

From Behind A Mask Of Ennui



By Miss Irene Clearmont.

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BY

MISS IRENE CLEARMONT

A Femdom Cave Publication

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CHAPTER ONE

Smoke.

Deception and a subtle smog of deceit.

A mind clouded by smoke.

He managed to lift a single eyelid with an effort that belied its simplicity. The shutter to his sight allowed in light, blinding intensity without form that almost made him give up and close his eye. He was blinded by the penetrating brilliance, solid unfocussed white glare that unmercifully filled his brain with light.

He could not focus. The pupil contracted but he just could not focus, his mind a snowstorm of thought that had no connections, no singular whole. There was hardness under him and white buzzing light above, but his thoughts ran sideways to a scene that he was sure had been real. It came from the time before the whole world was cold penetrating light.

Smoke, the curls of nicotine and tar that curled in the light, which had somehow been connected with his plight.

Somehow?

The curling smoke was all that he remembered.....

Idly, Hugh Derwan ran a finger from her nipple to her chin as she lay lazily smoking her slender cigarette. The puckering skin attracted the attentions of his lips for a moment before he leaned back on his elbow and just admired his wife from close quarters. She lay on the sheets, her legs casually apart, breasts tipping and staring at the ceiling as she took another drag from the cigarette.

“You look fucking great, darling,” he said as he watched the smoke curl smoothly and then suddenly break into ripples as it ascended to the ceiling.

“I am fucking great,” she said.

Sally turned her head to look at him and smile.

“Or maybe, I’m just great at fucking! Either way you do me some sort of justice I suppose.”

Hugh returned her smile as she turned back to her close observation of the ceiling and allowed his fingertips to trace across her tanned skin. Pools and splashes of his pleasure were strewn in liquid testimony of their passion.

At thirty he could say the same that he had said as he became twenty and first started to date Sally. He hated the smoking, he hated her supercilious sarcasm, he hated her egoistical manner but, she was such a delicious whore in bed.

Sally had that instinctive knowledge of what makes provokes a man to excess and she knew how to implement it. A touch here, a stroke there, a touch of the lips now and a little movement, just so. The word 'inhibition' was not in her vast vocabulary of sexual conduct.

But, somehow, it seemed all just a sham, a fraud!

Sally was, Hugh decided, the front company for an illegal operation. A plasterboard row of attractive street houses that the first storm would blow down. There was no depth to her, her supercilious comments and references to philosophy were really all a cover for her boredom. When all was said and done she was a great body, inhabited by a jaded slut.

Hugh and Sally had married at the age of twenty. He had been studying geology, she psychology. He graduated with honours, she got a meagre third. Now ten years later she was the model of a forlorn housewife and he was due to go to Rio to oversee the gas drilling for Conch Petroleum.

'That is the way it goes,' he thought to himself as he let his thoughts wander, 'I have never really understood her at all. Sally is a closed book, her thoughts remain hidden from me now as they were ten years ago. If she has any of course '

The smoke traced a fine line from the tip of her cigarette and then scalloped as it broke and dispersed to waft in a cloud that drifted near the ceiling.

"I hate it when you smoke after sex," he said.

The unspoken thought had found a voice. In fact Hugh hated it when she smoked.

Full stop.

The smell, the ash and mess and the way that somehow, in some small way, rather than lend her the air of a femme fatale it reminded him of a street corner whore.

"I know," she replied with a smile. "You always have!"

She smiled and leaned over to kiss him as though forcing the stale smell between his lips would change his mind.

Hugh turned his head away. The mood was broken, that post sexual respite that he enjoyed so much. She smiled as he slipped from the bed and headed for the shower.

“Some men find it attractive.”

He turned and looked at her with a cool gaze.

“I don’t. I’m not ‘some men’!”

As he left the room she shrugged with an insouciant movement and went back to staring at the ceiling and way that the smoke drifted like a thin ribbon for a little way and then suddenly decided to ripple and disperse.

‘That was so Hugh,’ she decided. ‘Everything has to be his way, all we ever do turns around his world. Now he is going to take me to some godforsaken dump in South America and he thinks that I will rejoice. That I will treat it all like some holiday.’

Her thought wandered to how her life would be forced through this emotional upheaval like clothes through a mangle. Family, friends, all lost to the distance. Her casual affair with Mike would have to come to an end and she would be faced with a collection of eager Latin lovers. Moustaches, guitar music, tangos and flower shirts worn with sunglasses.

While Hugh went on an ego trip of rapture over his job she would be sipping Pina Coladas in some rattan decked shit hole looking over the Atlantic as she became a bored expat.

‘Well at least I have two months before I have to follow him out, two months to decide what I need for myself.’

In her heart of hearts she knew that she was just too apathetic to use that time well. No! She would follow him to the place of his triumph and adapt to life as she always had. She would continue to service his physical needs without ever moving her life towards her goals.

‘God that’s a laugh,’ she thought. ‘Goals! In my stunted life.’

Even the thought of breaking up with Mike filled her with nothing. No feeling at all. Sally had not yet the man or woman who moved her to emotion. In university it had been the fashion to taste everything, but savour nothing. Smoking pot, going to bed in threes and with just women.

None of it had moved her. The others, they had been twittering about their affairs and outrageous conduct whilst Sally watched the smoke curl and move without going anywhere.

She needed to find something to lift her from this boredom before she became old and died. Her husband was not, she now knew, that thing she had sought for in vain.

For a while she had thought, had decided that she could graft herself to his ambition so that he would carry her to some sort of happiness. Instead she settled back to her inactivity, a sort of philosophical calm indifference to her surroundings that just led to Hugh becoming vocal in his dislike.

Blindly indifferent to the fact that she couldn't care a shit, he would complain about her smoking. Criticize her high heels. Disapprove of her dress sense, but he would never actually tell her to change, he would simply moan like he always did and she would ignore him.

With a sigh she stood and gazed out of their apartment that looked out over the centre of London. Aware that she was naked, aware that the cool drips of semen coursed their way from belly to thighs, she lit yet another cigarette.

'Maybe that is the problem between us,' she thought. 'The lifestyle is too good. The perks of living with him are just enough to keep me milking his prick and making him beg for more. He is too weak to shed me for being bored with him and I am too weak to either shake myself out of my ten year ennui or leave him so that he can find another fuck buddy of a wife.'

CHAPTER TWO

Rio

The man on the plain metal surface struggled to regain his senses, a task that occupied his tired mind for several minutes before he could finally focus on the world around him. Finally, he had started to shake off whatever it was that they had given him, a narcotic that left him feeling physically powerless and mentally bewildered.

That he was in an infirmary; that was certain. Had he been in an accident? Where were his memories of injury and harm?

No!

He was here, in this semblance of a hospital because of the distorted needs of others.

He was here because he had lost control over his life, his body and his future.

That something had been done to him, well, that was pretty certain as well! He could move his head a little, just a few inches, to see a bag of fluid from which depended a narrow tube that disappeared out of his sight. The sight of the reality of his plight brought a tear to his eyes and blurred the angular spread of white polished tiles that covered the wall.

A test of the restraints that fixed him to the table allowed him to discover no weak link that allowed more than a little movement. He just had to await his fate, a fate that others now determined. All of his options had narrowed to a single straight track, a road with no turnings, no alternatives but to obey the depraved couple who now moulded his future.

He rested and relaxed, strength was starting to return, the physical effects of the drug lingered longer than the mind numbing lassitude. His memory was returning. It was a memory of a golden time when he controlled his own destiny. The splinters started to rearrange and the form of the story solidified into a whole.

The metal was warm from his body and something soft had been placed under his head. He was comfortable, he was not in pain, he was warm and he was at rest. These were certainties that reassured him, made him relax. Made him accept reality as being what was here and now around him.

Gradually it all came back.....

Hugh had been a week in Rio, but in that time he had seen virtually nothing of the city at all. Apart from a walk down the Copacabana in the evening of his arrival, all his time had been taken up by meetings.

The Palace Hotel was now half filled with the new arrivals from Conch Petroleum. These were the technicians, specialists and managers who were putting together the drilling operation that would eventually be run from Vitoria just up the coast. But for now the geologists were in charge and Hugh was in charge of them.

Now that he finally had time for himself it would be used wisely, he had decided. That was why, instead of going out into the sunshine to ogle the girls, he was sitting in the hotel bar waiting for the representative of an advisor that the company had hired to settle in the expatriates running the test drilling for gas.

“Hugh Derwan, I presume!”

Hugh turned from staring at the bottles of spirits behind the bar and turned to see a Brazilian woman offering her hand. He proffered his hand dubiously and smiled.

“I am the managing director of ‘Rio Ex’,” she said in almost flawless English. “The account is so important to us that I have decided to come here myself to make sure that you get the service that Conch Petroleum needs and is paying so highly for.”

Hugh was a little lost for words. The last few days had been spent with his all-male technical crew and this slice of gorgeous Brazilian womanhood came as a shock. Tall, bronzed and dressed in a flimsy dress she was imposing but businesslike.

“Thank you,” he said. “I am glad that you have taken the trouble to come all the way out here because there is so much to discuss and I really only have a few hours free to do so.”

She smiled and slid onto the barstool next to him and placed the laptop on the bar.

“I’m sure that we’ll get along just fine,” she said and handed him her card.

He took the proffered visit card and turned it in his hand a moment before he looked at it. All in silky black, it just had her name in modern white lettering and her phone number in gold on the back.

“Juana Metildi,” he read from the card.

“No need to be formal. I suggest that we relax and go native!” she laughed and added, “Juana is fine, may I call you Hugh?”

“Of course.”

“Good then we really must get down to business if your time is short. I have a list of things that need to be done for the working papers and registration.”

She pointed at her computer screen and scrolled through several pages of a document.

“Next comes the company’s obligations in so far as housing, medical and kidnap insurance is concerned.”

Hugh stopped her in full flow by raising his hand.

“Kidnap insurance?”

“That was part of the list that I was given on my trip to London by your senior directors.”

“Is it really that risky?” he asked.

“Generally no. But oil companies are well known for paying kidnap demands so there are occasional incidents.”

Hugh clenched his teeth and wondered what else would come up in this conversation about ‘normal life’ in Rio. But there was nothing else startling to be revealed.

“So I will E-Mail you all the documentation and then I will send two people who will interview all your staff to decide preferences and make sure that all the immigration protocols have been completed.”

The discussion had taken just an hour leaving an hour before Hugh had to make his report to London.

“I have a little time,” he said as he looked at his watch. “Perhaps I could invite you for a meal?”

Juana smiled and closed her laptop.

“I hope that you are not suggesting here? In the hotel?” she asked, “Because I know an excellent restaurant where they serve the best Feijoada to be had along the Copacabana.”

Hugh stood and offered a hand as Juana slid off the stool with one hand clutching her laptop.

“That sounds great,” he enthused. “My first language lesson starts now!”

Together they left the hotel at seven O’clock. Four hours later they were back at the hotel. Hugh had forgotten his telephone report to London and Juana had assured herself that this customer was not going to escape her clutches.

His room was large, but not quite a suite even though it had a view over the dark waters of the Atlantic and a balcony that overlooked the promenade.

Hugh led Juana to the door and allowed her to enter first. She laid her laptop on a side table and went to the window. At first Hugh thought that she was going to close the curtains but she threw open the door onto the balcony and stepped out onto the warm marble after kicking off her heels.

He followed her out and the two of them leaned on the balustrade watching the evening promenaders.

“Rio is beautiful,” he offered as his gambit, “a city of attractive people.”

“Now I know that you have never left the hotel!”

“Why?”

“Because there,” as she spoke she indicated behind and over the hotel, “are the Favalas. Slums full of people who earn less in a week than we gave as a tip after our meal. They are not so very beautiful!”

“Even so,” he argued, “you are stunning and all those that I can see down there are good looking.”

She smiled and turned to face him. As she did so her hands went onto his shoulders. She looked into his eyes for a moment before planting a strong kiss on his lips.

“You are married, are you not?” she said when they separated. “I can tell.”

“Is it so obvious? I don’t wear a ring.”

“It’s in the kiss, not the ring. Married men are different.”

“Is it a problem?”

“No it’s a benefit! I’ll fuck you and then let your wife do the dishes,” she laughed. “Wives earn their status as servants. Lovers earn their status as mistresses, that is natural justice!”

“You paint a good picture, Juana. Fancy starting now?”

“I thought you’d never ask!”

She led him to the vast bed, leaving the windows and curtains wide open. With a slight manoeuvre she backed him against the mattress and pushed him to fall on his back. As he lay, looking up at her, she started to undress.

The languid movements spoke of her confidence and the pride that she took in her body. She almost rippled as she slid her dress up and over her head to reveal a tanned body and small rounded breasts uncovered by bra or slip. That just left the white cotton triangle that stretched over the triangle between those thighs.

Juana slipped her hand down her slim waist and under the panties. She bent over and they were off in one smooth movement and she was climbing onto Hugh to undress him.

Hugh sighed with satisfaction. Here was a woman as attractive to him as Sally. Slimmer, younger and fitter. She was elegant in the way that she moved, sexually attractive, clean and she did not smell of smoke. Juana was languid but every move was determined and not performed out of a sense of inevitability.

Her lips closed over his as soon as he was undressed. She kneeled over him allowing him to feel the heat of her pussy on his chest as she allowed her hair to fall trapping their faces in a tent of her dark locks.

“So fuck or play?” she asked as her hand strayed to find that his cock seemed to be ready for either.

“Play and then fuck!” came his reply as his hands moved into the space enclosed by her falling hair and found those dark nipples under his fingertips.

“Good, a full program then!”

She caught his arms and pushed them under her legs, trapping them under the hard muscles of her thighs.

“When I play, I play alone,” she whispered as she sat up straight. “You get to play later, if I please! I will teach you.”

Hugh felt a slim hand enclose his prick at the base. It pulled and once more she bent for a kiss. As the full lips enveloped his and her tongue tentatively pushed its way into him her free hand roamed over his body. It plucked his nipples between strong fingers and then joined the other to massage his cock.

Hugh bucked in involuntary reaction to her handling of him but her weight was too much for him and he surrendered to her lead.

As the kiss ended she spoke from a distance of inches from his face.

“Well you can kiss. Would you like to kiss again?”

“Always.”

“That’s good because I like long kisses.”

In a moment she had slid up his body and turned to face his straining prick. The deft move released his hands but trapped his face under her bushy pussy as she leaned forward to take him into her mouth for a moment.

Hugh was caught out by the sudden move.

Above him, towering, he could see the soft brown of her smooth skin, her breasts and her long black hair that formed a contrasting frame for the alluring picture of her fit body. Almost spare but shapely.

Juana looked down at his face framed between her thighs. She licked her lips as though savouring the lasting flavour of his cock and then winked at him. Her long lashes flickered as her lips pouted. Then she shook her head, causing her hair to fly and moved forward to change his vista.

For a moment he saw her pussy drop to enclose him. Framed by the fur of her pubic hair it gaped like no cunt that he had ever seen before. The lips were drawn back revealing every fold of her delicate flesh, engorged with anticipation. The flash of that inner dark and then her lips met his and ground hard into him.

She parted her legs a little opening herself wider as her pussy swallowed him as she felt the first tentative touch of his tongue. She gasped in excitement as she closed him in the world of her sex and stopped his drawing breath. He tried to move, tried to take in air but she clenched him in the vice of her thighs and then rocked to exploit every touch and contact.

In the muffled world of Hugh, between Juana's thighs he heard her screaming with pleasure. His tongue probed and massaged finding her clitoris, the rose bud that needed his attention. He tried to move, he struggled for air he could feel the suction in his lungs and the need for oxygen. He worked ever more frantically to satisfy her need as he felt as though he was at the limit of his endurance.

At the moment when he felt as though he might actually pass out he felt a strong hand grip his rampant prick and begin to pull at it. Then, she moved off him. A brief moment of respite allowed him to gasp before that flesh closed him in once more.

He felt her bend forward as her hips gyrated and the hand was joined by lips, teeth, tongue and throat. They swallowed him whole pushing the hand down to press against the root of his cock forcing the erection to stand to its full eight inches. All of that flesh was swallowed by Juana, until her lips closed to the base of him.

Once more he was fading. He was in desperation but the grip was relentless. As she shrieked he felt his body give up its load. Deep in her throat his prick spurted but her lips allowed no drop to escape. Her body slid back and once again he was looking up at the woman who was the best adventure that he had ever had in bed.

Her cunt dripped with lust, wider open than ever, he could see that generous bud that was flushed with her excitement.

She looked down at him and said, "I love to play and you are an interesting playmate."

"Interesting? How so?"

"Most men are far too reluctant to get close up to a woman's raging cunt, you passed the test."

She was off him with a swift move to lay by his side, but her hand never left the base of his prick holding his erection in stasis even after the way that she had milked him.

"Now playtime is over," she said. "Now I want that prick inside me. I want to feel you fuck me and fill me."

Never had Hugh gone a second round so fast after the first, but the appetite of Juana for more sex was an infectious enthusiasm that passed to him as she mounted the captive prick.

No slow entry, no gentle pushing and cautious probing. One moment he was standing free, the next the base of his prick was bumping on her flesh. He had a brief feeling that her pussy was squeezing and then she rode him.

Her mouth opened as she threw her head back. For a moment nothing but panting but then she shrieked in abandonment. That first fuck with Juanita was a revelation for Hugh.

Total gratification.

Juana lost control and slid up and down his prick as her body heaved. Never had he been with a woman who so plainly and openly enjoyed sex. Sheer satisfaction was her motif, not a care about her partner, her loss of control was what drove her partner to his climax.

Sally, his wife, was expert and in control of herself, uninhibited and delicious but she was always composed, this was different. Juana flung herself into sensation with abandon, fucking without emotional restraint.

How could he not fall into her world of purple clouds and lightning? Hugh felt like a god as this beautiful woman used his body wildly to give them both pleasure. The urge of her sexual current dragged them both over the waterfall as she scratched his chest with her long nails and her soul sang a song of screams that echoed in Hugh's head like a bell as he gave up a second climax.

Then decent into the languid mood of post sexual haze that Hugh enjoyed so much. Not spoilt by hurry, smoke or that dull feeling of vague dissatisfaction that he often experienced with Sally.

There in Rio in a beautiful hotel, with a soft breeze carrying the sounds from the promenade on the Copacabana into the room, Hugh lay satisfied that at last he was reaping the deserved rewards of all his work. With the bronzed and attractive Juana by his side he was finding that Rio was both congenial and satisfying.

CHAPTER THREE

Taxi.

Slowly he was starting to piece back together the pieces that made up the mosaic of his life. He remembered his name and that of his wife. He mused at the lingering memories of her smoking, that singular phallic instrument that always sat between her lips as it got shorter and the glowing tip came ever closer to that shiny scarlet entrance to her red gated orifice.

Hugh heard a sound.

The swish of rubber door-seal squeaking on tiles, the creak of a hinge and the slow steps that clicked towards him. The steps clicked with metal on tile. His head tried to move, to see who it was that had him at their mercy. Suddenly there was a face above him the face of a woman that he did not recognise. Ruby red lips and white blanched makeup and a smile that showed perfect teeth.

A starched cap that nestled in amongst a shock of black hair that had been tied into a loose topknot. Her smile seemed friendly enough and Hugh tried to smile back at her but it came as a leer, the numbed flesh of his face allowed no control of his expression.

But Hugh knew that he was in a sordid nightmare.

A parody of care.

The angel of mercy preparing for the devil's work.

There was nothing wrong with him that could be cured here. Others had decided that he was to be altered to match their personal taste. The knife would come and carve him to a new shape.

The nurse moved out of view. There were sounds as if metal instruments were being rearranged. A clink of steel and small creakings that defied his imagination. Sounds of cloth rubbing and popping sounds of metallic jingle. A hand touched his head, it smoothed hair and mopped the sweat from his brow, tenderly.

A click and his head was free to move at last.

Hugh turned his head to find himself confronted by the naked thighs of his nurse. A spilt wedge of velvety sex, naked and smooth. Rounded lips framed by white stocking tops and a rounded belly. Plump thighs swelled over her stocking tops and framed that vision of hungry sex.

Hugh stared at that pornographic vision of femininity for minutes.

It lingered in his vision as an open invitation, an provocation to his desire. A slight moist lick of fluid betrayed the need of that orifice. It slicked the rounded flesh that hid the nurse's cunt from his gaze and started to run, trickle over that soft thigh.

He turned his head to look up at the vision of this female who was demanding attention. Sally? Helena? He saw the hands that played with the vast breasts and teased the nipples through the starched cloth. He saw those hands slide down her belly until they paused, framing her sex. The white mask of makeup and the still fractured splinters of his mind confused him as two hands, manicured in red, slender of finger, slid to part those lips. They revealed an orifice, a hungry pink female maw that demanded attention.

The nurse smiled down at him enjoying his confusion and malleability as she took her pleasure from the man who was not one thing or another. Superior and inferior simultaneously. Inferior to her because he was incomplete. Superior because he was at once more than her.

One of those fingers slipped to tease the soft, slick flesh and pull back the envelope of skin that covered the small bud of her clitoris. It pulled back for a moment and then dived into the depths of the hole that begged to be filled. A parody of intercourse in which penetrated and fucker were one and the same.

The finger finally slid out of her and dug deep to part her pussy wide.

Exposure.

The invitation was clear.

So he kissed her and slipped his tongue into her proffered cunt. He could taste the sweet of her, the smooth engorged flesh that swelled in response to his attention. He could feel her thighs tremble and pulse forward to take his lips and tongue fully into her.

He was nothing more than a tool for her pleasure. He was less than a man, more than inanimate. He was becoming an instrument of gratification, but not his own.

When he had the taste of her, when he accepted this first assault she would take more and more as she enjoyed her unwilling charge's attentions. Insatiable, only limited by her imagination, she would suck obedience from him until it was all he could give.

More was always her aim.

Deeper and further!

The ritual had now begun.

For Hugh this was no more than he expected now.

Women were his betters, they controlled him, they told him and they gave to him.

He loved them all...

They had made him what he was and they were remaking him into what they needed.....

*****.

Sally walked across the road from the beach to the vast colonial style hotel, splendid in its white painted concrete and fronted with palms. In London she had often been the magnet for men's eyes. They stared at her body. They ogled her legs and ass and twitched their lips at her clothing.

But they all wanted to possess her despite pretending that they could not possibly be interested in a tart dressed as a slut masquerading as a whore who moved like she was approaching the pole on the stage of a nightclub.

That had been London, the melancholy capital of faded, grimy grey.

Here in the bright, clear light of Rio she was just another beauty in a bather or bikini. Perhaps too white skinned, announcing her recent arrival, but otherwise she had become the small fish in a wide ocean of splendor. It was two weeks since she had walked across the tarmac of Galeão airport. The warm breeze and the smells making it feel momentarily like an arrival at a holiday destination. Hugh has been so solicitous, he chatted away twenty to the dozen about this and that. How life was in Rio, how he was starting to learn Portuguese and how the job was going.

Sally already felt at home, bored. Nothing was changing. Like shifting the backdrop on a play, but the theatre is still the same.

"Darling," he said, "Are you OK?"

'That question is one I hear every other day,' she thought, 'Hugh senses the ennui and the jaded woman that I have become. In fact he knows it, but he is still trying to be polite.'

Polite was something that Sally hated. Polite meant never being able to tell people what you really thought of them. Polite was something that had been so hard for her to learn. But, still she could make the effort if she tried:

"I'm so tired after the flight, Hugh."

They had been apart for three months and inside of five minutes it was as though they had never been separate. No honeymoon of sweet sorrow here.

Just back to the grind.

Now, just two weeks later, Sally was alone in Rio.

Hugh was in Vitoria for a week and she was left to buff up her tan, explore Rio and try to start making some sort of social contact. Sally was just too jaded to go far from the hotel and spent the first three days on the beach within sight of the hotel.

What was more, instinctively she knew that Hugh was having an affair.

It was not that there was any real evidence; some used condoms, kisses on the collar or some such. She just knew! Uninterested as she was with the inner wheels that made Hugh tick she could sense a suppressed excitement in his manner as well as deference in bed when she resisted his advances. Now there was no insistence on sex, no complaints about smoking and most noticeable of all no whining about her inability to 'fit in', whatever that meant...

Did she mind?

Her thoughts were divided on this point!

She minded a little that he was enjoying himself while she was not. As for who it was, this damp bitch in her bed, she had no curiosity! It was just a fact of life, like Hugh loving wearing those prissy deck shoes and double breasted suits. His affair was just a faux pas in the fashion department.

The hotel lobby was almost empty. Just a few bored bellboys, receptionists and the odd guest behind a newspaper or propping up the bar.

'Here I am in, supposedly, one of the most exciting places in the world and I'm propping up the bar wondering what to do next!' she thought as she decided that cocktails in Rio were just too much and ordered a Bourbon on the rocks.

Sally sipped the whiskey and swiveled her stool to be able to survey the area. A couple nearby were carrying on a heated argument in whispers nearby, occasionally glancing around to make sure that their invective was not overheard. Though who else might have understood what seemed to be German and could overhear, was a complete mystery to Sally.

'That's it really. We are all in our own little world and think that everyone else must be so interested in us. But in reality no one cares,' she thought as she sipped. 'I have stopped caring about myself and my interests, I have totally lost interest in Hugh. I don't even care if he is fucking some slut. I have gone so far that I have reached that far inner place called 'nowhere'.'

Sally glanced over at the alcoves in the corner. Most were empty but, there was a guy who sat with a folded newspaper on his lap and stared into space with the look of a man who has been stood up but is

just making sure that he can say that he waited half an hour and 'you never arrived!' His white crumpled linen suit made him look like a leftover from some Bogart movie that finished filming fifty years ago.

For the rest, there were a few couples scattered about but when she considered the sheer size of the lobby bar, the place was empty.

At last the Bourbon was finished, down to the ice cube that slid around in the bottom. Sally placed it on the bar and decided that she had to take a walk. Her introspective mood had not made her depressed it had just reinforced her ennui. That feeling that some event was imminent, something that would shake her from her frame of mind.

Now, in the early evening, the air was becoming fresher. A slight breeze blew away the humidity and a few of the cobwebs from her mind. She lit a cigarette and tried to decide which way to go. Up the beach towards the end of the bay and beach? Or should she go right and take a longer promenade?

Sally turned right and strolled down the wide cobbled area between the two lines of traffic that coursed the whole length of the Copacabana.

To the right were all those hotels, each like the next in faded mock colonial style but built in concrete and glass. To the left was the pale sand and a calm sea that broke gently on the beach that was virtually empty of people.

Behind her, on the pavement by the hotels, she was followed by the man from the Bogart movie. He seemed somehow more interested in the fronts of the hotels and stopped occasionally because his stride was so much longer than Sally's. All the while, though, he kept his eye on the woman that he was following, making sure never to overtake her and thus allow her to notice his meandering pursuit.

The couple, only one of which had purpose in mind, made their separate ways down the concourse amidst just a scattering of other sightseers. Now the entire frontage was dominated by faceless blocks, some hotels and some just apartments.

Sitting in London, Sally had always imagined that Rio would be like her internalised picture of Havana. All built in wood, faded and comfortable like a sort of South American New Orleans. But it was concrete, glass and steel like any city in Europe, modern and faceless.

Abruptly she turned from the promenade and headed away from the beach. The man in the linen jacket tossed the newspaper into a bin and followed her. He slipped on a pair of sunglasses and stopped as Sally stopped at a junction and lit another cigarette. For a moment she looked back but she did not recognise him, before she stopped at a small bar as if wondering whether to go in or not. She tossed the empty cigarette carton into a bin and entered.

As he passed, the man who had been following her caught a glimpse of Sally talking to the barman. Then he was past the wide window and crossed the road so that he could take up station on the other side of the road. With care he positioned himself and watched the bar, relaxing as he waited for his mark to reappear.

Sally had entered to buy cigarettes but after managing to make herself clear she sat at the bar while the barman tried out his rather poor English on this rather attractive woman.

In the end she bought a coffee and enjoyed smoking whilst making noncommittal comments to the barman. Twenty minutes later she followed this up by rum that the barman swore was the finest drink to be savoured this side of the equator.

Finally Sally drifted out of the bar with a casual wave of the hand as she promised to return.

For a minute she seemed, to the man who was following her, to be unsure of where to go next. He reached for his mobile phone and spoke a few words as he watched his prey, trying to decide if now was the moment, or if patience would be rewarded by a better opportunity.

Finally he saw a taxi pass him and make a U turn. It was the signal that all was in place. He crossed the road and walked towards Sally with a loose but fast walk, arriving behind her just as the taxi pulled up and opened the rear passenger door.

It just took a little push as she bent to answer the driver with the fact that she did not need a taxi. That push and she fell into the lap of the woman sitting in the back and he slammed the door closed.

The taxi pulled away from the curb. For a moment there was a commotion in the back of the taxi and then it swerved into the traffic and it was gone from view.

CHAPTER FOUR

Phone Calls.

The ownership.

The training.

The physical.

It was all part of the greater whole. A single achievement with three facets. The ownership and acceptance had been achieved. Training was running its course and the physical alterations were commencing.

Now the nurse was riding her patient.

At the gallop.

Her thighs gripped the sides of his head like the fetters had done before, allowing him no option to serve her urgent need. As he licked and nibbled at her she writhed on him, enclosing him and forcing him. What should have been an act of giving became an act of servitude.

Her body moved, rocked gently over him as she extracted that servitude and enjoyed every moment of contact with her new toy. She moved over the plough of his tongue and lips, the moving furrow parting before the static blade. It was heaven as her soft flesh coursed over his lips and pressed down to heighten the stimulus.

She looked down at the covered torso, the form fitting stocking that covered the work that the artist had done. It made her come, that thought, that the man fettered to the trolley would be spending all his time with sex. Sex would become more than an obsession it would become his entire life. It would soon be all that he was good at and good for.

The climax was a subtle blend of the physical and the mental. The physical contact heightened by the cocktail of thoughts and emotions that coursed through her body. Small shudders coursed through her as she imagined the prison that was being created in the form of his whole body. Who can escape the fetters of their own thoughts and the limitations of their own flesh?

She reached forward to gently touch the swelling flesh beneath the elastic cloth to feel that work which the doctor had done.

The artist and the doctor were the same person. The artist created new works of art from the bodies of her sufferers and at the same time the doctor facilitated that artistic vision. The artist was a woman who created things that were never intended to be, things partly in her own image.

Sexual blasphemy! Things that were ordered by others than the residents of those bodies! When even one's own flesh is no longer under one's personal dominion.

Sometimes love, sometimes possession, put the flesh on her table and sums of money in her pocket. Hugh was the victim of latter and a twisted result of the former, but it made no difference, the doctor's nurse always took part of her remuneration in self-gratification.

It was part of the deal.

Part of the procedure.

Part of the guidance.

The nurse's fingertips ran over the substantial breasts that the doctor had given her in a fit of generosity. They had cost weeks of terrible soreness as the work was done, but they made her special, a girl to be stared at and fashionable. Hated and feared by women and admired and appreciated by men. But they had also helped satisfy her desire to be in control, the need to dictate the actions of her captive lovers.

So she used the drugged patients as her source of gratification. Their helplessness, men or women, almost gave her a climax as she entered their consciousness and compelled homage to her enhanced body.

She knew that to many of them she was just a dream of sex that invaded their consciousness when they were at their most vulnerable. Those that were to become, or had started to become, sex slaves and servants often experienced the first moments of servitude of a lifelong experience in her skilled hands.

Hugh sucked and licked at her cunt. It was like a displacement activity, as he was assaulted by the surgeon's knife he gluttoned on the smooth, sculptured cunt of this she devil in starched uniform. He lapped her flowing juices and slipped his tongue into the creases and folds of this woman's endlessly ravenous pussy. When her hands moved him to serve, that other, tighter, opening he obliged as he had been taught, with eagerness.

The abuse had really just begun.....

Kidnap has become a business in Rio - maybe even more than a business, it has become a tradition.

It has its creative phase, the production phase, negotiation and sale. The kidnapper, his victim, the buyer and the money all go in and out of phase with each other in a dance forming points of occasional contact that may betray any of the participants at any time.

What is at stake may be freedom. It may just be money or it may be part of a much bigger picture, for instance as a form of blackmail. On the other hand the stakes might be the life of the victims. Better for the kidnappers to leave nothing behind!

The first that Hugh knew about the abduction was an odd message arriving on his mobile:

‘Call me back on 02154654654278 and ask for Sally.’

Hugh pulled a face and excused himself from his meeting and called the number only when he was alone in the corridor.

The phone was answered at the other end by a word or two of Portuguese and then a cough so Hugh asked:

“Who’s there?... Sally?”

There was a brief noise of the phone at the other end being passed from hand to hand and then came Sally’s voice. Missing the usual neutral bored tones her voice quavered with emotion even though she only spoke a few words.

“Hugh, I have been kidnapped! Help..!”

Further sounds of the phone being taken from his wife and then a female voice in almost accent less English:

“There will be further contact. Next time I call we will be discussing the sum of five million dollars, American of course, so make sure that you are ready to negotiate.”

That was it. The line went dead and Hugh was left standing with his stomach churning and a light floating sensation in his head. He leaned against the wall for support and then slid slowly to the hard floor.

That was how his secretary found him when she poked her head out of the meeting room. Curled in the corner of wall and floor, numb, his phone clutched in his hand.

Hugh had expected the Brazilian Police to send a fat balding inspector in an ill-fitting uniform. A disinterested man whose sole involvement was to make sure that the stupid foreigner paid the ransom.

How those fatuous images of South American were overturned by Inspector Fábio Mantaus of the Federal Police who was both dynamic, sympathetic and smartly turned out. He listened carefully, asked a few questions and then insisted that Hugh immediately leave for Rio.

“It’s in Rio that the kidnap happened. That is where the criminals expect all business to be done. You need to be at the centre of the action.”

Then he asked about insurance, money and some things about Conch Petroleum as well as about who knew what about Sally.

Hugh was overwhelmed. A terrible tension, a feeling of suspense, invaded his mind and overran his every thought. Fábio had told him that the next thirty or forty hours were the most critical.

“Negotiate at all cost. Offer what they want. If they come to realise that you will not pay they usually kill their victim. In fact it would be quite wrong of me to suggest that your wife is still alive. You need to get over your feelings, leave the grief for later. Only if you understand every question and your own answer have you got a chance to get your wife back alive.”

Numb, Hugh accepted the special mobile phone that they gave him and slipped in his old SIM card.

“This phone has a GPS locator. Every single call is diverted and recorded. It can find the broadcast cell of another phone in seconds. This is one of your advantages.”

For twelve hours there was silence. No word from the kidnappers, no sign that Sally was alive. Hugh endured a long detailed lecture from a policewoman who explained how to deal with negotiators on the phone. He contacted the head office in London and then through Juana he met the kidnap insurance company representative.

“It is an indemnity policy, sir,” said the insurance man. “We never pay ransoms; we reimburse the ransom to the entity that had the loss.”

Juana was a support, Inspector Mantaus was firm, straight and brutally honest. Conch Petroleum sent a bank representative to explain their corporate policy when their employees were involved in a kidnap. They might, on police advice, pay the ransom and then reclaim from the insurance. On the other hand they might not...

Hugh felt as though he was in the centre of a storm of activity. Somehow it all whirled about him like a typhoon, but he was the observer not one of the moving participants.

Then, at last, came the next call.

Hugh answered to hear the voice of the English speaking female at the other end:

“By now you must know that we have your wife. You must know what money you can raise and you must know what your wife is worth to you. So are you ready to discuss our offer?”

Hugh could feel a beating, a pulse of fear in his head. This woman was selling his wife to him.

“I am ready to discuss. I am ready...”

He found that his voice choked up as he spoke, not allowing him to finish the sentences. For a moment he paused and before continuing:

“Let me speak to her.”

“I am afraid that is not possible. I am calling from far away from her present location.”

“How do I know that she is still alive?”

“You don’t!”

Both the negotiating expert from the police as well as Inspector Mantaus were watching intently as well as listening in to the whole conversation.

There was a brief pause as Hugh waited for more information.

“We will of course prove that Sally is alive, and well, before the money is passed, but for the moment you will have to accept that it will be a couple of days before we contact again and that then, not now you will be able to speak to her.”

Hugh started to speak, “Please, I really must...” but the line was dead before he could finish the sentence.

Inspector Mantaus nodded his head as though to say that he had known all along that it would be like this whilst the negotiation expert smiled at Hugh. Was it because he had done well? Or was it just a little emotional help and support so that at least he could tell himself that he had done so?

A call came to Inspector Mantaus who answered it in Portuguese and then turned to Hugh. “Police are heading from the location of the call, but it sounds to me that we are dealing with professionals and not some gang of poverty-stricken amateurs from the Favalas.”

CHAPTER FIVE

Ride

Satisfied with her latest conquest's servile homage the nurse stepped down from her mount and walked with clicking heels around his constrained body. She let her fingertips trail over naked flesh and taut crepe, finding the contours of his new form and enjoying the way that he flinched from her gentle touch but could not escape her attention.

This was true dominance.

It was not a matter of willing or unwilling. It was that it just did not make any difference if her victim loved or hated the treatment that he was getting. True dominance was not caring because the victim's assent was irrelevant.

He felt a stirring in his head. The beginnings of desire for this creature that exercised her need without a word of consent. The clicking of the metal heels on the glazed tiles of the floor and the rustle of her tight uniform were the only sound that overlaid his rasping breathing. The touch of her fingertips was the only sensation that grazed his flesh. He could still taste her lubrication. He could still taste the musky scent of her ass.

He was in thrall to her scent and touch.

The sounds of her heels.

The rustle of her garments.

The rough rasp of her stocking tops.

The scratch of her nails on his prickling flesh.

Finally, finally her hand drifted, almost by happenstance and came to rest at the base of his prick. For a moment it lingered, encircling his erection before it smoothed its way up the shaft to rub over the sensitive tip. Hugh felt himself tense and strain upward with his hips but the straps that held him fast allowed no other reaction than a slight twitch as the nurse began to massage him.

