

an adult female domination thriller from the pen of

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he bought her, **she** owned him...



if you cheat the **ru**ssian **ma**fia...



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## **Under Red Heels**

*He bought her... She owned him...*

*If you cheat the Russian mafia...*

**By**

**Miss Irene Clearmont**

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*Dedicated to those I met in Russia – Nastdrovia*

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## **Under Red Heels**

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‘La vengeance est un met que l'on doit manger froid.’

*Talleyrand or perhaps an old Sicilian proverb.*

Долг платежом красен.

Debt is pleasing only after it is repaid - One good turn deserves another.

*Russian Proverb*

The writer is the engineer of the human soul.

Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin

## **Before The Concert**



## *Tuning the Orchestra*

Janine Van Vliet slipped off the fur coat with a small shrug of the shoulders for it to be deftly caught by the maid standing behind her. Her feet stepped from the high shoes for them to be reverently collected.

“When?” she asked the maid who now had the coat draped over one arm and carried the shoes in the other hand.

“Jan Maes,” said the maid. “In an hour, eight O’clock.”

Janine nodded acknowledgement and headed up the steep stairs. She had an hour to make the change, to transform from Janine Van Vliet to become ‘Miss Jasmine’ for her client. At the top of the stairs, Janine glanced down at the maid who was boxing the shoes after hanging the fur.

“In twenty minutes, be in my room,” she ordered, looking down.

The maid curtseyed and then turned back to her task whilst her mistress glided into the bedroom and stripped for her shower. Stockings, corset and dress were casually tossed onto the huge bed for the maid to deal with later. A ritual cleansing, followed by the transformation where Janine became the business-woman who would rule a man’s life for the night.

She paused before the full-length mirror for a minute and admired the reflected

image. From the inner thighs to her full breasts, an intricate pattern of climbing roses adorned the pale skin. Thorny stems that sprouted buds and roses in pink and red, the perfect symbolism for the woman whose life and living was one path of sexual domination. One way, two paths; a perfect single obsession that was her life.

Miss Jasmine, dominatrix to the wealthy, to those who needed to submit and were prepared to pay by the second. Janine Van Vliet, the middle aged sadist whose limits had never been reached.

Janine walked into the wet-room and sighed as the hot water surrounded her from front and back. Pearls of sweet dew on the roses, a sluicing river over the savage thorns that calmed and set her mind for the evening ahead, because Janine Van Vliet and Miss Jasmine were two sides of the same coin. The one, Miss Jasmine, a dominatrix who explored the limits of her clients, watching for signs of pressing too far as the lurking Janine mischievously sought to take real control and make them suffer for her pleasure.

Miss Jasmine, elusive and sought after, usually travelled for her clients, making perhaps just half a dozen appointments in a month. She took her feminized maid to places as far as New York and Japan, rarely now allowing engagements in her personal studio in Amsterdam. Just occasionally one of her devoted regular patrons visited and Jan Maes was just such a man. A respected politician, married with three grown children, a man who occasionally needed to be used and abused to his personal limits.

By the time that Janine entered her bedroom her discarded clothes had been tidied away and her sissy-maid stood with downcast eyes waiting for her orders. She stood whilst the former client gently patted the last dewdrops of the shower from her with a soft towel and then gently dusted her with talcum.

Keeping the two sides of her character separated was so very difficult! Business and pleasure could never be allowed to truly combine. With a cane or whip in her gloved hand, there was always the danger that she would slide from Miss Jasmine to become the cruel Jasmine, so a simple rule had been conceived. Be tempted to fully own the man or woman at her feet.

The rule: consent. Of sorts...

Paying clients set their limits, hedged themselves with signals and words that would indicate their boundaries. Those that became Janine's toys never had that luxury. A single word of agreement was enough to assure their destiny and then they were hers to do with as she wished no matter what they decided later. The line was such a narrow one, walked with careful steps of her spiked heels. Miss Jasmine would never break her word, but woe betide a client who broke his!

Jan Maes lay in the province of Miss Jasmine. He understood the tension in her that made her such a perfect dominatrix and was never in danger of slipping into the world of the Janine that lurked in her mind. Tonight she would push him almost as far as he could bear, take him to the point where he could take no more and then retreat just as his lips were forming his safe word.

Sissy, the man who had long fallen into Janine's world, moved to lay out the clothes that would adorn her. Miss Jasmine had a different aspect for each client, tailored to the obsessions and fetishes that kept them on the hook. Strict leather teachers, latex sluts, high-heeled, corseted dominatrices and evil nurses. Miss Jasmine played them all to perfection, teasing and punishing as she earned the money that made her life so sweet. Janine Van Vliet, the sadist wore what she wanted, floral dresses in silk, spiked kitten heels and was all the more alarming for that contrast, dreaming of never being Miss Jasmine ever again!

Jan was a man that appreciated a classic style. A short rubber corset that barely supported her soft breasts, tight latex stockings worn with mules with polished steel heels and hair pulled into a tight knot that amplified the severity of her face. No whips, just a simple riding crop, the one with the silver hooked handle that he had presented to her years ago. He was not a man that wanted to suffer being flayed to the bone, he wanted to serve, to crawl and beg. He needed to be on his knees, be taken and used, kiss her toes and be humiliated as he climaxed. He wanted to see the intricate tattoo that he had paid for as a gift, feel that soft firm patterned skin...

The clothes were ready, laid by Sissy on the bed and Janine van Vliet was at last ready to take on her other persona and become Miss Jasmine.

The stockings were rolled on by the kneeling maid, ever careful not to touch the rose adorned skin that she coveted. The corset, from hips to breasts, boned and rigid, was held in place as the leather thongs that bound it were tightened to flare hips and narrow the waist before the ten dangling straps were stretched to meet the latex stockings at her thighs. As the kneeling maid adjusted the lower edge of the corset, she longed to plant a small loving kiss on the smooth edges of that beautiful pussy, but she knew that the punishment for such an indiscretion would be appalling. After years in helpless chastity and training there was never any hope that she would be rewarded for her selfless slavery with any such reward, that hope had long since passed away.

Sissy held each shoe as her owner slipped a foot down the curved runway of the shank and watched as the rubber-clad toes emerged from the vamp. Each foot settled in and then the moment was over. Miss Jasmine walked from the room with her hurrying maid following in her footsteps.

Each step of the stairs caused the hips to roll, the naked cheeks of ass to move, the calves to bunch and seem like perfection to the humble maid. The roses that patterned the broad expanses of pale flesh moved as if in a breeze and Sissy felt

so grateful that she was permitted to even be a part of this woman's life.

In the anteroom to the narrow Amsterdam street house, Miss Jasmine left the maid to stand patiently for the knock at the door whilst she descended to the basement to prepare for her client.

It took a few minutes to prepare. She ensured that the furniture that would not be used was covered with black silk, that the candles were lit and that the throne in the center of the room was ready for the Queen who would be using it. The silver handled crop was leaned by the throne and Miss Jasmine locked a steel door to conceal the barred cage-cell that had been the hell-hole for a couple that Jasmine Van Vliet had sold just a week ago. Better that Jan did not see the machine that had fucked them for nearly two days before they had finally broken and were ready for sale. Miss Jasmine had to be so careful about her alter-ego!

At last, she stood in the center of the dimly lit room and surveyed it to make sure that it was arranged the way that she desired. Most of the work had been done by Sissy a day ago, but Miss Jasmine's touches made it perfect.

A glance at her watch showed that it was now just five minutes to eight and she skipped up the stairs to emerge and head to the lounge. Jan, like all of her clients, was a man who had learned to arrive on the dot and sure enough, just moments after the small baby grandfather clock chimed the hour, there was a knock on the door and the scene he had paid for began at last.

Miss Jasmine heard the door open and Jan's voice greeting the maid and she strutted from the lounge into the hallway to find the thickset middle-aged man passing Sissy his overcoat.

“You are late,” said Miss Jasmine sharply.

“Please forgive me,” said Jan

“Not good enough!” said Miss Jasmine as she approached the man who had paid a great deal for the fantasy that she was providing. “I expect the knock on the door as the clock chimes, slave. Strip!”

For a moment Jan seemed bemused by the tone of her voice and required her to repeat the order before he started to obey. Stripping in front of the feminized maid was a new twist, but he hastened to kick off his shoes and undress, passing the clothes to Sissy with almost reluctance.

What was revealed was a stockily built man, strong as a bull, rounded body concealing the power lurking below. From between his legs an erection started that curved upwards until at last his thick cock was almost vertical. Miss Jasmine strolled around him and slapped one cheek of his ass as she went. His eyes followed every twitch of the roses that adorned her.

“Tonight you will be serving me as never before,” said Miss Jasmine. “I am in the mood to make you suffer if you are not properly obedient, in no mood to put up with defiance. Do you understand?”

“I understand, Mistress,” he said in a low voice.

Miss Jasmine stopped to face Jan and moved a finger from his chin down to the

place where his erection almost ran along his belly. Her hand made the jump and gripped him tightly as she looked up to his face and smiled.

“First comes the punishment for your lateness, then you can try to make up for it with this...”

Her arm pushed down, pulling his prick tight and making him gasp.

“Come...”

The naked man followed Miss Jasmine through the small door to her basement and the door closed leaving Sissy to neatly fold his clothes and slip them into a bag for the moment that her Mistress had decided that the session was over.

Sissy felt a pang of jealousy. Years ago, she had been just such a client. Able to afford to serve as a client, buy the fantasy that she needed. Now, she was so close but was never even allowed to touch the woman that she adored and slaved for. Transformed and broken to the leash like a slave to her own obsession.

“It has been far too long,” said Miss Jasmine. “Too long...”

The crop rested on her smooth knees as she sat on her throne with the groveling politician at her feet.

“Three months, Mistress,” said Jan.

Mistress Jasmine looked down at the expanse of back, the small tight ass and the muscular shoulders of this man who was so important in the world outside. She extended a foot and was gratified that he did not move. He knew the rules, everything only at her command.

“You may.”

The man shuffled forward and gently kissed the exposed soles of her mules. Three kisses for each foot.

“Three strokes for being late, another for the hesitation at my command to strip. After that we shall see...”

Jan’s legs straightened, lifted his ass into the air in preparation for his punishment. The strokes would be light; no mark was to be left for him to carry out into his world. He would be permitted to serve her, offer his lips to the swollen lips of her pussy, lap at her fragrant ass hole, before she would tie him and drip hot wax as she slowly started to bring him to the one climax that was all he was capable of.

The rules of the game had been set long ago, paid in full. She would only move inside the limitations of his fetish. Melted wax, the light touch of the crop, restraint and intimate service and when it was over, he would thank her and leave, smarting from her crop and red from the heat of the melted candles.

When he left, both would reassume their lives.



Jan would advise the Prime Minister on Socialist policy ethics and Miss Jasmine would, once again become Janine. He would make pronouncements and she would travel to Vienna where a dominant man and his willing and submissive Russian wife would become Miss Jasmine's playthings for a night.

## Part I

## ***Overture***

## **Rákóczi March**

The bar was just a dingy space at the base of a concrete pillar that fucked the sky with its Soviet brutality. Like all the others in the neighbourhood it was not just a residence for the proletariat, it served as a shelter for businesses as diverse as the sale of Krokodil and fresh onions. Drugs and groceries, alcohol, tinned goods and cigarettes. Sex and fresh meat, dairy produce, electronics and services that defied any logical connection and of course the bar where Marius was going to buy a woman.

Marius entered the bar with just a slight feeling of trepidation.

Dangerously alone.

He was here to buy the drinks and the woman that he would be offered by the man wearing the inevitable leather jacket. They all wore leather and denim here now. Before the counter revolution it was just leather, the addition of denim was their small concession to the invasion of capitalism. It symbolized the freewheeling market, corruption and the spiral decent to a place where only money was master.

The bar was dim, more, it was dingy; it was the sort of place where, full light would have revealed not just the dirt on the floors and glasses but also the grime in the patron's souls. Marius allowed his eyes to adapt and then saw that tonight there were only four people in the bar. Himself and the barkeeper who stood rubbing his hands and looking at the other two who occupied the stools at the bar.

One of those others was the man in the inevitable leather jacket and jeans. Youngish to be involved in the trade, strong and cocksure as he turned his attention from the near-naked beauty by his side and focused his gaze on Marius. He spoke Russian in the thick accent that Georgians adopt when they wish to signal that they are men to be taken seriously as contenders. An instinctive reflex that lets the hearer know that mustachioed Caucasian Macho is about to be paraded.

"ХУй" said the prospective seller of human flesh. A grubby word.

Marius answered the casual obscenity with a shrug and a few words in his overcorrect Russian accent: "Fuck you too! I'm late because this fucking bar is in the arse-end of nowhere and because the taxi driver was so drunk that he could not calculate my ride!"

The barman had already placed three shot glasses on the bar and was pouring the inevitable hundred grams of Vodka into each of them with a bored flourish.

"What I have here for you," said the Georgian as he lifted his glass, "is Ivetta. The perfect Russian woman. Nastdrovia!"

The glass tipped, and every drop was emptied and relished with a smack of the lips. Marius returned the toast and looked Ivetta up and down with a smile. What he saw was perfection. If large breasts and wide hips, pale skin and almond eyes were your taste in woman, this woman was an opium dream.

The Georgian's hand reached out and traced a line on her smooth flesh from navel to the involute lips of her cunt. As the tip of his finger reached that cleft in

her flesh she thrust forward and onto the tips of her toes to slide over his hand to show her need.

"She is hotter than peppered Vodka and wetter than borsht," laughed the Georgian as he slapped his glass on the counter. A clear signal for more Vodka to the barman who could only marvel at the price that the seller announced with a laugh.

"A hundred thousand American!"

Marius relaxed. The negotiations had begun and the Georgian was overplaying his hand by indicating his eagerness to sell to the witless Westerner. This kind of horse trading had its own special rules. First the drink and the acceptance of the goods as quality. Then the buyer indicated his need and gave the seller the advantage of making his offer first. What would follow was alternate outrageous bids tempered with swear words, insults and ever more Vodka.

"I can find three like her, better to fuck, in the frozen alleys of Perm," laughed Marius as he swirled his second drink in the glass.

"You would not find one like her at this cheap price, not west of Vladivostok," countered the Georgian. "Name your price then. What amount will honour me for this offer of perfection?"

Ivetta smiled at Marius and pushed her breasts forward imperceptibly as if she needed to advertise her flawlessness.

"There was no doubt that she is the one for me," he thought, "cheap at the price and seemingly so suitable..."

"I would not pay more than twenty thousand American for the diseased slut that you are trying to palm off on me, Ivan."

"My name is not fucking Ivan," said the man in the leather jacket angrily. "My mother named me Pavel and don't you forget it!"

"Thirty thousand then!"

Marius could feel the desperation seep from every one of the man's pores as they bargained. He urgently needed this sale, he wanted the money and most of all he was afraid of something else. Or someone else...

"Ivetta here is a virgin and has all the papers and visas to get into Germany. Her body is peeled and ripe, ready to be plucked or fucked. Her age is perfect and she speaks English, German and Russian so she is easy to control. Just a quick fuck with the bitch in an alleyway should cost you ten thousand dollars and you offer me a measly thirty thousand!"

"She is no more a virgin than you are a bearded priest..."

Pavel made as if to leave and crooked a finger to his naked slave. A slight hardness of her lips betrayed her disappointment and regret. One moment she was about to be sold to this foreigner and enter a decadent life in the West and

then suddenly the opportunity was slipping from her sight. Perhaps her future would be a brothel, perhaps to be sold to an Arab... that would be the worst, some greasy and uncivilised Arab!

When the Sonzava boss of this district of Moscow found out that Pavel had tried to sell his perfect goods without his personal permission, the blood would flow. It could take Pavel days or even weeks to die as an example of disobedience and the price of breaching honour. On the other hand, he might just be forced to jump into a hole in the ice on the Moskva. A leap into numbingly icy water as a pistol's muzzle pressed his forehead. That was such a sure end and left no mark of violence on the victim.

Pavel would be just another 'suicide'.

Ivetta would end up on the block in any case. Regardless of who sold her she was to pay the price of her sexual attraction, the price of her high value as a commodity. The submissiveness of years of abuse would make her obedient. It would be her delicious body that was sold and not her sharp intelligence.

"OK then, fifty," called out Marius at the retreating back of Pavel. "Fifty in cash tomorrow, that's as far as I can go!"

Pavel turned and looked at Marius's face in the dim light as if speculating whether or not the foreigner could be trusted. He needed at least thirty thousand to pay his debts and then disappear into Georgia. The other twenty was all just icing on the cake. If he could just trust the deal.

"Where?"



"Red Square. Where else is possible?"

"Time?"

"Eleven in the morning. Make sure you bring all of the slut's papers and I'll bring the money."

"Eleven. As the guards change..."

The Georgian led the naked girl into the shadows of the door and threw his long leather coat over her shoulders to hide her nakedness. Apart from her face and head there was not a hair on her body. Smooth ivory skin that would shrink under her owner's hands and quiver as she was taken in every way that was possible for a man to take a woman.

Marius turned back to the barman and grinned.

"Soon she'll be mine," he said as he downed the vodka that remained.

"Soon is not exactly now," replied the barman. "Since you might not be alive tomorrow to pay your tab, perhaps it would be just as well if you offered to pay me now."

"He's not called Pavel," commented Marius in his clipped Russian.

"He does not own what he is selling... Georgians rarely do!"

"Possession is all about what is in your hands and not what some piece of paper says."

"Fool, there are no papers in this business!"

The barman laughed as Marius pushed a crumpled note over to him and said, "That's paper that talks..."

"I'll be leaving by the back door," said Marius.

"If this hundred-dollar note is genuine you can leave by the cellar door into the next block! It's worth at least a small consideration, comrade."

## Rebirth

Marius arrived early.

At seven in the half-dark of cold, breaking dawn.

Already the guard was strutting goosestep before the tomb of Lenin. Foreign tourists and Russians that harked back to the old times queued in a snake before the entrance to the tomb whilst a few hawkers sold Soviet badges and medallions that they had produced just yesterday.

He looked around for a place to wait. Conspicuous and hidden. A place where he could rest and smoke in concealment whilst he spotted the Georgian slave-master arriving with the goods that he was going to sell.

Finally, Marius took place by a snow clearing machine that waited for the next fall of snow and tucked himself into the rough metal to wait for Pavel to appear. He lit his cigarette and half sat on the giant threadbare tyres as he considered his options.

Army service, a tour in Iraq with his intelligence team had hardened his reflexes, allowed him to force himself to utter awareness at will. There had been a price, but the skills were still sharp. Not as sharp as they had been in Bora Bora, but enough...

He watched the new entrants to the square. A group of policemen in greatcoats that slouched and discussed the past nightshift before separating to go to their pokey grey flats in the suburbs. A dilapidated coach that arrived and disgorged its passengers who then clustered around a bored looking tour guide ready for another day of explaining Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky and Tolstoy to despised foreigners in broken English in a loud authoritative shout.

By nine the square was thronged with people. Muscovites hurrying to their jobs as well as tourists who stood agape at actually being in the centre of Moscow with the tomb of Lenin and the onion domes of the Kremlin in plain sight at last, after long hours in the airport.

Marius lit another cigarette and stamped his feet as he spotted Pavel and another man enter Red Square from the west, surveying the area with care. He pressed himself into his niche and pulled up his collar to meet the edge of the fur hat that was crusted with the rime of his breath.

Pavel left the square to leave his companion positioned in the tourist queue where he could check the whole area with just a turn of his head. Twice he pulled a picture from his pocket and examined it before he scanned all around.

The queue shuffled forward and the man kept his place and let the next group pass him without paying in an astonishing act of generosity. Marius sauntered from his place of concealment and had a last look around for Pavel before he came to stand next to the man who had been assigned to look for him.

"Have you been paid yet?" he asked the man from behind.

The man turned and had a shock of recognition on his broad features.

"Pardon?"

"Have you been paid to watch out for me yet?"

There was a moment of indecision before he replied: "Two hundred dollars... not enough!"

"It's not a lot to get involved in such a risky enterprise," agreed Marius. "What price a few days in the cells whilst you explain to the fucking stupid police what your involvement in an exchange of state secrets was! Then of course there is the week with the KPG (KGP or FSB?!)"

The man blanched visibly.

Clearly he was just a street thug here to add muscle to the Georgian's security. Perhaps it was his job to take the money and cow the foreign dupe. Perhaps there would be no trade, just the notes would change owner's and Pavel would keep Ivetta, as well as the price that had been agreed.

"You can leave now," offered Marius. "I'll pay you another two hundred and you can be up to your neck in Vodka for a month."

"Three," came the reply.

"As you like. Two hundred is all I've got, when you want it, just come over to me and double your fee as you reduce your work to nothing."

The man made a noncommittal sound and turned to scan the square for his partner as if it would help him to make a decision.

By the time that he turned back to Marius he found that he was about to speak into empty space as Marius walked back to his place by the snow clearing machine. There was a short pause as he considered the likelihood of Pavel paying him some sort of bonus. Then, there was the chance that there was far more risk than was worth the two hundred that he had already been paid. It took a matter of moments before he called out to Marius's back: "OK, fuck it! Pay me and I'll go!"

Marius turned and proffered a small bundle of notes to the Russian.

"Go get a drink or two, no names, no need to say that we ever met..."

The man snatched the small bundle of notes and flicked through them with an expertise that would have shamed a bank clerk.

"It's too frigging cold to stand here for another hour anyway!"

For a moment he paused and then he winked at Marius conspiratorially.

"His name's not Pavel, if you want more information I may be persuaded with a little more of the green!"

"What does another hundred buy?"

"Everything! That's not much, but it may be of interest..."

Marius handed another two crumpled fifties to the greedy Russian to see what he would say.

"His name is Sergei Pandowsla, he trades in flesh, sex and Russian women for the Sansova Mafia and when they catch him doing business on the side he will be standing on the thin ice. Literally."

Marius nodded as if he knew this already and opened his hand in invitation to say more.

"He has a temper and carries a knife in his right sleeve because he is left-handed. Like me, he likes a vodka or three."

"Thanks!"

"You paid and now I suggest that you leave Moscow as soon as possible, because when I sell my information to Ivan he will be searching for you."

"How much will they pay you?"

"No man can pay me enough to prevent me saving my own skin, so don't hang around too long. My compliments, it is rare for an Englishman to speak such fluent Russian..."

"We Irish have learned a lot from the Russians," lied Marius, using the opportunity to muddy the waters of the other's suppositions.

"You will not be safe here after tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, it will take that long?"

"I have an appointment with a large bottle and a ripe Chechen whore," came the reply. "I am not your friend; I am just a business partner for a few minutes!"

He used the English word for 'business' that had become a vogue word for dirty dealings that usually ended in illegal transactions and violence. With a slight movement of the hand he pocketed the money and walked away with that slow steady step that all Russians adopt on the packed winter ice that makes for such treacherous going.

Marius took up his position again and leaned against the wheel of the giant machine. He watched the thug leave the square without looking back and smiled to himself. There was no loyalty amongst these gangsters! A cigarette took away



the chill and some of the boredom as he waited for eleven O'clock.

Just before eleven his man returned with Ivetta. The man who was not Pavel with his hands in his pockets, she, dressed in a threadbare fur coat that lent her a certain raffish air. For a minute they stood scanning the huge square. Pavel looked at the nearby queue and seemed to be searching for the man that he had left as a strong arm backup, before he noticed Marius approaching with a sure gait. He turned and pushed Ivetta in front as the two distrusting men met.

"I have the money," said Marius in a quiet voice. "Where are the papers and passport? The bitch is no good without either!"

"The money first," replied Pavel as he looked over his shoulder to get a glimpse of the street thug that he intended to use to force Marius to just give him the money.

"If that's a gun in your pocket, you would be a fool to use it with all these police around. If it's just a knife, then it matches mine!" said Marius.

"The money!"

Marius half pulled a tight packet wrapped in a plastic supermarket bag from his pocket.

"The papers?"

"Ivetta's too cheap at fifty thousand," said Pavel with a nervous stutter. "Seventy would be the right price!"

"I am buying a wife, not the fucking Amber Room of Saint Petersburg," replied Marius in his clipped Russian. "Fifty was agreed, a price set is a price to be honoured, anyway, fifty is all I am carrying..."

Pavel pulled his left hand from his pocket to show a clear plastic bag with a Russian passport and a dog eared packet of papers in it.

Marius pulled the bundle of cash clear from his overcoat pocket and proffered it.

For a moment the two men were absorbed in the perilous moment. They watched those hidden right hands thrust deep into pockets, each clutched a knife, hidden but explicit. A moment of possible mutual destruction. Marius bent and placed the bundle on the ice at their feet and after a second's pause, Pavel did the same with the papers.

Ivetta stood stock still.

Her eyes summed up her new owner as he picked up her papers and then watched Pavel pick up the cash that represented her price. Pavel was on the edge of violence. She could feel it in her bones, she knew that the slightest misunderstanding would end in a bout of violence that would explode from Pavel in an instant as the vodka and fear fuelled him with doubt.

Marius picked up the papers and flicked the pages of the passport, all the while watching Pavel as he peeped into the tight brick of notes and rubbed them between his dirty fingers with an expert touch.

"They're all old notes and carefully counted," said Marius with a smile.

He could see Pavel's eyes following Ivetta's passport and papers in his own hands as if Pavel regretted his decision to trade.

"Your friend decided that it was too cold to wait until now..."

"What did you do to him?"

"I paid him! It's the capitalist way, when something needs to be done, splash some cash. His price was low!"

"Sergei Pandowsla," said Marius, "it has been a pleasure doing business with you. When you see Ivan give him my greetings!"

The Georgian started when Marius used his name and looked over his shoulder in fear. Suddenly he was at a disadvantage. His plan of mugging the Englishman fell asunder and he took a step back.

"You think that you are so clever! All you Westerners think that you can pull the wool over our eyes and cheat the poor Russian proletariat in every deal. I know

your name as well, I know where you come from, if you betray me then you will find that the Mafia of mother Russia has a reach that is longer than you thought."

"It is you that should be running, Sergei," said Marius with a laugh. "I hope that the money is enough to hide for the rest of your life."

Sergei spun on his heel and scuttled away across the ice and packed snow to disappear into the throng of people who milled around the square.

Marius turned to Ivetta and proffered her the packet of papers that he had just bought from the Georgian.

"These are yours," he said with a smile. "Are you coming with me?"

The Russian woman looked at her hand and pulled her passport from the other papers.

"I could run away, you could not stop me," she said in a slow voice as she flicked through the pages. "What is to stop me?"

"Your wish to go with me," said Marius. "Your desire for a better life and of course your prospects of escaping the men who want to put you to work for them, fucking and being fucked. Beatings, being beaten, how can I be worse? Without me, your options are not very bright right now!"

Ivetta sighed and put the packet in her pocket.

"We need a taxi to the airport right now!" he said.

She nodded agreement with Marius and smiled.

"Your luggage and mine?"

"We have none but what we carry right now. Mine was tossed down the disposal chute in the hotel and yours has no value..."

"A taxi then! Germany or England?"

"Austria is booked!"

"Then Vienna by this evening..."

## **The Unfinished**

They were back in the place where they had started, where he had brought her after that trip from Moscow a year ago.

The suite in the furthest reaches of the hotel offered isolation and privacy. Luxury and degradation that were intended to remain behind closed doors.

As always Ivetta knelt naked at the end of the bed, a fine chain leash making a nominal bond, the power that Marius held over her, the actual leash that kept her in obedient quiescence. The first time that he had used the whip on her had seemed but a small thing, a minor excitement that gave her strange new husband, her owner, pleasure as he punished her orgasm with wicked strokes that heightened her passion.

The thin white marks that striped her perfect flesh told the torrid story of the last year. The small bells that dangled from the most sensitive parts of her body. The iron ring that was on her finger was nothing other than an afterthought. It was less a ring of an equal contract than just another link in a chain that bound her to him.

So she waited, in quiet apprehension for her master to enter the room and make her perform for his pleasure.

The blindfolds were always a real constriction that took away her self-will. Not delicate silk scarves and furry blindfolds. Marius, the master of his Russian slave

wife, preferred tight rubber masks that took her individuality and presented a face that was smoothed with the latex. He controlled her breathing, he controlled her mouth, he commanded her obedience with casual pain and indifference to her needs.

Sometimes that was all there was.

Just a mask and a mouth that served as a glory hole for his rigid cock. A blank, smooth featured fuck-slut whose body served as excitement when it was punished and she obeyed.

In Red Square, she had followed him into the taxi and on to one flight after another she had felt nothing less than sheer hope and relief that she was escaping the tender mercies of the Russian Mafia.

She was escaping the drugs that would make her lie passive like a whore-Cinderella with open thighs, as one man after another fucked her for the price of a bottle of vodka or a packet of cigarettes. She had been destined to become a hole for men. A place where they could sluice their emissions, push in their diseased members to pass on the infections that they had acquired from some male slut in a Russian prison.

Then, Ivetta found that she had become nothing better than a slave to a man who harboured fantasies of a wife who could be defined in one single word. Obedient! It seemed as if Marius wanted nothing more than to mar her perfection with his lusts, scratch the perfection with his mark.

Now, a year after first arriving in the West, Ivetta was still perfect. Breasts large and firm, hips broad and inviting, cunt tight and a pleasure for the man who fucked her. But her foolish hopes had been dashed, broken like a glass thrown

into a grate after a drunken toast. A small kernel of self-will flickered on, but it was only smouldering and not burning. Her Russian acceptance of hardship buoyed her up and at the same time it betrayed her to her dominant husband.

She heard voices in the living room of the huge suite that she and Marius occupied. English was sometimes so difficult to comprehend. A woman's voice, a harsh deep cutting sound that sounded as though it came from the throat of a woman who gave military orders.

The mask that Ivetta wore muted the tones, but her owner's voice laughed at the words that the woman's voice uttered. She sat still and obedient to his last words. "Do not move slut, until I tell you to!" Her breath sounded like a small breeze as it whistled through the small holes over her nostrils, her mouth was stoppered by an intruding gag that mimicked the prick that was sure to ream her lips in the next few hours of his play.

This was a first time.

The first time that he had shared his slave with another person. The first time that he had introduced a third force into the equation of Ivetta's pain and humiliation.

She shivered in anticipation as she heard footsteps enter the bedroom. A clink of glasses as words that she did not understand were spoken over her head.

"She's your wife?" asked the woman as she looked down at the slut who was prepared for her delectation. "She must be willing!"



"She is," lied Marius casually as he proffered his glass for another toast. "I have always wanted to see a woman punish and fuck another woman. So where better than here, to find a dominatrix who can give me a deeper understanding of how to pleasure and punish my Russian slut-wife?"

The large woman in the fur coat and steel-heeled boots looked down at the chained and masked woman whom she was being paid to play with. So often she had to confine herself into a straightjacket of a man's pathetic masochistic fantasies but, every now and then she found herself in a place where she should have been the one to pay for the time spent doing what she loved to do.

Now was one of those times...

"Tell me then, what does your wife want me to do to her?"

"Use your imagination and make the night special for me!" he replied. "I am paying for you until you have finished so surprise me and make her suffer."

Miss Jasmine smiled and ran her hand over Marius's bulging trousers. Her long fingernails drummed briefly on his stiff prick through the cloth before she shrugged off the enveloping fur coat to reveal her costume.

'It's wasted on the blinded slave slut,' she thought as she suddenly realised that the masked slave was not the object of her domination tonight. This was a grammar of fetish. The slave was the subject, the object was the man who wanted to see his wife made to perform and suffer at the hand of the evil angel

that he had hired to punish her. The verb was discipline, the noun, slave, the wife was in the genitive and the man that paid Miss Jasmine, possessive.

The corset that lifted her breasts to ride the leather like the surf on an Atlantic roller. The bare and dripping slit that was hungry for sex and service, the myriad of straps and bands that held her stockings, the tattoos that made her pelt a bed of roses and tangled thorns. The gloves that held a short whip that promised exquisite pain and pleasure. The boots that were moulded to her calves with tightly pulled laces and buckles, the heels that pinioned the floor with her weight and gouged the parquet where they pressed. Mistress Jasmine was everything that a dominant fetishistic dream of a woman should be.

Mistress Jasmine laughed with pleasure as she saw the effect that she had had on Marius. The sudden reveal of all that sexual symbolism had tented his pants and made him wince with discomfort.

"Strip your fucking clothes off," she said before she realised that he had intended to be the dominant who ordered a Goddess to punish his wife for his own delectation.

He smiled slyly and slowly stripped.

It suited him to allow her some leeway, some vestige of her normal round. That was before he gathered her into her own nightmare and fucked her like the whore that she was. He would bend her over and take her ass from behind before making Ivetta serve a Mistress that would suck his cock wet from her dripping rose-covered cunt.

Marius had always fantasised about making some proud dominatrix serve his needs, broken and subdued to his will, sucking his prick to the rhythm of her own crop. He would fuck a woman who thought that she was his superior. Ream her and teach her that women did not rule the universe, his universe. Women were there to serve and obey. He was here to reap that obedience. Tied in her own chains and ropes, gagged with her own stockings as he took his pleasure. This was that dream become real, that fantasy made to flesh!

The woman whom he had hired to fuck his wife, but who he intended to fuck, reached out her hand and grasped his cock. He felt the tips of the nails at the root as they encompassed him and made him thrust involuntarily into her palm for more of the same.

As he did so she used the crop lightly on the static Ivetta, a tease to make the husband warm to her clever hand. Miss Jasmine recognised the intentions of Marius and played with them. She felt his need to make others bend to his will without compromise. This man was a sadist, pure and simple. They were passing through the eye of a needle, bending him to her will before he demanded her submission and his wife's utter subjugation.

