out a cloud that filled the caravan with its unique aroma. Without its calming influence, his behaviour when Rosa emerged from the bedroom would probably have been even more dastardly.

‘Women liked to be abused. The world over, they all had the same dreams. And Rosa was no different. She wanted him to use her. To beat her. To fuck her and submit her to exquisite tortures. ‘ Myerberg told himself that, over and over again, until frustrated by the time she was taking to prepare herself, his short fuse burnt out and he screamed an order for her to hurry her up. ‘Who did she think he was? A poncey, privileged nancy boy like those shirt lifters at The Lodge. A minute longer and she would be sorry. ‘ One thing Rosa did not want to be was sorry. Not at Myerberg’s hands. She completed her toilet in no seconds flat, emerging from the bedroom in a mind boggling concept of gladiatorial splendour. It took a lot

to create an impression on a seasoned debauchee such as he, but he was unable to suppress his surprise as he took in her re-vitalised appearance.

‘How had she done it?’

Leather! That is how. Straps, buckles, hoops and black leather. Circles of studded inch wide leather straps looped under her breasts, completed the circumference over the top of their mounds to be linked in turn, via large metal buckles, to straps pulled over her shoulders. The straps were taut as sinews, lifting her magnificent breasts to an even higher elevation than usual. They merged into a single broad strip of leather that followed the line of her spine down to her rump, before narrowing to sink into the cleavage of her buttocks. Under her bottom it divided again into two, one thin strip running on each side of her labial slit pulling the outer lips apart before sweeping up over the edges of her pubic mound, once more to broaden and run upwards over her belly and ribs in a wide spaced Vee to link to the straps edged into the crease of her breasts. A two inch wide chain mail belt of silver lay slung low over her hips, curving below her bejewelled navel to hang invitingly above her mons. Black leather boots, knee length, with turned down cuffs and impossibly high stiletto heels added to the animal allure. He wanted more.

“The collar. The one with spikes you were wearing on the boat. Put it on.”

She obeyed.

And that completed the picture to his satisfaction. Once around her neck, he hooked a finger through the ring on the front of the collar and pulled her face close to his. Obviously trying to stifle her emotions, Rosa was nevertheless unable to stop her eyes betraying her inner fear. That was the reaction Myerberg was seeking. He pushed out a rasping, salivating tongue and licked her in long animal slurps up and down her nose. Then her eyes. Her cheeks and eyebrows followed. Still pulling her close his nose traced a path downwards, falling away over her chin to land with a forcible thump just below her Adam’s Apple. His tongue continued to lick

its way downwards until his own nose was buried deep within her leather bound cleavage, his nostrils pressed flatteningly together by her heavy breasts.

Down and even further down he carried on licking and sucking, a trail of saliva tracing his progress. From the swollen underbellies of her breasts, down over her rib cage and finally traversing the flatness of her belly, it led to her perfumed mons. He was on his knees now with his arm lifted above his head, his finger still hooked into the collar ring, and tugging viciously he pulled Rosa's head downwards. Bent forward from the waist, her hair tumbled over his back and her breasts spread their weight on his shoulders as his tongue alternately lapped her mound and dug into the crease dividing her mons. The smell of the new leather, plus the muskiness of her sex, interwoven with the spicy bite of an exquisite perfume produced a dramatic reaction, which somewhat surprised even Myerberg himself. Under its influence his penis sprang to life, testing the capacity of his trousers to hold it in check. He had not planned on shagging Rosa so soon, his intention had been to arouse her passions and then deny her fulfilment, thus adding frustration to the torment when he commenced the torture. On the other hand he had plenty of time, so why deny himself? But he would not fuck her. Not just yet anyway.

“Legs! Wide apart.”

The command was a muffled bark, his lips and nose being still pressed against her intimate parts. Rosa obeyed instantly, shuffling her feet as wide as possible. Myerberg changed position, swivelling over to sit with outstretched legs on the floor, his upturned head squeezed between her legs and his mouth planted up against her labia. They were succulent. Tasty and inviting. The tight thin leather straps had pulled them apart, but not enough.

“Your cunt! Get it open. Fast.”

Rosa's arm dipped down under her crotch and two fingers splayed her sex lips further apart and opened up the gateway to her sex. An even more delicious scent drifted into Merberg's nostrils, his nose chasing after its source, to be followed immediately by a probing,

digging tongue. Her vagina was tight, but open enough to admit his pursed tongue. In it went, searching, his taste buds surrendering to the onslaught of her female ambrosia and his nostrils flaming with an inhaled potion of lust. His straining weapon doubled its rigidity, yelling for attention. He fell down on to his back, tugging Rosa after him so that she knelt with legs wide over his head, the leather boots stroking each side of his face and the spiky stilettos digging into her haunches. Rasping her clitoris with his tongue, he could feel Rosa reacting to the stimulation, more and more of her magically heady nectar flowing to satiate his hunger as he sucked and fed on her juicy open sex.

His weapon was screaming for release and so with her still sat on his face he pulled her head forward and downward, until it hovered over his bulging trousers. She knew what he wanted. His prick was free in a second and tucking her hand underneath his swollen gonads, she prized THEM out of his pants as well. He was already leaking and with one hand cushioning his balls she took his staff in the other, stroking its purple veined length as she lapped and tongued its sticky bulbous glans.

He pushed up at her mouth, impatient. She understood and opening her mouth to its fullest extent, she dipped her head and slid her lips over his bell. He was still lapping and slurping at her own sex as she worked on him. He loved the taste and she was flooding juices now. She was surging with lust and he knew it. If she allowed herself to orgasm he would have her, and although jerkingly close to his own ejaculation, he re-doubled his tongue's assault on her erect nub. Tremors of undisguisable expectation jangled through her loins, tightening her sinews in helpless anticipation of a fulfilment she had been intent on denying herself. Writhing in an absolute ferment of arousal, in an attempt to forestall her own threatened orgasm, she frantically pumped her mouth over Myerberg's erection in the hope of hurrying his own ejaculation. Tonguing and sucking, she felt the sperm swell his urethra as suddenly throwing both hands around her neck, Myerberg pulled her down solidly on to his shaft. Unable to move her head, choking and heaving she swallowed the

gushers of seed as best she could.

Spurt followed spurt, as his gonads emptied their oceans of salty semen into her throat, until his wildly jerking penis finally started to slacken. Still fighting for breath, she licked and cleaned every inch as it detumescd, Myerberg's clenched muscles relaxing as she did so. It had been a monster of an orgasm, and he did not allow her to remove her mouth, still wanting to savour the sensation of her wet tongue and sucking cheeks clamping his soft, but still hungry shaft. His assault on her was not finished either. He was determined that she would orgasm, looking forward to the extra terror that would instil in her, knowing full well as she did, that he would punish her severely for her indiscretion.

His nose was buried between her swollen wide open sex lips, and he used it, as well as his tongue to increase his efforts to force her to a climax. But Rosa was made of stern material, Madame Stalevsky having instilled in her a strength Myerberg could only guess at, and although undergoing the torments of hell she battled his attack. She succeeded in fighting off her climax until in an explosion of rage and frustration he pushed a palm under each of her buttocks, and with a mighty heave propelled her upwards from a kneeling position and sent her stumbling across the cabin to crash head first into a folded down drop leaf table. Half stunned, she rejoiced in her victory as Myerberg hurled the most abominably sickening expletives at her trembling form.

Myerberg picked himself up from the floor and with his penis waving from his unzipped flies, strode the few paces to where she lay crumpled against the wooden legs of the table. Grabbing a fistful of hair, he hauled her upright. The pain as he almost tore her locks from her scalp brought a tear to her eye, but even so she remained defiant until his shrivelling glare returned her to her former state of fearful anticipation. Her head held firmly in his grip, a tooth-loosening slap smacked against her jaw, dizzying her once more and prompting a trickle of scarlet blood to flow from the corner of her mouth.

"Bitch. You think you can get the better of Myerberg, eh?"

Still berating her and savagely tugging on her hair, he held her at arm's length. With his other hand he unleashed a short jab to her head, rocking her backwards on her feet. Her right eye began to blacken almost immediately, her cheek beneath it swelling so that she looked like a boxer who had just taken a knockout punch.

"Not you or any slut of a whore. Nobody fools with me."

Letting go of her hair, he raised both arms high and wide and smacking down from either side in turn, delivered a flesh churning series of slaps down her entire body. Shoulders, breasts, ribs, thighs, all suffered stinging blows, reddening her meat into a crimson flush. Smack! His flattened palm whipped up to land devastatingly on her still soaking vulva. Droplets of her juices splashed from between his fingers and her reaction was not only due to pain. As he pulled his hand away there was no doubt that she tried to press her sex against his hand. She was programmed to appreciate pain and in the midst of his abominable attack, she was still unable to disassociate her mind from the link between physical abuse and sexual pleasure. Her legs widened, opening the gap between her labia. She was asking for more!

Myerberg's shaft once again sprang to attention. He was a veritable sex machine and if that was the way she wanted it, he was going to shag her into insensibility. With his hands under her armpits, he lifted her and plonked her backside down on the table top. Pushing her back flat to the surface, he pulled her rump to the edge and bent her knees upwards so that with legs akimbo her lusting sex was presented in all its accessible glory. His rigid dick slammed straight in. Soaking, sloppy and eager, her vagina clamped and unclamped as his thrusts rammed deeper and deeper into her tunnel. With his bollocks slapping up against her labia she moaned in ecstasy as he reamed her mercilessly, the pain of his beating forgotten. This time she would come. He knew it. So without further thought he abandoned himself to his own satisfaction. Surprisingly, after already having experienced two orgasms it did not take long. And even more surprisingly, he sent another bucketful of sperm from his seemingly inexhaustible supply splashing up against

her womb.

But again she held firm. With an effort of will defying description, she fought her raging senses and denied herself satisfaction. It was not until his ejaculation was spent and his pulse slowed that Myerberg realised the body beneath him was still, and not writhing in abandoned exhilaration. Her eyes showed the same enraging defiance as they had done previously, although he could tell by her clenched fists and the way she was biting her lip that the struggle was still continuing within her. His slackening weapon was still clutched tightly by her vagina as he slid a hand down her mons and forced two fingers into her swimming tunnel.

A tunnel that was already almost filled to capacity. Working in and out with his penis and fingers he used his thumb to stroke and caress her rigid clitoris, and although she remained motionless he could feel the tension rising in her body. But still she did not give in. His anger rose to a dangerous level. He was not violent this time. Just determined. Pulling his shaft from its captor, he circled the table and pulled Rosa's shoulders to the other side of the table, allowing her head to fall backwards over the edge. Her hair streamed downwards as he held his sticky glans close to her lips and ordered her to clean him up.

When she was done, he pulled his still turgid flesh from her beavering mouth and in an angry, almost futile gesture, smacked her several times across her upturned face with his remarkably heavy weapon. Even Rosa was surprised at the force of the impacts, flinching visibly as each blow landed. After drying off Rosa's lingering saliva with handfuls of her hair, he re-housed it in his trousers before returning his full attention to her punishment. She was going to pay for her defiance. He was Myerberg! The invincible. Nobody denied him anything. Nobody failed to carry out his bidding. Especially not this Catholic Balkan whore.

Her head hanging from one side of the table and her legs from the other, she was in an unkempt, dishevelled condition. Sperm ran down her legs, a stream of it disappearing below her knees into the boots. It also dribbled from her mouth and matted her hair.

Myerberg left her as she was, stretched over the table, as he paced the floor deliberating his next course of action.

The needles!

‘Yes, of course,’ he told himself. She had been terrified by them on the boat. And he still had his goodie bag. In addition to the needles it held the spring loaded pegs and the clothes line. And the candles. The vodka as well. He had forgotten that. Lifting up the upholstered top of one of the seats lining the wall, he delved inside and recovered the bag that he had deposited in the storage space below it. Then, pulling open the woman’s magic cupboard, he rummaged around until he found implements and further items of bondage gear to suit his purpose. A long thin cane that whistled through the air with purposeful intent as he slashed it back and forth, was the first to be chosen. He laid it on the seat, quickly adding alongside it a short handled riding whip with two braided leather strands, a quirt as he had come to know it. He did not really care what it was called so long as it did the job. And in his hands it would. Several pairs of handcuffs followed, and then, in deference to the tattoos that Madame Stalevsky had decreed should decorate her shoulders, came a wicked looking scourge. If her Mistress chose to beat her with such an instrument of correction, then so would he. With no quarter allowed.

Two buckled and studded leather straps completed his selection. For Rosa at least. For himself he had further ideas and ordering Rosa from the table top he had her stand in the centre of the cabin. Flaming the Zippo once more, he took all the candles from the bag, lit their wicks one by one and after tipping them upside down to allow the flames to set the molten wax running, stuck them upright on the wooden ledges lining the walls. Then he turned off the lights, leaving the flickering, smoky glow to cast eerie shadows, not only over the room, but also over Rosa’s pale flesh. The packets of needles appeared in his hand as if by magic, and extracting the steel contents from their packaging he laid them vertically parallel in a long line across the top of the table.

Rosa's eyes fastened themselves to the needles as her face drained of what little colour it had left. Fear allowed her imagination to magnify the pain she had actually felt when Myerberg had pushed them through her breasts, totally blanking the memory of the rising tide of stimulation and arousal that had followed her initial terror, as more and more needles had pierced her flesh. After ordering her to remove the knee boots Myerberg spun her around, picked up one pair of the handcuffs, pulled her arms behind her back and locked her wrists together so that the backs of her hands hung over her buttocks. A further pair was clamped to each of her ankles and forcing her to kneel, he pushed on her shoulders, arching her backwards until he was able to link the ankle cuffs into the pair securing her wrists. Then turning the collar back to front so that the ring was at the back of her neck, he took a cut length of the rope clothes line, looped it through the ring and stretching it taut, tied it to each of the ankle cuffs.

Her hands and feet locked together on the floor of the cabin, Rosa was strained backwards in an excruciatingly uncomfortable position. Her ribs were etched clearly through the flesh below her leather bound breasts, which themselves now jutted skywards, her majestic nipples seemingly aiming for the stars. Myerberg stood over her, her head being pulled so far back that she was able to see nothing at a lower level than his leering face. An evil snigger fell from his lips as he turned and strode towards the bedroom, pausing in passing to extract something more from the cupboard.

"Don't go away," he taunted, breaking into open laughter as he disappeared from her sight.

He was not away long, but he knew that the wait would seem interminable to Rosa. In fact he delayed his reappearance into the room for longer than necessary, in order to allow the tension to build in her mind. And when he finally made his entrance it was nothing less than dramatic. Rosa wilted at the sight. The inner strength she had been attempting to build fled from her body, leaving her weak and helpless. She could only see his upper body, but that was enough. Oiled and gleaming, his solidly muscled torso reflected the glow

of the candles. A spiked leather waistcoat was drawn together over his chest by steel chains, and similarly spiked leather bands circled both his wrists and his massive, thickly veined and knotted biceps. He had the build of a warrior. But that was not all. His head was completely encased in a tight leather hood, with slits for eye holes and nostrils and a zipped mouth. He looked terrifying.

Her eyes closed and with her thudding pulse beating visibly through the veins in her neck, Rosa waited in a state of mounting terror.

“Eyes open! I want you to see everything.”

The voice was muffled behind the zipped mouthpiece. He tugged the zip open. The voice was clearer now.

“Now you slut. Now, you are going to get what you deserve. The whipping at The Lodge. I have not forgotten, but you will very soon wish that I had. For what you did to me, you will now receive your punishment. It will be severe.”

Reaching down, Myerberg untied the rope binding her neck to her ankles and pulled it free through the collar ring. Her wrists remained cuffed to her ankles, but she was now able to lower her head. She did. And gasped as her gaze fell over the rest of his body. Long, steel-fronted boots encased his legs, and a short broad-bladed dagger hung from a metal and leather belt that drooped from his hips.

