

Amelia opened her eyes on the morning after her first encounter with Oscar Van Heel, filled with purpose. As a journalist, she had honed her investigative skills for years. Now she was going to use them to get herself out of this humiliating captivity. Amelia jumped out of bed and got dressed in the only clothes available to her, overly fancy lace underwear and her pick of summer dresses.

After getting dressed, she moved to the window to study the surrounding landscape more carefully. When she had taken a look last night, the shock of being somewhere tropical had been so bad that she hadn't taken the time to note many details. It showed a view of a white sand beach with crystal blue waters gently lapping at the shore. Away from the beach, the sand faded into rockier soil studded with palms and glossy tropical plants. The elevation rose further inland into low hills shrouded by vegetation. The endless blue of the sea continued out toward the horizon, unbroken by other islands or ships that she might conveniently signal.

The landscape said "Caribbean" to her, and she knew that Oscar was a major player in the criminal underground of that part of the world... but then again, it could just as easily have been Southeast Asia or a Pacific island. Amelia didn't know geography well enough to be able to tell the difference. She resolved to investigate more thoroughly once she had a chance to explore the villa.

Exploring the small building didn't take long. She had, in fact, already seen most of it. Immediately outside her bedroom, there was the sitting room/living area where she spoke to Oscar the night before. The three hateful items he had presented to her still lay on the mantle over the decorative fireplace. A cat-ear headband, a tail butt plug, and a collar. With a sneer of disgust, Amelia took them all and tossed them in a nearby trash can before continuing her exploration. The couches in the sitting room were comfortable, the decorative elements were tasteful, and the tv didn't fucking work. The remote that Oscar used the previous night could turn it on, but the only thing that the screen would display was a weather report for the next few days, presented in simple graphics and without any location listed. None of the buttons except for the power button functioned.

All the windows of the villa were closed, presumably to keep in the air conditioning that was running full blast, but the glass doors leading out to a veranda opened easily. She wasn't locked inside the villa, at least. The veranda hosted a few comfortable deck chairs and an even more stunning view of the tropical beach. But it was deathly hot and humid, and after a moment of poking around and finding nothing of interest, Amelia retreated back into the coolness of the villa and closed the door behind her.

There was a spacious kitchen attached to the sitting area, complete with a table and two chairs, which raised Amelia's eyebrows a little. If she was confined alone, she would have expected just one chair. On the counter top that half-separated the kitchen from the sitting room, there was a note addressed to Amelia, written in crisp handwriting.

*Good Morning, Miss Amelia*

*It will be our pleasure to serve you for the duration of your stay on this island. We can assist with any cleaning and cooking that you desire.*

*Unfortunately, Master Van Heel has indicated that there is to be absolutely zero face-to-face contact between you and the staff of the villa. We apologise for the inconvenience. If you need anything, simply write on the notepad provided, or speak your desires aloud in the sitting room, and they will be heard and noted.*

Amelia frowned, rereading that sentence. She glanced around the room suspiciously. If they were confident that they could hear her whenever she spoke out loud, that meant there were almost certainly hidden cameras and microphones throughout the villa. She should assume that she was watched at all times.

She continued reading.

*The kitchen and sitting room will be cleaned daily. If you would like us to clean your bedroom and personal bathroom, simply inform us, and the spare bedroom will be made available to you so we can clean, change your sheets, and do laundry overnight.*

*We will provide three meals for you and leave them in the refrigerator every morning, along with various snacks for you to eat when the mood takes you. Regrettably, to ensure we never meet face to face, freshly prepared meals will be impossible, unless you wish to prepare them yourself. We can leave the necessary ingredients for you if that is the case. If there are any dishes or foods you want specifically, let us know. Master Van Heel has given us wide latitude to meet your needs in that respect.*

*If you have any questions or special requests, please let us know. We hope that your stay is as comfortable and pleasant as can reasonably be expected.*

Amelia set down the note and checked the fridge, finding a variety of sliced fruit along with three pre-portioned meals for breakfast, lunch and dinner. They looked good. At least she wouldn't starve.

There were four other doors she hadn't checked yet. One was small enough to be a closet. Locked. One on the same wall as the bedroom was locked as well, but it could easily be for the "spare bedroom" that was mentioned in the note. One large, mysterious door opposite the veranda had no obvious purpose, but was locked as well. And that left a door that led outside, set apart from the sitting room with a small entryway featuring a coat closet that held only a raincoat.