Marius gasped and thrust once before pulling free of the claw that this mature woman held him in. He was not going to fall at her feet, change his direction just because she dressed in the tight leather of a dominatrix. He smiled at how close he had come to allowing her to groom him to accepting her superiority.

So close that it was a delicate pleasure to withdraw from her grasp.

"Show me what you can do for my loving wife as an entrée," he said as he took a position in the small armchair that sat in the bay of the window.

Miss Jasmine put a finger to her lips before attending to the pleasure of making a blinded slut suffer her attentions.

A small, light, stroke here.

Another there.

Each touch of the cane made the stunning Russian doll quiver, make a small cry through the constriction of the obscene form that pressed into her throat from the plug that muted her voice. A stroke on those nipples, another on her back, another found the lips of her sex between her thighs. Soon it was clear to Marius that Miss Jasmine was playing Ivetta like a musical instrument.

A blow here made her jump and quiver, open her thighs for the next strike to land. Each small swish of the cane prepared the victim for the next subtle touch. Each contact was designed to inflict a slight discomfort and a small agony that would make the next blow a natural consequence. Miss Jasmine prowled around her victim like a tiger deciding where to strike, where the killing blow should land. Half game, half a learning curve, the play lasted until Ivetta was crying softly and sucking on the rubber cock in her mouth for comfort like a baby sucks a pacifier.

There was always a switch, a hook, something that broke a victim.

Marius started to understand that Miss Jasmine might be a forty-year-old in a fearsome uniform, but she knew her victim better than he did and after she had only been tormenting Ivetta for twenty minutes.

His hand went to his rigid prick and treated it to a gentle massage that lifted his sexual awareness to a higher point. His cock rested in one palm and was stroked by the tips of the fingers of his other hand. A subtle rhythm that kept him on the edge of real gratification whilst he watched Miss Jasmine move to the next level.

Ivetta felt those claws rearrange her in the darkness. The hands were strong and feminine. They massaged her body and scratched her skin with their nails. They pulled her and twisted her, waiting until she flinched from their attentions before moving to some new pasture. She was being manipulated, shaped, kneaded until she had at last reached the form and position that Miss Jasmine desired.

She learned...

Her legs spread at full stretch, head back and body arched in the agony of the ecstasy of those hands and nails and at that moment the locks were applied. Arched with her back to the bed, wide open for misuse. Ivetta found that she was sealed into her vulnerable position. Leg irons and handcuffs bound her to the bed with her thighs wide and her hips pushed up to savour those fingers that had brushed her gasping pussy.

Now it was the tip of the crop that played with her body again as Miss Jasmine spoke soothing words to her little bed-bitch, but teased her with sudden small agonies from every angle.

"Fuck the bitch," gasped Marius.

His hand was flickering over his cock; he could feel that inability to stop that overcame him so often when it was his own hand that pleased him. All he needed was a little of his own pain to push himself over the edge. He should slow down, prolong the pleasure and enjoyment, but he just could not stop his hand. With a will of its own it tightened its grip and slowed the strokes to bring him ever closer to climax.

Miss Jasmine turned to him and smiled. She reached forward with her left hand and her fingers closed on his neck. They gripped his throat lightly as she bent and kissed him on the lips. Her strong tongue pushed into his mouth as her grip tightened and the pressure of her body increased. Suddenly she was in the driving seat, he had passed her the baton. She looked down and saw his hand slow, but not stop.

"Fuck your wife?"

"Fuck her..."

Marius looked down when her hand released his throat. He felt lightheaded and gasped as he watched Miss Jasmine's hand raise to his face. Running the length of her palm, protruding further than her fingertips was a simulacrum of a fat and potent prick. Wide, long, slick-black, it was the essence of manhood distilled into a fearsome nightmare of oversized form. Twice the size of any natural cock in every direction it was both exciting and menacing.

Sexual weapon and bringer of sadistic pleasure.

Miss Jasmine's hand moved slowly down her own rubber and lace-clad body. It

took that black nightmare-dildo on a trip, a tour of her generous body. Past her naked breasts that quivered on the platform provided by that corset. The prick passed endless stiff laces and buckles that constricted Miss Jasmine's generous form.

The laces that would soon be rasping the flesh of a helpless Ivetta when the violation began.

At last the tip teased into the wetness that was Miss Jasmine's raging cunt. It picked up some of her excitement. The matt surface glistened with her liquid enjoyment and tension as she reversed the instrument of assault and ravishment and nudged the flat base onto a fitting on her corset that was poised just above her hungry slit.

Now, suddenly Miss Jasmine was hermaphrodite.

Female abuser...

A priapic black angel that was poised to penetrate and ream for the pleasure of a man who seemed to be slipping into a trance of drug-like hysteria.

Marius looked down as Miss Jasmine forced a last kiss from his almost unwilling lips. Her thighs, white and bulging over the stocking tops between the straps that depended from her corset, the prick that thrust from her body, tip glistening with her own juices. The huge breasts that had fallen from the corset to hang like ripe fruit. Distorted and stretched they depended and swung, nipples brushing the naked thighs. Her smiling face, superior and smirking at his need and her understanding of his wants.

Her tongue passed her lips briefly.

Then, Miss Jasmine was kneeling between the thighs of her female victim. The tip of that rubber organ poised to enter the bare and swollen cunt that a husband needed filled.

Ivetta gasped.

Breathed in with a laboured intake of breath as Miss Jasmine pushed her open with the slick head of her strap on. Ivetta felt herself opened slowly. Forced to receive more than Marius had ever been able to give her. Thrust open with the inevitable aggressive push of that prick.

She whimpered with fear and lust as the tip passed into her.

Miss Jasmine leaned forward and brought her weight to bear. The dildo that was affixed to her corset was now at the fulcrum of her insistent pressure. Her whole weight lay behind that point a foot from her flesh. The point, the tip of her prick, it forged its way into an unwilling-willing cunt.

Now Ivetta sucked again on the prick that was between her plugged lips in a childlike reaction.

The application of steady pressure forced the penetrating dildo ever further. It entered Ivetta's flesh like a slick snake entering the bolt hole of its quivering



victim. Inch by inch, it opened her struggling cunt as she began to thrash to escape the inevitable full penetration. Ivetta's thighs trembled at first and then began to writhe as the giant object was pressed into her. Her head turned and twisted as though she could escape Miss Jasmine's prick. Her arms pulled at the cuffs, her knees tried to draw together, the muscles of her thighs clenched, bunched and then unclenched as the sheer weight of Miss Jasmine fucked her deep.

Now Ivetta could feel the sharp buckles of the corset scratch her breasts. She felt the burden of her rapist's breasts weigh on her taut skin. She felt the laces and fastenings graze her from thigh to nipple as her unwanted lover finally pressed her invader deep, that final inch. The one that stretches and intrudes to overfill a cunt stretched as never before.

"Fuck the bitch..."

The words rang in Miss Jasmine's ears.

As she orgasmed, Miss Jasmine felt the wet trickle of that emission find its way into the open crack of her ass. She looked down at the masked face of the woman that she was abusing and enjoyed the smooth featureless mask that twisted and shuddered with every stroke that she was forced to receive. In those smooth features, glossy with the latex, there was anonymous and helpless fear, total surrender to her fate. Miss Jasmine planted a kiss on the lips of the smooth surface of the masked head. It pinned Ivetta at the very moment that she was penetrated fully. The very moment that Miss Jasmine felt the subtle shudder of orgasm under her.

Miss Jasmine could hear Marius's rasping breath as he tried to restrain himself. She heard his cry of pleasure. That moment, his nails scored his prick with a shock of self-inflicted agony. Miss Jasmine felt the warm splash of his come on the naked flesh of her ass as she reamed Marius's slave wife to the rhythm of his

hand.

The tableau froze.

A doll-like Ivetta, pinned under the body of the vampire that sucked at her sealed lips. Struggling no longer as her body suffered a hundred small cuts and abrasions from the corset that her female rapist forced over her flesh. A dildo, pressed home to fullest extent, deep in the waxed sex that was stretched around it. A flesh-tunnel extended to clench its tormentor.

Miss Jasmine was still and watched her victim. Like a needle pinning an insect she spiked Ivetta to the bed and sucked kisses from her smooth face. Her lips covered the small nasal holes that were Ivetta's only way of breathing and so controlling the Russian woman's breath with her own warm exhalations. She shared the very air with her victim. Slowing the supply of air to a trickle whilst holding her head with her hands. This new power was like a drug that raised Miss Jasmine to a new level of consciousness.

All the while Marius sat in the armchair, for the moment sated, he enjoyed the sheer power that he asserted over Ivetta through the woman that he had hired. At his call was a woman who was both lover and rapist. A paid whore who would even spare him the chore of tormenting and punishing his wife.

Now he just lay back and enjoyed the view of his wife's flesh stretched almost beyond endurance. It welled up the dildo as it sought to accommodate the massive profile. He could see this view between the massive naked thighs of Miss Jasmine. He could see her slit. The lips curled slightly to reveal dripping inner lips. Her asshole pulsing and pouting.

For a moment he considered getting to his knees and pushing his prick into Miss Jasmine from behind. Using her as she used his wife. Making her the victim and perpetrator of penetration all at one moment. But, in his flight of fancy a moment of reality intruded and he knew that it was too soon.

Too soon after his own climax.

Finally, Miss Jasmine pulled from Ivetta. The slow retreat of the giant prick sucked Ivetta's flesh from her cunt. A tender curtain of her inner skin stretched up the retreating rubber. Miss Jasmine's hand moved to that stretched flesh and touched it. Ivetta suddenly realised that her pain would not end with the invasion, when the sharp manicure of her tormentress scratched that extended skin. It made Ivetta try to thrust herself back onto the intruder that was pulling free of her so slowly.

But, the movement was unstoppable as nails scratched vulnerable flesh and the dildo withdrew. A smile from the rapist and then fingers invaded that stretched flesh and played with a clitoris that bulged from its nest in dry exposure. The fingertips drummed that small acre of flesh and then nails closed on it.

Biting.

Nipping.

Ivetta orgasmed as the prick pulled free of her sex. She came from relief at the withdrawal of that intruder. She came as she realised that the woman who fucked her wanted her to come. Was giving. She climaxed as the lips closed over her mask and deprived her of her breath. She peaked as nails bit her tender flesh and

finger and thumb rolled her clitoris and rubbed it raw.

Ivetta's thighs clenched and twitched as a questing hand explored her every private inch. Cunt, clitoris, those inner lips and then finally a finger poked into her rear. Pressed her buttocks apart and pushed into her ass to assess the possibilities that it offered.

Finally, all contact withdrew from the blinded slave wife.

There was a moment of utter still.

Then came a sharp slap!

A blow to that latex clad smooth face with the palm of the hand. Not a gentle admonishment. It was a ringing blow that filled Ivetta's senses with shock and stars. A clear indicator of her status, a blow that was given for no other reason than that it was possible and enjoyable to administer.

How could he know that that slap, that small blow was the very peak of her husband's power? The high point of all his fantasies. How could he know that the peak was too high to ever return to?

Miss Jasmine took command of the stage-show that she had been invited to act in. She dismounted from Ivetta and unzipped the mask that held his wife incognito.

Was it because she wanted to see her victim suffer? Because she pitied the woman she had used? Or was it simply the whim of a woman who always got what she wanted?

Soon Ivetta wore a new mask.

The plump flesh of the woman who had been hired to use her. The thighs closed over her mouth. Strong fingers pulled her dripping hole to full stretch until it was lowered onto that frightened face. Now there was no gag, no male member in her throat. Now there was liquid skin pushing between her lips, layers of softness, a matrix of slick skin. Folds that needed to be kissed and cherished with the tip of a tongue.

This was not like a man, a single unity forcing its way through ring gag, lips and teeth. Pushing into an unwilling throat until it fucked her skull. This was her pushing into her mistress' flesh until she was ordered to stop. This was the return gift for the climax that had been forced from her as the dildo had retreated.

A gift that she gave willingly... in terror.

Ivetta could taste Marius as she pushed her tongue and lips into the cleft that towered over her. She could taste the sweet drop of familiar spilt seed that had seeped into the cleft of the woman who demanded so much service. Over her wide eyes there bobbed the slick dildo that had taken her just minutes before. It was threat and promise as she lapped at that long slit, as she slipped her tongue deep to lick the clenched button of Miss Jasmine's ass hole.

The first shivers of climax caused Miss Jasmine to clench her thighs and sit

heavily on the face that was serving her. She instinctively slid forward to slide and take advantage of every contour. Ream lips and forehead, nose and chin with every square inch of her cunt.

She threw her head back and cried out in passion. A cry of sheer abandonment that was torn from her lips as a peristalsis gripped her sex and Miss Jasmine surrendered to total gratification. Ivetta fainted as the last oxygen was taken by her lungs. Overcome by those thighs and all that needy rose-painted flesh she suddenly stopped, her body went limp and Miss Jasmine looked down at the woman whose service had given her the greatest climax that she had ever experienced.

A trickle of liquid dripped onto that face. It stretched, a skein of clear frictionless fluid that stretched from the lips of the unconscious Ivetta to the satiated cunt of her tormentress.

It broke and coiled into Ivetta's lips...

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Miss Jasmine closed the door on the fettered Ivetta.

With Marius as her guide she had tied Ivetta to the bed for later attention. Back to the bed and ankles tied up past her shoulders. The slippery mask had been replaced to leave Ivetta silent and doll-like on the bed.

Thighs wide and her ass exposed.

Marius had just slapped the cheeks of his wife's ass but it had been Miss Jasmine that had applied the cane until purple tinged lines crisscrossed that soft flesh like a cat's angry scratches. Finally, the stopper was screwed into the helpless mouth and a gag forced into the throat. Ivetta was exposed and ready for the terrors of the night. But, first the husband and his dominant whore were to eat.

Leaving Ivetta to her fears and the darkness of the latex mask they sat in the hotel restaurant, an incongruous couple that drew curious and disapproving glances from many of the other patrons. It was Miss Jasmine who was the focus of that dislike. With just a thin shawl over her generous breasts that showed a valley of lost souls. Long boots and a half-exposed corset she was both attractive and nightmare.

Forgetting where she was, she had taken the crop with her. It dangled from her wrist, proclaiming her inclinations.

Marius on the other hand wore casual clothes, an insouciant manner and ruffled hair. He enjoyed the disapproving glances and winked at one matron who tipped her nose up in the best snooty nineteen-twenties style and focused attention on her very much younger partner.

So they ate together, gaining strength for the next round. While Marius had a constant erection that bled from his self-inflicted wounds.

Upstairs his wife was in the warm private dark that was her own private nether world. A place in blackness that was singular to her. All around blazed the lights of the room, the delicate fittings, the mirrors, the windows and ornamentation. A luxurious room that was both bright and golden with light. In her hood she was

in a dungeon of her husband's making. A dark place where fear could not live in the shadow because there was no shadow in that utter darkness. There was just a place where fear could stalk her soul. Soon that woman would return with the man who was paying for her skill.

The woman who thought that the wife was a willing actor in their passion-play.

The position that Ivetta was in clearly indicated that she was about to have her ass fucked! Marius would nail her or perhaps the woman whom she had tasted would use that fearsome dildo and ream her to the hilt? Until her belly pressed into her victim's back and the slave was truly nailed to the bed.

Perhaps both?

Sweat sprung from her naked skin at the thought that she was soon to be treated to a trip to a lower abyss, accompanied by her husband and a middle aged whore.

And yet...

And yet, a clear fluid gathered at the lips of her pussy. It filled that slit and then expanded until at last the high meniscus broke and the clear honey of anticipation dripped to the front of her slit and then onto the smooth latex that masked her features.

Strangely, abuse had hardened Ivetta, given her strength, given her hope. A



signpost had been placed on the road to retribution and somehow it pointed in her direction.

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Marius dabbed at his lips with the serviette and sat back in his chair. Miss Jasmine was by no means an uninteresting conversationalist. She could talk politics, sex, psychology and pain with an aptitude that suggested a privileged upbringing.

That upbringing never came up in the conversation as she disallowed all mention of her private life. Marius was left finding to find out about her philosophy and never knowing the reason or basis for her choice of beliefs. He, on the other hand spilt all of his past like a dropped bag of marbles and told her of his adventures in Moscow. His violent past in Iraq and Afghanistan. He told her all about the business getting icons that ensured that he would be rich for life. He told her about his hopes and fears, needs and wants.

It was like cat and mouse. The mouse thinks that it is a cat and the cat pretends to be just a tiny little insignificant mouse. Marius acted as though he was in charge of the conversation. He changed the subject, attempted to probe Miss Jasmine's jade mask of privacy and laughed just a little too loud but, she was in charge of their dialogue. She ordered for him, managed his conversational drift, tweaked the subjects touched upon and smiled silently to herself.

One thing was so very clear, a truth that he did not let slip. Miss Jasmine still thought that Ivetta was just a willing masochistic victim. That gave such piquant pleasure to Marius that his hand dropped to his lap and he teased the bulge that lay there.

At last they were sipping Madeira and contemplating the slave who awaited their pleasure upstairs. It was like a dream to Marius, an impressionist painted moment of pleasure before the realist school moments of agony arrived in which he would savour with his wife suffering at his command.

They made their way up to their penthouse in the lift. Miss Jasmine slid her hand into his pants and then slipped the nails to scrape the delicate flesh of his balls. For a moment he sighed and allowed her to threaten without acting. It was good that she did not understand his weakness!

The moment was exquisite.

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The first that Ivetta knew that her tormenters had returned to the room was Marius' prick pressing against her ass. She heard that woman's voice laugh and realised that hers was the hand that was guiding her husband's prick into her.

That hired bitch was fucking Ivetta with her husband's cock.

Her hand clenched his ass while the other hand pulled him back and pointed him to ensure that he would have a smooth trip into his wife's body. She needled his flesh with her nails and then the hand that was guiding, dipped into Ivetta's slit to pick up that essential lubrication. The soaked fingers smoothed over the entrance to Ivetta.

Closed and plugged by cock.

The fingers assessed that he was hard enough and she pushed him home.

His prick forced the gates and then slid into Ivetta until he was deep in her ass. Miss Jasmine's hand that had guided him there flicked to give its attention to Ivetta's sex. First a touch on that hooded clitoris and then she forced her fingers into Ivetta. Her thumb strummed the clitoris whilst she fisted Ivetta.

"All three holes," gasped Marius as he slowly moved back and forth, "The bitch has to be filled!"

He gasped as he looked down. His cock, pulling in and out of her tightness, the hand that filled Ivetta's cunt and the mask that hid the raping dildo that was fucking her mouth.

It was all too much, the fantasy had become reality, and he came deep inside her despite missing the thrill of hurting.

His cock pulled free and a small thread of his emissions welled from Ivetta's ass hole in commemoration of his orgasm. Miss Jasmine slowly bunched her fingers into a fist and filled that cunt as she forced Ivetta to orgasm with her other hand. First hard slaps on that ass, then pinching nipples and finally an irresistible massage of the clit.

Ivetta gasped as she came.

But the attention did not stop. The fist reamed, the fingers span a web of friction over her cunt and the occasional slap to face and breasts pushed Ivetta to bitter orgasm after orgasm. Her body melted and the curved position collapsed as Ivetta's toes touched the pillows over her head and a trembling fit overtook her whole body.

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All night the two masters lorded it over their victim.

They sucked Ivetta dry, they forced her and took her. She was probed, fucked, sucked and smothered. Whipped, cropped, slapped and pinched. Used. Rubbed, frotted, licked and bitten until finally Marius called an end to the torment that he had wished would never end.

Miss Jasmine had come countless times, Ivetta had come when allowed to by Miss Jasmine and Marius had climaxed four times, more than he had ever managed in a single night of twisted passion. The first time at his own hand. The second in his wife's sweet ass. The third time had been to splash come over his wife's masked face as Miss Jasmine brought him to a slow, hour long edging climax that made him shudder with reaction for minutes afterwards.

The strokes of Miss Jasmine's gloved hands were long and slow until they built into a sudden series of pulls and grips that pointed into her open mouth. Marius thrilled to the hardness of the leather, the studs that forced him to the point of no return. He watched Miss Jasmine's other hand grip his balls and control him. She saw from underneath his thighs the thumb that pressed against his anus. The nail that stroked that puckered flesh and the shudders that it sent through his body. At

last, she saw the kiss that closed in on his lips and sucked the essence from him as he delivered his load into that wide open mouth.

Ivetta swallowed and gained from a well of sudden realisation.

Though Marius had spilt his seed over his wife's open mouth. Though he had forced her to swallow his emission. Though she had been tied and rigid, conquered and used, it had been Miss Jasmine that had made him come. Forced the pleasure from him, determined the moment and method, plundered his ass with her thumbnail and sucked his self-will from his lips into her bottomless pit.

At some indefinable point he had surrendered to the mistress in leather and latex that he had paid for. The powerful woman whom he had hired to be his substitute had steered him into her grip. At some point the master had succumbed to Miss Jasmine, at some critical moment he had become the slut.

The fourth time that he came was as Miss Jasmine allowed him to fuck the woman that he had paid for.

She crouched over him and guided him into herself. She slowly moved and rocked her hips while he lay still. This was so far from his fantasy of taking her! Her finger coursed to his lips and pushed into his lips every time her broad slit swallowed him whole. The sound of her wet pussy smacking filled the room as she finally settled to allow him to thrust into her as she played with her huge breasts. The buckles of her corset grated and cut his chest as he thrust home. As Marius thrust faster and faster she laughed until at last he managed to come into her generous body and she settled to kiss him on the lips. Her tongue forced its way in past his lips and her hand held his hair in tight fists.

Miss Jasmine retreated and looked down at her new conquest.

The man who hired her to fuck his wife had savoured Miss Jasmine's outsized delights, her hanging breasts, her soft swallowing cunt, her bulging curves, her full lips and he had climaxed at her behest.

Ivetta twisted in her fetters and watched Marius follow where the dominatrix led. She studied the transfer of power and tried to learn the lesson. That Marius had chinks in his armour, that his self-confidence was huge but not limitless. She saw the small smile on Miss Jasmine's lips as her husband gave himself and realised that those eyes were scrutinising the wife the whole time.

Miss Jasmine left the hotel-room at four in the morning.

Her crop swung from her wrists and the still-wet kisses of Ivetta glistened on her boots. She blew a kiss to Ivetta and a wink. There was no more to say or do, the rest was up to her, the keys to her freedom were in now her own hands.

All that was needed was a catalyst.

## **Trauermarsch**

His apartment in London, in the heart of the city, in the centre of the world. Standing alone, perched on the top level of a multi-story carpark. A lonely dwelling that had contact with no neighbours and an access that was at all times both private and public.

This was Marius's place of work, his place of sex and his place of rest.

It was the place where he brought Ivetta to suffer as his domestic servant. His suck and fuck, his kitchen bitch, his slave slut, the woman that everyone else called 'wife', who was in reality his whipping post.

Sometimes she stood, chained to the bed or a post in the living room, whilst he wielded the cane or pressed ever larger objects into her and then fucked the other unfilled holes with raw abandon. Occasionally she was left for days locked in the cage in the kitchen whilst he entertained whores in the flat and showed them his slave bitch and the rosy wreaths of bruises on her white pale flesh.

Now she was chained to the toilet bowl as if he intended to use her as a substitute for that matte porcelain. As she waited for him to arrive, her thoughts ranged over that night in the hotel. The night that had been pure suffering as well as revelation.

That final wink from Miss Jasmine had been a key in the door, a footnote that had led her to believe that there might be a course of action that would end her

continual suffering at Marius's hands. Only opportunity failed her. In a futile gesture she pulled at the chains that loosely proclaimed her to be just a one of the bathroom fittings and realised that her moments, her chances, came when Marius paraded her in public. Those times always seemed to be so fleet, a twitch in the corner of her eye that was gone and over before she could gather the skeins of opportunity that lay in her hands.

She remembered the gatherings, sitting in amongst his friends and being the ornament that was all that he seemed to need of her. It was like a dream a faded collection of Victorian vignettes. She was like his Mercedes, just a statement of his good taste and money. Her bruises and wrenched nerves, the stripes of the cane and the mental distress concealed behind a wall of dazed mental immobility and designer silk dresses. He controlled her every move, he led her through a maze of restaurants and hotels without her being able to respond and put a foot in the door.

Ivetta shook her head and measured the depths that she had fallen. Her thoughts went back to Moscow. There she had been misused and spat upon and their reaction to any resistance had been so simple. Violence and candid abuse that placed her deeper in the grip of her owners. They did not play games. Here, in London, she nothing more than a status symbol, but it gave her a chance, because no matter how controlling Marius was, he was still bound by the conventions of his Western upbringing. No thoughts of escape entered her head at the moment, but when she was alone and rational she remembered that sly wink from Miss Jasmine and contemplated its meaning. When he took her with him she seemed to be listless and cowed. A bimbo who sleepily did as she was told and was later tied to a bed while Marius fucked some whore or a casual bitch.

So...

Ivetta concentrated on her predicament and considered Miss Jasmine. Now there



was a woman who overcame and drove her will where she wished it to go. How that triumphant look in her eyes shone as she had finally allowed Marius to fuck her. Fuck her under her conditions, resistant to his control, his money and his petty sadism. She had emptied him and tapped out the last of his lust to her own benefit and then demanded the price of her services in cold hard cash.

Ivetta felt an emotional bond to that woman.

Love?

Respect?

She knew that she should be like Miss Jasmine, a woman who was in control, a woman who responded to logic and circumstances. And yet Ivetta was isolated by her situation, his overwhelming ownership and her fear of punishment.

Ivetta heard the door to the bathroom open and saw Marius standing there naked with a tittering blonde on his arm.

"She's my private whore-wife," he laughed as he bent and lifted Ivetta's head with his hand under her chin. "Fancy fucking her?"

"I would rather have a shower," replied the blonde with a laugh as she pulled her fingers through Ivetta's hair and forced the wife to look the lover in the eye. "Unlock her and she can help me!"

It was clear that the couple were slightly drunk, but the trickle of semen that ran the length of the girl's thighs and matted her dense pubic hair proclaimed that Marius had fucked her long and hard.

"I'll get the key," he said as he left the two girls alone.

The blonde kept a grip tight and stood over Marius's wife. A small push and Ivetta was cleaning those solid thighs with her lips and tongue. By the time that Marius returned with the key his wife was pushing her tongue into the blonde's pussy, stimulating her and making her horny again. A stream of semen and lubrication gushed from those lips into the lips of the Russian woman who lapped it up as she knew was required. A rattle of chains and the lock and Ivetta was half dragged into the shower.

"I see that you like a little 'girl on girl'," laughed the blonde as she pulled the lever to allow a pulsing stream of hot water to drench her and the woman whose lips were still between her thighs.

"I like to see one woman fuck another," said Marius. "Fingers, fists tongues, ass and cunt..."

The blonde laughed and twisted to present her rear to her body slave. She started to wash and lave her limbs with the gel that she found hanging and opened her legs to allow the Russian girl to massage her ass with her tongue.

"She doesn't say much!"

"I decide when she speaks!"

The blonde looked down at the woman who was working so hard to please her wide-spread ass and thighs. The water ran from her and gushed over the breasts and head of her body-slave who was providing such intimate service with such skill that she could feel a climax approaching, if she just allowed it to surface and take control.

"Eat me!" said the blonde in Russian.

Marius started to laugh at the shock on Ivetta's face at the spoken Russian. This was something that he had so looked forward to do in the hours since he had met this blonde Russian slut in a bar. That his latest slut spoke Russian was perfect. The one word was enough to tell him that this blonde, with her open legs and hungry cunt was utterly ruthless and more than needy.

The perfect partner.

Sexual and demanding.

Ivetta struggled to do as she was ordered as her husband's latest girlfriend pushed her hips to encourage the wife to service her. As the clean water cascaded over the blonde hair and then streamed over their bodies, hips ground into lips and squeezed perverse pleasure from the abject service. The blonde stepped over the kneeling woman and forced her head back and her dripping cunt over Ivetta's mouth.

"Make me come bitch," she murmured first in Russian and then in English.

She bent forward and forced her crotch ever lower before she started to rock back and forth to squeeze the most sensation from Ivetta. Her mouth opened and mouthed obscenities in silence as she climaxed and closed her thighs over her victim.

At that moment Marius opened the door to the shower and stepped over Ivetta to press himself against his new lover. His rigid prick coursed between that hungry cunt and his wife's mouth as he held the blonde tight and kissed her as Ivetta serviced his raging prick.

Ivetta guided it into the waiting hole that she had been forced to pleasure and watched as her husband lifted his lover onto his prick and pushed her up against the back wall of the shower. Water poured over the couple as they joined in ecstasy and Marius fucked his new blonde girlfriend. He ignored her cries and shouts as he discovered the pleasure of showing his submissive wife how he could fuck and perform. The blonde's nails scored his chest in a frenzy of lust. Marius climaxed in a rush of potency and emptied his balls with a spurt of sheer pleasure.

The blonde dismounted and offered herself once again to Ivetta for attention, looking down with a superior smile as Ivetta sucked her husband's sticky come from his bitch's cunt once again. Marius offered a hand to push Ivetta to closer contact but the blonde pushed it away with a smile.

"She has to learn to do it when you're not here," she said with a chuckle. "I think that we will make a lovely couple, you and I."

The words were in Russian and directed at Ivetta as the last gush of semen was sucked into her mouth.

"We'll leave her here," said Marius as he found the end of the chain that served as a leash for his wife and locked it to the shower rail. "The bitch will wait until we need her again and then I'll show you how she squeals when she is flogged."

"Mmm," said the blonde as she stepped from the shower. "Let's go and get something to drink and then you can show me all your little tricks..."

The two lovers kissed and fondled for a minute before leaving Ivetta in the shower, cold and wet with the smell of sex in her mouth and the sound of ringing laughter in her ears.

## **The Italian**

The restaurant was Italian.

Fine wines and superb food filled the menu leaving the indecision of missed pleasures in its wake. Lovers entangled in the booths, kissing and sharing their food. Silent and attentive waiters that slid rather than walked and were always discrete, but always aware.

One of those couples spoke Russian.

Olga and Marius fondled under the table, her feet and shoes resting on his concealed but exposed prick. He could feel her high heel on his balls and then the sole pulled him back and down, all the while she smiled and sipped her Prosecco as if what went on under the table-cloth was another world.

He winced as she pressed at him and her hand strayed to her breast and touched a nipple through the lacy top that she wore before smiling.

"I like your wife," said Olga. "Where did you find her?"

Marius winced as he felt a metal tipped heel travel the length of his cock.

"I bought her in Moscow."

"A bargain! She is really quite attractive." There was a pause before she continued, "Perhaps more attractive than me?"

"That's why I bought her! Submissive, fearful and fuckable. The perfect companion for a man who needs to show a woman where she stands!"

Olga passed over the fact that Marius had not replied to her question with a shrug and dug in her heel a little to show a measure of dissatisfaction with his reply.

"So where do women stand?" asked Olga.

"Depends..."

"Do you mind what I do with her?"

"What are you planning?"

"I think that she is just a little too good looking for my taste and I was wondering if you would mind if I played with her!"

One of the stilettos was kicked off and a nylon clad foot pressed into him. For a moment there was an adjustment and then the foot pressed his prick against his groin and started to slowly wank him while Olga leaned forward and rested her chin on her palms.

"You want to damage her?"

"Of course! It just would not do if your wife was more beautiful than your lover. Call it a 'Snow White' complex if you like. I want to be the fairest of them all!"

"You are assuming that this is more than just a casual fuck!" he said in a whisper as he felt his voice quiver.

"Of course it is much more than that. You're rich, I'm a sexy Russian bitch, your wife's a slut from my homeland and I love to be attended to every moment of the day and night. It's perfect for both of us. I don't even mind you fucking around, I just want the money and the use of your submissive wife."

He felt the tension mount. The foot had him at the brink. Was it the fact that they were in public? Was it the woman herself? Was it the idea of having his cake and gorging on it all day and night? Was there something more?

"Answer me! Love me or leave me, but do not ignore me!"

"What else do you want?"



She laughed and she pursed her lips. Both shoes were off and the prick was finding itself overwhelmed under the table. He almost cried out but he could not come without those heels digging into him. This woman was pure sex. Anywhere, anytime, any way he wanted, as long as he paid for it!

"Money of course!"

"Whore," he gasped as her feet rubbed his cock.

"Call me what you like," she laughed. "I prefer to call it an exclusive business arrangement."

"How much?"

"That's more like it, lover. A business arrangement! Five thousand a month and expenses. I get to do what I want with your wife; you get anything you want whenever you want it. I get a car that measures up to my superior status and you get me to take you to places in your head that will push you over the edge of sexual slavery."

"That's something I will never be. All that for just a few thousand?"

"I suppose that I'm a bargain then."

"Deal!"

"Of course it is, how can you resist?"

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The blonde sized up the brunette.

A clear battle that could not, but be won by the blonde. After all the brunette was stretched to the bed, spread eagled and naked while the blonde was dressed for the opera in furs and stilettos.

"We have a private box where we are going to fuck as the fat lady sings. Then we come home and have a painful little surprise for you."

"Fuck you, whore!"

"Very good little wifey. You are the whore, sold in Moscow by a renegade Georgian to a husband who just keeps you controlled and chained while he fucks real bitches like me!"

Ivetta gasped at the fact that Olga knew where she came from and how she had been bought. She started to struggle and pull at the cuffs and ropes that formed her prison. Her mouth shaped insults as the futile gesture took its course.