He saw her head disappear from his sight and felt the lips close around the straining prick that had become the focus of her attention. A slight brush of her teeth and then he was sucked inside her, pulled into those lips.

His whole being concentrated on that few square inches of flesh as he felt himself swell into her. A clenching feeling in his groin and the very interior of his body signalled that he was approaching climax.

His thighs clenched as a fingertip pressed into his tense ass.

Hugh gasped as the finger pushed past all his futile resistance to enter his body and seek for the protuberance of his prostate. Massage lips, tongue and finger all conspired to daze him as he strained to stop her, restrain her with the clenched muscles that were the gate to his ass.

Now he could feel that invasive finger settling on its objective.

It kneaded him and pressed as the lips withdrew. Now even the hand that gripped him was stilled as the finger did its work. She felt him clench, his whole body was struggling hopelessly to escape her control. This was what she gave her victims, in return for their pleasing her body.

Climax without orgasm!

At last Hugh could fight the control no longer and his prick jerked and fired. A single pulse of come that oozed from the eye in his cock and she was ready to fuck him.

Now he was finally ready for her use. Erect and exhausted. Upright and emptied. A prosthetic prick that had yielded its all and was still standing to attention, ready to be swallowed by her cunt.

Hugh was to become the marionette, the fuck doll of the woman who would be riding him until she was satisfied.

She was never ever satisfied!.....

When she was pushed into the taxi, Sally was shocked and did not react. She had fallen across the lap of a young woman who pulled the door behind her and spoke a brief word to the driver.

The driver put his foot on the gas and with a lurch the taxi swerved into the fast flowing traffic. Sally twisted to look at the woman who had a razor sharp folding knife in her hand. The knife hovered near Sally's turned face, threatening to cut cheek or eye depending on the holder's inclination.

For a moment Sally had a reaction akin to anger, a sudden impulse to fight. It was the indignity of it all that made her incensed, not the fact that she was being kidnapped. For a moment she considered trying to fight, but the blade that hovered in the corner of her vision closed that door, as did the hard look in the eye of the woman in whose lap she lay.

The taxi swayed and twisted through the traffic. Occasionally Sally saw the tops of the surrounding buildings from her low position, but as she did not know Rio she had no idea as to where they were in the city and which direction they were going in.

The woman looked down at her and smiled:

“Well, Mrs. Derwan, perhaps now that you have got over your shock at this unexpected taxi ride we can behave in a civilised fashion and sit you up?”

The English was perfect, the accent Mediterranean. Sally moved her eyes to look at the razor sharp knife and made an enquiring expression.

“Civilised is as civilised does,” she said. “Move the knife and I am sure that we can discuss this.”

“Very good, Sally. May I call you Sally?”

The knife was slowly withdrawn to allow Sally to sit up and see that the taxi was now moving through some sort of suburbia filled with small villas by palm fronted gardens.

The knife, ever present, was obviously not going to be used by accident. Sally looked out of the windows at the passing palms. Almost she had been brought to emotion. But the anger faded to be replaced with a resigned feeling that once again she had lost the power to influence her future.

“Do you mind if I smoke?” she asked of her captor.

Sally did not wait for the reply, she just rooted in her bag and took out the cigarettes that she had bought in the bar. With a small twitch of the lips she offered one to the woman with the knife and then lit up.

“Do you have a name then?” asked Sally. “I mean it would be a bit silly if you stab me with that,” she pointed at the knife with her cigarette, “and I never even knew the name of the woman who had done it!”

“Juanita.”

“Most original, for a Brazilian! I am impressed by your imagination. I suppose the driver’s name is Carlos?”

The driver looked around in what appeared to be surprise when Sally spoke; giving away his name without another word having to be spoken.

“Juanita and Carlos. What a nice couple. I suppose that this is not a pleasure trip?”

“I will explain it all when we arrive at our destination.”

“Oh very good! Don’t tell me... let me guess. You are members of the People’s Liberation Front and you are holding me for ransom to raise money for orphans?”

Juanita's smile of superiority had long since vanished. She had expected a cowed and crying foreigner who pleaded for her life. Instead Sally seemed to take it all in her stride and in fact, she seemed to be enjoying herself.

How strange!

That was it really. The whole experience was starting to awaken Sally's interest, this was dangerous, scary even lethal, but it was also the first thing that had happened since her time at university that had really caught her attention.

The tiny village of Passa Vinte is a drive of five hours from Rio. Not because of the distance, it is less than a hundred and fifty miles in all. The roads on the last thirty miles are just track, dust and dirt. After just an hour Juanita was tiring of her sarcastic passenger and decided to assert her superiority by tying her hands with plastic ties.

The reaction was, as could have been expected, just a bored look and a few more sharp remarks from Sally. Still, Juanita felt better and it also had the advantage that she could relax with the knife and sit as comfortably as her prisoner.

On the way Sally tried to memorise the signposts and look for landmarks but after a couple of hours she just relaxed and enjoyed taunting her captor.

"So I suppose that you have great political objectives with this kidnapping? I mean the British Empire is sure to react and send a gunboat and then the Junta will be overthrown!"

Juanita refused to be drawn. She had to bite her lip to resist making a sharp comment but she managed it, just, and then simply made a mild comment:

"No politics, just old fashioned profit!"

"Oh so then all of this will be a payday so that you and Carlos here can finally go on holiday to Las Vegas?"

So it went on. Sally making sarcastic and ironic comments whilst Juanita resisted the impulse to react. Finally her patience broke. All the references to banana republics and Juntas finally overcame her and she turned to slap her tormentress across the cheek.

"Silence!" she screamed, "You have no idea what is happening here! Silence!"

Sally was indeed silent for twenty seconds before she could not resist commenting on Juanita's loss of temper.

“True, I have no idea. It seems to me that you and Carlos the taxi driver are kidnapping me to make a bit of money. You are taking me from Rio to Passa Vinte from where you will be contacting Conch Petroleum in the person of my husband Hugh. You will be asking for a ton of money and you will exchange me whilst the police try to find you. Then you will spend the rest of your life looking over your shoulder. Otherwise I have no idea!”

For the past half hour they had been passing hand written signs to Passa Vinte.

Juanita stared out of the window as Sally made her next comment:

“There is one thing that worries me a little apart from the rather amateur way that this whole kidnapping thing has been organised. If I am allowed to see your faces and if the driver’s name really is Carlos and if your name is really Juana, as written on the wristband that you wear, are you ever going to let me go? I mean it all defies any logic.”

Sally paused for a moment to try to gauge the reaction that she was having on her captor. It seemed like some sort of shock, or perhaps even remorse.

“If that is all the case then you are going to kill me as soon as you are sure that the money is paid. In that case I really suppose that I should resist but I really cannot be bothered.”

“I just wanted to say that!”

CHAPTER SIX

Cigarettes and Coffee.

The nurse mounted him.

Hugh saw the red flash of a heeled mule as she swung her leg over his prone body to climb on to him. She smiled encouragingly as she lifted her short skirt and poised herself over his straining prick.

He saw the red lips purse, he noticed the lipstick that was smeared from contact with the cock that she was poised to take into her cunt. She said something but he did not understand the words. The intention was clear, however.

It was a command and he was not able to do more than be the passive bystander in his own rape.

Still poised to take him she took her time, time was her ally.

Her hands came into Hugh's view. They stroked his face and then passed to the buttons on her tight blouse. One by one the fingers flickered over the buttons that held the garment closed.

Every move was practiced. Every move was preordained by the ritual that she had created to taunt her playthings. Participation was not on her mind, just use.

As each button popped she slid a little to swallow his prick with her pussy. Just an inch at a time his flesh disappeared as her breasts were exposed to the gaze of her fettered victim. A warm wet circle engulfing Hugh as the perfect globes of her chest were uncovered to his gaze.

But Hugh had been milked of all climax, he was just left with the excitement of her form and the clenched tunnel that allowed him entry to her body. Finally she had settled. Her smooth waxed skin on the base of his prick, her hands seeking her nipples to tease and provoke them to stand to attention.

The fuck had begun.

Pornography without release, love without affection.....

The next call to Hugh from the kidnapper woke him at four in the morning. In the dark he dropped the phone and scrabbled around under the bed to find it.

“You have the money?”

Hugh took a deep breath and spoke: "Of course, but I need to speak to Sally before we can continue this negotiation."

"Since you have the money then perhaps a word or two might just be permissible"

It was the same woman who was speaking as had called the last time. Hugh heard the sounds of the phone being passed.

"Hugh. It's me, Sally. I'm alright."

That was it, just six little words before the phone was passed again and Hugh heard the kidnapper's voice again:

"So, I shall contact you tomorrow evening with some instructions."

"Just wait a moment," said Hugh. "How do I know that you did not just play a recording? Allow me to speak to my wife again."

For a moment he heard a sigh and the phone being passed.

"Hugh, I am not a recording!"

"I had to be certain.

"Of course you did. You always have to be certain of everything."

"I love you!" he said.

"No you don't! You love your work, not me."

The phone was suddenly switched off and Hugh was left standing alone in the dark wondering what the police would make of a call from a kidnap victim that he felt sounded so dry and emotionless.

He looked over his shoulder to where Juana was lying naked in his bed, her face lit by the screen of the mobile phone.

"It worked perfectly," he commented. "Now I have to call Inspector Mantaus to tell him about the call."

"The Internet is a wonderful thing," she commented. "A three way call and totally untraceable! Call him and then you can fuck me again as the police swing into action and then achieve totally and absolutely, nothing."

"Sally sounded so bored. It's what she does best you know, indifference," he said.

“It doesn’t matter. All that matters is us and the money.”

Hugh started the call with a few swipes at the screen of the mobile.

“In a couple of days it will all be over and then I can start to live again.”

He held up his hand to show that the inspector’s phone was answering and that she should stay silent.

“Inspector Mantaus? The kidnappers have just called. We need to meet,” he said managing to add a tone of stress to his voice as he spoke to the policeman.

“In the hotel? Nine O’clock in the morning.”

Hugh folded the phone closed and switched it off.

“We have four hours,” said Hugh to Juana.

“That’s enough time for my playtime and some sleep,” Juana laughed as she pulled at his wrist. “I feel the need for your lips between my thighs, something pleasurable to distract me from all this scheming.”

It was a few miles outside the village of Passa-Vinta was where Juana had grown up. The villa was the property of an Aunt, Helene, who had always doted on her niece until she finally moved to the Rio. There were pleasant memories here even though the villa had not been lived in for a couple of years. The aunt now lived on a small farm a few miles into the hills with her cousin, Tatiane, and she had allowed Juana to use the villa.

“Why don’t you bring that Englishwoman up to the farm,” said Helena.

“I really don’t want to involve you in all this,” said Juana. “Anyway I’ve hired Carlos now and he can look after her.”

“Well if you think so, but we could do with a little company.”

“What you want is someone to mind the pigs and goats not a companion!”

Helena smiled, even though there was a generation between the two, Helena had been the youngest daughter and was only ten years older than her niece and went a way towards explaining their closeness.

That and other similarities.

“Well you’re right as usual my sweet!” she laughed, “What I need is a man not a woman to do the heavy work. So, use the villa and just keep me up to date with what’s going on!”

Juana thought of the three of them up there in the hills, Helena and her female cousin struggling to make ends meet.

“When the money comes through you can have some of it, I promise,” she said to her aunt.”

“I know you will, Juana, and I promise that if you need any help at all then you only have to ask!” Helena had always been a special aunt to Juana, a support and a source of strength.

That’s how it was amongst the hill people; they grew up together, stuck together, and broke the law together.

Blood really was thicker than water.

Though Hugh Derwan could be forgiven for not knowing this about Juana at this precise moment it was, however, something he would soon learn.

And at great personal cost.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Interlude.

And now came a moment of self-contained calm.

He was alone. Alone with his thoughts, worries and fantasies. No click of heels no susurrations of the nylon-clad thighs. The conflict of his physical need and his horror at his circumstances was at rest. Hugh tested the bonds that held him so tight and inflexible upon the table.

There was no give.

All that he could hear was his own breathing.

From the corners of his eyes he could see the edge of the sheet that covered him, but there was not enough movement to see more than the green colour of the edge of the sheet.

He closed his eyes against the bright light above him and tried to concentrate on the touch and feel of the bed on which he lay, the grasp of the bandages that clasped him and the straps that held him immobile.

For a few moments he was able to cast his mind free of his dilemma and imagine himself returned to the bed where he lay with Sally. The place where a naive Englishman had imagined that his wife was a fraud, a woman with no depth of character, nothing behind the mask-like facade of her attractive face.

But Sally's face metamorphosed in his daydream and became the lipstick smeared face of the woman who was abusing and using him. Hugh repressed a shudder and realised suddenly that all the women in his life were merging into one malicious being. Juana, Helena, Sally and the nameless ravenous nurse.

He felt an erection come into being.

It pressed at the blanket that had been thrown over his thighs, tenting it until the very peak came into his peripheral vision. It chafed against that rough cloth and twitched as if seeking to find a way to escape or perhaps to find that cunt which had swallowed it just hours before.

Hugh's mind turned to that fuck.

Those breasts.

The slim-fingered hands that had freed them from her blouse.

He replayed the images of fingers and thumbs as they had pinched those engorged nipples and heard again the gasp as nails bit into the stiffening aureoles. He saw her lips open and her tongue touching her teeth as she regained control of her passion and looked down to smile at him. Not the satisfied smile of a lover but more that of the cat who plays with a mouse or a snake eyeing its prey.

His cock moved in cadence with his thoughts and his hips tried to push up from the metal of the table, his inner eye seeing her slip down the full length of his prick until the cheeks of her ass pressed into his thighs and felt the weight and warmth, the yielding of her flesh, as the smooth skin of her pussy ground against his groin.

A dull sound of a key and the door to the room opened and he stirred from his reverie.

Nurse had returned to her reluctant but willing patient.

Those heels, high red mules, clicked on the tiles of the floor as she tutted and pulled the blanket away with a sharp wrench to expose a twitching cock that was longing for release. The functional part of her fuck doll. He saw a hand extend to his face and tried to focus on what it was that she held, but he could make no sense of what seemed to be a tangle of chromium wire and rings.

“Esta é para você,” she said. “Você vai ser o meu prisioneiro!”

Hugh was about to reply that he did not understand what it was that she was giving him when she held a manicured finger up to her smiling lips.

He felt a hand, cool and strong, slide between his thighs and an irresistible pressure insist upon entry in the form of a slim finger that slipped inside him to push past the clenching gates of his ass.

It sought inside him and found that small spot where the prostate pushes against the inner wall of the colon to move and press against that location until she was sure of her position.

Control!

The massage began like a tickle that made his erection throb almost in time with the strokes of fingertip and nail. It moved up in intensity and became insistent. A manipulation that would make him yield his come without orgasm, at once ruined and aberrant.

Milked of his pleasure at her pleasure he felt internal muscles clench and sensed the firmness of his erection fade as there came no touch of a hand, lips or cunt and he was forced finally to capitulate as a trickle of semen oozed from his prick and she forced him to give up his entire load to her manipulation.

Then came her gift.

A moment of contact as her hands pulled his flaccid cock into the cage that would ensure that even his erections were now hers to gift.

As she willed.

Helena's villa the taxi drew up at was run down but inhabitable.

For two days now Sally had been in the care of Carlos. Shackled loosely to a bed that had been fixed to the marble floor with outsized brackets, she had just enough free play to use the toilet and move around the room to the accompanying rattle of the chains.

She had looked out of the barred window but it was clear that the house was far from other habitations. All she could see outside her cell was a poorly kept garden and a background of steep slopes and mountain tops.

In the taxi it had all seemed like a game, but now Sally faced the fact that though it had been entertaining winding up her captors the amusing aspect had faded to leave her with a pit in her stomach as she faced her captivity.

What she had said was so true. Now that she had seen them and knew where they were, now that she had worked out their true names she was doomed. There was no way that Juana and Carlos would allow her to escape or obtain her freedom and talk to the police.

They would kill her. It was she would do in their place. Dispose of the evidence. That would happen after any money changed hands.

'Of course if there is no payment at all, I am doomed as well,' she thought.

As she stared out of the window she heard the door open behind her and Carlos, the taxi driver entered with a plate with a bowl of beans and some bread. For a moment after entering he paused and then decided to lay the tray just by the door.

'I wonder if he speaks English at all,' she wondered at his retreating back.

In the last few days Carlos had not said a word, English or Portuguese. Often she heard the noise of him moving about and occasionally she had seen him in the garden having a smoke.

'He is just a soldier, it is Juana that has the keys to my padlocks or maybe they are just hanging on a hook outside my door and I am just a foot from freedom.' she thought as she looked down at the unappetizing mess of beans and pieces of pork that steamed in the bowl.

Sally took the tray to the bed and with it balanced on her knees she started to eat. Despite the unappetizing look of the beans they were tasty and the bread was quite fresh.

After the meal she looked again at the fetters that Juana had fixed to her right ankle. They were crude, just bent steel and padlocks and a thin long chain that was welded crudely to the iron of the bedstead. But Sally had no tools. Even the spoon that they had given her to eat with was wooden and the room was empty of furniture and loose items from which she might have made some sort of escape tool.

‘If I am going to get out of this then it’s going to be because I am rescued or because they let me go.’

Both events seemed unlikely. Hugh arriving over the crest of a hill as her shining knight was not a great possibility and that the police would find her seemed a pretty doubtful event also.

Somehow Sally felt as though she was slipping to her doom because of her own indifference to her fate. Could she subvert Carlos in some way? Unlikely if she couldn’t even talk to him. What about Juana?

Well at least Juana had been prepared to argue with her. That showed some sort of involvement. But, how to subvert a woman? Money, sex or blackmail? None of the options seemed very promising at all.

Money?

Well with the ransom being collected, that idea was not going to have long legs. Anyway, apart from the apartment in London and a few tens of thousands in the bank accounts that was a non-starter. Especially since Juana had mentioned the sum of ‘millions’ when she had mentioned the ransom.

Blackmail, an absolute nonstarter!

She was their captive so what leverage was there. Sally racked her brain for ideas of things to say. She pondered the idea of some lie about a brother in the secret service or FBI or some such, but it all sounded so hollow that with regret, she allowed the idea to fade.

‘That leaves sex!’ she thought.

One thing was for sure, Juana was pretty attractive! Since the heady days of university in London Sally had not been near another woman. There had been a couple of languid affairs since, but they had all been with men. Not that she had either moral or sexual scruples about it, but since Carlos seemed to be so aloof that meant that Juana was the only chance.

‘It all seems so hopeless,’ she thought to herself. ‘All the doors to escape are closed and the windows are barred.’

Sally thought about films that she had seen, how daring and luck allowed the heroes and heroines to escape and save the day. It seemed unlikely that Sally was going to emulate those screen flights of the imagination.

The drive was so fucking long! Even the Jeep Juana drove could do no more than twenty miles an hour over the unpaved road that led to Passa Vinte, ensuring the miles passed slowly as she avoided the potholes that were deeper than the wheels were high.

‘Still, it’s better than that bloody taxi,’ she consoled herself. She smiled as she recalled the ride in the taxi with Sally, the victim who would not give in to fear.

Juana felt tired and pulled over to walk about for a moment because her accelerator foot was aching with the continual strain of balancing the bumps in the road with the need to keep the speed up. She flicked a look at her wrist and decided that she was ahead of schedule and could stop for a while.

She was not even certain why she had come on this trip. Carlos was perfectly able to look after the prisoner and she risked blowing her cover by being away from Rio. But she had a feeling, a hunch that she had to come and that feeling could not be denied.

Leaning into the car she pulled out a carton of cigarettes that Hugh had given her for Sally. Breaking one of the packets off the block of ten she opened them and lit up. Smoking was something that she had quickly realised Hugh hated with a passion so she had made sure that she kept the habit out of his sight and mind.

As she sat on a tree stump by the road she watched the sun slip behind a cloud. The affair with Hugh was like the sun she decided. Bright at the beginning but now, already, she was tiring of him. The sun was setting on the relationship. At first he had submitted to her needs and the whole relationship was a turmoil of endless sex. Satisfying for both. Now that she was getting to know him better she was starting to tire of him.

‘Familiarity breeds contempt,’ she thought.

With a deep pull at the cigarette she stood and pivoted on the heel of her boot; there was a profound quiet in this spot of the valley and with no wind and just a single cricket chirping it was a place of calm.

A place to make decisions.

‘The problem is twofold,’ she thought to herself calmly.

The first was the money, the second part of Juana’s problem was the people who were involved in this kidnap.

'There are too many persons in the know,' she thought. 'Carlos and Lucas. Then there is Hugh and of course my good self. What I really need to do is decrease the numbers and get a bigger share.'

Of course she was paying Carlos, the driver and Lucas, the man from hotel who had pushed Sally into the car, a fixed sum. Twenty thousand each. But neither had the imagination to pose a threat.

The real problem was Hugh.

He seemed to be in some sort of daydream that he would be rid of Sally and that would clear the way to hitch up with Juana. She had been alert to the advantages of having inside knowledge but already, by the time that they had snatched Sally she was having to force herself not to tell Hugh to go fuck himself. Despite what she had said the first time that they had slept together he just didn't get it!

Wives stay at home and do the housework. Lovers get the rest; love, sex, money and excitement.

'What I do for the money!' she thought.

For years she had been arranging the lives of the German and English Expats who were living high on the hog in Rio. It was the fact that she provided kidnap insurance that had sparked off a train of thought that she could spend the rest of her life being well off or she could get rich and stay rich.

Hugh had been the obvious choice and their affair had been providence.

With that affair, and Hugh's continual complaining about his wife, she had made the jump and had found no problem talking him into the kidnap. Of course she had to help him over the obvious fact that Sally would have to disappear forever but in the end her ravenous pussy helped him through his moral crisis to kill his wife and share a ransom with his mistress.

It would make it all so much easier as well by not having the husband continually, day and night, calling his consulate, calling the police and generally urging all the authorities to greater efforts. Even better, he would be her alibi, he would provide the inside track and he would persuade his company to pay the ransom. It was worth what was fast becoming a tired fuck once a night.

That was part of the problem that she now had to wrestle with. Even though Hugh was useful he was not worth a couple of million dollars to her.

With a flick Juana tossed the butt into a bush and climbed back into the Jeep. There was a great deal to think about and plan. Getting rid of Hugh, getting rid of Sally, arranging the money and then, when it had all died down would come the getaway.

At the end of it all the United States beckoned like a beacon.

By the time she pulled into the long track that led to the villa outside Passa Vinte she had an inkling of what she wanted to achieve. The thought of collecting the ransom twice was sweet to her. The idea that she would not have to share it was even sweeter .

CHAPTER EIGHT

Negotiation

Now at last he was fully hers.

His recovery being made between bouts of surgery by a doctor whom he never saw, body held to the table by leather and steel, cock caged for the casual and intense use of the nurse who was his only contact with the rest of humanity.

Sometimes he was even allowed to come.

Most times, though, he was only there for her perverse pleasure.

His thralldom would not last forever but the doctor allowed her nurse to enjoy her gratifying entertainment. The ritual was coming to its own climax as the bound victim was forced to submit to the woman who demanded satisfaction.

This time he was to be allowed into her luscious body.

Just this time.

The nurse slid slowly on the rigid cock that she now had fully under control. She had tamed it. She had fettered it and prepared it meticulously for her pleasure. Now she allowed it deep into her, pushing at the limits of her. Her hands satisfied her lust from penetrated cunt to taut nipples; they ranged her skin and added to the exhilaration.

Looking down she could enjoy the sight of Hugh straining to find release that would not happen, urging his body to orgasm without hope. Her smile at him was not the satisfied sign to a lover. It was the sneer of a woman who was going to take everything, giving nothing in exchange.

This was what her ritual gave her. She did not seek the pain or discomfort of her lovers, she sought their non-participation. They had to suffer her attentions, they had to give and give and give.

Now the pace was quickening.

One hand fluttered to her clitoris whilst the other flickered between each nipple. She leaned forwards and backwards as she slid on Hugh's prick to find that sweet spot where climax was certain for her.

Just for her.

A gasp! She surprised herself with her own orgasm, coming like waves that mount in shallow water and crash onto shingle. The quivering always began in her thighs. It spread to belly and chest, making her whole body shudder and palpitate with the overwhelming gratification.

Her eyes fixed on Hugh.

They saw a man who was turned on and willing to come. But she had tamed him and prepared him well, he had lost his chance of ultimate pleasure because he had been milked for an hour before this fuck.

The cage had only come off when it ran with his come as her practiced finger had extracted every last drop.

Her climax made her shudder with a little aftershock. Hugh was the best so far, the man who had pushed her to the greatest climax. The ritual was not over, there was a last part. A final assertion of her superiority that would leave him ready for the next day's ritual, a repeat that would go on day after day until Hugh was frenetic with frustration and desire.

The nurse dismounted from the patient that she was ministering to and took his prick in her hands.

Now was coming the final ingredient that would ensure his need.

All was quiet. Carlos was waiting under the porch with a book in his hand and he nodded to Juana as she entered the villa with the remains of the carton of cigarettes in her hand.

It was early evening and a slight coolness in the air made the unfurnished villa seem chilly. As she walked across the stone floors her boots echoed on the flagstones, announcing her arrival to the pay check who was chained to the bed in the room that was the prison for Sally.

Cautiously she opened the door. Cautiously because the chain that allowed the prisoner to get to the small toilet and shower also allowed her almost as far as the door. Juana found Sally sitting on the thin mattress with her knees drawn up and her hands clasped over her shins.

"I find you well," she said. "Carlos has been feeding you properly?"

"If you like beans then I am full of them!" replied Sally with a wan smile.

"Actually Carlos is not very talkative, anyway he speaks Tupi and only a little Portuguese and I sometimes think that the only English words that he knows are 'Coca Cola'! Some people would call him a little backward. I prefer to use the word 'retiring'," replied Juana.

With her prisoner seated firmly on the bed and therefore at a safe distance Juana relaxed. In her head she had her conversation all mapped out. Gradually an idea was taking shape that had its genesis in the long car ride. All that worrying at the problem was slowly resolving into focus, lines of thought were finding links. The best was that she could play with Sally as she liked. She was chained and was not going anywhere.

One thing was clear, that any line of inquiry would be frustrated by the Englishwoman's sarcasm and unrelenting disdain for her captor. Juana started slowly.

"Fancy a cup of coffee? I'll get one if you like."

"OK. That's so very accommodating of you, especially considering the fact that I am your kidnap victim. I suppose that you are offering some biscuits to go with it?"

Juana decided to become as sharp as her conversational opponent and see where it led.

"Actually, since you are in chains I could actually say that you belong to me! In that case if I want you to eat biscuits and drink coffee then you will do so!" offered Juana as an opening gambit.

The chance to verbally attack Juana in the Taxi had been the first real time that Sally had felt truly awake for years. Real stress and a companion that really tested her, but at the same time had such power over her. That feeling was making her come alive again.

'Funny how I only feel alive when I could be about to die!' she thought to herself with an inward smile.

Of course there was, maybe, a possibility of rescuing herself.

'Maybe I can make friends with this bitch,' thought Sally slyly. 'Sort of, less friends than at least make her a little more reluctant to get rid of me when the money is paid. I'd hate to be buried under her patio.'

The trouble was that she had not had a real friend in years. It was sort of an atrophied route to follow, but it might be the only chance. Maybe she could talk her way out? Or there again, maybe Juana did not have a patio.

Juana went to make some coffee. As she left the room she turned for a moment.

"Milk and sugar?"

Without waiting for an answer she left to get the coffee as Sally shouted after her:

"Black and strong, that's the way that I like it!"

There was no way that Sally was going to allow Juana to have the last word!

Ten minutes later and Juana was back. In her hand were two cups of coffee, both in those soft disposable cups.

“Sorry, no biscuits,” she said as she came to just within reach of the bed and offered the cup.

“Apologies accepted, I suppose,” replied Sally as she took the hot cup. “No, wait a moment. I have no option!”

For a moment she had the idea in her head that she could throw the hot drink over Juana and...

‘And then what? Juana has certainly not got the keys on her,’ she thought. ‘In fact I’ll bet that she has no weapon on her and that means that Carlos will come in here and half kill me. In fact that would be the end of me. The finish.’

The looks that Carlos gave Juana were a clear indicator of respect or maybe more, so attacking Juana while the shackle bound her to this bed was just not an option.

For a moment she looked at the coffee.

“Rohypnol?”

“Why should I bother?” came Juana’s answer. “You will do anything that I want you to, when I might wish it.”

For a moment she left the room and then returned with a bamboo cane in her hand. Not a thin schoolmaster’s cane but a two inch rod that could break the bones of the person that it was used on. For a moment she smiled as she allowed it to swish through the air. Sally felt a weakness enter her body. No matter how clever Sally was, or how devious, all the cards and the whips were in the hands of this Brazilian beauty.

“That’s not following the rules!”

For the first time Sally was realising that there were penalties for failure that stood between her and her murder by this woman and that those penalties could be inflicted at whim. So far she had been chained and imprisoned but she had not been abused by either of her captors.

That was the insight she gained, Since this game had not been played before by them the rules had not yet been written. In fact the one rule might possibly be; that there were no rules.

Juana laughed and made a comment in Portuguese before she tossed the cane out of the room with a clatter. She picked up her coffee and sipped at it, raising a single eyebrow when Sally did the same as if to say, ‘Are you sure that the coffee is not drugged?’

In one swallow Sally downed the coffee to end another round of their sparring contest with a show of faith in her captor.

“Want some cigarettes?” offered Juana. “Of course I trust you not to set fire to your bed if I give you some matches!”

“Of course. I finished the packet I bought in Rio the other day. Actually ‘Derby’ are shit, they are like smoking sawdust wrapped in bark!”

Juana brought out the cigarette carton that Hugh had bought and passed it to Sally with a box of matches. For a moment there was a hesitation on Sally’s part. The hesitation was partly the uncertainty of taking something from Juana the second was the inkling of a deeper suspicion.

‘How did she know what brand I usually buy?’ she wondered. ‘I mean, could this be a coincidence or is there some clue in this?’

Juana smiled as she watched Sally light up and then tossed the carton of packets onto the floor with the matches. For a moment there was silence as Sally smoked, all the while eyeing Juana as she considered the information that she might be able to glean from this error.

‘It could be coincidence. On the other hand it was such a pain getting Dunhill Red in Rio that I had to get Hugh to find them in some hidden tourist supermarket,’ she thought as the thoughts led her to an inevitable conclusion.

Hugh had managed to find the Dunhill but had hated every minute of buying for the habit that he detested so much. It suggested that in some way Hugh...

‘It did not bear thinking about,’ Sally thought as she realised that her thoughts were leading her to her husband. That he was involved in some way.

Hugh!

Juana saw the realisation hit her captive and realised that she had been outwitted, or at least outthought.

‘In some way the fact that they are one brand and not the other must be a clue, Sally is a clever girl,’ thought Juana. ‘Not that it really matters. In fact I think that it may be beneficial. It will be interesting to see if she can use what she knows well.’

“I’ll leave you alone now. If I have the time I’ll pop back later before lights out.” said Juana. “It’s possible that we may have things to discuss later.”

Inspector Mantaus was idly looking at the report that had arrived on his desk. It was a summary of all the evidence that he had so far about the Dewan kidnapping, just one of the three cases that he was working on, but the one that most exercised his mind.

Mentally he listed all the evidence and then reviewed it by moving the pieces around in different constellations in his mind. Inspector Mantaus was proud of the fact that despite his strict catholic upbringing and all the rules and regulations that he had been forced to absorb in his time on the force that he was able to think like the criminals that he hunted. He found that he could put himself into their place and half see their motives, their mistakes and the way that evidence interlocked.

‘So what do I know for certain?’ was always the first thought as he flicked through the file, starting in the middle and picking pages at random. ‘After all it is protocol that decides the order of the file. It is necessity that decides the order of the crime.’

Well, he knew that a woman had been seen being pushed into a taxi on Garabaldi, just outside a small bar. The barman had described her quite well, it was clear that she had been abducted just outside and the time was certain. It was thus also clear that the victim was Sally Derwan.

He knew that one of three thousand yellow taxis had been used as the abduction vehicle. That was not much of a help at the moment but it was a possible lead because not many Rio cabs left the city limits.

One that had might just be noticed.

He knew that the ransom demand was real and that there was a great deal of money at stake. Her husband, Hugh, had already told him that the company that he worked for would pay the ransom if necessary and that there was full kidnap insurance.

Inspector Mantaus made a mental tick to have a word with the insurance agent who sold the policy. There might be a connection. Another thing was the reaction of the husband. He seemed upset enough, even frantic enough but somehow there was something wrong there. Something that Inspector Mantaus was missing, but based on a shadow of a hunch.

Then he thought about what he knew that he didn’t know. This was a favourite trick of his to imagine mistakes that the criminals might have made but didn’t. For instance. All the phone calls so far were routed over the Internet which made them almost impossible to trace.

That showed some technical competence.

Then there was the snatch itself, smooth, without violence and in broad daylight. That showed planning, timing and a deft touch that was not normally associated with street gangs. No guns and no blood. That was another thing, the local gangs liked to send a piece of the victim to the person who was paying to show that they meant business.

So far just a calm businesslike negotiation. Short and sweet.

Inspector Mantaus got up from his desk and strolled to the window. Soon he would have to present two reports. One to the Captain, his boss, and the other to the insurance company. When so much money was involved it was important to get it all correct.

‘At least there is hope for the victim,’ he thought. ‘With a professional group they would want to give her back. After all it was good advertising for the business!’

CHAPTER NINE

More Negotiation

Hugh sighed with relief.

At last she was going to take him there. He regained all the stiffness of before in her skilled hands and then felt a small brush of her lips on the very tip of his prick. Despite himself he sighed and laid his head back on the pillow to enjoy the treatment that she was administering.

Then it was over, that firm grip.

She withdrew and he lifted his head in time to see her pout a kiss at him with those full lips.

A small pout of satisfaction at his obedience.

A click of heels and the sound of hard wheels on the tiles of the floor as the nurse moved a trolley to his side. Hugh felt her tighten a band on his arm and make a small noise of satisfaction as she set a device to monitor him.

Finally she was contented with the arrangements, all that was left to do was a last duty that would prove the full measure of her control and his subservience.

The nurse strapped Hugh's head with the broad band that she had loosened at the beginning and mounted him once more. Facing his prick she knelt over him, allowing him to see only her dripping cunt suspended just inches from his eyes.

Now he would feel her power over him.

Once again she began the massage of his cock. Slowly at first she built up a rhythm as she watched the small screen of the monitor. She could sense his excitement and the way that it overflowed to add to heighten her own anticipation.

The strokes increased in severity and then died back to a gentle touching before speeding once again to bring him a little closer to the climax that she could sense and predict on the flicker of the screen. Wave after wave, each one slightly more than the last as she found the weakness in him and exploited each beat of his pounding heart.

After days of being milked and abused he allowed himself to slip into a hypnotic state of pleasure at the work of her skilled hands.

His vision was filled by the pink flesh that was revealed between her pouting lips. The glisten of her excitement and the swelling clitoris that now peeped from its concealing hood of tender skin. His brain was filled by the inexorable pressure of a coming orgasm as he overcame her milking and headed towards the end of the tunnel.

At last he was to be allowed to climax in her hands!

She rocked forward to allow him to see all of her, to pull her sex tight and the sight absorbed all of his thoughts and mind. Closer and closer he came until, at last, it was almost inevitable, a first clench in his balls and the prostate that she had milked, forewarned her. A sudden indication on the monitor, a light flickered at a preset limit and it was over.

The hands withdrew to leave a bobbing prick that was at the very point before climax. That was the final piece in the puzzle of her ritual. A single tear of liquid emerged to hang for a moment on the lips of his cock before it trickled down.

The prick throbbed as though seeking to satisfy itself and a groan emerged from his lips as Hugh realised that the moment was lost.

The nurse reached to the silver topped table and took the cage. As she did so she felt her own moment of exquisite pleasure. This was excruciatingly her moment of glory, of power and consummation. Hugh saw the lips of her pussy part like a flower as they engorged and parted slightly to reveal the chasm that was going to swallow him.

Her hand found the complex chromium puzzle that was the insurance that Hugh would always be kept at the peak of anticipation of an event that would never come. Not at her hands.

She waited until the erection faded and then slid the flaccid tube of flesh into the bars of the device. As it slid into place she knew that he would be ready for her next assault whenever it might be her pleasure to enact it.

This was to be the pattern of her abuse. Milking without orgasm, excitement without climax, service without satisfaction. He would serve at the altar of her sex without a single prayer being answered.

The delicious thought of his continuing frustration and her derived satisfaction.

Hugh was always to be ready but unwilling, it was, after all, his fate anyway...

To be ruled by women.

Sally sat on the bed and smoked her third Dunhill. Idly she played with the matches and tried to work out if they had any escape potential. Like Juana had said, setting fire to the bed was a total non-starter, all that would happen is that she would choke on the smoke and be unable to escape. The matches were also no use to pick locks or engage in some James Bond like escape.

The metallic red pack of the cigarettes caught her eye and she wondered at her thoughts. The thought that her husband was in some way involved. Or was it a double bluff? Had the kidnappers asked Hugh what she smoked and were trying to undermine her confidence? Or?

Sally found herself in a maze of ever decreasing circles looking for the meaning that was tucked behind the other implication. At last she gave up and decided that the most likely explanation was that the Juana had made a mistake and that in some way Hugh probably was involved.

As she pondered the light faded outside leaving her sitting in the gloom, lit by a fiery red sunset that washed through the window staining the whitewashed room with blood.

Sally was so deep in her reverie that she did not notice Juana enter until the point when she sat on the edge of the bed. Dressed in a light airy dress, the travelling jeans, boots and shirt discarded, she looked like the ethereal creature from a David Hamilton movie.

Innocent but sexual, flighty but full of yearning.