Just like the veranda door, the front door leading outside was unlocked, and led out to a walkway with flowers planted on either side, baking in the tropical sun. Amelia could see from the doorway that the pathway wound down an incline for a short distance until it stopped at a dock. She made the short walk in the oven-like heat and humidity, but there was nothing to see from the sturdy dock except more beach, more palm trees and jungle scrub, and a few brightly colored fish milling around the support posts curiously.

There weren't any more obvious places to explore. The villa and its surroundings were eerily quiet and empty, without any signs of human habitation.

Amelia made her way back to the villa and ate her breakfast, feeling a bit stumped. When she had finished the oatmeal with nuts and berries, she was determined to explore further out from the villa and see if there were any other possible escape routes. Walking down the beach away from the villa at a steady pace brought her back to the dock in about an hour and a half. As she suspected, she was on an island. And, although she kept her eyes peeled, there was no sign of any other nearby islands or mainland away across the water. Escape by raft might not be possible either.

She found herself totally exhausted by the time she made it back to the villa. A combination of the tropical heat and perhaps the aftereffects of the drugs that had been used to transport her. She ate lunch and had a long, troubled nap. She spent the afternoon searching through every cabinet and drawer she could find and finding nothing useful or interesting. As she worked, she was troubled by... frustration. A perverse heat that had nothing to do with the sweltering climate. But she brushed the feeling aside instantly. She needed to stay focused, and it simply wasn't the time to deal with things like that. She fell into bed just as the sun went down, frustrated and exhausted.

Amelia woke early the next morning to the noise of soft sounds beyond the door of the bedroom. She tried the handle of her bedroom door, but it was locked. Probably to enforce the rules against her interacting with the staff. When she pressed her ear against the wood, she could make out faint sounds of conversation between at least two people, but the sound wasn't distinct enough to make out their language, let alone what they were saying. There had to be some level of soundproofing at work.

About an hour later, the door unlocked with a click, and Amelia was able to remerge into the freshly-cleaned sitting room. The headband, tail, and collar were back in place on the mantle. She once again placed them firmly in the trashcan before moving on. Today, there was a new note sitting where the other had been yesterday.

*Good Morning!*

*I hope you're settling in well to your new living arrangement. I'm told you spent a little time exploring yesterday. I hope you enjoyed the exercise. You have free roam of the island, but*

*please be careful. Some of the terrain in the center of the island is treacherous, and I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself.*

*I have some free time in my schedule the day after tomorrow, and I'd like to have dinner with you and discuss your current situation. But I don't want to impose. I'm sure this is a confusing time for you, and if you would prefer to be alone, I respect that. Let me know if you would be open to dinner by writing on this notepad.*

*I hope you have a lovely day in paradise,*

- O.

Amelia crumpled the note with a snarl, throwing it to the ground and turning to the empty room in a fit of rage. "I know that you can hear me!" she yelled. "All of this luxury crap isn't fooling anyone! It doesn't matter how nice the cell looks, you're holding me here against my will! I won't ever forget it, so don't pretend I'm some sort of fucking guest!" She pulled in deep, whooping breaths as a wave of panic washed over her once again. To stave off a full-blown breakdown, she had to get a glass of water and sit down to calm herself. Right now, things looked hopeless, but giving up and submitting was exactly what Oscar wanted. If she wanted to defy his sinister sexual plans and escape, she would have to be smart.

And that would have to start with not openly defying him anymore. As cathartic as it had been to have a good outburst, it was probably counter-productive. Oscar was much more likely to let his guard down if he believed she was buying into his bullshit. Which meant that Amelia had to accept his self-invitation to dinner. The last thing that she wanted was to subject herself to another conversation with the dangerous, oddly handsome creep, but there was no other way to gain leverage or information. Oscar had apparently taken great care to construct this gilded cage for her, and unless she was able to use him to gain new information, she could see no easy avenues of escape.

After finishing her glass of water and taking a deep breath, Amelia rose and wrote "I Accept" on a sheet of paper from the notepad, then left via the front door to explore the center of the island. She might agree to meet with him in order to lure him into a false sense of security, but she wasn't about to take her enemy's advice on anything. If Oscar told her to avoid the interior of the island, then exploring it was the first thing she planned to do.

But it turned out that Oscar had given her fairly reasonable advice in this case. The center of the island was rocky and covered in dense, prickly scrub. Within an hour of exploration, Amelia was sweaty, dirty, and exhausted. She kept going for a few hours from pure bloody-minded stubbornness, but there was nothing to find. No trails, no buildings, no signs of other inhabitants.