"How, now little cow," laughed Olga as she showed the latex hood to her victim. "This will keep you quiet until we get back from our cultural outing, our

highbrow fuck. So guess what is going to happen to you when I get back?"

Ivetta's struggles were renewed as the hood closed her sight and the bulb of a gag was forced between her lips. Laces and buckles secured the hood that promised hours of fearful darkness even though the lights were on. A hissing sound and the small gag grew to fill Ivetta's mouth and muffle her cries.

"Well, you are in no condition to argue or even guess your fate are you?"

The rhetorical question was followed by a small pause. Something was touching Ivetta between her legs, a probing finger? An entering dildo?

Then a noise of latex snapping on flesh as Olga pulled on a glove to administer the torment that she had prepared for her victim.

"Are you ready yet?"

It was Marius's voice, in the Russian that had become the normal language to use when his wife was around.

"No, not quite..."

The sound of Marius entering the room.

"Is that what I think it is?" he asked.

"It will prepare her for later,"

"Fine, but you'd better hurry because it starts in just half an hour."

Ivetta felt a slick finger slide through her sex. Slick and lubricated it delved in every fold and crease before smoothing its way over the hairless mound that nestled between her thighs. She could not understand what was happening until she started to feel a slight warmth.

The warmth turned hot.

The heat turned to fire and the fire became white heat as the cream took full effect. Every square inch of her pussy glowed and burned with pain as Olga wiped the remainder of the cream onto Ivetta's breasts.

"If you think that this burns, then wait until I use you when we get back from the opera. I have decided that you are far too attractive to be the wife of my lover, so a few welts will bring you back to reality as I teach you what you have to do for your new mistress."

Ivetta could not take in the words. Ginger and chilli cream burned her pussy, had set fire to her breasts and then melted to trickle down the crack of her ass and reach the one place that Olga had not treated.

"Come on!" called Marius from the front door. "It's time to go!"

With a last look at the sobbing faceless slave, Olga chuckled and left the room accompanied by the silent scream. The latex gloves snapping as she pulled them off.

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The box in Covent Garden was large. Up in the Gods it looked down on every other patron who had chosen to watch Lohengrin that night. The box was intended for four, but just Marius and his Russian slut occupied the seats. A small, light catch ensured privacy as Marius enjoyed Wagner with oral accompaniment that would have shocked all the other opera goers in the theatre.

He sat back and allowed the music to wash over him as Olga's lips closed over his shaft and brought him to an almost priapic hardness. That tongue, the touch of her teeth, the hand that cupped his balls and probed his ass while her slipped his hand into her clothing.

He took a nipple and rolled it harshly between his fingers.

Instead of Olga crying in pain she moaned and took him in to her throat. He felt his prick fucking her so deep and felt the cool breath of her breathing as she gasped between strokes. Marius pinched that nipple harder to deliberately cause her pain but she just gripped his balls and forced him to come as her teeth bit into the root of his cock.

As she lifted her head clear and pulled with her fist, a few drops rained from

their box into the stalls below, his come splattered the red velvet of the edge of the balcony rail and he lay back to recover.

"This is an opera in three acts," said Olga. "Can you come in each act for me and then again when we punish your wife for her beauty?"

"What have you got planned for her?"

"I have decided that it would be best to teach her who is mistress in your house!"

He looked at Olga with a look of surprise and doubt.

"Punish her? Yourself?"

"Of course. I was thinking that we could each mark her and then fuck her and use her all night."

Her hand wandered to his damp prick and noticed that her suggestions were having an effect.

"You are totally ruthless," he said.

"I am just interested in our pleasure. We can both get a kick out of inflicting a

little pain so we are well matched!"

"I believe that you are interested in my money more than anything else!"

"Of course I am, darling. You are paying me to entertain you so I just thought, 'well, let's push the boat out!'"

Her hand was casually stroking his prick and her lips pouted to kiss him as a slight knock came at the door to the box. A look of irritation came over Marius's face and Olga pulled her hand from his prick.

There was the sound of splintering wood as the door was slowly forced and a huge man in a suit entered the box.

"What the fuck!" said Marius as the man glanced at the two occupants of the box and then took a peep over the edge where small figures sang lustily on the stage.

The large man turned to face Marius and raised a hand to stop him rising from his seat.

"No need to stand," he said in an English laced with a heavy Russian accent. "You English are so very polite, but it is not necessary tonight! In fact, you will stay seated, I would hate to disturb such an illustrious performance of Wagner at the end of the first act, which after all, is such a critical point in Lohengrin!"

"What?"

"I see that it so happens that we have a number of mutual acquaintances. Olga here has been on the end of my prick a few times and I see that I have interrupted just such an intimate moment."

There was a brief pause.

"I represent a certain Ivan in Moscow. It seems that you bought some of his merchandise that had been stolen from him by a certain Georgian fraudster named Sergei! Though, you may have known him by his Polish porn-name, Pavel. At any rate, and to cut a long story short, Sergei sold you an 'item' for fifty thousand dollars that did not belong to him! Since Sergei is no longer in a fit condition to repay the debt, I have been sent to advise you that you now owe Ivan fifty thousand dollars and that he expects repayment immediately."

"How do I owe you?"

The large man smiled and grasped Marius's wrist with his massive hand and twisted just a little.

"You owe because Ivan says that you do. This is not a British court of law. There are no precedents and no habeas corpus or double jeopardy. There is no jury, only the supreme judge, Ivan. Either you pay Ivan for his inconvenience in cash or you pay for it like Sergei did."

Olga shrank to the back of the box as though she could hide in the shadows. For a moment the large Russian contemplated her and then his hand slid to his pants



and unzipped his flies.

As Marius quaked in fear and the pressure and torque increased on his wrist the man revealed an erection that was in proportion to the rest of his massive bulk. Not so much long, as solid. The prick thrust at Marius and he thought that he was about to be used as he was forced off his seat and onto his knees.

But, the signal was clear, it was Olga who was to service his prick while Marius was forced to realise that he was powerless in the face of the barely restrained violence.

Her mouth closed over the prick and the man grunted in satisfaction as she did what she did best and brought him swiftly to completion.

At the moment when he gasped slightly he slapped her face to free his cock of her lips and gushed his come over Marius in an act of complete disdain.

Marius cried out as the arm was twisted until he lay on the floor.

"Fifty thousand. Have it with you when we next meet or I will maim you beyond your worst nightmare. This is a matter of honour, of respect, not just the money! The money is just my thick cream in your coffee."

His cock gushed and pissed on Marius just as the hand released him in a final act of contempt before he pushed himself back into his trousers and left the box without a backward glance. Marius sprawled in a stink of piss and semen, Olga gasping with fear and unable, for once, to speak coherently.

Suddenly life with Marius was not looking quite so perfect.

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They left after the beginning of the first act. Hurrying through the empty stairwells and corridors and into the street. Marius clutching his arm and Olga still not able to talk yet.

"Who the fuck was he?"

Olga started to cry and could not answer until the racking sobs had subsided.

"He is the man who brought me to Britain. He is one of Ivan's enforcers. He only kills with his bare hands so that there is never a murder weapon. If he says that you have to pay, then I suggest that you pay as soon as possible."

"But, how did they find me?"

"You married Ivetta? You met me! How else?"

"So I have to pay? How do I know that this is not just the first payment of many?"

Olga laughed bitterly.

"If you think that Ivetta is a slave and a victim, wait until you fail to pay. You might be dead or he might just maim you. On the other hand, there is no worse place than in the hold of one of the Russian ships that conceals a load of slaves on their way to be fucked to death or used as the performers in some snuff movie..."

Marius started to weep with the shock. One moment he had been planning his next little game, the next he was no longer a lone player. He nursed his arm and wept as they found a taxi back to his flat. All thought of the games that they had planned for Ivetta was forgotten as she was chained to the foot of the bed and Olga and Marius cuddled and fell to sleep in each other's arms.

As for Olga, despite her fear, the money still helped to keep Marius's bed warm.

For her, it was all about profit and loss.

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Ivetta lay on the floor in the bedroom, forgotten in her husband's preoccupation with his fear.

She listened to the conversation in the other room. Sometimes it lapsed into English. She recognised words like 'fuck', 'piss' and 'shit' and that seemed to be

most of the English anyway. The Russian was laced with mistakes, so unlike the precise and under-control Marius. Normally he spoke slowly and clearly, so correctly with but few errors, now his Russian was cracked with terror.

Olga, on the other hand...

Olga the whore...

Well, Olga was used to living in a world of stress and fear. For years, every thought had been spliced with fear, every acquaintance was a traitor or intent on selling her, every other person a possible victim or outraged husband.

She was the needle of a compass that always found her north.

"I fucking paid Pavel, I mean Sergei, for the bitch..."

"Marius, listen, how many times do I have to tell you. If the man says you owe them..."

"But, I don't. Fucking shit! I paid in full, fifty thousand dollars was the price."

"He said that Ivetta was stolen and sold to you."

"But that's not my problem..."

"Stop fucking whingeing and realise that no amount of logical argument will solve this problem," broke in Olga. "If you bought stolen goods here, in Britain, and then the police arrived, you would have to give them back and take the loss. It's no different to Russia at all, can't you see that? It's just that they don't want your little fuck-slave any more, they just want the money. You can afford it and they will not come back if you pay up!"

"How the fuck do you know that, you stupid bitch? Once the paying starts..."

Marius's voice had risen to an almost-scream as his fear possessed him and then transformed to an egotistic rant.

"You are weak! Once the paying starts you will just have to decide what to do, so fucking shut your mouth and get the money."

Marius became sullen, his voice dropped to a petulant tone.

"What do you care anyway you fucking Russian cunt? How is it that you turn up and then the Russian Mafia trace me here, all within days? Are you part of this, you cow? Did you tell them where I was?"

Olga started to laugh.

"If I was working for Ivan, do you think that I would have to fuck and suck you to tell him where you are? Shit, Marius, you are such a clown considering the fact that you are a rich fucking sadistic cunt. I am here for the ride and nothing else! I love fucking, I love money, I want cock and I want to live in luxury. I am here because I want a slave to lick my ass-hole while I fuck. I don't care who it is... I am here because you have a big fucking cock not because I love you. I am here because you pay me to be here, that's business! I am Russian, we believe in telling it how it is! I don't care about violence and sadism as long as the whip is hanging from my fucking wrist. I know of Ivan, he is like me, a Russian, he doesn't give a shit about anything but respect, money, honour and vodka. Fucking respect... Pay him the money and the deal is done, there is fucking respect all round and business needs are satisfied as well. You fucking speak Russian but you don't understand how the Russians tick on the inside."

"OK, OK, I'll pay. But, how will I pay, when will they come for the money or contact me?"

Olga sighed with frustration.

"How the fuck did you ever manage to outfox the Russian Mafia and buy a wife without them tearing you to pieces on the spot?"

The question was rhetorical, she continued after a moment's pause.

"Get the money in cash. Euros are better because the notes are higher value and so you'll need less of them. Carry them always. Wherever you go. That big guy, Nikolai, he'll turn up in the next week and you'll pay him the money. That will be the end of the story and you will never hear from them again. Unless you need to buy another slut for your amusement of course!"

Marius started to speak, but Olga interrupted him almost immediately.

"No, no, no! Not another word. Get the money, carry the money, pay the money and clear your debt. Debt is pleasing only after it is repaid! Don't argue, don't ask for a receipt, don't whine. Just fucking pay what you owe Ivan."

"OK, OK! Enough. I'll get the money from the bank, I'll pay and smile when I do it. But there's one thing for sure, I'll recover the value from that stupid slut's hide. If she thinks that she's had a fucking hard time up 'til now then she's wrong."

"Now that's better, that's what I like to hear, because we still have some work to do on her and I was thinking that the best moment to apply a crop is when the bitch is being fucked or has your cock in her throat."

"Don't worry, we'll think of something..."

"You are nothing but a weakling!"

## **Resurrection**

He came back to the apartment and showed Olga the packet of money. Her face lit up as she flicked through the wad of five hundred Euro notes, this was fur coats, cars, trips to the Caribbean and nights in Paris and Berlin. This was something that she understood and knew, this was real wealth, tactile and physical. Olga seemed almost reluctant to hand back the money, but in the end she passed it back to his hand and laughed.

"Now, that's genuine money," she said.

"I'll carry it until that big Russian motherfucker comes to ask for it!"

"Just have it at all times and it'll be OK!"

Marius tucked the money into his jacket pocket and tapped it with a smile. He felt better already, as though the job was done and the crisis was passed. He went into the bedroom and patted Ivetta on the head.

"Tomorrow's the big day," he said in Russian. "Olga has so many nice things lined up for you. I am really looking forward to it. She's so right, you have been nothing but trouble, reluctant and unwilling to match all my needs. Well, from now on it will be different. I am going to go out of my way to enjoy you properly and when you are no use any more I'll sell you back to the people that I bought you from. I'm sure they'll know how to recycle you."



Ivetta started to sob.

The gag denied his wife a chance to reply, the chains stopped her throwing herself naked at her husband's feet, the woman standing in the doorway with a morning cocktail in her hand was there to make sure that the wife was going to suffer. With a casual movement Olga stirred the olive in the Martini and took a small neat bite from it.

"It's not love, Ivetta. I am just here for the ride, the money and the rush of emotion. It's nothing personal. I always move in the direction that suits me."

Olga set the glass on the small table by the door and stood close behind Marius. With a casual flick of the wrist she had his growing prick in her hand. Pointed like a pistol at Ivetta's face she began a casual stroke that made Marius gasp.

"When I get my way you will be just bruised meat," said Olga.

Ivetta heard a small change of tone that signified something. She looked up to see that Marius had his head back on Olga's shoulder and Olga had been speaking to Marius. There was a small, secret smile on Olga's face as she looked down at Ivetta!

Marius groaned and closed his eyes.

Olga stood back a little and used one hand to reach around and massage Marius's

rampant cock while the other loosened his clothing. Trousers dropped and he stepped out of them. Shirt, jacket and tie were cast onto the bed as Olga gathered the strings into her hands. Now she had total access to his naked body, her nails played on his flesh as the weapon in her hand pointed at Ivetta.

Olga winked.

Ivetta could not make out what was going on, this was a prelude, a signal, a moment to be taken advantage of. How? Suddenly she knew and understood. It was just such a small thing to do.

Olga brought Marius to a climax with a laugh as Ivetta realised that for some reason she had suddenly changed sides and chosen the slave over the master. Something had changed the dynamic between Olga and Marius, and Olga had switched her allegiance.

Marius cried out in passion as the claws of the Russian tigress left parallel trails on his torso.

His seed pumped, his cock recoiled as Olga directed the spurts to shower Ivetta in Marius's discharge. He looked down as his gagged wife kneeled and blinked away the stinging come from her eyes.

"Olga, I have to get to my little office for an hour or two this morning. This evening we'll have a little fun and decide what is going to happen to my sweet wife."

Olga passed him his clothes and then knelt to clean his cock with a kiss and a long lick.

He looked down at Ivetta for a moment and she saw that evil hooded look come into his eyes. The one that preceded a painful night, a session of sadism or just a casual whipping. Ivetta was not the only victim on his list! A true sadist gets over his moral qualms easily and then accelerates the enjoyment and the borders that will move to get thrills.

Marius was moving up a level.

A quantum ratchet in his head.

In that moment, when Olga had kneeled, he had realised that wives, girlfriends, female acquaintances, fuck buddies and whores were all the same thing to him in the end. Sex-slaves for his pleasure and delight.

Flesh to flense and fuck-toys to punish.

Marius got dressed and reached down. For a moment Ivetta almost got the feeling that he was about to stroke her cheek affectionately. A small touch that had often been his habit in the first months of their marriage. The hand hovered as if indecisive, just a fraction of a second as if the same thought had occurred to him. Then his hand slapped the face and again on the return. Not a gentle admonishment, but a blow that rattled Ivetta's head and put a ringing in her ears.

"It's all your fault," he said to Ivetta. "You have cost me another fifty thousand and I will make your fucking perfect body pay for it. By the time that I have done with you, you won't be able to do other than suck cocks and take them up your leaking ass."

The door slammed closed with a crash and Ivetta was left with a feeling of fear in her breast. She heard more conversation in the lounge, but it was all indistinct and then the door to the distant outside world slammed as Marius left the flat.

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Time passed for Ivetta as it always did.

Slowly!

She curled up at the bottom of the bed, on the floor, like an obedient pet and waited for Marius to return to punish her for something that was not her fault. Her heart beat faster every time a car drove up the ramps of the parking garage that lay beneath Marius's apartment. Every minute came another rush of distant engine noise that made her heart palpitate with fear.

The gag made her jaw ache. The shackles, on the other hand, were tight but comfortable. The semen on her body dried to small flakes of dry snow with her body heat and she fell asleep.

Her dreams were haunted by Marius. Haunted by fear as she slipped into a

terrible fantasy of restless distress.

Haunted and dominated, everything was indistinct in her dreams. Olga stood in the background, winked in insincere friendship, sipping her Martini, swishing a crop as Marius cut her to pieces, took her ass. She took a bite from that olive as Marius stoked the coals. It all took place in an open field with country scenes in the background. Friends came by and helped Marius heat the irons in the brazier to white heat as Olga chatted to Ivetta about the latest car that she had bought. At last, the irons were white hot, they smoked and belched flame and acid. Olga spilled her Martini over Ivetta and apologised with a laugh as Marius approached with a white hot brand. A cow lowed in the background, a harvester droned as it cut the money that grew on corn stalks, the sun shone and everyone smiled with the joy of being outdoors as the iron touched her shrinking thigh and the smoke of her own flesh seared her nostrils with the scent of raspberries.

## **New World**

The sound of a siren woke Ivetta.

A confused roar of engines and then a siren with a different tone. A faster beat, an insistent wail like mechanical wailing. The noise was passing on the ramps below. There was shouting and the confused sounds of someone organising others at the top of his voice.

The door to the bedroom opened.

Olga bent and unlocked the chains and released the gag.

Ivetta looked up at the smiling face and accepted the hand that was offered.

"They found him," said Olga in Russian. "He's a real mess!"

"Is that all the noise?"

"Yes, they'll be here soon so you'd better get dressed."

"Why would they come here?"

There was a quiver of fear in Ivetta's voice as she asked the question.

"Not Ivan! It'll be the British police and you had better be sure that you tell them that you know nothing. Ask for a Russian-speaking lawyer and that'll give your head time to settle. Here are your clothes, best to wear jeans and high heels and a cropped top that shows your huge tits. The British expect it from Russian women and it will make them relax and pigeon-hole you."

Ivetta was confused.

"Why are you helping me?" she asked.

"Because I always follow the road that offers the easiest travel."

"How can I possibly offer you more than Marius?"

"I'll show you on the way."

Ivetta pulled on the jeans and looked for her bra.

"No bra for a Russian slut," laughed Olga as she threw a T shirt to Ivetta. "Wear

this and you'll be perfect. It'll cover the bruises."

Ivetta paused as she poked a finger through holes in the T shirt. Holes that had been there when Olga had bought it. It was also three sizes too small...

"What did they do to Marius then?" asked Ivetta.

"Amongst other things they wished him good luck!"

"Pardon? What?"

"He broke a leg!"

Ivetta looked blank.

"You really desperately need to improve your English," said Olga with a sigh.  
"They have the most delightful jokes in their language. It's all about Shakespeare..."

"Who?"

"Shit Ivetta, you really need to get out more!"



## Night Music

Just thirty minutes earlier, the car was parked where Marius always parked it in his space.

The lights flashed as he approached and suddenly Nikolai was there. One moment the car park was empty, the next the enormous bulk of Ivan's enforcer was between him and the safety of his Mercedes. He saw the slight serious smile on those broad lips, the enormous hand that needed to be filled with cash and the ironic words that tumbled from Nikolai's lips, "If you please!"

Marius reached into his inside jacket pocket and pulled on the bundle of notes with a feeling of relief. Years of dealing in stolen icons and purloined gold coins slowed him to a slow motion film. It could be a gun. It could be a knife and he saw Nikolai's frame tense in expectation of violence.

"Here..."

Marius placed the bundle in the proffered hand and stepped back.

"Wait, I have to count it," said the Russian.

"No trust between thieves? It's all there," said the Englishman.

“I’m no thief... don’t insult me.”

Nikolai just grunted and slowly flicked through the notes. He counted and then checked a note every now and again for forgery. Finally, he was finished and a smile crossed his face.

"One more time, just to be sure" said the suited thug as he began to count again.

Time slowed to a slow heartbeat.

Marius wondered if the huge Russian was just enjoying stressing him, going slowly to add to the growing unease and fear that was gripping his victim. Each note was tested between those thick fingers and weighed up and then counted. The count under his breath in slow cadence.

Finally, it was over and Nikolai smiled and offered his hand as he tucked the bundle into his jacket pocket.

Marius placed his hand in that huge paw with a feeling of relief; the deal was done and now came the respect.

The hand closed on his and reeled him in while the other arm reached behind his shoulder behind his neck. Hugging this brute like a friend was the final act and then he could go free.

The hand grasped the collar of his jacket and wrenched it down to trap Marius's arms, before a twist broke his right arm with casual strength.

Marius cried out and a fist silenced him as it broke his jaw with a playful blow of the palm that seemed to come from nowhere.

"Pay in full or suffer the consequences, you stupid fool. The bundle is five thousand five hundred short and that is just too much to ignore."

The hands retreated and Marius braced himself for another blow. Blood streamed from his nose and broken face as he staggered back. All comprehension had left his mind all he could cry was 'please' in English as a kick to his knee sent him sprawling with a leg that somehow was jointed backwards.

Marius looked up at the towering Nikolai and tried to plead with him, but there was no sign of compassion or even anger on those broad features.

"The bill is not settled," said the Russian. "There is always more to pay. I'll be back more. And you called me a thief!"

A foot stamped on Marius's other leg, which broke with a sound like the distant sound of a car door slamming.

"I advise you to never return to Russia," said Nikolai as he straightened his suit. "On the other hand you may pay the motherland a visit unwillingly to answer to Ivan if he has the time. Your account balance is once again fifty thousand, make sure that you always have the money to hand, because next time there will be no arranged meeting. I will just arrive unannounced."

A sharp kick broke two ribs before Nikolai turned away and casually walked from the stricken man on the concrete.

“I always thought that the English were such gentlemen of their word. What a shame.” His thick accent took on a mournful tone. “It’s sad that there is no longer any trust at all in our business. No respect at all. But then, that’s just the modern capitalist way! We Russians have so much to learn...”

Nikolai gave a last look over his shoulder as he entered the stairwell door, and his bulk was gone.

Marius lost consciousness.

## Part II

## ***Movement***

## **Lebensstürme**

He awoke from his nightmare and found that it was real.

The hospital room was Spartan but bright. A broad window, the face of a concerned nurse and white walls that made him half close his eyes to the glare.

"What?" he tried to say, but the word came out as a mumble.

The nurse turned from the window and strolled over to his bed.

"Glad to see you back in the world of the living," she said with a smile.

He tried to move his head but found that he was restrained in some way. He lay still and tried to move fingers and toes. Memories of his encounter with Nikolai flooded back and he let out a small involuntary cry.

The nurse leaned over him and smiled. He could see into her cleavage, full breasts and starched white dress. At about thirty she was good looking and apparently happy to see him awake at last.

"You can't move because you have two broken legs, a broken arm, a broken jaw and various other fractures. In fact, you are the worst case of mugging that we

have seen for a good while."

She sat on the edge of the bed and passed a hand over his vision.

"Can you see my hand clearly?" she asked as she held up three fingers.  
"Concussion can affect sight, hearing and a load of other stuff. I'll pop out for a minute and get the doctor to tell him that you've come around."

Marius mouthed the word 'three'.

He tried to speak but his lips moved and only a mewling sound came. His lips moved but the edges of a frame over his head came into focus and Marius realised that he was more than just fixed down, he was totally immobilised.

As he regained his senses and managed to order his thoughts a little he wondered how Olga was getting on with Ivetta. 'She'll be giving Ivetta hell,' he thought as he remembered Olga's treatment of his wife in the shower on that first evening they met. 'She'll have whipped her by now!'

He tried to chuckle but it came out as a modulated sigh.

Another thought danced through his clearing mind. How had it been that the packet of money had been thousands short? He wondered if he had made a mistake. Had the bank counted it wrongly?



‘Five thousand... not possible,’ he thought. ‘I checked it...’

There was the sound of heels on the floor and a woman entered to look over her patient.

"Glad you're back," she said with a chuckle. "There's a whole queue of people who want to talk to you, but they'll just have to wait until I've had a look at you!"

She looked over the monitors that sat by the bedside and then asked him if there was any pain. As she checked him out to her satisfaction she chattered away.

"You've been here four days now." She looked at her watch and then said, "Actually it's more like five. Sedation, painkillers and your body needed the rest. I suppose that it's fairly normal, but five days is a lot of time so we'll be needing to feed you properly now that you're awake."

Marius tried to speak, but just a small whine came from his lips.

"It's clear that until the frame comes off in the next day, you won't be saying much!" she said in a concerned voice. "That means that the police will have to wait for their all-important statement, but I'll let them in anyway, to show them that you really are unable to talk. Do you want to see them now?"

He tried to mumble and in the end the doctor said, "Move one finger for 'yes' and two for 'no'."

The policeman entered and looked over Marius with an expression that was meant to convey concern, but it did not hide his boredom. He quickly realised that there was no way that he could take a statement so he asked a few 'yes' and 'no' questions and told Marius that it was unlikely that the mugger would be caught.

"If you did not see his face and are sure that he was not known to you, then we have no leads at all," he said. "I'm sorry, but statistically there is only a small chance of catching him. Do you wish to make a statement later, when you are well enough?"

Marius signaled with his fingers.

"No? Then even though the case file remains open automatically for six months, from your point of view the case is closed."

He wrote a couple of comments in his notebook and left with a 'Good evening, sir. We'll do our best with the little that you have given us.'

From his tone he did not expect that to be much. For a while Marius was left contemplating the falling light of dusk before the nurse came back into the room.

"There's a friend come to see you," she said. "Should I let her in, are you up to it?"

Marius signaled 'yes' and the nurse opened the door to allow Olga to enter and

herself to leave.

Olga leaned over the bed and smiled.

Marius felt his mood lighten. She would sort out all the problems that were going to arise from this stay in hospital. She would deal with Ivetta, his immediate business. There was no one else to trust, but she was paid enough to put the omelet back into the eggshells.

"If you can't talk then I'll tell you what's going on and then you can tell me to stop whenever you like and I'll try to figure out what you want to know and what you want me to do," she said in Russian as she sat on the edge of the bed.

He looked into the deep shadow between her breasts and she smiled.

"Same old Marius," she laughed. "Wait a moment..."

She closed the door and wedged a chair up against the door handle after putting out the hotel-like 'do not disturb' sign.

"That's better, now we have a little privacy," she said as she took her place on the bed.

Slowly, with both hands she unbuttoned her blouse and then moved to allow her breasts to hang over his face.

"Nice, aren't they?" she chuckled as her hands captured them and rolled her nipples between finger and thumb. "Would you like to play 'doctors and nurses'?"

She took his fixed stare and moving lips as a 'yes' and slipped her hand under the blanket that covered his body. Her breasts touched his face as her hand found his erection. "There is at least one thing that was not damaged!" she laughed as she slowly massaged his rigid cock with her hidden hand.

As she teased him and very slowly built him up she lied to him as she related the events of the last few days.

"I think that you will appreciate that when the police came, I had to pose as Ivetta and give a statement," she said. "Of course I have been looking after her well. In fact, it might be better to say that I have used her well; it is more accurate."

Her fingers played on the exposed head of his prick and smeared the precum to leave him lubricated for the build up to for what was to come.

"I could not resist it and I gave her a good caning, but the rest can wait until you are there to appreciate it! I hate it that she is so good looking and I have decided that once I have finished with her she'll have to hide her face and body. I'll be the only girl for you and she can be the ugly little sister..."

Her hand flickered along the length of his prick and then paused to investigate

his balls.

Using his fingers and a bit of guessing, Olga understood that he wanted her to go to his small office in Chelsea.

"Do you want me to have you moved to a private clinic?" asked Olga. "If you are going to be here for weeks then it might be a good idea, but it'll cost..."

So the conversation carried on as Olga finally brought him to a climax that racked him with pain as his body flexed and she milked him into her mouth. He lay back, sweating and exhausted by her ministrations as she buttoned her blouse and took the chair from under the door handle.

"I'll be back tomorrow," she said as she left the room. "Don't worry, I'll look after you! After all, I'm a money slut and as long as you keep paying, I'll do what I have to, for you!"

## **Iron and Steel**

"He drugged you all the time, you know," said Olga as the wife and the blonde lover sat in a bar in the City, "and I know that I was the next on the list. We Russian girls have to stick together."

"I can't believe that I'm out of that prison," said Ivetta, "but I'm not sure that I can forgive you either! I remember what you did to me in the shower, I remember every detail."

"Darling, don't forget who gave you the opportunity to save yourself! Me!"

"That's the only reason that I can bear to talk to you now. Though I think that you just follow opportunity, you just look to the main chance."

"Of course I do, but that doesn't mean that I don't like you!"

"You're impossible," said Ivetta as she felt Olga's hand on her knee.

"Honesty is my problem!"

The hand crept up until it nestled between Ivetta's thighs, resting on her jeans-clad pussy with a casual twitch that signaled its presence.

"You are not shaking me off your pussy though!"

"At the moment you're the only friend I've got."

"I also have the five thousand Euros."

"I know, you bitch! Keep it as your pay until I find a way to get my hands on Marius's money. Then you can have another bag-full."

"We have several problems to solve and we'll need help from Marius."

"He's never going to help us if he realises what the fuck is going on!"

Olga laughed.

"In that case I'll just have to dope you up and wait for Marius to get better!"

"Do you mean that?" asked Ivetta.

"Of course, you would look perfect with my name branded on your big tits!" replied Olga with a small squeeze to Ivetta's pussy.

"You really mean it?"

"I'll be honest with you, honey. All I care about is money, sex and fun. If you don't come up with the goods, then I'll have no other option..."

Ivetta looked at the smile on Olga's face and could not decide if the blonde woman was joking or not. Olga's face was unreadable and she might just mean what she said.

"OK then, let's think about it. For now, I'll just enjoy the fact that I'm free, I have my papers and a place to live. At least at the moment!"

"That's the spirit, Ivetta. I'll buy a cage and then I'll decide who fits it best, you or your husband. If you want to escape spending the rest of your life being fucked and gagged, then you had better make sure that you pay me well!"

'Whatever I do, whatever I plan,' thought Ivetta, 'I have to make sure that Olga has no other option than to stick by me and decide that I am her best hope of becoming rich.'

Olga smiled as if she could divine the thoughts of the woman who she was manipulating. Her hand grasped Ivetta's pussy and then massaged her thighs through the thick denim.

"Whatever I decide, first we should get you some sexy clothes. The jeans that



Marius gave you really cramp my style and they make you look as though you buy your fashion in charity shops."

## **Dissonance**

His eyes opened.

For a few moments he blinked to clear the small crusts of dried tears that had made them stick together. He saw white walls and closed blinds on the windows. The bed looked the same but the room was different. Clearly they had moved him to a clinic for private care. On the other hand, the room looked less well-appointed than the general hospital. In fact, it looked almost makeshift. Where were the gleaming instruments, the monitoring machines, the flowers and the other furniture?

In fact, where was the TV and the call button?

The framework about his head had gone since the operation to pin his jaw and he was able to move his head to look at the door that was just a couple of feet from the end of the bed.

The door opened and Olga walked in.

Her heels clicked on the hard floor as she walked around the bed.

"Where am I," mumbled Marius. "What clinic is this?"

Olga smiled and turned to look at the door.

It opened to allow Ivetta to enter. For a moment he saw the corridor outside and realised that they were in his apartment, in one of the small box rooms at the end of the bedroom corridor.

"It's a very special clinic," said Olga, "in fact it is exclusive, because you are the only patient at the moment!"

Marius let his head back on to the pillow and sighed.

Now he understood, Olga was going to look after him.

The drug still wafted across his mind, making the shock of his predicament seem less, until Ivetta moved to stand by Olga. She was dressed in sexual parody of a doctor. Red instead of white, black crosses on her uniform. Low cut so that the edges of her nipples peeped out of the red lacy bra. A skirt that barely managed to shape over her hips before it ended to show her naked sex and the black stockings that started just above the knees.

"He can't see the shoes," said Olga. "He really should see them to get the full effect!"

Ivetta smiled and lifted one leg to put her foot on the bed by his face.

A red stiletto, high on its platform with elegantly curving black nail-like heels filled Marius's vision. He could see the reflection of his face on the patent leather. He could see the ankle straps fastened by small padlocks.

“You like?” asked Ivetta.

Marius nodded and the shoe moved towards his lips a little.

“Then show a little appreciation,” she said.

Marius's eyes looked up at her red smiling lips. All he could see was smug satisfaction.

The leg flexed to show the full height of the heels and then the wicked steel spikes that ran in a small row from the dagger point of the heel in a line like a dragon's back until they ended in a single razored blade that curved slightly down, hook-like and threatening.

His lips brushed the smooth leather of the shoes and Ivetta's smile broadened.

“That's good, I'm wearing them especially for you...”

Marius looked up to her naked pussy. It glistened and dripped, he knew every crease, every fold of that sculptured cunt, now it was no longer his possession, it paraded its owner's excitement at having him at her mercy. His prick stirred at

the thought. It too, was not under his control.

Why was she not in her cage, he wondered?

The foot moved and a hand came into view.