Sally could see that she was naked under the dress, the sunset picked out the darker aureoles of her breasts and the dark triangle between her thighs that marked her sex.

She was stirred. The warm air and the pinks and reds, a steel framed bed, even the chains added to the mood. Juana looked the picture of bashful beauty, long black straight hair and bare feet.

Full lips and long legs with broad hips.

Sally looked up and wondered at her kidnapper as a slim and reached out and took the cigarette from her hand.

“Mind?”

“No!”

Sally’s hand reached and touched the thin cotton and traced a fingertip along a thigh and then allowed her hand to drop.

“Some things I might mind!” said Sally. “There are some things that I really mind!”

Juana took a long pull at the cigarette and held the tip up to the light. A slight glow obscured by the ash piled on top. She regarded the cigarette with narrowed eyes.

“If I had a mind...”

It was clear that Juana was enjoying the power that she held over her captive. The threat of the glowing tip of the cigarette was clear but understated.

“If you had a mind you would know that there is no point,” said Sally. “You are after the money, this is no interrogation.”

Juana blew the smoke with pursed lips and laughed.

“Of course, you are right. Of course I could be a sadist!”

“I can only hope that you are not.”

“I do verge on those thoughts sometimes. That I could hurt someone and enjoy their suffering.”

“But now? Is that how you feel?”

Juana dropped the burning stump of the cigarette to the floor. She went to grind it out with her heel and realised suddenly that she was in bare feet. For a moment she hesitated and then her foot closed on the burning coal and she twisted her foot to extinguish the ember with a grim smile on her face.

Sally watched with wide eyes and wondered what Juana was trying to illustrate. Soon enough she had the answer as Juana spoke:

“A real sadist must understand their victim. Such total understanding only comes through pain.”

Realising that this conversation was leading to places that she would rather not go, especially since she was at the mercy of this idiosyncratic Brazilian beauty, Sally changed the subject:

“Dunhill?”

‘Ah, now we are getting to the quick,’ thought Juana.

“Wrong brand?” answered Juana as she feigned innocence.

“That’s exactly the point! They are the right brand, how did you know?”

“Hugh. Your husband.”

“Do you mean that he told you while negotiations were going on or do you mean that you are fucking him?”

Juana laughed delightedly.

“Guess!”

Now the Englishwoman was on the wrong foot and she knew it. This she had to get right but the snake that ate its tail filled her mind with its circular argument and she had to break the circle to make her guess.

“Hugh, well I guess that you’re fucking him and that you are already bored with his devotion. Otherwise we would not be having this conversation; you would be back in Rio with him now, fucking, not risking visiting your ticket to riches.”

Not only had Sally guessed right, she had jumped ahead by a length and unbalanced her captor, who responded in an angry voice:

“I am here for other reasons!”

“You are here because you have to get away from my husband.”

Juana took a breath and managed to inject some calm into her voice. Not enough to completely mask her feelings but enough for her to feel as though she had.

“Your husband is going to pay the ransom!”

“Not at all. It is Conch Petroleum that will pay, he is just the cipher. He will organise it. What has he promised you?”

“You have it the wrong way up,” said Juana angrily as she lost her self-control. “This is my plan, my win, he just wants to get rid of you!”

Suddenly the cat was out of the bag and Juana realised that she had been tricked into divulging the truth. She started to laugh. In the end it really didn’t matter.

“Your husband said that you were really stupid, that retarded dreamer, he called you.”

“My husband always looks past his navel and then can see only as far as his own prick. Actually, he bores me. With his obsession with work and his picky nagging. You are welcome to him and the money. If I get out of this alive you can have him. He’s yours!”

“You really mean that, don’t you?” said Juana.

“Of course I mean it. I have a thousand reasons to leave him at last. This...” she lit another cigarette and held it up. For a moment she seemed fascinated by the smoke before she continued, “...is what he hates most about me. But I really only smoke to keep him off my back and my front. The smell is enough to keep him off and that’s enough for me.”

Sally had a sly look at Juana from under her lashes and smiled.

“If I asked you to put this out with your palm would you do it?” she said. “Because if you answer ‘yes’ then it is the wrong one of us that is in chains!”

Juana felt a sudden urge to kiss this woman. Somehow she had been overcome. Fully armed with every advantage in her arsenal she had fallen for her captive. She unconsciously leaned forward and closed her eyes.

Sally saw her relax and lean. Was this some trick? Was this another ordeal that could spell disaster or could it be the way out? Was it really possible that sex was the key to this Brazilian woman, the first escape option that Sally had ruled out?

The prisoner decided to take the surface message that she was receiving as the genuine article and follow through. Now was not the moment for risk-free behaviour. As Sally bent to kiss her captor she allowed a hand to rise to push back the delicate cotton over Juana’s breast against the skin and find her erect nipple with a fingertip.

As her lips closed over Juana’s she let her tongue play over those lips pressing in to unlock the mouth. Juana opened and allowed her in, allowed her to take what she wanted.

Smoke drifted from the contact as a tongue pushed in and searched a willing mouth. Fingers closed around the discovered nipple and grasped it to the gasp of Juana. The fingers twisted and the soft flesh creased, but the reaction to this discomfort was that Juana pushed herself towards the Englishwoman with an urgency that she could not restrain.

“The captive fucks her jailer,” whispered Sally. “I need it. Even with these chains on me, actually you are mine.”

Juana’s head was in a whirl. She was always so strong in bed, always so unassailable in sex. This other woman had discovered her secret. The secret that, her strength surfaced because she could not ever admit her weakness. A cover for a desire to be held and controlled.

It had broken the surface, this desire, because Sally was still fettered and under Juana’s power even though she had cast a spell on the Brazilian. Ultimately Juana was still in charge, she thought. But the roles had reversed. She had been found out. Now she could risk being used without having given away all her authority.

As for Sally, this was a game that she had played so many times, this game of authority and influence. Never for such high stakes, that was true and always with the intangible fetters of desire and lust. Never had she ever played those bondage games with real rope. Her lash had been the desire of others and her skill at milking pleasure from others whilst controlling her own gratification. With a tinkling of the chains that bound Sally to the bed she pulled Juana on to the bed and rolled her over onto her back. She could feel Juana surrender, relax her legs and close her eyes., ready to be used and abused by her captive!

Juana slipped into Portuguese and shouted, and though Sally did not understand the words, the intent was clear. Fuck me!

“Come on you bitch, I get to go first,” said Sally as she tore at the flimsy dress.

It ripped with scarcely a sound, it just gave way like tearing wet paper. It showed a body, tight with muscle that heaved in unconscious movement. Nipples standing proud, a tongue between lips and an engorged cunt that was opening like a flower to be pleased or punished as seen fit.

A hand slipped to that opening slit. It coursed through the rough field of hair and then slid to plough a furrow between clitoris and ass. Fingers found their mark and slid over the bud that was forced from its tent of swollen flesh to be nipped and teased.

The other hand coursed over breasts, neck and belly. The cigarette between those fingers threatened to scorch the flesh but it never did. Then it found itself between lips and the fingers coursed over lips, into a willing mouth. They pulled nipples more ferociously and lightly slapped those breasts.

Each slap was accompanied but a finger that fucked the tunnel between her thighs. Every finger was accompanied by three others. Each fucking motion of the wrist brought more desire and more satisfaction from Juana. She was falling under the spell of the rhythm.

Every time that her tender nipples were pinched and pulled, deformed and twisted, she felt another, matching hand pinch her clitoris and make that bud of flesh flinch but also bring her closer to her climax.

Every time that a hand punished her breasts with a slap the matching hand pierced her to the core and fucked her ruthlessly, fisting her to the edge of a pinnacle.

Juana felt that each slap was harder, each twist almost imperceptibly further and each push of the fist was more insistent until she passed that point from which there is no return and screamed her climax. A rigidity took her as she arched, seeking to squeeze every last ounce from the hand that was taking her and pushing its thumb slowly into her rear. And then, with a shudder, she collapsed and became limp.

The gaoler taken by her hostage.

CHAPTER TEN

Chains and Banks

“Line up here!” came the order.

The man in the tuxedo scowled at the three girls that stood before him in their frilly costumes. He pointed at the floor, tracing an imaginary line that all three were to stand at.

The three of them shuffled forward slightly, the tips of their stilettos in perfect line. Lips pouted, breasts pushed forward and ankles together.

Perfect maids all in a row.

The man nodded and walked along the line slowly inspecting the girls with a critical eye. Here and there a crease was not to his satisfaction, so he smoothed the silk with the palm of his hand and tutted.

“Put your lips on again, Sarah,” he said as he noted a slight irregularity in the makeup.

Her reply was a flutter of her long lashes and a slight nod that signified acceptance of his order.

“Good!”

Now he walked around the back of the short row and inspected the bows on their pinafores and the seams on their lacy stockings. He noted with approval that all was in order and smiled to himself with satisfaction.

For a moment he stood facing them again as if testing their ability to stand stock still without a word or motion. He noted the tension on Hilda’s face as if she was struggling to control herself.

Three steps and he was looking at her eye to eye.

“There is always an inspection,” he said. “My girls always perform well, they are always perfect for every guest, they never speak and most of all they never shame me or themselves by refusing any request. Any request!”

Hilda swallowed and looked down.

She could not say a word, she could not even speak, let alone speak Portuguese.

His hand strayed to the black silk of her skirt and his fingers took the hem, lifting it to expose Hilda’s naked thighs to his gaze.

The erection made Hilda's prick stand proud.

A single ring kept the stiffness permanent by grasping the root of the cock in its iron grip.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, Hilda," he said as he allowed the hem to drop. "You will do as you were taught and please some very important people."

A small pat on Hilda's skirt smoothed the lace over the straining cock.

"The first time it is always so very hard... But, do not forget that I have paid a fortune for you and you are obliged to make me a decent return on my investment!"

The morning sun shone through the window bringing a surfeit of light that blinded Sally as she opened her eyes. She sat up and looked around her. Where was Juana, who last night had slept beside her?

She looked down at the chains that bound her ankle to the metal of the bed and realised that for all the events that had passed between her and Juana, things might as well not have changed.

Juana was gone, of that she was certain.

Sally had been left chained to the bed like a whore that you can always come back to.

Somehow she had imagined that taking control of Juana, like she did last night, would result in her freedom. The shackles would fall free and they would fall into each other's arms.

But it was the paradox of being the slave in command that kept the chains and locks a reality. Juana could only allow someone to take control if that someone was under her control. It was another circular argument, like the clue of the cigarettes that she had solved last night.

Without noticing that she had done it, Sally lit a cigarette and took up her familiar position on the bed with her arms clasped about her shins in the middle of the mattress.

Now that she had woken from her ten year sleep her mind felt open, aware and full of ideas and plans. Sally thought back to those college days when she had first slept with Hugh.

He had seemed the straight man to pull her out of the orbit of the reckless and deviant group that she had fallen in with. Sally's parents had taken to Hugh instantly. Unlike all her previous boyfriends he wore sweaters and behaved like a good boy.

His career path would be certain, his prospects good.

Sally, tired of studying, fell into the trap of equating love and solidity for safety and stolidity. A sure bet for a winner. It was at that moment, when she had said 'yes' to his proposal, that she had suddenly had the life sucked out of her.

Oh, the sexual goddess that Hugh loved was still a physical reality. Sally could apply her skills with or without passion, but the thoughts that were in her head were in abeyance and the hopes and goals were stilled at the moment the ring touched her dull flesh.

Sally sighed and stared at the smoke that drifted. No longer was she fascinated by it, she just watched it like any observer and thought about her life in detail.

Ten years had passed away like that smoke. She played a few games with Hugh, like the smoking that he so detested. But really they were just games, the real Sally had retreated, the sarcastic, sexually avaricious and mentally sharp Sally had become the housewife who had no friends. Never desperate because she never had the energy.

There were a couple of affairs. Mike, her most recent, was a perfect example. He was, quite simply, a man who liked sex. That was it. For brief moments with him she experienced a feeling that was almost, but not quite, an awakening. Then she slipped back under the covers and became Sally the wife and Sally the bored.

'That is it, really. The story of who I am,' she thought. 'A housewife who has been kidnapped!'

Sally turned her thoughts to Juana. She struggled to remember her university psychology courses. What was all that stuff about repressed sexual behaviour that she had learned and then allowed to fade?

'If Juana only wants to fuck when she has me in chains but she wants me to be the dominant partner... what does that mean? What course do I take to get her to release me? Do I have to become the passive one?'

Somehow Sally must remain the dominant one under the control of the passive partner.

And get released.

It was all too much!

Hugh was called to the bank by Inspector Mantaus as the arrangements for the ransom money came to a head.

“Listen,” said Inspector Mantaus as they entered the bank. “Sometimes the kidnappers think that they can get away with a bank transfer, but in reality all money is traceable and even the Cayman’s banks allow Federal agencies to pursue ransom and drug money.”

“You mean that they might ask for cash?” asked Hugh.

“Absolutely. The channels for laundering cash here in Brazil are open and ready for business. The drugs business has made the whole system porous and anti-money laundering legislation is generally ignored, even by the state banks.

“Especially when all the money is in in US Dollars.”

“What you are saying is that we have to be prepared for both cash or transfer?”

“Absolutely.”

The bank was empty and the two men waited on a small sofa for the manager to come out to greet them.

“So how do these things go?” asked Hugh.

“You mean how do we transfer the money if it is in cash?” said Inspector Mantaus perceptively.

“Mmm.”

“Well it depends on who we are dealing with. If we are dealing with the local gangs then they will want the money delivered in the favala slums that infest Rio. That way the police cannot follow the money. But only gangs would dare operate there!”

“But you said that it couldn’t be a gang because of the way that the demands have been made,” said Hugh.

“True, but I just sum up the evidence, I have been wrong!” he answered. “I think that we will be asked to do a complicated series of manoeuvres with the money to confuse pursuit.”

“Like all the movies?”

“Exactly, like the movies.”

The Inspector leaned forward and extended a hand to clasp Hugh’s wrist.

“But, unlike the movies this is all in deadly earnest. I am not sure if there is a gang or group from the favalas involved, however, they are sure to be committed and possibly very dangerous. The most important thing to remember is that this payment is to get your wife back, above all.”

Hugh felt a small shiver of anticipation as he nodded seriously. Somehow the Inspector was getting close to the truth. He did not say it, he did not even hint at it, but Hugh knew that the Inspector sensed that somehow Hugh was involved.

‘Or is it just my guilt?’ he thought to himself.

“We have our suspicions,” said Inspector Mantaus, “that there may be just one or two people involved in this kidnapping. One of them is certainly a woman, probably a Brazilian, the other...”

He looked at Hugh from under his questioning eyebrows as if he was expecting Hugh to blurt out some comment, but if he was then he was to be disappointed because Hugh managed to keep silent.

“Just because you may be passing the money to a woman do not think that you can tackle her on your own,” said the Inspector as he relaxed his grip on Hugh’s arm and sat back in the chair. “Let the police deal with the kidnappers and just concentrate on getting your wife back safe and sound!”

Hugh nodded agreement, still scarcely daring to draw breath.

“Brazilian women are a dangerous bunch in any case,” said Inspector Mantaus. “They look feminine and as if butter would not melt in their mouths, but they are arrogant and swollen with pride at their beauty and good looks. They would as soon as cut a man’s throat than admit that he could look at another woman, and if they were to find him unfaithful...”

The Inspector shook his head with mock dismay and tutted to himself.

“You would not believe how many times I have been called in on a case where the woman with the knife in her hand swears that she just meant to threaten to cut her husband or lover and did not really mean to carry out her threat...”

At that moment in the Inspector’s monologue the manager came and shook their hands. He expressed his regret for Hugh’s situation and then led them through to his office to show them both the arrangements that he had made for making the money available day and night for the next week.

Hugh had never seen so much cash as it filled the case to the top.

In neat bundles,

Soon to be his!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Trains and Chains.

The music was loud and filled the room with a raucous beat. A trumpet, a saxophone and guitars played samba and rumba tunes for the dancers who swirled and swung on the smooth dance floor as the tom-tom drums beat the rhythm. Around the edge of all this excited dancing was a crowd of men and women who drank, socialised and enjoyed the atmosphere of this Brazilian party.

Sambucca, Pernod, Tequila and lime with salt to excite the palate.

Champagne, tapas and small bowls of snacks were passed out by the pretty serving girls in their pinafores and flouncy lace. The cut of the dresses was just low enough to excite the male guests without offending the women. The stockings and heels were just kinky enough to arouse attention as the red heels flashed and the hemlines exposed an occasional touch of naked flesh.

Hilda and the other girls swanned around the guests, filling glasses and plates with alcohol delicacies as they went. Not a few of the male guests and a few of the women allowed their hands to reach for more than just a drink. Fingers stroked breasts and found the silky naked flesh above the stocking tops

This was the inner party for the select few.

The outer party for lesser mortals was in another place.

The exceptional guests who represented the top of the tree at Conch Petroleum and their specifically invited Brazilian guests. These were the players in the oil and gas game that had now spread to the offshore areas of Brazil.

Those who offered inducements for help.

Politicians, officials and the players in power mingled with executives and directors from the company. The entire party could have been split into two clearly distinct groups.

Those that sought advancement and inducement to offer the special bureaucratic and political leverage that they possessed and those who needed to know how much it would cost in bribes. The party itself was one of those inducements. A chance to mingle with the rich and powerful, a luxurious and lavish spectacle that had no limits, a chance to experience how far Conch Petroleum would go to satisfy all those unspoken needs.

The serving girls moved with alacrity and smooth speed as they buzzed back and forth. Fending off the groping hands and dodging the lecherous lips that sought theirs at every turn.

Hilda, in a daze of confusion arrived at the drinks table to pick up another tray. The music confused her, the noise oppressed her and the fact that she recognised a few of the guests upset her, reminding her of her former life.

A tray was passed to her and she headed back onto the floor with a deep breath. She was one of twenty who were serving the party. Five or so were men dressed in silver tight shorts and loose silk shirts. Muscles bulged and rippled, hair long and romantically cut, lady killers all.

Then there were the girls. They wore bright red dresses and high heels. The cut of the dresses left nothing to the imagination, the length of thigh shown as they swayed through the guests proved a lack of modesty. Blonde, brunette and raven black hair, manicure perfect, wide hipped and big breasted. They were like mannequins from a wet dream, easy on the eye and available to all.

Lastly there was the group of three girls that Hilda was part of.

Each had a single teardrop tattooed on her cheek that revealed, that though they looked like women, walked like women and were shaped like women there was more between their legs than any woman.

They were the masquerade women.

Paradox and deviate.

Hung and breasted.

As she passed a Brazilian man with a woman on his arm Hilda felt a slight tug at the hem of her skirt. The woman lifted the dress and looked underneath with scorn written on her painted lips.

“At least it looks as if it is enjoying itself!” she said as she let go of the hem and slipped her hand to her partner’s bulging crotch.

“Not my style,” said the man to her as they took a drink from Hilda’s offered tray, “but, I understand that they give perfect blow jobs because they know exactly what a man needs!”

“I know what you need, darling,” replied the woman as she took another peek at the smooth, hairless cock that stood so straight under the silk and lace, “and it’s not a man’s cock!”

When the call came the sun was just starting to rise over the Atlantic.

It cast long shadows from the palms and umbrellas over the highway that ran along the Copacabana.

Within twenty minutes Hugh had been picked up by the plain police car and was on his way to the Estação Central of Rio, just as the kidnapper had told him. Inspector Mantaus sat beside him in the car with a slim chain from his wrist to the attaché case that he held on his knees.

“Here we go then,” said Hugh with a sigh. “I have to catch the eight twenty express to Brasilia and await orders, in other words another telephone call. They are probably waiting at some distant spot by the line, thinking that they can order me to throw the case out of the window.”

Inspector Mantaus stayed silent. He was interested in what Hugh was saying because it filled in some gaps as to how he was thinking.

“It seems a pretty good idea to me,” continued Hugh. “I mean, you can’t cover every kilometre of the track. Can you?”

“I am not allowed to talk about operational aspects of this case,” said Inspector Mantaus, “those are not just my orders, the less you know the better for all of us especially Sally.”

The Estação Central of Rio was crowded and incredibly busy with announcements and milling crowds of passengers, hawkers and taxi drivers all creating a vortex of chaos in the vast terminus.

Hugh, case in hand made his way to the platform alone, but he knew that he was being watched every step of the way. He glanced at the ticket that had been pushed into his hand for the tenth time and then headed for platform eight to catch his train.

The seat was reserved in the air conditioned carriage, the one behind the linen decked tables of the restaurant car. Somehow Hugh had been expecting there to be chickens and dogs running loose and peasants in Inca dress to be sitting twenty to a wooden slatted bench.

Actually it was an old style carriage but every surface gleamed with polish and the stewards were already serving drinks as the train made ready to depart. Five minutes after arriving the other seats around Hugh filled up with men in suits and a few scattered women.

‘Any of them could be plain clothes police,’ he thought to himself as he looked around and tried to think which could be law enforcement officers.

It was not at all plain which ones, but there had to be!

The train slid smoothly out of the station treating Hugh to a view of Rio from the interior that few tourists ever see. As it gathered pace the train swept out of Rio and into the countryside that surrounded it. There was just one short stop a couple of miles out of the station and then the express was on its way.

The red suited waiters served coffee and beer and all the travellers settled down to the long trip as the newspapers were unfolded and books sought for in cases.

Shortly after leaving the city Hugh's phone rang, it was the next instruction from the kidnapper. Hugh looked around as the ringtone sounded but there was no indication from any of the nearby passengers that there was any interest in his call.

"We will call again, soon, and you must be ready to throw the case from the train on the third call," said Juana's voice, "do you understand?"

Hugh tried to engage her in conversation to try to convince the police, that he knew were listening, that he was in earnest.

"Sally? What about my wife? What about your side of the bargain?"

"We keep our promises so a little trust is required," said Hugh's lover at the other end of the phone. "She will be released as soon as the money is in our hands."

"Can I talk to her?"

"Trust!"

The line was dead and the call was over.

That was it, now he had to wait for the next contact.

He remembered the word that Juana had given him as a 'safe' word. If it looked at all risky he would say 'money' at some point and the whole thing would be called off. It was such an advantage being the concerned husband, the kidnapper and the man who paid the ransom all in one. He felt that he could control the whole process of passing the money to himself.

Hugh settled down to watch his fellow passengers. 'That young man there, the one with the headphones on, he was probably a plain clothes policeman,' thought Hugh as he realised that it was not at all easy.

He decided on sudden impulse to go to the bathroom. Maybe that would show him who was an agent of Inspector Mantaus. It might help.

But no one followed him, he made his way up two or three carriages to the toilets and wondered if the police had left him unwatched with five million in an attaché case?

It seemed pretty unlikely.

He left the toilet and lingered by the window in the small space between two wagons. It was the only place where a window could be opened so it would pay to look at how it worked.

Hugh was near the front of the train now and, looking back, could see the whole train curling back in the distance as it slowly started to climb into the foot hills that lined the Atlantic shore. The long blue and yellow carriages were broken by a single flatbed car that had been added to the back of the train as the last carriage.

For a moment Hugh wondered what a single goods wagon was doing at the end of an inter city express when he saw what appeared to be someone walking from one end of the wagon to the other.

Inspector Mantaus had added his own wagon to the train, the whole train was a trap. Hugh shied from the window and composed himself. It looked like he would have to abort the exchange.

‘Shit,’ he thought, ‘this is going to prolong the whole kidnapping. If the Brazilian Federal Police go so far as to add a wagon to a train then they are really after Sally’s kidnapper.’

As Hugh walked down the train to get back to his seat he realised that there was nothing for it. Juana on her motorbike would never get away if the police were on the train, ready to go in moments. He would have to cancel the whole thing.

The second call came as he arrived at his seat.

“Are you ready? Go to a window on the right of the train and prepare for my call,”

“You want me to throw the money off the train on the right?”

There was a moment of silence on the phone as Juana digested the fact that Hugh had used the word that they had agreed would abort the drop of the five million.

“Await my call!”

Hugh knew that the drop would never take place now but he got up and went to the window to await a call that would never come. As he stood he noticed another man smoking and blowing the smoke out of the window at the passing countryside.

Now Hugh counted the telegraph poles after the small station of Juis de Jesus. When he reached twenty he knew that he should have thrown the case at that point. He saw a small figure in the distance on a BMW and he knew that Juana had already gone back to road and was already on her way back to Rio.

As for Hugh he would have to go to Brazilia and back before he could speak to her again.

Hugh had been right and he had been wrong.

It was indeed Juana on the old BMW R90 that Hugh saw from the train, but she was not going back to Rio.

Passa-Vinte was her destination.

Juana had convinced herself that she had to check on Sally. Of course it was only an excuse, Carlos was well able to manage things and with the money missing she really had to head to Rio for the sake of alibis if nothing else.

But the call of the chained sex object on the metal bed in Passa-Vinte just too strong. As she sped through the countryside she wondered if she was even going of her own free will or whether she was being called by the captive that she was keeping in a bed in an overgrown villa.

She decided that she was going of her own accord, but Juana had to admit that the call of Sally was strong. She could almost taste her juices in her mouth as she gritted her teeth against the dust and insects.

‘It is an obsession,’ she thought, ‘but I have it under control.’

The ride was a long one and petrol stations were far and few between. The extra canister of petrol carried her through and she pulled up at the villa just after three in the afternoon. As she climbed from the bike she had to stand and stretch her legs before she could even walk straight.

Helmet under her arm she almost forgot that she was visiting a captive, she almost felt like she was paying a call on a friend or lover. Juana strolled into the villa and at last came to the door behind which Sally lay waiting for her kidnapper.

The door swung wide to reveal that the victim was asleep, curled in amongst the ruffled covers. Naked and vulnerable, the ankle fetter a cruel contrast to the innocence lying in slumber on the white linen.

Juana stood looking at her victim sleeping like a baby. The soft rise and fall of her large soft breasts and the smooth creamy skin that looked like porcelain to the suntanned Juana. Just perceptible between the gap between her upper thighs were those lips that were pressed together to conceal the pink of her sex.

Juana could not bear to wake her. Could not bear not to awaken her victim. She was caught in a vice of emotions that had the handle wound as far as it would go. In the end she did nothing and closed the door softly behind her wondering why it was that she dared not wake Sally?

Any why, exactly, was it of an image of an altogether different face and gender she pictured in the position of captive?

CHAPTER TWELVE

Suspicion

The music had slowed to a slow romantic pulse of background noise that mingled with the conversation of the guests. The men who needed release faded to the upper rooms of the mansion to find their pleasure with the dolls who had been serving the drinks.

Hilda still moved between the groups of the company who had not availed themselves of the services of the beautiful servitors. Her half full tray of slim champagne flutes rattled slightly as she went, every glass that was taken was answered with a curtsy, a slight dip of the knees and a coy downward look.

She looked up and found herself looking into the blue eyes of Sally!

A slim cigarette poised delicately between her fingers, a wisp of smoke drifted from her pouted lips as she looked at her former husband. The man who was with her was a tall Brazilian with slender hips and broad shoulders who looked at her with a sly smile on his lips.

“Nice breasts,” he commented as he raised his glass in a mock toast to his English companion.

Sally smiled at him and took a glass from the proffered tray.

“Perfect!” came her reply, “she is so perfect.”

The hand with the cigarette poised on her lips as she took in the spectacle of the result of her former husband reduced to nothing more than a servitor.

“She is a he,” said the Brazilian with a smile, “it is a very Brazilian fetish, creating and improving on nature!”

“I know,” replied Sally, “it is a real improvement.”

The slim hand extended and dropped the half burned cigarette into one of the full champagne glasses making a slight hissing noise.

Hilda felt a tear gathering in the corner of her eye. A subtle compliment to the one tattooed on her cheek.

There was so much to say.

So many words of contrition and regret.

But her voice had been stilled. A small loss that balanced all the additions that had been made to her body. Breasts, the subtle feminine curve of her face, and the rounding of all those masculine features of her body.

The tear slid down the cheek, perched on the corner of her mouth and then slid to invisibility as it passed the bright red lips.

“Do you like that flavour of sex?” asked Sally of her companion.

“I consider myself a connoisseur, if I might permit the word to pass my lips without sounding like a boaster. Men have never interested me but there are many shades between male and female that ought to be tasted and appreciated.”

“And?”

“If I had a choice I would sleep with you...”

“I am not available at the moment. I have other interests, other lovers, other needs.”

“Then beggars cannot be choosers!”

Sometimes, late at night Inspector Mantaus awoke to the call of some insight that seemed to summon him from sleep to consider a case or else some knotty problem that he had become obsessed with.

He sat, as was his habit, on the front porch of his small villa on the old chair that his father had always rested as he contemplated the habit of his neighbours. All was still and quiet now at four in the morning as he nursed his coffee as he tried to recapture the thought that he had had as he lay awake just ten minutes before.

Something was wrong.

Something had jarred his sense of what was proper. The inspector was always open to his suspicions, always aware that the subconscious often carried clues to his conscious mind, gave him hints about human behaviour.

Of course it was the kidnapping that obsessed him at the moment. The money was safe back in the bank and the Englishman was sleeping without his wife in the plush Hotel on the Copacabana.

Inspector Mantaus let his thoughts wander over the events of the previous day when the final call to throw the money off the train had not happened.

Why?

Of course the waiting kidnappers might have seen the extra wagon on the train. The flat bed wagon with three compact motorbikes and seven policemen. But he was sure that that was not the reason. So why had the trap failed?

Of course the intention might never have been to drop the money from the train anyway. That was a possibility, maybe the most likely.

In his head the inspector replayed the final call from the kidnapper. He had listened a dozen times, straining to hear background noises and clues in the voice of the kidnapper but to no avail.

There was just one strange thing that the inspector had noticed. A slight pause as Hugh had talked about throwing the ransom from the train. More than a slight pause, it had lasted all of four seconds as though the kidnapper was digesting some information.

And what about the walk up three carriages of the train that Hugh had taken to find a toilet when was available that he passed in his own carriage? Was it just some emotion like fear that had made him walk up the train?

With a sigh Inspector Fábio Mantaus got up from his father's chair and called the station to tell them to add to the cost of the operation by putting a twenty four hour watch on Hugh Derwan.

It was a long shot but it almost seemed like a game in which Inspector Mantaus did not yet know all the rules. Inspector Mantaus was sure that by the end of this kidnapping he would know not only who the participants were, but what they had thought at every moment of the performance.

'There was one thing for sure, he reflected as he settled down on the chair to do some more thinking, Hugh Derwan was not behaving like he was involved in a life and death struggle for his wife's life.

Sally awoke in the early evening to the sound of Carlos placing the tray with the usual beans and pork on the floor near the door. As usual his face was impassive but she noticed a glance that could have been either concern or disdain.

She slowly unwound from the bed and pulled on the thin plain dress that she had been given before she fetched the tray. The chain on her ankle clattered behind her, making a noise that she was becoming accustomed to hearing all the time as she moved around.

Tucked under the bowl, like an invitation to a grand ball, was an envelope. Sally decided that opening the letter would be the highlight of the day so she saved it until the meal was done and she had performed her exercises.

She was finding that the biggest problem of her captivity was boredom. Outside during the day there were just the birds and the sawing of the various insects that gave command performances outside her window from dawn to dusk and often encores that went on well into the small hours. For the rest there were mealtimes, toilet breaks and nothing.

So she had decided to become fit.

Nonsense for her, but she managed more exercises than she thought she would. That did not stop it being a bore but it was better than moping on the bed in a foetal position all day.

Of course she spent time considering futile plans of escape but apart from the fact that her kidnapper seemed vulnerable to her advances she was not really making progress on that front.

At last the beans were finished and the exercises that she felt obligated to do were finished. Slick with sweat she sat on the bed and contemplated the envelope. It was plain and unlabeled. After all why bother to label an envelope when there was only one possible recipient?

She flipped the unsealed top open to reveal a note.

Tomorrow I will be here to speak to you.

J xx

Underneath Juanita had drawn a small freehand pictogram that looked like a key to Sally. On the other hand it could have just been a scribble or a doodle. In the end Sally decided that it was a key.

‘What did it mean?’ she thought as she turned the paper in her hands to see if there were any other clues to be had. ‘Am I going to be let go?’

Typical to have been offered hope but be left with the suspicion that you do not understand the message!

‘Am I just being mocked by Juana?’

‘Is this her revenge for me teasing her?’

Sally suspected that Juana had found a means of revenge and that it was having the hoped for effect.

‘Well at least it means that I live another day,’ she thought. ‘That might not look too positive but in my wretched state it is enough to be going on with!’

Sally's matter of fact front collapsed and she curled up on the bed with the note in her hand. Her sobs brought the attention of Carlos who wondered that this was the first time that he had seen the attractive woman, that he was being paid to watch over, sobbing.

All of the participants in this drama were suffering from suspicion.

Hugh sat in his hotel room and tried to do some of the planning that was now days off track. Though Conch Petroleum had sent him an understudy he still felt that he had to get some work done.

This morning he had walked along the promenade and realised that he was being followed. That woman in the sunglasses had followed him from hotel to the far end of the beach and then passed the baton to a man who followed him all the way back.

Suddenly Hugh realised that he was out of his depth.

Was it the police that were following him, because they suspected him? Perhaps they were protecting him. On the other hand the kidnappers could not be the ones who were tailing him around Rio. Juana would not have him shadowed, would she?

'That's pure paranoia,' he thought. 'Juana and I are solid...'

The trouble was that he could not spend a lazy day fucking her if it was the police that were following him. Inspector Mantaus was not going to see that as coincidence. The way that he had refused to discuss details on the way to the train station was already an indication that Inspector Mantaus saw him as a suspect, maybe.

So he did his work, looking over the results from the drilling core samples as he pondered how he was going to make all this work out.

Hugh was sure of one thing, it would work out and Hugh, as the cleverest of the players would come out of it all smelling of roses.

How could it be otherwise?

Was he not by far the most intelligent of all the protagonists?

Juana wondered why it was that her lover had not thrown the money from the train yesterday.

Was he playing some sort of game?

‘After all he had it in his hands,’ she thought. ‘I was on the bike, there was no helicopter, there was no plane.’

She replayed the whole scene in her head, but she had not noticed the extra wagon on the end of the train. The one that Hugh had rightly guessed was a trap. All she saw was Hugh by the window as the train rumbled by, the five million in his hands.

She felt betrayed and suspicious.

So she had visited the equivalent of the ransom that afternoon. Perhaps that was the reason for her impulse. She was ensuring that the money was still within reach.

‘If that was the case though,’ she thought, ‘why did I leave the note?’

‘Somehow I have to find a resolution, I need to speak to Hugh, whatever the risk,’ she thought to herself wondering if the police were now watching him.

As she headed for the hotel she remembered the call that she had had from Mariana at the insurance company. The police had interviewed the agent who had signed the kidnap policy for the company without realising that Juana had actually been the one who had transported the policy. Mariana had not wanted Juana to become involved and had neglected to mention that she had been the negotiator.

That had been a close call that had made Juana’s flesh run cold when she thought of being interviewed and her voice, perhaps, being recognised. So far her luck was holding; she just needed to assess Hugh. She needed just a long fuck to ascertain if he was still with her or if he was playing some game of his own.

Was he still trustworthy?

How could she tell?

At four in the morning Juana crept from the hiding place that she had taken in the Hotel laundry and headed up the service stairs to the seventh floor to Hugh’s room. There were no floor markings at each level so she counted her way up. Finally, exhausted and out of breath she arrived at Hugh’s floor and waited to catch her breath.

A peek through the glass showed the corridor stretching out empty, just the dim light of the wall lamps.

Juana crept down the corridor.

Just above, one floor above, the policeman assigned to watch Hugh’s door was sipping a coffee. He had taken a position in the service stairs to watch from the small window through the door. Five minutes before he had peeked over the banister to see Juana creeping up the stair. But she had left a floor below and he had assumed that she was just some whore or lover on a nightly foray.

The light was poor but Juana had been there twenty times before and knew every angle and door. She arrived at Hugh's door and almost knocked but there was a sound of voices coming, muffled, through the door.

So she pressed her ear against the door to see with whom Hugh was speaking at this outrageous time of the night.

A woman speaking Portuguese!

A woman being fucked, because the shrill tone and the words of passion betrayed her as she cried out in climax.

Juana forgot all caution and ran back to the service stairs.

How dare that fucker sleep with a whore?

How dare he?

The policeman on watch on the seventh floor looked down as the door downstairs opened and the whore came through at a run. She leapt the stairs three at a time and in a minute she was gone out of the door at the bottom.

'What they get up to in these hotels!' he thought as he resumed his watch of Hugh's door.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Fetters Change Ankles

The hand brushed her forehead in a movement that could have been taken for affection if the circumstances had been different. Strong fingers ran through her hair and then tightened to a strong grip on the hair behind her head.

Then came the impulse, the unspoken order and a guiding grasp that pushed Hilda's head towards the tower of his prick. For a moment the closed lips were pressed upon by the shiny tip of that ram, before they parted to admit the master's prick.

The slight smell of smoke brought Hilda back to moments when he had been Hugh. Sally sat in a boudoir armchair and relaxed, smoking as always, as she enjoyed the sight of her supposedly dead husband serving her latest companion.

She felt a small tug at her consciousness, like the awakening of her perception. A slight signal that her long repose of ennui was coming to a natural end. A twinge of sunrise in the night world of her world-weariness.

With two hands on the back of Hilda's head the Brazilian pushed and felt a moment of bliss as his cock pushed into the throat of this slut. Was it the power of his fulfilled need or was it the fact that the seemingly prim but languorous Englishwoman was frigging to his performance?

He guided the head to his need and the slow rhythm that he needed and cast a look behind him.

She was making little cries of pleasure as her hand slipped deep into her dress to find her needy slit.

Sally's eyes were focused on the figure in the maid's uniform that was pleasuring him. From where she sat she could see Hilda's parted cheeks, smooth thighs and the powerful erection that was Hilda's reaction to being orally raped.