But his bollocks! Her eyes locked on to them. Unbelieving.

Looping under them were the same type of thin leather straps that were pulling her labia apart. Lodged tight under his scrotum, they bulged his gonads into an impossible size before carrying on to encircle his penis from its base up to ridge of his glans, leaving the helmet itself fleshy and unbound. His appearance was fearsome, his trussed manhood somehow demonising him even further. The spawn of Satan, Myerberg was the very epitome of evil. In an easy unstaining motion he slipped his hands under Rosa’s armpits and lifting her, set her down on her knees on the table top. The row of needles lay close to her thighs. He picked one up. A long one. He passed it slowly to and fro in front of her despairing eyes.

“You liked these, I seem to remember.”

The extra flicker of fear his remark produced in Rosa pleased him greatly. He smiled. A sadistic, malevolent curling of the lips, barely visible behind the zip.

“Then, you shall not be denied the pleasure once more. But first, something a little extra.”

If Rosa’s panicking mind was in a position to question what he meant by that statement, the answer was not long in coming. It lay in the two extra studded leather straps he had taken from the cupboard. She was now about to learn their purpose. Her breasts were already looped with straps close to her body, but Myerberg took the new pair and wound each one over the circumference of her mounds, at about half way to their summit. He buckled them viciously tight so that they dug deeply into her meat, dividing each breast into two distinctly separate bulges of flesh. The pain was diabolical, but already in a Pavlovian reaction, Myerberg could tell that her feelings were not just fear alone. Having been conditioned to respond to torture in a positive way, she was unconsciously willing him to punish her further, to increase the pain. And the pleasure. She was helpless to do otherwise.

Determining to investigate exactly how much she could take, Myerberg returned to the needle. But this time he did what Rosa had feared most. Jabbing downwards, he plunged its point straight through the leather strap and into her breast flesh. She screamed. An agonised ear-splitting wail that seemed to shock even Myerberg. But his surprise was only momentary. He did not care how much noise she made, her screams would not carry and in any case the goons would make sure there was no outside interference. In fact, after a moment’s consideration he welcomed the thought of her screaming and pleading for mercy, it would serve to intensify his satisfaction as he delivered retribution.

He selected the next needle.

Another swift jab to carry it through the leather strap and in it went. And then the next. And the next. Spacing them between the studs and spikes, he jabbed the needles in again and again until both

Rosa's breast were encircled. Regardless of how tightly Myerberg had buckled the straps, they would not move now, being firmly pinned to her flesh. With difficulty he squeezed a finger under each one and tugged. It was an act of pure sadism, to which Rosa's shriek of agony as the needle points tortured her flesh bore full testimony.

"Pretty, do you not think?"

He turned her round on the table top so that she could see herself in the long wall mirror. Now that he had removed his fingers and released the pressure on the straps, the intense pain she had felt at the insertion sites faded to nothing much more than discomfort. With her tears stopped, she looked at herself. Strapped and bound, both breasts were encircled by a tiara of needles and although his remark had been expressed in a sarcastic vein, the look that fluttered over her face showed that in her own eyes he was not so far from the truth. Horrified and concupiscent at the same time, a shiver of excitement ran through her shackled limbs. Luckily, Myerberg was too busy preparing his next line of attack to notice.

The bottle of vodka was still three quarters full, and putting it to the metal teeth of the zip he took a hefty slug. Then picking up a peg, he sprang it open between his thumb and forefinger and allowed it to clamp together over one of Rosa's magnificent nipples. A startled yelp leapt from her lips, to be swiftly followed by another as he repeated the treatment to her other solid nugget.

"My, we are a noisy little girl, are we not?"

Rosa was even more noisy over the next few minutes as he pinched up her breast meat and clamped peg after peg to the flesh not occupied by needles or straps, covering her mammaries with a cornucopian excess of precisely positioned torture sites. Myerberg admired his handiwork, tugging viciously on the pegs clamping her nipples, his leather bound cock reacting to the stimulus. In the mirror Rosa watched as it twitched and began to lengthen, and his ego again getting the better of him, Myerberg waved it to and fro in a narcissistic display of conceit more befitting a schoolboy than a dreaded icon of terror. Rosa had seen bigger, but now was not the time to say so.

The vodka bottle once more went to his lips. Another gulp and it was now only half full. He walked around Rosa, deliberating, and took another couple of slurps as he did so. He concentrated on the tattoos of scourges decorating her shoulders. His decision made, he unlocked the handcuffs securing her wrists to her ankles. She slumped forward, gratefully easing the pressure on her lower vertebrae. Myerberg allowed her little respite however. Removing the handcuffs securing her wrists behind her back, he lifted her effortlessly, ordered her to stretch her legs out in front of her and deposited her back on the table top. With her frantically rubbing the grazed flesh of her wrists, he linked a pair of cuffs into the ones still fastened around each ankle, bent her forward and reclamped her wrists and ankles together.

The needles sticking from the underbellies of her udders dug into her thighs, which as she struggled in discomfort, in turn pushed them back a little deeper into the fleshy mounds. Throwing her hair forward over her forehead, he left her shoulders a clear target. He picked up the scourge. Slap! The thin leather thongs smacked noisily against her flesh, spreading out and covering the tattoos in an approximation of their design. He did not use a maximum of force, not wishing to damage her too severely yet. He still had other things in mind. Delivering a continuous barrage of strikes which caused her to whimper rather than scream, he eventually left the whole of her upper back and shoulders a broad, reddened sheet. The lashing continued on down her back, the strikes now landing with more force and the longer thongs now and again curling around her ribs to bite into her breasts and tangle up in the needles or the pegs.

Myerberg was giving her hell. Or so he thought. A little more consideration as to why Rosa was tattooed in such a fashion might have prompted him to modify his sequence of tortures. He already knew that Madame Stalevsky was responsible for the designs, and that the scourge was her favourite method of disciplining Rosa, so he should have realised that she was completely inured to its qualities of flagellation. She was used to it. She loved it. As each blow fell, a picture of her beloved Mistress flashed into her mind,

strengthening her resolve and filling her with new courage. If he could have seen her face he would have understood that fact. As she squirmed under the impact of the blows it was not in dread or pain, but in arousal. He did not know it but the table beneath her sex was beginning to flow with juices that poured from her open vagina. At that moment Rosa was closer to Heaven than Hell.

The temperature inside the cabin was not uncomfortably hot, but it was very warm and the atmosphere was thick from the smoke of the candles. Myerberg glistened in sweat from his exertions as more of the vodka slipped down his throat. The girl had not screamed for mercy. Not yet at least, and he had to admit that she had guts, having no idea that she was silently screaming to be fucked. With a hand under her chin he lifted her head to look at her face, and suppressing her fervour, Rosa presented him with a pitiful, suffering countenance.

Taking his time he unlinked the handcuffs, allowing her to straighten up. He did not remove them however, leaving both ankles and wrists circled with steel.

“Off the table!”

Rosa slid her feet to the floor and stood unsteadily in front of him. Pushing past her he stowed the table away in a corner, before returning with the cut lengths of rope in his hand.

“Raise your arms.”

She did so, and tying a separate length of rope to each of her wrist cuffs, he fastened the other ends to hooks that were fixed several feet apart in the ceiling. Tightening the ropes so that her arms were straining diagonally upwards from her shoulders and her heels lifted from the floor, Myerberg then secured her ankles in the same fashion to hooks screwed into the floor. When he was done, her legs were splayed wide, her open sex easily accessible. He slapped her rump.

“What now then slut? What do you fancy?”

Rosa’s mouth remained sealed.

“Oh, come now, you must know what you like.”

Again, no comment.

“Well, in that case the decision will have to be mine, will it not?”

Once again it was the scourge. He lifted his arm and this time the thongs fell on her rump. One after another, regular and precise, the strips of leather left their mark. He worked meticulously, covering every inch of her bottom, before moving to the backs of her thighs and calves. Every stroke left her wincing, but by his standards the treatment was not overly harsh. He was softening her up, readying her flesh for something more. Showing the first stages of a professionally administered preparation, her meat reddened to his satisfaction and the scourge was thrown down to be replaced by the quirt. Whack! The blows fell more heavily. Up, down, and back again they landed, until turning the quirt upside down he grasped the short braided strands together and swung the handle at her flesh. Rosa could not suppress an initial gasp as the first blow struck, but afterwards she remained tongue bitingly silent as he hit her again and again. Eventually he judged that she was ready. Now she would really find out the meaning of pain. The vodka was running out and after another huge gulp just a swirl remained in the bottle. He could hold his liquor, but he was demolishing it so quickly that an unquestionable slur surfaced as he spoke.

“How many strokes did you give me in the chamber?”

No reply.

“HOW MANY?”

A whispered response.

“Fifty.”

“Ah yes, FIFTY.”

The cane was now in his hand. Wicked, supple and frightening. He whipped it up between her thighs, finding her resulting squeal of agony most gratifying. Myerberg's only regret was that in order to facilitate the straps that pulled her labia apart, Rosa had removed the chain bearing Madame Stalevsky's initials. He could have had fun with that.

“You CAN count to fifty?”

Now he knew that he was making real progress because once again there was no answer and real terror had returned to Rosa's

eyes.

“No matter. If you do not count the strokes out loud, your punishment will be doubled.”

He positioned himself behind Rosa, arm uplifted. Whack! The first stroke bit with inhuman intensity. The scream that hurtled from her lips could have raised the dead.

“You did not count. You have one more chance. I will start again.”

The cane sizzled through the air. Smack! A livid ridge erupted on Rosa’s bottom.

“One.”

It was not a calm count. It was more of a banshee wail. But it sufficed to satisfy Myerberg. Whoosh! Down came another cutting slash that saw her flesh ripple before settling down into another scarlet stripe.

“Two.”

The number was screamed out just as uncontrollably as before. “Good. You are getting the hang of it.” And so it went on. Lash followed lash until the count had reached twenty. Rosa’s entire backside was a mass of rapidly darkening crimson, a Niagara of tears flowing from her eyes. He laid the cane on the on the back of her thighs, in the crease where roundness of her bottom met her legs and took aim. The searing impact took Rosa’s breath away and it was touch and go for a moment as to whether or not she could gasp out the score.

“Twenty one.”

It came finally. In a whisper. Disastrously close to the point where Myerberg would have doubled her agonies for not counting out loud. Whack! Smack! Thud! All the way down her legs and back up the fronts of her thighs. Just as she had done to him. And at a certain point just as had happened with him, Rosa’s pain slowly turned into an increasing surge of pleasure. “Forty.” Her cries were now a sort of exaltation and Myerberg found his own senses rising to compete with hers in a trial of mind over matter. For both of them it was lusting flesh that triumphed over a mind unequal to the task

of containing their rising passions. His prick fought the constraints of the leather binding, jerking wildly erect as he continued the beating. They were both overwhelmed with desire and the last few strokes were delivered in a flurry, before he rushed to face her and thrust his pulsating weapon between her legs and straight up into her lusting, accommodating sex. Her vaginal muscles grabbed him, helping to shovel every inch of straining gristle deep inside her. His knees bent, he ground into her mercilessly, slamming up against her vulva in giant thrusts. And as every thrust hit home he tugged a peg from her breasts, pulling the flesh outwards with an excruciatingly delicious surge of pain. Mortal flesh and blood could not fight off such an onslaught and screaming with lust Rosa lost the final battle. The leather ridges binding his penis mercilessly reamed her vagina, until as the last peg was pulled from her flesh she was catapulted into a howling, heart stopping orgasm. Reaching his own climax his seed gushed into her clamping hole, spurt after spurt from him matching her continuing multiplicity of orgasms. Battered, bruised and thoroughly fucked, she collapsed, held up only by the ropes securing her to the ceiling.

Myerberg was wild-eyed with elation. He had triumphed yet again, nothing and nobody could deny his will as this little tart had found out. The tart herself was still shuddering from the aftershocks of her monumental orgasm, his penis slipping from the grip of her vagina as he searched for the vodka bottle. The shoulder holster was hanging from a peg on the wall, and reaching over he pulled out the pistol. His sperm was running freely from her still pulsing orifice as he took the gun and plunged the barrel straight into the tunnel that had so recently housed his penis. The vodka bottle was uplifted, and with a maniacal laugh, Myerberg drained the last dregs of spirit and pulled the trigger.

The Graveyard

SILENT AND DEEP in thought, on his way back to Le Manoir Duke had been faced with a dilemma.

He felt fairly certain that if Lolli was not actually all the way there, she was at least most of the way to being his own undisputed chattel. Could he consider that matter settled and now concentrate solely on his quest to capture Myerberg? He would dearly have loved to do so. But there was just that small lingering doubt. Was she his alone, or wasn't she? He had to make sure.

What could he do? Lolli was clinging so tightly to him, that the rock hard bullets that were her nipples threatened to leave permanent pock marks in his back. He could stop anywhere in the densely forested countryside and fuck her. He could wrest twigs from the trees and fashion them into an eminently suitable birch. Having done so, he could thrash her. He could string her up from the huge boughs and invite the forestry workers he had seen clearing the woodland floor to amuse themselves with her. In that way he could test her. He seriously considered that idea, as it had occurred to him that although Lolli had been submitted to numerous humiliations the previous night, all the participants had been gentlemen.

That is GENTLEMEN in capital letters. French admittedly, but nonetheless, rich, cultured and most definitely persons operating in the highest levels of society. They may have been greater in number than she was used to servicing at one session, but they had been the same type of elite personages as her usual patrons. In short, they were no different to the members of The Lodge. The more he thought about it, the greater the doubt. Duke deliberated for so long that eventually any notions he had harboured concerning the forestry workers had to be consigned to the trash can, because he had almost reached his destination. A tiny, but immensely charming and characterful village lay at the end of a seemingly dead end lane. The single narrow cobbled street was lined with black-

roofed, white-walled Breton cottages, all with myriads of colourful flowers tumbling down their exteriors. An ancient church with a well filled graveyard lay at the end of the street, and shortly after that the road petered out into a dirt pathway. A pathway that led into the forest and was obviously well used by motor vehicles. That, after winding through dense woodland, this path should pass under an arched stone gatehouse and suddenly enter beautifully open and landscaped grounds, came as a welcome shock to the first time visitor to Le Manoir. Oliver Carlisle's establishment was exactly what its name suggested, a medieval Manor, although considerably larger than most, being the size of a small château. An aristocrat's residence that in its heyday was reached by horseback or coach. After it was abandoned no modern road had ever been constructed to service it, and so it lay in splendid isolation in the midst of its own forest.

The village had been part of the estate, with all the inhabitants either working at, or providing services for 'La Grande Maison'. And it was still exactly the same, employment being found for all the villagers. They were treated well and owed their livelihoods to Le Manoir, so it was no surprise that any stranger asking directions was met with blank stares and a denial of any knowledge of the place. Unless personally conducted or provided with a detailed map, it was practically impossible to locate, which suited both villagers and members alike. They valued their privacy. And they got it. Passing the churchyard, Duke saw two locals engaged in the task of digging a grave. It was early evening but it was still warm and it would be light for hours. He had an idea and once back in the opulent surroundings of his rooms he divested himself of the leathers and pulled out a pair of jeans, a sweater and a calf skin jacket. Combined with a pair of Italian loafers, it was the ideal casual outfit for his purpose, not being a too ostentatious display of wealth or privilege. Lolli had stood watching, immobile and silent. Duke gave her his orders, she was to make herself as enticingly provocative as she could. Not of course that that would be difficult. If she had been wearing a boiler suit any red blooded man would

still have found himself with a raised pulse and the need for a cold shower.