What Marius had taken to be long sleeves were latex gloves that went from under the short sleeves of her uniform, over her elbows without a crease and then ended in a tight shiny covering that had the fingertips cut off to reveal the long black nails that curved from the evil nurse's finger tips.

The hand turned to show the palm. At first Marius did not understand why her palm seemed to be covered in glistening crystals. Then he realised that whatever she touched, whatever skin her palms drifted over, would be rasped by a million shards of cut glass.

He realised what was intended for his prick.

He broke into a sweat of fear.

Of anticipation.

"If the patient is to get well, then he will need constant attention, nurse," said Olga as she turned and walked from the room leaving Marius with the woman who he had misused so often. Beaten, fucked, and mistreated.

The woman who he had bought and saved and then thrown into a worse pit than he had saved her from.

"So what happens next?" said Ivetta in a quiet voice.

Her hand wandered to his face and a single nail coursed from brow to chin with a slow movement that was more menacing than any words. That small movement signaled intention, determination and anger in one simple stroke of a hand.

"We can come to an arrangement..." said Marius in a quiet voice that he hoped would not show his fear.

"Ah, an arrangement?"

"Yes, I know that you loathe me, I know that I have mistreated you and I know that you are looking for revenge."

His small speech started to flow as the Russian words tumbled from his mouth in a cascade of hope.

"You are quite correct. All of that is so very true. So tell me more about this... arrangement, after all, if you cannot tell the woman that you bought as a slave, then who can you tell?"

Marius spoke on. Oblivious to her smile, her irony, the hard look in her blue eyes.

"I will pay you enough to live a good life here. I will set it all up for you, I will pay you for the things that I have done."

The door opened and Olga arrived. She had changed from her casual tight jeans into a single flow of silk lace that draped her from neck to toe in black shimmering glimpses of her naked body. For a moment the light showed her thighs and the parted lips of her sex in silhouette.

"I do not hear anything about me in this discussion, Ivetta," said Olga, "has he mentioned me yet?"

"I think that he's about to come around to that subject now," replied the evil nurse.

"I promise that I will continue to pay Olga as we agreed, I'll even put it in writing!"

"Shame that," said Ivetta. "I was sort of hoping that you would get a pay-rise after all the trouble that you've gone to. After all, if I'm not here to keep her under control, she might do something terrible to you!"

Ivetta smiled.

"I must admit that I was hoping the same. Perhaps fifty per cent more?"

Marius knew that they were playing with him. This was just a preliminary to the actual bargaining that would ensue. But, it gave him time to think, to wonder how he could gain traction, what he could offer that might seem possible to the two women who had him at their mercy.

"I'll double it, I will," he said as a slight sound of desperation crept into his voice.

Olga coughed.

"Enough of this play, Marius," said Olga in a firm tone. "At the moment all we want is the password for your laptop. The one in the steel box that we had to force with a crowbar while you were still in hospital."

Marius swallowed and looked at his interrogators. Olga let her gossamer gown flutter from her shoulders to the floor.

"This is not a game, Marius," said Ivetta as she pulled the sheet from his body.

For a moment she surveyed the casts that held Marius immobile. Her eyes slid to his erection and she smiled.

"Fancy a little hand job, darling?"



Her hand stretched out slowly and then took a grip on his prick. The hand was so still, but the threat was clear. He could feel the prickle of the glass on his naked skin and held his breath as if it would hold her hand still.

"Please, please, Ivetta, I'll tell you."

Ivetta lifted her left hand and looked at the nails casually while she waited.

Marius sensed that he had no time left for prevarication: "G, P, Z four three, two."

The hand left his prick, but the sense of threat and the frightening feeling of those rough palms had not left him. He heard Olga leave the room to go and test the log-on code and he knew that his lying would result in regret!

Ivetta looked down at the man who had made her his fuck-doll and said: "I have decided to open all your locks. Everything that you did to me is going to happen to you! Every moment of pain, of pleasure, of fear and of suspense is going to be re-enacted. I am going to allow you to experience my life in reverse, because at the end I am going to dispose of you and find that at last I have closure for the suffering that you caused."

A shudder ran through Marius's body as he realised what was in store, who could know better than him what he had before him?

The door opened and Olga strolled through the door, anger written plain on her

face.

“That’s not the right password, you Marius, are a naughty little boy!”

## **Faith**

Marius looked between the bars of his cage and shuffled.

It was so uncomfortable squatting in a wire cage that was barely big enough for a large dog, never mind a fully grown man. The wire bit into the soles of his feet when he squatted and the flesh of his thighs when he tried to curl up and sleep. It was more than uncomfortable; it was close to continual agony, but it was also stimulation!

Now that he had mostly recovered from Nikolai's attentions in the parking garage, he had begun to recover his spirits a little as well. Sooner or later, Olga and Ivetta would slip up and both slut and whore would experience a sea of pain and despair for fucking him over like this.

Meanwhile...

Meanwhile, he was in the cage that he had especially bought to put Olga in!

He had always fancied having a pet as well as a sex slave and Olga was to have been the trial run. The slut puppy that sucked cock and presented its rounded ass for his pleasure. Hands bound to shoulders and feet to thighs she was to have been his first try at physically rearranging a woman to become his idea of a perfect toy. He had been so close to his dream.

But, now he was in that cage, ankles fettered together and a collar that was just a little too tight for comfort. His recovery from the beating had taken just a short two months. But, instead of the physiotherapy that should have been undertaken, he had been forced inactive. A poor diet, involuntary inactivity and continual discomfort had wasted his muscles a little and made his hopes of escape nothing more than a distant fantasy that he often dwelled upon, but never had a chance to bring to fruition.

At least he was resisting!

He had been in the cage for a week now. Never allowed to stand, never allowed to flex, always curled and crouched. Weakened and demoralised. Ivetta and Olga had threatened him, tried to make him sign papers that were folded to hide the promises that he was making with a flick of his pen. But he had not signed. They had tried to squeeze passwords and codes with threats of violence, but so far he had managed to give nothing away, nothing of any value.

Marius was kneeling in the cage when Ivetta asked him to sign his first cheque. He noticed that it was a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds. A sizable chunk of his balance in just one cheque!

He refused...

"Sign it, or suffer the consequences," said Ivetta with a grim tone as she offered the cheque and pen to him through the bars of his cage.

"No, and no," he answered as he shuffled to face her.

"You will sign when I am through with you, be sure of it!"

"Fuck off bitch!"

Ivetta laid the cheque and pen on a nearby surface and stood to contemplate Marius. She knew that if she did not quickly suppress this bout of childish obstinacy on the part of the caged man, he would regain some of his lost pride and lose respect for her. It would make it more difficult to train him if she allowed him a chance to impose his own agenda.

She stalked around the cage with slow steps forcing her victim to circle in the small confined space to keep facing her. After a full turn Marius gave up and she laughed.

"I think that your first real punishment is about to happen, Marius. A bit of extra restraint will see you signing anything without reflection or opposition."

She left the room with a clicking of heels and Marius was left to wonder what she meant by 'restraint'.

Marius waited, he knew that she would return and when she did...

Sweat trickled down his back, it dropped in silent splashes that he watched drip from the bars to the hard floor beneath the wire of the cage.

He counted the drops and felt an unnatural calm fill him. This was the moment when he had to gain control of the woman who was tormenting him, the moment

when he swung his arms and stopped the fall into the pit.

The door opened and Ivetta stood in the matte-black of her nurse's uniform. The wicked shoes stilled as she contemplated the crouched man in the cage that was her prey.

Something had changed.

Something in his demeanour that shrilled defiance, though his eyes were downcast and his elbows trembled with the strain of staying on all fours. Something that had to be broken inside before she had true mastery over the man who had bought and sold her like a bitch.

Ivetta stalked around the cage with a clicking of her heels and contemplated him before she spoke.

"I have something for you," she said eventually.

Marius looked up.

From one gloved hand hung a long metal pair of brackets, fastened together by long screws. He knew and felt a surge of relief that Ivetta had not decided to do the one thing that he knew that would overwhelm him.

The one thing that scared him beyond anything else.

The shoes clicked by, they carried Ivetta to the rear of the cage where a scrape and squeal of metal on tile heralded the opening of the rear of the cage.

He felt the roughness of a palm on his rear. The shards of glass scraped and drifted over his helpless skin. A shiver of terror filled him as the hand drifted to his hanging cock and balls. Terror that she would, after all, do what he dreaded most.

But, the Russian girl did not understand.

The hand gathered his balls and pulled a little, drawing them clear of his thighs as she fitted the device to him with a small laugh.

“You’ll get used to it,” she said as she closed the bars and tightened the screws. “Think about all of the things that I can do to you...”

He felt the cold of metal on his thighs, the clasp of the humbler on his balls as the clamp tightened and then furtively allowed his breath to release.

The door of the cage scraped the floor, the click of the padlock echoed in the room as Marius realised that Ivetta did not understand that she had given him hope! She did not have the self-assurance to break him when she had to.

“I’ll let you think about this, Marius. When I come back you will sign the cheque or else further punishment will surely follow...”

The heels clicked.

The door opened, and Marius was alone with his thoughts, and his hope.



## **The Fate of a Man**

The bell rang once, a short burst of sound that echoed through the flat and then, when it was not answered immediately it rang again. This time insistent and determined to rouse the inhabitants of the apartment.

Olga glanced at her watch and hurried to the door.

The invited guest was early.

Miss Jasmine stood under the porch outside by a huge pile of suitcases. The man beside her stepped back when the door was opened and slid into the background with practiced ease.

"This place is not at all easy to find," said Miss Jasmine as she extended a hand in greeting.

Olga smiled and beckoned the invited guest into the hall way just as Ivetta arrived at the front door to greet their guest.

Miss Jasmine sized up Ivetta and beamed at her.

"You have changed for the better since I last saw you," she said as she leaned

and kissed Ivetta on the lips. "I was so glad to hear your voice and take you up on the little invitation. After all it is not every day that I have the chance to dance the same dance but reverse the order of the partners."

Olga laughed, "Please come in, come in."

It took just a few minutes to settle into a conversation in the lounge whilst all the cases and bags that Miss Jasmine had brought were carefully carried in and stacked in the guest room, just as she ordered her silent companion to arrange them.

"Who is he?" asked Ivetta.

"Just a man who I use now and again. He does as he is told."

"A servant?" asked Ivetta.

"If you like, though he is less than a servant and more than a slave actually. Anyway, enough about Sissy, tell me all about what has happened since I saw you with Marius."

Ivetta nodded, but signaled Olga to reply.

"Due to unfortunate circumstances," said Olga with an ironic smile, "Marius had an accident that left him in rather a vulnerable condition. That was months ago. At that moment Ivetta and I took the opportunity to change the dynamic of the relationship a little."

"Is he here now?"

"Of course, we have invited you to allow him to experience some of the fun that we had a year ago, but from a rather different point of view," said Ivetta.

Miss Jasmine started to laugh until she had to wipe a tear from her eyes.

"What is so funny?" asked Olga in a tight-lipped tone.

"Well, I imagined that you were inviting me on behalf of Marius. It is so difficult to tell sometimes. In the playroom there is slave and master, outside it is wife and husband. I knew that Marius was more than just a casual sadist and that somehow you were more than just a willing slave, but now I see that I am involved in a personal matter and not merely a paid professional partner in a game between consenting adults."

"You mean that you won't take part?"

"Darling," said Miss Jasmine. "There are only two reasons for me to take a whip in my hand. The first is personal pleasure. Intimate moments of suffering that that I control in depth. The second is, as a professional. As a professional I am 'Miss Jasmine'. Often strict, sometimes brutal, occasionally frightening, but always paid and directed by the fantasies of my clients."

"So we will hire you!" interjected Olga.

A smile crossed Miss Jasmine's broad face.

"Darling. As a professional I cannot be involved with unwilling patrons. That is just a game. Sometimes violent and destructive, often loving and caring, but always consensual. In fact, I insist on my playthings consenting..."

She held her hand up to stop Ivetta interrupting her little speech at the word 'consensual'.

"I know, I know, Marius broke the rules somehow and I did not fully realise that you were not willing to take part. I allowed myself to be tricked. Nevertheless, those are the rules and I can see that what you want is revenge on the man who abused you. What you have to understand is that Miss Jasmine cannot be a part of that, she requires complete consensuality for her work."

Ivetta had trouble understanding all the ironic English, but the general meaning was clear. Miss Jasmine was unwilling...

"So you will not do it for me?" said Ivetta with a catch in her throat.

"Tsk, tsks," said Miss Jasmine. "Listen carefully! I said that Miss Jasmine would not take part in non-consensual sex. Janine van Vliet is more than interested."

Ivetta looked confused.

"It will be a personal pleasure to spend a week with Marius. I shall set Miss Jasmine to one side for a few days, forget her code of practice, disregard 'safe words', fees and money and help you settle your score.

“After all, I also have a little grudge to settle with Marius...”

"What is that?" asked Olga.

"He made me break my own rules and he has to pay something for that as well..." said Janine.

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“Get him out of the cage, darling,” said Janine with a small wave of her hand. “It is not correct!”

As Ivetta moved to unlock the cage door Olga said, “He won’t obey us, no matter what we do...”

“Of course he won’t,” said Janine with a small frown. “He feels safe and sound in his little home!”

“What do you mean?” asked Ivetta as she watched Marius back out of the cage. “He’s at our mercy!”

“Every man fears something in particular...” said Janine with a chuckle. “It’s just that you haven’t found it yet!”

“I don’t understand?” asked Olga.

Janine stood over Marius as if about to sit on his back and ride him.

“Marius here does!”

“Take off the hood and let’s ask him.”

Olga fumbled with the leather hood and pulled it free.

“And the gag?” she asked.

“And the gag, we need to have a little talk with him.”

Marius gasped as the gag was pulled from his aching jaws and looked at Olga with half closed eyes.

A hand grasped Marius’s hair and pulled his face up.

“Time for a little talk,” said Janine to Marius. “We need something from you... can you guess what it is?”

“Everything, you want everything,” muttered Marius.

“That’s right, who’s a good boy now?”

“Well, there’s no way!” said Marius.

His voice was calm, matter of fact, as if he was resigned to resist any torment, but knew that it was inevitable.

“Oh, I’m sure that we can find a way to make you give us what we want, what young Olga and Ivetta need!”

Marius shrugged his shoulders and braced himself for the first blow.

“This is just a chat, nothing more,” said Janine with a laugh. “No punishment, just a pleasant little conversation about your future.”

Marius rolled his eyes and regarded the three women who intended to strip him of everything that he had worked for. It was clear that they had reached a dead end; sooner or later his moment would come. Be it in a week, a day or a month,

he would escape this and wreak his revenge on all of them. The nerveless slut whom he had bought, the lover who had betrayed him and the professional whore who thought that she was so fucking clever.

“From now on, the punishment will start, you will break eventually, so why not make it easier for yourself and we might be a little more forgiving?”

“You won’t,” he muttered.

“Of course not! How perceptive, but at least you will have spared yourself the misery in the meantime.”

One hand tangled in Marius’s hair, Janine lowered the other hand to his back. She could feel a slight trembling; the harsh stressed breathing and the slick sweat that streamed from his clammy skin.

“You are an interesting challenge,” said Janine.

She noticed that Olga was about to speak, but she shook her head to still her lips.

“Still, as I said before, every man has something that he is supremely fearful of. The question is, what is your fear? What little thing will make you sing for us?”

“Drivel, Miss Jasmine...”



“Maybe you are right, if you knew who it was that you were talking to. But at the moment Miss Jasmine is not present. You are in the presence of Janine van Vliet. So let’s discuss this as one sadist to the other!”

Marius managed to shrug as if it was of no importance.

“So, back to the subject in hand,” said Janine.

Under her hand she felt a small shiver pass through his body. Something that she had said had struck home, but there was no clue as to what it could be.

Marius looked at Ivetta, his eyes slid over the tight latex and high heeled shoes, a picture of demonic sexuality. Unwillingly, his vision was drawn to her hands, uncovered with those long nails that he had ensured were talons and he exhaled with relief. The glass shard gloves that he feared lay in some drawer or on some ledge, forgotten and unused.

They all had no idea... he was safe.

“What is it?” asked Olga as she realised that something had changed. Something that Janine had said had struck home.

“Don’t worry, we’ll find out,” said Janine with a small laugh. “We have all the time in the world.”

“There’s nothing to find out, do your worst!” said Marius as he stared at Ivetta’s face.

“Well, at least we can start with the obvious,” said Janine, a little cross that Olga had spoken. “A few strokes of the cane will be a suitable beginning. Whilst he counts the strokes we can discuss what comes next!”

## **Four Temperaments**

“I thought that it would be all so easy,” said Ivetta. “Take the money, take everything and then disappear to a new life in decadent America.”

“Janine will find a way to get the little shit to give us what we want,” said Olga.

“You sound so confident, but what if she manages to get him to tell her, what if she is alone and keeps it all to herself. What if we get left with Marius and she gets everything? All we have is a bank card that will take years to take all the money.”

“I trust her,” said Olga. “I think.”

“I’m not sure of anything anymore. I just want to get this over and done, I want to be on that flight, sipping a glass of wine and watching my old life slip away, from ten thousand metres.”

“Soon,” said Olga. “Something that we did already scared him, something that we threatened, but God knows what it was. Janine will find out what it was.”

“...and then take everything,” said Ivetta, completing the thought. “She’s got her own agenda and I’ll bet that we are not on it.”

Olga looked at Ivetta and decided that the young woman was starting to crack under the strain. There was no twinge of regret. Soon she would have to decide whether or not to stick with her! What Olga needed, she decided, was to slip away from London and escape everything. Nikolai, Ivan, Janine and Ivetta. A couple of hundred thousand would see her right, it was enough to make a new life for herself.

The trouble was, Ivetta was the wife and the best chance to get at all the money, but she was too weak, the marks of abuse had broken her. She wanted revenge. She said that she was prepared to do anything, but she always shied away at the last moment, full of a promise that she could not fulfil.

Now that Ivan had his hooks in the man, it didn't really matter if Marius was in a cage or free to do what he wanted. Money had to be paid, a debt that could not be avoided.

Ivan's fist was sure to show!

## **Part III**

## ***Finale***

## **The Hall of the Mountain King**

Janine looked down at the man who blubbered and begged at her feet. Naked, criss-crossed with the welts of her whip, he crawled and kissed her feet and yet buried deep inside him was a kernel of sullen defiance. A place in his head that she had not been allowed to enter.

Her hand reached down and slapped the cheeks of his ass twice. A small discomfort in contrast to the caning that she had just administered. Her hand slipped between his thighs and she tapped her fingers on his trapped balls to feel him flinch for a moment.

Never had she had a man like this under her rule. A dyed-in-the-wool sadist who already knew every humiliation and threat by heart. Of course it was so satisfying peeling back the layers of his mind, trying to pry into his inner strength, but still he resisted her, knowing that nothing that she could do would make him do more than serve her lust. It was as though he took the same pleasure in his service that she did. That every climax that she had was his climax even if his cock was caged and his body fettered.

He was appreciating the challenge!

She stood straight and felt a twinge of uncertainty. For a week now, Janine van Vliet had done her worst, fended off the wife and lover while she tried to bore down to his inner core. Soon, she would have to return from this 'holiday' with her promises un-kept and it frustrated her, offended her pride, made her seem ineffectual!

Janine stepped aside sat on the edge of the bed and contemplated her victim with exasperation. There was just one more night to go, one more attempt to break Marius and make him spill what he was hiding and she had tried everything that she knew.

The humiliation of drinking from her, an insufferable torment from the spikes of her heels. The savage day when the cane had flayed him and another when she had fucked him from behind until her thighs ached. He had begged, submitted and followed every command, but that small hard place deep in Marius' head had not been penetrated.

The few words that she required him to speak had not dropped from his lips.

She watched as he lifted his head and looked at her and a smile played on his lips. He did not need to speak, he knew that he had beaten her and she knew it too. Janine no longer had the energy to punish him for his defiance and that was his victory.

She sighed and stood.

The last swipe of the splintered cane in her hand was just an automatic action as she herded him into the cage. There had to be a key to his lock, but she was fucked if she knew what it was!

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“And?” asked Olga with a shrug of her shoulders. “What happens now? The checking account is not empty and the card has been swallowed by the ATM. We sit here with this...”

Her hand went to the foot-high pile of banknotes that lay on the table.

“Less than fifty thousand all in all. Soon the game will be over, we can’t delay much longer. Police will arrive and we won’t be able to fend them off. It will all be over.”

“I’m more worried about Nikolai,” said Ivetta with a grimace. “He will take us as payment...”

“How about, we get Nikolai to get the money from him and share?” said Janine.

Olga laughed wildly.

“He’ll take it all and us into the bargain, you will slip away back to Holland and we’ll find ourselves in a backstreet brothel fucking ten times a day to pay him back forever. That fairy tale finishes as we become stars in a snuff movie. No way, if this is all we’ve got, then let’s run and hide!”

“There must be something that we can do?” said Ivetta. “It can’t end like this!”

“We still have tonight,” said Janine. “Maybe we can break him...”

“After what you’ve done to the little shit?” said Olga. “What else is there?”

“I’ll cut his fucking balls off,” said Ivetta hotly.

“Then he’ll have nothing left to lose,” answered Janine. “A week ago I felt that we were just an inch from making him spill, I felt it in my bones.”

“Well, we weren’t,” answered Olga. “Marius is never going to break, so we’d better get out while we can!”

Ivetta stood.

She looked at the two women with infuriation. How could they just give up like this, she asked herself.

“Well, he’s mine tonight, you’ve had your chance. I’m not giving up, if I have to wait until the last second, I’m staying here even if it’s the last thing that I do!”

“It will be,” said Olga with a sigh. “I’m going to leave and disappear, take my share of this...”

She put her hand on the pile of notes on the table.

Janine shrugged; “Let’s get ready then and make a last attempt.”

“You’ve already given up,” accused Ivetta. “I never will...”

Ivetta stalked out of the kitchen and Olga shrugged.

“All she wants is revenge,” said the blonde with a small smile. “But, she’s too weak to take it. I don’t think that she cares about anything else. If I were you, I’d go now and leave her to it!”

“She wouldn’t... would she?”

“What, murder her husband in a fit of rage? Why not? After all, what he did to her has driven her past all fear! If we leave her alone with him, she might just do it!”

“How are you going to get her out?”

“I’m not! I’m not her lover...”

“I thought...”

“Just because we fuck? I live to fuck; I’m not going to die for it!”

“Jesus, you Russian women are like stones!”

“It’s what makes us so fucking attractive!” laughed Olga.

She pulled the pile of banknotes to her and started to rearrange the bundles into two piles. Janine watched her in silence until the two piles each held the same amount.

“There, at least I owe Ivetta that,” said Olga. “Though I really don’t know why I bother! I should take the lot; I’m owed that much by her. I must be going soft!”

Olga stood fetched a plastic carrier bag and pushed one pile of notes into it while she held the bag open.

“Are you going now?” asked Janine. “You agreed one more night.”

“By the time that tonight is over, I’ll be far away,” said Olga. “This charade has gone on long enough!”

The door to the kitchen opened and Ivetta entered. In her arms was a heap of clothing that she allowed to drop to the floor.

“Not staying?” asked Ivetta as she noted the halved money on the table and the

bag in Olga's hand.

"Did you think that I would?"

"I didn't think that you'd cut and run," said Ivetta in Russian. Goodbye then and fuck you! I thought that there was more between us, obviously that's not the case."

Olga shrugged and slipped her coat from the back of the chair.

"I shared it fairly," she muttered, looking at the bag in her hand.

"Take it all if you want, bitch," said Ivetta.

Olga looked at the pile that she had set aside for Ivetta and seemed at the point of scooping it up, but just shrugged again and stalked to the open door to the hallway.

"You won't see me again," said Olga.

"There's plenty more sluts in the sea!"

Janine and Ivetta heard the front door slam.

Janine said, “What are you going to do now?”

“Get him to talk, it’s just us now,” said Ivetta. “What else?”

“How?”

“I don’t know yet, but one thing’s for sure. Olga’s instinct is right. We have to get out of here before someone else joins in!

## **The Sorcerer's Apprentice**

Nikolai stood in Marius' wrecked apartment and watched as his two English goons tore the place to bits in a whirlwind of destruction. They sliced the mattresses, broke every breakable and pounded the walls to leave gaping holes that revealed nothing more than the wooden struts that made up the partitions. What they sought could be as small as a USB drive or as large as a cupboard of money and documents. Soon the entire contents of the apartment would be so smashed that it would pass through a touching thumb and forefinger, but of the occupants there was no trace.

He had allowed his attention to slip and attended to other matters and Ivan would not be a happy man. His hand moved to his jacket pocket and felt the envelope of forty-five thousand pounds in large Euro notes. 'Finding' it to give to Ivan would cost him five thousand pounds and he was not happy to make a loss just to pretend that he had accomplished his mission!

'Who am I fooling?' he thought to himself.

The real cost to him would be much more...

He muttered a curse under his breath and left the two thugs to their work. It was clear that the flat had not been occupied for a week. The unwashed dishes were crusted with old food and the line in the toilet bowl had visibly dropped half a centimetre. Despite his brutish appearance, Nikolai was both intelligent and something of an amateur detective; he had to be in his job that so often required that he find people who tried so hard to disappear.

He wandered into the searched bedroom, stepping over the shattered glass of the pictures that had hung on the walls.

The small cage at the foot of the bed had not been damaged. A few bondage toys lay scattered around it and he kicked them aside before wandering around the walls of the room and tapping the hollow sounding walls. Soon his two men would probe those spaces, so there was no point in making a mess yet. His hand reached down and lifted the mattress, but there was nothing between it and the slats of the bed.

Nikolai stood in the centre of the room and tried to imagine what had happened to the two sluts and the man who owed his master all that money. “A falling out?” he thought as she inspected the canes and chains that lay scattered. After that, a fear that Ivan’s representatives, namely Nikolai himself, would appear to take their due. If they had fallen out, that would make it all the more difficult, because there could be three trails to follow. Of course, Olga and Ivetta were of no consequence. If they were found they might be perfect for the new project that Ivan had in mind in Beirut. If not, then Marius would just have to pay a little more.

It was Marius himself that Nikolai wanted to have kneeling at his feet.

He was supposedly worth millions. If Nikolai just gave a quarter to his boss, enough to satisfy him of course, then that would leave the enforcer a very rich man. Able to appreciate the finer things in life that he so richly deserved, able to fade to black, disappear into the woodwork and live a quiet life of debauchery, luxury and pleasure...



Nikolai kicked the bedside cabinet in frustration. How on earth had he allowed the job to slip from the forefront of his attention. The wood splintered and the corner of a laptop peeped from the drawer that hung from the wrecked frame. He picked up the laptop and opened it. As he did so the cracked rear panel fell away in his hands and he saw the small vacant space that drew his eyes and showed where the hard drive had been removed.

As he poked a thick finger into the space he realised that this was not what they had been searching for, but it was the place where that object had rested. The search was futile, a waste of effort. What he was looking for was digital information, possibly the access codes to accounts or a map with an 'X' where the treasure was buried. He stepped into the hallway and was about to call out to his helpers when the door to the apartment crashed in and two fully armed and flack-jacketed policemen stormed into the flat.

Nikolai turned and slammed the bedroom door behind him. A second of time saw him jam a chest of drawers behind the door and throw the steel cage through the window. He glanced through the window to see a drop of twenty metres below and two policemen staring up as the cage arced through the air to land with a crash on top of their patrol car.

Shouting came from behind the door, and Nikolai responded with a cry that would give him a few seconds to find an escape.

"I'm armed and will kill my hostage," he shouted through the door as his eyes flickered around the room.

There were no doors out and the window was no exit. He jumped up and struck the ceiling with a fist while cursing that he had not noticed on entry to the building which of the bedroom walls could be outside walls. There was no time to test for brick or plasterboard and that meant that the ceiling was the only way out.

He heard shouting calls for a surrender from behind the door and moved to stand on the chest of drawers to put him in easy reach of the ceiling. Three blows removed the plasterboard to reveal sound-proofing and then saw the underneath of the floorboards of the apartment above.

He paused a moment, hoping for a noise that would cover his intended assault and was gratified to hear shouting in the flat as the police subdued his two goons. He bunched up and pressed upward. The chest of drawers protested, but his hands pushing upward with sudden strength pulled the nails, the floorboards over his head curved for a moment and pushed free.

A second push and Nikolai was pulling his considerable bulk through the floor of the flat above. He found himself in what was clearly a child's bedroom and strolled to the front door of the flat with an unhurried step. The peep hole showed that the hallway outside was clear and Nikolai called the lift to slow pursuit. The British police were always too lazy to use the stairs, he would slip into the alley at the back, hop over a wall and then exit next door.

Next time he would make sure that he had a watcher outside any place he broke into, he was getting careless!

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It was the last night, the last chance and they both knew it.

Marius kneeled by the long legs of his mistress. Back to the bed, knees wide,

vulnerable and fettered with a bar between his ankles and his hands cuffed behind his back.

A collar and leash clasped on his neck.

Ivetta, his mistress stood by him, stock still, holding the leash as they waited for someone to arrive. His heart pounded in his chest as he cast a small glance at the statuesque woman who had his leash in her hand. Naked but for her stilettos, Ivetta was beyond attractive, she had the height of a model, the face of an angel, but the ripe body of a whore. One of the few women that Marius had ever known who was as gorgeous when naked as when artfully dressed.

But, he now knew something else about the Russian slut.

Simply put, she did not have the audacity to defeat him. She did not have that touch of sadistic impulse that true enjoyment of other's pain that was what was needed to break him and make him tell her what she wanted to know. She lacked strength. Despite her inner rage, her thirst for revenge and her need, she could not really torment him to the point where that small knot of resistance would unravel.

She knew it; and that meant that he knew it...

He wondered what they were waiting for. Who they were waiting for. He did not know that Olga had left, but knew that she only wanted the money and lived in fear of Ivan and his punishers. Then there was Janine. The woman who had come closest to breaking him. But, though Janine was a sadist, she had been softened by years of acting as a dominatrix and could not shake off her innate

expectation of her client uttering his 'safe' word and having to stop... That weakened her, he thought. Softened her determination...

The door opened and Janine stepped into the room with a small smile. Wearing an everyday summer dress, low kitten heels, with her hands behind her back like a schoolmistress on a day out with her pupils, she smiled and looked at the small scene that awaited her.

"We have reached that point where your slave is going to tell us what we want to know," she said in a low tone.

Marius smiled.

Though her voice was steady and her smile exuded confidence he knew that these two bitches had reached the end of their tether. Now was the last cast of the dice and he braced himself to withstand any punishment that they had decided would break him. After that, he would be in a position to bargain. To set limits and draw up a contract where he would set the terms, pay them off and get his independence. He could see the cane that Janine held behind her back, the tip wavering over her shoulders.

If they thought that a caning would break him, then they were sadly mistaken, he thought. They could trash him until he was in ribbons and he would never break. In fact, he started to feel a stiffening in his cock. An anticipation of victory, a sign of the way that he could transpose his own pain and enjoy the suffering in ways that only a true sadist can understand.

"If you do not give me the code to the laptop, access to your accounts on line. If

you do not give me everything now, then, no matter what, I will do this..."

Marius shook his head to show that he understood his choice and gave a small glance upward at the woman who held his leash. When his gaze flipped down to Janine his smile froze as the cane dropped to the floor and her hands moved into view.

The long black gloves that were pulled to her elbows. The fingers that uncurled and the sly smile that curled her lips. They opened and spread to reveal the glittering shards of crystal that formed a print and then turned palm-up to his face.

"Just one little hand-job," said Janine in her soft voice. "The first of many that you will get tonight... Now have you anything to say?"

Sweat sprang onto Marius' brow, it trickled down his temples and he realised that suddenly his confidence had slipped like melt-water from his icy determination.

He opened his mouth to speak, but Janine spoke first.

"It's too late to tell me," she said. "This little pleasure is going to happen no matter what, so Ivetta will prepare you and then we can begin."

Marius felt a weakness spread through him. He could not take his eyes from those hands, the glittering of the miniscule shards because he knew that they had

found the key to his locks.

Making him climax from the agony!

He felt the urge to capitulate, speak those words, but he knew that what was about to happen was inevitable now. He knew that he would cry them out as he came, but he could not utter them now, the ritual had to take place and he had to experience that surrender no matter what.

His cock stood rigid, quivering with his rasping breaths.

Sweat trickled from him.

Ivetta turned to face him with her feet placed wide outside his thighs. His eyes transfixed by the oozing slit that was just inches before his gaze. Her thighs flexed and a single drop of dew dripped in a long thread before breaking before she moved to press his face upward, his lips to her streaming cunt as the gloved hand slowly gripped his cock and pressed to clench him.

The first stroke of Janine's hand made Marius cry out in anguish and Ivetta chose that moment to smother his face. The fragrance of her pussy filling his senses as the jagged glove bit into him and pulled him tight.

It held him, pressed against the root of him, forcing flesh to stand rigid as a finger of Janine's other hand stroked the smooth tip of him with a finger, rasping at the delicate skin, tenderly administering agony with a butterfly-wing's touch.

Marius felt his senses slipping, he struggled to draw a breath, but the soft enclosing cunt smothered nose and mouth. It pressed its yielding matrix between his lips as Ivetta groaned, her clitoris rubbed by his tongue, even the soft skin between her thighs tingling from closing over her former master's face.

The hands massaged.

Tenderly and with subtle touches and pressures that inflicted stinging and pleasure in equal measure. The pain was so much less than what had passed before, but the subtle admixture of gratification swept it like a surge through his thoughts to leave Marius needing more.