The one discovery she did make was a small outbuilding under the shade of the trees near the villa that she had missed yesterday. It was locked tight, but the hum from inside and the

expensive-looking satellite dish on the roof made Amelia suspect that this was where they kept the generator supplying the Villa's electricity. And presumably the internet, although Amelia had not seen any way to access it.

But the tiny outbuilding wasn't large enough for a bed, considering that there must be a heavy-duty generator inside. And that begged the question... where did her housekeepers live? Finding a way to connect with them against Oscar's wishes felt like her best current bet, but if they didn't live with her in the Villa, and there were no other suitable buildings for them on the island, where were they?

Maybe they arrived and left on boats every day. There was no other evidence to go on in that particular mystery, so Amelia was forced to drop it.

She took the afternoon with a long shower and a longer nap, then spent the evening tossing and turning in bed. A growing, needy heat was troubling her, but she once again pushed it down, refusing to think about it. There was simply no way for her to meet that particular craving right now. Especially considering her every move was likely watched. Instead, she concentrated on thinking about what angles she could work during dinner with Oscar to get information and leverage.

Before falling asleep, she got up and added a request for some skincare products and basic makeup to the bottom of her acceptance note. Apparently those weren't things that her captors had considered. While she was at it, she put in a request for the latest novel from her favorite author. Now that she had explored most of the tiny island, the days were getting a little boring with no internet.

Afterward, she returned to bed and fell into a troubled sleep.

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When Amelia woke up the following morning, she found a red cocktail dress waiting for her on a mannequin in the middle of the sitting room, along with a note on the counter simply stating,

*Excellent. Glad to hear it. I'll be seeing you later tonight. Please enter your room at 5 PM so that I can arrive and the staff can prepare our meal. Wear the dress.*

- Oscar

Amelia examined the dress that Oscar had provided for her. It was a dark, rich red, and she could tell just by looking at it that it was designed to hug her curves. If she chose to agree to Oscar's demands and wear it, it would almost certainly be the sexiest dress she had ever put on.

After once again throwing away the three cat items that had been placed back on the mantle, Amelia went back and forth on whether to wear the dress or refuse throughout the morning, staring at it balefully as she ate the ceasar salad they had provided her for lunch. It felt like another example of Oscar trying to force her into a mold that didn't fit her. Like the fucking cat thing, although admittedly less extreme.

Amelia was a hard-edged journalist who either wore street clothes to blend into the city, or professional business attire so that others would take her seriously. She wasn't the sort of woman who wore sexy, slinky cocktail dresses and batted her eyelashes at powerful men. That by itself made her want to refuse the dress.

But, on the other hand, she saw the value in showing Oscar what he wanted to see. Bristling defiance would only make him more cautious. If he saw her as a simpering, weak sex object, he would likely underestimate her.

So, when five o'clock came around, Amelia took the dress with her into her bedroom, hearing the whirr and clunk of the automatic lock behind her. If she was going to go through with this dinner, she ought to go all the way.

As she suspected, the dress was practically skin-tight, hugging her wide hips and plump butt in a way that left little to the imagination. Even her unimpressive chest was squeezed in tight enough that the shape of her tits was obvious through the thin material.

It wasn't just a racy dress; it was downright slutty, and it made Amelia flush pink to even look at herself in the mirror. Oscar clearly wasn't above indulging in a little eye candy, and the "gift" of this dress made his sexual interest in his captive crystal clear.

As angry as it made Amelia, it also sent a twisting snake of reluctant lust slithering through her lower belly. Although she had been avoiding thinking about it over the past few distressing days, Amelia was dealing with a troubling issue that she couldn't just sweep under the rug forever, and the tight, revealing red dress had just reminded her of her growing problem.

Amelia had always had an overactive libido. She wouldn't call herself a sex addict necessarily, but if she didn't have sex, or at very least a deep, involved masturbation session, at least three times a week, she started getting distractingly horny. It wasn't something that affected her daily life normally. Tanner, along with a parade of anonymous guys from bars that Tanner didn't need to know about, met her needs easily. But now was a different story.

With the terror of her captivity, the impulsive need to explore every inch of the island, and especially the revelation that the house had hidden cameras and microphones, Amelia hadn't so much as touched herself for three or four days. She could ignore her simmering arousal for a while, but the heat and pressure would only build up under the surface, ready to explode like a volcano.

It disgusted her to think about masturbating beneath the sheets when Oscar might be able to review the footage and know exactly what she had been doing, but she might need to resort to that tonight. She took a steadying breath and smoothed the red dress over her hips, pushing down the arousal as best she could. She needed to get a hold of herself and stay clear-headed. Which might be difficult when she was wearing a slutty red dress around a man who made no secret about wanting the fuck her. No matter how difficult it was, she would have to keep a tight lid on the reluctant arousal roiling through her.