He instructed her to wear a particular dress. A black satiny, button through little number that clung to her every curve. There was to be no bra or knickers, but she must wear suspenders and sheer black stockings. And a pair of stilettos made from genuine black and white snakeskin, with enormously high heels and outrageous, extended winkle picker toes. She was told to report to him in the bar as soon as she was ready, 'which had better not be long.' And it was not. She made her appearance in a remarkably short time and looked every inch the sex goddess he required her to be. A crowd of admirers surrounded her in an instant, but this time Duke informed them that they were not to be the lucky ones that evening. Fighting their way to the exit, they walked down the flights of stone steps leading to the drive, where the Maserati he had asked for was waiting for them. Although in a car such as that it was an almost impossible task, he drove down the track at a leisurely pace, fighting to keep his hands from exploring beneath the hem of Lolli's dress. There was another test she had to pass. And to allow her to do so, for the moment he had to control his own desires. He parked the car out of sight just before the woodland ended and together they headed for the churchyard. Lolli had great trouble in maintaining a dignified appearance because the shoes, with their sexy, spiky heels were not really made for walking and although ideal in the boudoir, over the rutted ground they were potential ankle breakers.

The two labourers were still hard at work on the grave, not noticing the approaching couple until Duke caught their attention by leaning against a nearby headstone and greeting them. Although employees of Le Manoir, they were still very obviously on the other side of 'La Fracture Sociale,' the line dividing the haves and have nots in France. Accordingly they doffed their blue serge workmen's caps in deference to this obviously upper class stranger, his casual attire not fooling them for an instant.

And then they saw Lolli.

As one, two mouths gaped in astonishment. Without a murmur of dissent, she had done exactly as Duke had ordered and was sitting, legs spread wide, on a low granite tomb directly facing the half dug resting place of some deceased villager. Her posture was such that her rump was lower than her knees, the dress was flung open over her stockinged legs and above the lacy tops the succulent creamy flesh of her thighs directed their gaze straight to her naked sex; a haven of pleasure as densely forested as the nearby woods. The buttons holding the dress together over her cleavage had also been unfastened exposing most of her exquisite breasts, only leaving her diamond hard nuggets to push through the material. The shoes, sexual fantasies in themselves, were planted solidly, several feet apart on the flagstones surrounding the tomb. From their vantage point inside the grave, the two men experienced the erotic view of a lifetime.

Their faces flushed, the gravediggers hurriedly returned to their labours. "Messieurs, you disappoint me. Have you nothing to say?"

The spades ceased shovelling. Incredulous expressions questioned Duke.

"I'd welcome your opinion of the filly, so why don't you give yourselves a break, come out of there and inspect her for yourselves."

Wary and unbelieving, they downed tools and pulled themselves up and out on to the grass. They were filthy, loose soil falling from their clothes and hands the colour of rusty soot.

"Test her. Feel her flanks. Check her udders."

He urged them forwards, dismissing their reservations as to their grimy state.

"A little dirt never hurt anyone. Go ahead."

So they did. Reticently at first, and then with mounting enthusiasm. Her breasts were fondled, her nipples rolled and her thighs stroked up and over the stocking tops, the peasants' weather-tanned hands contrasting sharply with her creamy flesh. Finally and hesitantly, after seeking further assurance from Duke, her sex was investigated. Allowing them considerably more time than was strictly necessary to complete that final examination, he watched

in an inquisitive detached manner as Lolli squirmed appreciatively under the dual attack of their deeply probing fingers.

Finally they stepped back, still hardly able to believe what was happening.

“Well then, how do you find her?”

They found her everything a red blooded man could wish for. And said so.

“In that case I have another little treat for you.”

He addressed Lolli, but his questioning eyes remained firmly fixed on the two men.

“I believe these gentlemen would like to watch you masturbate?”

Would they? They were speechless, barely able to nod out an affirmative response.

Slowly and deliberately Lolli began, the two gravediggers standing goggle eyed and monster cocked as she began her self-titillation. The last unopened button over her cleavage was released to reveal all of her mammary wonders. Full, heavy, marvellously rounded breasts, welcomed the warm evening breeze that now wafted gently over them. The fading stripes from the beating she had taken the previous night from Claude-François were still visible, highlighting the broad, dark areolae surrounding her proudly projecting nipples. Nipples that she took between the fingers and thumbs of both hands. Nipples that were soon being pulled, rolled and stimulated into fiery erection. Nipples that had the gravediggers drooling from their mouths, and dribbling from their pricks.

One hand left its breast and slid slowly down over her belly to her mons, lingered there for a while, playing with a tangle of silky pubes before slipping underneath her crotch. Her eyes closed, and as one hand remained manipulating her nuggets, the fingers of the other opened her labia and roamed inside her slit in search of her clitoris. Eager, erect and demanding her attention, its hard bud was already unsheathed, the shiver that ran through her body at her first caress being both visible and informative. For some unfathomable reason she had found being molested by strangers, ordinary workmen at that, strangely titillating, and now Duke was

convinced that the thought of them watching as she brought herself to orgasm was firing her up into uncharted territory. Lust and the desire to please him seemed to be stoking her imagination, her legs spreading even wider to ensure every inch of her fabulous sex was on full show. Working on her clitoris with her thumb, she slipped two fingers deep into her vagina, juices trickling over them as she pushed in and out. Her tongue roamed over her lips as her arousal intensified, and for a moment she halted the stimulation of her sex to transfer her fingers to her mouth, sucking them appreciatively.

Still savouring the musky flavour she returned them to her vagina and pushed them deep into the flowing, lubricated hole. A low moan escaped her lips, her body stiffened and the sinews in her legs tightened as orgasm approached. The moan became a gasp as she reached a shuddering climax before her shoulders slumped and her eyes slowly opened, once more to bring awareness of the greedy eyes that had lapped up her every movement. Shaking her long tresses she straightened herself and pulled her fingers from captivity, ensuring that she left her sex open and visible to the watchers. "A good performance, I think you will agree"

Two rural accents hastened to do just that, a babble of superlatives rushing from salivating lips. He remained silent, looking them over and seemingly running an idea of some kind through his mind. A decision made, he turned to Lolli.

"I'm sure my friends here would now like you to masturbate THEM."

At these words, two already visible erections gained extra life, pulsing against the loose fronts of their dungarees. Even so, the two men stood unmoving, not really sure of their ground.

"Come on chaps, up and at her. I would not offer her services if I did not mean it."

Lolli wrestled herself to a standing position and glided over to the gravediggers, the stiletto heels somewhat hindering her progress by sinking into the grass as she stepped off the granite flagstones. Her breasts stood proud, swinging enticingly as she moved, but much to the men's chagrin her dress now fell over her

legs, hiding the stocking tops and her sex from view. Still, there were compensations, as they found out when one after the other she helped them shed their protective dungarees and unzipped the trousers they were wearing underneath them. Leaning back against a tall headstone she had them stand close, facing forward with one on each side of her. That way she could handle a prick in each hand and masturbate them both at the same time.

Easing her way into their pants she freed a pair of straining shafts and clasped them, hot and pulsing, in her hands. Cool fingers slid slowly and expertly over turgid flesh, the smoothness of her skin being a million miles removed from the rough, work worn palms of their own women. Stopping for a moment, she dipped the fingers of both hands beneath her dress and slid them into her still wet vagina. There was a river of juices flowing down there; juices, that with her fingers pushed in between the peasants' lips, she allowed them to taste before smearing their cocks from end to end. Rock hard and nicely lubricated now, two throbbing shafts tumesced to even greater proportions, responding in spectacular fashion to her sensuous manipulations. Up and down, faster and faster, until her hands were fairly flying she worked on them, inviting them to fondle and suck her breasts to increase both her own as well as their pleasure. She controlled them magnificently, bringing them to orgasm in unison. Gouts of high pressure sperm shot everywhere, spurting over the satin of her dress and leaving her hands dripping. Savouring the salty taste, she licked her hands clean, before kneeling in front of each man and taking his slackening penis into her mouth to lap up every last, clinging drop. Needless to say, their shafts immediately ceased their descent into flaccid normality and sprang to attention once again. "And how was that? Satisfactory I trust." Everything that had happened was greater than any fantasy either man had ever envisaged. They were so overwhelmed that this time, instead of floods of words, they barely produced an intelligible sentence between them. In essence, the answer to Duke's question was a great big, resounding YES.

Rising to her feet, Lolli flashed her own questioning look at Duke, like a dog seeking its owner's praise for good behaviour. There was no doubt, this was a changed Lolli. She had obeyed his orders without the slightest hesitation and he could almost feel the trepidation with which she now awaited his verdict. He smiled a congratulation and the pride on her face in response was a revelation, she seemed almost ecstatic with his confirmation that she had pleased him. Duke himself was most gratified to see that his strategy was working, and she was now learning the meaning of true subservience as opposed to mere submission. Learning that to please her Master meant joy for her, no matter what she had to do to achieve that joy. But he had to test her further. To be absolutely sure. And so he pressed on. That he was satisfied with her performance was beyond question, but after all, she had only done as any slave should and obeyed his orders. Now for the next step.

He threw another loaded question at the workmen.

"I'm not keeping you from your work I trust?"

No. He was not. Most definitely, he was not.

"And you do find my property enjoyable?"

Enjoyable? Could he really be asking such a question? She was the sexiest, most glamorous woman they had ever encountered, and they left him in no doubt as to that.

"Good! Now then, there's a very useful maxim I learnt at my father's knee, and that is: 'a gentleman never does anything for himself that someone else can do for him.' Therefore, following that advice, I invite you to fuck her on my behalf."

Dumbstruck is too mild an expression to describe their reaction. Duke gave them a minute to allow his invitation to penetrate their shocked brains, before cajoling them into action.

"Alors messieurs, we haven't got all night. If my presence bothers you I have no objection to leaving you alone for a while, but I rather fancy judging for myself if she comes up to scratch. Do you have any objections?" They had not. Their names were Frédéric and Guillaume and it turned out that they were brothers, but there was no lack of sibling rivalry when it came to deciding who was to

go first. They both claimed pole position, and in order to quell a potentially violent confrontation Duke stepped in and solved the problem with the toss of a coin. A wide grin almost split Frédéric's face in half when he called correctly, and with a mock bow and a sweep of the arm, Duke presented him to Lolli.

Still leant up against the headstone she was a picture of enchantment, ravishingly beautiful and oozing an unbelievable sexual allure, and he lost no time in claiming his prize. He was only of medium stature and she was a tall girl, the heels adding to her height so that he did not have to bend his head in order to suckle her breasts. Clamping on to a hard nugget, he worried at it like terrier, sometimes sucking the whole of her areola into his mouth before burying his head into her cleavage. Both hands came up to pinch and fondle her udders, it being patently obvious to Duke that the very insensitivity of his approach was having a highly stimulating effect on Lolli. It appeared that sophisticated women really did like 'a bit of rough.'

With his rock solid erection pushed through the unbuttoned front of her dress, Frédéric widened her legs by pressing his own knees against her inner thighs, his shaft sliding along the open, wet slit of her labia. He dropped his hands, slid them inside the dress and ran them over the stocking tops, tracing the lines of her suspenders up towards her mons. Looking down, with his penis and her hosiery hidden by the dress, the gravedigger obviously decided that the scenery could be improved, and tugging Lolli by the arm he directed her to the low standing tomb upon which she had originally placed herself.

Laying her flat out on the stone surface, he splayed her legs wide and swept the dress from her legs so that her wonderful, juicy sex was on full display. Duke had a particular penchant for stockings and suspenders and as he watched the man standing and admiring the display that lay before him, he realised that they were two of a kind. "Stockings maketh the woman," he whispered to himself, and if the peasant had heard his comment, he would no doubt have wholeheartedly agreed with that sentiment.

With his arms on either side of her body and palms flat against the stone of the tomb, the villager lowered himself onto Lolli. His penis did not make the initial connection, sliding up her labial slit instead of lodging itself into the entrance to her sex. Reaching over her leg she grasped his weapon, directing his glans straight at her hole. Nudging past her introitus, his throbbing flesh was immediately snatched inwards by her hyperactive vaginal muscles and he was in up to the hilt. He left it that way, luxuriating in the lubricated warmth of her tunnel until he could stand it no longer and began to thrust in and out, withdrawing and then slamming into her with a power that made her eyes water. Wriggling under his onslaught, Lolli fought to position herself to accept his lunging weapon with greater satisfaction to herself. He was oblivious to her reaction, being concerned, as a man should be, with his own enjoyment and so he failed to notice that Guillaume, unable to deny the demands of his cock was masturbating himself as he watched, awaiting his turn. But Lolli saw. And if he carried on the way that he was it would all be over before he got anywhere near her.

“Stop! Don’t do that.”

Pushing her palms under Frédéric’s shoulders, she halted his thrusts and lifted him clear of her breasts, directing his attention to the activities of his brother.

“We can’t allow him to do that.”

Frédéric did not concur, he was mightily close to ejaculation, and his kinship did not extend to delaying his own orgasm in order to satisfy the needs of someone else, brother or not. But Lolli would not be deterred and shuffling her backside along the stone, she detached herself from his impaling manhood with an audible ‘plop. ‘ Struggling to her feet, she grasped his pulsing shaft and led him over to the graveside where Guillaume stood rather shamefacedly with his own cock clasped in his palm. What she had in mind was something she had done before. Many times. There were countless ways of accommodating two men at the same time and she was now going to demonstrate one of them.

With his head close up to the edge of the newly dug grave, she had Frédéric lay flat on his back, with his knees bent and his feet flat to the ground so that his legs formed a Vee above him. Resting her hips on his knees she fell forward, her breasts flattening against his chest and her rump projecting skyward, so that it was easy for him to thrust upwards and sink his projectile of a weapon into her slippery sex. Beckoning Guillaume closer, she had him straddle her backside and directed his rampant dick at her anus. It was not so easy for him, but crouching slightly he notched his leaking glans into her sphincters and pushed. He slid in without too much difficulty, but the tunnel itself was tighter than he had imagined, gripping him with vice like intensity.

Now they were ready and she encouraged them both to into action. One cock slammed into her vagina from below and another plunged into her anus from above. The two men were steaming, excited not only by the act of intercourse itself, but also by the strange circumstances surrounding it.

Both their passions rose with fiery intensity but it was Frédéric who came first, although that was not really surprising as he had been the first one to delve into her secret passages. Grunting and thrashing, he pumped a seemingly endless spout of semen into her claspig vagina and this action seemingly catapulted his brother into an excess of vigour. So much so that his battering of Lolli's anus ran totally out of hand and he barrelled against her with such force, that at the moment of his ejaculation he pushed her off Frédéric's still stiff cock and propelled both himself and her into the newly excavated earth. With sperm squirting all around, the intensity of the encounter dissolved into a pantomime. Laughter filled the air, everyone present revelling in the utter insanity of its conclusion.

Lolli herself had not reached fulfilment, but that was irrelevant, Duke was highly satisfied with the results of his experiment and that was all that counted. In addition to her sexual frustration, Lolli was also most upset that a heel had been broken off one of the snakeskin shoes. And those shoes had cost a fortune, the equivalent of a diamond studded Rolex. Duke knew that, because Montague had

commissioned them from the Paris emporium of a world famous ladies footwear designer as an extra reward after a particularly satisfying encounter with her. Even Duke had been surprised by his father's largesse when he had mentioned it to him back at The Lodge. 'Worth every penny,' was Montague's only comment. Duke now understood why.

The two brothers had a tale to tell that would keep them in red wine at the café for years to come, although whether anyone would actually believe it was another matter entirely. Pleasantries were exchanged, they returned to their task and Duke led Lolli away. She was in a pretty shambolic state, filthy and unkempt, but euphoric. She had come through with flying colours and after viewing the entire encounter with a cool, reasoned detachment, he had to admit it. The orgasms, the antics of the gravediggers and the final débâcle were all of no consequence, his only interest had lain in determining whether or not Lolli was genuinely his to command and rule. His doubts were now well and truly put to rest: she was!