Sally took a drag at the cigarette and felt that pre orgasmic calm descend.

A moment of floating on a cloud of memory and smoke before the rush of gratification.

He turned his attention to the fuck slut servicing his raging cock. Would it spoil the delicious moment if he fucked this doll with a cock? If he took her ass to the hilt? The moans behind him rose to a small crescendo and then faded but it was clear that Sally was just prolonging the moment of delirium and would peak again.

'It would be just so crass if I fucked this half male bitch, it would spoil the moment,' he thought to himself.

The lips of the half female bitch closed around the root of his cock as he began to ream those smeared lips and take his due. It was like fucking a doll, a hole for wanking, a helpless victim. His hands urged the head into motion up and down his cock.

Behind him, Sally came again as she took her pleasure from her hand and the futile twitching of Hilda's prick.

He came.

Deep inside the fuck-doll.

There was no stopping the climax. It sprang, fully fledged, from nowhere and felt like a release of a dam, a sudden roll of thunder.

Sally laughed, release and pleasure as he discharged and withdrew, still pumping his come over the made up face of her husband.

Sally stood on shaky legs and leant to put her lips by Hilda's ear.

"That was the best climax that you have ever given me" she whispered in his ear.

Juana did not cry.

It was not as though she had been in love with that bastard of an Englishman. It was just that she had trusted him. Trusted him with a five million dollar project and he had betrayed her with another woman. If he fucked his wife she could have understood...

Suddenly she realised that she would be jealous of Hugh not Sally if they had been the ones who had betrayed her.

'Shit,' she thought, 'It's all getting so complicated.'

Now she was going to have to change the plan. She had discussed with Hugh what they might do if the train ransom swap had to be aborted but in no great detail because the plan had seemed so bulletproof.

Juana had a new purpose. She had to get the five million, she had to release Sally in a way that she would not talk and now she had to neutralise Hugh as well. It had all seemed so simple a week ago. Now Juana on her own was no longer enough!

There was always Carlos!

‘Actually not really,’ she thought.

First of all he was so old fashioned that he was almost an Inca. Second he was longing to return to his village with the twenty thousand and he would not wait long nor do anything else for the money.

In fact she realised that Carlos would do anything if the price was right. At the moment she was paying and she still had another ten thousand dollars as resources hidden in the villa so it was all right. As soon as he had a better offer he would have a new employer.

So basically her means were limited and she was compromised with Hugh. There was only one person that she could speak to for help and that person was chained to a bed in Passa-Vinte!

Sally was just finishing yet more beans when Juana entered her room. Tucked under her arm was a motorcycle helmet with the gloves tossed inside.

“Ah, Juana!” said Sally. “Welcome to my humble abode!”

Juana smiled and replied in a jocular manner:

“I should have knocked first, but then I remembered that I have the key anyway.”

Sally flicked back her hair to stop it draping into the beans and soaked up all the pork sauce with the fresh sour bread. With great care she mopped up the last of the sauce ate the bread before licking her fingers.

“I must be getting a predilection for the great taste of pork and beans!” she said through the mouthful of bread. “It’s all Carlos can cook but he does a pretty good job of it.”

“Glad to see that you are keeping up your spirits,” said Juana. “Did you get my note?”

“Of course how could I avoid it?”

Juana reached into her helmet and fumbled around before pulling out a small key and holding it up where Sally could see it clearly.

“I suppose that is the key to this lock?”

Sally displayed the lock.

“Of course.”

“Has Conch paid up then?”

“No!”

Sally looked puzzled from the key to lock to Juana.

“So,” she said, “are you just letting me go?”

“Not just.”

Sally smiled. She realised that there was something going on that she did not quite understand but she could feel that this was a moment of decision. Her heart raced as she saw the scene unfold in the slow motion that only happens when your senses are heightened and sudden strength of mind and muscle assert themselves.

Juana approached Sally with the key and was about to say something when Sally leapt at her.

In the unhurried clarity of Sally’s heightened awareness, events ran like an art house film in slow motion. The empty plastic bowl tumbled through the air at Juana’s face. She lifted her arm instinctively to protect herself, flinging the key onto the bed.

The key was lost in the covers as the two women fought on the thin mattress. To the winner the spoils. Each tried to block and strike. Juana fighting like a man punched Sally but the blow went awry and just caught Sally on the cheek as she managed to grab her jailer’s long hair and pull her face down onto the knee that was coming to meet it.

Now Sally was underneath, now she was on top as Juana was stunned momentarily by the contact. She flailed but Sally grabbed her dress and pulled. The dress shredded along the seams and opened to reveal the tanned body of Juana below.

Covering the flailing Juana with the weight of her body Sally managed to straddle her and catch one wrist to pin a hand to the bed. The free hand slapped Sally and then bunched to make a punch but Sally jumped forward to plant her knees hard on Juana’s upper arms.

Sally looked down at Juana with a grin.

“So where is the key?” asked Sally.

“Lost it!”

Sally attempted looking around for the small bronze key but, as she did so, Juana heaved to throw her off. The trick almost worked but Sally remained on top and indeed managed to pin Juana’s arms even better with her legs.

She looked down at her captive who lay passive for a moment. The round breasts and the spare torso, dark skin and striking face with those full lips and the long black hair that spilled across the white sheets of the bed.

Juana was breathing hard almost as if energized by the brief fight. Her lips pouted and Sally surrendered to a sudden impulse to bend down and kiss her on the lips. For a moment she thought her prisoner was going to turn her head but Juana pursed her lips and responded to the kiss with ardour.

Sally smiled slyly and ran a hand over those tempting breasts feeling the nipples harden beneath her touch as she did so. There was another move from Juana, but it was not a heave to escape, rather it was an instinctive reaction, an initiation of response of awakening desire.

Forefinger and thumb gripped the engorged flesh of those tempting nipples and pulled them slightly. Each hand tweaked at those breasts and stirred Juana to sigh as she fell under the spell of lust that Sally provoked from her.

One of Sally's hands closed on Juana's neck holding her still while she used the other to pull at her jailer's nipples. Juana closed her eyes and moaned as she surrendered to the Englishwoman. She felt the hand at her neck close just a little and then there was a sudden slap on her cheek followed by a kiss that searched her lips with an insistent tongue.

"I am going to fuck you bitch," said Sally as she felt the waxing emotions grip her.

Juana went limp as she responded to Sally's hands and voice. She felt a hand cover the bush of her sex and grip the soft flesh in a firm grasp that made her push her cunt into that grip. One finger entered her, pushed a probe into her, finding her clitoris and pushing past to rub her to a spasm of pleasure. Then the finger was hooked into her cunt and she trembled as it pushed to seek her out.

"Now this," said Sally as she leaned forward, all the time keeping her hand penetrating the Brazilian's slick sex.

Sally's large breasts hung down until one of the tips brushed Juana's lips.

"Tongue!"

The order was obvious and the lips parted to accept the pink nipple between her teeth. Those white teeth gently closed and Juana's tongue massaged the tip of the nipple that was in her mouth. To Sally it was a stirring of her lust for the beautiful Brazilian. She pushed her hand into the depths of Juana. Two, three, four fingers slipped into that tight space and reamed her with effortless movements.

Sally tore herself away from the mouth Juana and straightened to allow her to fully penetrate her captor. Her free hand slapped first a face and then a breast before settling over her face and pushing fingers between those gasping lips.

Juana, reamed at both ends, climaxed and shook and trembled as she sought to lift her hips to force the hand that was fucking her to rub against her clitoris as it plunged into her depths. She felt the hair of her prisoner on her face and opened her eyes to see Sally's lips move and deliver more orders that had to be obeyed.

The jailer imprisoned.

"My turn to come, bitch," said Sally.

She knew the effect of the words was almost as potent as the effect of her hands. The vocalisation of the use of her power over Juana was the turn on. It filled Juana's mind and consciousness with an influence that could not be easily gainsaid it held her to the bed as Sally twisted her hand and then her body.

Now Sally was facing that cunt, she could see the penetration and the oil of Juana's passion matting that blue black hair to her groin. The feeling was irresistible, the feeling of control possessed her as she slipped back to present Juana with no choice but to service her.

Lips closed on lips.

A stroking between those lips and the gentle touch of teeth on her own clitoris.

Sally almost climaxed at that first touch. A giddy feeling consumed her as she looked down to see that dark hair spilling around her feet as the Brazilian serviced her as she commanded.

Her own hand massaged Juana as a reward for the faithful and complete service as Sally finally climaxed and fell forward. Her hand slipped from that delicious hole and her face lay with lips almost touching the engorged and parted lips of her partner.

Juana could taste the lust in her mouth.

Looking up she could see the parted flesh that had been her responsibility just a few seconds before. The short pale pubic hair that surrounded the utter pink glossy skin of Sally's cunt. A single drop of Sally's lust, distilled in the matrix of her sex, dripped and Juana parted her lips to catch and savour it.

As they lay spent, fight and love having drained them of all vigour Sally stroked those thighs and wondered how she had managed to overcome her opponent. Juana was so strong, so muscular that it seemed incredible that she could be conquered.

Finally they lay side by side on the bed. Sally so drowsy and Juana almost asleep.

"Am I worth five million then?"

"More!"

“That’s good to know.”

Juana woke, little by little.

She drifted in a haze of cloudy thought which centred on Sally. She was sure that when she told Sally that the two of them could share the ransom and that all she needed was Sally’s help, that Sally would agree.

Juana had never been fucked by anyone quite like Sally!

She flung an arm across the bed to find the sleeping English woman but the bed was empty. Opening her eyes with a flutter of long lashes she looked around to see that the room was empty.

Still in her trance she sat up to hear a chinking, a grating and to realise that her ankle was now fettered to the bed in an empty room. Juana’s heart pounded as she looked around to see that the door was open and Sally was sitting on the broken rattan chair that was the only furniture in the next room.

At the noise of the chain clinking Sally looked around and smiled. A sly smile of self-satisfaction.

“Unlock me now or I will call Carlos.”

Juana tried to put as much authority into her voice as possible but her failure to impress the smiling Sally was obvious.

“I think that you lost this, you little whore,” said Sally as she held up the key in her fingers.

She lifted her other hand to reveal that she had not been idle whilst Juana had slept. A long birch branch, stripped of its twigs, swished through the air in a menacing blur.

“Carlos!” called Juana at the top of her voice. “Carlos...”

There was no answering call. No footsteps to be heard, no saviour come to release the prisoner and set the world to rights.

Sally laughed and called out too.

At last she turned back to Juana and said : “I think that he really has gone!”

“How?”

That laughter again.

“I found your money hidden in the little tin box nailed under the table. I gave him most of it and your rather dilapidated BMW and he highailed it out of here. I suppose that you just didn’t pay him enough.”

Juana groaned.

“That was ten thousand dollars!”

“Actually it was eleven thousand three hundred and forty five dollars,” giggled Sally. “I kept about a grand and gave him the rest with the key to the bike.”

Juana’s shoulders fell and a tear welled in the corner of her eye. The whole plan that she had had was now ruined. Sally had fucked her like a lover and then betrayed her. Carlos, that peasant from the mountains, was gone, all hope of the ransom was gone.

“So I’ll be on my way then,” said Sally. “I suppose that you’d better hope that someone comes by to find you...”

Juana was racked with sobs. Her naked body shook as she gave in to the total embittered emotion. She forgot that she had been prepared to sacrifice the life of Sally to her greed for riches. All she could feel was the self-pity that welled inside her.

At last she had found a lover and now that lover was going to leave her to die here, chained to the bed on which they had consummated that love. No one came to this villa - the reason for its choice - it lay in a deserted field that had not been tilled for decades. She looked up to see Sally exit and disappear.

“Please,” she wailed. “Help!”

But there was no answering call and Sally’s footsteps faded to nothing leaving just the chirp of the crickets to keep the weeping Juana company.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Switch bitch

“I have some good news for you Hilda”

Hilda stood naked but for the metal cage that enclosed her prick. A chain ran from the wall to the metal collar that encircled her neck. Outside, through the open window, she could hear the noise of activity. Voices cried out and shouted and the motor of a passing car could be heard.

He looked at her with appreciation.

His silky smooth slave.

The scars under her breasts had faded to barely discernible white lines. Breasts that most women would die for, rounded globes tipped with delicate small nipples that begged to be attended to by hungry lips.

Hips that swelled to a perfect round ass and long legs.

There was no doubt that she was a perfect example of the surgeon’s art. Woman created from the flesh of a man. Smooth skin, powerful prick and delicate flowering curves, her face touched by the small teardrop engraved on the pink cheek. Even the bud of her ass had been touched by the surgeon to create a perfect entry point for rampant cocks.

Hilda nodded slightly.

Good news was rare in her world of service and degradation.

“I feel that your perfection demands an audience! You are going to become a star, desired and wanked over by a million men who need some temptation and release in their lives.”

Hilda looked down at the floor in a subtle movement of contrition.

Since Sally had spoken to her months had passed.

Hilda had become a celebrity in the dark world of extreme entertainment, a needed adjunct at all the best parties and gatherings. She had performed on stage in nightclubs and private clubs, rented to be fucked but never fulfilled.

“I have had an offer for you to perform on camera, you will become a sensation!”

His hand touched her breasts fleetingly, appreciating their firmness and smooth perfection. They lingered for a while, playing with the nipples that had been created to be permanently pert and ready for attention.

He saw the cock, constrained by its cage, try to become erect but the metal was stronger than the flesh that swelled inside its restriction. The man made a tutting sound as if admonishing a child for some minor misdemeanor.

“You know that you need your strength, Hilda, for those moments when you are earning for me!”

His hand cupped the loosely hanging balls while his other arm pulled her body to his.

She could feel the roughness of his suit. The buttons that pressed into her flesh as he pulled her tight and lowered his lips to hers. Hilda pouted as she was expected to pout and felt his tongue press into her mouth.

The hand that cupped her balls tightened its grip making her quiver with need. Desire for conclusion, an insatiable desire to be taken by this man who was her owner. But, in the months since he had purchased her he had never allowed her release, never more than a kiss and unfulfilled craving.

To him she was a tool for the pleasure of others, there was nothing left for Hilda.

The kiss finished with a slow withdrawal of his tongue from her lips and his hand from its grip on her balls.

“You have so much to give; you should not hope to receive.”

He coughed slightly, an affectation that he used whenever he had orders to give to his slaves.

“So, there it is! I have sold you to a man who has great plans for you to become a leading actress in the movies that he makes and directs. Tomorrow you will leave me and move on to greater things...”

It had now been four days since the abortive ransom payment attempt on the train. Inspector Mantaus was feeling frustrated with the slow progress. In fact he was frustrated and puzzled.

It seemed that Hugh Derwan had not met or talked with anybody who might be remotely connected with the kidnappers. Bugged phones and a twenty four hour surveillance operation and nothing to show for all that effort and cost.

It was not often that his hunches were wrong, but this time he had to admit that he might just have been on the wide of the mark. Still it was all a bit suspect. The kidnappers had not called. The money was in the bank. Was Hugh's wife, Sally, alive or dead?

There was nothing left to do but wait and hope. Wait for more contact because whether she was alive or dead they would try to get the money. Hope because this was all such a strange kidnapping that she might

still be alive. A strange mixture of amateur and professional, the abduction was flawless, the contacts and handover were a complete pig's ear of a job.

Sally sat on the tree stump that she found a mile down the road and considered her options. She turned the key that bound Juana to the bed in her fingers before she tossed it to the ground.

Now that she was a free and independent woman she could stop and think. She lit up a cigarette and contemplated her choices in a calm way.

'OK,' she thought. 'It's going to be a real pain to get to Rio but then again I have a load of money and my freedom.'

There would be some things to sort out. She had no intention of leaving Juana to die in the middle of nowhere, she would call the police. That still left the biggest fetter on her ankle.

Hugh!

She had to rid herself of that smug husband, that inadequate smokeless zone. Then she could get on with her life.

'How is that going to happen?'

It almost had happened in reverse. He had nearly managed to trade her for five million if her guess about his involvement was accurate. If that was so then Juana was some sort of lover or confederate of that wanker husband of hers.

The cigarette came to an end and Sally stood to look in both directions down the track as she pondered her next move. She could betray Hugh to the police. She could just go back to England on her own and divorce the bastard or she could find some way to suck him dry.

'That's the problem,' she decided. 'I want satisfaction, I want Hugh to suffer, I want to pay him back, but I just do not know how it's going to work!'

If she gave him to the police, that would be revenge. In a Brazilian prison he would soon have a cell mate that would teach him some excellent servile manners and how to suck cock properly!

Hugh would learn how to deep throat for his supper.

But somehow that was the problem, some other person would be taking revenge on him and she would feel unsatisfied that she was not in the cell to direct matters as the prick rammed into his face and down

his throat to spill its sticky load for him to lap up like a slut. Some other person would be reaming his ass with ten inches of man-meat.

‘It has to be my revenge.’

These thoughts animated her. She could feel a second level of consciousness open to vistas new. She had awakened as she was held prisoner, for that she had to thank Juana.

Now she was moving to the next level.

Revenge! That was the next and most exalted level.

There was only one possibility.

She really only had one option if she was going to extract a full measure of retribution on her husband. Sally picked up the key that she had rejected. She turned and marched back to the villa. A discussion with Juana might bring enlightenment and if she would not talk or give satisfactory answers then there was always the birch!

It might even be fun.

Juana heard the footsteps and retreated to the bed. Anyone that found her here, naked, might be too tempted to treat her as a disposable hour of fun. A rape victim that attracted her own perpetrator with her helpless condition. Staked like a sacrificial goat awaiting the butcher priest.

A rescuer might be the last thing that she wanted.

As she thought those terrible thought she shivered and shrank as far as she could from the door to see Sally enter her room with the long switch in her hand. She was smiling at her tormented victim, dangling the key before her eyes but swishing the rod through the air with a menacing hiss.

For a moment the tableau held before Sally tossed the key over her shoulder into the other room, well out of reach.

“Now that we’ve established the house rules,” said Sally, “I think that it’s only fair that you know what’s in store.”

Juana shrank from this vision of retribution to the far end of the bed pulling the chain behind her.

“You are going to tell me a few things,” smiled Sally, “then I get to fuck you and you get to give me a little light relief. Then we start again.”

The cane swished, now it's orbit crossed the end of the bed as it approached Juana's naked body.

"First you get punished for the affair that you had with my pathetic husband!"

Sally leaned the cane on the end of the bed and started to undress. First the boots that she had taken from Juana then the jeans. Finally she pulled off the cotton shirt that had covered her breasts and tossed it to the side.

For a moment she supported her heavy breasts on her crossed arms. She teased her own nipples and ran a finger through the soft flesh that bulged around her pussy.

"It would seem that I am going to enjoy this," said Sally. "Lie lengthwise, face down, on the bed slut and receive your punishment quietly!"

Juana slowly unwound and did as she had been ordered. Her naked body trembled in anticipation of the caning, her naked body was not to be disappointed by the quality of the beating."

As each stroke landed on thigh, back and rounded rear of the Brazilian chained to the bed, she was made to count the number of the stroke. Sally soon found that it was not necessary to hit with great weight, it was the speed of the willow cutting that inflicted the punishment most effectively.

As she proceeded from one end of Juana to the other she asked rhetorical questions about Hugh. About the size of his prick, about what they had done in his bed, about how he had come in her throat, about the fuckings that Juana and Hugh had savoured and the romance that they had taken pleasure in.

Finally even Sally had had enough of beating Juana and she sat on the bed next to her sobbing victim. As she watched the trembling body she opened her legs and let her fingers slip down into her sex. Juices and liquors of her excitement flowed to drip down her thighs to the hard floor. Her swollen clitoris and inner lips were almost burning with the sweet sense of elevated awareness and sexual power.

She felt the tender flesh with her finger tips and climaxed as soon as her fingers pushed through the pink flesh. Sally gasped, never had she felt so high with sheer sex. This was above and beyond mere penetration and masturbation. It was as though she had taken a drug that pushed her senses to the outer limit of sensation, she climaxed again as her hand ran along the broad stripes of the pain that she had inflicted.

This was heaven.

More.

Juana was sobbing with the pain and the sensation that her lover was partaking of the cup of her agony and savouring every drop of suffering. It was all too much to take in and process. She had submitted and been beaten. Now Sally was stroking the wounds and getting high from that torment.

“That’s just the start, whore,” said Sally.

She stood and found that just the chafing of standing brought her to another mind blowing orgasm. She stood and pressed her thighs into each other for the feeling of sheer gratification until the sensitivity faded and she was left with just the warm afterglow and the promise of more when she started to question Juana again under sexual duress.

Because Sally had decided that she was going to extract all the pleasure that she could from Juana, every lick and kiss would bring a climax. Juana would learn to obey and answer and Sally would come like an express train.

So, Sally quickly learned that gratification is easy to obtain from a beaten chained bitch. She found that a tongue can satisfy cunt and ass like no cock can. She found that despoiling beauty is the greatest stimulation that she could experience, apart maybe from the revenge that was shaping up for Hugh.

Sally pushed for answers and punished mistakes on the part of her victim as she made her repeat every word of Hugh’s plans and betrayals with the Brazilian beauty. Then they went cover it all again whilst the willow cane grew soft with use. Juana cried and sobbed with the pain at first. Then she submitted and the hurting turned to acceptance.

Finally Juana found that she was experiencing the counterpart, the mirror, of the pleasure that Sally was inflicting as she tested Juana’s every orifice with her hands and fingers. The climax, when it came was mutual.

Sally did not notice the rise in her victim’s flushed skin as the orgasm approached and then broke in a great scream of elation from Juana’s lips. She was experiencing her own last and great event, a shuddering climax that left her sore, exhausted and finally satisfied.

Sally had learned what she wished to learn. She had robbed Juana of dignity and self-esteem and created a lover in one session of pain and passion. The person that she had created was hers and hers alone. Juana had fallen under a spell of obedience and worship.

What Juana had been seeking had been chained to her bed all along.

The same went for Sally.

What Sally had been seeking had been chained to her bed all along.

The roles had switched.

Juana awoke from her disturbed sleep.

She could not lie on her back, the ache of the switching that she had received the night before stung as though fresh. Carefully she rolled onto her front and heaved her tender flesh up to sit on the stained sheets and take in the morning light.

The room was bright, the chain that fixed her bruised body to the bed lay tumbled on the sheets and the chafe of the crude iron loop on her ankle caused her to rub the skin with her long fingers.

What could she remember from the long hours of agony last night?

Juana remembered the climax, that earth shattering surrender as the beating had come to a climax. She remembered telling Sally very hope and fear in her head. A haze of agony and sublime submission created a fog that drifted over the rest of the sexual capitulation that she had endured.

All her plans, all her hopes had lain revealed to the exacting gaze of her new owner as Sally had extracted the last gill of pleasure in blood, sweat, fear and gratification.

She recalled that Sally had gloried in the compliance of her captive, that she had stood, hand in cunt, and climaxed a dozen times at Juana's final capitulation, the acceptance of agony and pleasure amalgamating to lift the captive to a height of fervour and subservience that she had never before experienced.

Now it was over.

That apprenticeship of agony.

All that remained, sublimated and condensed from that haze was that beautiful feeling, a warm glow, that laid all her worries to one side and told her that finally she had found that someone that could make her contented.

As she sat appreciating the warm glow contrasting to the aches and tenderness of the punishment she could hear Sally moving around, out of sight, in the tumbledown villa.

Patience.

Sally appeared with a coffee in her hand and stood in the doorway. As she gazed at Juana she sipped at the cup and appreciated the delicate form of last night's diversion. The high breasts, compact and firm, with the shadows of the mark of the whip. The perfect skin, broken and bruised but still smooth and delicate with its crisscross pattern of marks that laced the flesh like the strings of a corset.

"We have some talking to do!" said Sally as she enjoyed the heady mixture of coffee, a chained beauty and the afterglow of the intense emotions of last night.

"Thank you!" came the reply.

Sally could see the tears that were coursing down the cheeks of the Brazilian. There were no sobs, they were tears without sorrow or grief.

She noted the one drop that coursed down the stripe of the cane to a soft nipple and hung for a moment before continuing on its way to mingle with the sweat and blood that streaked her victim.

‘It’s like some Japanese poem,’ she thought. ‘A moment suspended in time that signifies so much and yet is gone and over before it can be fully appreciated.’

“Tell me!” came the order from Sally. “Why thank you?”

“Because I needed what happened last night.”

A small smile played over Sally’s lips and she leaned on the door post casually.

“Last night was a clearing of accounts, my dear Juana! It was me taking out on you what you inflicted on me! In fear, in doubt and in apprehension. Consider our accounts to be balanced now because we need to discuss how we go forward together.”

“But...”

Sally came to Juana and sat down beside her. Playing with the chain in her hand she looked thoughtfully at the ankle ring and then into Juana’s face.

“I could leave the chain on and call the police. I could leave the chain on and fuck you again.”

The look on Juana’s face told the story. The chain was what Juana needed. It was what she wanted to retain.

“You want me to keep you chained like an animal?”

There was no answer but the slight inflection of Juana’s head betrayed the answer to the question.

“You want me to possess and fuck you?”

Now the nod was more definite. The tears had stopped because at last Juana felt that this Englishwoman had finally entered her innermost thoughts and understood the quivering naked soul of her captive.

“I think that the chains will remain forever, Juana. They will be there whether or not there is a band on your ankle. I think that you will be fettered to my bed and body until I decide that you are no longer worthy to serve me.”

The nod from Juana was unquestionably a ‘yes’.

Sally put an arm around the bruised shoulder of her acquisition and hugged her. A slight wince and then Juana pushed close, against those marvelous yielding breasts and the body that had sucked her dry last night. She hesitated to put her own arms around Sally but at last she did so and stretched up to kiss her on the lips.

A kiss that consummated their new bond.

“There is always a price to pay when you fall in love. My price is that I will always expect obedience. Always. Now you remained chained for an hour longer, bitch!”

Juana looked up at the stern face of her captor to see if the word ‘bitch’ had a meaning above and beyond possession. But all she saw was a smile that told her that the price that Sally was going to make her pay was in pleasure and control.

But that satisfied her.

Down to her very soul.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Sleight of Hand.

In most studios the star's dressing room is a frantic place until just before the shooting is about to begin. Then for a few brief moments the actor or actress is left in peace to compose themselves before they enter into the make-believe world of lights, blue screens, sound studios and life before the lens. Time to organize their thought, rehearse the lines in their head and prepare themselves for the role that they were about to take on.

Now shooting her third film, Hilda was the star.

Of that there was no doubt!

She had no dressing room. She had no lines to learn and the role that she was about to play on screen was the role that had become her life. The only difference was that it was before the cameras and lights and not her private hell.

She was prepared on set by the two women who were responsible for their valuable charge.

First she was stripped of all her clothes before they attended to making sure that the naked she-male was as smooth as silk. They plucked any hair that dared to grow in the wrong place. They smoothed her skin with pumice and then started on the makeup.

All the while the technicians set up the studio for the director and the other actors wandered in and out as the star of the film was prepared. The studio was the rented house of a couple who let their house to help pay the rent.

Finally the director and producer of the film arrived and pulled the screenplay from his alligator briefcase. The camera operators clustered around and scanned the single sheet of paper that passed as a script and nodded. This film had little in the way of story, nothing in the way of dialog and only a minimal list of requirements.

Hilda stood in the middle of the tumult and hung her head.

Soon she would be in her real life role as the she-male slave who was at the mercy of a rich and dominant couple. The last two films had seen her being maltreated by her evil owners; this one would be no different.

"OK now," called out the director, "let's have a little quiet on set."

A couple of the camera people smiled behind their hand at his perception of this porno shoot being comparable to a Hollywood production. The only thing that mattered was getting the film in the can and getting to the bars of Rio as quickly as possible.

“Right, that’s better,” he called. “Let’s have Hilda here, chained to the pillar, here... Do I have to do it myself? And where are the actors?”

Two women dressed in outrageous costumes of latex and leather came to stand at the top of the staircase and signal that they were ready by holding up their braided whips. The blonde in the red latex smoothed her palms over the glossy surface to push the wrinkles smooth and made sure that the zipper that was the gateway to her cunt was closed properly. Whilst the woman in black took a swig at the bottle of water that she was carrying. The high heeled boots were starting to pinch so she shuffled a little to ease the tightness while she waited for their grand entrance.

“OK, listen up all of you, this is the first scene of the movie. I want to do it in one take because the Hilda is going to be marked by the whipping. I don’t need to tell any of you that we have a discerning audience now for this series of films. Hilda is worth a great deal of money and must not be permanently damaged in this film, so I want you to make it look good, and let’s hear those whips crack.

As Hilda lost her box office drawing power, as the DVD buyers and net down-loaders of the series lost interest in the star there would be less and less interest in her value and the slide would begin. The hard sex would turn to hard cruelty and the plot-less films would gain a grim narrative. A careful viewer would be able to trace the slow destruction of the star from one film to the next.

That viewer might imagine that Hilda was earning serious money for her parts in the drama, but he would be so wrong! It was the director-owner of Hilda who would see his bank account swell; Hilda herself would never even know how much money she was making.

Hilda was taking part in a live drama that mirrored her films.

Slave to the director and his rapacious daughter.

Slave in the films she was in.

Slave in reality.

The call to Hugh’s mobile was from Juana.

It could only mean that there was to be another attempt to pass the ransom.

In the divisional headquarters of the police Inspector Mantaus listened with all his concentration. Nuances of the voice, deflections of questions and background noise would help to tell where the call was coming from. If the call was genuine and if the hostage was still alive.

Inspector Mantaus was starting to suspect that he had an informer inside the division or perhaps Hugh Derwan was in league with the kidnappers? He had been following Hugh for a week now with no result, not a foot out of place.

Were these criminals really getting so deviously clever that they were outthinking Inspector Mantaus? He had to admit that it seemed a possibility.

He cleared his head of all these thoughts as soon as the phone was picked up by Hugh so that he could concentrate on the detail and general flow of the conversation that ensued.

“Hugh Derwan?”

Once again it was in English that revealed a depth of the language that Inspector Mantaus could only admire. His English was good but not as good as the almost accent less words that the kidnapper was using.

“Yes. Here,” answered the husband.

Inspector Mantaus looked up at the technician that was controlling the recording and tracing of the call. The question was implicit in the nod that he gave. The recording was good and the cell trace was running with priority.

“Fine. I understand that the police are trying to trace this call but there is plenty of time for us to talk because we really want this to go smoothly. The money is important to us and your wife is important to you.”

The inspector was impressed with the calm of the level of negotiation. The voice at the kidnappers end showed little hesitation or stress it was either a signal that the kidnappers had already killed Sally and were now at ease or it might indicate that they thought that they had a foolproof plan.

“I’m listening...”

There was more stress in the voice of the husband thought the inspector.

“OK, then here’s what we will do. You will go to the bank and pick up the case with the money at midday exactly. Do you understand?”

“I understand fully. But I need to speak to my wife.”

“That will follow in due course. Let’s get the details of the exchange first and then we can deal with those matters of trust that should lie between us.”

‘The quality of the English is like a professional,’ thought the Inspector Mantaus as he looked at the technician who was holding up a fist with his thumb held down.

The inspector frowned a question at him to receive the answer written on a small pad hurriedly, ‘WWW’.

‘Shit,’ he thought, the Internet is being used to pass the call.

“Moving forward, catch a random taxi outside the bank and tell him to take you to the main station, the Estação Central. There you will go to the public toilets just off platform six. You will toss the case into the third cubicle from the door and then leave the toilets and walk away.”

“Is that it?”

Inspector Mantaus made a motion with his hand. The signal was clear, already the surveillance operation was in motion and the Estação Central would be staked and marked.

“Yes, that’s it. I want you to repeat the instructions to make sure that you have them in your mind.”

Hugh repeated the instructions and got them all correct to the approval of the kidnapper.

“There is one more instruction for you. We realise that the police will be following every move. There is nothing that you can do to stop this. Just make sure that from the point that you pick up the money you have no contact with them. That is all.”

The Inspector sat back and blew out his held breath. The instructions were simple but it was possible that there would yet be a change of plan as the money was en-route.

“So would you like to talk to your wife, Mr Derwan?”

“Absolutely.”

There was a small movement as the phone changed hands that told the inspector that they were using a phone and not a computer to make the call. That was better news, much easier to trace, much less legal restriction over the phone network as well.

“Hello, Hugh?”

The voice was Sally’s. It quivered slightly.

“Honey, don’t worry, I’ll get you out, the money is ready and honey, you are worth every red cent of the five million!”

“Please, they have done things to me that I cannot stand...”

Despite the fact that Hugh was expecting his wife to die to make him rich he choked up. A swell of emotion made him sob and the words caught in his throat.

“Honey, by tomorrow you will be free. But I have to ask you, because the police need to know that you are still alive. Where did we go on our Honeymoon?”

There was sobbing at the other end which ended in a sound like a slap before Sally answered:

“It was cancelled because of the snow, Heathrow was our honeymoon.”

Suddenly the line was cut and the call was over. The abrupt end made Inspector Mantaus start out of his reverie of concentration.

‘Now I’m nearly sure that the husband is not involved,’ he thought to himself. ‘He is too emotionally involved, his voice gives it a way. Or else, of course, he is the best actor since Al Pacino.’

The technician turned to the inspector and pulled a face.

“We can trace the call, once we get the Japanese out of bed. Who knows how many other servers are being involved but it will be a finite amount. The call has been encrypted and sent on the TOR net system. We are working on it, but it could take two days at least to unwind it!”

“Well then it’s evidence rather than a direct help, said Inspector Mantaus with a sigh. “I’ve got a ransom to deliver so I’d better get going.”

“There is something that I can tell you about the call, Sir,” replied the technician. “It was being made, or rather part of it was being made, from the Estação Central because I just identified an announcement for a train that leaves in ten minutes.”

The technician found that he was talking to an empty room as Inspector Mantaus ran from the room, his phone already pinned to his ear.

The kidnapper, who was now the taken, switched off the recording of yesterday’s platform announcements and smiled at Sally.

“What we are doing here is risky,” said Juana.

“Everything is a risk. Life is a risk.”

“You drive the taxi and I will do the scouting, together we will be five million richer soon.”

Juana smiled at her new found accomplice in crime and love and pulled on her sunglasses and the denim jacket, her role as taxi driver was the weakest link but there again, the second kidnapping beckoned and she was not only prepared but eager to go.

When a magician prepares his trick and then performs before his audience he makes a series of moves that are designed to deflect the audience from penetrating the single move that is the actual deception.

The most straightforward move is often the most effective against a watchful audience who are expecting a deception but are disarmed by the simplicity of each move.

Inspector Mantaus was prepared; he had staked hotel, bank and station. Every area where the kidnapping had had contact was watched; even the bar that Sally had been taken from was occupied by a man who glanced occasionally at Passers-by with more than casual interest.

An hour after midday Inspector Mantaus was more than embarrassed, he was mortified. Money and the husband that was carrying it were gone in the maze that was Rio. Now he had to answer to the captain who wanted to know how the previously infallible Inspector Fábio Mantaus had been wrong footed in one of the largest stakeouts that the Rio Federal police had ever staged to catch a kidnapper.

“Why didn’t Mr Derwan take the taxi that we had organised?”

Inspector Mantaus answered in a muted voice:

“We could not tell him that we had a taxi prepared so we offered three parked outside the bank, each of which was ours. But he walked into the road and hailed a cab!”

“What a fuck up! So we followed the cab with the money.”

“Of course, Sir,” replied the Inspector.

“And?”

“Well the taxi was difficult to follow in all the Midday traffic but we had a helicopter at a thousand metres keeping an eye on it.”

“But they lost it near the station,” the lack of amusement was plain to tell in the captain’s voice. “Under the highway tunnel.”

“Sir, but we had a ground crew that picked it up again, but Mr Derwan and the money had gone!”

“The driver?”

“He claimed that he had been waiting in the Station rank for an hour waiting for a pick up.”

“So they changed the taxi plates and licence plate on another taxi for one that they knew would be at the station?”

“That’s right, Sir” said Inspector Mantaus. “The toilets and all the rest of it was a blind alley. Now they have the money and Mr Derwan. I am just hoping that Sally Derwan is returned, she may have some information for us.”

“Not good, not good at all, Inspector,” said the captain heavily. “This adds a slight of tarnish to your reputation as one of the real high flyers here in Rio. I hope that we can resolve this kidnapping soon because the international press is starting to take interest in the case. That means political pressure from Brasilia. That means that you have to get your skates on and find me the woman who speaks English and all the others that are making fools of us.”

“Don’t make a fool of us again!” he continued with dry emphasis on the words ‘again and ‘us’.

“Yes Sir. I mean no Sir!”

The taxi ride had started in Rio but by the time that the taxi had left Rio Hugh knew that he and Juana had got away with it. Got away with five million US dollars.

The brief stop in the tunnel to take off the taxi sign, change the plates and put a sticky plastic over the blue stripes turned the taxi into just another ex-taxi heading north. With Hugh and the money in the boot to conceal who was in the car they were soon out in the suburbs and well on their way to Passa-Vinte.

After about an hour Juana stopped the car in a quiet place and checked the boot.

“I’m sorry Hugh, you have to stay in there another couple of hours because the car must just have one occupant,” she said as they had a quick drink of water.

“Thanks for all the blankets,” said Hugh who had made a nest out of all the bedding.

“We go to Passa-Vinte, it takes a few hours. Here is some water.”

Hugh went to kiss her and noticed a scratch and a bruise on her neck and shoulder.

“What happened darling?” he asked.

“Sally!”

“Have you already?”

“I did what I had to and you would not have found it pleasant!”

Hugh gulped at the thought that his mistress had murdered his wife.

“I’ll get back in, then...” he said.

“...before there is any traffic,” she answered, finishing his sentence for him.

The ride was long and the last part was pretty uncomfortable for Hugh over the track to Passa-Vinte. There were long stretches when the road was smooth and then patched where the car was bounced around by all the holes in the road. After about an hour of this rough road, Juana pulled in at a place where the track was wider and allowed Hugh out to stretch his legs.