For a moment, he was permitted to breathe.

Marius gasped and tried to cry out what they wanted from him, but the thighs and cunt pressed down once more while the palm that pleased his streaming cock started steady strokes that rasped at every square inch of his tender erection. Three strokes, and then a gloved hand fluttered over his balls. It slipped behind them and scraped on the tender skin that led to...

A finger, two fingers.

Marius heard a whisper, the low voice of Janine.

"Fucked like a slut..." she said.

Every stroke, another inch towards his climax, a progress to his twitching ass. Marius sucked and massaged the soft flesh that enclosed him and felt the first tremors of Ivetta's orgasm and knew that his own was just moments away.

He gasped as the thighs lifted and a finger pressed into him. The pain was exquisite, agonising bliss, it consumed him, burned his mind clear of thought.

For a hushed moment there was a pause.

A split second of nothing, a flash of zero as he gathered inside and surrendered despite every conscious effort to hold on to his mind, before a sudden downward stroke of that gloved hand and an intense agony in his rear forced a spray of come to hose from the closed fist that fucked his ravaged cock.

That was the moment.

The one that Marius had known was inevitable.

The instant where sadism and masochism met in an inner hell and his lips spewed the long withheld words to Ivetta's swollen cunt, just as his cock pumped every drop of come from his body in a monumental climax.

Nikolai would arrive to find them long gone.



## **Age of Anxiety**

Sheremetyevo Airport Terminal A is not a large building, but it is private.

There is just a short stroll over the concrete to enter the warmth of the building. Nikolai looked back through the glass wall at the small jet that had brought him from Warsaw, where he had been overseeing a personal project for his master, Ivan. There was no doubt that he was the master's favourite boy at the moment, the enforcer turned organiser, the bully-boy who had an almost intellectual turn of phrase.

For a week he had been putting the organisation in place that would, in a few years, ensure that Ivan's interests in Poland were cared for and nurtured. That politicians would be paid off, that certain elements of the police would overlook all but the grossest misdemeanours. That the brothels tucked into nondescript streets would be ignored and that the local hoodlums and gangsters would respect the redrawing of the lines of power.

Now he was back in Moscow to be told what he would be doing next, which enemy needed to be expunged, which victim needed to be pumped of every last red Kopek of cash. Legs that needed breaking or deals that needed a firm hand that would not waver in the face of threats.

And yet...

There was one small niggling irritation in the back of Nikolai's mind. A lack of

perfection, a mistake or just perhaps a personal lapse that left his thoughts dwell on the man and two young women who had somehow evaded his grip and slipped like fog from his grip on a cold night in London. The man called Marius and the two Russian whores whom he had bought. The money that was owed and the money that was just waiting for Nikolai to grasp it and guarantee his future no matter what happened in his volatile world.

A hand clamped on his shoulder and Nikolai spun around, hands flat and ready only to find that his driver was standing smiling at him.

“A little tense after the trip?” asked Marta. “Come on, there is a meeting that I need to take you to...”

Nikolai nodded and admired the woman who always acted as his chauffeur. Shorter than him by a head, a full figure that concealed her competence. This was a woman who could look after herself...

“It’s good to be back in the Mother Russia,” said Nikolai, passing his small case to Marta. “London was a pain and Warsaw is full of squealing Poles.”

Marta nodded and led her charge quickly through the secure areas of the terminal. She nodded at the uniformed personnel who simply turned their faces to ignore her and the stocky man that followed in her wake.

“The meeting is in an hour,” said Marta. “In the Red Zarya.”

“Agenda?”

“Warsaw, I have been told... probably more.”

She shrugged and Nikolai noted the muscular arms. She was feminine, of course, but years high in the Israeli Defence Force had given her poise and a sure promptness that marked her as a dangerous opponent.

The car was parked just inside the multi-storey parking house. Marta went to open the rear door, but Nikolai slid into the passenger seat. Marta just shrugged and climbed into the car.

They did not speak a word as the car sped the few miles to the centre. Nikolai used the time to gather his thoughts. The board members would expect him to tell them of progress and that he had solved all of the main issues. He ordered his thoughts, laid out the presentation on his head until he was satisfied that he had covered all of the main points.

Business!

As the Mercedes slipped through the traffic he watched the city pass by and slipped back to the small problem that bedeviled at him. With any luck he would be back in London in a few weeks and could pick up the threads. His men would have traced the two Russian sluts by then and then he would decide which brothel they would serve out their miserable lives.

Perhaps in Warsaw when it came on line? Beirut?

The car slowed and he switched back to the present with a small shake of his head. It was important to impress his boss, Ivan, with his efficiency and he pushed his irritation to the back of his mind.

Of course, Ivan would not be there, he never was. Everything in the Sansova Mafia was always carried out through intermediaries and Nikolai was nowhere high enough in the organisation to ever meet his real boss face to face. Ivan was just a shadow who talked to his couriers and courtiers, who then distributed tasks to men who also remained in the shadows. By the time that commands and orders arrived at a man like Nikolai they had passed at least three levels, even though Nikolai himself stood in a high position of trusted responsibility.

For all Nikolai knew, Ivan was the Czar of all the Russias, living in the Kremlin of which he could just make out the onion-domes as the car circled to the hotel. He smiled to himself, all of the Bratka - the brothers, would be there tonight. When the meeting with the main men finished he would be able to put the word out on Marius.

That British fool would suffer ten times what Sergei Pandowsla had suffered for selling goods that did not belong to him!

Sweet memory! There had been a noose on Sergei's neck as he balanced precariously on a two-legged stool while Nikolai had played Durak with the woman that he later fucked in front of the gasping Sergei, the woman that was Sergei's sister, or maybe just another nameless whore.

Who cared?

In the end it had not mattered to Sergei!

A woman to fuck, a game of Durak, a bottle of Vodka and a man who twitched for ten minutes. His balance gradually failing. Then the struggling and thrashing, the choking at the end of that rope, hands scratching vainly at the hemp as he slowly strangled.

While Nikolai bent the bitch over double again and fucked her.

## Pathétique

The house did not front on a canal, but otherwise it was a typical Dutch terraced house. Drawn tall and narrow with a step-work roof, a short set of stairs lifting the ground floor above the street and small barred windows on the cellar. In the street outside, bicycles wobbled past through the pedestrians and a curtain flickered aside as Ivetta watched the people go by.

“He’ll be delivered this evening,” said Janine in a conversational voice as if having a slave delivered was an everyday occurrence. “Sissy has already prepared the cell for him...”

“I don’t understand,” said Ivetta, allowing the curtain to drop.

“What?”

“I don’t understand why you are helping me like this?”

“Oh I have my reasons,” answered Janine with a smile. “I thought that you’d understand by now...”

“If you were like Olga was, I’d know that only the money mattered.”

Janine pulled a wry face and smiled.

“Maybe I’ve taken a fancy to you?”

“I don’t think that your tastes lie in that direction.”

“Darling, they lie in every direction. I’d fuck you at the drop of a hat, in fact I’ve been waiting for the signal... After all, I’ve tasted you once, why not again?”

Ivetta inspected Janine. She looked like a plump middle-aged housewife. A bright loose dress, kitten heels and no makeup, but her pale lipstick. How she could change like a chameleon when she desired! There was no sign of her other two interlinked natures. As Janine the sadist and Mistress Jasmine the dominatrix. It was not that she was unattractive, it was more that Ivetta dared not imagine which of the three she would be in bed with.

“Are you making a pass at me?”

“Perhaps I am, perhaps not!”

“I am afraid that you would not let me go...”

“Oh, that’s nothing to be scared of, my dear. I would never let you go once I had my claws in you, but then you would not want me to...”

“That’s what I’m terrified of!”

Janine smiled slyly and sat on the soft couch, pulling her legs onto the cushions and allowing one arm to rest on the back of the sofa.

“I am not your guidance councillor, I have no intention of ‘healing’ you, frankly, I like you as you are. Simply damaged goods,” said Janine. “Always abused, always just a trio of fuck-holes to be sold for profit. Attractive on the outside, vulnerable and broken on the inside. To me, an attractive combination for a pretty little pet lover.”

Ivetta shrugged her shoulders.

“I just tell it like it is,” continued the older woman. “Call me what you will; sadist, user or just a woman who knows what brings her enjoyment, I only play with those that give themselves to me...”

“Or pay!”

“Of course! But, those who pay cash, whose repeat business gives me this comfortable life, those people have their limits. Everyone else pays in ways that I alone decide!”

“Like Sissy?”



“Just like her,” laughed Janine. “She crossed the line years ago and has been paying for her servitude ever since.”

“Who is she?”

Janine nodded as if she had been expecting the question and was prepared to indulge Ivetta’s stalling.

“I have wealthy clients who come here to allow me to punish them for their imagined faults. Mostly men, but there are a few women as well...”

Janine paused as she gathered her thoughts before continuing.

“Anyway; nearly all of them just love to give away their control for a night or perhaps only a few hours. They fall into my world, but their feet never really touch the ground. There is always a signal, a safe word, a special movement, a place that they will not go and where I have to stop. A step too far for them, so to speak.”

“Mistress Jasmine?”

“Mistress Jasmine, exactly! The woman who teases and punishes, but to a well-defined limit. But, there are those that willingly put themselves utterly into my hands and experience Janine. Then the initial consent is all that there is.”

“Sissy?”

“I happened to need a maid to make my life easier, Sissy offered herself totally... A few years ago, she was a ‘he’. A wealthy married man that came to serve once a week as a maid, never wanting to do more than serve my domestic needs.”

“So what happened?”

Ivetta took a few steps and sat on the soft armchair facing Janine, her hands twitching in her lap the only indication that she was agitated.

“There was a minor crisis, Sissy’s wife found out about his little hobby somehow. Instead of pandering to her husband’s fetish, taking advantage of a man who she could use, she threw Sissy out of the house. Silly woman! When Sissy came to me, I took her in and offered her what she really needed. All she had to do was surrender everything to me, all I had to do was to make her whole life mine to decide.”

“And sex?”

“That was never on the table, darling! I tease her occasionally, when I want to reward her devotion, but for the last three years, total chastity has strictly been the rule. She’s not even allowed to be present when I play with my clients, even though some of my male regulars have offered sizable sums. No, she fills her time being a domestic menial, doing all the little things that make my life comfortable. Occasionally I have to punish her of course, but in the last year, even that has not been really necessary.”

“Oh, I thought...”

“You thought that Sissy was a partner?”

“I suppose so.”

Janine laughed.

“I never have ‘partners’,” said Janine. “That implies some kind of equality! I have clients, servants, slaves, but the rule is always that I am in complete control. I am what I am; honest, loving and direct but always in control!”

“And me? Where do I fit into all of this?”

“You? You fascinate me dear, but you have to decide what you want, I cannot do that for you. You have to do is to choose what happens next and I cannot help you make those choices. All I can do is to show you the exquisite possibilities.”

“I can’t just walk out now... what about Marius? What about Nikolai? Where would I go, what would I do?”

Janine stretched out her legs and kicked off her shoes revealing the seamed soles of her fully fashioned stockings. She allowed a silence to settle between the two

women before sighing and finally speaking in an almost reluctant tone.

“In a couple of days you can do whatever you want. By then we’ll have our hands on Marius’ money and you can walk out of here a free woman, disappear with a new name, do what Olga has done. Forget Russia, forget Nikolai and everything that has happened before in your life. Leave your husband behind and go...”

“What will you do with him if I go?” asked Ivetta.

The idea of being finally free of fear and misery was so very attractive! It was like the door of a slum being suddenly opened to see vistas of fields and forests stretch to the horizon. But somehow, the thought of leaving Marius behind, walking out on the woman who had unexpectedly helped her pulled at her mind.

“I can get rid of him easily enough,” said Janine. “There are loads of people who will pay handsomely to own him...”

“Oh, just like that?”

“Of course! I have my contacts. South Korea, the Middle East, Brazil and the US. It’s as easy as that.”

“And if I decide to keep him?”

“That’s something that you’ll have to figure out,” said Janine. “It’s not simple to keep an unwilling man in a cage when you are on your own, but I can help a little. Perhaps.”

Janine slipped her feet to the floor and stood.

“Of course there are as many choices as you like,” she said with a smile as she moved to the window and glanced into the street.

“Like what?”

“My dear Ivetta, you have to decide!”

“When?”

“In the next few days, there’s no immediate hurry.”

Ivetta felt a presence behind her and looked up and back, “I don’t understand. What should I do?”

Janine’s hands moved to rest on Ivetta’s shoulders. They lightly massaged and then withdrew.

“Is that a choice?”

“It is if you want it to be,” said Janine. “But, it’s one that you can never draw back from. If you stay, then it’s under my conditions, you will never be allowed to change your mind. I will decide what you will become and you think that you know what you can expect, but it will be much worse.”

In Ivetta’s mind the sunlit door to the fields and forests still called her. She imagined turning to find a loving mother whose open arms beckoned her. Janine was that mother, a woman who would care for her, decide for her and use the trailing whip in her hand to teach her the price of the solace that she offered.

“Perhaps just a kiss?” asked Ivetta as she looked up at Janine.

“It would not be just a kiss, my dear. It would be acceptance,” said Janine as she looked down at the Russian girl that she lusted after.

The moment hung in the balance before Ivetta sighed and stood to face the woman who wanted so much to own her.

“I will decide...”

“There’s time! The money comes first, it always does. In that, perhaps I am like Olga!”

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The meeting was over and Nikolai and Marta had retreated to the hotel bar where he ordered a chilled bottle of Standard Vodka and two glasses.

“This stuff is rubbish,” said Marta at the first mouthful. “You really need learn to taste the finer things in life!”

“It’s truly Russian,” answered Nikolai as he emptied his glass. “It is the real spirit of the Motherland.”

“Don’t be so fucking profound, it doesn’t suit you at all,” laughed Marta as she poured both glasses full to the brim. “So; how did it go?”

“You saw, you were there, Babushka. I did my job well and they respect that, now I am at a loose end until they find other fields for my talents.”

“Which are?”

“Brutality, but subtly used,” said Nikolai as the second glass of vodka tipped and emptied. “They always give me the difficult jobs, the ones where others have fucked up and I have to put it straight. Soon, someone else will fuck up and I will get a call...”

“That’s a compliment.”

“I suppose so, but it means that I never really have time to take it easy.”

“Is that what you want? To take it easy?”

“I don’t mean sitting at a beach bar when I say that! What I mean is that there are a few personal things that I need to do and there is never time...”

“Like what?”

Nikolai refilled his glass and studied the woman who, even though she seemed to be only a factotum, a driver and messenger; she was allowed to stand in at meetings that were way over her level. Someone high above obviously trusted her absolutely. Did that mean that he could speak freely of his frustration? Would she report it as a weakness? Who was it in the upper stratum of the syndicate that was her patron?

On the other hand, could he use her to show his devotion?

“Oh, just a job that I did not finish properly,” said Nikolai, deciding to open just a little and see what the reaction was.

“And that was?”

“London.”



“You mean making sure that the money we launder is properly handled?”

Nikolai shook his head. Now he was in deep, he had made the decision to trust the attractive woman who sat by his side. ‘Was that a weakness in itself?’ he wondered. Probably! A glass or two of Standard and he was treating Marta as a confident.

“No, that was easy. What I mean is the small affair of Sergei Pandowsla.”

“I thought that was all settled. You saw to him and recovered all the money from that English icon trader. Just a small matter and closed now.”

“I didn’t tie up all of the loose ends...”

“What loose ends?”

“This is not something that we should be discussing here,” said Nikolai.

“Don’t you trust me?”

He looked at Marta and wondered why he had never attempted to get her into bed. She was attractive enough, in fact her strength and competence was a real turn-on. Great breasts, well-shaped waist and legs that would clamp his hips like

a vice. Undoubtedly she would be a great fuck, a real Russian fuck, a woman who knew what she wanted from a partner in bed.

“As much as anyone,” said Nikolai.

“Flattery will get you nowhere!”

“I am careful, that’s all, Marta. Now then, let’s pour another glass each and discuss something safe like politics and religion.”

“No, I want to know,” said Marta. “I promise it won’t go further... maybe I can even help.”

Nikolai poured the glasses full again and tossed the empty bottle to the barman who caught it deftly and placed another on the bar before retreating to the other end of the bar.

“How can you help?” asked Nikolai.

“We’ll see...”

He sighed and laid out his dilemma.

“To start with, that Englishman paid me short and I broke his legs. I was going to sort out the two women who were in on it, but I was distracted by the main London job and got there too late. The birds had flown.”

The words came out in a gush, his lips spoke the words, but in his head he shuddered to find that he could not stop.

“I was careless and almost got caught because I arrived too late...”

Nikolai left out the fact that it was more than just Ivetta and Olga that he had been chasing. No one could know that he almost had untraceable millions in his grasp.

“So, two slut whores slipped away? That’s not so bad, just pass the word and they’ll be found and disposed of.”

“I want to be the one...”

“So it’s personal?” asked Marta.

Her glass was untouched, still full to the brim.

“It’s personal,” admitted Nikolai.

“Well then, go after them yourself before anything else is asked of you.”

“I think that would be viewed dimly by my superiors,” said Nikolai sullenly. “Anyway, I have been told to wait in Moscow, so there’s not much that I can do anyway.”

Marta nodded agreement. Her hands rested on her thighs and pulled the hem of her dress a little higher.

“There are ways of forgetting all of your problems,” she said. “At least for tonight!”

The startled look in his eyes at her offer made her laugh at his confusion and she leaned forward and put her hand on his knee and squeezed the bunched muscle. The grip was almost strong enough to make him start away, he could feel her nails bite into his leg.

“A fuck?”

“That’s all it would be, Nikolai. A fuck and nothing more! For the moment.”

Slowly he nodded and she leaned back.

“Give me ten minutes and then come up to room three-twenty-one,” she said.

“Three-twenty-one,” repeated Nikolai.

“Bring an ice-cold bottle and prepare to be fucked like you’ve never been fucked before,” laughed Marta. “Because, I fuck hard!”

He nodded and watched as he walked to the hotel foyer. A glance at his watch showed that it was just past one.

Just time for another two glasses!

## Wirbelsymphonie

Despite the vodka, Nikolai stepped out of the elevator with a sure step. The hotel corridor was empty. Dim lighting and plush red carpets, the doors to the rooms padded like Chesterfields, crystal lamps glittering, creating shadows.

He made his way to the door of Marta's room and glanced at his watch. He was a couple of minutes early, the solid erection in his pants a compass pointing the way. He had often wondered what it would be like to screw Marta, now that the moment had arrived he found that he had a hesitancy that made him pause. The fact that he was early was just an excuse to stop a moment.

He watched the second-hand of his Rolex smoothly tick away the seconds and was just reaching for the handle of the door when it opened to reveal Marta as he had never seen her before. Ten minutes ago kitten heels and a simple dress, now she stood bare-breasted wearing a pair of thigh-high laced up boots that moulded to her legs, just a wisp of lace covering the triangle of her sex.

"Come in," she said with a smile. "Let's fuck!"

Nikolai followed her into the huge suite and wondered how it was that Marta had been given a room that was far in excess of his own in the Hotel. Such points of etiquette were normally calculated to the millimeter.

The cheeks of her well-muscled ass moved, the string of the thong buried out of sight, the tattoo of a Chinese dragon that spread from neck to twist around her

hips writhed as if almost having a life of its own. She turned with her back to the bed and Nikolai slowly undressed. Belt, trousers, jacket and shirt. It revealed his own tattoos, amorphous symbols that indicated each prison that he had been confined in.

Marta watched with interest and cupped her firm breasts with both hands, teasing her nipples and pressing her nails deep with a small gasp.

“You are what I need,” she said as he stepped from his trousers, his thick cock rearing from the slit in his boxers. “A real man!”

Nikolai saw the wetness soak the lace of Marta’s thong and suddenly reached out and pushed her backwards on to the bed. For a moment, Marta balanced on her high heels and then her arm whipped in a lightning strike at Nikolai’s throat with the base of her palm.

He fended the punch over his shoulder and lurched forward to wrestle her. Suddenly, she was not there and he sprawled onto the bed face down. Her hands grasped his balls and pulled his cock into sight, he felt her nails bite into him and tried to turn over, but the effects of the vodka and his surprise at her strength and speed hindered him and the grip on his balls tightened to hold him there.

“That’s better, dear, now let’s see what we have here,” she laughed.

She stroked that cock hard to keep him in her grip and climbed onto him. He could feel the hard hooks of the laces on her boots rasp at his thighs and almost used the movement to tip her off as she reversed to kneel over him, facing his ass.

“Nice cock,” she cooed. “Now all you have to do is to earn the right to fuck me!”

The vodka held him back, slowed the climb to climax as she settled and played roughly with it in her hard hands. Never before had Nikolai been the one underneath, his usual technique was to pin the woman he was fucking, bend her double to his will, expose the slut and then pinion to take the hole that was the tightest.

“I’m going to allow you to turn,” said Marta. “I want that cock to play with and there’s nothing that you can do to stop me.”

The iron grip relaxed, the thighs that held him opened a little and she slapped his ass to signal that he was to roll over. Nikolai’s head swam with the need to fuck and he rolled over to face upward and she reached forward to re-establish her grip on his straining erection. The hands on him changed their grip. Fast, fast, slow, slow, Marta controlled him with strong strokes and a sharp slap on his thighs as she slowly slipped backward. The dragon’s head moved towards him, the muscles of her back giving it life as the cheeks of her ass parted and his face was buried between the hard muscle.

All the time Marta edged that fat cock, moving forward and retreating until she felt his lips on the thin lace of her thong.

“Eat it and then me,” came her voice from above. “Make me come and I’ll fuck that shaft of yours and let you come into me...”



Nikolai struggled for breath and then closed his teeth on the perfumed lace. He bit, pulled and felt the strings that held it part to leave the tatters in his lips.

“Fucking eat it, bitch,” came her order.

The hand on his cock stopped suddenly leaving Nikolai in limbo and he swallowed the cloth easily before pushing lips and teeth into the hard muscle of her thigh and biting.

“That’s right, little Niki, now let me feel you suck me in... make me come.”

His lips opened and he felt her bear down on him, pressing her swelling clitoris between his lips and teeth. He bit lightly and felt her shudder above him. The sharp spurs on the heels of her boots cut deep and tore through his skin as she lowered her mouth to the tip of his cock and allowed her teeth to graze the smooth skin.

He sucked, pressed his tongue through the furrow of Marta’s cunt and she rewarded him with a gulp that pressed his cock deep into her throat. Nikolai’s reaction was a frantic lapping and kissing at the small nub of her clitoris that ensured that she gouged his side with her spurs with a quivering of her strong legs.

He was so close, so near to coming as Marta rode her oral-fuck and pressed down ever harder until she climaxed. He tasted the first drops of the gush that issued and was suddenly drinking from her as she spurted and orgasmed with wild cries that he could barely hear as she smothered him.

She lifted, Marta turned and suddenly her lips were on his as she guided his shaft into her ass with a slow settling pressure that swallowed it whole, deep inside that tight hole that clenched and made every inch feel like a mile.

“Now fuck me, bitch,” she hissed. “I want it hard...”

A final kiss on his lips, tasting herself on him and licking her lips, and then she sat straight and allowed him to push home. His hips pushed upwards; Marta’s hands slipped between her thighs and he fucked and groaned, pulling almost free, feeling the spurs gouge his calves, seeing her breasts sway over him as she climaxed again and again and he spurted deep inside her, erupted to shoot every drop of come into her tight ass-hole.

“Good boy, Niki, my little bitch-boy,” she declared with a knowing smile as she leaned forward a little and his spent cock slipped from her ass to be followed by a stream of come that trickled down thighs into the tops of her boots.

Nikolai looked up at the woman who had just fucked him and shuddered his final shudder-reaction to the furious climax.

“Bitch, yourself,” he said in a low tone.

“More than you will ever know. If you ever want to fuck my tight cunt, then you have to be my chaste bitch, darling. I don’t ever, ever share!”

## Poem of Ecstasy

The hotel reception was deserted, just a single bored receptionist stood behind his counter and spoke into the phone, telling his wife that he would be late because Manuel had called in sick.

A ceiling fan turned lazily, to no noticeable effect.

Olga sauntered to the desk and waited while the man babbled away in Spanish, pointedly ignoring her and turning his back as his wife let off steam and he tried to placate her with the fact that the extra hours would mean that his pay packet would be a little larger this week.

Finally, he was finished and turned to the Russian girl with an ill-concealed leer at her breasts and a lick of the lips. Already he had forgotten his wife and replaced her with the attractive girl in tight denim shorts.

Assuming English, he said, "What can I do for you?", but it was clear that the services that he imagined were not anything to do with his job.

"A room, a single room," said Olga, ignoring his wandering eyes. "For tonight and tomorrow night... just a single."

The receptionist made a great show of checking the screen of the computer behind the counter before pronouncing that only double rooms were left now,

but that he could offer one at just slightly more than the price of a single.

“It’s better,” he said in a heavy accent. “You might find a man!”

Olga bit back a sarcastic comment and asked the price.

“For you, pretty lady,” said the receptionist. “Fifty a night including the buffet breakfast. Would you like me to show you the room?”

Olga sighed inside and said sweetly, “No thanks, I’ll pay for the two days now.”

Just a week ago she had arrived in the centre of Brussels on the Shuttle. Since then she had been making her way slowly south with the vague idea that the tourist traps in Spain would be a place to stay cheaply while she decided how she was going to change her name and disappear to make a new life.

The receptionist clicked on the screen and then said, “That will be a hundred and forty Euros.”

“Two nights, not three,” replied Olga.

“Taxes, cover charge and the only room that I have has a view over the bay, which costs extra. Also, it’s the weekend.”

Olga almost turned to leave and then decided that a few tens of Euros either way would make no difference anyway. She pulled three one-hundred Euro notes from her pocket and slapped them on the counter.

“I’ll need your passport as well,” said the receptionist as he took the note.

She passed the passport to his hand without comment and he flicked to the page with the photo before Olga snatched it back.

“Keep the change,” she said.

The receptionist leered at Olga again and pushed her a key.

“Need a hand with the bags,” he asked.

Olga shook her head and headed for the room. The old hotel was a maze of white corridors at different levels that led at last to the small double room adorned with a non-functional fan on the ceiling, pictures that belonged on coasters and a view that peeped between two other hotels to see a strip of dull blue Mediterranean.

She sighed and dumped her small rucksack on the bed before stretching herself out on the bed and falling asleep.

Cafés and bars lined the narrow streets of the small town of Estepona, groups of tourists wandered here and there gazing into the shop windows as Olga ambled, her rucksack in one hand and a folded map in the other.

At last she found a small shaded café and settled to gaze at the map she spread on the table as she considered her options. In her bag were tens of thousands of Euros, her passport, a pair of shoes and a single change of clothes. In her mind a single idea, to find new documents and a change of identity. Placing her coffee on the map over Great Britain she pored over it and considered her options. With only English, Russian and a smattering of French and Italian the options were immediately restricted to the left hand side of the map.

Her finger traced the southern coast of Spain as far as Portugal and then back over towards Marseilles and the north of Italy. Finding papers was not an immediate problem. She would probably have to head for Eastern Europe for that. Ukraine, Moldova or Bulgaria would be best. They all spoke Russian and the documents would have a more convincing feel to them. For now, she decided, the best thing would be to lie low for a few months, keep moving and let her plans settle into place.

Already she had heard a lot of Russian spoken in the streets, this was not a good place to stay for more than a few days. What she needed was somewhere where she could stay for months incognito. Once again she looked at the map and her finger came to rest on a small pimple on the southern coast of Spain.

Olga took out her phone and searched for information. A couple of pages later she had her chosen destination. Gibraltar would be ideal and no further visa would be required than the one already in her passport. She switched off the phone again, paid her coffee and headed back for her hotel.

It took three hours in the bus to reach the border. A nondescript small Spanish town that lay in the shadow of the rock of Gibraltar. A short queue at the Spanish side and then a walk-through that did not even require her to show her passport to enter. She followed the small crowds of pedestrians across the runway and

found herself in the tiny town that nestled under the cliffs.

Finding a hotel was no problem and they did not even bother to check her passport when she tendered the cash to pay for the next month. The whole town was packed with wandering tourists and local who ambled here and there in aimless zig-zags and Olga realised that her choice had been a good one.

All she had to do was spend a few months in Gibraltar and then head for the Ukraine before her visa expired and she could rearm with documentation that would carry her to some final destination, as yet undecided.

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The thirty metre yacht that slipped into the marina was by no means the largest in sight, but the grey livery and gold mirrored portholes and upper-deck windows spoke of wealth. After mooring in the pre-arranged berth, the gangplank lowered and Nikolai ambled to the customs house to register his presence.

Patiently he stood behind the small group dressed in nautical deck-shoes and blue striped T-shirts and waited until his documents had been leafed through by the official. Somewhere in this place one of his prey lay concealed, all he had to do was to locate her and introduce her to the luxurious living quarters of his boat. Of course, the ten-million-dollar yacht was not actually his, he had just been given its use for a week as a favour, his boss not even asking what he planned to use it for. As long as it was in Palma in ten days' weeks it was his to use.

For a moment he stood outside the customs-house and considered his options. He could wander the streets of the small town and hope to spot Olga before she spotted him, but she would be alert and sensitive and might slip away to renew the chase that she did not even realise was almost over. On the other hand, he could send some of the crew, but then all they would have would be a photograph and the chances of spotting the fugitive was perhaps not all that great.

After reflecting a few minutes, Nikolai boarded the small yacht again as he pondered his next move. Sooner or later, Olga would realise that her phone was a liability and he needed to find her before she threw it away and the trail went cold. So far there had been five uses. The first in Britain, the others marking a trail that led to the slightly tatty little harbour town on the southern edge of Europe. He marvelled at her naïveté in using it, but then a phone was not something that was casually just tossed aside, a personal item that was difficult to live without despite the fact that there was no one to call.

He sat on the deck and cast his eye over the yachts and small speedboats that rocked at their moorings. Marius, Ivetta and Olga were all here, all that remained was to find them.

Wednesday was a rowdy evening in the marina.

Some nearby club pumped out a steady beat of house music and couples, drunks and groups moved from bar to bar. Nikolai moved through the crowd and headed into the old town dressed in a pair of old jeans and T shirt, wearing fashionable sunglasses even though the sun was almost down.

Seemingly aimless, he walked from hotel to hotel and spoke to the receptionists asking after a party of three, a blonde Russian girl, but even though they were



open about their guests, he finished at the far end of the town with only the one hotel on the other side of the rock unvisited. A sense of annoyance filled him, in this small town, how could he avoid seeing them, even if it was just by coincidence. The stores selling knickknacks and tourist trash were now closing as he wandered down the main street, pausing at window displays, keeping an eye out for the Russian girl who was his quarry.

Four days wasted and only a few left before he had to leave. The mobile phone had not been used, there was no way of knowing where the Russian girl had gone. Perhaps she was long gone now and he should cruise down to Malaga to see if she had been attracted by the small Russian community that had settled there?

Arriving at last at the main piazza he settled for a meal. The beer was cold, the food good and Nikolai shrugged his shoulders as he tried to lay aside his personal mission to one side and consider what job he would be assigned to when this jaunt was behind him. There was a rumour that things were not going well in Belgium, that the Lebanese were causing trouble there, so maybe that was the next place that he would be sent to sort out a problem?

His thoughts turned to Marta and he smiled at the way that she had sunken her claws into him. Until now all his 'girlfriends' had just kneeled at his feet and sucked his cock as they were required. She, on the other hand was a new experience, a woman that he was almost forced to accept as an equal. Of course she had influence and was a challenge in that way, but never before had he been faced down physically like that night in Moscow. There was a tacit understanding, that was clear! She had told him that he would not fuck around if he wanted more of the same and had promised that there would be so much more if he followed the rules of her game. The fact was, she had fucked him, not he her and that had been so new and exhilarating that he had accepted the challenge.

Then there was the yacht... how had that happened?

It was sure that he was rising in Ivan's estimation if Marta's word was enough for a reward that gave such tremendous prestige. That meant that his new girlfriend had real pull, another solid reason to play her little games and draw on her influence. Of course, Nikolai would know that he had reached real favour if he ever actually met the man who was the spider at the centre of a web of crime that stretched from Vladivostok to San Francisco.

He finished the beer and stretched out his legs under the table. His mind moving into a pleasurable daydream where he too owned a yacht that he could lend to others to show favour. That he too was unseen in the shadows doing Ivan's bidding by direct contact and making those old-time boys who made up the upper stratum of the Sansova Mafia bend their knees to his will. There were so many ideas in his head, ways of making their grip on the underworld ever tighter, plans that the oldsters could never dream of.

At last the dream faded and Nikolai paid his check. He stood and looked around the few patrons who were still sipping beers and coffees as the tables and chairs were stacked for the night. He checked his phone and slipped it back into his pocket, just about to head for the arches that led from the old town back to the marina, when he spotted a brunette with savagely short hair standing chatting with a man. There was something in her pose, something familiar and his senses sharpened with a curious pit in his stomach.

Her face was not made up, she wore sunglasses, her hair was short and not blonde, but the way that she gestured and moved was the give-away. Inside just a few seconds there was no doubt in his mind, the woman was Olga Petroavich, but the man that she was talking to was not Marius.

Slowly, Nikolai sat back on his chair and watched the short exchange before she headed out of the piazza. Meanwhile the man whom she had been talking to, moved in the other direction, passing Nikolai within reach before disappearing through the arches at the other end of the square.