Knowing looks and amused winks greeted Duke as he guided Lolli's dishevelled form back into Le Manoir. Her dress was torn, her stockings holed, she was covered in dirt and she was only wearing one shoe, which led to many varied and fanciful conjectures from the Members - none of which was as colourful as the actual happening had been. Le Manoir boasted a technology suite offering the very latest in communication techniques and after dismissing Lolli, Duke was very soon in face to face video contact with the Elders back at The Lodge. After relaying his disappointing progress in tracking Myerberg, he followed up with a glowing account of his success with Lolli. For some reason which escaped him, this piece of news seemed to be received with a much greater interest than his report on Myerberg and asking him to remain online, Montague and the others moved off-screen for a private discussion. Duke was puzzled to say the least and waited anxiously for the communication to be resumed. His father re-appeared centre screen, the look on his face telling Duke that he was about to hear something momentous. "We were going to leave this until after your mission was completed

and you had returned to England, but after what you have just told us, myself, Richard and Mr. Luther are agreed that you should be apprised of our wishes immediately.”

And what he was told both astounded and pleased him.

In essence, when a Son of Adam reached majority at the age of twenty five and was indoctrinated into The Brotherhood, it was his duty to father the next Son. And The Elders had decided that the honour of bearing Duke's child should be given to Lolli! If he wished to go further and take her for his wife, there would be no objection, in fact they would be delighted and their blessing was assured. Whatever he decided, in the meantime there must be no further sexual relations between them until the actual time of conception. And there would be a special time and place for that sacred act of intercourse which he would recognise instantly the moment he came upon it. The other two Elders joined Montague on-screen to wish him well in his alliance with Lolli and in conclusion the talk returned again to Myerberg, the Elders urging him to now concentrate his every effort on the villain's capture and the conclusion of his Quest.

Duke had certainly been given a lot to think about and much to her bewilderment, later that night he allowed Lolli to dine with him at his table before dismissing her with instructions to be up and ready at the crack of dawn. He was about to retire himself when Thierry, who unknown to Duke had himself been in contact with Montague, appeared with the news that there had been a breakthrough and he had a lead as to the location of Myerberg's hide-out. It was not a one hundred per cent certainty as yet but Thierry asked Duke to keep himself in readiness for the moment confirmation came in. Things were moving at last.

A The Mistress Madaleine

ROSA SCREAMED, SHOCKING herself into consciousness.

She was lost for a moment, unable to take in her whereabouts, the vivid nightmare still flashing in echoes across her mind. A cool soothing hand stroked her forehead, calming her as the horrific visions faded and reality returned. She was not sure exactly where she was, but as she lay snuggled in the down-filled duvet, memories of her rescue returned.

It was The Woman. As the first light of dawn filtered through the windows of Myerberg's caravan, hurt herself after being dreadfully abused by Didier and his thug of a partner, she had crept furtively and silently into the cabin where Rosa was still strung up in chains and Myerberg was laying snoring in an alcoholic stupor. Motioning a distraught Rosa to keep her own silence, she had freed her from her bonds and after blindfolding her, in stealthy trepidation had led her to freedom. Freedom of a sort that is, because now she was The Woman's captive. But that was infinitely better than being in Myerberg's evil clutches and so far she had been treated with kindness and sympathy. She thought her end had come when Myerberg had thrust the pistol barrel into her vagina, fainting away into unconsciousness when she heard the hammer click, only to awaken an indeterminate time later, cold and hurting - but Alive! It had been just another of his diabolical actions, designed purely to bring terror to his victim. The gun was not loaded and his maniacal laughter had continued long after Rosa had descended into oblivion.

Wherever she was Rosa could tell by the sunlight streaming through the slatted shutters that several hours at least had passed since she had been rescued. The leather straps trussing her body had been removed but otherwise The Woman had allowed her to fall into an exhausted sleep still in the inexcusably vile condition that Myerberg had left her. She sat up in the bed as she was handed a cup of strong coffee, not the usual milky morning concoction, but one to bring a reviving strength to her limbs and a clarity to

her thoughts. She drained the hot sugary liquid, to have her cup replenished almost immediately; as The Woman walked across the floor noticing the high stilettos that showed beneath the hem of her floor-sweeping housecoat. Hot buttered croissants followed, and fairly quickly although bruised, battered and sporting a black eye Rosa was feeling more like her normal self. Asking for yet another cup of coffee, she sipped it slowly as The Woman disappeared into the bathroom and from the sound of it began running a tub - presumably for Rosa's use. Returning into the room, she took the empty cup from Rosa's hands, threw back the duvet and gently pulled her from the bed.

"For you. The bath."

The Woman spoke in English, but with an accent that was a mélange of several European tongues, leaving Rosa undecided as to her nationality - Spanish, French, Italian? She could have been any of them. Whatever, Rosa was grateful. There was nothing more she wanted at that time than a good long soak in a steaming bath. The water was hot, but no so hot that Rosa did not slip into its reviving depths without a sigh of contentment. She lay with her eyes closed and only her head above the water, running the frothy suds through her fingers.

Hearing a smacking sound her eyes opened - and so did her mouth. In surprise. Her housecoat gone, the Woman was standing over the bath dressed in text book dominatrix fashion, with a stern look on her face and slapping her thighs with a thin knotted cane.

"Out of the water now my lovely. Long enough, you've had."

Rosa realised the futility of attempting to resist, doing as she was bidden. She was handed a large white bath towel and allowed to dry herself before being led back into the main room. The bed had been made and clothes laid out on it. Clothes that thrilled Rosa.

There was only a minimum of garments. All white. Virginal in fact, and all satin, lacy and sensuous. Plus sheer white stockings and a pair of wonderful stilettos, chisel toed and obviously made from some kind of cloth because they were beautifully embroidered with tasteful pastel designs, the only splash of colour in the whole outfit.

The Woman liked her girls feminine that was for sure. Rosa knew what was coming and wondered how strict and demanding The Woman would be.

“Mistress Madaleine, you will call me.”

So now Rosa knew her name.

“First, your makeup we shall have to fix, no?”

“Yes Mistress Madaleine.”

“Good, such and obedient girl you are. Now, up from the bed and over here.”

Rosa did as she was ordered, walking over to a dressing table laid out with a selection of designer cosmetics and fragrances. From the expensive nature of the toiletries and clothes it was obvious Mistress Madaleine did not derive her income from the caravan site. Myerberg and others like him must have been paying a fortune for her services.

Sitting naked on the dressing stool as ordered, Rosa surveyed her reflection in the mirror. She did not look her best, that she had to admit. Mistress Madaleine picked up a tube of foundation base and started to smooth it over her face, starting with the bruised flesh around her right eye. But not before she had widened Rosa’s knees with two swishing strikes of the cane to her inner thighs. It was all she could do to keep her eyes from straying to Rosa’s shaven sex as she carefully applied the makeup, stopping every now and then to fondle both her own and Rosa’s breasts. Eyeshadow, blusher and lipstick soon reinstated Rosa’s appearance to its ravishing normality, polish painted on to her finger and toe nails adding to her oozing sexuality. Mistress Madaleine stepped back to admire her plaything.

“Beautiful you look. Like a movie star.”

But she was not finished. Rouge came next, carefully filling in the circles of Rosa’s areolae and then colouring her sex lips. Huge drop earrings, long and set with pearls. Golden rings were slipped into her pierced nipples and in the spot where Madame Stalevsky’s steel chain was usually hung, a hoop of precious metal.

Now for the dressing. With the tip of the cane under Rosa’s chin she was silently ordered to stand. But Mistress Madaleine found it

hard to control herself, brushing her lips against Rosa's and fondling her breasts before turning to the clothes. Madame Stalevsky would never have let herself go in that fashion and Rosa thought to herself that perhaps Mistress Madaleine's aspirations were greater than her capabilities. It remained to be seen.

The cane laid aside, Mistress Madaleine picked up the first garment. A scanty lace bra. White with delicate embroidery of the same colour, the filigree so fine that Rosa's dark nipples pushed through it in projecting nuggets, the rings pressed flat to her breasts and the flimsy material clinging to every contour, highlighting her deliciously coloured areolae. A suspender belt. Again light and lacy. Sheer-white stockings, slipped over her feet and rolled up her legs, the broad lace band at their tops clipped into the suspenders mid-thigh. And then the shoes. They really were masterpieces, pushing Rosa on to her toes and adding inches to her height. There were more garments, but greedily taking in Rosa's devastatingly sensuous appearance, Mistress Madaleine obviously decided that enough was enough. There was nothing now that could add to Rosa's allure. Mistress Madaleine herself, in contrast to Rosa was dressed entirely in black. A tight fitting Basque that nipped in her waist, no bra cups but wired at the top to push her full naked breasts up and together in fleshy mounds. Leather straps attached to the Basque encircled her breasts and a further strap cut through her cleavage, all linking into a studded collar fastened around her neck. Ankle high stiletto heeled boots of shiny leather, with numerous straps and buckles. Her legs seemed endless, the length of suspender running over her thighs to support her stockings bearing testament to this. Her pubic bush was jet black and very thick although it had been carefully trimmed around the edges to make a perfect vee. Elbow length gloves had been pulled on and to top it all, a Nazi style high-fronted peaked cap. Sombre makeup and black lipstick completed the picture of a severe and perhaps brutal personality, far removed from her earlier sympathetic aura.

With the cane in her grasp once more, Mistress Madaleine circled Rosa flicking now and again at her nipples and her vulva.

“Your legs. Wide open and bend over.”

Rosa did as ordered. But there was no lash from the cane. Mistress Madaleine simply stood behind her, tongue roaming her lips as her eyes swept over the honey pot of sex before her. Rosa was a prize indeed. A thinly gloved hand palmed over the curves of her rump, tracing the back of her legs down to her stocking tops. The cane slipped between her thighs to stroke up and down her flesh. It was all lazy and sensual and Rosa began to lose herself in a warm glow of relaxed satisfaction until suddenly a line of fire ripped across her buttocks. It was so unexpected that Rosa’s scream far outweighed the actual severity of the strike.

But it had been hard enough, biting into her meat and raising a pulsing welt. Another followed, more agonising than the first.

“Scream you must not. The beasts, we do not want them to find us.”

The increased pain of the second strike had been a warning. Rosa determined to keep silent, she most definitely did not want to risk recapture by Myerberg and his thugs. The cane was laid against the back of one of her legs, just above a stocking top. Swish! She heard the cane whistling through the air, steeling herself for its impact.

“Ughh! “

She did not scream this time uttering only a strangled gasp, but it was only through a valiant effort, Mistress Madaleine was certainly not holding anything back.

“Good. . Good. A strong girl you are.”

Whoosh!

The cane fell again. And again until the backs of both her thighs displayed a rising line of raised crimson ridges. In between her legs the cane whipped up to land a cutting blow on her vulva before the torturer returned to her backside, laying a succession of red hot lines over her already bruised meat. Tears were falling from Rosa’s eyes as Mistress Madaleine ordered her to straighten up. But as always with Rosa they were not just tears of distress. It was true The Woman was no Madame Stalevsky but she possessed an authority of her own to which Rosa could not help but respond. To her undying shame she

had already succumbed to Myerberg and if the level of arousal she was now feeling continued to increase she was in danger of the same thing happening with Mistress Madaleine.

The jewel in Rosa's navel glittered in the mote-filled rays of sunlight filtering through the shutters. As did the large hoop threaded through her left sex lip. The cane was pushed through the hoop and tugged. It hurt, but it also pulled her labia open and taking off a glove Mistress Madaleine ran her middle finger inside the length of Rosa's dampening slit. Flattening her palm she cupped Rosa's labia, appreciatively sliding upwards to her pubic mound and back down again, the smooth shaved flesh soft and unresisting beneath her touch. Her libido must have been stimulated because she removed the ungloved hand and massaged her own sex, the juices from Rosa's vagina that had stuck to her fingers mingling with those starting to flow from her own.

The cane once again went under Rosa's chin, followed the commissure of her lips and toyed with the dangling earrings. The tip stroked down her neck and over her shoulders, lingering on the tattoos of scourges.

"Your Madame Stalevsky, these things she beats you with?"

"Yes Mistress Madaleine."

"And you like it?"

Yes she did. A tingle ran through her vulva as her thoughts immediately turned to her real Mistress.

Smack!

The cane burnt a line of fire straight over one of the tattoos. Mistress Madaleine had seen the far-away look come into Rosa's eyes and did not like it. "Attention to me you will pay. No thinking of someone else."

And to back up those words, one . . two . . three more scalding slashes to her back. Rosa tried to be brave and endure the punishment without snivelling but an uncontrollable tear dripped from her eye. It really had hurt. Satisfaction showed on Mistress Madaleine's face.

"A lesson you have learned I hope."

She had. There was no point in directing her thoughts elsewhere this time. Mistress Madaleine was demanding her full co-operation and it would be well for her to give it. Anyway she had to admit to herself that so far she was finding the experience pleasurable. The ungloved hand caressed the livid weals on her back, teeth nibbling at her ear before wet lips slid down her neck to replace the hand and tenderly kiss away the hurt.

“Better now. Yes?”

The kisses planted at the base of Rosa’s neck and across her shoulders had sent shivers spiralling down her spine and she gave a little shudder of excitement. The tip of cane lifted her tumbling auburn hair and began tracing the path the shivers had taken. Vertebra by vertebra it notched downwards, over the bra strap and suspender belt to follow the crease of her buttocks before slipping between her legs, whipping from side to side to widen her stance.

There was a dampness in her vulva now. She was really getting to like Mistress Madaleine’s approach. The tenderness was something new. The pain and the arousal that followed it she loved as she always had, but the moments of compassion added a different dimension. She wanted more. More pain and more compassion. The pain was not long in coming. And this time it was not the cane. As the thongs lashed her flesh she knew it was the scourge. Familiar and welcome the lashes flayed her meat, stoking her sex into fire. Her breasts were savaged from both sides, the thin lace of her bra offering no protection from the merciless beating. Her rump, thighs and legs were whipped into crimson submission, pulsing and begging for more even though the lashes were still falling thick and fast. Her taut flat stomach suffered the same fate and her mons was lashed with the same brutal strength, the leather thongs whipping between her legs to bite into her dripping sex lips. She could not help herself. From deep within a shuddering orgasm ripped through her sex, in its wake leaving her shaking and sobbing with fulfilment.

“Good girl. That, you did not want to happen I know. Maybe I am not so bad after all?”

The voice was soothing, as Rosa's senses returned helping to dampen the shame that was now beginning to sweep over her. Once more she had been unfaithful to Madame Stalevsky. But what could she do? How could she help herself? Mistress Madaleine was overpowering, her strength and authority beating Rosa's resistance into nothingness. Still she wanted more. The gypsy in her soul urged her to whirl and dance in celebration but at least she maintained enough composure to resist those impossible impulses.

Mistress Madaleine allowed Rosa time to calm down. Both gloves now removed she fondled Rosa's breasts before slipping a hand round her back to unclip the bra. Slipping the straps down her arms she allowed the skimpy garment to fall to the floor. Rosa's nipple rings were crushed up against her rouged areolae, and slipping her little fingers through them, Mistress Madaleine pulled them free. Rosa's breasts were magnificent, striped and appealing. The temptation was too much. A tongue and a pair of hungry lips licked and sucked their way over the fleshy mounds until one hard erect nipple, together with its ring was taken into an appreciative mouth. Mistress Madaleine feasted to the full, the bitter taste of the rouge burning into her tongue.