“Where are we?” he asked.

“Near my little hide out,” she replied and then lied. “It’s called Arapel.”

“Oh right!” he said as if it meant something to him.

“Just another forty minutes and we’ll be there,” she said. “I think that you’ll love my little villa and then we can discuss how we proceed.”

Hugh was running with sweat after all the time in the boot of the car and he asked her for water.

“One moment,” she said as she pulled the bottle out of the car.

Hugh started to drink, when he was halfway through the bottle Juana stopped him.

“I’ll have some too, a bit later because I think that that is a bus,” she pointed down the road and ushered Hugh back into the boot of the car. He looked embarrassed and Passed over the bottle to her before climbing back into his nest.

“Not far now,” she said.

“Thank god for that!”

In the end they arrived at the villa and Juana parked the car under a tree. As she climbed out of the car Sally ran up to find that Juana was already dragging up the branches that they had prepared to make sure that the yellow car could not be seen from the road.

“And?” said Sally.

“And... I love you,” said Juana as she flung her arms around her lover.

Sally returned the kiss and then held Juana’s shoulders to bring her to arm’s length.

“Hugh?” she asked.

With a flourish Juana produced the key and opened the boot of the car to show Hugh sleeping soundly curled up around the case with the money.

“Signed. Sealed and delivered!” said Sally in glee as she reached in and took the case. “But there may be a tracking device or radio in it. In the boot it could not broadcast so here goes.”

With a shake she poured all the bundles of dollar bills onto the back seat before she flung the bag into a barrel of rain water by the door of the villa.

“That should sort it out, later we will dispose of it properly.”

Sally looked down at her husband, the man who thought that his lover had killed his wife and had not shed a tear of remorse.

This was a man she now hated.

Detested with a unshakable resolve.

He would pay, that was certain. She was more than certain.

“Wake him and bring him in,” said Sally as she tucked herself into the entrance of the villa.

Juana bent down and shook Hugh awake. Drowsy with the Rohypnol that had been put in his water he unwound slowly and almost fell out of the boot of the car as Juana helped him into the villa.

“The money,” he mumbled in a voice that slurred and was almost indecipherable.

“It’s safe and sound.”

“Mmm.”

Hugh was barely able to walk but Juana was strong and helped him to the bed on which she and Sally had sealed their pact with an act of contrition that Hugh just would not have understood.

“Sleep, Hugh. Tomorrow will be a long day,” said Juana as she locked the ankle ring onto Hugh with a click of the lock as Hugh dropped from on high into a slumber that plumbed the depths of unsettled dreams.

Sally entered with a breadknife, long bladed and serrated.

“He’s out, how much of the drug did you give him?”

“I mixed it all into the bottle and he drank half!”

“Shit,” laughed Sally, “Hugh is out for the count!”

“I had to stop him drinking even more. To make him thirsty I had to switch on the heating of the car when I should have been using the air conditioning! It was almost unbearable in the car.”

“Never mind, it starts tomorrow, the hunt for another five million.”

Juana smiled at Sally and said, “Are you sure that we should go for double? I mean five million is a huge sum!”

“We’ll discuss it tomorrow,” replied Sally, “In the meantime let’s get him stripped.”

She waved the knife and then with a leer she pulled the blade close to her throat.

“That’s what I could do to this wanker,” she said in a grim voice.

Using the knife they stripped the sleeping Hugh of all of his clothes leaving him naked but for the chain that fixed him to the bed. Sally shortened the chain to just a couple of metres by using another padlock to close some links together.

“That will make sure that he cannot threaten us so easily. It might be dangerous to give him the full length until we have subdued him properly.”

Juana’s eyes opened wide.

“Can that be done?”

“I am a fully paid up psychologist,” said Sally. “I got only a third in university but I know how to subjugate him!”

Juana smiled and nestled up to Sally.

“Like you did me?” she asked with a sly smirk.

“No you fell of your own accord and so did I,” replied Sally with a small peck at Juana’s cheek. “You were not subdued you were overcome and that is quite a different kettle of fish!”

“So what happens tomorrow?” asked Juana.

“Tomorrow will be the first lesson of many for Hugh here,” she said as she pointed at the naked man sleeping on the mattress. “We will play with him a couple of days and then decide how to dispose of him.”

Juana reached out and cupped one of Sally’s breasts with her hand. The fingers tickled a nipple until it stood out from the cloth and then traced a route to Sally’s belly.

“When I was a child I used to throw the toys out of my pram,” said Sally. “Now I intend to play with some of them until they break.”

“Am I a toy?”

“Yes of course.”

“Are you going to break me as well?”

“Only if I feel like it,” laughed Sally.

But Juana could not be sure she meant it as a joke or a serious answer, but neither did she care a whit!

She longed to be used and there was always a risk of breakage.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Sleeper Awakes

Hilda had finished the shoot. Apparently it had gone well with two more twenty minute scenes now 'in the can' and only three more to shoot; that and the 'special features' of the DVD and the obligatory interview that came after the film.

Like most BDSM porn there was always a scene shot at the end that seemed to show that she loved the 'scenes' that she played in and smiled and kissed the other actors in playful camaraderie. It was all just for show. This time for real because whilst the abuse that she suffered in the movie was like every other day; the interview was the only pleasant social contact that she had.

Of course she could not speak. Hilda was presented as the willing slave who luxuriated and enjoyed the punishment. Because she could not speak the voice was dubbed in later by Sophia, the director's daughter in a sexy voice. Sophia did all the dubbing of moans and excitement for the films, she was the voice of enjoyment whilst in agony.

Hilda was given a few cards with phrases written on them and had to learn the words so that she could mouth them in answer for the final scene. It was the only acting that she ever did, the rest was for real!

These were the lines for the next day, the finale of the volunteer whose participation was bogus;

'I love to be punished, it really turns me on!'

'I can never get enough pleasure and pain; I hope that next time we can go even further.'

'I have never been as happy as I am doing these films; it turns me on to be fucked under the whip.'

But, that was yet all to come. Tomorrow would come the other part of the film and then that terrible finale that just confirmed her status as the chattel of her possessor.

Her wrists ached from the bite of the handcuffs and her body felt battered after her treatment by the two actress-dominatrices. The brunette had not been too cruel. She had seemingly swung the flogger with a will, but she had not been trying to hurt her victim.

The blonde, on the other hand, had been so pitiless. She had slyly pressed her fingertips against the base of Hilda's straining prick as she came so that the shot of her coming had to be re-enacted with all the agony that came with it.

The camera crew packed up their gear and the clean-up crew made sure that the rented location was ready for the next day. Damage and mess cost money, so it was scrupulously attended to. Harm done to the leading actress was just part of the show and was the reason that the films made so much money. That was of little account.

Once most of the crew had left and shouted their goodbyes the director's daughter walked in the front door of the villa and struck a pose. Raven haired, attractive and young, she was dressed like a film starlet of the sixties. She shed her long fur-collared leather trench coat and folded it over her arm with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Daddy," she cooed, "are we going out to the Celeiro tonight?"

Celeiro was perhaps the most expensive restaurant in Rio, full of the local well-heeled and moneyed stars of television and the movies.

"Darling Sophia, I would love to go, but tonight..."

He had meant to say that he had to edit the takes that had been done that day, but he had no chance to finish before Sophia pulled a face and broke into his explanation.

"It's just not fair, papa," she raged in a high voice. "Tonight is the night when all the cast of 'A Casa E Fora' are having the event to celebrate their fiftieth show and it is so important to me."

"Not tonight," he said firmly. "Another night. The film has to be edited and I really have to get it right."

Sophia stamped her foot and glared at the forlorn figure of Hilda as though she was in some way at fault for this gross imposture. The metal spike of her heel chipped a tile on the floor but her father decided that it was better to ignore the defiant gesture.

"Then I will take my anger out on that slut that you cherish so much," she said in a low tone. "Tonight I am going to really enjoy fucking her!"

"Sorry, but not tonight. She has to be ready for the shoot tomorrow!"

"Fuck!"

"OK, OK, tomorrow night, if all goes well," he replied. "Now get the driver and we will be off because I have a long night tonight and have to be up early tomorrow. Sophia, Sophia, you really are being difficult tonight!"

"I only want to have some fun, daddy," she laughed. "What's so wrong about that?"

Hugh woke to a stunning headache that was not helped by his dehydration and the sheer brightness of the room. He lay in a pool of sweat on the thin mattress taking five minutes of squinting before he could open his eyes and live with the throbbing beast that pounded his brain.

He looked around him in consternation.

The room was bare, he was naked and that rattle?

As he moved his leg to sit up he felt the band of metal around his ankle and saw the thin chain that fixed him to the bed. He gave it a tug and realised that he needed either the key or tools to get free.

Light streamed into the room making him wince. It was clear that he had been double crossed and the money was again, out of his control.

‘But who?’ he asked himself. ‘Who had now got the money?’

Well, there was no clue in the prison that he currently occupied. It was bare of all ornament and features. Just the bed and the prisoner and even the bed was fixed to the floor so that there was no way to even get to the window.

He wondered what had happened to Juana. Was she also overpowered or was she in some way part of this mess? Was that why she had kept him in the boot of the car? Who was working with her? Was she also a captive?

More importantly, where was the money?

Hugh heard a movement on the other side of the door. The sound of boots walking on the hard concrete floor. He heard woman’s voices but they were muffled and indistinct. Instinctively he retreated to his bed and sat waiting for his captors to show themselves but the sounds died away and the sound of a car being driven away drifted through the window.

Hugh made a mental survey of his prison.

Outside was the chirping of insects and the view was blocked by tall stands of bushes and trees. But it was clear that he was in the countryside and not in a large town like Rio. Since the car had left he had heard no engine, no human chat and no machine noises at all.

His chain allowed about two metres, barely enough to circle the bed. It was welded roughly to the metal of the bedstead but in a workmanlike fashion that made any attempt to break it a hopeless task for a man without tools.

He peeped under the bed to find a chamber pot and a bottle of water. Well at least his captors had decided that he should live a while and they were concerned a little for his well-being!

He opened the water and noted that the screw top seal was intact.

As he sipped a little water his thoughts came back to that moment on the trip when he had drunk from the bottle that Juana had offered. Had that been the source of his drugging? Or was there some sort of gas in the boot of the car? In any case it all pointed to Juana!

Like Sally before him, Hugh was inclined to try to work out method and possibilities. Unlike Sally his captor was implacable, she was the woman who he had betrayed and then been willing to kill for the money.

After leaving the villa the two lovers sat on the tree stump just down the path and tried to plan what they were going to do next.

“The money is safe and last night I burned the bag that it came in,” said Sally. “The real question is, whether we try to ransom Hugh or not.”

“Well if we don’t then what do we do with him, patroa?” asked Juana as she took a cigarette from the proffered packet.

“Patroa?” asked Sally.

“It means boss, or actually the female boss.”

“Well, I appreciate the title but call me ‘Sally’,” said Sally as she took a pull at the Dunhill and blew a cloud of smoke into the still air. “Sally can mean ‘mistress’ for us because Juana sounds like ‘slave’ to me!”

“All of this doesn’t help us deal with Hugh,” said Sally. “I mean the last time that I sat here was just before I came back for you and all I could think of was revenge.”

“You have had a great deal of your revenge already.”

“Ahh, that’s where you’re wrong little Juana. That’s where you’re wrong. The greater part is yet to come; the problem is that I haven’t decided on the final form it will take.”

“What were you thinking then, as you sat here last time?”

“The police, jail and the way that Hugh would suffer if the Brazilian Police caught him.”

Juana finished her smoke as she thought.

Images of Hugh in prison were mingled with her own worries that if he was caught she would be too. Juana had failed to keep her real identity secret because her decision to use Hugh to help her kidnap scheme had come at the last moment, after she had revealed all to him.

“Well I am at risk,” admitted Juana. “If Hugh ends up in jail then I will too!”

“I know and that’s the problem. What we need is a way to hold Hugh for a while until the Police interest diminishes enough for us to decide what to do with him,” said Sally. “That’s the basic problem...”

“So, what you mean is that we return to our normal lives. You escape from the kidnappers or are freed and I was never away?”

“Exactly,” said Sally.

“Hugh will become a kidnap victim if we want or a mound in the Maranhão if we decide otherwise.”

Juana looked up at Sally and wondered at her need for vengeance.

“You have me and you have the money. Why risk it all just to get revenge on Hugh?” said Juana. “I mean it is a risk.”

“I cannot help myself. He added me like some collectable medallion to his first class degree. In fact I think that I was the shield or cup that went with his successful university years. Then I wasted all my time in his bed, fucking and sucking his prick and following his lead. Now he thinks that he can trade me in for five million and you.”

Sally was starting to raise her voice in anger and so Juana motioned her hand to quieten her down before her voice carried to the villa.

“How are we going to find someone to act as a jailer?” asked Sally. “Carlos was bloody useless and otherwise you used a couple of low grade private detectives.”

“I have an idea, but I won’t tell you because you might not agree.”

“If you find a solution that makes him miserable I’ll be happy for the moment!” said Sally.

“Well anyway, I won’t be missed for a few days,” said Juana, “so I’ll find a solution, I have a few ideas. You take the bus back to Rio and have yourself found. Are you going to escape or be released?”

“I think that escape is what I am all about!”

“It’s a long walk!”

“I’ve got your boots. Mind you don’t let him talk you around!”

“He’s fucked!”

“Glad to hear it!”

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Police and Pigs

Sophia was a spoiled brat.

That was the way that most people who did not really know her intimately summed her up. Spoiled rotten by a father who gave her everything that she wanted and a mother who had long since lost interest in her daughter's upbringing.

Those who knew her well, a couple of discarded (and cowed) boyfriends and her father's friends in the porn filming business saw her in a rather different light.

'She would make such a great porn dominatrix,' was the most common phrase used by those in the know, when she and her father were out of hearing. They knew that her father would never allow her to act in any film that would reveal more of her luscious body than her face so they kept their thoughts to themselves and tried to imagine what having a vicious bitch like her in bed would be like. At the moment she voiced in all the female soundtrack for Hilda in a mixture of excited moans and yelps.

The common opinion was; that whoever fucked Sophia had better have a thick skin and be able to take a lot of pain with their pleasure to get the best of the experience. It did not stop the hopefuls, after all she was from a wealthy family who had the best of everything.

She took her cues from her father's films.

By the time she had reached seventeen she had seen them all!

By the time that she was nineteen she had begun to find out that she had no small power over men and there came public moments of coy, enchanting conduct, balanced by private tantrums and violent outbursts as Sophia discovered that all that she wanted came her way if she was just assertive enough.

Servants had always been waiting on her, there to be abused and humiliated by the girl who had taken a crop to her maids when she was not satisfied with the level of obedience and subservience that they showed.

Service was not enough.

Cringing humiliation was what Sophia demanded.

And got!

Now, at the age of twenty she was courted by men who lavished attention on her without understanding the dangerous ground that they were stepping on. They admired her body and money without seeing the peril of becoming her plaything.

Tonight was the night!

Papa was busy doing the film editing, Mama was in Buzios for a week and Sophia had the bronze key to the cellar where all the secrets were kept. Secrets like the red tiled studio and the cells that were the abode for her father's 'special' stars. Secrets like the instruments and toys that featured in films that were made for private taste, to exclusive order and influential clientele.

Dressing for pleasure was something that Sophia enjoyed. Her boudoir adjoined a dressing room with endless rails of dresses that had never been worn and drawers of intimate items that flattered her generous figure and shapely legs. She wandered naked through the racks, running her fingers over the clothes, trying to decide.

Would she be the rich bitch or would she be an alluring innocent flower?

Finally she made her choice.

Silk and lace corset, long fur coat, red stilettos and stockings. It gave her that delicious naked feeling under the draping fur, an aspect that suggested money, power and authority. The final touch was the short crop that dangled from her wrist and the red leather gloves that creased at her elbows.

She entered the room where Hilda was curled on a mattress and stood looking at her father's latest star. Slowly she walked around the chained sex slave with a click of those heels. Nice breasts, a fine job of work. Smooth waxed body, marked by a few stripes of the whip, but otherwise pretty attractive. Bee-sting lips and slender neck, if there had been no caged prick nestling between those plump thighs even Sophia would have thought that this was an attractive woman of thirty five who was curled up at her feet.

She woke Hilda with a short, sharp flick of the crop.

Hilda started and looked up with frightened eyes at this luscious young girl who was clearly looking for some fun at her expense.

"I like what I see, bitch," she said in English. "No wonder my father is making so much money from the films that you star in."

Of course there was no answer. Hilda was without a voice, so she just nodded acknowledgement of her tormenter's words.

“Nice and quiet too! I like that in a slut,” continued Sophia with a smile. “Did you know that I am your voice? Probably not... I moan with ecstasy while you cannot utter your cries of agony! Now that is so delicious!”

She laid a light blow on the stricken Hilda as she spoke; “You can answer best by licking my shoes, slut.”

Hilda crawled and began to obey Sophia. The red patent shoes were slick under her tongue, but she was careful not to contact the stockings.

“I like a few things about you; I think that I am going to ask father for you as a twenty first birthday present! That would be so delicious. I need a private servant anyway and you are ideal. Don’t think that you get to fuck me though, bitch. If you become my little bitch you will have plenty to do, but your little cock will probably never come out of its cage.”

Sophia looked down approvingly at the work that Hilda was doing for her and smiled. Tonight, in her outrageous costume, she would go to Celeiro and the party. Tomorrow she would beg her father for this special gift.

There was no way that daddy’s little girl would be refused!

Sally stood by the battered phone booth and waited. The police were coming to pick her up and she was quietly thinking through her story again and again until the lie became the truth!

When she was a child she often had had to lie to escape the wrath of her older brother and the way that he got her into trouble. It was at the tender age of ten that she had realised that the way to make a lie convincing and unbreakable was to believe it oneself.

There was the first part; repeat it like learning a poem and repeat it again until it filled that niche of your memory that is taken by reminiscences.

Then came the second part of a convincing lie; use as much of the truth that you can. Only lie about what really needs to be hidden, reveal the rest.

The track from Passa-Vinte was too far to walk but Sally had managed to hitch twice to cover nearly ten miles before she found a village where she could pay a local a hundred dollars to take her to Rio Preto from where she had called the police.

As they picked her up she was clutching a piece of cloth and a short length of rope that she had picked up on the way.

Just three hours later she was in a hospital bed being interviewed by Inspector Mantaus who had hurried to her bed side. He sat and listened to her tale of having been kidnapped in a taxi and confirmed all the few facts that he knew about the kidnappers.

There was a woman involved, at least on pale yellow taxi that did not always carry the 'taxi' sign. That she used a phone to talk with Hugh. She described being blindfolded and the voices of her captors and how they had chained her to a bed.

In the end, though, Inspector Mantaus was not much the wiser though she had said a great deal. Nothing that she had said could be contradicted because Sally had really only covered up the location and those involved and not anything else. There was little elaboration and little misdirection except in the details.

Inspector Mantaus sat on his porch at three in the morning considering the problems that this case was creating for himself and his boss the Captain.

Everything was fishy from his point of view. Inspector Mantaus was sure that at least one of the participants was someone that he had spoken to!

But who and how to catch them out?

On balance Hugh was less likely to be honest. Sally Derwan had seemed just typical of a confused witness and so was convincing. At any rate he would wait a day or two and then suddenly bring her in and question her again to see if all the details tallied with the earlier account.

He started to reflect on the whole case from back to front and front to back.

'In the end it comes down to the five million,' he thought to himself.

After all that was the whole point of the matter.

The reason for it all.

'So where does the money come from?' he thought as he enjoyed the little motion from the chair that came from having unequal length legs.

'Of course it comes from Conch Petroleum. But if there is some sort of fix being done there I will never find it, because likely enough it all happened in London.'

His mind wandered to other matters for a while before another logical step in his enquiry occurred to him.

'Actually the only loser is the insurance company,' he thought.

But he had checked the agent and she had not only alibis, she had never met either Hugh or anyone else that was a lynchpin of the case. Anyway she speaks no English at all, so how could she become involved?

“Maybe she was lying for another reason,” he muttered to himself. “I’ll haul her in as well. Maybe I can test her against Sally Derwan and see if there is any recognition?”

‘Usually it is enough to understand how a crime is committed to then dig up the evidence,’ he thought. That was what was missing. An understanding of the underlying pattern and the relationships that have been forged in its shadow.

‘People commit crimes and their relationships tell us all of the rest, the why, when, and the where.’

Helena was striking; there was no doubt about it. Not tall and not slim, not young and not smooth skinned but nevertheless she had something, a pinch of Latin olive skin darkened by the sun and a proud face and grey eyes that looked down on men much taller than her.

Her waist was narrow and her arms were muscular with work, but like an hourglass her broad hips and considerable breasts made her a magnet for all the older men of the district who were looking for a widow to marry.

But Helena resisted their blandishments and followed her own self-sufficient route through life’s little ups and downs to come at last to rest with a sizable farm, a daughter who was more than devoted and an extended family that honoured her as a font of wisdom and a settler of disputes.

With her cousin, Tatiana, and a large man who looked like a local farmer in tow, she arrived with Juana at the villa with a smile on her face.

“Tell me again about this Englishman,” she said in her broad country accent. “He sounds like quite a catch.”

Juana smiled. Juana had spent years polishing her hill country Portuguese dialect and Helena always made a point of emphasising that spoken roughness whenever she could. With Helena it was almost a point of pride that her Portuguese was impenetrable.

“Well, he’s the kidnapping husband, who kidnapped the wife and is now kidnapped, but not for ransom! He was kidnapped because he was a kidnapper and the kidnapped wife decided that I, the other kidnapper, should kidnap him to collect the ransom even though we’d already got it!” Juana said in a rush.

Helena started to laugh at this crazy explanation of the events of the last few weeks.

She leaned up, looked Juana in the eyes and said, “You are not in love with him are you. I mean this husband who is so kidnappy, kidnappy?”

Juana stayed mute and shook her head.

“Well who with then, because love it is? Not her? The wife?”

Juana stayed mute and nodded slowly.

“Now I understand, the husband needs to be looked after whilst you get your hands on the wife,” she said. “Juana, you fool, you are doing it all the wrong way round! Seduce the men and deceive the women, not the contrary.”

Juana started to laugh and kissed Helena, she had so missed this strange woman in her life. The woman who accepted people as they really were. The aunt who had always kept her straight.

“Helena, I am more than in love, I adore Sally. She is the first person that saw deep inside to find my helplessness. She saw through my mask of certainty and self-belief and has given me release.”

“You always were a strange one,” said Helena, “ever since I caught you riding the pigs before you could walk properly I knew that you’d grow up to be even more interesting than your mother, and she was pretty wild! Then off you went to the big city, changed the way that you talked and became so important.”

The mention of her mother brought a tear to Juana’s eye as Helena hugged her and patted her back with a soothing motion.

“Well, let’s get the introductions over. You need to introduce me to this Englishman,” said Helena brushing Juana’s tears from her cheek with the back of her hand. “You need to get him off your hands and I need...”

“...someone to tend the pigs,” laughed Juana. “Just a month or two will do and then Sally and I will return to pick him up when the heat has died down.”

From her jeans she pulled a packet of dollar bills, still in the plastic wrapper.

“Aunt Helena, you might need this to be getting on with!”

Helena signaled Tatiana to take the packet which she did without curiosity and pushed it into her dress.

“If I live to ninety, I’ll never need more than that, niece. I’ll never ask for more but since I am now looking after my pension as well as doing a favour for my favourite niece I think that there are a few things that you should tell me about what’s going on!”

Helena paused and pulled her thoughts together before she started to question her niece. This was her method when dealing with any knotty family matter. A series of straight questions followed by a pronouncement.

“How long has he been here?” asked Helena.

“Just a full day.”

Juana had been present at many of these sessions where Helena had been judge, jury and executioner for the family and she knew the drill. Answer straight and fast and keep looking into those grey eyes that peeped to your soul.

“How did you get here?”

“Old taxi, now hidden there.” Juana pointed to the trees and bushes behind the villa.

“Police?”

“I’ve not even been questioned.”

“But do you think that they’ll get here?”

“No, unlikely!”

“Good,” said Helena. “How is your new lover, Sally, with her husband?”

“She hates him, you’d not believe how much!”

“How long do you need?”

“Two to three months, maybe a bit more.”

“Right then, Juana,” said Helena. “You make sure that you are here every two weeks to check up on your captive Englishman and I expect a visit from Sally. You can tell her that I like to make sure of all of my family and she is now a part of it so she had better get her ass down here so that I can meet her!”

“Yes Aunty Helena,” replied the niece with a contrite look.

“Well then I’d better have a look at him!”

She signed to the big man who had stayed in the background the whole time and standing like a rock to come up and introduce himself.

“José,” he said.

“José doesn’t say much but he has helped me a lot recently since the wall of the barn collapsed. He’s a bit of a blacksmith, farmer and he can repair cars as well. He said that he’d help me with my new acquisition for a week!” she said

“Don’t you want to know your new slave-servant’s name?” asked Juana.

“Why should I need to know the name of the man who will be sleeping in the pigsty, doing all the heavy work during the day and possibly some at night as well?”

“As you like, you never were one to stand on ceremony, Helena!”

Hugh was hungry.

Very hungry.

In fact he was starving.

It was now a full day since he had last eaten and that had only been a hamburger in the police headquarters, snatched while the Inspector had belabored him with details of how to behave and what to say as he gave the money over. The bottle of water that he had found water had lasted a while but he felt pretty thirsty too.

He sat wondering why no one came. Had they deserted him here to die?

‘What was that number ‘three’ thing?’ he thought. ‘Three minutes without air, three days without water and three weeks without food. That was enough to kill a man.’

Of course it might have been two or four, he could not quite remember! At any rate it was not long before he was without water and his bottle was empty.

At last he heard voices outside. One sounded a little like Juana and the other, well he just could not be sure. A few hours later there was more talking, more women’s voices and then the sound of a car being started and driving away to the accompaniment of goodbyes.

Finally there was the sound and sight of José opening the door with a long piece of metal in his large hand. In the background he could see a woman of about forty standing there in a simple dress. He could not have described her as pretty but her long plaited black hair reached to her slender waist and her figure was impressive.

She said a few words to José and he moved to inspect the chain that fixed Hugh to the leg of the bed.

“Who are you? What...” said Hugh in English but the woman just smiled and put a finger to her lips as José used the metal tire iron to break the chain at the bed leg with a single savage twist.

“Você,” said the woman to him followed by some more Portuguese that he could not understand. The meaning was clear and Hugh followed the two of them out of the villa led by the chain in José’s hand.

Even though the sun was quite high in the sky the air was cool on Hugh’s naked skin and the ground outside the villa was rough and hurt his feet.

The three of them joined a young woman of about twenty who could have, at a distance, have been taken for Juana.

Hugh tried to assess the man who was with them. He was a big man and broad in the shoulder, far and away stronger than Hugh. The eight inches of the tyre iron tucked into his hand like a cocktail stick and had been shoved through the first link of the chain that was still joined to his ankle.

There was a short exchange which Hugh did not understand and then the party set off with José and Hugh in the lead and Helena and her cousin, Tatiana, taking up the rear.

Hugh was in a daze.

Who were these people? Where were they taking him?

He had imagined being ransomed or freed after a time but what was now going on seemed incomprehensible to him. Where, for instance, was Juana? Where the fuck was he now?

The stones and small branches in the path had soon scored his naked feet as he followed the broad back of José through the bushes to come to a barely perceptible path that seemed to lead directly up a mountain.

Behind him, the two women talked in Portuguese. Even though he had started his lessons he could not understand a word of their dialect, he just knew that the word that the older woman had used, Você, was the ‘polite’ form of the word for you.

The way that she had used it, it was more an order or command than polite!

The track went on and Hugh started to tire but the insistent pulling on his chain brooked no disagreement and he stumbled on, his feet getting ever more cut and his skin coming out into goose bumps.

It seemed to him that no one was interested in his naked state and the fact that he was limping and struggling to get over a path that, in their boots, they traversed with ease.

And so it went.

On and on.

Feet raw, but not willing to risk the displeasure of his captors he staggered on until, after what seemed like hours, they came to a path that had the twin parallel tracks that showed that occasional wheeled traffic came this way.

Finally a farm came into sight. A group of low buildings that nestled in a bower of fruit trees and small fields. Small pigs wandered amongst tiny chickens in the yard as they stopped whilst his captors discussed something for several minutes.

In the end José undid the lock that had shortened the chain and used it to lock the end of the chain to a fence post that stood at an angle in the yard.

Hugh was alone and sat down to nurse his feet. His soles were red raw and bleeding and his muscles were tired from the long, long walk. Still there had been no water, but he realised that he was now completely in the power of these people so he had not dared to protest at all.

After a few minutes pause a table was brought into the yard and decked with a cloth. Glasses plates and cutlery started to appear, brought by the older woman. As she laid the table she paid no attention at all to Hugh.

Next to arrive was the food. A huge pan of pork stew, beans, bread salad and finally three pitchers of water and a couple of bottles of wine.

Hugh started to salivate with hunger and the crystal water with the sun streaming through, making rainbows on the cloth, made him thirstier than he had ever felt in his life.

But it was all out of reach so he could do nothing more than look and wish that he was a part of the company. What boded ill for him was that only three places were set...

Finally they were ready. All three sat down and, ignoring their captive, began to eat and drink. At first the conversation was muted but after the first bottle of wine it became animated and there was a great deal of laughter with occasional looks at the naked and hungry prisoner who waited with more and more impatience at this cruel treatment.

Finally Hugh could stand it no longer.

“Please, I am so thirsty and hungry, could I have some...”

That was as far as he got before Helena stood and with a scowl on her face came to Hugh and slapped him full across the face. No light tap, she swung her arm and caught him on the cheek with the back of her knuckles for a blow that sent him reeling.

She shouted something and then stomped inside the house to return with a long switch of willow that she rested on the table with a meaningful look at her newly acquired slave.

Hugh got the message loud and clear.

This time a slap, next time a caning!

The meal recommenced finally, until nearly all the wine had been drunk and all three were sitting, replete, with legs stretched out and leaning on their stools looking at Hugh, discussing him with much hilarity.

Finally Helena sighed and went into the house. She returned with a bowl in her hand and proceeded to pour all the leftovers from the meal into the bowl in one mess of liquid, salad and bread. Finally she stirred it all together, satisfied that it was enough of a puree.

The bowl was placed in his reach and then she retreated to her chair to watch.

Hugh looked at the soggy mess and picked up the bowl with both hands intending to use his fingers to feed himself. As soon as he did Helena made a clucking sound and waved both hands slightly with forefingers extended.

Hugh understood.

He placed the bowl on the ground and ate by lowering his face into the bowl and gulping the food. He was so hungry that he scarcely tasted the food, it just filled him.

When the bowl was almost empty he was full. He looked at the last scraps but it was just too much to manage so he sat up and hoped that they would give him a glass of water.

Helena poured a pitcher of water into the bowl where it mixed with the greasy remainder of his dinner. Hugh looked with dismay as the crystal clear water turned to a greasy grey mess in the bowl but there was no option. He drank it all.

Finally the rest of the bottle of wine was poured into his food bowl and he was forced to finish it off despite the beans and bits of pork that floated in the red mess.

When he had finished, a curious little pig came and licked the rest of the mess from the bowl and the ground, snorting with pleasure as it did so.

Hugh had found his place in Helena's household as just another pig.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Schemes

“Darling you know that you can ask for anything! In fact I have already bought two special gifts for your twenty first.”

Sophia pouted at her father and then allowed a tear to roll from her eye.

“I love you so much, but just this one little thing! Just for me,” she said in her most plaintive voice.

“But, there is another film already planned and it is probably Hilda’s last. If she is still intact after that one...”

“That’s so typical! You ruin everything and then just give me the cast offs!” she said in a sad voice.

Her father sighed and put his lips to her wet cheek.

“OK,” he said, “OK. You can have her for yourself if that’s what you really want. I’m not sure that your mother will approve.”

He looked at his daughter and realised that he could not refuse this girl anything. If she had asked for the moon he would have found a way to have it delivered to her door. On the other hand, Sophia would soon tire of this new gift and want him to dispose of it again so there was every chance that a few months down the road Hilda would indeed shoot her final film and both Sophia and himself would get what they wanted.

Juana arrived in her small office after the long drive from Passe-Vinte early in the morning. Sitting alone she pondered how her life seemed to have changed in the last weeks but on the surface nothing had changed at all. She still sat in her chair and checked the diary, she still had to organise a dozen people and check contracts. But somehow a lot had changed.

Her income, always steady and sufficient seemed like small beer when compared to the five million that she had stashed away. The men that she had been seeing, like Hugh, had seemed sufficient but they were nowhere near the excitement that she had had with Sally. The small hopes and fears that had seemed so important a few days ago were now gone to be replaced with an inner calm now that she had sorted out most of the big problems.

Of course there was Hugh!

Now that was a problem that had only been set on the back burner. Juana sat back in her chair and thought about her wayward aunt. She was the woman who had married the man that every girl wanted and then she had housetrained him in a few years to be the perfect husband. She was always the wild one, the one that kissed the boys and made them cry.

The death of her husband had been a shock but after a decent interval she had filled her life with the men who it seemed lusted after her body and her mind. No, Hugh was in more trouble than he could imagine with Helena and she would look after the problem.

Already Juana was looking forward to visiting and seeing how Helena would deal with him, especially since she thought that he had been fucking another woman in the hotel that night when she tried to visit him.

So what was there to do?

Well basically she would have to live her normal life and work at her normal job until the fuss and bother died down. Of course it niggled that she had consented to the contact with Hugh. The affair had been both a mistake and a lucky break but, now all she had to do was to wait and see.

As she flicked through the diary she realised that there was a call marked in from yesterday from her secretary that told her that Inspector Mantaus had called in enquiry about the kidnapping. That meant that the Inspector was putting two and two together, she could only hope that he could not add up.

So she picked up the phone and called him. She used her Passe-Vinte dialect to cover her voice and made an appointment for the afternoon with the inspector with good grace.

Juana heard her secretary come in and went out to have a word with her about the afternoon's appointments. She had never been quite sure why she had hired Martina because she was totally disorganised and continually at sixes and sevens with the administration of the office. Still she was a nice girl and very attractive. That alone brought a lot of business, especially from the Germans!

Juana gave back the appointments book and left with a wave leaving Martina to make sure that her nails were perfect and sort out her false eyelash that was coming a little loose.

Juana arrived at the hospital just at the official visiting time, not that that mattered anyway. Visiting times were flexible when you had a few dollars in your pocket. She managed to find Sally without having to ask anyone and sat by her bed, trying to look prim.

Sally's lips twitched with a small smile.

"Where are my grapes?" she asked, and then had to explain that for some reason grapes were always brought when visiting hospital.

“I have to see an Inspector Mantaus this afternoon,” said Juana. “I think it is because I was partly the insurance contact. Actually I sold the policy for the insurance company but I gave the sale to my friend in their office, Mariana because she gets a fantastic commission.”

“Just tell the truth, as far as you can,” said Sally as she squeezed Juana’s hand. “The truth can be verified.”

“But how do I explain my absences?”

“So you visited your Aunt in Passe-Vinte. Where’s the problem?”

Hugh had been naked in the sun now for hours. There was no shelter from its burning rays and he felt weak and distressed. The chain on his ankle chafed and the ground was hard, all in all he was in a bad way.

Every now and again one of the three would pass by on some errand but they ignored him until the time that Helen stopped because he was lying down. She nudged him with her toe to get up and nodded in approval and said a few words when he stood.

She looked him up and down and reached out for his prick with an extended arm.

Hugh started and tried hard to stand still but he could not help himself moving back a step to avoid her touch.

That made her annoyed!

She shouted in Portuguese for a few seconds and slapped him on the face before reaching out and taking his prick in her hand. With a slight twist of the wrist she pulled his flaccid cock back to expose him to her inspection. Hugh could not help himself as he started to become erect. Helena just gripped more firmly and pulled him back and forth in an almost casual way.

As Helena was playing with him, Tatiane arrived to watch the entertainment. She did not say anything but just absorbed the scene as her older cousin showed her how easily a man could become excited.

“That’s the thing with men,” said Helena to her cousin. “They cannot avoid showing their interest; they are slaves to your hand.”

Tatiane just nodded and watched Helen gradually build up the speed. As she did so, Hugh responded by pushing towards her, an instinctive reaction almost beyond his control.

“Then their little cock thinks that it’s in a pussy even though the man knows that it’s not. Look how he is eager to please me. Soon it will gush and spit like a Coral snake, if I want it to!”

“When?”

“I think that we shall not let this little snake spit just now!”

Helen stopped suddenly and Hugh moaned a little.

“See how easy it is? He hates us, he fears us and he will try to escape but when his prick is in my hand he becomes mine!”

Helena wiped her hand on Hugh’s face and laughed at his bobbing prick that stood to attention at ninety degrees.

“Since José has to go back to Santa Rita in a week’s time we will have this little boy for ourselves. He will help us prepare and then it’s just us girls!”

“Can we do what we want?”

“Well in a couple of weeks’ time we have to speak to Juana to see what she wants but I’m sure that she gave him to us to look after so it really is up to us as to what we do to him!”

Tatiane smiled. “There have been one or two boys but...”

“Don’t worry, he’ll be nice and docile by the time that I’ve finished with him. He can rebuild the barn by hand and then we’ll see if he has any fight left in him.”

José walked up and stood by the two women.

“I don’t think he’s good for much really,” he said in a deliberate way. “If you get any worthwhile work out of him I will be amazed.”

“Oh, I’m not sure of that, José!” she laughed. “I think that this man will be just the thing to keep Tatiane and myself busy for a while.”

“Suit yourself,” said José. “It’s just like you to play games that get you into trouble, Helena.”

“José, I know you want to use him as well.”