He waited until Olga had almost disappeared up the main street before following her. Keeping thirty metres behind he watched her aimless ramble and had to stop and look into a jeweller's window for a minute to avoid overtaking her. She might lead him to the others.

Olga led Nikolai along the street before turning left and heading up an incline towards the rock. The street was empty, so he waited at the corner and waited until she turned into an entrance before moving quickly to the place where she had turned. A glance at the doorway showed it to be a hotel side-entrance and Nikolai followed the short corridor to peep around the corner to the reception.

As he watched, Olga stepped into a lift and Nikolai watched as the lift moved to the fifth floor and stopped before approaching the reception.

“Hi,” said Nikolai. “I was just looking for a friend of mine...”

“Who might that be, sir?” said the receptionist.

“Well actually it's a friend's girlfriend and I don't know her name. Short cut hair, pretty good looking, a Russian girl... I am supposed to be taking her to a restaurant for a party and...”

Nikolai allowed the sentence to trail off to allow the receptionist to make up the rest of the back story in his mind.

“Oh, that’ll be Tanya,” said the receptionist, “shall I call her room?”

“No need. I’ll pop up to the fifth floor and have a word.”

“Five-thirty-one,” said the receptionist obligingly. “Out of the lift, it’s to your right.”

“Of course, thanks...” said Nikolai as he headed for the lift.

The lift seemed to take an age to climb to the fifth floor and Nikolai walked to the door of Olga’s room. There was an electronic lock on the door and Nikolai inspected it briefly before moving on and taking his phone. The roll of the dice had brought him here, now he would have to wait for another opportunity.

Ten minutes later, a small Russian man booked a room in the hotel, insisting on the fifth floor and taking the room opposite five-three-one. Nikolai strolled back to the marina with a light step, now that action beckoned, his dour mood had lifted. All thought of Marta and his next mission had evaporated and he was now in a position to make ready the rooms for the guests that would shortly not be enjoying a short ride on his yacht.

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The Moroccan cleaning woman entered room five-three-one and quickly pulled the bedding straight and opened the windows a little. When she retreated from the room, she did not realise that a small wedge had been placed in the bolt hole in the door frame and that the latch did not properly lock the door.

Ten minutes later the room was searched by a man who determined that there was only a single occupant. He photographed a passport and then retreated, relocking the door properly before retreating to his room across the corridor and pressing his eye to the peep-hole to settle down to watching that door.

On the street, an attractive woman followed Olga as she sauntered to the main square for her breakfast. The woman sat on the table behind Olga and sipped her coffee while a second man loitered by the arched gates that led from the square. Olga finished her croissant and coffee and then seemed undecided as to her next destination. She stood in the centre of the square by the doorway to the police station and then finally headed through the arches with the other woman trailing behind.

There followed a game of cat-and-mouse, where the mouse did not even suspect that the cat was nearby. Olga crossed the street and stared into shop windows, while her two unseen companions danced around her at a distance of tens of metres. Everywhere were tourists and others moving around, making it impossible to make a move, even though the yacht was just a hundred metres away.

Eventually, Olga started to move along a row of shops, buying a packet of cigarettes and then staring at the new cars in a show-room. Finally, she reached the end of the row and then stood gazing across the marina before walking towards the small harbour and standing looking down at the fish in the water. The yacht was moored exactly opposite from her position, but in between were fifty metres of water and a host of small boats moored to landing stages.

Nikolai stood on the bridge and looked at the small figure standing opposite him. Behind her he could see a woman with a phone in her hand and to the side the mooring platform that offered a fueling station for the boats in the marina.

It took seconds for the yacht to shed its mooring lines, twenty seconds to start to move and Nikolai grinned to himself as he watched Olga's fixed attention on the luxury prison that was moving towards her. The yacht turned ponderously and then slipped over the short stretch of water to arrive at the fuel pumps, two men jumping off to secure it in place.

It seemed that Olga was ready to move on, she turned to the right, away from the newly moored yacht and started to saunter down the walkway towards the end of the marina. Nikolai felt a moment of tension and then watched as the woman behind dropped her coffee and hastened to catch up to Olga. Behind her was a man in casual shorts and polo shirt who was also moving almost at a run.

From Nikolai's point of view, he saw the victim turn at the sounds of running. For a moment she opened her mouth, startled and then the three figures converged and stopped. To Nikolai it seemed that the three were just having a close conversation, but he knew that by now Olga was captured and felt a rising sense of victory as his agents each took up a position by Olga's side and marched her towards him.

A middle aged man with a grey bag on his shoulder appeared and walked past the group, seemingly unaware of the situation, though now it seemed to Nikolai that Olga staggered as if drunk as he passed. Then they were at the dock where the fuel line was being attached to the yacht.

The group marched up the gang-plank, Olga now being almost dragged while a hand clamped over her mouth until she was on the deck and then pushed into the main stateroom of the large boat.

Nikolai watched her face as he took off his sun-glasses and his victim collapsed to the floor, her legs no longer able to support her weight.

“What a coincidence meeting you here,” said Nikolai in Russian. “Still, now that you’re here, we really need to have a small chat about two other people that I would really like the pleasure of meeting!”

Olga looked up and then back behind her where the woman who had trapped her was closing the sliding door to the room.

“Cat got your tongue?” asked Nikolai. “Perhaps you need a drink?”

His hand displayed the half full vodka bottle in his huge hand and offered it to the woman at his feet. Olga shook her head and looked up at him with a fearful expression.

He bent down and grabbed her short hair to force her to look up at him and flicked off the cap off the bottle with his other hand. The top of the bottle approached her lips and he poured the contents over her face before forcing her to drink the remaining quarter of the contents.

“That’s better, you’ll feel better after a little drink!” he said. “let’s discuss your

friends...”

“They’re here,” said Olga with a splutter.

“I don’t think so, but I do think that you know where they are, so let’s start again and then you I am giving you to Sofia to play with.”

“London,” said Olga.

Nikolai relaxed his grip and smiled.

“That’s better, no more lies or Sofia is going to punish you... Actually, she will do that anyway, but, let’s pretend.”

He glanced up at the woman who had captured his prey for him and nodded to her.

“You and I have a little trip ahead of us. It takes two days to get to Majorca and in that time you are going to tell Sofia everything that you know. Then there will be a parting of the ways and you will be heading for a new career in the Motherland. Luckily for you, it’s something that you are well suited for... Just don’t disappoint Sofia and myself by being difficult, or you will find yourself in Vladivostok entertaining the brave sailors of the Russian navy instead of Moscow!”



Olga looked over her shoulder at the smiling Sofia and collapsed to the floor wailing and sobbing. At that moment the door to the stateroom opened and a man threw Olga's rucksack and a large bundle of five hundred Euro notes to the floor at Nikolai's feet.

"Now that you're checked out, I think that we can move along," said Nikolai.

A shudder ran through the yacht as the engines roared into motion.

## **O Imprevisto**

Ivetta clicked on her screen of the laptop and sighed in contentment. Janine had kept her promise and now she could admire the balance of her new account with the satisfying knowledge that her husband was caged in the darkness beneath her feet.

Now there was just a last hurdle to jump.

Part with Janine, throw her sadistic husband to that female wolf and head for a new and free life without a care in the world. There was enough money to live a life of ease, even after paying the woman who had saved her the half that was their deal. Tonight was the night, tomorrow she would be on the early morning flight to Frankfurt and there she would adopt her new identity and disappear into anonymity and a new life. It would not be difficult, she thought. Deep inside, Janine knew that she would soon be gone and Ivetta sensed that there would be no resistance. That woman had her personal rules and stuck to them. Acquiescence to her attentions was the commandment she never broke, of that Ivetta was sure. Of course, Marius had broken that implicit rule in Vienna when he had hired her, for that there could be no forgiveness.

Ivetta slapped the laptop closed and ran her fingertips over the textured cover. It was all that she needed to start her new life. That and the bundle of Euros that had been left by Olga which was really just pocket-money compared to the balance of her account.

She wondered what had become of the woman who had used her and then suddenly switched to become a saviour. There had been no contact, no calls,

nothing to say if she was now sunning herself on a beach or perhaps enjoying the clear mountain air of an alpine resort.

The door to the sitting room opened and Janine entered and plumped herself on the sofa opposite Ivetta.

“It’s done and arranged. You can consider yourself to be divorced,” said Janine with a small smile. “In three days he will find himself in the hands of his new owner and be shipped to the Far East and at a price that I could not refuse!”

“Where?”

“I keep all my contacts private,” said Janine. “I will do the same for you...”

Ivetta nodded and felt that the time was right to announce her decision.

“Tomorrow, I go,” she said.

For a moment, there was an expression of disappointment on Janine’s face which was quickly masked by a smile.

“You’re not staying then? A disappointment for me...”

“I may be back,” said Ivetta as she tried to leave a door open, but they both knew that if Ivetta left, she would disappear and they would never meet again.

“I doubt it,” said Janine. “Still, it’s your choice and that’s all that matters. Life here, with me, would be a hard one for you... I had so many amusements planned for myself!”

“If I could set limits...”

“There would be none, my dear. Once the pledge is made, there is no going back... it’s just the way that I am. You would become my little Kitty.”

“I was tempted,” said Ivetta, “but, I need to find some space and decide.”

“As you like,” answered Janine with a shrug.

Ivetta felt a small tug of regret.

“Tonight is ‘goodbye’ then,” she said. “I have no bags to pack, nothing to leave behind but my thanks for being so honest, but I really have to do this...”

“Well then, let’s go out and drink a glass or three and get you to bed early for your flight,” said Janine. “I know a great little restaurant just around the corner.”

Ivetta felt herself relax now that she had finally made up her mind and said, “It’s

seven already, let's go straight away."

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The restaurant turned out to be more of a café come-wine-bar and the two women sat outside in the fading light with a light meal enjoying each other's company. Janine, ordering mussels and Ivetta the pasta. By the second bottle of wine the conversation had moved to Ivetta's plans for her life of newly won freedom.

"So where to first?" asked Janine. "The steews of the big city or mountains and meadows?"

"I haven't decided," said Ivetta, raising her glass. "I'll arrive in Frankfurt and choose from the flights that go from there. I can't go to the US, but elsewhere in Europe or South America could be on the cards. I'll need a year of residency somewhere before I can trust all the documents that you got me."

Janine sighed.

"I wish that I could do something like this," she said. "Just fly away and spend some time doing nothing but sunning myself."

"You can," said Ivetta. "You could come with me..."

Janine started to laugh.

“You tempt me,” she said. “Instead of living out my fantasies here, to take on yours’. You are playing games, my dear Ivetta. I try to seduce you to stay here and all the while you entice me to follow you!”

“You won’t, of that I’m sure. As you said, I’m damaged goods, in need of therapy. You on the other hand, you are already living the life that you want...”

The conversation slipped to other things until at last the third bottle of wine poured its last drop and the two women headed back to Janine’s house arm in arm.

“It’s such a shame that you are leaving,” said Janine. “But, I respect that and can only hope that someday you’ll turn up on my doorstep again and we can have another bottle of wine.”

They entered the darkened hallway and Ivetta found herself standing face to face with Janine. She reached out and put a hand on her friend’s shoulder to console her. Janine did not respond, the shadows from the street lights that came through the windows cast her face into silhouette and Ivetta felt a sudden affection for the middle aged woman who had been such a good friend. The woman that had fucked her all that time ago in Vienna and then turned out to be her rescuer in so many ways. It seemed to her impossible that Janine was after all, a merciless sadist, even though she knew that her husband was chained and strapped in a wire cage in the cellar. Somehow, that side of her was a faded memory that had no reality in this moment of parting.

Ivetta leaned forward, but her companion drew back.

“Don’t do this, dear,” said Janine. “No kisses, no hugs, no intimacy! I don’t think that I could help myself...”

“Janine! I need it, I need to show how much I love you,” said Ivetta with a sob. “How can you deny me this little thing?”

“Because, I have my rules, my principles and you know what a kiss means...”

“I’ll risk it,” said Ivetta. “For my own sake...”

“Don’t, unless you mean it.”

“I mean it!”

Ivetta leaned forward and planted a small kiss on her friend’s lips. She felt Janine’s tongue touch her lips briefly and then the older woman’s arms enfolded her and pulled her close in an intimate embrace.

The kiss broke and once again there was no contact between the two, but an apprehension, a tension sparked between them both.

“You should go to bed now,” said Janine in an unsteady tone.

“You’re right,” answered the Russian girl. “Will I see you in the morning?”

“Of course. I need to be there when you start your new life.”

“I’ll see you then, then.”

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The alarm clock sounded by the bed.

The first light of dawn filled the room.

Ivetta awoke and reached out to switch it off and abruptly realised that she could not move her hand. In a panic, her ears filled with the bleeping alarm she tried to roll over and found that something around her neck would not even allow her to cast a look at the noisy clock by the bed.

Her legs kicked out, but they too were pinned down, drawn out towards the angles of the huge bed, so she pulled at the bracelets on her wrists again and cried out in fear.

The alarm clock changed tone. Now it was a continuous sound that caused ever more panic in the Russian woman pinned like an insect to the bed. Ivetta relaxed



and pulled again, just as she heard the door to the bedroom open and Janine appear over her.

Ivetta looked up at the tight latex suit, the tight bun on her friend's head and the laced-up arm-length latex gloves and struggled anew in her bonds.

"I told you, darling," said Janine. "I warned you not to touch, but you had to do it..."

"Please, Janine," sobbed Ivetta. "I love you and I couldn't go without at least a small kiss! It was just a kiss."

"It was not just a kiss, dear. It was acceptance.

The hands at the end of the gloves appeared, bearing a red round gag with straps dangling from the hole pierced into it.

"You chose," said Janine as the red ball-gag approached trembling lips. "Now it's too late to change your mind. You chose and I accept the offer!"

Ivetta opened her mouth to scream and the hands moved to pop the gag into her mouth. All that issued forth was a cry that came from the throat, a plaintive animal noise that was filled with horror and pity as the hands pulled the straps around the back of the young Russian girl's head and pulled them savagely tight.

“If you really love me, then you’ll be easy to train to please me,” said Janine as she tightened the straps to their limits. “A pet that loves her mistress is just what I have always yearned for!”

The next words that Janine spoke were in Dutch, but the evil smile on Janine’s face told Ivetta that they boded ill. With a gesture, Janine pulled back the sheet covering her new lover to expose her naked fettered body to her hungry gaze. For a moment she inspected her prey and then moved a step closer to stand leaning over her victim before she planted a kiss on the bulging gag that filled Ivetta’s mouth.

“There will be no flight! You have chosen to be my little pussycat. I have so much that I want to do with you in the years to come, but first of all, Kitty has to learn that her loving owner wants to make love to her and show her that being Janine’s pet is the best thing that ever happened to her!”

Ivetta struggled again, saliva poured from her lips and ran down her cheeks as her owner climbed onto the bed and moved between her wide open thighs.

“Just a little taste of my love,” said Janine as her gloved hands steadied the fat dildo that sprang from between her thighs. “You would never have been able to leave me and I knew it! I knew that you could not resist tempting me, that you would choose for me and not freedom. You are damaged now, but I’ll heal you until you are my perfect obedient little kitten...”

Ivetta felt the violation begin; she knew that she was drenched with need, but she still struggled as the intruder entered, started to vibrate and then slowly pushed into her. Janine was correct, Ivetta had made her choice! The only alternative that she could have chosen, there had been no future without Janine. Even if she had gone, she would have returned for this.

A lover who would care for her in every aspect, chain her and use her, protect and make everything so simple and easy. To fall into what she really needed, a love so deep that anything could be lived through just to be close to the woman that loved her in return.

The first climax belonged to Janine.

The second to her mewling Kitty.

## **Part IV**

## ***The Curtain Falls***

## **A Breath of Late Night Air**

Sofia kissed Olga on the lips and stroked her cheek. The gesture would have seemed a passing sign of affection from a tender lover if it had not been for the fact that Olga was hanging by her wrists, naked, while Sofia pressed against her as if to emphasise the roughness of her jeans and the smooth silk blouse stretched over her breasts.

A steady background burr of the engines churning the Mediterranean water as the yacht made its way to Palma. The steady movement of the ship through the waves caused Olga to move her feet a little to maintain her balance. She was on tip toe, legs apart as the strain on her arms started to tell.

“Mm, it’s going to be a pleasure to have a little chat with you about all of your adventures,” said Sofia. “There is so much for you to tell me, darling. Like, for instance, where is the rest of the cash? Who have you spoken to... Where are the other two?”

Olga groaned as the yacht plunged down beneath her feet and Sofia slapped her face with a sharp swing.

“It’s all you have to do, tell me everything and then you can get on with the rest of your life.”

“You’re never going to let me go,” said Olga.

“Of course, darling. But, there is a huge difference between being a call girl in Moscow or in a grubby whorehouse in Vladivostok. It’s your choice, just remember that!”

“I left them in London,” said Olga. “Both of them, that Englishman, Marius and the woman that you’re looking for, Ivetta.”

“Darling, that’s a start, but I’m sorry to say that the only words that I will believe are the ones that come between pleas for mercy. I want to know who they met, who you talked to. I want to know where the money is, every detail no matter how small...”

“Janine... she was there.”

Sofia started to laugh and ran her hands over the taut skin of her strung-up victim. Her nails scored red marks from nipples to the arch of thighs.

“I’ll give you time to get your thoughts together girl. Then we can have a little chat over the next two days. Niki may be along later to join the fun, so let’s get you all prepared for his big cock.”

Olga started to weep, she babbled incoherent sentences as she watched her tormentress open a locker and start to pull items from a drawer. Rods, chains and whips, the pile grew as Sofia sorted through them and arranged them.

“A few hours of this should get you in the mood,” said Sofia as she started to

assemble some of the rods and shackles. “Then tonight we’ll enjoy an intimate little get-together.”

Olga shook her head wildly, her whole body moving with the reaction.

“Oh God, please no, I am ready to tell you anything that you want...”

“What would be the fun of that?” asked Sofia as she tightened the device that was almost complete. “No, we’ll do it the way that I have decided and then we can be sure that everything you tell me is the unvarnished truth!”

Still sobbing and struggling at the end of the rope, Olga thrashed as Sofia started to arrange her torment. On each ankle a cuff that clenched the joint as she pulled the buckles tight ensuring that the extensible bar between ankles was rigid. A small twist of a clip and the bar began to extend slowly to force the ankles far apart no matter how Olga tried to resist the force.

At last, Sofia was satisfied that the triangle of legs and bars was only just allowing her victim’s toes to touch the floor. She returned to her pile of items and selected another steel bar while Olga’s tears streamed down her face and she cried in hopeless terror.

“Now that you are nice and comfortable we can begin the fuck that you are going to enjoy while I pop on deck to watch the sunset and drink a few cocktails,” chuckled Sofia as she attached the bar to a sprocket equidistant between the clamped ankles. “Next we need a nice fat cock, something that a whore like you will really feel filling her to the brim...”



From the drawer she pulled a slim rubber dildo and displayed it to the stricken Olga.

“This OK?” she asked.

Olga moaned and tipped forward as the yacht slid into the trough of a wave.

“Something else then?” said Sofia as though Olga had answered her question.  
“Like this?”

The next rubber cock was a foot long and as wide as her wrist. Olga started to struggle again and Sofia smiled and tossed the threatening rubber prick back into the drawer.

“You’re right, darling. A slut like you would never be satisfied without being filled in every hole...”

Sofia’s hand lifted another dildo from the drawer and held it up; a triumphant smile on her face. The same as the last, but with an outgrowth from the thick base that ran parallel to the first.

“This is better, two in one. Not a personal choice of mine, a little too intimate, but I think that you are more accommodating than me, darling.”

She attached the rubber cock to the rod that formed a 'T' between Olga's ankles until the tip of the dildo touched the delicate skin between the Russian girl's thighs. Olga tried to close her thighs, twist away, all the time burbling pleas and cries for sympathy, but the reaction from Sofia was a small chuckle.

There was a minute of adjustment and then the tip of the rubber cock started to push upward to touch the lips of Olga's sex. It opened them, millimetre by millimetre, forcing its way into the helpless pussy. It seemed to enter so easily, flesh parting, gaping to accommodate the violation as the second one parted the cheeks of Olga's ass.

"All the way, that's the way that it should be," said Sofia. "I'd never settle for less."

As she turned the small screw handle that lengthened the pole her fingers smoothed a lubricant onto the dildo even though Olga's cunt had started to drip.

"Can you feel it fuck you?" muttered Sofia as she concentrated on aligning the violator. "Fill you and take you?"

Olga gasped as the second tip pushed into her rear. It forced her open while the front dildo pressed deeper into her flesh.

"Oh, that's so good, isn't it? Tell me how you need this, darling, tell me how you want every last inch of it fucking your cunt..."

Olga babbled above the squatting Sofia, but if she was begging to be fucked, then the words could not be separated from the pleas and begging to stop the violation.

Sofia slowly forced the rubber deeper until a nubbin of stippled rubber was embedded in the exposed pussy, pressing hard on Olga's clitoris.

"There you go," she said. "Now all we need are a couple of touches and you will be ready to experience the deepest fuck of your life."

She attached a cord to the dildo and plugged it into a small socket in the wall of the cabin before she returned to Olga and put her hand under the crying woman's chin.

"That just leaves the other hole to be filled," she said.

Sofia's face came close to Olga's. For a moment her lips brushed that of the restrained Russian girls' and then her tongue moved to lick the tears from Olga's cheeks.

"What do you say?" asked Sofia.

"Thank you," stuttered Olga.

At that moment Sofia pushed a gag into the open mouth and pushed it deep. Her hands pulled at a strap and then closed it to the back of Olga's neck.

“Now comes the best bit,” laughed Sofia. “Then I am ready for a romantic sunset while you feel every hole abused.”

She took a silk scarf and tied it as a blindfold over Olga’s face and then her fingers flicked and switched the dildo between Olga’s thighs into life.

Olga started, a moaning cry issued from her throat and Sofia squatted to see up close the torment that she had initiated. A hum from the base of the violating rubber object signalled that it had started to work, deep inside it extended and retracted, vibrated and pulsed. The pressure on Olga’s clitoris ensured good contact and that nubbin began a gentle massage that would soon be a violent pulsation that would come in wave after wave of shuddering.

“Perfectly romantic,” said Sofia as she slowly turned a switch to its full extent. “Just think, in a few hours you will have the honour of Niki’s cock in your throat, you know that’s how he likes it best...”

She stood and regarded the shuddering bitch and slapped the flexing muscles of her ass sharply.

“Now that you have a little time to reflect, just get your story straight and we can have our little chat.”

Olga moaned with her first climax and hung helplessly from her wrists as hours of violation began.

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Far on the horizon the sun set. A shimmering red orb suspended over the Moroccan skyline, casting a path of pink towards the yacht across the calm waters of the sea. On the rear deck of the yacht four figures leaned on the railings, cocktail glasses in their hands as they admired the vista and refreshed themselves in the warm breeze that swept past them.

“By the time that we arrive, I want it all,” said Nikolai to Sofia. “Every clue, no matter how small. I will only have a few days to settle this because I might have a job to do...”

Sofia moved a little on the rail until she pressed into Nikolai. The movement was in time with the heaving of the ship, seeming an accidental motion even though it was intimate.

“We can play a little...” said Sofia conversationally. “She’ll be ready for you to fuck. Helpless and eager to please.”

Nikolai sipped at his glass.

A month ago, a year ago, Sofia’s words would have raised his prick to attention. He would have delighted in taking the Russian girl bent double and sobbing. Pressed his huge cock into her and savoured having her helplessly choking on him while he came, but now, somehow, the thought did not tempt him.

All he could think of was Marta, riding him while he fought to fuck her tight cunt. The thought of taking a helpless slut to empty himself no longer had much appeal.

“That’s your job,” he said with a small yawn. “I am not in the mood...”

Sofia looked at the man who was her boss and a flicker of emotion crossed her perfect features in disappointment and frustration. For the first time in months she had the opportunity to move closer to this man who was obviously rising in the ranks. Become his woman, attach herself to him emotionally, gain respect and become something other than a factotum who did the bidding of this man.

“It will help the bitch to tell me everything,” said Sofia, taking another tack. “She will be so terrified...”

Nikolai dropped his glass into the wake of the boat and watched it disappear into the foam.

“You are ambitious,” he muttered.

“Of course I am,” said Sofia. “I want you!”

“I’m not interested,” replied Nikolai.

Sofia felt her stomach drop. Niki had never been so plain speaking. Until now he had just walked around her advances, now he was making his feelings plain for the first time and Sofia could not understand it.

Nikolai turned to Sofia and leaned on the railing with a crooked elbow.

“You are the best at what you do,” he said. “You do not need to be fucked by me to make your way forward.”

“Is there someone else?”

“If you like,” said Nikolai as he thought of the woman who had ridden him like a wild steer. “It’s my decision and that’s the end of it. Go fuck that bitch, all I want is names of places and people. When we get to Palma I fly to find the other two and leave you to make the yacht ready for Ivan who will be there in a few days.”

“Ivan himself...”

“You won’t ever see him, if that’s what you’re thinking. Girl, your ambition has no limit!”

Sofia turned back to the sunset. Now the red orb was halved by the mountains on the horizon and the path of its light to the yacht was fading. Her body slid a little until she was no longer in contact with the man that she so longed to seduce.

She sighed.

“You’re right, of course. You always are, that’s one of the reasons that I long to test the length of your cock! I’ll get everything from the bitch and things will carry on the same between us.”

Nikolai looked Sofia up and down appreciatively. He could fuck the bitch, feel her struggle under him as he lifted her ankles and reamed that smooth body, but that would be risking everything that he was aiming for. Everything that he did, every moment of his was watched and assessed by those around him. Everything was reported, recorded and weighed in the balance. If what he suspected was correct, then there were good reasons not to give in to temptation, thereby making a terrible mistake!

He turned back from Sofia and watched the last sliver of the sun slip down and suddenly the bubbling wake of the boat was the brightest thing in view.

“I want it all, Sofia,” he said. “I’ll only have a couple of days to act on the information, so don’t fail...”

“I never fail,” said Sofia. “Well usually never!”

“Let’s see,” said Nikolai with a small laugh. “Every detail counts, no matter how insignificant. She’s all yours, in fact I’ll even let you decide what happens to the bitch. Keep her or throw her overboard, I don’t care.”

Sofia smiled and turned to rest her rounded ass on the railing as the yacht rolled a little.



“I’d better go do my job.”

“Job? It’s what you enjoy the most!”

“That’s what makes me the best,” she laughed.

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The cabin door opened and Sofia entered to admire the sweating Olga that struggled in the throes of a climax that was forced on her by the diabolical fucking that had no end until Sofia decided that it had reached its finale.

She stripped naked and tossed her clothes onto the bed and padded around the cabin, knowing that Olga did not even know that she was even present. Small cries issued from the plugged throat, trembling consumed the strung-up woman and the dildo slowed its cycle and gathered for the next fuck. Sweat dripped down stretched thighs and soaked into the silk that covered eyes.

Sofia chose a whip from the small pile by the locker and pulled the coarse braiding through her fingers. Somehow, Olga was to blame for her failure to seduce Niki. She would pay for that. She stalked around the straining Olga and decided her strategy.

Now there were three strands in her head. Proving to Niki that she could get what he wanted, taking revenge on this bitch who had ruined her little seduction and, of course, spending a delicious night making Olga suffer as she brought

pleasure to her interrogator.

The long strand of the whip trailed on the floor. It writhed and curled as Sofia flicked her wrist, like a cobra that needed to strike. Orgasm and pure pain, completion and terror, the whip flicked as Sofia spread her legs and jerked her arm.

The leather curled through the air. It hissed as it writhed causing a scream to be forced just as the dildo began the next cycle. Each slash would be a pleasure to administer, each cut would be closer to the climax that Sofia knew would be the best that she had ever experienced.

Olga screamed and the sound was like heaven.

Soon she would be in Vladivostok or perhaps Beirut

## **Taking The Exits**

A knock at the door.

Janine opened the door to see a huge man standing on the top step and she immediately knew that the confrontation that could not be avoided had arrived.

“Nikolai, I believe,” she said looking past the massive Russian to see a large black limousine parked by the kerb outside her house.

The man nodded and stepped forward slightly.

“You’d better come in,” said Janine. “I think that we need to have a little chat!”

“I’m glad to get such a civilised reception,” said Nikolai in his heavy Russian accent. “So often, those that I call on try to avoid me or cause some violent sort of difficulty!”

His hand went up in a signal to the parked car and he followed her into the house. Of course he had investigated this woman before arrival. A concealed business lay behind the door that he just entered, really just a private studio, a brothel with a single occupant.

Janine led her guest into the comfortable sitting room and plumped herself into a soft armchair while her hand beckoned his large form to take up the sofa opposite.

“You know who I am,” said Nikolai. “So, presumably you understand the business that I represent?”

“I can imagine,” said Janine easily. “The details are not important.”

“Good,” said Nikolai. “Then you know that there is money owing and a score for you to settle?”

Janine nodded assent and said, “A cup of tea?”

“Of course, why not?” answered Nikolai, enjoying the little discussion immensely.

It was rare that he did not see fear when he arrived like this and the novelty of the civility of the confrontation amused him to the point that a smile spread over his features.

Janine stood and left the room.

Nikolai could hear the kettle boil and wondered if the woman would be foolish enough to return with a gun. He tried to estimate the chances and decided that the odds were against it. She knew perfectly well that the three men in his car would soon deal with any problem and he knew that the Kevlar waistcoat that he

wore with his suit would mean that at best she would get a single chance to use any weapon.

He looked around the room and found it a little strange that this house that featured a sadist's dungeon was so comfortable with a worn and cozy feel. Westerners were so extraordinary in so many unexpected ways!

Janine returned to find her guest inspecting a print on the wall and set the tray on the table.

“That’s a copy of my favourite Renoir,” she commented.

“From what I understand, you could afford the original now,” said Nikolai, taking his place at the table and pouring the green tea into both porcelain cups.

“I would not go that far,” said Janine as she allowed him to choose which cup to drink from.

Despite his relaxed air, it was clear that he was aware of hidden dangers and avoided the risk with a seemingly insouciant indifference.

“You have a couple of items that I would like to take off your hands,” said Nikolai as he sipped the steaming hot tea.

“If you mean a Russian girl and some money, then you are correct!”

“Actually, I meant a Russian girl and her foolish English husband. But, you are correct, there is also a considerable sum of money involved as well, I believe.”

There was a brief moment before Janine replied.

“The husband is no longer here!”

“Of course you would not mind me wanting to be sure about that,” said Nikolai as he settled into the verbal sparring match with enjoyment.

“By all means,” said Janine. “But, he left around three days ago and I have no exact knowledge of where he is right now.”

“But, roughly, you could tell me?”

“South Korea.”

“Ah well, I suppose that I can still track him down.”

“Quite possibly! But, it might be better not to. The Tokashirimaso’s are somewhat reclusive.”

“Interesting, I believe that I know the name,” grinned Nikolai.

“Then we should discuss what can be done about my little Ivetta and, as you pointed out, a certain sum of money that is still owed by her husband.”

Janine nodded.

“Of course, but just so that you understand, this is not an auction or some bargaining session. I have a certain right to both and that is what has to be decided now!”

Janine sat back and regarded the heavy-set Russian. The man exuded strength from every pore and despite his careless and civilised conversational style, there was a sense of violence lurking just beneath the well-cut suit.

“And what would that ‘right’ be,” said Janine.

“I was owed a certain sum...”

“Which is?”

“Two million pounds!”

There was no sign of the bluff showing on Nikolai’s face. He guessed that somehow this woman had managed to do what he had failed to achieve. Got her

hands on the missing hard disk from Marius' laptop and managed to plunder him.

“Actually, since we are being exact, two-million-three-hundred and forty-thousand,” said Nikolai feeling that a sum that was not rounded would sound more realistic. “There are a few hundred more, but that is what I would be satisfied with.”

“In cash?” laughed Janine. “You realise that it is impossible?”

“I know that you have the information to plunder Marius' accounts. Either you have already done it or you have the item that is the key, so it's really quite simple. Give me the money or else there is nothing more to talk about!”

“Supposing that I could pay that sum, what guarantee have I...”

“That I would not want more?”

“Exactly!”

“My word of course. There is no better guarantee.”

“Let's leave that to one side for a moment and I shall show you around the house as you requested earlier.”



Nikolai got up slowly and stood to tower over the still seated Janine.

“Fine, but before I leave this deal must be done.”

Janine stood and walked slowly to the door of the room.

“We’ll see. Now then, where do you want to start?”

Nikolai shrugged and Janine led him into the hallway and up the stairs. She could almost feel the staircase bend under his bulk as he followed her and despite her calm exterior she suspected that the Russian was quite capable of taking what he wanted despite his polite manner.

“Look around all you like,” said Janine. “Please don’t damage anything!”

She stood aside as he smiled and walked into her bedroom to find a pleasant feminine room with a huge round double-bed and chintzy decoration. The only thing out of place was the iron barred cage parked in one corner and a bin with crops and canes sprouting from it.

Nikolai shrugged and pulled a couple of drawers open in the chest of drawers and then emerged to walk past her and head for the next door.

“Bathroom,” said Janine as she watched him open the door and peep inside.

“Your studio?” asked Nikolai as he re-emerged.

“In the cellar,” replied Janine. “That’s where Ivetta is, but we’ll get there soon enough.”

They ascended another floor where there was a single heavy door and Janine pushed past Nikolai to unlock the door.

“This is where Sissy lives,” she said. “My maid.”

The room was bare. A simple metal-framed bed, a wardrobe a small chair and standing by the bed stood the maid with her hands behind her back and her face an unemotional mask.