Rosa's emotions were not exactly stable either. Her orgasm had been explosive but still the tingling remained in her vulva. Hard and erect her clitoris poked out between her sex lips, to be found easily by Mistress Madaleine's exploring hand. Feeling her nub being rolled between strong fingers Rosa soon found herself squirming in delight. Sucking on a nipple and stroking a clitoris at the same time Mistress Madaleine urged Rosa's inflamed passions to even higher levels. Little electric shocks rippled through her frame as the ecstasy of climax approached ever closer until once more she was catapulted into a squealing frenzied spasm of fulfilment. Her limbs felt like jelly as the strength drained from her body.

"Enough now for you I think."

And Mistress Madaleine was right. For the Moment Rosa was thoroughly sated. But the Mistress herself was thoroughly aroused and wanting. She took Rosa's hands and placed them on her own

breasts. High, proud and firm they responded to Rosa's touch with hardening nipples. They were both palmed and fondled before Rosa began to roll each of them between a finger and thumb. It was Mistress Madaleine's turn to squirm as Rosa felt the passion rising within her prey. Pushing her hands away Mistress Madaleine pulled Rosa's head down to her bosom, burying it between her cleavage before pushing a nipple at her mouth. Rosa was not slow in taking the nipple between her teeth, pulling and nipping at it in the way that she liked her nuggets to be treated.

"My tits, I like them sucking."

So Rosa was on the right track although she was surprised that Mistress Madaleine had actually voiced her approval. That was something else Madam Stalevsky would never have done, the differences between the two dominant women was becoming more apparent. Still sucking on Mistress Madaleine's breasts, Rosa's hand was directed downward to her bushy mons. Following the lead Rosa slipped her middle finger into a moist and welcoming slit, finding an erect clitoris and an open lubricating vagina. She rubbed the hard nugget and rolled it between her fingers, feeling Mistress Madaleine's body tense and shiver under her touch. She was not surprised a moment later when an urgent hand pushed her down on to her knees. She needed no instructions. She understood what was required of her.

Clasping Mistress Madaleine's buttocks with both hands, she pulled her close, widening her legs by pushing her head between the Mistress's thighs. She tongued a pair of tumescent sex lips before pushing into the slit with her nose to allow her to suck in an impatient clit. Her tongue and lips busied themselves in driving their grateful recipient into fast growing arousal, the musty smell of a lusting vagina filling her nose with welcome fragrance. She laid off the clitoris to concentrate on the source of the aroma, digging her tongue deep into its pink fleshy tunnel, savouring that aromatic taste which can only be found in one place and nowhere else. The flavour was exquisite and she lapped eagerly. Mistress Madaleine's moans told Rosa that she was fast nearing a climax and pulling even

tighter on her buttocks she transferred her attention back to her bullet of a clitoris. The first touch sent Mistress Madaleine into a jerking, growling paroxysm of continuing orgasms. Again and again Rosa felt her judder in response to the waves of electricity pulsing from her vulva.

Rosa continued sucking even after the shaking limbs had calmed themselves. She knew that would be welcome because she loved it herself. Mistress Madaleine was much like Rosa on that point and allowed her to carry on using her tongue until she had regained her own composure. Eventually her passion sated, she pushed Rosa's head away, pulled her to her feet and kissed her full on the lips. Her tongue darted into Rosa's mouth in search of a taste of her own musky sex. And she found it, her juices had flowed in abundance and still flooded Rosa's mouth. Finally pushing Rosa away she held her at arm's length.

"Such a fine good girl you are. Keep you for my own I think I will."

All of Rosa's cosy contentment drained away in that moment. She wanted Madame Stalevsky! And no one else.

All the while Mistress Madaleine had been playing with Rosa, Duke and Lolli had been hurtling towards Myerberg's hiding place. Not having gone to bed Duke had been wide awake when Thierry rushed to him with absolute confirmation of the location. Duke roused Lolli and raced away on the Ducati totally ignoring Thierry's request for him to wait until a police unit was assembled to assist in Myerberg's arrest.

Which was exactly what Thierry had expected him to do.

As they neared their destination Duke slowed the bike, the surroundings were looking very familiar. And then he had it. It was the spot where he thought he had seen the undercover cop on the previous day. Things were getting decidedly fishy. Even more so when the cop himself appeared out of the bushes to hail him.

“What the Hell’s going on?”

Duke’s voice was thunderous.

“No time to explain. Myerberg is somewhere in there. I suggest we split up and search separately.”

With undisguised bad grace Duke accepted his proposal and all three set off on different paths to search the camp site.

At the same time Myerberg and the two French thugs were searching for Mistress Madaleine and Rosa. They did not find them - but they did spot Duke. Myerberg’s reaction was to flee immediately and after giving his instructions to his sidekicks he ran off to collect the laptop. After stalking Duke with great stealth, they rushed him from behind, Pierre striking him a stunning blow on the head with the heavy truncheon.

Duke went down.

Unconscious.

The few holidaymakers witnessing the scene assumed that the security staff were dealing with a troublemaker. Heaving him away, they dumped him bound and gagged in Myerberg’s now vacated caravan. They would dispose of him later.

Only they would not. Because Lolli had spotted them dragging Duke’s limp form over the pebbly ground, and as soon as Pierre and Didier had left the cabin she crept in herself and freed him. He was still a little shaken but pulling Lolli behind him, he raced to where the bike was parked. Just in time to see Myerberg skidding out onto the main road, tyres squealing and pouring smoke.

Firing up the Ducati Duke screamed off in pursuit. Myerberg was gunning the car down the road, swerving almost uncontrollably around tight bends and overtaking other vehicles with a complete disregard for safety - theirs or his. Slowly but surely Duke lowered the distance between them until when he was almost upon Myerberg a Renault Mégane pulled out of a side road directly in front of him. Duke slammed on the brakes, leaving a trail of burning rubber in his wake and skidded out of control into a ditch.

Duke and Lolli were bruised and somewhat shaken up but not badly hurt. The Ducati however was a different story. Wheels

buckled and petrol streaming from its tank, it was a write-off. The Megane had stopped only for a moment, as if the driver was checking to see if the motorcyclists were all right before speeding away. Duke railed at the unseen driver, piling curses on his head. The driver himself was smiling grimly.

And that driver was Claude-François.

A crowd of excited Frenchmen was gathered around Duke and Lolli when a car pulled up and a passenger got out, sending the crowd on its way. It was Thierry. He was accompanied by a stunning woman. Véronique. Duke's anger was unbounded and on the way back to the holiday site Thierry listened to his tirade without comment. He cursed the police and the driver as well as Myerberg and the goons. When they arrived there were unmarked vehicles all over the lane leading to the camp and the entire area was swarming with plain clothes operatives. And sat in the back of a black Citroen people carrier were Rosa, Mistress Madaleine and the undercover cop.

Lolli and Rosa spotted each other simultaneously, leaping out if their respective vehicles to run into each other's arms. Rosa sobbed helplessly on Lolli's shoulder as Duke and Thierry pressed the cop for details of what had taken place. His story was that he had been unaware of Duke's predicament with Pierre and Didier, having discovered Mistress Madaleine's hideaway and laying siege to it. With the help of a couple more policemen he had broken down the door, rescued Rosa and captured her abductor, who was now handcuffed to a seat in the Citroen. She was willing to do a deal. She knew the exact details of Myerberg's escape plan and in exchange for lenient treatment she would pass the information to Thierry. Her proposition was accepted with alacrity and in no time at all, Thierry, Duke, Lolli and Véronique were heading for La Tuballe, a small fishing port set among the salt marshes further down the west coast of Brittany.

Arrangements were made for Rosa to be cared for at Le Manoir until Duke's job was finished and he could personally escort her back to The Lodge. A couple of agents were sent along to keep watch over

her, just in case. But not before an anxious Rosa had recovered her labial chain from Myerberg's caravan. To have returned to Madame Stalevsky without it would have been courting disaster of a greater magnitude than anything she had encountered with Myerberg.

The Owner's Wife

ACCORDING TO MISTRESS Madaleine, Myerberg's escape was set for the next day and so Duke and his colleagues had found accommodation for the night in a local pension.

Lolli had been ordered to her room, Duke feeling that she needed some rest if she were to hold up her end of the alliance. Together with Thierry and Véronique he was sat in the interior bar of a quayside café watching the seagulls wheeling in the sky as the sardine boats tied up in the harbour. With eagle eyes they were keeping watch through the window because however unlikely, there was always a possibility that Myerberg might be foolish enough to show himself in the town. The hour grew late with no sign of their quarry and Thierry suggested that the other two get some sleep while he did the night shift.

Duke had to admit that he was pretty bushed and so he and Véronique, made their way back to the small hotel. Duke looked in on Lolli, who he found was in a deep sleep and so he accepted Véronique's invitation to join her for a nightcap in her room.

"I know you are of The Brotherhood."

Those were her words as she poured the drinks.

"You know that my father was a renowned member of your Order?"

No, Duke did not know that.

"And my brother. They killed him you know. "

Duke did not know that either.

"He was the only son. Like you he would have been initiated into the Order. Alas they made a mistake and eliminated him along with my mother. But I am still the daughter of my father and until the deaths altered everything, it was my destiny to marry a member of The Brotherhood and give birth to his Son. So although I have spent many happy years with Oliver, I need to know what it would have been like if my future had worked out as it was intended."

Her meaning was clear enough and she was certainly a ravishing woman. So it was that shortly after Duke began to educate her into the delights of sex with one of God's chosen children. Her breasts were full, firm and wonderfully arousing as they filled his palms through her dress. His mouth brushed hers, a delightfully sexy tongue darting between his lips. This was his first experience with an older woman and he intended to savour it to the full. She was still fully dressed as she stood before him, but she was not wearing a bra. Or knickers for that matter. Oozing sensuality, she was the only woman he had ever met that came close to Lolli in looks and animal appeal. For the first time in his life he was in a quandary as to where to start and what to do. He tried to tell himself that she was just another woman. But that most patently was not the case.

In at the deep end.

It was the only way. As had been the case with her mother, Marie-Hélène, pain and discipline were vital to Véronique's enjoyment of sex. Her condition the morning after she had been used by Thierry at Le Manoir had indicated that much to Duke. But what could he do? there in that cramped little hotel room. Improvise, he told himself.

But he did not have to.

Véronique always travelled prepared for any eventuality. Removing herself from his embrace she turned to a fine leather dress bag hanging on the outside of a wardrobe. It had been unfolded to its full length and by its distinctive light tan colour and the unmistakable designs covering its surface, even Duke knew it was a Louis Vuitton. Starting from the top she unzipped it all the way around the edges and reaching into the bottom, from below the hem of a shamelessly expensive Donatella Versace creation she pulled out a riding crop, a whip and a pair of staggering stilettos. She took off the shoes she was wearing and slipped on their replacements, adding another three inches or so to her height. Walking back over to Duke, she laid the two implements on the bed.

"Will these help?"

She smiled as she spoke the words. No answer was required or expected. Duke did not immediately take up either of the goodies, he wanted to experience more of her tasty kisses and to explore her body fully before getting down to the serious business. He slid his hands over her rounded hindquarters, marvelling at their firmness. Her entire frame was the same. Not a trace of slackness in her flesh, she had kept herself in perfect trim and he was more than impressed by the feel of her flesh as he slipped her skirt up over her bottom. Smoothing his palms over her thighs, he allowed himself the diversion of cupping her well thatched mons before once more grasping her buttocks to pull her close and savouring another of her cock twitching kisses. She had the tongue of a snake, flicking in and around his mouth with mischievous intent. He would have to watch himself. This woman was capable of bringing a man to orgasm without even a touch to his private parts. Experience shows. And she certainly had it in abundance.

Leaving her skirt around her waist, he pulled the chair away from the dressing-table and had her bend over, her hands clasping either side of the seat and her feet spread wide. The view was breathtaking. Her complete outfit was in complimentary shades of beige. Starting with her make-up and lipstick. Then the blouse. And the skirt rucked up over her haunches. The seamed stockings, with their darker tops. And the suspenders. Véronique was up to the minute in her taste, beige being dictated by the fashion houses as the colour of the season.

Her legs were straight and long, with perfect shapely calves. Her thighs smooth and unmarked. And her sex. In all of its enticing glory it stared him straight in the face. Long, slightly open inner lips beckoned through her more fleshy labia, several gold rings piercing each one.

And to top it all an inviting puckered anus that was just ripe for fucking.

As he raised the crop, Duke could see Véronique's face, framed by her tumbling hair, in the dressing table mirror. Her eyes were bright with anticipation, her tongue roaming over her lips. Whack!

The first stroke fell brutally on her rump, her flesh rippling under its impact, the thick imprint of its haft and the rectangular shape of the keeper leaving their mark on her unblemished flesh.

“Mmmm.”

She loved it alright. Despite the fact that she had flinched violently at the taste of the crop she had not screamed, just uttered a low moan of pleasure. That was another first for Duke. He had witnessed many reactions to flagellation, usually highly vocal, but he had never been greeted with an instant expression of joy on the first stroke. That normally came much later.

“Ooooh.”

The same reaction greeted the second stroke. And the third. But she was no pushover. It was just that she appreciated it so much. And he had to remind himself of that, to ensure that he did not get carried away and imagine he was faring far better with her than he actually was. He was taking nothing for granted and by any standards he had been fairly brutal in the delivery of the strokes, the livid ridges pulsing on her backside proved that fact. Three strokes she had been given, but how many would she expect? Suddenly the mist blew away from Duke's mind. ‘What the Hell was he thinking of? ‘HE was the Master. It was him that was in control. For a short time he had allowed his awe of the woman to shape his actions. It did not matter in the slightest what she wanted. She was there to fulfil his needs. Just like any other woman. Up went his arm once again. And fell with ferocious power, Véronique's bottom jumping several inches upwards as the blow landed.

“OOoow.”

Had his ears deceived him? Or had he detected the slightest hint of a scream.

Her rump meat was still twitching when the next strike landed with an equally wicked ferocity.

“OWW.”

There was no doubt this time. Nor the next. He let her rest for a few moments, squirming in agony as the searing pain brought tears to her eyes. The agony must have been exquisite however because

although drawing in huge breaths, very soon between the pants she began to purr like a huge cat. A jungle cat. Her sex was on wide open display and Duke thought he could see a trickle of juices seeping from her vagina. Very pleasing. He was doing well after all. He traced the slit between her labia with the crop's soft leather keeper, raising it to his nose and finding it satisfyingly soaked with her musky secretions.

The insides of her thighs above her stockings tops were his next area of attention. The crop travelled the expanse of flesh between the lace tops and her vulva, stopping every now and then to whip stingingly into her creamy loins. She widened her stance to better facilitate his actions, the crop whipping upwards to deliver a stinging smack to her sex.

"When I require you to move, I'll tell you. Understood?"

"Yes." And after a pause . . . "Master."

Duke smiled to himself in gratification. That was what he was after. Respect.

The crop lay flat against the back of her thighs. Whack! It was a tender spot and the weal flared up instantaneously. He laid the strikes slowly and deliberately, one after the other with just a little pause between them. Up one leg from the stocking tops and down the other to the starting point. Twelve biting slashes she had taken. And not a murmur now. She had obviously steeled herself to fight the pain. Twelve weals on her legs and six on her bottom. That made eighteen so far. And no cries for mercy, just those initial moaning's of pleasure. What a woman!

What a woman indeed. He smoothed his palm up the backs of her legs, feeling every pulsing weal as he slipped over it. He could not be sure but he thought she was trembling a little. Not from the pain, of that he was in no doubt. In between her thighs he sought out her vulva. It was sodden with her juices and as he touched her hardened clitoris he felt her jump as though she had received an electric shock. From behind he stroked and massaged her sex, putting his little finger through her labial rings to open her lips wider, using his thumb to rub her exited clitoris into an even more

torturous erection. Purring and moaning in arousal he could feel her vaginal muscles trying to grab his thumb and pull it into her tunnel. He resisted the temptation to explore that luscious hole and concentrated on her bud.