He smiled and rested a hand on her shoulder casually as he looked at the miserable figure that stood chained before them. The sight of the helpless Englishman did kindle a certain interest in him; even more stimulating was Helena’s reaction to having her new pet.

“Helena, you know, you are a real bitch...”

“But you love it!”

Her hand wandered to the bulge between his legs and stroked the hardness that she could feel forming under her hand.

“You almost make me jealous with your philandering and willingness to fuck anything that moves,” he said. “If it’s not me then it’s Tatiane.”

“I just need it and so do you!” she said. “You come here and fuck the both of us and then tell me that you are the jealous one! I know all about your sordid history.”

“Blackmail! The bitch is blackmailing me!” he cried out in mock shock.

They both started to laugh at his pretended upset and then turned to kiss.

“Don’t act the innocent with me, José,” she laughed as her hand found the stiff prick under the thick cloth of his jeans and ran once or twice along the thick shaft in enticing strokes.

“What I know about your men and whores would fill a book.”

The two of them closed for a long kiss. The petite woman stretching her lips to meet his in a lascivious kiss as her hand slipped up and then into his waistband to close around the shaft of his cock, pulling him tight against the rough cloth.

At last the kiss broke but her hand still moved under the cloth as it roamed the thick meat of his erection, finding the uncovered tip and petting his balls as it wandered.

“Tell me you horny vixen!”

“I know all about those delicate ladyboys in Rio!” she said. “We could have our own for you right here, a sort of container for your depravity.”

José looked at Hugh with an appraising eye. He was distracted by the hand that insisted on attention and the confinement of his jeans. He looked down at the woman who was being so provocative:

“Helena, you think that all men can be controlled by their cock!”

“I know it,” she whispered as she slipped her other hand under the jeans over his ass and dug in her nails. “All men!”

Her lips were beckoning him but as he bent to kiss her she pushed her hand deep along his prick as her nails dug into the soft flesh of his rear.

José grunted as he came, a gush that spent itself over her skillful hand in two spurts. The thought of having so much and that Helena herself wanted it had been the tipping point.

Her hand pulled free of his trousers and she raised it to her lips all the while keeping him close with the nails that were embedded in the cheeks of his ass. Then her tongue flicked out and just touched the sticky residue of his climax in an erotic affirmation.

“Do you always get what you want?” he asked as he watched her perform like a kitten with the cream.

“From men, always!”

“So what happens next, my little vixen?”

“Well, we need a place to keep him and to keep him very busy,” said Helena.

“Well, the chaining post is just for tonight and I’ll see to him tomorrow,” said José.

Helena went into the house and returned to throw Hugh a coloured blanket with which he wrapped himself gratefully. He had not understood any of the conversation that he had just heard but he watched the couple’s shameless behaviour and it was clear that he had fallen into the hands of some seriously deranged people.

“Are you sure that you will be able to cope when I’m gone?” asked José.

“I think that he’s the one who will have to cope with us!” laughed Helena as she linked her arm with José. “When you come back in a week’s time we can really get to work on a little fantasy of mine.”

“And I didn’t think that you had any unfulfilled fantasies!”

“I’ll never get another chance like this,” she said.

“Juana has no idea?”

“She’ll be glad that we found a solution for this little problem,” laughed Helena as she jerked a thumb in Hugh’s direction.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Love Twisted

The party for Sophia was truly extravagant.

It was a fancy dress party that was themed as a masked ball where anything goes.

Erotic and profligate.

There were over three hundred guests invited and the food was both lavish and plentiful. As the midnight hour approached all the guests were herded into the ball room to await the moment when their little darling, Sophia, became twenty one.

All night she had been in high spirits, laughing, joking, dancing and enjoying being the absolute centre of attention. In her latex ball gown and tight corset she had spent over fifty thousand dollars to be the beau of the party. White and red flounces of lace and latex swept to a narrow corseted waist and then flared to clasp her upper body in a flower of latex petals that just covered her smooth breasts. Strings of pearls draped from her hair in a delicate net of shimmering pink iridescent as she danced and promenaded through the guests. A short gold handled crop dangled from her wrist and a black mask of delicate feathers covered the upper part of her face.

Many of the guests had joined the spirit of the fancy dress and were wearing their finest leather and lace, but none were as extravagant as the belle of the ball, who had managed an exact balance between fetishistic and ball gown, homme and donna.

Midnight approached.

The hall was full of the strange mixture of those who mixed in Rio's high society elbow to elbow with the producers, financiers and movers and shakers in the pornography business. Later, when the party really got into swing the servants serving the drinks and food would undergo a subtle change and become part of the entertainment.

Inspector Fábio Mantaus was struggling and he knew it.

There had been cases that had not been solved and cases that he felt had not been completely closed but this one was becoming an obsession that was starting to take over his mind.

Juana Metildi?

Where did she fit into the whole scheme?

There were so many loose ends. He had found out about the little lie that Mariana, the insurance agent, had told. It was typical, even though he had caught the lie there was a pretty good explanation for it. Mariana got the bonus from the company and Juana was only helping her out. It had the whiff of the truth but then there was another thing.

Juana had no good alibis and even though he could not order her to submit to a proper search she had bruises and scratches that disappeared under her clothing that seemed to indicate that she had taken a beating.

Last but not least, Hugh Derwan had disappeared. There had been no attempts to claim a ransom and no reports of a body in the last few days that matched his description.

Was this an indication that he had been involved and then disappeared with the money? Or maybe the kidnappers had disposed of him. If this was the case then the body would never be found.

In the end he went to the Captain and presented all the evidence that had been collected thus far. His boss just frowned at the strange incomplete jigsaw and offered little help.

“Fábio,” said the Captain, “just give it up until there is new evidence. The other cases are piling up on your desk and this one is going nowhere.”

“Well I would agree but it is still quite fresh and the witnesses’ memory will fade if I don’t do a couple of more days follow up.”

“OK then! I can see how much it is upsetting you, so take two more days and then report back.”

Inspector Mantaus left the office with the distinct feeling that he had missed something. Somewhere he had seen the clue that could break the case all he had to do was make the link and it would come together.

‘Time for some more thinking on my father’s chair,’ he thought as he picked up all the files and left the office. ‘A few beers and a long night.’

Days passed and Juana managed to get back into her working routine. There was just one thing on her mind and it was not the ransom that she had hidden. The fact that Hugh was suffering, that was not a burden. She knew that she could not touch the money or Hugh at the moment anyway because the police investigation was still, presumably, running and she might be being watched.

What filled her mind was Sally.

Juana knew that she had to stay away from Sally but 'had to' was impossible to do. Sally exerted an attraction that pulled on Juana's strings, like gravity it passed through all the intervening space and matter to wrench at her and haul her into contact.

So it was that Juana was to be found creeping through the corridors of the Palace Hotel looking for the room of the woman whom she needed on route to her assignation. Already, in the lift, she could feel her excitement boiling over. It clenched her belly and milked her pussy with the apprehension. Part fear and part craving, the feeling left her trembling with want.

She knocked on the door of the room and waited for the response with beating heart. Juana was in love, but it was more than love, it was fixation and passion rolled into one.

The feeling was exquisite.

The door opened and Sally stood there outlined against the light. Her body was a dark shadow against the sun streaming through the windows, her simple dress was a halo around Juana's object of desire, diaphanous, glowing, hiding nothing.

Juana could feel a lump in her throat as she felt herself impelled forward by desire. She stepped forward towards her obsession.

"Juana, I'm not sure that you should be here," said Sally as she allowed Juana into the room.

"I need you!"

"Darling..." was all that Sally could say before she was overwhelmed by kisses as Juana flung her arms around her neck and blocked all reply with her lips.

The bed was unmade, as they tumbled onto its soft field of combat Juana could smell Sally's aroma on its crumpled sheets. As the two women fell Sally twisted instinctively to the top and found herself astride her lover's body while their lips still pressed together in passion.

Sally straightened up to look at the gasping Juana between her thighs. Her eyes were closed and she was so enveloped in fervour that she struggled for breath as her chest heaved with emotion.

"You should not have come here yet," said Sally.

"I needed you," was all that Juana could say as she felt Sally's fingers close on the neckline of her dress.

"You should have been patient!"

But Sally's actions belied her words. Her hands closed and she pulled at the thin cotton, ripping it from Juana's body, exposing the marks that publicized their last encounter.

Juana braced herself for what was coming, she knew instinctively that Sally was losing her control. Juana could feel fingers twisting her nipples and scratching her breasts, then came a sudden shock as a slap was administered to her face by Sally followed by a kiss in the lips that was less a lover's contact than a ravishment of her lips.

Opening her eyes, Juana could see those breasts hanging against the cloth of Sally's dress. The nipples stood rigid pressing the soft cotton into small peaks.

"Your devotion pleases me."

Juana could focus on those breasts as Sally spoke.

"Por favor! Deus!" whispered Juana in Portuguese.

Another slap shook her head, this time from the other side and then Juana felt a hand smooth over her face and run into her hair. The fingers of Sally's hand closed on those black locks and pulled Juana's face forward to place her lips on the bumps of those nipples.

Lips parted and then sucked at the cloth. Teeth bit gently, teasing and firming the flesh as Sally enjoyed the sensation of control over Juana.

Sally gasped as the teeth closed on her sensitive flesh and pulled her servant closer by her long hair. She could feel her whole body pulsing with yearning, her thighs were running with the juices of her delight as the lips and teeth were moved from one breast to the other.

Sally felt the inescapable need, the need to take Juana and squeeze her for her own gratification. To satisfy herself and fortify her hold on her former captor.

Another slap, this time on Juana's breasts; but the hand stayed to pull and scratch that mound to the accompanying moans of her victim. As her nails reached the taut nipple she felt Juana struggle against her grip. Was it the beginnings of resistance or was it passion?

Sally did not wait because her cunt could not; would not wait. It required fulfillment, it required Juana's service. A shift and Juana's head fell back to the sheets as Sally reversed to close those lips and that eyes with her thighs and cunt.

Her hands opened the pussy wide before she lowered herself to extract the ministration that she craved, that she knew was hers to take.

With a pull the rest of Juana's dress was torn from her body, the tanga following the shreds to the floor a moment later. Revealed was that familiar smooth brown skin, now marked by the yellowing bruises of the cane and the healing scratched that coursed that firm flesh from thighs to breasts.

The sight of that previous punishment pushed Sally over the edge as a tongue pressed into her slit and probed her depths with attentiveness. The climax struck like a physical blow as she ground down her thighs to extract every last drop of devotion and duty. It threw her forward bringing her in reach of the clipped bush of the menial whose attention was now moving from cunt to ass in small licks and kisses.

“Yes,” cried Sally as she moved forward.

The attentive Juana had reached that crumple of susceptible skin that was the bud of her ass and had started to fondle it with wet care whilst Sally slapped the mound that nestled between Juana’s thighs, making her tender for the thrust of fingers which followed.

As the tongue pushed up, the reward arrived, a slim hand penetrated that willing cunt and pushed against the thrust of the thighs until Juana gasped with gratification. The hand withdrew and delivered another slap before it plunged once again. Sally fisted her lover slowly to allow every motion to heighten the senses. All the while she pressed down to savour the face that was buried in her flesh, the lips that kissed, the tongue that thrust and the teeth that brushed her most intimate region bringing her to climax.

Finally it was over, the flesh could take no more, there was no more to force from her lover. The hand stilled and then pulled from that gaping pussy flicking the clitoris with a final touch that called a shudder from Juana.

Sally heaved from her obedient puppet and sat beside her to enjoy the dreamy look of satisfaction that glowed on a face still pink from the slaps that it had received. She offered her hand and enjoyed watching Juana cleanse the fingers with lips and tongue, a final offering of submission and unlimited love.

“You will wash me,” said Sally.

A new thought had occurred to her. It was not enough that Juana simply served her sexually, there were so many other enjoyable uses for a truly devoted lover. So many assignments that were intimate and would reinforce their passion. This would be so enjoyable, this new style of love that would resolve under the lens of obedience, but would never ever be imposed by force. Juana would serve and Sally would bathe in the love, devotion and attentiveness of her vassal to adoration.

“Come with me.”

Juana followed meekly to the shower where she was allowed to clean herself and her new found mistress with gentle attention to detail that left both of them exhilarated with their experience of their newly formed relationship. Juana was not a slave, she was a servant of desire and gratification, whilst Sally had found her love bloom as an enjoyment of complete authority over her Latin lover.

As Sally and Juana found each other's measure and finished in a balance that satisfied both, affection, respect and ardour. Hugh was finding that Helena sought no balance, she was a woman who had the intention to squeeze him dry and then rebuild him as the slave that she craved.

Helena, at first, never thought of Hugh as a slave. To her he was an absorbing experiment in male mentality. She wondered at first what it was that she was trying to create.

Did she want a man who would simply be a drudge? Like some farm animal that served its purpose and was then disposed of or put to grass. Was she in need of a new partner? José filled that niche as a partner and near equal. He had his weaknesses, he had his strengths but in the end she guided him from bed to farm work with ease and let him believe that he was in charge his destiny.

'José is the lover I always needed. He throws no reins and restrictions over me, he is not jealous of my dalliances and he allows me space too breathe,' she thought to herself as she watched Hugh painfully moving the loose rubble of the collapsed barn wall.

Those were the positive traits that allowed her to find an accommodation with the big man whose prick opened her like a virgin every time that they fucked. But he lacked imagination, a fuck was a fuck, a wank was a wank and a spade was a spade! There was satisfaction and satiation but there was never any style, any panache any attention driving her past climax or finding the barbed eroticism that she craved.

She forgave his little affairs, his brushes with women, men and those in-between that he scratched from the streets of Rio in an indiscriminate and sordid search for fulfillment. Helena understood that he needed sex like others needed air and water and that though she was the main outlet for this hunger, she could not be there all the time to satisfy that craving. José was always boiling and always blowing off steam; that was his character and part of what made him attractive and pliable even if she could not coerce him to become the man that she desired.

What she wanted was experimentation, newness and sharp relief. Helena needed someone that she controlled, someone that was dependent, someone who was her's. Most of all she wanted to satisfy a craving she had to be the mistress of her life, the mistress of everything that lay within her reach.

Her new acquisition would satisfy that craving in spades.

'Just watching Hugh work is delicious,' she thought as he struggled to lift each stone and place it ready for the barn to be rebuilt. 'By the time that Juana returns he will be nothing but a peon, a man serving a sentence of hard labour for me and me alone.'

She wondered how José would take the competition, but she knew that sex was something that he was not possessive about, it was just something that he did and had to do.

The collar chafed Hugh's neck as he worked. Newly fixed and riveted closed it was the anchor point for the chain that trailed across the dust and rubble in the farm yard. That collar did not restrict his movement

it just ensured that his world was restricted to the farmyard and the small storage room that had become his home.

In his blanket poncho he looked like something from two hundred years ago, a peon in service to the Portuguese masters that had ruled in Victorian times. A throwback to the days of the colonial period.

With the key to his chains hidden and the two watching women Hugh had no chance to escape. He had convinced himself that escape was only possible by persuasion rather than force. Hugh lacked the strength of character to try a dash for freedom. All his life he had acquired advantage by hard work and fortuitous good fortune and he had lived in a world where they were rewarded.

It was a week since José had riveted the collar around his neck and attached the chain. That week seemed to pass so slowly. Helena gave him single word orders that he could understand and he toiled for his bread and occasional leftovers. Occasionally, when she was in bad humour she made his life difficult and occasionally she made some incomprehensible comment and then laughed until she doubled over.

Only once had she given him any other hint, apart from that first day, that she might be interested in any sexual games when she had inspected him closely, tutting while she did so, and then coming with a ruler to measure him when he was erect from her attentions.

He was humiliated and ashamed at this treatment as it was clear that he in no way measured up to José in the size department. It seemed to him that Helena was just not interested in him in that way.

Tatiane was another matter.

She seemed only interested in provoking him and frustrating him at every opportunity. It had started four days ago, while he was allowed to rest briefly, Tatiane had sat on the doorstep of the little villa and had slowly peeled off her T shirt and then cupped her small breasts. As she had watched him for signs of interest she had allowed her thumbs to play over her rising nipples and then plunged her hands under her skirt when he responded with a hard-on that stood proud like a branch from his groin. Her face relaxed as she brought herself to a gentle climax, his obvious frustration was like lubrication under her fingers, it brought her to a peak that lasted until Helene arrived to see her slave resting and being tempted by that little she devil.

She laughed and playfully slapped her cousin and made a jocular comment that both laughed at as they enjoyed Hugh's discomfiture. Then Helene closed her thumb to her fingers and made that small motion of the wrist that is understood everywhere.

Hugh knew better than to refuse even though she did not have her usual cane in her hand. His hand closed around his prick and he wanked to the glee of Helena and especially Tatiane. Helena determined the speed of his hand with her own signals whilst Tatiane, her slim hands between her legs, enjoyed the show interactively with her own climax.

After that every moment held the possibility that Tatiane would be enjoying her cousin's captive man. At every opportunity she allowed him to see her breasts and more than once repeated Helena's teaching.

Now and again she appeared with the cane to encourage his work attitude, though she seldom struck a blow, Tatiane established herself as the slave driver whilst Helena sat in the background enjoying watching her cousin borrowing her authority to make his life a misery of nonstop labour and subtle sexual teasing mixed with intermittent release.

To Hugh, Helena herself seemed an ever shifting morass of moods, good and bad. When she was in a bad temper she tipped his food into the trough for the pigs that ran around the yard with the chickens. She laughed as he struggled not to eat the mash that had been prepared for them all the while striving to hold them away from his own food. The cane was used at these times of her displeasure and she used it vigorously.

When she was feeling pleased with his work or maybe some cause outside his knowledge, she fed him in the bowl like that first evening and stood over him whilst he ate. With Helena there the pigs dared not approach but Hugh ate with her bare feet in his view, a constant reminder of his status. When the meal was done, and he had learned to eat every last mouthful, he was allowed to kiss her feet and thank her for her generous attention to his needs.

Helena did not understand a word of the English that her slave used, but she knew that Hugh could never be sure that that was the case. So she listened for the tone and the respect in his voice and punished any lack that she felt that she had detected with the cane or the back of her hand.

Now that the first week was done Helena felt that a good start had been made.

'It is like training any other animal,' she decided as she watched from the window as Tatiane teased Hugh as he worked. In one hand a breast, in the other the willow cane that she liked to use to show her supremacy.

'He will gradually accommodate his behaviour until the servile man thinks that he is willingly submissive; until that obedient behaviour is habitual.'

Tomorrow she was expecting José to arrive back from Santa Rita where he had family and occasional work. She would have to tread a little carefully with him but as Hugh slowly filled the part of her that demanded submission and obedience she was starting to see that her relationship with José could perhaps proceed more smoothly as they became equals in her mind as well as his.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Congress

It was nearly midnight.

All the guests gathered around the low podium where Sophia and her father waited for the moment when the belle of the ball would become twenty one. The chattering and music hushed as he took a microphone and began his little speech.

“Tonight I am so proud. At last my daughter, the beautiful Sophia, at last becomes a woman.”

There was polite clapping and Sophia smiled and nodded acknowledgment to some of her friends in the audience.

“Thank you, thank you,” her father continued. “As you all know, I dote on Sophia, my little angel and would do anything for her...”

There was polite applause and the drummer of the band started a little roll on his drums.

“So I have bought her three little presents that I hope she will adore. They are the three things that every beautiful young woman needs if she is to truly start an independent life!”

He turned to her and held her hand.

“First of all every young lady needs to be able to get to the places that she needs to go to. For this I have bought her transport that matches her radiant loveliness.”

The drum roll peaked and the curtain behind the podium lifted to reveal a black Porsche. The guests clapped and made exclamations of envy and delight.

“But,” he continued, “a young lady needs a place to go, so I have bought her a villa in Buzios so that she can invite her friends, party and enjoy a little quiet time away from daddy!”

There was a small ripple of laughter. Sophia reached up and kissed her father on the cheek in a small gesture of sweet tenderness.

“Finally my daughter needs a little companionship and company. She needs to be looked after, pampered and waited on hand and foot as she deserves. What she needs, she should get. So, I have found the perfect resolution to this problem! As some of you know I have a new star in my films. A lovely person that loves to serve, loves to perform and loves to please. My daughter, the enchanting Sophia, asked if she could have the ideal companion so I am giving her the ultimate plaything and helper.”

A small fanfare and Hilda walked onto the stage. Dressed in a plain summer smock she looked out of place amongst all the finery of the party. Unadorned and simple, in complete contrast to the finery all about her.

Her face was smiling but her eyes were downcast.

A single gold chain draped from beneath her dress and curved to the grip in her hand. Hilda curtsied and presented the chain to Sophia in a gesture of submission that told the whole story. This was not to be some companion for a radiant angel of a daughter. This was to be the ultimate birthday gift.

A slave!

As Sophia took the chain there rose a tide of muttering amongst the guests.

Some thought it tasteless to give a slave as a birthday present.

Some of the guests could feel a frisson of excitement.

Those who had seen the films were jealous.

Those who knew Sophia just nodded.

It was nothing more than coincidence that Juana and Sally arrived just an hour or so after José walked into the farmyard. The car pulled up a hundred meters short of the buildings and the two women walked hand in hand into the farmyard to see Sally's husband still moving stones from one pile to another.

Helena had inspected the neat stack of rubble that he had created and decided that it should all be sorted according to size. So she gave her peon a square of wood and indicated that all stones that would not pass through had to be piled separately. Two days later he was half way through this task with Helena and José watching him work as they stood arm in arm.

"He's not working hard enough," said José, you have to push him to capacity.

"José, if he worked at your pace he would finish every job on the whole farm and run out of things to do!" she laughed as her hand patted his rear. "I need him to be occupied all the time from dawn to dusk."

"As you like," he replied with a smile, "he's yours after all!"

"Well if you saw Tatiane you might think otherwise!"

José was about to ask Helena for the story, but at that moment Juana and Sally walked into the farmyard.

“Oi!” called Juana to her Aunt in greeting.

She was arm in arm with Sally who raised her hand in greeting. ‘So this was the famous aunt and her paramour,’ she thought.

Helena smiled radiantly, at last she was going to meet her niece’s friend and lover. Sally was not at all what Helena had been expecting. Where was the slim English rose? In her stead was a woman who radiated strength, broad hips and breasts that balanced those hips around a slim waist. Most of all was the pale skin that showed little touch of the sun.

Sally walked forward and hugged Helena and then pecked José on the cheek in greeting, she had almost to stand on tiptoes to reach before he bent slightly and turned a cheek.

Not one of them noticed Hugh standing in pure shock in the background as he saw his wife for the first time for weeks. Somehow he had assumed that Juana had slain Sally, but here they were, together, arm in arm!

Now at last he saw how he had been taken in by this evil gaggle of women. What he did not know is that there was so much more to come for the man who had been willing to trade his wife for five million dollars.

The four left Hugh to the sobs that were shaking his tired body. Self-pity and self-commiseration filled him and tears welled to streak his dust coated face and course to drop on the dirty robe that was the only clothes that his owners allowed him to wear.

Blinded by the tears of misfortune and hopelessness, he was woken sharply by a single stripe of a cane that scored the flesh of his thighs narrowly missing his flaccid cock. Hugh jumped to see a grinning Tatiane threatening him with another blow. As he gathered his senses he almost struck her back before he realised that the punishment for striking this slip of a girl would be dire.

Instead of striking again, the cane reached out and stroked his prick. It was impossible for Hugh to control himself, too many times in the last few days had he responded. Despite seeing Sally and the shock of his self-pity his prick slowly rose to the prompting of Tatiane who made the signal that he was to serve his cock with his hand at her pleasure.

As Sally watched from the window, her husband’s hand slowly crept to grasp his erection and massage it. She put her hand over her mouth in shock as Hugh stated to masturbate for the young Brazilian woman.

Tatiane controlled his pleasure by moving the willow cane in the time and measure that she willed. Her other hand moved as if to pull her top and expose her breasts but this time he would have to manage satisfactorily without any stimulation.

The pace built to a steady rhythm and Sally saw Hugh's mouth open and his eyes closed, a sure sign that he was nearly there, nearly at the point of climax. Then Tatiane laughed and slapped his face and gave him the order to stop.

Hugh awoke from his sexual trance in a moment. By the time he focused Tatiane was gone and he found that he was looking his wife in the eyes. She shook her head and then smiled as if to say, 'You are just meat now!'

He saw her pull a cigarette through her fingers and a lighter appeared from the darkness to light it. As Sally dragged from the slim white wand two slim hands appeared to cup her large breasts and tease the nipples for a moment, just enough time to register before Juana leaned from the darkness and Hugh saw his wife kiss her lover, his former lover.

The kiss lasted long, for all of Hugh's life, it was lascivious and tender. It spoke of sex and passion, the hands slowly pulled his wife's dress up revealing flesh, naked slit of cunt and contoured belly. The hem moved up as the slim hands pulled. It uncovered those breasts that hung and seemed to swell with ecstasy as fingers found naked nipples and cupped them.

The kiss died, the lips parted but one pair of lips drifted to those breasts and kissed the pink nipples tenderly before the dress fell back into place and hid the flesh that Hugh had regarded as his to destroy.

A single tear rolled down his cheek, self-pity and the ache of envy.

The table had been brought into the yard, it had been decked with cloth and crystal, porcelain and a feast that would have graced a prince's banquet. José had slaved over the grill and the pork and chicken had dripped fat to splash in flames on the charcoal. Herbs on the coals sent steam and savory smoke into the cool evening air.

This was the life of a successful Brazilian farmer.

Rich in social meaning as friends gathered around the table to eat and drink the riches that sprang from hard work. Fish stewed in basil and marjoram. Bread, sour, but soft to the touch of lips, still warm from Helena's wood oven. Beans that refried in the pork fat to make a delicious mash that lumped on the plate and tasted like heaven. Pork belly and chops that still smoked from the grilling that they had suffered. The wine, from Rio Grande do Sul, a rich red wine, the rich blood of the grapes from the vineyards on the borders of Uruguay.

They sat, all five of the family. Cousins, niece and aunt with their lovers, now friends to feast on the bounty of Helena's table. A single figure was banished to the shadows, the displaced husband who was to become the plaything of the aunt. He stood silently waiting for the scraps from the table as did the pigs that had escaped the grill.

They talked in Portuguese as Juana translated her lover's words as she spoke. Tatiane was the silent one. She ate little and absorbed much. She left the wine almost untouched as she soaked in the atmosphere.

"Helena, It is all so good!" said Sally, "The pork, the wonderful salad and the fish. Your cooking is wonderful!"

"We have to thank José for the grilling and Juana prepared the fish," said Helena, "I did the rest but I cannot take all the credit, Tatiane killed the pig and chickens as well and that part must be done properly or the meat tastes mediocre."

The conversation slowly died while the meal was eaten as all of them ate their fill, savoured the wine and meats. There were a dozen toasts and Helena enjoyed the companionship and the looks of devotion that Sally returned to her niece.

Helena stood with a full glass in her hand.

"I suppose that you know that I am Juana's closest relative so it is for me to bless her in any new relationship. I see love, no really!" Helena stilled the small muttering with her hand. "Actually I see devotion and affection from both sides. I suppose that we should thank Sally's husband for bringing them together like this."

Helena raised her glass and drank a little.

"I know that many will find your love strange, hard to understand and perhaps even repulsive! All I can say is that you should ignore them and live your life how you want to."

She sat and winked at Juana and then José who leaned back until his chair creaked. "Helena is a difficult woman to live with and get on with, but I would like to announce that I have decided that she is the one for me! My days of gadding about are over and I live at her command."

His little speech caused a ripple of applause and raised glasses. He winked at Helena and Tatiane and enjoyed the applause.

Suddenly José had realised that the advent of Hugh had changed everything in his relationship with Helena. His need for the occasional man as well as the exquisitely fuckable Helena was going to be solved if only Hugh knew it.

He might have looked slow and deliberate from his speech and purposeful way of holding himself but his mind was sharp and his hungers were wide ranging. Hugh was in the corner of his eye, his little prick swung flaccid but the potential was there as long as Helena and Sally allowed him free reign he would have Helena and a nice little dolly man to provide him diversion.

Helena looked at José and felt a stirring in between her thighs.

She would share her niece's gift with José and enjoy the triangle of lust that would be sure to ensue.

Helena's hand strayed under the table to the bulge in José's jeans. Under cover of the table she freed him to stand like a tree in her hand. Casual movements of her wrist brought him to climax as her nails ran from glans to balls.

'In the weeks to come there will be an unwilling mouth to catch that salty come and lick up all of José's spent ecstasy,' she thought as she started to consider how Hugh would become totally docile, what steps were needed and what do about Tatiane.

Juana was just in a state of bliss. Helena had accepted Sally as though she was a full member of the family. She was so happy that she nodded at every question and drank too much wine to be able to translate properly.

Hugh watched the party from which he was excluded with envy. He knew from the translations that Juana gave to Sally what had been said and he watched the movements of food with avid interest. He prayed that there would be enough left over for him to eat.

Had he been able to read the thoughts of Helena he would have fainted out of shock and fear. What she had in mind for him was a terrible thing, a thing that had suggested itself to her when she saw Juana and Sally, the two lesbian lovers, tease him from the window of her house.

As the party cleared the remains of the feast Helena showed Sally how Hugh was normally fed.

As Sally stood in her red high heels by his bowl all the remains and slops were combined to make a mush out of the beautifully cooked meal. When the bowl was half full Helena used her naked foot to mash all the meat and food together into a puree that had been thus forced between her toes. The foot was offered to Hugh's mouth who licked the mess from her foot and then waited for the order to eat from the bowl.

He waited in vain as the bowl was taken by Helena and tipped into the far end of the pig trough.

Noticing the activity at the trough the pigs ran for their food with a scamper of trotters and Hugh was barely in time to stop them from soiling his meal. As he ate and fended the pigs away, Hugh felt a presence behind him.

For a second he looked up, up the loose dress of his wife who stood smiling at his performance. He could see the mound of her sex and the short recently shaven hair that covered it like furze. Further up he could make out her breasts, the relaxed nipples that marked their tips like targets for her lover.

This was the woman who had for so many years been the giver of pleasure to Hugh. She had sucked his cock, massaged him with her long fingered hands and then swallowed that prick into her tight pussy and pulled him to that edge of pleasure.

Orgasm is such a weak word to describe the sheer gratification that Hugh experienced at Sally's hands, but he never returned the favour until she saw him on the end of a chain and she felt the hands of Juana take her to an exhibitionist's climax from that window as Hugh cried in self-pity.

Then he looked to see her feet, ensconced in bright red pumps, high heels lifting ankles and shaping calves. A slight décolletage of toes that peeped from the leather rim of the delicate shoe. Hugh noticed a small scrap of fallen meat on that red leather and without thinking he bent and licked the shoe clean with a little sweep of his tongue.

Hugh was learning his place faster than anyone could have imagined!

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

Hiatus and Transformation.

Hugh or Hilda?

That Hugh was melting away, of that there was no doubt. Hilda is the mould that Hugh is being pressed into. The outer form has already been shaped to Hilda's owner's desires. The inner soul had a less definite shape but, it too is being deformed to her owner's needs.

For Hugh, life was an adventure, a tasting of new experiences, a way forward to the future but, independent, autonomous and self-sufficient as he was, Hugh had overstepped the mark and woken Sally from her languor.

For Hilda, life is an unending stretch of service to her betters. They decide what her duties are; they decide every breath, every cock that she services. Hilda has learned from Hugh's mistakes, she is becoming obedient, fearful and eager to serve.

Sally looked down at Hugh and smiled.

'There he is,' she thought to herself, 'at my feet! Just a few short months ago I was so tired of life, living with a husband who was indifferent, a lover who was disposable and a social life that had lost all its verve. Now I have a husband I own and an attractive lover that I do not have to hide.'

As soon as he had licked the small scrap of food from her shoe he checked looked up expectantly as if to beg for more. Juana came over to Sally and looked down at Hugh with a small smile.

"You know that we cannot keep him here, at Helena's farm forever. We will have to find a suitable solution now that we are not holding him for ransom!"

"I don't see why Hugh can't spend the rest of his days with José and Helena, I mean now that they are getting together they really can cope with him."

Juana looked at Hugh speculatively and then over at Helena who was kissing José passionately.

"In the end, Hugh will be the death of those two and of us..."

Sally picked up a crusty hunk of bread and a few olives and chewed over this home truth from her lover. She looked down to see Hugh sitting watching every move that her hand made with the food.

“That is not all, Sally, what are we going to do?”

Sally looked at Juana and saw a tear in her eye, a tear of regret.

“What do you mean, what are we going to do? Love each other every morning and evening whilst enjoying all the money that we made by ransoming me!”

“Will you come to America, the United States, with me?” asked Juana. “You know that that was my intent. To get rich and go to America.”

“The United States?” replied Sally as she tried to picture Juana behind a picket fence.

“Yes!”

This was that defining moment for Sally.

The moment around which her life would turn, the fulcrum of the future, and she knew it. On the one hand she was being offered a new life, a life with Juana, but she just could not help but be transported to that moment when Hugh had told her that he had finally got the job in Rio. At that moment she had known that she would have to follow him wherever he went, that she would be forever trailing in his wake.

It was as though history had come full circle for her. Even though she had broken from Hugh now she was bobbing in the wake of another, perhaps more dependent, lover. She looked at Helena and José, and then Hugh in the dust at her feet.

“I am not sure...”

Juana sighed.

“I was so hoping.”

“So was I!” replied Sally as she put an arm around Juana. “I love the States, I do, but I need to have some time on my own and I still have a responsibility for Hugh.”

“For Hugh?”

Sally ran her hand over her dress and looked down at the man who had betrayed her, the man who wanted to be rid of her but had ended up being trapped by his women. His eyes pleaded with her but his lips dared not speak his hope at this last chance she would release him.

‘Best to get rid of him,’ she thought as she looked into those beseeching eyes that filled with tears.

“Hugh owes me a great deal, Juana, I am not sure what is to be done with him, but one thing I know, he is going to suffer for his crime!”

“You cannot let him go!” said Juana. “The police will track us down and we will spend the rest of our lives in a Brazilian prison.”

“I cannot murder him, he has to suffer!”

Sally sighed, put her arm around her lover and gave her a kiss on the lips.

“I was suffering from ennui, boredom, a feeling that I was trapped. Now that I am free I shall find a solution for the both of us. Something will turn up... When are you going?”

Juana stroked Sally’s cheek. She sensed a new purpose in her lover, a new resolve.

“In the next month or so.”

Sally looked at José and Helena, deep in a rapturous kiss. Helena, a woman of insatiable appetite and strong resolve who, it seemed, always got her own way. Sally envied her certainty, her resolve to get what she wanted. Then she looked down at her husband, abject and servile.

He was pathetic and at Helena’s mercy.

She had none!

Mercy had given way to detestation.

“Hugh can stay here for the moment, in the short term Helena will enjoy tormenting him. From what I have seen Tatiana is becoming more like Helena every day, so he will get no rest. We should go back to Rio before we are missed,” said Sally.

“That’s all very well,” said Juana to Sally. “But I think José is starting to regret the presence of Hugh. You should find a solution soon...”

“I will speak to Helena.”

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Very Private Investigations.

Sophia relaxed on the divan, the smooth silk and the soft scent of the roses outside soothed her and left her in a state that was almost dream like. Her half closed eyes with their long lashes allowed only the colour and reflected sunlight to enter her consciousness. The villa in Buzios was all that she had hoped.

Private, discrete and proof that her father was wound around his little girl's finger. Tonight would be her first party in her new house.

Her first chance to show to those invited, and those who longed to be invited that she, Sophia, was the new fashion queen in this little enclave of the rich. 'Kink' was her tune, purple was her phrase, and decadence her descant. This was the life that she had dreamed of; she would not become the cuckolded wife, like her mother, the woman who had to put up with endless affairs that were almost as plain as the day. Sophia would make those around her dance to her tune.

She heard a slight sound and it took her out from her reverie.

It was the slight click of a heel on the tiled floor. A small shuffle of the feet from her slave. There she stood, Hilda, that slut who was now hers to with as she wished.

A man who was less than a man. A woman who was less than a woman.

Sophia made a little fluttering motion with the tips of her fingers and was gratified that Hilda understood what was required by her mistress. Hilda lifted the hem of her frock to show her naked thighs and the metal cage that enclosed her manhood.

Sophia enjoyed the little humiliation that she had inflicted and turned away knowing that Hilda would have to remain without shifting for hours if she did not give the order to move. Her hand moved slowly and helped her robe slide open to reveal her naked flesh. Soft and tanned she stretched luxuriously, enjoying the feeling of indulgence. One hand came to rest on the soft mound between her thighs and took her ease. The air was warm and moved softly over her naked skin as birds twittered in the garden.

A small lizard appeared on the window sill and stared at the scene in the room for a minute before moving on to find its prey as Sophia slipped into a slumber and Hilda stood and remained, waiting for the next small sign.

Inspector Fábio Mantaus was asked to speak to the Captain. This was rarely a good sign unless he had solved a case and the captain was looking for ways to make sure that he was mentioned in the file.

He picked up the files of the eight cases that he was currently working on and stepped into the rather dingy office. The Captain was on the phone and signaled Fábio to sit and wait until the call was done. The implication was clear just from the one side of the conversation that Fábio heard. The Captain was agreeing that any case open longer than two months that had no arrested suspect, would be laid to the side so that the others got the attention that they deserved. Finally he laid down the phone, clasped his hands together on the wide desk and leaned forward to speak.

“Fábio, I’m sure that you understand that we have to set clear priorities on all the cases that are being passed to us by the uniformed police branch?”

“Certainly, I set priorities as I divide my time between cases, sir.”

“Good, good. That’s all very well, but I have been informed by my superiors that they feel that we are spending too much time on a few cases on which we are making no progress. They need arrests and suspects to justify the costs of pursuing cases so I agreed to discuss this with you to allow me to make evaluations of the various cases that are outstanding.”