“Sissy, this is Nikolai, a friend of mine,” said Janine as Nikolai inspected the feminized maid with a small smile.

“Interesting,” he said before opening the wardrobe to find straight rows of flouncy dresses, shoes parked neatly and a box full of fetters and cuffs. He turned back to the maid and made a small motion with his hand.

“Show Nikolai,” said Janine to the maid before turning to the Russian and continuing, “She looks after the house for me. I provide a roof and a strict routine.”

The maid lifted the front of her flouncy dress to reveal a narrow steel tube trapping her cock. It was locked to the piercing that held it in place. Nikolai reached out, but did not touch and withdrew his hand.

“Permanent?” he asked.

“Since three years ago or thereabouts,” said Janine. “She will be glad to show you her skills...”

“Not my thing really,” laughed Nikolai.

Janine shrugged.

“As you like. So you’ve seen the maid, I think that it’s time to see the pet that I keep as well...”

Janine followed Nikolai out of the room, locking the door as she did so.

“It was Sissy’s fantasy, her dark fetish,” she said, “but, I think that it was not as she expected. I gave her what she wanted and now I have exactly what I need. A maid who keeps everything in the house neat and tidy and waits on me every moment that I need her.”

“You are an extraordinary woman,” said Nikolai as he led them both back down to the hallway.

“I have my moments,” said Janine.

Nikolai peeped into the kitchen at the rear before Janine opened the door under the stairs to reveal a stairwell descending to the cellar.

“The studio?”

Janine nodded and pulled her keys out to open the barred steel gate at the bottom of the stairs.

“This is where I come to play,” she said as she opened the door behind the gate to reveal a single large room. “Let’s see what Kitty’s up to.”

The walls of the room were decked with all of the paraphernalia of Janine’s business. A cross on the wall, glass cabinets displaying stilettos and lined up dildos. Racks of canes and whips, bizarre costumes on hangers and pieces of furniture obviously designed to restrain and contain their users. To one side was a row of cages of different heights. Cramped and small to make a prisoner kneel in discomfort, waist-high with holes where a neck could be locked to allow access to mouth and face and tall and narrow cages to force the captive to stand to be abused through the bars and small openings.

There was just a single occupant of this prison. A shiny black figure on all fours,

crouching in one of the medium-sized cages. Obviously female from the large breasts that hung through the tight latex, a tight hood drawn over her face to mask her features.

“Your pet?” said Nikolai.

At his words, the crouching figure started and backed to the rear of the cage trembling in fear and mewling through the ring-gag that held her mouth wide and dripping.

“She is going through her induction and isolation training,” said Janine as she unlocked the door of the cage and opened the gate. “She is a little sensitive. It will take a few months of strict control before she is ready to fully assume her role as Kitty.”

Nikolai felt a rush of an emotion that he could not quite identify. Lust? Pity? Perhaps empathy. Now he could see that the pet’s wrists were chained tight to her shoulders and her ankles had been pulled up and cuffed to her thighs. She trembled on knees and elbows, her breasts quivering with her trembling and her round, naked bare ass almost hidden from his sight.

“Ivetta?” he asked.

“The same,” said Janine. “She found that she could not leave me, so I decided that she would make a perfect little pussy for me to play with.”

Janine stooped and hooked a finger into the steel collar at Kitty's neck and pulled gently.

"Out you come, Kitty. Nikolai wants to see how pretty you are!"

Kitty, quivering with anxiety, slowly crawled from the cage, following the pull of her mistress' hand. Nikolai admired the rounded ass and saw the small plug which had been planted in the pet's rear. The exposed lips of her pussy almost hidden by her thighs, smooth and tantalising.

"Show me that you love me," said Janine in a soothing voice.

The head bent and the hole of the mouth moved over Janine's kitten heels while Nikolai and Janine watched the pet try to please by rubbing her smooth head against the calves of the woman that owned her.

"Impressive," said the Russian.

"It's just the start of her new life loving me," said Janine as she bent down and slowly unzipped the mask from the back.

The tight latex parted revealing a bald scalp, close shaven pale skin that was almost like another layer of latex under the first. Kitty stilled and made a small mewling sound as the hood fell from her and looked up at the two figures that towered over her with blinking eyes.

“Do you love Nikolai?” asked Janine.

The frightened eyes turned up at the gigantic Russian and she nodded and then lowered her head to attend to his shoes.

“I might give you to him,” said Janine. “If he asks for you. Then you can be his little pet and learn to please him all the time.”

A sobbing started. Waves of trembling distress that caused the pet to shudder as she served. Nikolai reached down and ran his hand over Ivetta’s rounded ass. His fingers slipped into the valley of her, over the rounded stud that marked where her ass had been filled, to stroke the tender flesh of her dripping sex.

“It’s tempting,” he said as he noted that she was pushing against his fingers, surrounding them, taking them in to rub against his fingertips while she licked his shoes and sobbed.

“See how perfect she is after just a few days,” said Janine with a hint of pride in her voice. “Soon she will be flawless. An obedient pet curled on the lap of her owner, there to sooth and please with clever strokes of her tongue and lips.”

To Nikolai, it was clear that the trembling that had been weeping and sobbing had become something else. A desperate need for pleasure that his fingers were producing in that liquid cunt. He winked a Janine and twitched his fingers to rub them on the swollen clitoris that he had now located. Kitty mewed and convulsed in frantic climax, as her tongue lapped the smooth leather of his shoes.

The hood was slipped once more onto the smooth head, closing the world to just taste and smell and Kitty was once more locked in her cage.

“As I said before you are extraordinary,” said Nikolai as they left the studio and headed back to the brightly lit lounge. “A house with so many secrets.”

“I have learned how to do the things that I want to do,” said Janine as they took their seats once more. “Now we have to discuss the matters that you mentioned earlier. You need two things from me, I just need one from you.”

“And that is?”

“Your word, of course. You are hardly going to give me a receipt for Kitty and the money are you?”

Nikolai bit back a chuckle.

“Keep her,” he said. “What you are doing is perfect... So that just leaves the money. Let’s be frank...”

“If we are going to be honest, then the answer is yes, but don’t expect me to tell you how much Marius was worth!”



“Then I won’t ask and ruin a beautiful friendship.”

“Good, then I will need details of a bank account, because I cannot possibly pay in cash.”

Nikolai pulled a small card from his pocket and passed it over.

“I have a question.”

“Which is?”

“Is this a personal matter or do I find myself dealing with more than just you?”

Nikolai started to laugh. He clapped his hand on his thigh and leaned forward conspiratorially.

“Everything in my business is personal!”

“Then we are agreed.”

Nikolai stood and offered a hand to Janine who took it and felt her own slim hand being enveloped by his huge paw.

“I’ll find Marius,” he said.

“Mrs Tokashirimaso is not hard to find, but she is a demoness.”

“You’ll be in contact to tell me that the money is in the account,” said Janine.  
“Then we’ll meet up and go to a restaurant that I have in mind.”

“I’ll be there,” said Nikolai.

## **Last Drinks**

“How’s Kitty doing?” asked Nikolai.

“Wonderfully,” said Janine as she delicately cut the steak on her plate with small strokes of the knife. “Do you want to see her?”

“Maybe! Oh, not really, I just wondered how it goes.”

“Let’s see. You were last here a month ago and she was just learning what I expect from a pet of mine. Since then, she has come so far... so affectionate and eager to please.”

Nikolai nodded.

“It’s nice to belong to someone, I suppose.”

“Do you?”

Nikolai started to laugh.

“Perhaps, though not as completely dependent as poor little Kitty. There is someone...”

“I thought so,” said Janine. “Men are always dependent on some woman, even if they can’t admit it.”

“What are you now? A therapist?”

“Of sorts!”

Nikolai thought of Ivetta mewling and rubbing against the calves of her mistress and smiled. Janine was such a strange mixture of mother and casual sadist. One moment, sophisticated and soft, the next a woman with no moral restraint. She could sit here in this Amsterdam street restaurant and discuss the enslaving of a helpless girl as though she was discussing the weather, but when she went home she would open her legs wide and enjoy total devotion while a cane ensured that every pleasure was just as she wanted it.

“The money’s all there,” said Nikolai, changing the subject. “there is nothing more between us now.”

“Does that mean that you won’t pop over here and visit occasionally? That’s what friends do, you know.”

“Is that what we are? Friends?”

“Of course!”

Nikolai smiled and sipped from his glass.

“Well then, I’ll make sure that I keep in contact. Anyway, there may occasionally be things that you can do for me...”

“Tsk, tsk. I have given up the day job. I decided that I want to immerse myself in real life and not fantasy... No more limits!”

“Nothing that you would ever do for me would be fantasy and it would be well rewarded!”

“I have enough money.”

“Then out of friendship and a favour.”

“Maybe, it just depends. I like you, but I don’t want to get mixed up in your troubles and I guess you’ll always be in the centre of trouble.”

Nikolai looked at Janine. ‘Was she the only real friend that he had?’ he wondered. Everyone he knew well was a competitor, a spy who reported, a thing to use to best advantage, but he could not help himself from his next question.

Apart from Marta...

“There must have been a few politicians and so on passing through that studio of yours,” he said.

A look of irritation crossed Janine’s features and she sat back.

“You just can’t help yourself, Niki,” she said. “I have my secrets, you have yours, let’s leave that aside!”

The feeling of someone actually refusing to collaborate was a new feeling and he bit down a retort and shrugged his shoulders in resignation. Was his world being run by women now?

“OK, I’ll never ask again.”

Nikolai looked at his watch and then around the other tables in the restaurant and the passing pedestrians.

“Who’s coming?” asked Janine.

“Just someone that I am meeting...”

“You never relax, do you?” said Janine. “Always business.”

“Oh, I have my moments, but they are really just moments.”

“It’s fine, I have to get back and feed and exercise Kitty,” said Janine. “Sissy has still not got used to the idea that I have found a partner and gets so spiteful and jealous!”

“Your problems are like no one else’s,” laughed Nikolai.

“They fill my time, when Kitty is fully trained I’ll find some more.”

A woman walked to their table and tapped her hand on Nikolai’s shoulder.

“Ah, this must be that notorious woman that you have in Amsterdam,” she said as she pulled a chair to the table.

“Marta, Janine,” said Nikolai introducing the two women.

The two women shook hands over the table. Janine nodded as Nikolai settled in his chair uncomfortably. This was clearly the woman that she had sensed must be in his life. Feminine, but strong and muscled, dressed in a narrow leather skirt and tight jacket that emphasised her breasts.

“Marta is my occasional aide, but usually in Moscow where she is based,” said Nikolai in explanation. “I managed to get her over here for a few days... It’s all part of that relaxation that you just mentioned!”

“Well, I’ll leave you two love-birds to enjoy the evening,” said Janine. “I really have to get back home to attend to a few things... Pleased to meet you.”

Marta laughed.

“Here we are, sitting in a café in Amsterdam, a couple of gangsters and a dominatrix! I was really hoping to savour the moment and have a little drink while I meet the woman who my partner is so respectful of. He has mentioned you a dozen times to me, so I was curious to meet you.”

“I’m sure that we’ll meet again,” said Janine, “but, really, I have to be off...”

“She’s got a pet that needs feeding,” said Nikolai with a smirk.

“Oh yes, I heard all about that. I’d just love to see her,” said Marta.

“If you like...”

Janine looked at Nikolai and realised that these two were definitely a couple. Interesting, she thought, Marta seemed to be the one giving the orders and Niki just nodded assent.

“Well, my house is just around the corner, you’re welcome to come back with



me,” said Janine watching the two of them carefully.

The three of them stood. Janine felt a small thrill of vulnerability. She was normally so careful, there were only her special clientele who knew what happened in her ordinary looking street-house and here she was, allowing another into her private life. What was more, Marta exuded authority, she was trusting a man that she knew was a ruthless killer, despite his sophisticated exterior.

They strolled the few hundred metres to her door while Janine casually explained how she had managed to buy her house years ago when the whole district was a red-light district.

“Most of these windows were displaying whores,” she said as she led them past the neatly cared-for houses. “That was the time when the trade was almost uncontrolled.”

“It’s better in secret, nice and illegal” said Marta. “We can control everything better if they are all scared of the police!”

Janine shrugged and opened the door, inviting her two guests into the hallway with a wave of the hand.

“Come in and sit down, I’ll get some tea,” she said as she indicated the lounge.

“How civilised,” said Marta. “Compliments on the house, it’s charming.”

“I could give the tour, but that would spoil the impression,” said Janine, slipping to the kitchen and calling out to her maid.

She reappeared almost immediately.

“Sissy’s will bring Kitty in with the tea.”

“I am jealous,” said Marta. “I live in the best hotels, drink the best wine and live a life of luxury, I suppose, but I really need to get a little nest like this.”

“It’s good to have a home,” said Janine. “Now here comes Sissy, don’t startle Kitty please, she’s a little nervous when she hears others in the house.”

Marta was about to speak when the door opened and a pretty maid carrying a tray appeared followed by a woman in a tight latex suit crawling behind. The pet looked into the room and stopped at the doorway, nervously looking for a means of escape.

“Come in, Kitty, Kitty,” said Janine in a coaxing tone. “They just want to see you and admire you!”

Sissy placed the tray on the table and poured three porcelain cups full of tea before setting out biscuits and then retreating to the corner of the room. Kitty stood in the doorway, uncertain and obviously terrified by Nikolai.

She mewed in distress and Nikolai almost burst into laughter at the way that she shook in panic at seeing him in the room with her mistress. He bent down and took a biscuit from the plate, offering it to the frightened pet with a soothing tone.

“Come on Kitty, I’m just here to say ‘hello’ and see how well you are learning to be a perfect kitty.”

Kitty took a tentative step forward into the room, gazing at Janine as if for help. Now that Kitty was out of the shadows, Marta could see that her limbs were pinned, forcing her onto knees and elbows. The tight suit allowed her breasts to hang almost to the floor and her rounded ass was exposed where a short tail poked up and wagged as she moved.

Janine cast a small glance at Marta and realised that there was rapture on her sculptured features. Her lips were opened in a pout and her eyes were fixed to the nervous pet with ill-concealed lust.

Nikolai was saying, “Kitty, Kitty”, tempting her with the chocolate biscuit and watching with a smile as the pet moved with slow steps, glancing occasionally to Janine for reassurance.

“You can have the biscuit,” said Janine to Kitty. “It’s a special treat from my good friend, Niki!”

“In just a couple of months,” said Marta under her breath. “It would be

frightening if it was not so provocative.”

“She’s the third that I’ve trained now,” said Janine. “Of course, the first for myself...”

“Could you train one for me?” asked Marta as she watched Kitty hover her lips near the biscuit as if trying to resist the treat.

Janine laughed.

“It has to be right; I need the right material to start with...”

Marta nodded as she watched Kitty finally get up her courage and pull the biscuit from her lover’s huge hand.

“It would have to be a man, of course,” said Marta.

“That’s no problem, but I would need to see your choice first.”

Kitty chewed on the chocolate and then picked the crumbs from the floor with her lips. Now Marta could see that the ‘tail’ was embedded in the cheeks of her ass and stooped over to admire the perfect lips of Kitty’s cunt. Smooth, rounded and folded in, a swollen clitoris poked from those lips with a gold circlet that encircled it, holding it tight and enlarged like a tiny prick.

“Good Kitty,” said Janine, reaching to stroke the smooth bald head affectionately. “Now show my friends how much you love them.”

As the conversation continued, Kitty purred and mewed as she rubbed against their legs and lapped at their shoes while they spoke.

“I think that a puppy would be better for you,” said Nikolai to Marta.

“No, a Kitty, just like this, but with a tiny little cock and dangly balls,” said Marta, fascinated by the way that Kitty licked her stilettos. “It would be so sweet!”

“Kitty has that effect,” laughed Janine. “When she is really affectionate there is no end to her tricks!”

Marta’s hand reached down and stroked the naked skin of Kitty’s rear. Her fingers hesitated for a moment and then flicked over the small gold ring making Kitty suddenly stay still and hold her thighs open to allow the fingers to pleasure her.

“Now you’re spoiling her,” scolded Janine.

Marta pulled her hand away and Nikolai started to laugh.

“See, now she’s even got you under her thumb,” he said. “Now you see why I asked you to meet Janine! She’s a demon posing as a favourite aunt!”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” said Janine.

“How much would it cost then?” asked Marta, who had now started to stroke Kitty’s clitoris with small teasing touches again.

“I told Niki that I am no longer in business,” said Janine. “But, for a friend of Niki’s it’s for free. You just select your pet, I assess his suitability and then he comes here to learn his new life.”

Clearly, the fingers that massaged Kitty were having an effect. The cheeks of her ass flushed pink and she started to rock gently to the rhythm of the hand that was treating her to such bliss. She purred at first, and then forgot and started to mew piteously as a trembling took her body and she climaxed with small cries and a sobbing that caused tears to roll down her cheeks and drip to Marta’s red stilettos.

“I think that I could train Niki here,” said Janine as she started to giggle. “He would just love to be your little pet!”

Marta looked up with a grin, but her hand still moved and then slowly slipped three fingers into the perfect cunt that dripped clear liquor as she forced another climax from Kitty.

“I already have him under my red heels,” she said. “What I need is a pet to console me when he’s not with me in Moscow.”

Nikolai grinned ironically, but held back a comment as the two women in his life made fun of him. The momentary idea that he could be a perfect pet like Ivetta had become, was a thrill, but Marta would never do that to him. They battled in bed and though she always won, he was no Kitty to be used like that. He was a challenge to be bested and then bested again. As he was.

Marta looked at Nikolai and said, “Niki wouldn’t make much of a pet for me. I need so much more from him!”

She took her hand back and proffered it to Kitty’s lips to enjoy the sight of the lapping tongue on her fingers.

“I’ll find a man and invite you to Moscow for a week to see if he’s the right material,” said Marta. “It will be a pleasure to show you the city as well. There is so much to see...”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

The three friends sipped their tea and talked about Amsterdam and Moscow while Kitty, finally ignored, curled up around Janine’s feet and laid her lips on her shoes.

“I’ll be back to visit again,” said Marta. “There is some unfinished business in

Brussels and I'll pop by."

Janine looked at the two Russians and then said what she had on her mind.

"You are the boss, aren't you?" she said.

Marta stiffened suddenly and a look of shock filled her features.

"Boss?" she said.

"Of Nikolai's group, I mean," said Janine. "You hide, fully exposed, in the open, but you give the orders from the shadows."

Marta managed to get the shock from her face and glanced at Nikolai to see that a real understanding was entering his thoughts.

"Ivan?" was all that he said.

Kitty suddenly stiffened and mewled piteously as she realised what the conversation over her head meant. Marta looked from one to the other as though calculating her words carefully.

"I am what I am," she said at last. "But, if there is ever even a hint of a word of this outlandish idea outside this room then..."



The threat was clear, but Janine just laughed and said, “Suddenly it all falls into place!”

She wagged a finger at Nikolai and started to giggle.

“You guessed already, didn’t you?”

A sheepish look came over his face and he replied: “No, but I have come to understand that all is never as it seems!”

Marta shrugged her shoulders as if indifferent and stroked the pet at Janine’s feet, caressing that tempting clitoris and running her fingertips the length of her swollen pussy-lips, enjoying the quivers that thrilled through Kitty as she touched.

“Let’s leave this subject here,” she said at last, “and never discuss it again. There are some things that should remain private between us...”

“My lips are sealed,” said Janine. “As always!”

“As are mine,” said Nikolai.

“Trust is something that I rarely allow myself the luxury of,” said Marta. “It

always comes at a high price!”

“But, a price that you can always rely me to pay,” replied Janine with a smile.  
“It’s all about asking for and getting what you really need. What’s that? What do you need?”

“I’ll just have another cup of tea,” said Marta as Kitty shuddered from a small orgasm that made her moan in a most un-kittylike tone.

“I’ll be mother,” said Janine.

## **Part V**

## **A New Beginning**

## **Tuning Interval**

He sensed a change in the air, even inside the crate.

Cool and dry had become sticky and warm. Marius flexed his muscles against the chains that held him.

Since Nikolai had broken him like a doll in the parking garage he found that his confidence had gone, his strength and self-belief had suffered a collision with the reality that he was nowhere as near competent as he had imagined. After that had been the terrible experience at the hands of wife and Janine Van Vliet. The moment when he had spoken the password in the throes of pleasure and torment despite the knowledge that it bought nothing.

The engines of the transport plane slowly ran down to leave an eerie ringing in his ears. There were footsteps, the sound of heavy rubber boots on bare metal and then the clicks as straps and clips were loosened in preparation for unloading.

The women who had packed him had been thorough. Cuffs and hood, he had been strapped in while their inconsequential chatter about last night's visit to some night-club lent an outlandish aura to the proceedings. It was if he was not there, just an item to be prepared like some piece of machinery or a dumb animal that had to be packaged for delivery.

He remembered the cellar, the tiny cage, where Janine had kept him. His neck

clasped by an opening in the top of his cage to allow feeding, his limbs pulled at awkward angles as Sissy spoon-fed him slops. The one visit from Janine had been especially frightening for him because it had been almost ordinary. His mind recreated the scene in the small BDSM studio with a clarity of memory that indicated its significance.

She had strolled into the cellar in a summer frock, kitten heels and her hair with a couple of rollers around the fringes of her hair. The very picture of an archetypal soap character, middle-aged and nonchalant. It was just that the set of this episode happened to be arranged into a tiled room crowded with equipment that would have shamed De-Sade's wildest dreams.

"A little chat," she had said in a casual tone as she unbuckled the complex straps on the gag that held it tight. "You'll be glad that your wife has made a decision at last."

The rubber ball had popped from his lips and he had had to flex his jaw for a moment before he had been able to speak.

"And?"

He had fought a desperate urge to argue or plead with a woman who would almost certainly orgasm over any tears that he wept. Remain reasonable, even though there was nothing that could be done, but to accept every abuse that she wished to inflict.

Janine's finger had wiped away a dribble of spittle from the corner of his mouth like a mother attending to a small child. He remembered that touch, near

affection, actual contact that was not exploitation. The feeling of that small touch was with him still as he suffered in the crate...

The answer to his question had been flat, with no hint of what was to come; “She has decided that she doesn’t want you anymore.”

“Does this mean that you are letting me go?” he had asked, restraining the urge to scream.

“In a sense...”

It had been clear to Marius that she was playing with him. Enjoying his vast effort of self-restraint as she had pulled up a stool that was topped with a padded hole and sat to face him at his own level.

“That means ‘no’, of course... How can you possibly let me go?”

“Exactly. Still, I don’t want you either, you are just not suitable for my games, there’s no way that you’ll ever give me the assent that I need to begin to enjoy your anguish. You will have to go to someone who does not care about the niceties of consent.”

That was another thing that was embedded in his memory. The small smile that lit her face and the way that the tip of her tongue ran over her lips.

A look of mock resignation appeared next and Janine had opened a small door in the cage and allowed her hands to wander over his fettered body while she talked.

“You understand that you being here is all your own doing?”

“How so?”

A look of slight irritation had passed over Janine’s face before the mask of an emotionless vacuum reappeared.

“You made me break my cardinal rule,” she had said. “Consent is always given. For everything. You used me to punish your wife, lying about her willingness and making a fool of my principles.”

The hands had found Marius’ erection and were playing with it gently. Weighing his balls, stroking the tip of him and idly arousing him with casual teasing.

“You are a two-faced-bitch!”

At last, Marius had no longer been able to restrain himself, he had found a sudden need to expose the woman’s hypocritical principles for what they were, no matter the cost.

Strapped in the crate in the hold of the aircraft, an erection started between



Marius' thighs. It lengthened and curved up as he recalled the way that he had argued as Janine had played with him with her clever hands.

"How's that so?" she had asked.

Marius had almost spat the words at her.

"You are nothing but a hypocrite," he had said. "You say that you need consent, but force that very agreement in the first place. All you want is a salve for your conscience! At least I am an honest sadist, I know what I want, I get what I want and I revel in it. You act as though you only play with willing partners, but their consent is a worthless decision forced from them under threat!"

The hands on his cock had started to pull at him steadily, making Marius gasp at the end of his speech.

"Do you want to come?" she had asked coyly. "Want me to find a new owner for you?"

His head, that had been filled with detestation, had been suddenly swept clean with that question and he had known that he desperately needed what she was offering with her hands, but he did not have the words to beg for it. He had nodded as both hands had joined forces to bring him to a sudden climax. His cock had betrayed him, it had spurted and jumped in her hands, spraying come into her cupped hands, pumping again and again as she had just looked into his eyes with a smile.

"I refute you thus," she had said with a triumphant laugh.

A cupped hand had appeared, sticky cream filling the creased palm as she offered it for him to lap at. Marius's lips had pressed together and Janine's hand had slapped him wetly on the face.

“You wanted this, you asked for it, you gave me consent and now I shall give you what you want!”

Janine had stood to tower over the cage and walked from the room with a jubilant swagger. The door had closed and that had been the last that he had seen of the woman.

Marius's mind struggled with the logic of what he had lived through. ‘Had he really given consent?’ he wondered. Did ‘consent’ depend on a word given or rather, on the possibility of taking it back? Was he to blame for his own downfall?

Now, Marius could hear voices around his crate. They spoke fast in a language that he did not understand, but the language sounded Far Eastern. Japanese, Chinese, Vietnamese perhaps. Scrapings sounded as the crates in the hold were unloaded. The sounds of engines and chains and cries of warning and instruction. He wondered if he was the only human cargo... were all of the rest fine wines, car parts and luxury goods? Was that what he was now, luxury goods from Europe?

From the sounds, the crate that concealed its human cargo was the last to be unloaded. Marius felt the packing-granules around him move over his skin as the crate tipped and then righted. Then he was swinging and imagined a crane of some sort moving him to a truck. The landing was soft and then the crate was

roped to the transporter and a feeling of movement with the roar of a diesel engine.

A smell permeated the crate. A wet smell of humanity and organic waste. The temperature soared and Marius felt sweat start to drip from his fettered body. The white granules stuck to him as they settled and Marius found that he was more comfortable as they packed below him, supporting him with their gentle grip.

He tried to guess where he was, but his imagination failed him and he started to compare his own casual sadism towards the wife that he had bought in Red Square with this methodical capture and transport that suggested endless complexity. Where had been the customs control in Amsterdam? How many officials had been involved in ensuring that he arrived at his destination without a single control being implemented? What had been his price? What was the cost of buying a slave? What about the casual chance of a speeding control or drugs search, how had that been circumvented? Who were the people that organised a trade in packaged slaves?

These questions filled his mind, and some of the answers that came to him made more sweat course from his cramped body. Hundreds of officers, police and customs officials must know that this trade existed, but they spent the money on their children, their wives and mortgages and ignored the dark world that lurked under the surface of everyday life. The cost of a slave was fifty thousand dollars, the price of Ivetta, probably the price of himself. As to who organised the trade... Perhaps Nikolai and his minions, Ivan and his cadres, they organised the transport whilst others reveled in the organisation and acquisition of the victims.

The engine of the transport laboured as it left the highway and made its way through the ups and downs of country roads. No one even looked up from the terraces on the sculptured hills that flashed by. After all, the peasants who laboured there, plied their hoes and rakes, were in many ways little more than

slaves themselves. Maybe even to the same people that had bought the crated man that roared by on its way to a place where a far more intimate service was required.

## **Palace of Harmony**

Mrs Tokashirimaso moved a little as she awoke. Her painfully thin body flexed on the sun-bed as she opened her eyes and awoke from the doze that had overtaken her in the heat of the midday sun.

A slender thong was all that she wore apart from the huge sunglasses over her eyes, but she had no embarrassment that two men stood to rigid attention by her side, awaiting any command that she chose to give. A small thrill darted through her, the dream never ended, she was the perpetual centre of everything in her world, the mistress who decided life or death, whose wealth entitled her to have anything that she desired.

Her hand lazily swept over her body and she nodded to her servitors before rolling over and waiting for well-trained hands to administer more sun cream while another of her slaves hurried to bring the chilled Champagne that was always at her beckoning.

Mrs Tokashirimaso sighed in contentment as the clever hands started at her feet and smoothed on the cool cream with careful strokes. It was both formal and intimate, this service. Hands that touched her knew the limits of her approval to the smallest degree. They delved between the slender mounds of her rear and ranged over her back, but never dared touch any intimate part at the risk of terrible punishment. The hands lifted and she relaxed completely, listening to the crack as the top of the bottle was swept off in a single motion and then the soft hiss as the glass was filled.

Her hand lifted to find the stem of the glass being moved perfectly to rendezvous

with it and she propped herself on an elbow to sip at the glass. The gardens around the pool were quiet but for a single gardener who tended to the hissing sprinklers constantly, ensuring a light dew that enhanced the greenery, but never allowed the earth to be other than lightly moist.

A rainbow in the mist of the sprinklers caught her attention and her mind danced through the ritual of composing a Haiku to accompany the perfect moment.

A sip of Champagne, dry far beyond Sec, a private vintage of just a hundred bottles a year that only she and her husband ever enjoyed. In the pool a small child played alone, floating in a rubber ring, a single female attendant watching closely to ensure that there was no risk. The woman was statuesque, physically the converse of Mrs Tokashirimaso, large breasts and impressively long legs. She stood naked watching every slight move of Mrs Tokashirimaso's daughter who now paddled to the edge of the pool and struggled out of the water to run to her mother.

"Mummy, mummy, watch me jump into the pool!"

The little girl's excitement was infectious and brought a thin smile to her mother's wan face.

"I'm watching, but make it the last one, because mummy has some business to attend to."

Mrs Tokashirimaso's daughter jumped with excitement and crouched down to touch the ground like a sprinter on the blocks. Then she was off, running, her thin legs in a cycle of energy as she sped to the pool and leapt like a monkey,

legs thrashing and arms whirling around. She hit the water with a splash and then her head bobbed out of the water as she cried with excitement, thrashing with her arms to make the most of the foam that she bobbed in.

“That was the best,” she screamed.

Mrs Tokashirimaso extended her hand and felt the champagne glass being taken before she raised herself from the sun-bed and clapped in applause at her daughter’s excitement. She felt a small surge of envy at the simple pleasures that her daughter revelled in as she remembered her own childhood, passed from one aunt to another while her own mother drank herself to insensibility and her father spent his time with young men who substituted for a wife’s embraces.

There was no way that little Mai-Mai would have those shadows in her past. She was growing up in a place where every wish would be granted. Mai-Mai would never want for anything. Ever! When the time was ripe, when the best education that money could buy was over, she would be ripe to become the new mistress of her mother’s creation. A small private world where her word would be absolute law and every command would be followed to the letter.

The future was assured.

The mother of the excited Mai-Mai stood and flexed. Her hand extended and a silken robe was held for her to walk into. She cast a last look at her daughter and then swept into the palace of her own creation, away from the small pleasures of motherhood and family, back into the dark imagination that had created a place where luxury was just a thin veneer for the degradation and slavery that made it real.

Mrs Tokashirimaso’s husband was in Japan, meeting with the buyers of the rice

that had created this bubble of incredible perverted opulence. Another part of the two faces of their wealth. The slaving poor in the slime of human excrement who tended the terraces and fields for a pittance while the owners of the land slid through their palaces, an aristocracy of the few, who reveled in their sophistication and sated their degenerate needs as they wished.

Of the source of their riches, they gave no thought.

She passed through the open areas of the palace, trailing a slave in her wake who was always there, just in case there was any request or command to be fulfilled. Mrs Tokashirimaso moved into the private areas, the ones that none but herself and her husband were permitted to enter. The places that her daughter, Mai-Mai, would be introduced to at the moment that she became old enough to appreciate their sweet charms.

“Get the dressing room ready,” said Mrs Tokashirimaso to the woman that followed in her footsteps. “Casual. I will inspect the building work before overseeing the arrival of a newly bought servants”

The slave’s naked form padded to one of the discrete intercoms and made the call before reassuming her position. Mrs Tokashirimaso always referred to her slaves as ‘servants’, a conceit born not of embarrassment but the subtle interchange between the Korean word for slave and servant. Even though she was Japanese, Korea was the place where her fortune had been made and Korean the language that she often preferred. Less subtle than Japanese, more suitable for instructions and commands.

The ‘servant’ that followed moved ahead and opened the door to which Mrs Tokashirimaso was heading. It opened to show a huge bathroom into which Mrs Tokashirimaso walked without breaking stride.



She felt a thrill as she entered the marbled hall. There was no end to the service that she demanded from her slaves! Even this innocent seeming room was a place where total obedience was demanded. Every moment was a pleasure for her, despair and distress for others. It was that delicious contradiction that brought such bliss to her life.

The blonde slave hurried to prepare the toilet, lifting the cover and pulling the padded seat out into view, wiping it down with a soft cloth before Mrs Tokashirimaso shed her robe onto the floor and looked down at the face that was peering up from the bowl.

Who had he been? How had he come to this place? Mrs Tokashirimaso did not even consider the thought worth her contemplation. He was there, ready for her and that was the way it was in her world. It was enough. At some point her husband had decided that some pathetic slave had crossed an invisible line and that he would serve in this way. Mrs Tokashirimaso ruled her husband and he organised the small touches that brought her so much pleasure.

She sat on the comfortable seat and felt the lapping of a tongue between her thighs. That brought her to sigh and release, to feel the lips closing over the source of the flow. It finished with a gentle cleansing from lips and tongue that was perhaps just a little too intimate, but brought a flush to her breasts as she moved a little to enjoy the gentle stimulation.

He had aroused her and now she needed to be sated.