Harder and harder he pressed, rolling her clitoris until the suspected trembling manifested itself into an undoubted shuddering. He drove relentlessly on until with her shoulders shaking and her legs twitching uncontrollably, she erupted into an awesome orgasm. Her wailing response left him, and probably the rest of the hotel in no doubt that she had reached a shattering climax. Duke waited until the shuddering subsided, still leaving her bent over the stool. He might as well start enjoying himself he thought, this was a two way experience. Unleashing his shaft he lodged it in the entrance to her sex. Her hole had widened with her orgasm but still only a small circle of his glans edged its way in. He pushed until the bulbous head buried itself up to the ridge and left it to soak. He looked down at the length of his penis still waiting to find its way into her honey pot, delighting in the round curves of her rump and thinking how erotic it was to shag a woman with her clothes flung up over her bottom, stockings and suspenders on full view. So different to a totally naked form and in its own way, so much more arousing.

He pushed in a little further, Véronique giving a stifled grunt and then a satisfied purr as her vagina widened to accommodate his girth, the muscles in its wall contracting to grip his bell end and attempting to draw more of him into her. The pressure on his cock prompted Duke into action and he began to slide slowly in and out, penetrating deeper and deeper with each stroke. He gripped the fronts of her thighs, pulling her on to him, although for her part she was already pushing backwards to meet his thrusts. The thrill built up steadily, a ceaseless easy rhythm slowly becoming an urgent pistonning until he felt the sperm racing up his urethra. He jammed himself against her buttocks as his cock jerked inside her, jetting his blessed seed up to her womb. And she was with him all the way. Again she erupted into a noisy squealing climax, maybe not as spectacular as the first but gut bustingly satisfying all the

same. It took quite some time before her vagina reluctantly agreed to release its hold on Duke's penis. Pushing her haunches forward he pulled from her depths, wiping away most of the clinging come on her buttocks.

"You may stand now."

She did, rubbing her aching back in relief.

"Turn around, legs wide."

Little beads of perspiration glistened on her forehead, but otherwise she was still radiant showing no sign of the strain she had suffered bent over the chair for so long. Duke stood watching. Admiring. Small streams of his sperm were running down the insides of her thighs, soaking into the lace band of her stocking tops. She was breathing more heavily than usual, the result of her heightened passion, and her heavy breasts pushed at the delicate chiffon of her blouse.

"The skirt. Get rid of it."

Duke had gained all the titillation he was likely to from that garment. It was now redundant.

"And the blouse."

But not of course, the suspenders and stockings. Totally exposed, her breasts were phenomenal. Full and heavy, with dark areolae and jutting suckable nipples. Just ripe for the whip! He picked it up. Flicking at her vulva, her buttocks and her breasts he walked around her. Teasing. The look in her eyes told him she wanted to taste the whip. She was pleading for the biting lashes. Well, she would just have to wait.

"Shoulders back. Arms behind you, hands clasped together."

That pushed her breasts forward most satisfactorily. They were wonderful. It seemed almost sacrilege to mark them. On the other hand sacrilege was exactly what it would be if he left them unflagellated. He stood back, arm raised. Her eyes lit up in expectation. From on high he unleashed a wicked lash straight over the fullness of both breasts, leaving a long white welt that immediately flushed into crimson. A sharp intake of breath was Véronique's only response. He targeted his next strike. Absolute

precision. That was what he required. Nothing else would do. When he was done she must be striped in an unquestionably geometric fashion. One that she would be able to admire for days to come.

The whip bit into her meat once again. Another livid stripe, expertly laid above and parallel to the first. But only on one breast. He would deal with them separately from now onwards. Swish! His arm fell again, her tender flesh rippling under the impact as yet another crimson line of fire seared her skin. He worked in the same way over the top of her other mammary, leaving it just as spectacularly striped. Then he turned to undersides of her mounds. That was more difficult. As she was standing he had to strike upwards. Not so much of a problem that Duke could not solve it. Holding the whip palm down he flicked his wrist as his arm rose. A numbing slash sliced her udder, the tip of the whip curling under her shoulder. He grasped a nipple, pulling hard to elongate her breast as much as its firmness would allow. That gave a little more usable flesh for him to work on. And work on it he did, slash upon slash, whipping and cutting her tender meat. She rose on her toes more than once as the plaited wisps of leather on the end of the whip struck home, gritting her teeth to fight the searing agony. But she did not cry out. Not once. Not even when he decided to finish with her tits and gave her several incendiary slashes straight over her projecting nipples.

Her previously unblemished udders now glowed like a beacon. Not a warning signal but an inviting flame. Duke accepted the invitation, palming and squeezing her pain laden orbs and rolling her nuggets with iron fingers and thumbs. She revelled in it. The pain must have been vicious but she soaked it up like a sponge. Duke decided she was deriving far too much pleasure from his treatment of her and started on her rib cage. It did not make the slightest difference. There was no lowering of her lust. Quite the contrary. Every scalding bite of the whip only served to heighten her desire.

Alright. If she wanted continuous shags she could have them. Duke had the stamina of a stallion and he would let her know

it. Pushing her down on to the bed he threw her legs up over his shoulders and plunged straight into her. Her sex was swimming and he went in easily. Right up to the hilt. Rutting into her, his gonads slapping up against her bottom, he brought her to orgasm in so short a time that he had only just started himself. Her vagina clamped on to his staff with the pressure of a vice as she came, almost stopping his thrusts. Her body shook and her legs danced against his shoulders. She really did have the most spectacular orgasms. Only he was not about to stop. He had his own satisfaction to think of.

As the grip on his penis slackened and he was able to get back into a regular rhythm it was obvious that Véronique was still with him. As much as she could give the position she was in she tried to meet his thrusts, sliding easily up and down the length of his shaft, aided greatly by the mixture of his sperm and her juices. He felt a tightening on his member once again as he speeded towards his ejaculation. Véronique was coming as well. He heaved his ejaculating penis as far up her vagina as he could, holding it there with spurt upon spurt of sperm blasting into her, while she thrashed around shuddering with yet another staggering climax.

It was unbelievable. Duke had never known a woman achieve so many body shattering orgasms in such a short space of time. She lay panting, her legs now heavy on his shoulders as he allowed his shaft to detumescence inside her. Sliding her legs down either side of his hips he dropped them so that her feet hit the wooden parquet floor with a clattering of stiletto heels. Never mind 'what a woman', what a shag he thought. She was superb. She could probably fuck a town down. He could not show it but he was ready to welcome a little respite himself. Time to get his breath back. That was easy to sort out.

"Up. Off the bed."

She struggled up on weak legs.

"Did I give you permission to behave in such a disgracefully wanton manner?"

"No Master."

The answer came in a whisper. But still in that husky prick-teasing French accent.

“Stand in the corner, legs wide and facing the wall until I tell you otherwise.”

She did as he ordered. When her back was towards him, with sperm dripping in great globules from her vagina on to the floor, he helped himself to a reviving Scotch and lit a Gaulloise. With the drink and the cigarette finished, he turned his attention back to Véronique.

“Over here, on your knees.”

His penis was not exactly flaccid, but neither was it rock solid. It was pleasantly in between. Her mouth just about level with his crotch and her breasts squashed up against his thighs as she pushed her tongue through her lips and ran it over the purple head of his glans. Little drops of sperm still clung there, salty and satisfying as she lapped them up. When she had cleaned his dick of every tasty drop she the tongued its whole length, right down to his balls, licking and slurping, eventually dipping under his scrotum to lick and savour any precious seed that may have trickled down there.

She cradled his gonads in a soft palm, taking their weight and her fingernails raking the crinkly skin of his ball-sac. Her other hand loosely clasped itself around his penis, guiding his bell-end into her hungry mouth. She rolled her tongue underneath his sensitive spot giving Duke a pleasing twitch and prompting his shaft to a slowly building tumescence. She fed in a little more, sucking easily and expertly on his flesh. Pushing her head forward, another length of his now granite-solid manhood disappeared into her mouth until his glans bumped up against her tonsils. His penis stuffing her mouth, she slid her lips up and down its length showing Duke just how sensuous an expert tongue wank could be.

He rested his hand on the back of her head, stroking her dark tresses and gently pressing her mouth still further over his weapon. Licking and sucking she bobbed back and forth, gradually speeding up as Duke's arousal became more obvious. He was unable to stop himself from thrusting forward as her mouth swept downwards,

forcing her to tilt her head in order to accept his glans into her throat. Her head moved faster and faster, her tongue working overtime trying to wrench the seed from Duke's still well stocked balls until grunting in gratification he bucked and jerked as he came. She took it all, swallowing eagerly and urgently in the attempt to ensure not a drop of the tasty ambrosia was wasted. As his weapon slackened Duke eased it from Véronique's feasting mouth with her still licking hungrily trying to find any missed traces of his come. She was perhaps being even more thorough than usual in that respect he thought, because he knew that she regarded his seed as something precious, magical even. And of course, she was right. Véronique had given good head, Duke acknowledged that. In fact she had been extremely good, but in that department there really was no woman who could match Lolli. The thought of Lolli brought back his father's words and he stood contemplating his future with her and the required mating. A hesitantly delivered question broke his reverie.

"Master . . . May I get up now?"

"Eh? Yes, on your feet."

And saying that he took in fully for the first time exactly what it was she had on her feet. Shoes obviously. Stilettos. And sexy as hell. Basically of a beige colour to match the rest of her now discarded outfit, they were rippled with darker shadows, which rolled from their toes up to their heels before descending all the way down the spiky, sky-high heels. Sharply pointed toes were decorated with a subtle sewn-in design that perfectly complimented the shading of the shoes' colours.

"You find the shoes attractive Master?"

Yes, Duke appreciated them very much.

"They are not quite what they seem. They were coloured in a very special way. Firstly the leather was bleached white and then the colours were hand painted on. The little sparkles are diamonds."

Duke had thought as much. He decided he liked them very much indeed.

"Come. Over to the bed."

He sat her on the bed with her back up against the headboard and her legs bent at the knees so that the shoes rested flat on the sheet, the spiky heels digging into the material. He pulled her knees apart so that he could get an unrestricted view of her sex and then with his hand around the back of her heel he lifted one leg clear of the bed. Almost reverently he slipped a shoe from her foot lifting it to his nose to sniff the painted leather. It was exquisite. He cradled the shoe in his hands for a while before laying it down on the bed beside her.

Taking off her other shoe he laid it beside the first. Then he unclipped all four lacy suspenders and rolled the sheer stockings down her legs and over her feet. Her legs were now bare and he stroked them appreciatively. Lifting her bottom he slipped a hand around her back and unfastened the suspender belt itself, pulling it free and despatching it to join the stockings.

He returned his attention to her foot, taking it in both hands and stretching out her leg to full length. Starting with her heel he began to smother her foot in kisses. His lips traced their way over the Talus and Cuneiform bones in the top of her foot and continued over her toes. Starting with her little toe he took them one by one into his mouth, sucking and enjoying her big toe for quite some while. It was a treatment which she was finding extremely sensual as well, her contented sighs indicating that fact only too vocally. He climbed on to the bed himself and working upwards from her ankle began to kiss her legs. Up he went over her calves, the back of knees and finally the insides of her thighs. He lingered long and savouringly over her thighs, the closeness of her vagina with its delicious musky aroma inviting him to concentrate on it instead of her legs. Little shivers were rippling through her body, shivers that he could feel on his lips as they slid across her firm flesh. His head between her thighs he moved on up, the trembling in her limbs increasing until it turned into a shudder as his lips fell upon her open sex. Her legs crushed together against his head, her vulva pressing hard against her lips, urging him on. He found her hard clitoris, nipping it with his teeth before realising that it was so erect and extended that he

could actually suck it. Which is what he did, alternating with long agonisingly delicious licks, driving her into a fury of writhing and bucking until pulling her hard against his mouth he increased his onslaught catapulting her into another fearsome orgasm.

That time it was her juices that flooded his mouth. Savoury and aromatic they stoked his own emotions, his penis hardening into rock. Pulling his head from between her thighs he sat up, and fiddling with the buttons ripped his shirt open and threw it off. Then his trousers and shorts. He was naked now and basking in the afterglow of her climax, Véronique stiffened as she caught sight of his birthmark. If confirmation of her ancestry were needed, it came at that moment. She knew what the Pi-like sign really represented. And she told him. But he only allowed the action to stop for a moment. He had an urgent need now. Discussions of that nature could wait.

He pulled her down the bed, rolled her over on to her front and stuffed several pillows under her tummy, projecting her hindquarters up into the air. Kneeling between her legs he aimed his pulsing shaft straight at the pucker of her anus. It was tight, sweet and eminently fuckable. He widened the cheeks of her backside with his hands and pushed in. His glans had a hard time overcoming her sphincters, breaking through and plunging in deeply in a sudden surrendering of resistance. God it felt good. With his hands now pushing hard on the roundness of her buttocks, he started to shag her anus with fervour. He had wanted to feel his shaft stuck up that bottom since the first moment he had seen it. And now it was there. Abandoning himself totally to the pursuit of his orgasm he literally fucked the arse off her. Slamming against her buttocks he poured another flood of sperm from his seemingly never ending supply deep into her backside.

It was only as he pulled out with a discernable plop that he realised he had paid no attention to Véronique during that frantic shagging. She lay beneath him panting, recovering from his merciless ramming, sperm dribbling from her anus.

“You can get up now if you want. I think we’ll take a little break.”

She did not want. She was shattered and rolled over onto her back, weak and absolutely fucked rotten. For Véronique, her experience with Duke had transported her far beyond the realms of ecstasy. Now she really did know what she was missing.

The Betrayal And The Next Son

HAVING RELIEVED THIERRY, Duke and Lolli were once again sat in the back room of the café, the replacement Ducati he had requested being parked outside.

In dire need of some rest herself Véronique had stayed behind in the pension and would be joining them later after Thierry had rested a little. Knowing the exact timing of Myerberg's escape plan - he was to be picked up at twelve noon precisely from one of the remote beaches bordering the salt marshes - they relaxed somewhat. The only problem was that they did not know from precisely which beach he was to be lifted. And there were many. So an army of police and secret agents was stationed on the look-out all over the area, Duke just awaiting their call to spring into action.

Indulging in idle conversation with Lolli, Duke kept a sharp eye out anyway and suddenly grabbing her arm he directed her attention into the street outside. It was him. Myerberg! His inordinate vanity had caused him to stop and admire his reflection in the large café window. Inevitably his gaze wandered to the interior of the café and in a mind jolting instant their eyes met. Myerberg's cold piercing stare collided with Duke's forthright recognition of his adversary. Myerberg took off in an instant. Chairs flew left and right and drinks spilled as Duke bulldozed a path through the customers in pursuit.

Myerberg was athletic to say the least and was already jumping into a Mercedes as Duke tumbled out of the café. Leaping onto the Ducati, Duke fired it up revving frustratedly waiting for Lolli to join him. The moment she was settled behind him he scorched off in pursuit of his quarry. He was led a frantic chase, out of the town and along narrow winding lanes, the strange medieval city of Guérande looming eerily out of the salt marshes as he sped towards his destination. Duke was still some considerable distance behind when Myerberg slithered to a skidding halt at the base of the huge sandbank protecting the marshes from the encroaching sea.

Scrambling over the dunes he was lost from sight as Duke raced on. Making no attempt to reduce speed, Duke ran the Ducati straight at the dune, trusting that the bike would run up the bank and shoot over the top. His hopes were dashed into fragments as both he and Lolli were catapulted through the air as the front wheel dug into the loose sand. Picking himself up Duke pulled out his hand gun and raced over the summit of the dune.