Fábio sighed and hefted the various files in his hands as if to say that he was offering himself up unwillingly to scrutiny.

“I know, Fábio. They do not understand that we sometimes need time to solve cases and that a week of gathering evidence is not enough to solve a crime. Let’s go through them a case at a time to allow me to understand the progress...”

“Sir,” said Fábio, “the case of the stolen car ring is probably the most expensive to run, I have had surveillance teams on it for three months now and I feel that we could close now and arrest the thieves, but we are nearly at the point of catching those responsible for organising these thefts.”

“How close?”

“Three days perhaps. I expect the money to be moved then and we will catch them all...”

“OK, that’s a good start, let’s stick with this one a week and no more, before you report to me.”

“What is next?”

“Two months sir?”

“Yes, that’s the target.”

Fábio passed a thick file to his boss and grimaced as it hit the desk with a thump.

“What the hell is this?”

“Pornography sir,” replied the Inspector. “This one has been running for six months now and is low level, but we are getting there.”

The Captain opened the file and flicked through a mass of files, surveillance reports and photos.

“Some of this is pretty strong stuff,” he said as he looked at the photos. “It has been running so long that I forget...”

Fábio filled him in with the details: “We believe that a number of the legitimate producers of this sort of material are also dabbling in forced sex, transport and sale of sexual slaves and violent coercion of their victims. We had an officer planted as a cameraman in one of the most prominent outfits, but we had to withdraw him when his cover appeared to be blown. What we are working on now is attempting to trace all the ‘actors’ in the file and make sure that they are willing. This is a long term task and relies on luck!”

The Captain slowly flicked through the file lazily and then closed it. To the Inspector it almost seemed as though the Captain was lascivious in his interest.

“This is going nowhere!” the Captain said. “The people in these films will never talk to us and even if they do they will be useless as witnesses in court. This is definitely one to sacrifice!”

“Sir,” expostulated the Inspector. “There is some evidence of operations being performed under duress, people just disappear after making some of these films and people are being sold and traded!”

“I’m sorry, Fábio, but this one has to go.”

Fábio reached for the file but the Captain put his hand on it with a definite movement.

“Leave this with me and I will take another look at it,” he said. “What is next?”

“The last one that is over the two month limit is the kidnap of Hugh Derwan.”

“I remember vaguely. I thought it was the wife?”

“The wife, Sally was kidnapped, but escaped. Her husband was snatched as he tried to pay the kidnappers.”

“What is the demand? What about the money?”

“No demand, sir. It’s very strange, he has just disappeared and so did the money.”

The Captain grimaced. The kidnapping of foreigners was bad news; there was always political pressure when that happened. On the other hand there were cases that had lost their political edge and could be swept under the carpet.

“So, he is dead?”

“Possibly but...”

“Fábio, Fábio you really must learn that not all cases can be solved,” said the Captain with a smile. “I know that you relish the difficult cases, I know that you do! Until we hear from the kidnappers again, this one is suspended.”

The Inspector was about to speak when the Captain raised a finger in warning.

“No! We need to get this one over with. Over and done. For me the stolen car ring is the one to concentrate on. Get it wrapped up and we will talk about the kidnapping. The pornographers?” he asked rhetorically. “They can wait...”

“Sir, I would not wish to influence your sound judgement, but didn’t I notice that one of the cars stolen belonged to Commissioner Valdez?”

“Are you accusing me of partiality? Really, Inspector Mantaus! You are treading on dangerous ground. I do not want to hear another word. Go and solve the car ring and the other cases left on your desk and be glad that your otherwise exemplary record saves you from disciplinary action on my part!”

Leaving the closed two files on his boss’ desk Fábio saluted and left the office with a sharp click of his heels. As usual politics, personal and governmental and police matters had overlapped and the criminals were the winners. It had happened before and it would happen again!

In the office the Captain reopened the file on the pornography case and flicked through the pictures. The photos excited him; some were unbelievably pitiless shots of men and women being forced to serve masters and mistresses. At last he stopped at one freeze frame from a film and held it up to the light. No he was not mistaken, he knew this room. Those two beautiful women poised in the act of whipping some wretched, but attractive, transsexual.

Replacing the photo in the file he leaned back and wondered how the knowledge would help him. The room in the picture, he knew where it had been taken. Commissioner Valdez was not just trying to recover his BMW; he was renting his villa to the makers of these rather deliciously interesting films.

Of course that was not to suggest that he was there while the film was made or that he had any part in financing it, but the knowledge had real, blackmail potential. Better not to call it blackmail. ‘Factual pressure’, might be a better expression!

The question was, if this was the first step on a ladder to higher office, how to break it delicately to the Commissioner?

How to enter that sacred circle of power?

Sally lay back on the bed in a luxurious stretch. The cigarette in her hand was the locus of a thin ripple of smoke that stretched for a foot before breaking into wisps of blue grey that dispersed in the gentle night-time breeze. A single candle lit the room in the villa where she lay by her lover and smoked her beloved Dunhill.

A lover that loved her to smoke.

A lover that adored everything that she did in bed.

A lover that pushed her to new heights and limits every time that they met.

He was a man who did not try to control her degenerate impulses, he encouraged them!

Her gaze was unfocused and took in the slats of the blinds that gave privacy as well as the form that lay mute on the bed beside her. Commissioner Jean Valdez lay stretched, spread eagle on the bed and watched the delicious and perilous Englishwoman take her ease on the covers beside him. At last she had finished and turned to lie beside his trussed form.

“Again?” she whispered in his ear as her hand slid down to grasp his rigid prick.

The Commissioner nodded as she began again the slow hand fuck that made him gasp in a mixture of anticipation and lust. Her hand toyed with him, alternately giving strong strokes and then switching to slow flutters of the fingers that made his hips thrust as he sought more friction from her teasing hand.

“Don’t come until I tell you to,” she whispered as her other hand slid under his back and slowly worked its way down his body. “Wait!”

He waited in an agony of anticipation.

Strong strokes, the hand under the small of his back lay inert.

Fluttering fingers and the threatening hand moved a few inches down his back.

More strong strokes followed and then the hand was slipping down the crack of his ass.

He tried to hold back, he tried so hard, but Sally pushed a finger into him and he could not stop.

He climaxed, his pulsating cock pumped and the juice spurted just as she withdrew from his ass.

“Fuck, fuck, fucking bitch!” he breathed as his thighs bucked. A shiver shook his body, running from thighs to shoulders as Sally laughed at his pleasure.

“You really must learn to hold it in until I order you to come,” said Sally mischievously. “The pleasure is double when it is demanded!”

“I know, but you are just too good! Your hands are so deadly!” he muttered as she untied the stockings which had held him to the bedposts.

“Flattery will get you nowhere, my dear,” she said as the final knots were undone. “What do you like the best? Being tied and helpless or being on top?”

Jean turned to her and rubbed his wrists.

“I have always fantasised about being fucked by a woman who has no inhibitions, who would do what she enjoys and more...”

“I lost my hang-ups when I met you,” she lied. “I am that woman!”

He pecked a kiss on her cheek and then her lips before stretching and moving to sit on the edge of the bed.

“You know that I ordered the close on the investigation to find your husband yesterday? Just as you asked. You are right, after four months the case should be declared closed so that you can get on with your life.”

Sally breathed a sigh of relief.

He was not at all surprised at her reaction. This was one wife who was glad to have shed her husband. For a month now, after Juana had left Rio she had been cultivating this affair. A brief contact had blossomed quickly into an affair that she was exploiting ruthlessly. Now that the investigation was closed she could relax and see what else the virile police Commissioner had to offer.

“Next time I get to tie you up!” he said as he stood.

“Well you are the policeman so I demand that you use handcuffs!”

“In uniform?”

“Jean, if it turns you on! I will try anything once, most things way more than once.”

He turned to face her. Already his prick was recovering, soon he would be ready for another bout with the woman who fascinated and beguiled him. How his pretty wife would die of envy if she knew that he could manage three times a night with this strange lover that he had found in his office one afternoon.

“Sally, do you have a limit? I mean what are you turned on by, really?”

“Try me!”

“Bondage, anal sex! We have already been there and a bit further. You are the first woman that I have fucked that has gone this far. How about further?”

Sally could feel that he was probing her, testing how she would react. He was unsure, that was sure. He did not want to upset her by suggesting some fantasy that he had at heart. Something that he dared not tell her for fear of making her queasy and ruining what had gone before. On the other hand he sensed that Sally was a deeper pool than he dared to swim in. She had moments of darkness that made him shiver in a mixture of anticipation and apprehension.

She raised herself and propped herself on her elbow.

“After two months fucking do you think that mere words can upset me? The worst thing that can happen is that I say ‘no’ and then you have discovered my limits,” she said, watching him carefully for his reaction to her words. Even though his English was good, she had to be sure that her pet police Commissioner understood. “Tell me!”

“Well....”

Sally was a little disappointed that her lover could not, dared not, tell her his fantasy immediately but men were so easily embarrassed by sex. They always seemed to so live in fear of their desires!

How could a man as strong as this be so scared of humiliation? She rolled off the bed and hugged him. His bronzed skin against her white body. She looked up and blew a kiss to him.

“Secrets and lovers are an erotic mixture. Explosive,” she said. “When will we meet again?” She could feel his erection pressing into her belly, best to stop now, and so leave him in a state of eagerness! There was no doubt that he was as interesting a lover as the subservient Juana had been. His strong appetites were a bonus. In fact she almost felt as though she was starting to enter some sort of competition with him.

“Next week, I’ll call on you.”

‘Perhaps the loser is the one who said ‘no’ first?’ she thought. ‘A game of chicken...’

Inspector Fábio Mantaus was on the fourth floor liaising with the members of the drug squad when Sally walked past the window onto the corridor. For a moment he thought that he had been mistaken because she was smiling and laughing. He watched in fascination as she shook the hand of Commissioner Jean Valdez and kissed him lightly on the lips.

One of the drug's squad officers turned to look at what Fabio was staring at.

"That's Valdez's new squeeze, Fabio. Two or three months now I believe. I hear that she's a real tight bitch..."

"Mrs Sally Derwen?"

"I've heard some stuff from vice that would make you go grey prematurely, just don't think of meddling."

"That explains a great deal," said Fabio.

"Of what?"

"Nothing really, just a feeling that I had about the way that a certain case was closed!"

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Profit and Loss.

Hilda stood and watched the delicious Sophia sleeping. She experienced a mixture of emotions that crossed and confused leaving a skein of bewilderment in her mind. She was attracted, without a doubt, to this young Brazilian virago. Attracted and repelled. Cowed and elated...

Just the attempt of her cock to escape its confinement made that clear.

The chain that ran from the stainless steel ring to the floor; was that a reason to hate Sophia?

Confinement had become such a familiar thing to Hilda. She remembered the resentment that she had felt as Helena had chained her up at first. Now she was confined and defined by chains, the fact that she was broken to the bit.

No, she did not hate Sophia!

Sophia knew what was best for her, after all. That young woman understood that Hilda needed a strong hand. Needed to be led and told what to do. Hilda needed to be looked after, for her own good. What was more natural that she used her toy as she liked?

Her hands held up the hem of her dress to expose herself. It was tiring holding her position 'just so' and the heels that she was wearing were so difficult to stand still in.

Hilda remembered that she had been Hugh.

She remembered Sally and Juana.

She recalled sexual passion and release, but she had not experienced it for so long. The filming had been such a terrible experience and Sophia had saved her from all of that. If anything, Hilda cherished her new mistress.

She longed to become perfect for Sophia, like she had for no other woman.

The rise and fall of those round breasts. The clear olive complexion of her skin that was without blemish. The manicured hands and the smooth rounded belly that curved to a slight mound, daintily rent by the aperture of her elegant sex.

She was beyond desirable, she was flawless.

A sexual magnet beyond compare.

Hilda took her in and enjoyed the small rapture of being allowed to see all that perfection and enjoy it with her own eyes. It was no wonder that Sophia owned and ruled her life. Sophia was worthier than her, better than her and deserving of her power.

Devotion was the emotion and the thought; it was the feeling that was coursing through Hilda's veins like fire.

The small van arrived at Passa-Vinte and slowly made its way up the track that led to the farm that Helena and José lived on. The man at the wheel was rather incongruously dressed in a sharp suit and was wearing brogues that were dulled by the dust of the four hour drive. He glanced at the GPS screen as if to reassure himself that he was truly in the correct place.

José ambled from between the farm buildings and stood with his hands on his hips watching the smart man get out of the vehicle. The driver greeted José and shook his hand.

"I'm here for the merchandise," he said as he looked around the farm yard.

"We need to discuss the money that is the price," replied José.

"Of course, that's understood; the money!"

The man pulled out a bundle of American Dollars that were tied with a rubber band.

"I think that you will find that it is all there..."

José hefted the bundle and flicked through the bills as if wanting to count the money and test the honesty of the man with whom he was doing business. On the other hand, to call this man a liar was an insult that might not be forgotten.

"I'm sure that it is."

"How's Helena?" the man asked. "I had sort of hoped to see her here. She did some work for us a few years ago. She always was one of the best! A ravenous swallower of men, a passionate slut beyond compare!"

José swallowed his retort and led the man to the new barn and showed him into the gloom.

"She still is! There it is," replied José pointing at a welded cage in the corner. "Do you need help?"

"No."

Hugh looked confused as he stumbled naked, from his cage. His ankles and wrists were fettered allowing him just short steps in his bare feet.

“Please,” he said in English when he saw José. “I have been kidnapped and...”

“Talkative isn’t he?” said the man to José in Portuguese to José as he took the leash from José’s hand and gave a tug. He cuffed Hugh to quiet him and turned to José.

“He is exactly what my boss is looking for, perfect! Look at the shape of him, perfect!”

The unclothed Hugh was pushed into the back of the van and the door was slammed shut.

‘Helena is not going to be happy when she discovers what I’ve done,’ thought José as he watched the van disappear down the track. ‘But, he is just too much of a distraction and this is the best way.’

It had now been months and José had started to feel that the presence of Hugh was an imposition rather than an enjoyable novelty. It was all very well having a slave, a servant, a cock sucking man-whore, but every moment needed supervision, every second was a risk of escape.

‘There was no way that he would escape from Carlos,’ thought José. ‘Anyway when she sees the money she will come round!’

Sally was sitting on the veranda of Commissioner Jean Valdez’s small villa finishing a long cool orange juice when the telephone call came. She listened to Helena and tried to make out the meaning. It was difficult to understand her words, partly because they all came in a rush, partly because Helen forgot in her agitation that Sally did not speak Portuguese very well yet and had allowed herself to slip into dialect.

Sally’s lover appeared with a tray of fresh drinks and settled next to her. As she tried to concentrate on the conversation he ran his hand over her body and blew a kiss. All that Sally could make out was that Hugh had gone, she could not make out if he had escaped or if something else had happened.

Finally she spoke slowly to Helena in Portuguese, “I will call back in thirty minutes, I am sorry but I cannot understand you.”

She heard Helena cut the line and turned to Jean. What if Hugh had escaped? It did not bear thinking about! She brushed Jean’s hand away and sat up.

“Is there a problem, Sally?” said Jean.

“Yes, there is a problem!” said Sally.

“Can I help?”

“I am not sure if it is something that I want to tell you!”

“As you like,” he said in a casual way. “If there is any way that I can help, you know that I will!”

“I am not sure if...” she said allowing the rest of the sentence to fade to incoherence.

“If you can trust me with your body then you can trust me with anything.”

He looked a little irritated by Sally’s lack of trust, but he turned to stare across the bright blue of the swimming pool as if he was now making up his mind whether to go for a dip.

“I just do not want to involve you in something that may be wrong.”

Sally could not think of the Portuguese for ‘illicit’. She desperately needed to understand why Helena seemed to be asking for ten thousand dollars. She needed to understand why Hugh was no longer on the farm. Finally what had José to do with it?

Jean started to laugh, ‘If she knew all the things that I have done...’

“What is funny?” she asked him.

“I am having an affair with you, I cancelled the investigation of the kidnap for you, I even let you fuck me while I was tied to a bed and you wonder if you can trust me,” he said as he switched to English.

“It’s about Hugh.”

“The kidnappers called? Just now?”

He made as if to take the phone from her hand but she held it out of reach.

“I am the kidnapper! I mean at first Juana was, and then Hugh was involved and then I was.”

‘There it is,’ she thought, ‘the secret is out and I have admitted to a policeman. Fuck!’

Sally watched for his reaction. He pulled his hand back and sat looking at her as if she were a ghost.

“You kidnapped your own husband; you are indeed a dangerous woman!”

“Only after he ransomed me.”

“You did this together? Shit!”

Gradually, the Commissioner was able to piece together the story. With the file that he had read and the rest that Sally told him it came together. Now he knew why she had wanted the case cancelled and why she never seemed upset when Hugh was mentioned. Now he understood that his lover was suddenly rich and that she trusted him totally.

“So what was the call?”

“Helena. Hugh is not there and she wants money. I think!”

He took the phone from her hand and flicked the screen to find the last incoming call. For a moment he hesitated as if trying to decide what course to take. Finally he expelled a breath and called Helena.

Sally heard just one side of the conversation, but she had not chance to understand what was being said. The Portuguese flowed like water rushing over a cliff, a staccato of words that she could not understand. Finally the call was over and he switched off the phone.

“Come with me,” he ordered, “I have something to tell you and it is better done inside.”

They walked together into the dark shade of the house. Sally was silent. She wondered what sort of trouble she was in. Would he arrest her? Would her lover hand her over to the police? What was going through his mind?

“You have involved me in a great deal of trouble,” he started. “I do not think that you understand what you have got me into!”

Sally opened her mouth to speak, but he waved his hand and stilled her.

“Your friend Helena’s boyfriend, fiancée, whatever, decided to sell Hugh.”

“What?”

“He got ten thousand for his trouble, Helena did not want the money from you, she offered it to you because that idiot of a boyfriend sold your husband to Carlos Valencia. She thought that as the wife you should have the price paid for him!”

Sally sat down on the sofa and looked up at Jean.

“He is, for your information, a high class pimp who for various personal reasons I cannot act against.”

“What will happen now?”

“I am not sure, people like Valencia are usually only interested in women. I do not think that I can get him back!”

“But, Jean! I do not want you to!”

He looked at her with new understanding. She was only worried about herself. Her husband was sold to a panderer of degenerate fantasies and Sally was only worried for her own skin. Perhaps if she understood the business that Carlos Valencia did she might be more concerned?

“Carlos Valencia is a man who offers sexual fantasies for money. There is nothing that he will not do to someone if he scents a profit. Nothing!”

“Hugh will have to look out for himself, it’s what he did to me and now he is living the nightmare that he intended for me.”

“You really don’t care?”

“Fuck him!”

“That will make things easier,” he said dryly. “In that case you have to sort out the money with Helena and then forget about the whole thing.”

“I don’t care a shit about ten thousand dollars! It’s not going to change my life! I have millions to launder and ten thousand is less than a drop in the ocean.”

“Then I will find out what I can from Valencia. You have me twisted around your hand,” he said mixing his English a little.

“I doubt it. I think that we are both as bad as each other!”

“A fine couple we make. The delinquent and the crooked policeman!”

Sally wondered what was happening right now to Hugh. The thought disturbed her and yet aroused her at the same time. She could not imagine what this ‘Carlos’ would do to Hugh, but it seemed as if Hugh was not going to reappear to disturb her new life.

“Kiss me,” she demanded.

He bent to her lips. Her strength stimulated him, as always. Sally was like a woman who had slept for ten years and reawaken to catch up on all that she had missed. A woman possessed, whereas he was a man possessed of a woman.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

Creation.

The party was over and, as in all such affairs, the party left a strew of debris that marked the villa like a tide line on the beach. Importantly, it had been a success. Even more important was that success could be measured in the appearance of the people 'that mattered' and those 'in the know'.

Sophia was so very sensitive to these little nuances and strived to join both of the groups that she used to describe her world.

'For instance,' she thought as she leaned on the windowsill and contemplated the dawn. 'The Commissioner of Police. He was in the group of 'those in the know'. He represented law and order yet he mixed with, and protected people like her father who lived a life that overlapped normality and criminality. An attractive man, certainly but one who was guarded by that platinum blonde Englishwoman who spoke just about passable Portuguese.'

Tonight's party had been expressly created to impress both groups as well as various TV starlets, sports personalities and other alumni of Sophia's world. As such the entertainment had had to be constrained and restrained.

Fireworks, some sexy maids serving food and drink, a jazz band that switched to the blues at midnight and of course the exotic pole dancers. Nothing that would upset those guests with a finer sense of moral equilibrium was on offer tonight. It was all very tame by Sophia's reckoning. There would be plenty of chances to impress the inhabitants of this little 'island of the rich' a couple of hours from Rio.

Sophia looked over her shoulder to see that Hilda was waiting motionless for her attention. Now that all the guests had gone she was naked except for the permanent adornment of collar and cage. Here she was, Sophia, just twenty one, beautiful and alluring and already she owned more than most people in the world could dream of! She even owned a man, a woman, for the sole purpose of satisfying each of her whims. Tonight, at the party Sophia had noticed the blonde English bitch with the Commissioner had taken a special interest in Hilda. At any rate she had spoken to him for a minute and left laughing after taking a glass from Hilda's tray. She wondered what had happened, but was not interested enough to try to communicate with her mute slave.

What Hilda thought, what her opinion was; was less than the dirt on the bottom of Sophia's stilettos that Hilda was going to find herself cleaning...

Carlos Valencia was rich for good reason.

Pandering to the tastes of degenerates was not as easy as it seemed from the outside. He offered what people wanted, people who were prepared to pay. Of course it all cost an inordinate amount of money; Carlos was not interested in supplying a couple of pole dancers and a stage show. His business also sucked in many who thought that they could have a short term relationship with the man who was known as 'The Predator' in Rio.

Falling like a stone into this world of satiated desires was Hugh. He would fall out of sight, lose his identity, lose his power to affect his future and even lose the shape of his flesh, the familiar reflection in the mirror. It was not as though Hugh would ever meet the man who owned him. He would be prepared, inducted and reshaped, reborn in the image that would make the most money for his new owner.

The van arrived in a place that was full of sunshine and smell. The smell of a myriad of people who lived life in the slum favelas and never left. When the doors were opened a couple of curious children poked their heads around the opening of the van to be chased away by the driver.

Hugh was confused, one moment he was a sort of domestic and farm slave the next minute he was transported. He tried to say a few words. Convince the driver of the van that he would pay to be released. That the police were trying to find him. That there was bound to be a reward.

As soon as the driver heard the word 'police' he slapped Hugh across the face and Hugh's protestations died on his lips. He was led from the bright, hot streets of the slum to a cool dark place that had just a trace of that human smell that was so invasive. The metal door closing on the light and noise of the street filled Hugh with a sensation of foreboding.

It seemed as though he was being pulled into a prison.

A holding pen.

The electric light seemed dim in comparison to the brightness of the sun outside. There was a slight buzzing from the strip lighting and somewhere in the distance was a sound like a machine turning over.

A door was opened and Hugh was pushed into a bare room that seemed like a cell, a prison of white tile and white fluorescent light.

He heard a clicking.

A sharp tap of metal on concrete, the syncopated step of the heels of the woman who was being paid to attend to Hugh.

A middle aged woman in a white coat entered the room.

She was an unremarkable woman with a bizarre relationship with Carlos, the man who paid her because she was an artist. The woman who lacked the moral scruple to reject any work that paid enough for the

effort and skill that it took. Behind her came her nurse, the woman with the metal heels that Hugh had heard in the corridor.

What followed was an examination that could have taken place in any general practitioner's office. Hugh was poked and probed by the doctor. She did not seem in the least put out by the fact that her patient was fettered; she just inspected the places where the metal met the flesh and looked for signs of infection.

"Help me, please. I am Hugh Derwan, a British citizen who is being looked for by the police!"

As he spoke the word 'police' he expected another cuff from the man who had been his jailer and driver, but his comment was ignored by all but the doctor.

"It is part of my job to ensure that you are in a fit condition," she said in a heavy accent as she shone a beam of light into his eyes. "Do you have any allergies, any negative responses to drugs or narcotics? Any disorders that I should know about?"

Hugh shook his head and asked: "Why are you asking me all these questions?"

The doctor laughed and passed back her stethoscope to the nurse.

"It is my job. What other answer do you expect?"

"Am I going to be released?" asked Hugh plaintively as she finished off by inspecting his hair for any signs of insect life.

"Possibly, it is not up to me."

She spoke in Portuguese to the driver and they had what seemed to be an argument over some detail of other of Hugh's arrival. Finally, the doctor seemed to reach some sort of agreement. While this conversation was going on Hugh tried to take in his surroundings but it was the people who made the most impression.

The doctor was like a middle aged housewife in a doctor's coat. Without the white coat and the surroundings she would have blended in anywhere without being noticed. He estimated her age as about fifty five but it was really just a guess because he would not have been surprised to be told that he had guessed five or ten years too little or too much.

His eyes drifted from the metal topped examination table to the woman who stood silently in starched white.

The nurse was rather more interesting to Hugh.

She took no notice of the conversation between the doctor and the driver. She just looked Hugh up and down from beneath her long lashes. When she noticed him staring at her she smiled and ran her hand over her hips as if to say, “The doctor may be your mother but I am your lover!”

For a moment her lips pouted and the tip of her tongue could be seen between those bee sting red lips. It was as if she was offering herself, from the safety of the doctor’s shadow. He looked down at her uniform and wondered if it had been chosen to provoke. Short starched dress, high red mules and a cap perched on her long black hair.

He looked at the tray and noticed the hypodermic syringe just as the doctor reached for it.

Hugh flinched, “What are you doing?”

“Just a bit of antibiotic, it is a normal procedure.”

Hugh relaxed and trusted the doctor as she held the small needle up to the light and expelled the air.

He saw and felt the needle go into his flesh. He saw the doctor with a look of concentration as she ensured that the dose was correct. He saw the driver smile as he flinched.

He saw the nurse lift her hand and cup her breasts.

Her thumbs came to rest on those small bumps that were her nipples.

His head started to spin, his knees struggled to stay straight and driver and doctor came to support him. The nurse just cradled herself and blew a little kiss to him as his senses faded.

Deception and subtle smog of deceit.

A mind clouded by smoke.....

He managed to lift a single eyelid with an effort that belied its simplicity. The shutter to his sight allowed in light, blinding intensity without form that almost made him give up and close his eye. He was blinded by the penetrating brilliance, solid unfocussed white glare that unmercifully filled his brain with light.

He could not focus. The pupil contracted but he just could not focus, his mind a snowstorm of thought that had no connections, no singular whole. There was hardness under him and white buzzing light above, but his thoughts ran sideways to a scene that he was sure had been real. It came from the time before the whole world was cold penetrating light.

Smoke, the curls of nicotine and tar that curled in the light, which had somehow been connected with his plight.

Somehow?

The curling smoke was all that he remembered.....

But that was long ago.

Slowly the room resolved itself into focus and Hugh realised that he had been sedated. He could feel a hard surface under his back that felt cool to the touch when his naked flesh moved upon it.

He tried to move.

It took moments to realise that he was immobile and alone on the examination table that he had seen before. He tried to turn his head but even that was immobile. Hugh rolled his eyes and saw a tall pole with a bag of liquid hanging from it. A tube led from the bag to a place out of his sight.

He closed his eyes and tried to shake the effects of the narcotic on his mind. He forced himself to relax, he allowed his muscles to loosen, his breathing slowed and the pounding of his heart in his ears receded.

He tried to concentrate on himself, the core that was Hugh Derwen. The part of him that made him different from all the others...

He realised that his thoughts were wandering through a maze of irrelevancies. A snare of torn webs.

'The body of skin that enclosed the man; that was all that was important now,' he thought.

He felt as though he had an ache in his shoulder. 'Probably the tube' he thought to himself.

Then there was a feeling like a sore throat, a slight pain when he swallowed. He could hear his breath rasping in his throat and tried to cough, but the soreness seemed to clump in his throat and only a small wheeze came out from his lips.

As Hugh regained his focus he felt a constriction over his chest and that every limb was pinned down at each joint. What was happening? How could this nightmare be taking place to him of all people? He felt a rising tide of hysteria and panic, but there was no relief and his heartbeat thundered in his ears like a passing express train.

Finally he relaxed, more from a feeling of hopelessness that was engulfing him.

His thoughts wandered like the awakening sleeper in the bright morning.

He had been so lucky, so clever, so confident that his life was totally under control. He had had a beautiful wife, a great and varied job, and no responsibilities beyond making sure that he enjoyed life.

These thoughts filled his head and filled him with self-pity because he could not see that he had willingly given it all up when he began the affair with Juana. That his agreement to kidnap Sally was his decision. He had woken his wife from her long spell of ennui and taken her back to the times when she had freely experimented, unbound by moral or principled boundaries.

He lay a long time in that lonely place as he considered his fall from grace.

As he lay the drug that dripped into his arm numbed him and led him to quiet places of sorrow that he had never visited. That lack of feeling protected him from the pain of the operations that had taken place on his helpless flesh. That numbness took away his memories in waves that lapped at his consciousness.

Then she came at last.

Not the doctor who smiled as she pressed the hypodermic into his arm, it was the nurse, the woman who enjoyed her partners to be just trapped and panicking dolls on a bed of steel. Less a lady with a lamp than a harlot with a dripping candle.

Hugh turned his head to find himself confronted by the naked thighs of his abusing nurse. A spilt wedge of velvety sex, naked and smooth. Rounded lips framed by white stocking tops and a rounded belly. Plump thighs swelled over her stocking tops and framed that vision of hungry sex.

This was what she sought.

A victim mazed by helplessness.

She could beckon and he would do her bidding.

Hugh stared at that pornographic vision of femininity for minutes. It lingered in his vision as an open invitation, an provocation to his desire. A slight moist lick of fluid betrayed the need of that orifice. It slicked the rounded flesh that hid the nurse's cunt from his gaze and started to run, trickle over that soft thigh.

It was so erotic, such a deep seated need that Hugh longed to press his lips against these lips that pouted their sensuality before his eyes.

He turned his head to look up at the vision of this female who was demanding attention. Sally? Helena? He saw the hands that played with the vast breasts and teased the nipples through the starched cloth. He saw those hands slide down her belly until they paused, framing her sex. The white mask of makeup and the still fractured splinters of his mind confused him as two hands, manicured in red, slender of finger, slid to part those lips. They revealed an orifice, a hungry pink female maw that demanded attention.

The nurse smiled down at him enjoying his confusion and malleability as she took her pleasure from the man who was not one thing or another.

One of those fingers slipped to tease the soft, slick flesh and pull back the envelope of skin that covered the small bud of her clitoris. It pulled back for a moment and then dived into the depths of the hole that begged to be filled. A parody of intercourse in which penetrated and fucker were one and the same.

The finger finally slid out of her and dug deep to part her pussy wide.

Exposure! Pornographic vision of a cunt that needed to be filled and fulfilled!

The invitation was clear.

It was no invitation it was the start of an inevitable journey.

So he kissed her and slipped his tongue into her proffered cunt. He could taste the sweet of her, the smooth engorged flesh that swelled in response to his attention. He could feel her thighs tremble and pulse forward to take his lips and tongue fully into her.

He could not resist that soft heaven; he had to caress her slippery flesh with tongue and lips.

He was nothing more than a tool for her pleasure. He was less than a man, more than inanimate.

He was becoming an instrument of gratification, but not his own.

When he had the taste of her, when he accepted this first assault she would take more and more as she enjoyed her unwilling charge's attentions. Insatiable, only limited by her imagination, she would suck obedience from him until it was all he could give. There was no limit that she had to stop at unless it was the disapproval that the doctor would show if the patient was damaged.

More was always her aim.

Deeper and further!

The ritual had now begun.

For Hugh this was no more than he expected now.

Women were his betters, they controlled him, they used him and they gave to him.

He loved them all...

So began the process of coaching the Hugh who was to become Hilda. It was not planned as an education, there was no clever manipulation of the victim's mind. No intentional training that took place to reshape those urges that separated a free man from an abject slave.

It was a natural progression that took place through agencies that coincidentally bent Hugh's mind in a southward direction and melted his will to resist those who now ruled his life. He remembered the past, he saw pictures and scenes of his former life, but they were detached from his reality as he became the fuck puppet of those who were determined to extract profit from his body, mind and possibly even his soul.

The oil of her gratification dripped like grease from his chin as he lapped at her pink clitoris. The taste took him to better times; the moans that issued from her pursed lips told him that he was doing the right thing. He could feel the smooth flesh of her sex press against his face as she almost smothered him in love.

She slowly lifted her knee and pressed herself over his face until he was staring at the vortex of her ass. Every hair, every wisp of silky down had been removed to leave just a tight integument of flesh that curved inward, inviting his gaze and his devotion.

That would be next time and the time beyond the now of his service...

Next time.

The time after that.

A progression of hours days and weeks as he recovered.

He would learn that this voracious woman would require service at every hole. Every entrance to her body brought her pleasure. She would kiss him on the lips and his lips would close to hers and his tongue would French-kiss ass, cunt and mouth with equal eagerness.

There was not so much a 'next time' as a river of pure and unadulterated sex that would flow over him and drown him in the next months.

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

The River flows on.

Sally and Jean were invited to a small party in Buzios. A soirée for the newly arrived debutante of the debauched set. Nothing too extreme, just jazz, canapés, and empanadas. Hilda served and was admired by all of Sophia's friends and acquaintances. Those in the know winked and imagined the sordid details of the relationship twixt maid and mistress. Others simply wondered where Sophia had managed to find such an attractive and yet hard working servant.

Sally just enjoyed the view.

She had not lived ten years with Hugh not to recognise her husband. She took a drink from his tray and smiled at him. Her hand patted her newly dyed hair and fluffed up the curls.

"Do you like the way that I've done my hair, darling," she said as she looked into her husband's décolletage and imagined what it would be like to sleep with him now. Her?

Hilda nodded agreement.

"You are much more attractive now than you ever were. What I would give for breasts like that! God they would be perfect for tit fucking, so firm but ripe," she continued. "Are you allowed to fuck at all?"

Hilda shook her head and waited to be allowed to get on with serving the guests.

"Never mind! It's not all that it is made out to be!"

Hilda made a curtsy and moved on.

Jean who had been standing by his blonde English girlfriend turned to her and asked: "Is that who I think that it might be?"

"Of course!"

"Christ, you are such a bitch!" he said.

"So is my husband! Now!" she laughed in reply.

"That is the little she-male tart that sucked my cock whilst you admired the view with your hand frigging your pussy!"

"He always did give good head!"

“I don’t know whether to love you or detest you, Sally!”

“Forget both, just fuck me and enjoy walking on the edge of a razorblade.”

Satisfied with her latest conquest’s servile homage the nurse stepped down from her mount and walked with clicking heels around his constrained body. She let her fingertips trail over naked flesh and taut crepe, finding the contours of his new form and enjoying the way that he flinched from her gentle touch but could not escape her attention.

This was true dominance.

She instinctively dressed for the part. She understood that the high red stilettos made her legs look gorgeous in those silky smooth stockings. The tight skirt that allowed her victim to see the secrets of her sex and lingerie. The starched shirt that permitted a glimpse of those rounded breasts. Even the little cap that perched on her long black hair and the pale makeup that made her lips look like a gateway into heaven were only semi intentional. A role demanded a costume and she knew that men were fettered to the idea of sex as well as the reality of it.

He was also prepared as she liked and needed.

It was not a matter of willing or unwilling. It was that it just did not make any difference if her victim loved or hated the treatment that he was getting. True dominance was not caring because the victim’s assent was irrelevant.

He served, that was more than enough.

He felt a stirring in his head. The beginnings of desire for this creature that exercised her need without a word of consent. The clicking of the metal heels on the glazed tiles of the floor and the rustle of her tight uniform were the only sound that overlaid his rasping breathing. The touch of her fingertips was the only sensation that grazed his flesh. He could still taste her lubrication. He could still taste the musky scent of her ass.

He was in thrall to her scent and touch.

The sounds of her heels.

The rustle of her garments.

The rough rasp of her stocking tops.

The scratch of her nails on his prickling flesh.

Finally, finally her hand drifted, almost by happenstance and came to rest at the base of his prick. For a moment it lingered, encircling his erection before it smoothed its way up the shaft to rub over the sensitive tip.

This was the first time that she had touched him to excite him. It amused her that this helpless man thought that she was there to satisfy him as well as herself.

‘So typical,’ she thought as she allowed Hugh to think that he was part of the relationship that she had with gratification. ‘So typical that men think that they are due some relief, that a woman must treat them to pleasure when it is the forceful taking of pleasure that is so much more enticing.’

Hugh felt himself tense and strain upward with his hips but the straps that held him fast allowed no other reaction than a slight twitch as the nurse began to massage him.

‘It is only when a man is excited that he possesses the tool that we women need to use! Why should a woman wish to render that tool unusable,’ she laughed to herself.

He saw her head disappear from his sight and felt the lips close around the straining prick that had become the focus of her attention. A slight brush of her teeth and then he was sucked inside her, pulled into those lips.

His whole being concentrated on that few square inches of flesh as he felt himself swell into her. A clenching feeling in his groin and the very interior of his body signaled that he was approaching climax.

His thighs clenched as a fingertip pressed into his tense ass.

Hugh gasped as the finger pushed past all his futile resistance to enter his body and seek for the protuberance of his prostate. Massage lips, tongue and finger all conspired to daze him as he strained to stop her, restrain her with the clenched muscles that were the gate to his ass.

Now he could feel that invasive finger settling on its objective.

It kneaded him and pressed as the lips withdrew. Now even the hand that gripped him was stilled as the finger did its work. She felt him clench, his whole body was struggling hopelessly to escape her control. This was what she gave her victims, in return for their pleasing her body.

Climax without orgasm!

At last Hugh could fight her control no longer and his prick jerked and fired. A single pulse of come that oozed from the eye in his cock and she was ready to fuck him.