Just as she had that thought, another whirr and clunk sounded from the door, announcing that the preparations for their dinner party were complete.

Amelia made one last face in the mirror. Agreeing to wear this dress, which presented her body as a feast for the male gaze, would definitely give Oscar the wrong idea... But then again, she wanted him to be misled. She would have to grin and bear it, and hope that she could repress her inappropriate arousal for one night so that Oscar couldn't sniff it out.

She emerged from the bedroom in a confident strut, refusing to allow Oscar to see her discomfort. The living space had been modestly transformed by dim lighting and candles, giving the room a dreamy, dim atmosphere.

Oscar waited for her at the table in the kitchen, lounging back at the table in an impeccably tailored suit, a warm grin on his face. Amelia felt a flush of unwanted heat as his sharp eyes roamed her body, clinging to her hips, breasts, and butt. He didn't even have the decency to hide his open, appreciative lust as she approached. And why should he? She was completely under his power. The only reason he hadn't fucked her already is that he had the crazy delusion he could make her want it.

As she approached, Oscar rose swiftly from his chair. Amelia flinched back for a moment, imagining his strong hands grabbing her roughly, dispensing with the polite fiction of Oscar's hospitality. But he merely raised an eyebrow at her frightened reaction and pulled the chair out for her with a little bow.

Amelia cursed herself for her jumpiness. It was one thing to make Oscar think she was seriously considering his sexual advances; it was quite another to let him think she was an easily frightened girl. She took her seat with a scowl. Both of them already had a meal set at the table in front of them. She had some kind of pasta dish in a rich, red sauce, and Oscar had a large steak.

"So pleased that you could join me," said Oscar with a broad smile, returning to take his seat. "And might I say, that dress looks just as good on you as I thought it might."

Amelia raised an eyebrow at him, crossing her arms uncomfortably over her chest, unconsciously trying to hide as much of her body as possible. "I mean... I didn't really have a choice," she said stiffly. "It probably wouldn't have been my first pick for what to wear. This might

be news to you based on the wardrobe you picked out for me, but I'm not really a dress kind of girl."

Oscar chuckled and shook his head, slicing off a chunk of rare, bloody steak and devouring it before speaking. "You're right, of course. I'm afraid that I'm a man who knows what he likes, and, regardless of whether you're a 'dress girl', I'm a dress man. This dinner was going to happen my way, or not at all. I would apologize for that, but I think we both know it would be insincere."

Amelia had no good reply to that. She gulped down some of the heat boiling inside her as Oscar once again took his time admiring her body through the revealing dress he had selected for her. Like she was some sort of doll for him to play with. Or some sort of pet...

"Try your pasta," said Oscar with a smile. "I'm curious to hear if you like it."

Amelia did her best to focus. She was supposed to be charming Oscar right now, but the instant she saw him, her defenses had raised once again instinctively. She flashed him what she hoped was a convincing smile, scooted her chair a little closer to the table, then picked up her fork.

As soon as she took a bite of the pasta, however, her expression froze, and her eyes darted to Oscar's face, growing wide. He clapped his hands in delight. "Excellent! They told me that they could recreate it perfectly! I'm assuming based on your reaction that they succeeded."

Amelia swallowed heavily. The pasta she had just eaten was a dead ringer for her favorite dish at the mom-and-pop Italian place a couple of blocks down from her house. It was one of her favorites. More importantly, it was the place she took guys when they insisted on a date before fucking her.

Oscar had not only discovered what her favorite date spot was, his chef had recreated her favorite dish to a T. He had copied the meal she most often ate while across a table from a man who she was planning on fucking. The implication couldn't have been clearer.

"How?" she managed to say, snatching up the wine glass in front of her and taking a sip in an attempt to moisten her dry mouth.

Oscar shrugged with an infuriating grin, chewing another bloody hunk of meat. He took a sip of wine, swallowed, and answered, "Money makes all things possible, Cookie. I hired people to find out everything about you. You should know better than anyone that a dedicated and nosey investigator can turn up the answer to almost any question. You were pretty good at it yourself."

Amelia gritted her teeth. There he went again, using that fucking cat name. She felt like blowing up at him and releasing some of the frustration and heat that were building up inside of her, but instead, she managed to keep her voice pleasant as she said, "I think what I do is a little bit different from what your mercenary investigators are up to. I actually find information ethically,

so I can tear down blights on society. Not really the same thing as stalking women in order to manipulate them more easily.” Again, Amelia cursed herself. These acidic little digs at Oscar’s character wouldn’t help her cozy up to him. But she couldn’t help it. It wasn’t in her nature to just sit back and meekly take humiliating insults.