There was Myerberg. Laptop in hand and a couple of hundred yards away, running towards a motorised dinghy that was bobbing up and down in the choppy sea. Dropping to his knees, Duke took aim.

He fired. His aim was true and Myerberg went down with a bullet in his thigh, the laptop skidding away from his grasp

“NO. No, don’t do it.”

It was Lolli. At his side and pressing down on his gun arm.

“Here, take this.”

She thrust the satellite phone at him.

“What the hell are you playing at? Myerberg, I’ve got him.”

“NO, you mustn’t. Quick- speak to your father.”

Duke slammed the phone to his ear, his expression fierce. It was fiercer still a moment later.

“No, I won’t do it. I’ve got him.”

Even Lolli could hear the roar of authority that whistled down the phone. Duke listened, his face a picture of recalcitrance. Then in an obvious fury he spat out, “Alright. But there better be one hell of an explanation.”

Throwing the phone down onto the sand, he once more took aim. By that time Myerberg had recovered the laptop and almost reached the water’s edge. Duke pulled the trigger. Myerberg clutched his other leg and howled in agony. No more bullets found their target. Shot followed shot, sand spurting all around Myerberg where the wasted ammunition was falling. Splashing into the water, Myerberg and the laptop were hauled into the dinghy, which sped away at top speed. Mysteriously, there was no sign of a police launch or any form of seaborne pursuit. As the craft bounced over

the waves and disappeared from view, Duke turned to Lolli.

“Let’s hear it. And make it good. What’s been going on.”

The explanation was straightforward. But nothing Duke wanted to hear. It had been a set-up from the word go. And Lolli had played a major role in it, reporting every phase back to The Elders using the satellite phone. Duke was never really intended to retrieve the laptop, which was why at the last moment he had been ordered to allow Myerberg to escape, which was the reason that after wounding him enough to provide at least a little grim satisfaction, all of Duke’s final shots had been fired wide.

The Brotherhood had expected an attempt to steal their secrets and so the laptop had been a decoy containing totally false information. But Myerberg had to be convinced that he possessed the real thing and so it was vital that the chase should seem to be white hot. Myerberg had to believe that he was being pursued using every facility open to The Brotherhood, the Police and the Secret Service. So they had to ensure that Duke kept close on his tail. But not too close. Each time Duke could have netted Myerberg he had to be deflected to allow the chase to continue. Everything had turned out according to plan and their enemies would now spend endless futile months attempting to decipher useless information. The only thing they had not counted on was the kidnapping of Rosa’s mother and sister. But that was being dealt with even as they spoke.

Duke felt a grieved sense of betrayal as Lolli listed the instances when he had been deliberately thrown off track, and hearing them he wondered why on earth he had not picked them up in the first place. She started with the couple at Roscoff. They had hurriedly been put in place when it seemed Duke might apprehend Myerberg on the ferry, when he had only just acquired the laptop and the chase had hardly begun. Then in the Cathedral in Saint Malo the undercover cop had deliberately shown himself to facilitate Myerberg’s escape. Shortly after that the two policemen and a couple of secret service agents had grabbed him in the street, preventing him from catching his prey. Throughout the entire escapade, Lolli,

Thierry and Claude-François had been plotting with the Elders and manipulating events, hence her continual calls to The Headmaster on the satellite phone. They had known Myerberg's whereabouts right from the very start, he had never been out of their surveillance. Duke had been right. He did spot the undercover cop at the campsite, which had provided Lolli with a moment of panic fearing that he would investigate further. And the following day it had been Claude-François who ran him off the road ending his high speed pursuit of the criminal. Now with Myerberg seemingly snatched to safety at the last second, severely mauled but alive, they were as certain as they could be that their plan had worked.

So. All in all Duke's mission had been a success. But it did not seem that way to him. Back in La Turballe, Duke engaged in a very long, fraught conversation with his father in England. One note of pleasantness was struck when he was told that upon hearing of Rosa's rescue, Connie, Molly and Ham, or to give them their full names, Conrad Montgomery, Justin Molyneux and Abraham Goldstein had leapt into action and secured the release of her mother and sister, who were now on their way to England. Thoroughly sickened, although he could see the logic behind The Elder's plan, he made no attempt to leave the town that night, instead dismissing everything from his mind and getting hideously drunk.

The next morning suffering from the daddy of all hangovers, Duke sped away from the town, with Lolli perched behind him on the pillion seat of the Ducati. They were heading for Le Manoir to collect Rosa before returning to The Lodge. As for Rosa herself, her first request on arriving at Le Manoir had been to ask that she be taken to the Cathedral at Saint Malo in order that she could beg absolution for the sins committed by Myerberg and the Ape when they had abused her so foully within its Holy precincts. What she was never to know was that the Father who took her confession was the very same priest, who unseen and hidden in the confessional,

had witnessed those events as they happened. And so as she walked from the church cleansed of sin, a cassock was once again wet and stained. With the spirits of Jacques Cartier and Chateaubriand hovering around him, God's emissary had been unable to fight temptation and had wanked himself silly as she related the tale of her rape.

Sixty or seventy kilometres out of La Turballe, freshened by the rushing air blasting on his face and the hot sun warming his back, Duke was in a much calmer frame of mind. Slowing down to enjoy the glorious summer day more fully, he passed into the shadow of a dense forest, his curiosity being grabbed by a sign planted at its edge.

'Défense d'entrer sous peine de fusiller' is what the notice read.

Duke translated it into colloquial English: 'Keep off, trespassers will be shot'. Fascinating! Without an overwhelming reason, why anyone would even attempt to pull off the road into the densely-ferned woodland was beyond his understanding. This was worthy of investigation. The bike leapt the mound and the ditch protecting the private land from unwanted strangers, to land in a dense, rock strewn jungle. Forging a path through the tangled undergrowth, Duke bounced over hidden rocks and protruding tree roots, until suddenly, and totally unexpectedly he shot into a clearing.

But not just a clearing. A tumulus. An unfathomable dolmen, a cromlech with descending stone steps leading who knew how far into the Earth. And surrounded by a circle of giant standing stones, the like of which he had only seen before at Avebury and Carnac, and which he had been assured were the largest megalithic constructions ever discovered. Not so. That was obvious. He killed the engine, parked the Ducati and with Lolli following close behind, walked into the circle.

There was magic there. Ancient magic. He could feel it. A magic that touched a previously dormant part of his mind and bounced it into cognisance. The Anima Mundi: the soul of the world, the power that regulates the Universe and sometime or other is touched upon

and used by every member of The Brotherhood. Laying a hand, palm flat out, against the tallest stone, a shock of electric intensity shot through his body. Unable to fight the compulsion telling him to do so, he swivelled around and laid his other palm on the stone. His eyes closed, and Lolli watched in open mouthed silence as Duke's muscles trembled and his body shook, unknown forces surging through his body. He remained, seemingly mesmerised, for several minutes, until suddenly shaking himself free, he stepped back. Lolli said nothing as he took her hand and flattened it against the stone. Within moments she understood. Lifting her hand from the stone, Duke pointed to the granite beneath where her palm had rested. It was the sign. The Pi-like design of The Brotherhood.

Duke and Lolli had found the ancient, secret temple of The Sons of Adam. And what is more, it was the day of the Summer Solstice. The day when the Earth was re-born and renewed with energy for the coming year. Their destiny was sealed in that moment. This was The Place. And now was the time. Duke knew it beyond any question, it was just as Montague had said it would be. Lolli's enlightenment was at hand, and very soon his seed would be fertilising her waiting ovum and his own Son would find life in her womb. Throughout their adventure she had kept a secret from him, but now she was to learn something herself. All had fallen silent around them. The birds had stopped singing, the insects no longer buzzed and even the wind had stopped rustling the long grass and the leaves of the trees surrounding the magical site. The sun shone, bright and warming and it seemed as if time had been suspended, all of nature waiting with baited breath for some mystical, pre-ordained happening.

Sitting her down on one of the smaller stones, obeying his father's instructions Duke began talking. Incredulous ears and eyes wide with astonishment greeted his words. He told her of the origins of The Brotherhood, beginning with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; he explained their role in keeping the world in order and in particular of their fight against the Forces of Darkness. He told her of the Pi-like design, which now they were in its presence seemed

so much to be a caricature of the giant dolmen. But it was not that at all. The two sets of three diagonal stripes, topped with six more horizontal stripes was the pattern cut into Eve's back by Adam after she had seduced him into eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. And that was what both the design and the Brothers' birthmarks were, the diagonal stripes representing the trunk of the Tree and the horizontal stripes, the branches. A permanent reminder of Eve's sin and the need to obey God's word.

Lolli's brain was whirling with his revelations, it was all so unbelievable. And yet she did believe and when Duke dropped the final bombshell, telling her that she had been given the honour of mothering his own child, and not only that but he wished her to become his wife, she was rendered speechless, totally overcome with emotion. Duke wanted her -for his own! And she was to re-create Eve's role in producing one of God's own chosen children. She was incapable of uttering a word, but Duke motioned her to remain silent anyway while he went on to explain more fully Eve's part in the genesis of The Brotherhood.

"Just think about how it could have been," he instructed her. "Adam and Eve are in Eden, their every want and need catered for, but Eve is sexually frustrated and asks why it is that the Lord gave her a vagina and Adam a penis if they weren't allowed to use them. The Serpent . . . The Devil if you like . . . tempts her and gives his guarantee that no harm will come to them if they taste the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Eve is taken in, and going to Adam she loops her arms over his shoulders, rolls her full, firm breasts over his chest, almost piercing his ribs with a pair of taut, erect nipples. She drops one arm and with a sensuous hand strokes the flesh over his missing rib before lowering it to caress his erupting manhood. Before you know it he's got a rock solid erection that fills her palm and she feels him shudder as she works the skin back and forth over his glans. A trickle of arousal drips on to her fingers and she's got him! From then on he's a lost cause, he commits the Original Sin and condemns his progeny to an eternity of attrition fighting the forces of evil.

“Of course, he tries to make amends once The Lord discovers what they’ve done, by punishing Eve. He’s been given the strength of giants and with one hand he lifts Eve from the ground and sets her facing him, struggling but upright, with her back pinned solidly against the rough bark of the trunk of the Tree. With one hand clasped around her throat he holds her there, feet dangling in the air. But he needs help so St. Michael sends a cherub to assist him and wings beating, the cherub whirls around Eve, binding her tightly to the tree with the vines Adam has collected. When she’s totally secured, Adam releases his grip and Eve hangs spreadeagled before him, her sexual finery exposed and vulnerable.

But now he needs an instrument of correction and pulling a sapling from the ground, he trims and cuts it to a suitable length for his purpose. With Heavenly guidance, he weighs it in his palm for balance and tests it for resilience, swishing it backwards and forwards through the crystal air. The sound, a sort of rushing whoosh, is music to his ears, but to Eve it’s more like a concerto of doom. Adam looks up and down her body, her large thrusting breasts, her nipples of darkest brown and their contrasting walnut areolae, the perfect vee of her jet black pubis, the lips guarding the entrance to her forbidden zone. Now that he knows the joy of intercourse, the sight of her sex and her helpless position, sparks an instant reaction in his manhood and he steps forward sliding his fingers between her widespread thighs and working them up past her labia and into her vagina. It’s inviting, warm, and juicy. Eve wriggles in delight under his insistent probing and seeking to stave off her punishment, she again whispers seductively in his ear, begging him to thrust his staff deep inside her in order to taste the Forbidden Fruit once again.

“Adam almost flounders, lust and the need for sex washing over him, and is saved only by his conscience ringing words of admonition through his head. ‘You must be strong and never again fall prey to womanly guile. ‘They were the Lord’s own words and remembering them Adam heeds the warning, garners his wits, prepares himself and lifts his arm. He thrashes her mercilessly, the lashes were without any doubt as mighty as the Book of Adam tells

us they were, imprinting the Pi like image of the Tree on her back. The marks are burned deep into her back and she will bear them for all time, as will her Sons in the form of a birthmark, my birthmark.

“He throws the rod to the ground and moves to release Eve only to find that she is as voraciously rampant as ever. As soon as her hands are free she throws her arms around him, biting his flesh in lustful hunger before grasping at his manhood. The beating has driven her into a frenzy of sexual excitement as it has with almost all womankind since. And this is when Adam inflicts the ultimate punishment: he denies her fulfilment. Neither does he take his own pleasure with her, instead he leads her from the Garden with her hands tied behind her back so that she is unable to satisfy herself. Her tears and pleas for Adam to fuck and satisfy her, fall on deaf ears as he takes her out into the world east of Eden, and Paradise is lost to them, and us, forever.” Duke halted his discourse, remaining silent for a few moments before taking Lolli’s hands in his own.

“That beating I have to re-create here and now . . with you, to show our allegiance to God and The Brotherhood. And when it’s over we’ll go down into the chamber beneath the cromlech and make love on the sacred altar . . and Lolli, don’t ask me how, but I know that’s where our own Son will be conceived.”

Stringing Lolli up into the desired position did not prove as much of a challenge as Duke had expected. This site was designed for what he had in mind, all the necessities being provided, if only you sought them out. Circumnavigating the stones he came upon two giant specimens, which standing side by side had hollowed out half-moon projections just above their bases and again several feet higher up. Duke likened them to teapot handles, only much larger. Their purpose was indisputable and Duke was lucky in the fact that he did not have to fashion his own ropes and restraints from the raw material provided by the surrounding forest.

Walking over to the bike he opened up the saddle bag and pulled out the equipment he had stashed in there following his last talk with Montague. He was well prepared for this moment. What was in there was eight pairs of handcuffs and four lengths of steel chain.

“Ready yourself Lolli,” were his only words as he completed his preparations.

Lolli was spreadeagled, naked and chained up in a letter X configuration several feet from the ground. Handcuffs were clamped around both ankles and wrists, each linked to a length of chain which itself ended in a linked handcuff fastened around the hoops in the giant granite stones. Her arms and legs were stretched tight, her sinews taut and straining against the pull of the steel. Her eyes bright with both anticipation and dread, Lolli awaited her own initiation. Duke elected to carry out the beating using the age-old method and fashioned an eminently suitable implement from the pared-down branch he had torn from a tree in the surrounding forest.

It was time. He chose the site well. Whistling through the air, the switch landed with a biting impact across the fullness of Lolli’s left breast raising an instant livid stripe, her vocal cords converting the resulting rush of air from her lungs into a full-blooded scream of agony. He waited, allowing the hurt to develop into a searing intensity before delivering the next stroke. It struck parallel to the first, this time falling across her projectile nipple. Her shocked scream was ear shattering but was surpassed by the next when the third cut was mercilessly inflicted beneath the initial two. He critically surveyed his handiwork as Lolli sobbed, her lips betraying nothing but with eyes that pleaded for mercy. This thrashing surpassed the pain of anything she had ever undergone before. But that was exactly its purpose. He turned his attention to her right breast, repeating the treatment and raising another three crimson stripes laid in perfect symmetry to the first ones. Duke knew that Lolli fully understood why she had to endure this beating, but even so she was unable to stifle her cries of agony. But her cries went unheeded. Only six strikes had been laid, but those strikes were the beginning of God’s ultimate punishment. She was suffering as Eve had suffered, paying the price for the sinful disobedience of His word.

Tucking the rod into the groove where her breasts merged into her ribs, he gauged his strike. Then from high above his shoulder his arm whipped down twice, landing two gut churning blows directly on target, not a millimetre out of place, and leaving a pair of very satisfying welts. Her screaming and insuppressible blubbling continued but he was impervious to her suffering. What he was doing was God's will, and as Adam had before him, he now found it strangely thrilling. Lolli's body was the perfect canvas and Duke intended to decorate it fully. With the utmost precision he delivered four more scalding strokes, two on each side, making three closely knit weals below each heaving mammary. Twelve lashes now in total, but not nearly enough! He adopted a new position, crouching slightly and to her left. His aim had to be perfect and he took his time aligning the strike.