She stood and the slave in attendance ran a little water into the bowl to ensure cleanliness before sliding the seat away and closing the lid. Mrs Tokashirimaso enjoyed watching the young woman's hands tremble with fear as she attended to the small task. A single word from her owner could consign her to be the next

slave to be trapped in that place. Something as small an offense as a dropped glass or facial expression less than worship was enough to cause the small wave of fingers that signified displeasure.

Mrs Tokashirimaso stepped up to the place where she was to shower and warm water gushed over her spare form. The slave in attendance stepped up and gently pulled the thong from her mistress. Then she stepped back to the control panel for the shower to wait for any request. The water gushed over the spare frame of the goddess and her hands directed the flow. She spread her legs a little and ran her fingers through her sex. Bare and gaunt, a bony mound that opened with ragged inner lips, it was the focus of every emotion that coursed through her mind.

It was the satisfaction of that few square inches, that needy clitoris and the tight tunnel into her body that was the aim of every slave in the entire palace. Their only purpose.

Her hands opened herself wide and a finger pressed to squeeze herself free of the hood of delicate skin that concealed the centre of her lust. The slave stepped forward, knelt gracefully and waited for a signal that would indicate her mistress' pleasure. Tongue, fingers or nipples, it would be as Mrs Tokashirimaso gestured.

A slight movement under the stream of hot water. Mrs Tokashirimaso twitched her frame and looked down to watch as the slave gathered a huge breast in her hand and massaged the nipple until it stood rigid, a small gold circlet enclosing the tip in a tiny cage that had been pierced permanently into place. She leaned back until her back was on the smooth warm marble and opened her legs wide as the first touch rubbed the emerging clitoris and the stiff nipple and piercing sent a thrill through her frame.

Mrs Tokashirimaso's hands pulled tight, her thighs opened until she stood propped against the wall with only her toes on the floor whilst the waves of bliss gave her a climax that made her thighs tremble and knees feel unable to support even the small weight of their owner. Perhaps it was the contact, the gentle movement against her that triggered the orgasm, but in her head coursed the pleasure to be had from creating a slave whose sole purpose was to administer to her casual needs and lusts.

She swelled, like a tiny cock, the clitoris distended to become a snake that forced its head from her cunt. From invisible, to becoming more than an inch of demanding flesh, the tiny cock sprouted and swelled to press against the slave's nipple, rubbing the gold cage and circlet, becoming erect and stiff until it reached two inches of hungry need. Sensitive and needy, it demanded total service.

The slave, blonde and European, was her most flawless creation. A tongue so long that it could probe every orifice, hands skilled in subtle touches and colossal breasts that were especially styled to give a woman pleasure. The slave was designed by her mistress, an object conceived to bring carnality to every moment, if her owner so wished...

## **Casket of Pleasure**

The ride came to an end.

Inside the crate, Marius tensed as he felt the crate being moved. The trip had seemed endless, a tedium with anxious introspection. Now he would finally see the light, see who had bought him and planned to use him.

Of his ability to withstand exploitation he was certain. There would always be a place in his mind that only belonged to him, waiting to surface and make the moves that would see him free of any predicament that could be dreamed of by anyone, no matter how sadistic. He would just have to train in secret, maintain his strength, build it back to where it had been on that day in Moscow when he had bought Ivetta. In a sense he was glad that he was out of this phase of uncertainty and able to take stock and move events once more into a direction that suited his purpose of escape.

He would be perfect for his new owner. Subdued, obedient and submissive, all the while plotting to make his way out of whatever domestic servitude was being planned for him. Then... he would strike, prove that he was a man that could not be held down, show them that they were fools to try to force him to their will.

He imagined that day when the people who had slighted him were in the sights of a rifle tucked hard against his shoulder. He would escape, regain his abilities as a sniper, as a disciplined avenger and devote his life to revenge. Marius pictured himself wearing shades, watching the cross-hairs and then squeezing in time with the end of a breath. Three seconds later the target would fall and he would pack the AR15 back into its case and move on to dispose of Nikolai,

Janine and all the others who thought that he could be caged and used.

Like he had used them...

Marius' crate was the third from the lorry, but not the last. Just a metre-twenty in section it was lifted and slipped through the gateway of Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso's privately created inferno, stacked with the others, just as Mrs Tokashirimaso enjoyed the third climax in her shower. Just as the tongue of her slave extended and lapped her extended clitoris with a loving touch that sent her into a fugue of bliss as she considered the new items who were to start their helpless sojourn in her life.

One would go to her husband, two would replace helpless pleasure-puppets that were no longer as enthusiastic as they should be in her bed. Another would become an integral part of the rebuilding that was taking place in the West Wing of the palace. That left two for the kitchens... It would be her pleasure to inspect them and make the decision on each one. Only the two chefs for the kitchen had already been chosen for their skills in the restaurants that they had made famous in Europe. Otherwise her personal whim was the only criteria that mattered.

Mrs Tokashirimaso relaxed and allowed the water to cascade, a flutter of the fingers indicating that the slave could now prepare to dress her.

While she was padded dry with soft towels, the crates were finally opened and unpacked. A Vietnamese woman supervised the workers. She ensured that each new piece of merchandise was secured before the next was uncrated. On to each, she affixed a numbered docket that would allow their documents to be matched to the item before they were consigned to the rest of the induction after her mistress had viewed them.

A shower, a small amount of food and enough water to rehydrate them after the long journeys that they had all suffered through. Then they would be placed in the viewing room where Mrs Tokashirimaso would look them over and make her decisions.

Then there would be, for most anyway, a period of training that was designed to create perfect slaves. Perhaps there would be some other work to be done to make them acceptable for their new roles. After that, they would be assigned their places in the household...

For Marius the light was almost unbearable. A woman in a black leather skirt who seemed to be Asian attached a number to the collar that the others fitted and then he was led away by a blonde girl to shower and evacuate before he re-joined the rest of the consignment in a line up. The room was bare of ornament, just the steel rings in the floor that they were locked to and a vast mirrored wall that they all faced.

Marius guessed that they would be observed and stood straight while sweat trickled from his body. He looked at the others in the mirror and decided that of all of them he was the most ripped. The one who was physically the most perfect. Three of the line-up were women, another three were men and the last, right at the end of the line was a man who was perfectly effeminate. Large breasts and a tiny cock dangling between his smooth thighs. Marius' cock rose a little, but the smell of fear in the room prevented a full erection.

He squinted at the mirror and tried to guess what was happening behind it, but his imagination failed him and anyway came nowhere near the truth.

Mrs Tokashirimaso stood and licked her lips. Tight jeans and a silk blouse loose over her tiny breasts, she stood still and regarded each of the newcomers to her ownership. She glanced down at the paper that had the list of numbers against the back-stories of the seven new objects that she owned. Each life was just a few characters in length, all that was left of years of existence. One more than she had presupposed, but then the one at the end of the line would be perfect for her husband. He had a taste for male-gurls and there was no doubt that this one would interest him.

Quickly she pointed at the two chefs, numbered three and five and they were removed from the viewing room to be prepared for their new lives chained in her kitchens. That left a single man, muscular and with a subtle hint of defiance in his eyes, and the women who had to be decided upon.

Two of the women were quickly chosen. The red-head and the petite blonde would learn well to become toys in her bed after the requisite preparation. In a few months they would be ready, prepped, prepared and with all of the adjustments that would make them helpless tools for her pleasure.

That left just two choices.

One, a female and the other the defiant male. One would be also for her husband's pleasure, the other was to become a utensil for the pleasure in the guest room that was still being built. Better to give Mr Tokashirimaso the girl. She wouldn't last long, but then they never did in his hands. Meanwhile the man looked as if there were at least a few months' service in his well-muscled frame.

The choice was easy on that basis and Mrs Tokashirimaso left the viewing room with a satisfied sentiment. She had decided well, she decided as she looked forward to the new amusements and excellent food that she would soon be

experiencing. The whole batch had been from Europe, so she made a mental note that perhaps it would be better to add a little spice with some Vietnamese and Chinese slaves next time.

She passed out of the secure area of the palace and was nearly bowled over by Mai-Mai's enthusiastic greeting.

"Mummy, Mummy, can I watch a film?" asked the little girl as she hugged her mother's thighs.

"Darling," said Mrs Tokashirimaso. "You can have whatever you want, Mummy wants her little princess to be happy all the time."

"Oh, goody, then I want you to buy me a friend, please!"

The little girl's voice was pleading and needy.

"You have to tell Mummy what sort of friend that you want," said Mrs Tokashirimaso with a laugh of pleasure.

It was so gratifying that her little Princess was growing up a little every day.

"Oh, I don't care, I really don't, Mummy. As long as they always want to play the games that I want to play."



“Mummy will find a friend for you, Mai-Mai. Every little princess needs a perfect friend to play with.”

“I want to watch Snow White again... please, please.”

“Snow White it is, then.”

The wicked witch led her daughter into the cinema room and smiled to herself that the daughter was starting to appreciate the finer things in life. It would be years before she was ready to become the companion that her mother yearned for, but at last the process had begun as it had to, by choice.

The grooming had begun; she would be spoiled to become a perfect little sadist...

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Marius was led to a cell by the Vietnamese woman who seemed to be in charge. She spoke no word at all, in fact it seemed that she expected just a flick of her hand or fingers to be enough for her commands to be understood.

The rule in this strange place was silence. Almost no chatter was to be heard at all, even the unloading and unpacking had been accompanied by the minimum of communication, as though noise and talk was disapproved of.

Marius had his hands cuffed behind his back, just the loose singlet on his back and almost felt that it would be possible to make a break for it. The problem was that he did not even know what country he was in, did not know the lie of the land or in fact which doors led out of this seemingly endless building. So far he had walked so far and never seen either the outside or any possible exit, so it seemed best to follow his initial plan and do as he was told until there was a real chance of success.

The final destination was not at all unexpected, a cage-like cell that was just one of a series of doors in along corridor. The inside was clean and bare of all ornament; only a hole in the corner that was clearly a toilet. No windows, no light, a barred gate that was further blocked by a steel door. When it closed, Marius was in utter darkness and had to curl on the hard tiled floor to try to sleep.

And that was life in his cell.

The door opened and a tray was pushed under the bars by unseen hands, the tray staying fixed to the bars so that he had to eat the sticky rice with his hands and drink from the dish part of the tray by lapping at the water. Half an hour after he had eaten, in the complete darkness, the tray was withdrawn and once again he had to wait in that stygian darkness for the next meal.

Toilet visits were a matter of simple planning. With no way to clean himself, he realised that the left hand was for cleanliness and the right for eating. The smell in the cell mounting and fading depending on the ablutions of the other cells.

Marius speculated on his future.

Soon they would arrive and begin to prepare him for whatever role he had been selected for. His fear was that he would not be chosen for a function that allowed him to move around. There was nothing to do in the cell except eat sleep and think until he started to masturbate to fill the time and relieve himself of tension before sleep.

He counted the meals that he was served and speculated on the intervals. In the end he decided that twice a day was about right and that that meant that he had spent four days in the cell, even though it seemed like months. He started to do a limited amount of exercise in the dark, best not to allow himself to become soft.

And still, no one came.

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Mrs Tokashirimaso arrived at the area under construction and was given a tour by the foreman who sweated with nervousness as he explained that the materials had not arrived yet for the floors and that was holding up the whole project by a week. She was silent, but her disapproval was palpable. At last she turned to the foreman and pointed to the tiny cubicle that would be where the service slave was to be incarcerated and then pointed at the foreman with a stabbing motion that indicated his fate if he failed to finish before the first invited guests arrived in the next week.

The foreman almost collapsed with his terror and then bowed low and scurried off to sort out a problem that he really had no part of.

She wandered the rooms that were finished but undecorated and imagined the rich, but plain, furnishings that would be installed. Each of the three rooms designed to cater for the taste of a particular friend.

The one that she stood in would be for Matsumi Matahani, a Japanese-Indian woman whose interests lay in strict corporal punishment. The boxed furniture would be unpacked to allow her to whip her pets to her heart's content and enjoy access to every part of them with just the minimum of effort on her part.

The room on the other side of the corridor would be prepared for Evelyn De Lancie a rather brash American woman who liked to be attended to by as many as five or six men who would tease and use her as she directed. The rings in the floor being where they would be restrained around her huge bed.

Then there was the room where Mrs Tokashirimaso had confronted the foreman with the dereliction of his duty. That room was for a personal friend of her husband, a man whose interests lay in tormenting his own sex. Of course he would get as many young men as he desired, the room was designed with cages that would fill an entire wall to allow him to choose his partner for the night from as many as six suitable slaves. They were already trained and ready.

It was Mrs Tokashirimaso who had suggested the additional tiny cubicle where a man would be permanently incarcerated with just a small pair of holes to allow the user of the room to enjoy quick relief should he not need the use of one of the caged slaves. The small cell lacked just its top and the slave that would be confined. The tubes and punishment apparatus were all fitted and the heavy stone top could go on as soon as the rest of the furnishing was prepared, creating a pillar with a carved marble top that sat to one side in the spacious living room.

She looked into the small space that would be filled with plastic foam when the

slave was in position and shuddered with a delicious quiver of excitement, just as she had done when the bathroom in her personal suite had been fitted. It would be delicious to watch the man that she had chosen be forced into that infernal hole and then fitted with the devices that would keep him ready at a moment's notice to be used by a thrusting cock at either end.

Mrs Tokashirimaso turned from the almost finished rooms and pulled her mobile phone from her jean's pocket. In the full sight of the foreman who cowered just at the edge of her vision, she called the three friends for whom the rooms were being prepared and invited them to arrive in two days for a special surprise from her. She closed the line and nodded to the foreman who now knew that he would have to get it all ready in a day, or take his place in that tiny cell!

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The door opened.

For a moment there was light, the bright light of the corridor caused Marius to blink and squint to see just the silhouette of the Vietnamese woman who had incarcerated him. He slowly unwound from the hard floor and moved to sit, puzzled because normally the door was open just a moment as the feeding tray slid under the barred gate.

She stood there looking in, an irritated look on her face as another woman unlocked the gate with a huge bunch of keys and then stood to one side.

"Come," was all the Vietnamese woman said.

The first spoken word that he had heard for days. He slowly stood and stretched his muscles. He felt fitter than he had for weeks, but there was a slight stumble as he stepped towards her and she backed off fastidiously at the sight of his encrusted left hand and the smell of the inhabitant of the cell.

Marius stepped out of his cell and found that a large man stood to one side in a stance that suggested readiness to act, should Marius decide to make a problem. Without a word the woman led her charge to the end of the corridor where an open area had a shower-head in the wall. A bar of soap sat on a small shelf and she pointed at the shower while he allowed the sweat stained robe to drop from his shoulders.

The water was cold. Perhaps not icy cold, but the temperature of the air was a contrast and he gasped as he stood under the rush of sweet water. As he washed she stood looking at him with her face an impassive mask, obviously unimpressed by the masculinity of his body.

‘Probably a lesbian,’ thought Marius as he finished up and stepped out of the shower, the water cascading to his feet.

With pearls of the water still dripping he pointed at the growth on his chin and the woman shook her head. Now that he was facing her he noticed the coiled whip at her waist and her wide-hipped, large breasted figure that gave him the start of an erection. That too, she ignored before leading him along the service corridors, her female key-holder opening each one and locking it behind them. Marius was glad that he had not attempted any move. Until he saw an exit to the outside there was no point in even thinking about an attempt to escape.

Three gates later, the service corridor ended in stairs that led to a door and he found himself outside the service area of the palace. He caught a glance of a

window through an open door and saw steep terraced hills with verdant green vegetation. A guess placed him in South East Asia. Thailand, South Korea or perhaps Vietnam considering the woman whose short steps he followed.

The small group came to an ornate door, hand carved in detail and the woman knocked and waited for admittance. He looked at the carving and realised that the whole door was a complex mass of relief-carving. Rampant cocks, men bound to posts while others plied whips and branding irons on the sexually priapic slaves. A few women were carved around the edges, aloof figures who administered punishments and supervised the vile male orgy that filled most of the door panel.

The door opened and Marius was ushered into a huge room. The smell of fresh plaster and oil paint filled the room as workmen finished two of the main walls whilst artists worked to create huge scenes on the others that reflected the tone already set by the carved door. The scenes were in an oriental style that created a cartoon-like scene as though the onlooker was staring into an orgy of immense intricacy. Everywhere there were workers moving around, arranging the huge pieces of furniture whilst a foreman called out imprecations and orders in a sweat of haste.

A huge glass door led onto a terrace where other workmen arranged potted palms and others raked a pebble garden and were planting blooming flowers around the edges. The whole was a luxury that spoke of spending millions on just one room. Gold chandelier, a carved stone block that leaned against a stand with block and tackle to one side. Another of the carved doors was being slid into place where a bedroom could be seen that featured a huge bed that stood on a low cage where a welder worked to attach the gates to a prison that would lie under the person resident.

It seemed to Marius that they were waiting for something. He clasped his hands behind his back and stood stock still, taking in all of the activity and staring out

of the windows onto the terrace, on his best behaviour.

‘Show no nervousness, be eager to obey,’ he thought as he watched the woman who had led him here observing the frantic work with a slight smile.

The first real sign of emotion that he had seen on her usually impassive face.

They stood.

Furniture found positions, the painters blocked off areas and then started work on the detail while a woman who seemed to be some sort of director indicated areas and sketched figures roughly on the freshly dried plaster to indicate to the artists how they were to proceed. Every now and again she referred to a clipboard and then showed one of the artists an area of the wall with her instructions.

In the centre of all of the activity, Marius stood and took it all in. Finally, a woman rushed into the room and said something that Marius could not understand, but suddenly all of the activity ceased in mid-stride. There were a few frantic whispers and then the door opened to admit a Japanese woman who sauntered into the room dressed in jeans and a silk blouse that was almost so sheer that it was a diaphanous wisp over her small breasts. She was thin and almost awkward, her face half covered by huge sunglasses that hid her eyes and she was followed by two women who stood behind her, shameless in their total nudity.

One was a statuesque blonde, obviously the receiver of cosmetic surgery that had given her huge pointed breasts and a rounded behind that perfectly suited her long shapely legs. The other was petite, Asian, with long black tresses that swept



almost to her knees, her boyish figure a complete contrast to the first.

The woman in the sunglasses nodded to the Vietnamese woman and then sauntered around the newly created apartment before saying a few words to the foreman who was obviously relieved with her comment. It seemed that she approved of the work as she inspected the painting work and the newly fitted carved door to the bedroom.

Marius self-consciously realised that staring at the two naked women had given him an erection and he slowly moved his hands to cover his embarrassment. The Japanese woman noticed and a small laugh, high pitched and almost a cough was accompanied by a small movement that clearly ordered Marius to remove his hands. He put them behind his back again and the woman made a comment to his Vietnamese minder.

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Mrs Tokashirimaso looked at her watch and decided that it was time to inspect the work that was being completed. In twelve hours the guests would arrive and everything had to be perfect for their reception.

Trailing her two slaves, she headed for the new apartments, stopping briefly to inspect the carved door to the first. The little figures, carved to intertwine like some medieval view of Dante's Inferno were perfect. Women with whips, male and female victims crawling and submitting to atrocities in abject terror. Each tiny face held a look of utter fear, each was being forced to some debauched torment.

She nodded approval and the tall blonde slave opened the door to reveal a room that was complete and ready for its occupant. Matsumi would appreciate the furniture that folded to create places where her victims could be fettered to suffer under her collection of jewelled-handled whips.

‘Perfect’, she decided as she checked the bedroom where discrete rings in the wall would keep her guest’s pleasure slaves hanging while she slept in comfort.

The next suite that Mrs Tokashirimaso inspected was also finished. Designed for orgies, the bed took up much of the bedroom. It was here that her friend, Evelyn, could tumble with the five or six studs that would pleasure her insatiable appetites before being collared in the small cell just off the bedroom. There they would wait, kneeling on the stone floor of their cell, awaiting the next call to please Mrs Tokashirimaso’s valued guest. The decoration of the suite was modern and straight-forward with no sign of the depravity that could occur in the bedroom. Evelyn was fastidious about her night-time diversions and would appreciate the décor with her Spartan Swiss sense of design.

The last suite inspected was the one that had been the slowest to be readied for her guest. Her hand traced the priapic figures on the door and stroked the little cocks affectionately. Cunningly concealed amongst the mass of tiny figures were feminised men who suffered more than the others as they were bent over, stretched taut to suffer whilst the dominant men in the carving fucked them with bliss on their features. The door alone had cost hundreds of thousands of American dollars and was a work of art, perhaps even better than the other two. Perhaps the artist had had a taste for what he depicted, she speculated, maybe he could be persuaded to pay a visit and work exclusively for her?

Mrs Tokashirimaso made a mental note of the idea before opening the door to find the entire twenty people inside the nearly finished suite standing to rigid attention at the visit of their owner.

Immediately she noted the man who stood in the centre of the room with Bien-Phoc's eye on him. He was perfect for the role that he would be playing. Fit and seemingly calm, she noted tension in the interplay of his fingers behind his back. It would be a joy to watch him when he realised what part he had to play in her arriving guest's entertainment.

Mrs Tokashirimaso nodded to Bien-Phoc in approval and then wandered around the suite that was being prepared for her Nigerian Guest. Grant N'Komo would appreciate the décor. Homophilic in the extreme, the wonderful contrasts of the black masters and white skinned slaves who suffered on the ends of those rampant cocks, the squealing she-males held bent while fucked and the unfinished scene where a tall muscular blonde man was branded as a cock was fucking his throat would be so erotic when it was complete.

She turned to the foreman, nodded and said, "I have decided that the work is good, just ensure that it is finished and fumigated before the guest's arrival..."

The foreman nodded furiously and the relief in his frame was palpable.

Mrs Tokashirimaso turned and noticed that the man who would be the centre-piece of the room was hiding an erection with his hands and she fluttered her fingers to indicate that she wished to see his swelling manhood. He put his arms behind his back and she smiled to see the cock stand, curved, almost to his belly. He would have made an excellent slave for Evelyn, she decided, but then ten men were already trained for the job, so it was too late to change his purpose.

He had been cheap anyway, so he was disposable. Her agents had picked him up for a trivial sum in Amsterdam and if he lasted six months it would have been

well worth the price!

She said a few words and Bien-Phoc's enforcer roughly clapped a set of steel bracelets on the man's hands. They went on with a click and then the short chain between them was clipped into position and Mrs Tokashirimaso felt a small thrill as she realised that the man had a look of real fear in his eyes. The room was silent, all watching Bien-Phoc instructing her slave in the fitting of the restraints that were a preliminary to his inevitable demise. Mrs Tokashirimaso was almost disappointed that he did not fight as a ring gag was added and then a hood that still had the eye covers missing. She had requested that he experience the full terror of his incarceration and it would be a shame if he did not appreciate the doom that she had selected and suffer appropriately.

The fitting took five minutes.

Everyone in the room watched the lesson in punishment unfold with baited breath. Any of them but Mrs Tokashirimaso herself might suffer this if they failed to please her every whim, the instructive lesson was clear and Mrs Tokashirimaso enjoyed the tension and suppressed terror in the room almost as much as she enjoyed watching the restraints being added.

Collared, his arms pulled savagely high up his back, the hood with the fearful eyes and the wide open hole that was now dripping with saliva in a shocked circle. Fetters were applied to his ankles and then he was forced to kneel while they were attached by a chain to the collar to lock the man into a kneeling position.

Mrs Tokashirimaso could feel a rising thrill as the block and tackle was assembled and hoisted the man from the floor to swing gently at the end of a chain. She stepped forward and moved her face close to his face where she could

almost smell the terror that he was exuding. A flush of passion flushed pink under the sheer blouse and she snapped a single word that caused all of the inhabitants to shuffle from the room and close the door to leave just six occupants.

Another word and her blonde slave stepped up and kneeled at her mistress' feet and gently unzip her jeans. No one in the room dared watch the zipper course from waist under thighs and then be pulled up the back to open a widening gap that exposed her swelling clitoris. Only the eyes of the suspended slave watched the exquisitely long tongue of the blonde caress that emerging tiny prick-like clitoris with gentle strokes.

Another word from her thin lips and the victim of her passion was brought higher and swung over the stone box that had been created as a cell for him. Mrs Tokashirimaso watched his eyes turn from her thighs, downward into the box. Now he could see the places where the chains would secure him and notice the hole that his gag would be attached to.

The recognition of his doom caused him to cry out incoherently. His eyes turned to look at the woman who was climaxing at the touch of lips and tongue and he screamed piteously as she orgasmed with the bliss of his realisation.

As he hung over the small cavity that he would soon fill, he bawled like a small child, screamed thinly in a plea for mercy that just took Mrs Tokashirimaso to new heights of ecstasy. Now he could see the canisters of building foam, that were stacked to one side, the tubes that dangled into the box that would drain and empty him. The wires that would soon festoon him. Perhaps the worst was the realisation that the huge stone tablet that weighed tons would seal his prison, a weight that he could never hope to escape. The total wickedness of his fate had become apparent as the hand of Bien-Phoc touched him to rotate slowly and see the rear of the cell.

There too was an orifice. Carved on the inside as two bowls where the cheeks of his ass would be parted to place that hole to line up with him perfectly, sleeved with a plastic tube, a stopper dangling on the outside to prevent unpleasant accidents when he was not being used or emptied. Marius' cries became plaintive, a keening whine that was close to madness and utter panic. He shuddered in his tight bonds, making him move in small jerks as Mrs Tokashirimaso experienced her third orgasm with a small cry of bliss.

She pressed forward, forcing her clitoris between upturned lips and ground with her narrow hips to fuck the blonde who pleased her.

This would be the greatest and best.

The eye patches were applied, closing the light for the last time. Sealing the victim into a darkness where he could be alone with his tears. Bien-Phoc applied a little glue carefully and pressed them closed, the tang of the liquid in the sobbing man's nostrils. The insertion of breathing tubes and the catheter caused more distress, especially when the cover on his cock was wound tight to clamp his now flaccid cock tightly to disallow any further erection. That too was glued into position, the Vietnamese woman pulling to check that it was secure.

With one hand steadying the rotating man to align him with the cavity, Bien-Phoc's enforcer slowly allowed the cramped figure to drop into the hole. His powerful hands helped ass into position before he allowed the final few inches to carefully align the hole of the gag to match the soft plastic tube that led to his mouth. Bien-Phoc then glued the mouthpiece in position and slid a small glance to see her mistress in the starting throes of her final delicious climax.

Mrs Tokashirimaso's eyes were glazed, her hips rode the upturned face with small strokes and her hands teased her own nipples through her blouse. It was clear that she was resisting the climax as the cries of her victim issued from the hole in the side of the stone casket.

Finally, she came for the last time, a small cry and then stillness as she savoured the sight of the foam being poured to cover the arms and back of the slave, to the top of the cavity. Mrs Tokashirimaso stood still, enjoyed the infinitesimal massage that allowed her to descend back to earth and decided on the form of Haiku that would be the man's epitaph. Later she would compose in the stillness of the evening while he felt the foam harden and clasp him tight as it swelled slightly.

At last the plastic bubbles were a smooth topping to the casket and Mrs Tokashirimaso stepped free to allow the blonde pleasure slave to gently close her jeans. She stepped up and touched the cinder-toffee of the froth to feel the skin that was already hardening just minutes after it had filled the cavity.

Now remained just one last thing...

It took seven workmen to raise the slab and slide it into position. As they did so with a grinding noise as stone rasped on stone the keening from the hole in the front of the block began again. Mrs Tokashirimaso placed the stoppers into the holes at either end of the pleasure casket to stop the disturbing noise and then left the room to leave the crew to complete the work on the suite.

Until Grant arrived, he would remain a virgin...

## Swan Song

Seventeen syllables that expressed emotion. Mrs Tokashirimaso composed the Haiku and was not entirely happy with its feel and emotion.

*Desire comes in the night,*

*A swelling lust.*

*Pressing need,*

*Forced passion sated.*

Where was the eroticism? It lacked emotion, the terror of utter forced service. She decided to review it later and rose to go to greet her guests. Behind her ran Mai-Mai, eager to see 'aunty' Evelyn who always turned up with some small gift for her friend's daughter. They made their way to the foyer of the palace to find that all three of her friends had arrived and were being welcomed by the matron in charge of the accommodation.

First, of course there would be a light repast and casual chat, the present for Mai-Mai and then her guests could retire to their suites and marvel at the luxurious appointments that awaited them.

Matsumi, the trembling girls already under her bed, Grant, a young man waiting collared to relieve the tension of his travels from Nairobi and of course Evelyn who would probably find that sleep was needed rather than the six slaves whose huge thick cocks waited to penetrate her every hole.



The light oriental snacks that were served on German porcelain sufficed for her guests and the chatter was convivial and mainly concerned the journey to Seoul and the way that they had all met up in Dubai to enjoy a few hours before the last leg of their respective journeys.

Mai-Mai was led away, tired and happy with her new stuffed animal which she hugged and kissed furiously as she waved goodbye. As soon as she was out of the sight of aunty Evelyn, Mai-Mai arrived at her huge playroom to restart the game where all the soft toys stood in judgement of the newcomer and consigned him to the special little wooden cage as a punishment for daring to be so cute.

The tone of the conversation changed the instant that Mrs Tokashirimaso's daughter was out of earshot as Mrs Tokashirimaso explained that she had arranged a wonderful stay for the three days that they would be staying. She bubbled and laughed as she described the arrangements and then, no longer able to restrain herself, she led them to the suites to enjoy showing them around.

Matsumi's eyes lit up as she saw the nubile women that had been assigned to be her playthings and then opened her suitcase to show the other three the sapphire encrusted whip that could now be tested on their tender skin.

It was clear that Evelyn was tired after the journey and though she made enthusiastic noises at the cell full of men who were there to fuck her, it was the comfort of the huge bed that attracted her and received the most praise.

"I'll play with a couple of them, but tomorrow I can look forward to making them all show me the quality of their training," she said as she closed the door to the cell and flung herself on the bed with a satisfied sigh.

The young man that awaited Grant looked down as he was inspected. Slight breasts plumped up his chest and every hair had been stripped from his body to suit his new partner's preferences for smooth female-male flesh.

"I have something extra special for you, Grant", said Mrs Tokashirimaso as she felt herself slip into a passionate remembrance of the sealing of the casket that dominated the room.

She led him by the hand to the stone table and pointed at the plug that was firmly seated in the stonework.

"I'll let you explore this little toy in private," she said with a wink to all three friends, "but, let's just say that the toy that is sealed into this box for you should provide a little simple enjoyment at any time that you need a little speedy pleasure."

Grant's hand pulled the plug free and slipped a finger into the hole before pulling it out and closing the hole.

"What can I say? You have thought of everything."

His eyes went to the virgin young man who would be his other amusement and he bowed slightly to Mrs Tokashirimaso.

"You set a high price on our friendship," he said politely. "And, a challenge for the time that you come to visit us!"

“It’s a small thing,” said Mrs Tokashirimaso depreciatingly. “Tomorrow, when my husband returns from Japan we shall have the party that is the real reason for your visit, to celebrate my birthday with small amusements and desires. I have themed it ‘Pain and Pleasure’ and a small short show entitled ‘De Sade’s Pleasures’ will be performed in the theatre.”

“I think that I can speak for all of us,” said Evelyn, “when I say that we appreciate, as always, your small touches for our amusement.”

She turned to the stone casket and smiled.

“It is so sweet of you to think of our needs like this,” he said.

“A pleasure!”

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Marius could not move.

It was not a case of fetters and chains, collars and cuffs. He could not move so much as a millimetre. How he wished that he had resisted, but he had not seen it coming until it was far too late. He would never emerge from his prison, that was clear. The effort of sealing him into this extravagant glory-hole was too much to repeat every day.

No, he was here and all he could do was suffer.

Tears filled his eyes and he wondered how they would arrange to feed and keep him alive in this stone hell. No sound could be heard, not even the breath in his nostrils. The isolation was total and the only thing that he could feel was his tongue moving around the entrance to his mouth that awaited filling.

For a moment he felt something.

A finger probed his mouth and then withdrew, a first exploration. Then all was still again and time stretched to an infinity of fear and dread.

Another movement, another exploring finger and then it retreated to be followed by something else. The smooth tip of a huge cock that struggled to enter the tube to his mouth before erupting inside and pressing into his throat.

It retreated, it pressed forward again. Now the taste of the lubricant that allowed it to travel could be tasted. A bitter taste that filled his senses as the cock slowly moved back and forth, fucking him slowly in a leisurely invasion that required nothing from the victim who was bringing the moaning Grant to climax.

A sudden electric shock to his balls, made Marius swallow the cock and press it with his tongue as the man in the casket realised that there was more to this hell than just passively being a hole to be fucked.

A movement in his cock as the draining tube pumped his bladder full while more

pulses of current was applied to the rim of his wide ass hole.

The cock pressed hard, it drew back and then came the stroke of release and creamy come was forced down the victim's throat in gushes that never seemed to stop and timed with the torment that had so many varieties.

Electricity, a vibration on his captured cock, a sudden twinge of pain that seemed to rasp at the tender skin between balls and ass to be topped by the sudden draining of his bladder that caused cramps to his belly.

The cock pulled free.

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The rubber plug was replaced and Grant walked around the casket to enjoy the pleasures of the other hole. All the while, the young man who crawled at his feet sucked at the smooth ebony skin of his thighs and hanging balls. The suction made every thrust into the boxed male slut a pleasure as the small electric shocks from the incarcerated Marius gave him pulses of indulgence.

This was such a perfect gift from his friend and something to add to his own modest pleasure palace when he returned home...

Mrs Tokashirimaso was indeed a goddess.

**The End**