Now he was finally ready for her use. Erect and exhausted. Upright and emptied. A prosthetic prick that had yielded its all and was still standing to attention, ready to be swallowed by her cunt.

Hugh was to become the marionette, the fuck doll of the woman who would be riding him until she was satisfied.

She was never ever satisfied!

Hugh tried to cry out in frustration but no sound passed his lips. Just the whistle of his breath and a sigh that sounded like the last leaves of autumn whistling in hopeless courses.

Suddenly he realised that they had stolen his voice. They had stolen it and thrown it away. They had no need for his opinion. His views, his ideas his expressions or for that matter his begging, sighs and cries of pain and his refusals.

All of that had been taken from him in that small cut to his vocal chords.

It was just a minor aside when considering all that had been done to Hugh, but the one thing that most made him the property of his new owners.

He never saw the doctor again. The nurse drugged him each time and he faded out to the sight of her hand parting her slit to show him how energized she was that he was going under the knife with a memory of her as a seed for his apocalyptic dreams under narcosis.

Each time he awoke and tried to reorient his mind to become Hugh, the nurse invaded that moment and imposed her own reality on the patient. So he was stripped of all of his body hair by degrees, as he was sculptured under the scalpel. Each time that he awoke he was just a little more physically the perverted vision of the doctor and mentally the slut that answered the needs of his nurse.

Fucked and fucked!

Finally he was ready.

Finally he was healed; the scars under his breasts were the only reminder of that phase. The silence that implied assent. The smooth skin of a play whore and the sculpted curves of a porn model. His face smooth and soft and adorned with a small tattooed tear that showed that he was neither female nor male.

But those were just the changes that had been wrought on the surface. Under that smooth body that had been designed to attract and repel was a mind that had also been re-sculptured. A mind that knew what had come before but was plastic and malleable for the future. A psyche that accepted punishment and obedience as the norm, that resisted little and was ready for service.

Hugh had transformed, had become Hilda.

Not a name chosen because it was similar to his born name!

No account of previous life was taken, the name was because his new owner liked the German sound of the name.

Strong, big and yet feminine!

The sort of name that a mistress should have, turned on its head to become the name of the lowest, abject slut.

A paradox of meanings that appealed to Carlos Valencia as he came to admire the work that had cost him a small fortune.

‘Never mind! It was an investment,’ was his thought. He would recoup all of the investment and some.

Since he had given the doctor in the favalas that bitch nurse, every job that he had given them had ended in success! He was not sure what it was about the motherly, careful and artistic doctor and the perverted nursing that came together so well, but it seemed like the perfect team.

Carlos Valencia did not attend to the day to day running of his little empire.

He had people who did that sort of thing for him.

Hilda was in their hands.

“Line up here!” came the order.

The man in the tuxedo scowled at the three girls that stood before him in their frilly costumes. He pointed at the floor, tracing an imaginary line that all three were to stand at.

The three of them shuffled forward slightly, the tips of their stilettos in perfect line. Lips pouted, breasts pushed forward and ankles together.

Perfect maids all in a row.

The man nodded and walked along the line slowly inspecting the girls with a critical eye. Here and there a crease was not to his satisfaction, so he smoothed the silk with the palm of his hand and tutted.

“Put your lips on again, Sarah,” he said as he noted a slight irregularity in the makeup.

Her reply was a flutter of her long lashes and a slight nod that signified acceptance of his order.

“Good!”

Now he walked around the back of the short row and inspected the bows on their pinafores and the seams on their lacy stockings. He noted with approval that all was in order and smiled to himself with satisfaction.

For a moment he stood facing them again as if testing their ability to stand stock still without a word or motion. He noted the tension on Hilda's face as if she was struggling to control herself.

Three steps and he was looking at her eye to eye.

"There is always an inspection," he said. "My girls always perform well, they are always perfect for every guest, they never speak and most of all they never shame me or themselves by refusing any request. Any request!"

Hilda swallowed and looked down.

She could not say a word, she could not even speak, let alone speak Portuguese.

His hand strayed to the black silk of her skirt and his fingers took the hem, lifting it to expose Hilda's naked thighs to his gaze.

The erection made Hilda's prick stand proud.

A single ring kept the stiffness permanent by grasping the root of the cock in its iron grip.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, Hilda," he said as he allowed the hem to drop. "You will do as you were taught and please some very important people. People whose importance demands service on a lavish scale. You should be proud that you can please their flesh, sooth their pride with your anguish and gratify them with your torment."

A small pat on Hilda's skirt smoothed the lace over the straining cock.

"The first time it is always so very hard... But, do not forget that Carlos has paid a fortune for you and you are obliged to make him a decent return on the investment!"

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

A Night on the Town.

Sheer and like molten silver.

The dress draped to the ground covering the high heels and shapely legs with a column of glittering burnished fire. Over an ass that was full and rounded it swept to cover breasts with layers of glittering leaves that allowed glimpses of flesh and the deep cleft that divided those vast breasts.

Hilda was on her first date with a private customer of her owner. In public for the first time she felt a shiver of anticipation and guilty pleasure as she allowed herself to be led by the arm by her chosen partner. The short walk across the purple carpet that ran across the sidewalk from limousine to the doors of the restaurant was just a few steps.

The couple entered the hubbub of the restaurant. Here was not the reverent hush of a British eatery; this was a lively gathering of the rich and powerful in Rio. A few of the people at the other tables looked up at the couple who had entered the room and nodded and greeted the man who led his lady to sit at a table already decked with roses and candles.

They sat, their chairs pulled out by the officious head waiter.

“You are a perfect companion,” said the man in the white tuxedo to his shimmering escort.

The woman just nodded and smiled at him.

“I love the silence, so different from all those other women.”

A nod of assent.

“Should I order for you?”

Another nod and Hilda settle down the chair allowing her feet to emerge from their iridescent sheath, spikes and stockings.

The waiter came and the man who had bought this exotic slut for the night ordered a light meal for his companion and a steak for himself.

“It would not do for you to get full, my sweet. We have to leave room for other things! I am so looking forward to later...”

Hilda smiled, but inside she was worried.

What if he was not satisfied with her service? Would she be punished?

This was the first time that she had been allowed on her own without one of her masters, the first time that she could escape. She could kick off those heels and run...

Where to?

To what?

Why?

Six months after leaving Helena's farm she was now a professional at her art. A submissive slut that had learned to bend when told, to spend her life dedicated to the sexual gratification of others.

A sexy bitch that served to live and lived to serve.

So she sat and listened to the hopes and fantasies of the man who had chosen to pretend that Hilda had a choice. That she was a lover, a companion, an escort when all she was, was a piece of acquiescent meat that would satisfy his every whim.

"I hope that you don't mind," he said as if he had to ask permission from his whore. "I have invited another to join us later!"

Hilda shook her head and wondered at the show and tell that was taking place between them at all levels. He pretended, she pretended, the others on nearby tables got on with their lives and partners.

'How many of them have such secrets to tell?' thought Hilda. 'How many are less of a slave than I am?'

Her cock bound in a tube that flattened to conceal itself beneath the smooth dress. Her key-holder for the night sat and whispered obscene professions of love into her ear instead of sweet nothings. He told her of the fantasies that he was going to enact and she was going to take passive part in.

He imagined that Hilda was struggling to contain her excitement as he showed her the key to her pleasure. The key that he had bought for the night.

"I have already prepared so much for us both, all I have to decide is if you will be allowed to climax or if you will just bathe in my come as you bring my other guest to orgasm. What should I decide, tell me do?"

Hilda could just look into his eyes and hope that he understood the meaning of the tears that welled in her eyes for a moment.

"Later, I will decide later."

He turned to the waiter who was clearing the table.

“I will have a large Cognac and a coffee; my companion will just have a glass of water, won’t you dear?”

Hilda nodded.

As soon as the waiter was gone he told her more.

“I think that you will like the little party that I have organised for us. I have hired a very special woman for the whole night! Just imagine, she cost as much as you, but I am sure that she will be worth every Real and more!”

All too soon the drinks were gone, the cognac savoured and the cigar smoked.

“I think that it is time for you and I to go have a little fun,” he said in a loud voice.

Hilda was not embarrassed at the way that those on the nearby tables curled their lip, she had gone long past that stage. She stood and flattened the sheath of the silky smooth metallic dress that covered her body and revealed her curves so intimately.

She was led to the waiting car and the car valet opened the door wide for her to step in that cool interior. She hesitated for a moment as she saw that a woman was already in that leather cocoon, a woman wearing a simple tight costume of leather jacket, pencil skirt and a high collared blouse. As the door closed to leave the two of them alone in the back of the car the woman turned to Hilda and smiled. Her bright red lips parted to reveal the diamond on her incisor.

“I do not believe that we have met,” she said as she looked Hilda up and down as if stripping her down to bare skin with just a glance.

Hilda shook her head.

“Ah, that is so nice, a partner that cannot speak, a partner that cannot say no!”

The car pulled away from the curb and into the traffic with a slight purr of the engine.

“We will get to know each other so better,” said the woman to Hilda as she cast a glance out of the car. “Exhaustively I would say, or perhaps intimately might be a better word!”

The slave and the madam both sat back in the soft seats and were borne though the streets of Rio in silence. Both of them had been bought for the evening by the same man. One of them was relaxed and ready for another night of pleasure that just happened to be paid for. The other had no more status than

any inanimate possession. Ready and unwilling to be the victim in whatever drama had been planned without even the ability to voice a complaint no matter how abysmal her fate.

One would profit handsomely from the service that she was offering.

The other was making her owner richer as every defilement took place.

The limousine pulled up slowly on the drive of a villa and Hilda felt a hand on her knee.

“Such a shame that you cannot use a ‘safe word’, my dear,” she said to Hilda. “It will make it so much more fun, for me!”

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

A night spent at home.

Hilda stood in the centre of the room, motionless like a shimmering pillar of rippling silver scales. The three other participants in the coming drama sat in the leather arm chairs and raised their glasses in a toast.

“To a night of pleasure,” said Flávia as she raised her glass and glanced at Hilda and then sipped her champagne.

Flávia was the wife of Francisco whose birthday it was. Domenica and Hilda were nothing more or less than a gift for her husband.

Flávia paid and Flávia got!

“So, darling, what are you going to do with your little birthday present?” asked Flávia. “Show or participation? I think that participation has a sweeter sound to it...”

Francisco, owner of three newspapers, four radio stations, the yacht club president, the confidant of the governor and chief of police, Francisco did what his wife told him to. The secret of his success was the woman who stood behind him and directed him.

Flávia led from behind and he followed from the front.

Domenica, sensitive to the dynamic of the couple who had hired her, winked at Flávia and stood to begin the soirée. She stalked around Hilda, running the tips of her fingers around the hips and ass of her victim with casual disregard for the slight bump that arose under Hilda’s dress as her prick struggled to get free of its restraint.

Finally she stopped in front of Hilda.

Her hand swept up and Domenica delivered a slap across Hilda’s face that rang out.

“Undress!” she said in a sharp tone. “Now!”

Hilda reached under her arms and slid the two zippers down and relaxed to allow the silver scales to ripple and slide the length of her body. The whole of the smooth sheath slid, to end as an iridescent pool at her feet.

Hilda stood exposed, bared, revealed for what she before her appreciative audience.

“Perfect, she is so perfect,” cried Flávia with a laugh. “I never thought that any man could be so feminine!”

From the slender cast of her neck, the large breasts that hung slightly from the slim torso. From the wide hips that supported the thin waist. From the triangle of Hilda’s sex that was decorated and restrained by a filigree of caged cock. The slight bulge of the belly, the two small indents above the buttocks. The shapely legs and the fleshy thighs.

Hilda was perfect.

The ultimate expression of the surgeon’s knife. Even the masculine cast of Hugh’s features had been softened to leave Hilda’s strong and angular face pouting at the affluent people who could afford her high price.

“She is not a man,” said Francisco to his wife. “She is something better, something special...”

Domenica allowed the couple to admire Hilda. She took one of Hilda’s hands in hers and turned her slowly by walking around her in a circle to show the slave from every angle. She finished the small turn with Hilda facing the sofa where the couple were sitting. Her hand wandered to the steel cage that constrained Hilda with its tracery of bars and gilded posts.

It was clear to the watchers of this silent show that Hilda was becoming erect. It was also clear that the cage in which she had been locked would allow no real expansion to take place as her flesh pressed against the bars of her enclosure and she was held in a suspended state between excitement and docility.

Domenica stroked the flesh as it pressed from the cage and watched the reaction in the muscles of Hilda’s belly as they twitched with suppressed response. Hilda’s balls hung from the cage, their base enclosed by a gold ring that ensured that the whole restraint could not be removed without using the small key to the lock that hung, heart-shaped from that ring.

Hilda’s ball twitched and seemed to lift slightly as they were treated to a soft touch of the tips of Domenica’s long fingernails. The tips of those manicured nails slid to Hilda’s tender thighs and scratched the aching flesh between stocking tops and groin as Hilda tried to repress any reaction.

A slight shiver ran down her back and she pushed her thighs forward a few millimetres in an uncontrollable fit of desire.

“Would you like to see a woman spill her seed?” said Domenica to the Francisco and Flávia who were enjoying the show as they sipped their drinks.

“Show me!” said Flávia, forgetting that it was Francisco’s present and not hers.

Unseen to the couple for whom the show was intended, Domenica pressed finger into her slut and gently sought for his prostate. A few twitches and twists and she felt the very slight bump that betrayed its presence.

As one hand massaged Hilda's balls the other milked her from the inside.

A small noise came from the throat of the sweating slave as Hilda felt that small sign of release that signified that she had lost control of her body to the woman who knew exactly how to extract any sensation or any physical reaction that she desired.

Flávia clapped her hands in joy as a drip glistened at the tip of that caged cock. Finally came a trickle of liquor that dripped into Domenica's hand as Hilda was milked of her essence. Finally it was over and Hilda had indeed spilt her seed, but without the benefit of climax or pleasure.

Milked for another's pleasure.

Domenica stood and offered the hand that had caught that extract of male trauma to Hilda's lips.

"Drink, lap it up," she said with a small smile.

Hilda pursed her red lips and licked the hand like a cat, to the last drop.

"Very good," said Domenica. "I think that it might be time to see another man come?"

"That would be so perfect," said Flávia as she allowed her hand to fall into her husband's lap.

A small twist of the fingers and his cock was freed to stand from his clothes like an artillery piece waiting to be fired at the enemy.

Domenica pointed at Hilda's next task , but as Hilda extended a hand to grasp Francisco's giant prick she slapped Hilda's face.

"How dare you presume what you are being ordered. Suck!" she said as Hilda stood in uncertainty.

Hilda knelt between the spread legs of the man who had paid for her services and opened her mouth. Her lips touched the exposed, delicate tip and expanded to allow him to enter her mouth. Then her face moved slowly forward as her tongue pressed his cock against the roof of her mouth.

Hilda took him in slowly.

Inch by inch she moved towards the root of his prick. Her red lips following every contour, her tongue working its unseen magic as the cock finally entered her throat and penetrated to its utter length. Hilda felt a hand on the back of her head, a hand that held her down, a hand that ensured that the giant cock

blocked her chance of drawing breath. She dared not struggle she just tried to control her reflex to push back as the world started to shimmer and move away from her until all that she could sense was the prick that filled her.

Then she felt another sensation as something penetrated her ass. Something large, something smooth but wide was fucking her. Her lungs felt tight as she fought her reflexes. Hilda knew that utter obedience was what was demanded and any single move would result in possibly terrible retribution.

The hand that held her hair pulled back slightly and Hilda was able to momentarily exhale and draw breath.

“Don’t want the bitch to pass out,” laughed Domenica as he showed Flávia how to use the dildo to devastating effect on the slave slut’s ass. “Slowly, slowly, it allows the bitch to open up and really feel fucked.”

Flávia could not resist twisting the hard plastic as it entered the she-male slut.

Now the hand on Hilda’s head was urging her to face-fuck that cock. It pushed down until the flesh pushed into her throat and pulled until only the pursed lips of the fuck doll reached the tip of the raging cock.

“Are you ready to come?” asked Domenica as she wanked him with the slut’s mouth. “Are you ready?”

“Fuck, fuck, make it last you bitch!” he cried as he felt himself at the brink.

The sight of his wife fucking the slave with the pink plastic and the control of Domenica over Hilda almost pushed him over the edge. But he pulled back as she asserted her control over the mouth that was being forced to give him such pleasure.

“Leave it stuck into the bitch,” said Domenica to Flávia as she laid a hand to restrain the hands of exited wife. “I have prepared a little diversion for us that will test whether our little trans-slut is really well trained or needs some more tuition on my part.”

Pushed and forced wide by the penetration of the dildo, Hilda felt it being ruthlessly pushed to its limit and then she was occupied by being forced to take the prick down her throat until she was at the point of fainting. At that moment came the first blow of the crop!

Hilda felt her body jump with the shock of the blow.

Flávia showed the evil looking willow crop to her excited husband. She bent it end to end to show how flexible it was. Then she swished it through the air to listen to the whistle of it cutting the air.

Hilda jumped as she expected the contact.

But Hilda was premature, because the crop struck a second later, just as the relief of an absence of pain made itself felt in her head. All the while she was losing her grip on her surroundings, her tormenters, under the professional direction of Domenica, were determined to extract the maximum gratification from their victim's suffering.

The hand on the back of Hilda's head, the one that was holding her to choke on that giant cock that was lodged in her throat did not give at all as Hilda jumped at the savage blow that was laid by Flávia on her behind. It held her down to the point that Hilda was about to faint and then relaxed just enough to allow her a gasping breath before she was pushed onto Francisco's bursting prick.

"Tell me when you are coming!" ordered Domenica. "I want to know..."

It seemed to Francesco entirely right that she told him what to do. It was not just right and correct; it was the only possible scenario. This woman in the leather was the director of the production that was being played out for his pleasure. He had to obey, he had to follow her direction.

"I am coming," he announced. "Now!"

Maybe it had been the control that Domenica had on his cock as she manipulated her she-male doll. Perhaps it was the very fact that she ordered obedience from him. It is possible that the sight of his wife almost climaxing as she learned to inflict pain on her slave pushed him over that limit.

He felt the lips pulled off his prick. The swift suck of the withdrawal was the final stroke.

His prick gushed and splashed his juices over the face of the startled Hilda just as another blow was laid on the slave's striped ass. The surprise of the blow. The shock of Francesco's cock spewing it's come onto her face, the savage twist of that dildo that was embedded in her rear by the delicate Domenica.

Hilda cried.

Tears washed the sticky white come into her smeared lips. Her body wrenched with the sobs of self-pity and pain. Her body heaved as another blow landed on her buttocks and tears flooded from her eyes as she sobbed in misery.

But there came no sound. No cry discernible above the rush of air as she gasped for breath.

Her voice and her identity had been taken from her by the cut of a knife..

Stolen forever by the man that owned her and sold her.

That breakdown, that loss of control.

The self-pity and hopelessness.

That was what made Flávia climax without any more physical contact than the pull of the lace of her pants as she directed another blow with the willow crop. It was like a remote cloud on the horizon that came to fill her consciousness with beams of bliss. Flávia found that she loved pain and control. She looked at Domenica as she climaxed and decided that, from this woman, she could not just learn, she could discover real limitless gratification.

As she laid the fourth blow on the sobbing slut she felt her thighs tremble and she came with a rush that was stronger than any orgasm that she had felt before.

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

Elucidation and Obfuscation.

“I have some good news for you Hilda”

Hilda stood naked but for the metal cage that enclosed her prick. A chain ran from the wall to the metal collar that encircled her neck. Outside, through the open window, she could hear the noise of activity. Voices cried out and shouted and the motor of a passing car could be heard.

He looked at her with appreciation.

His silky smooth slave.

The scars under her breasts had faded to barely discernible white lines. Weighty breasts that most women would die for, rounded globes tipped with delicate small nipples that begged to be attended to by hungry lips.

Hips that swelled to a perfect round ass and long legs.

There was no doubt that she was a perfect example of the surgeon’s art. Woman created from the flesh of a man. Smooth skin, powerful prick and delicate flowering curves, her face touched by the small teardrop engraved on the pink cheek. Even the bud of her ass had been touched by the surgeon to create a perfect entry point for rampant cocks.

Hilda nodded slightly.

Good news was rare in her world of service and degradation.

“I feel that your perfection demands an audience! You are going to become a star, desired and wanked over by a million men who need some temptation and release in their lives.”

Hilda looked down at the floor in a subtle movement of contrition.

Since Sally had spoken to her, months had passed.

Hilda had become a celebrity in the dark world of extreme entertainment, a needed adjunct at all the best parties and gatherings. She had performed on stage in nightclubs and private clubs, rented to be fucked but never fulfilled.

“I have had an offer for you to perform on camera, you will become a sensation!”

His hand touched her breasts fleetingly, appreciating their firmness and smooth perfection. They lingered for a while, playing with the nipples that had been created to be permanently pert and ready for attention. He saw the cock, constrained by its cage, try to become erect but the metal was stronger than the flesh that swelled inside its restriction. The man made a tutting sound as if admonishing a child for some minor misdemeanor.

“You know that you need your strength, Hilda, for those moments when you are earning for me!”

His hand cupped the loosely hanging balls while his other arm pulled her body to his.

She could feel the roughness of his suit. The buttons that pressed into her flesh as he pulled her tight and lowered his lips to hers. Hilda pouted as she was expected to pout and felt his tongue press into her mouth.

Carlos knew how to manipulate and cow his slaves.

The hand that cupped her balls tightened its grip making her quiver with need. Desire for conclusion, an insatiable desire to be taken by this man who was her owner. But, in the months since he had purchased her he had never allowed her release, never more than a kiss and unfulfilled craving.

To him she was a tool for the pleasure of others, there was nothing left for Hilda. Couples like Fábila and Francesco who needed a little boost for their egos and sex lives. Dominant women like Domenica who needed a partner to punish and degrade. Then there were those who simply wanted a slut that would not only do their bidding but would do it without complaint or resistance.

The kiss finished with a slow withdrawal of his tongue from her lips and his hand from its grip on her balls.

“You have so much to give; you should not hope to receive.”

He coughed slightly, an affectation that he used whenever he had orders to give to his slaves.

“So, there it is! I have sold you to a man who has great plans for you to become a leading actress in the movies that she makes and directs. Tomorrow you will leave me and move on to greater things...”

Inspector Fábio Mantaus watched the film.

Even though he had been taken off the case, evidence still passed through his hands. This time it was data disk, a recording of an obscene film that had been found in the possession of a thief.

The Inspector was well versed in the terrors that one person can inflict on another, so he watched the film with a dispassionate air. The questions that needed to be asked from the point of view of a policeman were simple. Were the actors being forced to play their roles? If they were under duress then who was forcing them and where were the actors now?

From the point of view of a curious man he wondered at the film itself. He could understand a great deal of pornography. That it was delicious watching two women make love on film but deviant when it happened before your eyes was one of the paradoxes that he was quite clear on. What Inspector Fábio Mantaus could not understand was this obsession with ownership and forcing others to perform.

A transsexual was being used.

Spread over a sawhorse with wrists and ankles chained to the ends of the legs she was the victim of a savage beating that alternated with being raped and used. Then a woman uncaged that prick and wanked the slave to climax as she was whipped.

Savagely!

More than used, abused.

But, was it willing and consensual?

The film finished with a conversation between the slave and the mistress that took place sitting on the wooden frame on which the she-male had recently been abused. The chat was like a sort of fireside chat of close friends, lovers or confidants. Friendly and full of knowing winks. The only thing that was at discord was that the slave was only able to reply with written answers that had been pre-prepared.

The Inspector stopped the film as that light changed in the background. Something was wrong, or at least there was something in the still picture that made Mantaus stop and stare. For a moment, for a second, in profile he thought that he recognised the transsexual slave. For a second there was a moment of recognition that piqued his interest.

It was how he worked. A small clue led to a great deal.

The Inspector had met thousands of criminals, victims, and others in his career. Several of them were in fact transsexuals and often pretty good looking from a twisted point of view. This one was one of the best looking, most beautiful, transsexuals that he had ever seen. Surely he would remember exactly where he had seen her before; after all she was striking, almost beyond compare.

He looked at the still picture on the screen and then moved his head to see the picture from the corner of his eye but he could just not remember where... So the Inspector printed the picture off on the printer and folded it carefully for later.

Sooner or later he would remember, probably sooner!

On his porch. The cigar in his hand, the rocking chair and the cool beer that washed a parched throat. In the still night air he rocked slowly and unfolded the picture. But, it was not the picture it was the movement of the head that had told him something. The features had been changed too much for there to be any connection to the man who had been kidnapped. It was the way the head was held, the nod, the bearing and the way that the transsexual sat down.

Change all you like under the knife. The habits of a lifetime of movement never fade!

The transsexual was Hugh Derwan!

If that the Inspector now had no doubt at all.

He relaxed and tried to make connections.

Sally, his wife. Kidnapped herself, escaped and now the lover and mistress of the Commissioner. Then there was mysterious kidnapper, a woman, a taxi that disappeared, perfect English and clever with computers. Hugh Derwan, the man with something to hide who was kidnapped but the demand for a ransom never came. Juana Metildi and her secretary Martina, both of whom were somehow involved. Ransom calls that came over the Internet from backwoods places behind Rio that were hillbilly territory.

Now Hugh Derwan turned up as a porn star, of all things a transsexual submissive.

The only evidence was that Mantaus just knew that the porn film starred Hugh, he knew but he could not prove it without finding Hugh Derwan and asking him!

Should he even look?

What about the Commissioner; was he involved in some obscure way?

‘Better either lay off or ask Sally Derwen,’ he decided.

Put up or shut up!

Put up...

“I just want you to watch this film, or at least the part that I have decided might be useful,” asked Inspector Fábio Mantaus as Sally sat on the sofa and waited patiently for the Inspector to set up the computer.

“I understood that this case was closed,” said Commissioner Valdez as he moved to hold Sally’s hand. “Is there new evidence or are you just fishing for Mrs Derwen’s reactions?”

“Sir, new evidence has come to light and I just wanted to see if Mrs Derwen could help us to find her husband.”

The Inspector started the film. He had decided to show only the end of the film, the part with the ‘fireside chat’ at the end. All three watched the ten minute film without saying a word.

The Inspector sat watching Sally, not the screen but the wife. He knew the film by heart. He did not need to see the screen to see the reflection on the face of Sally.

The Commissioner almost gasped when the film started. He was taken back to the moment at the party when a beautiful slave had sucked his prick whilst Sally Derwen frigged herself to the sound of his groans. Then he felt a shiver of pleasure as he remembered those moments when Sally had told him what he needed, when Sally had shown such rapacious lust that she had climaxed almost before the slave’s lips had touched his cock.

Sally knew. She just followed the strange conversation that took place on the screen. She knew that Hugh was the victim-slave, that he had been broken, altered and recreated. She felt a melting in her sex, a flowing in her cunt, as she watched her husband thank his rapist for all that pleasure that had never come. Her breathing quickened as she realised that she was almost climaxing in response to a conversation...

The film finished. It was over.

“I do not understand,” said the Commissioner.

He was experienced in this type of interrogation in which the questions were implied and not asked. Denials for unasked questions were admissions of guilt, outrage was an indicator of responsibility and silence was understood like words unspoken.

“Sir, respectfully, it is Sally Derwen that needs to answer a basic and simple question.”

“Then you had better ask...” said the Commissioner threateningly.

“Mrs Derwen,” said Mantaus as he turned to her. “Did you recognise Hugh in that film?”

“Sorry?” she said as she stilled her pulse and pretended to have not quite understood the Portuguese.

“Hugh?” asked the Inspector as he pointed at the screen still shot. “Is this your husband?”

Sally looked at him as if he was mad and shrugged her shoulders.

“How is that possible?” she asked. “How?”

The Inspector looked at the anger in the face of his boss and decided that he had given it his best shot. 'Hugh Derwen was lost to the normal world,' he decided with a rising sense of relief.

No longer would he have to worry about the whereabouts of Sally Derwan's husband. The case had been solved; the wife was complicit in part or the whole of the scheme. But she lay in the shadow of her protector, the police Commissioner for Rio's criminal investigation bureau. Hugh was fucked, that was certain. Somehow he had been sold to or fallen into the hands of those immoral pornographers.

Somehow his wife was complicit.

It was over and the Inspector had been beaten.

"Inspector, pack up your computer, take away that film and see me tomorrow in my office. There are a few things that we have to discuss and this particular interview has gone on long enough," said the Commissioner.

The Inspector left with a salute.

There was no need to worry. The Commissioner could not do more than bluster and ruin his chance at promotion. On the other hand Inspector Fábio Mantaus knew a great deal and could make the mud that he might throw, stick.

Perhaps it was time to get a promotion.

Perhaps

Captain Fábio Mantaus sounded pretty good!

Sally leaned back and smiled. She really had to get a copy of that film and all the others that featured Hugh. With them she could orgasm a million times as she watched him suffer. In fact she had been on the point of climaxing just from watching that small decent cut from the end of the film. She fanned herself with her hand as Commissioner Jean Valdez watched her with amusement.

"You knew that that was Hugh, didn't you?"

"What you mean when he sucked you off?"

"It was so delicious. The moment when I realised that he was just a fucking slut. I smoked and frigged. It was the best orgasm that I have ever had."

"You realise that I will have to promote the Inspector to Captain for this, just to shut him up!"

“Honey he deserved it,” she said as her hand slowly freed his erection from his trousers. “Can I ask for something special?”

“What?” he gasped as she grasped his prick and started a slow up and down movement.

“That we can have a slave servant for the villa that you bought me. The thought of it just turns me on.”

“You can have what you want! Anything!”

“I want so much, so fucking much, but most of all I want you!”

Sally’s hand pushed her panties to one side as she lifted her dress. She swung a leg over her lover’s body, placing her wide open cunt before his eyes as she slowly manipulated him. Her head rested on the floor, her heels closed behind his head and pulled his head towards her thighs.

“Suck me, lick me and make me come and I might just let you use my cunt to massage your giant prick, if you make me climax now,” she said as she slowed her hand and felt the first contact.

That tip of a tongue that was the precursor to a massage that would send her to ecstasy.

‘Do as you are told, little man,’ she thought as she felt her body melt under his tongue. ‘I’ll have you licking my ass and serving me like a maid when you leave your wife for a life of continual sex and service.

‘I think that it is you, Jean, that will be the servant that I need to tend to my body, you will be just perfectly complimentary to the life that I have decided to live. No longer a follower, no longer torn by boredom, watching my life slip by. ’

The thought of this powerful man being bent to her will brought Sally her first orgasm. The careful attentions that he paid to her cunt brought the second.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

Pleasure.

Sophia woke from her slumber.

The cool light of sunset washed the room with pinks and yellows. It shone on Hilda, that pale-skinned whore. It lit the wall with a glow that made the room seem like the interior of a crystal.

She enjoyed the sight of her slave, her personal slut.

She enjoyed the fact that her word was law. It was more than law; it was decree.

One of her fingers twitched slightly, a forefinger hooked and then relaxed.

Hilda stepped forward, awoke from a silent motionless state to serve as wished by her owner. Her hand still held the hem of her skirt high to allow her mistress to inspect her prick and the filigree prison that allowed no escape.

She knelt by the chaise lounge and awaited a further signal. Hilda could smell the attar of roses. Was it the skin of her mistress or was it the heavy blossoms that bowed their heads in that stillness of the garden? Hilda decided that the heavy aroma wisped from her mistress' sex. It was the smell of her soft cunt.

One of Sophia's hands strayed to her slave's mouth.

A finger entered and moved inside.

'There are always a few more things to do,' she thought as a finger moved over Hilda's teeth. 'Perfection requires sacrifice and effort.'

That the perfection required only the sacrifice and effort of others did not pass through the mind of that spoiled woman. She enjoyed her life in an elemental way, others did what they were told to and she arranged what she wanted.

She opened her thighs and relaxed her legs as she turned away from her slave.

One of her hands caressed the cheek of her ass and then pulled that globe of flesh to allow Hilda to attend to her. This was so delightful, she just felt an urge and it was fulfilled in an instant. She felt a soft touch and sighed as a probing tongue centred on the soft wrinkles and folds of her ass hole.

The massage continued for minutes before the tongue pushed through the relaxed gates and massaged the relaxed sphincter. It reached and found those nerve endings that gave so much pleasure.

Sophia's hand crept languorously to her perfect cunt.

Those lips of flesh that had been smoothed to perfection and then adjusted to become the perfect gateway to her soft body. Her finger slipped inside and found the button of her clitoris by pressing on that fleshy hood that covered it.

She gasped.

She felt that tongue lapping at her behind, cleaning, massaging, kneading and working over nerve endings. Sophia relaxed and slowed her masturbatory hand to eke out the moment of glory.

She cried out.

She opened her thighs to allow her fuck puppet to see her finger inside that perfect slit. To mock her with her female perfection. She was a woman and he was incomplete, she was the mistress and Hilda was just another thing that she owned. Just another chattel that her father had given her to please her.

She climaxed in a fit of shudders.

The slave still worked at Sophia. A dolly. A provider of pleasure who would continue until told to stop.

Sophia just enjoyed the contact, the sublime intimacy that only a sex slave could offer.

As she drifted to sleep, waves of sensuality washed upon the shores of her dreams.

THE END

More From www.femdomcave.com Below

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MORE READING AT FEMDOM CAVE

www.femdomcave.com

"MY PASSAGE TO WOMANHOOD" By Clare Penne

Volume-One

Prompted by memories of the women who have taken control of his life since his days at university, a man-stroke-woman details his extraordinary journey towards a womanhood both voluntary and coerced and describes the dominant and compelling characters – women and men – instrumental in securing his arrival.

From university in Edinburgh, to leafy Vermont, to a harem in Doha and a lesbian s&m club in Hong Kong, then back to Vermont again; the adventures of Clare Penne's hero-cum-heroine are as exciting as they are sometimes excruciating and constitute a sexual rollercoaster of a read as he/she is taken down a road that leads to the most exacting servitude one man-stroke-woman can be both expected and forced to give a female born to that condition in our fledgling millennium.

Not to mention anyone the loving, but ultra-dominant and controlling, "Saffi" takes a fancy to having her slave serve.

This is Volume-One of a proposed ten... or maybe even more!

"ASCENDANCY" By Miss Irene Clearmont

Miss Irene Clearmont gives us the story of William, a god in his own mind whose fragile kingdom is about to be revealed for the palace of paper it really is by his new maid.

Impressed by his young German housekeeper's hard-work and organisational skills, the domestically idle William cedes more and more responsibility to her without realising she has no intention of ever handing it back.

Before he knows it – and in ways exceeding the intentions of Sandra and Kamali – his life is no longer his own and soon he is spiralling down into a life of servitude as he attempts to keep the young German girl he has become obsessed with by his side.

It would have been better for both his pride and his manhood if he had simply let her go.

"Better than 'Dark Widow' – and I really enjoyed that." – Gracious-Admirer

MORE BELOW...

“VENUS ASCENDANT” BY SHAUNA WILLETS

Three men have been found naked on golf courses. Their connection? All have been castrated. In her race to find the perpetrator before there's another victim, DCI Kate Berenson will find herself challenged by a woman abusing her disabled husband, a dominant ex-debutante and her pussy whipped and paid for middle-aged lover, a needy ex-husband, and her own, confused sexuality.

Then, under pressure for a result from her superiors, a detective in her team falls into the hands of the perpetrator and Kate finds herself in a race against the clock that will ensure the missing man will be less than a man if her attempts to identify the cutter and find her detective are unsuccessful.

It does not look hopeful.

“It's not often you read a femdom novel and get a cracking crime story as well but Venus Ascendant pulls it off – even if the femdom elements aren't the main thrust of the story. Great characterisation and insight and I'd really like to see Shauna Willets write something with femdom as its main theme. Really promising website too” - Steve Lynch

“Hi Shauna, I recently read Venus Ascendant and was both frightened and excited. I wondered where your work was available? Thank you so much” – Brad

“LESSONS AT THE EDGE” By William Gaius

Using the infatuation of a friend's college age son to her own advantage, the gorgeous RoseAnn leads the smitten young man into a life of thralldom, training him step by step as her sexual slave and domestic servant. Age difference is no barrier as RoseAnn finds the devoted lover she's sought since her divorce and Barry finds unexpected gratification in service to a beautiful, selfish woman. When the redheaded student, Gloria, comes into the mix and pursues Barry she shows every sign of being as dominating as RoseAnn herself and Barry must decide between them—or must he?

“Mr Gaius has satisfied the question of his own self-belief – along with a number of other requirements – and is to be congratulated on providing a riveting and erotic read...” Shaunm – Femdom Cave Forum

“SERVING SREELATHA” BY KURT STEINER

When Tim Benson's partner in a thriving retail business dies it brings him into contact with his widow, Sreelatha”. Having looked down upon the younger Indian woman while his partner was alive and visiting her with the intention of buying her out of the business, he finds himself coming under the influence of her sadistic housekeeper, a strange tea, and Sreelatha herself.

The loss of his business, his marriage and his manhood will not be far behind.

“I write to thank Mr Steiner for the wonderful read of Serving Sreelatha. English is not my first language but I find Mr Steiners writing easy to read and also very sexy. The Inferior was also very marvelous...” Helenic – Femdom Cave Forum

AND MORE...

"VINCENNES" BY KURT STEINER

On a trip to Calcutta, successful businessman, Vincent Vincennes, becomes infatuated with a plain young Indian waitress named Samira. Obsessed for the first time and for reasons beyond his comprehension, Vincennes is dragged into the pits of humiliation and self-loathing by the girl as he jettisons his wife and family in England and sets up home with the girl

Unable to fight his inexplicable need for the girl, he tells himself things cannot possibly get any worse.

Then Samira hires a young maid.

"The writer must have been reading my posts on the Femdom Cave forum as this, even more than The Inferior, looks as though it will develop to be close to my heart..." Ms Indira