"Duke, please, no more."

Her outcry was inexcusable and as a leopard pounces, he leapt forward and not holding anything back, dealt a flurry of open palmed slaps back and forth across her breasts. They flared into scarlet in an instant, her wails echoing through the forest in such volume that the previously silent creatures of the forest raced amongst the branches, squealing in startled surprise.

"Didn't you listen? Tell me, what was the Lord's command?" he demanded in a voice of steel.

There was no reply. Slap . . Slap . . Slap . . this time very slowly and deliberately, and not only to her mammaries, but to her rump, her thighs and every part of her body with any covering of flesh. Her head dropped forward, rivers of tears flowing down her cheeks to fall in droplets on to her tortured breasts and thence to the ground.

Duke repeated the question. Hesitantly, between sobs, Lolli gulped out her answer.

"She was to be punished for her sin. And she was to accept her punishment in silence."

Duke's tensed body relaxed and once again he resumed the semi-crouching stance, eyeing his target and readying the switch.

Swoosh.

Smack.

The stroke was once again perfectly laid, this time across her left upper rib cage, the weal aligned with those he had cut just below her breasts. Another swoosh, and then another, and then the whole treatment repeated on her right side, every swish through the air followed by a satisfyingly fleshy thud as the blows landed, leaving six more impeccably executed stripes decorating her torso. The pulsing scarlet ridges were positioned just as he had intended, eighteen of them now, and exact in every detail. He revelled in the precision of his handiwork, but the flatness of her stomach lay unadorned below it, begging for his attention.

In order to lay the next strikes exactly as he intended, he stood close but facing away from her. Starting right on the edge of her body, at the point where stomach meets hip, and striking downwards he lashed her with only the tip of the switch. The spot was tender, and breaking her silence yet again, a gratifying squeal from Lolli attacked his eardrums as the lash cut a short vertical stripe into the yielding flesh. He had the whole width of her stomach to work on, and with a now practised eye measured it for spacing before he continued. Taking his time he struck again and again until twelve pulsing weals ranged from hip to hip. Once again he had achieved perfection in their positioning, at the same time inflicting a hurt on their errant recipient, memorable enough to be a lifelong reminder of her responsibilities to him, God and The Brotherhood.

Duke had not lost all sense of reason or compassion however, and with clean water from the sparkling stream that flowed along the edge of the site, he bathed her eyes and lips. He also allowed her to sip the magical elixir in order to soothe a throat that was hoarse and rasping as a result of her almost continual screaming, her struggle to remain silent seemingly abandoned. As the cooling liquid exerted its revitalising effect, calming the burning pain of her body he could sense a stirring, something he knew she could not explain, but which, without any doubt was remarkably akin to sexual pleasure.

Duke was also affected but with an heroic effort dampened his feelings. When he felt that Lolli was sufficiently recovered, he took up the switch once again and prepared to continue with the beating. This time he targeted her thighs. Firm, smooth and silky white, they were as perfect as only something directly created by God can be, and topped by her protruding pubis presented an entrancing, enticing vision. Duke steeled himself against this seductive image, and with great difficulty willed his hardening penis into dormancy. Whack!

The first blow fell midway between her knees and her hips. It was a good strike, exactly on target, well ordered and properly aligned. This time Lolli managed some semblance of self-control. She gasped but did not scream, in the effort biting her lip so hard that she drew blood. As the pain diminished she grunted in satisfaction, and did so again and again as a ladder of crimson stripes extended rung by rung up towards her hips. As with her ribs, Duke repeated the procedure to her other thigh, leaving her panting through tightly clenched teeth in the fight to deny her suffering.

Duke read her mind, understanding that one thing she could no longer deny was the rising tide of arousal that was now increasing with every blow. Pain was beginning to equate with pleasure and she did not want him to stop. The last lash had fallen close to her now secreting sex and he could feel the yearning in her. The lusting for the thrashing to start anew, to actually land full on her thrusting vulva. Without words or comment, Duke plied on and in the space of a heartbeat a cutting line of the sweetest agony seared across her sex, radiating streams of tingling pulses to her every nerve ending. Just two more deadly accurate strikes along her labia and she convulsed into an astonishingly spectacular and noisy orgasm, her head rolling frenziedly and her wrists and ankles scraping themselves raw as they fought the chains that so securely bound them. Duke was not really expecting such a depraved display as that. As far as he had been concerned the punishment was over but Lolli's reaction left him stunned. She was more wanton than he could ever have believed. He imagined Adam in the Garden facing exactly the same

situation with Eve, Cherubim fluttering excitedly around him as he deliberated a further course of action. He came to a decision: the same one he knew that Adam would have taken. God's will must be done. The woman must be spared nothing.

Lolli's punishment must be continued. Duke relished nothing more than doing just that, but Lolli was already well beaten and marked all over the front of her body. And there was the design. That was sacrosanct and must not be compromised. Adam had cut a large, simplified version on Eve's back and determining his next course of action, Duke decided to it was time he did the same to Lolli. And he was going to do it using just twelve lashes; the twelve mighty lashes referred to in the Book of Adam. So tightening the chains so that she was now stretched to the limit, with limbs akimbo and sinews and muscles strained beyond endurance, he prepared her for the special rite which would forever mark her as the property of The Brotherhood.

But to do it properly he needed a more rigid implement of torture and strode off into the forest in search of such an instrument. It did not take too long before he was back with a hard, heavy, black length of ebony about the same size and diameter as a modern day riding crop. At the time he did not stop to wonder as to how such foreign artefact came to be lying on the floor of a French forest, the possibility that it may have been lying there awaiting him only asserting itself much later while he was recounting his experiences to the Elders back in England. Returning to Lolli, he waved it slowly and deliberately in front of her face and although her eyes showed terror, they also twinkled with a lustful expectancy, her tongue sliding over her lips in such a salacious manner that his penis hardened up into an uncomfortable rod of iron.

In a fury at his own lack of self-discipline he rushed behind her to deal out the first blows to her back, but luckily in this instance his giant erection distracted his concentration. He waited for both his temper and his penis to subside and was thankful that he did so because the design had to be precise and geometrically perfect, and a thrashing given in anger could have led to unaligned marks or

unwanted blemishes on her flesh.

Cool now and in icy control of his actions, Duke steadied himself for the first strike. Giving no quarter he landed the blow in perfect position across her left upper back, the stripe extending from her spine and across her shoulder blade. The sound was a fleshy thud, the rod of ebony unbending, Lolli's howl of agony absolutely deafening and the resulting raised purple weal exquisitely on target. Two more excruciating parallel stripes were laid under the first before he repeated the whole procedure on the right half of her back. Lolli was weeping helplessly as he stepped back to check his progress; it was exactly as it should be, two sets of three heavy lines almost meeting in the centre to make seemingly continuous weals across the expanse of her upper back.

He did not linger for too long, quickly but without undo haste he completed the design to perfection, three well-spaced diagonal stripes on each side of her lower back so that the completed pattern did indeed somewhat resemble the figure Pi. His task was complete, but her rounded creamy buttocks were still untouched. He ran his palms over their curves and was unable to resist pushing a hand under her bottom to wallow in the open wetness of her vagina. She was ready now for the shagging of a lifetime, which the act of procreating his Son was bound to be, but he could not leave that fabulous backside as it was.

The ebony rod had done its duty and Duke felt that Lolli had taken as much punishment from it as was possible for her to endure. There were alternatives and he found one in the broad leather belt supporting his trousers. Slipping it from the loops around the waistband, he wound the buckled end around his palm and raised his arm. The belt was indeed very broad, a two inch wide welt of crimson agony flaring up on Lolli's rump as the first strike landed. It hurt. Lolli's intense screaming and the shuddering in her limbs bearing full testament to that. The second strike fell, rippling her meat and raising another vicious stripe that melded into the first. Again and again, so that no space showed between them, the agonising welts were laid down both her buttocks until her entire

backside was one seething turmoil of scarlet agony.

As the torment of the lacerating strokes had bitten into her haunches, Lolli had been racked with two extremes of differing emotions. In concert with each other she felt both the despair of suffering and the exaltation of ecstasy. Tears flowed freely, tears of both pain and longing that were accompanied by sniffles and sobs as Duke paused, reflecting on the effect the pain of the pulsing ridges and raised weals he had left all over her body were having on Lolli. She had suffered immensely at his hands, but in this instance the punishment had not been inflicted purely for his and her own pleasure. This was a ceremony. A ceremony to mark Lolli's acceptance into the service of The Brotherhood, and of Duke in particular.

He could have let it go at that. But there were still the backs of her thighs and her calves, unmarked and inviting. Cupping her buttocks he squeezed the tortured flesh, making her cry out in pain before smoothing his palms down the inside of her thighs in a soothing caress. He was a master operator, and as the tingling shivers ran up to her sex he felt her growing lust driving the pain into the recesses of her mind. It was soon back. The thick leather struck venomously into the crease where her buttocks met the top of her legs, curling between her thighs to flick at her sopping sex. She squealed again, although by that time her throat was terribly hoarse and the cry came out as more of a rasping rattle. Down the backs of both thighs he continued the thrashing, on and over her calves until her entire body was truly beaten into a crimson, but rapidly darkening mass of abused flesh. Her limbs were held tight by the chains, but her head slumped forward, her chin coming to rest on her chest, her flowing hair falling over her striped breasts and floods of tears washing down her body. Now she really had paid the price for Eve's sins. One hundred brutal lashes she had taken and as he threw down the belt, Duke looked over her poor, beaten frame, a throat tightening tide of compassion racing to replace his previous cold determination to see her suffer. With his palm under her chin he lifted her head and placed a long, loving kiss

on her trembling lips. Sniffing back the tears, her eyes lit up and she managed a grateful half-smile in return. With more tenderness than he knew he possessed, Duke unlocked the handcuffs and released her from her agonising bondage. The cuffs and chains were thrown aside as Duke held her twitching body close to him, gently stroking her hair and planting little kisses of encouragement on her tear-soddened cheeks. The warm sun beat down, soothing Lolli's pain and giving strength to her limbs as Duke laid her down on to the long grass, which compressed beneath her to form a soft natural mattress on which she could rest for a while. Closing her eyes she lay with muscles jerking as she slowly regained control over body. Duke said nothing, just standing over her, unhurriedly awaiting her return to some semblance of her normal strong self. He loved her, he knew that now and in silent homage he thanked God and The Elders for choosing her to be his woman. He again carried water from the magical stream, letting her sip from his cupped hand until she was able to sit up and throw her arms around his neck.

“Did I pass?”

Her question hit Duke like a punch in the guts. This time it was his turn to find emotion making speech difficult.

“With flying colours,” he whispered. And then hesitating over his words he added, “You’re as perfect as any woman could be . . . and no matter what happens from now on, you will be my one true love until eternity.”

Lolli's sobs turned into tears of happiness. Her heart thumped against her ribs as they clung together in celebration of their unending love. Taking her hand he lifted her to her feet.

“It's time.”

That was all he said as he guided her slowly but deliberately to the stone steps and the entrance to the temple. It was cooler down there, below the earth, but not dark. The huge granite blocks forming the walls and ceiling radiated a natural luminescence, their surfaces being covered in the ancient chiselled whirls and loops that so baffle scholars, but which are perfectly understood by the members of The Brotherhood. Laid upon the simple alter their love making was

slow and tender, but not salacious. He stroked her body, kissed her lips, her neck and her breasts before feeding his solid penis into her accommodating vagina. With long stoking thrusts that almost saw his gonads disappear into her tunnel, he worked his penis up to her uterus. He had to be sure his semen reached its target. This was not sex for their benefit, but a ritual act of intercourse to conceive their child. And it was so. When they emerged from the depths of the temple they both knew his seed had been planted and a new life was beginning. The Elders would be overjoyed when they heard the news upon the pair's return to England. But that would not be just yet.

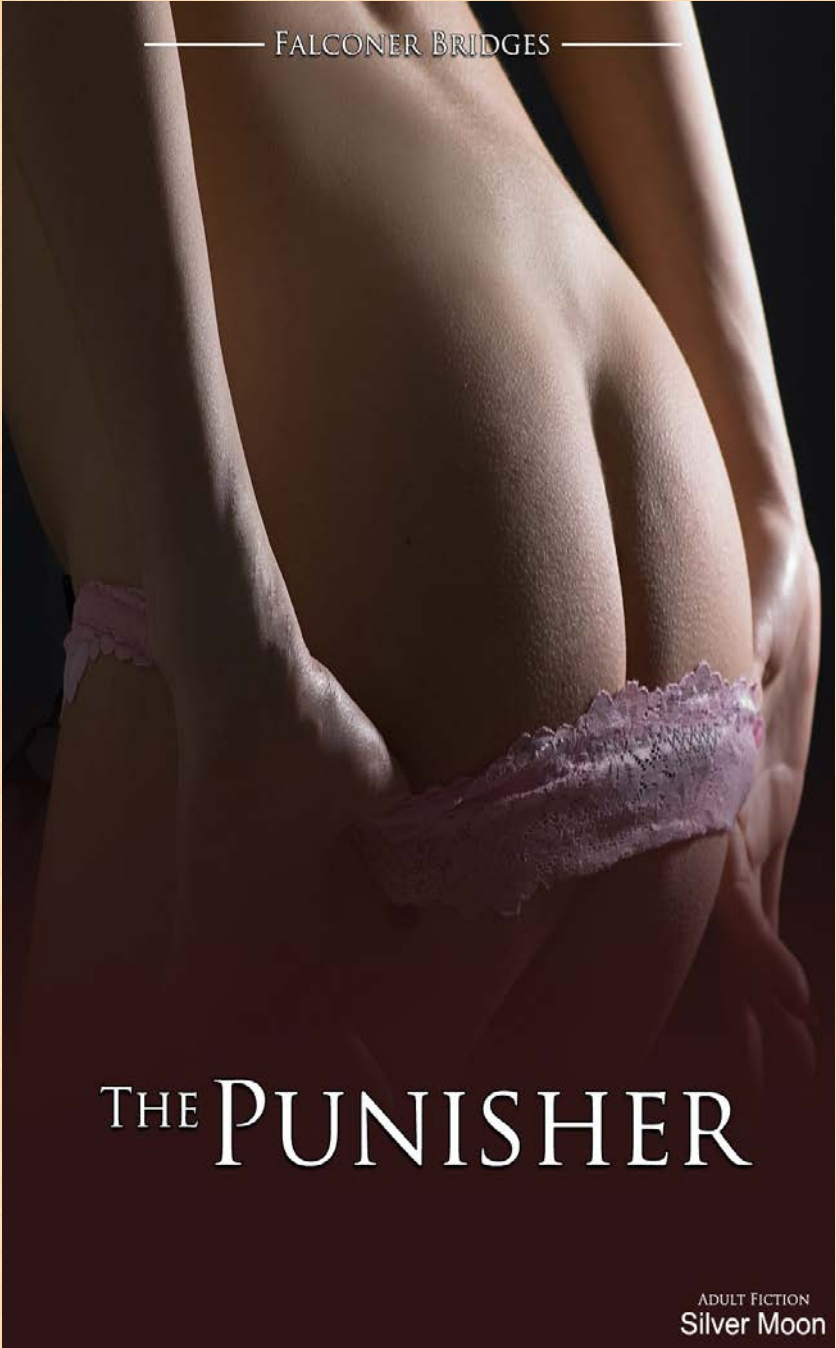
Duke and Lolli had seven years of lost time to make up.”

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