But Oscar didn’t look offended. He nodded in agreement, gesturing with his fork. “Mm. I actually agree with you. You were doing excellent work in your career, short as it was.”

Amelia felt a chill run up her spine as she heard her captor confidently use the past tense. Whatever was going to happen here on this island, Oscar was positive her journalistic career was over. *We’ll see about that. When I find my way out of this mess, I’ll write the mother of all exposes documenting my experience.*

Oscar took a sip of the excellent wine that he had brought and poured himself another glass. “So, although for selfish reasons I can’t allow you to continue your story about me, I do applaud your skill. I can appreciate hard work and genius when I see it. I like to think I bring that kind of drive and focus to my own enterprises.”

Amelia snorted, then tried to relax her stiff shoulders a little. She finally unclasped the folded arms over her chest and felt another flush of annoyed heat as Oscar shamelessly took the opportunity to stare at her chest. She didn’t know what he thought he was looking at anyway... it wasn’t like she had massive knockers to ogle down there. But, in any case, she took the opportunity while he was distracted to dig for a little information.

“You can’t be working all that hard if you’re able to jet off to the Caribbean on a moment’s notice to have dinner with your forced houseguest,” she said with a raised eyebrow, taking another small bite of the eerily perfect copycat pasta.

She was fishing for any sort of information she could get about her geographic location. It wouldn’t even be that useful to know where she was, but some info was better than nothing. Oscar didn’t take the bait. He just chuckled, his dark eyes alive with mischief, saying, “Even a hard-working man has to have his hobbies. But speaking of this island, you’ve had a few days to settle in so far. How are you finding the accommodations?”

“Lovely,” said Amelia with a false smile. “Clean, beautiful, and comfortable. Incredible food as well. I’d love to give my compliments to the staff personally.”

Oscar made an apologetic sound, smirking and shrugging lightly. “Impossible, unfortunately. But I’ll pass along your compliments.” It was easy to tell that, as polite as Oscar may be, getting concessions and information from him wouldn’t be easy. Amelia resolved to try again.

“There is one thing I requested that they haven’t provided yet. The latest romance from my favorite author. Maybe you could get it for me?”

“Romance,” said Oscar with interest, tilting his head. “Not a genre that I’m very familiar with. Then again, as I said before, I’m a busy man, and my hobbies lie elsewhere. Why are they your favorite author?”

Amelia found herself drawn into the conversation, despite having her guard up. Even though he was a terrifying monster of a man, Oscar was also charming. Amelia comforted herself with the idea that she was just lulling him into a false sense of security, but after a few minutes, she was just chatting freely about books and art, without effectively digging for information.

“Rembrandt has to be my favorite,” she said, polishing off her second glass of wine. “All those dark, dramatic shadows.”

“Ha, somehow I sensed that you were a fan of the dark and dramatic,” said Oscar with a wink, eating his last slice of steak with gusto.

Amelia snorted and rolled her eyes. She knew that Oscar was deliberately pushing the atmosphere with the pasta, but this really did feel like a first date; they were getting to know each other with light, fun topics without digging too deep. And Oscar was a master of conversation. He had a sharp sense of humor and a good instinct for when to layer on a little flirtation.

Luckily for her, Oscar could never quite conceal the monster lurking behind his pleasant facade. “I owned a Rembrandt at one point. Fenced it from a museum heist. I do have a tendency to steal beautiful things. An insatiable desire to possess what I admire, I suppose.” Amelia’s belly roiled with discomfort and a faint hint of arousal as his dark, burning eyes roamed her body again, making his meaning crystal clear. She could never forget this man’s evil intentions toward her.

But she also couldn’t let him think his efforts were worthless.

“Stop it,” she said with a shy smile, secretly meaning her words much more sincerely than she let on. “Anyway. I appreciated this meal. More than I thought I would actually.” Unfortunately, she meant those words as well.

“I enjoyed myself as well,” said Oscar, his eyes swooping over her body once again as she wiped his mouth and stood up decisively. “I wouldn’t mind doing this on a regular basis. Under two conditions.”

Amelia felt a knot of anxiety form in her stomach, along with the swirling, building heat that Oscar’s eyes had been forcing into her. She knew there had to be some sort of catch. If he started talking about acting like a fucking cat, she was going to scream.

“First, it will have to follow my schedule, not yours. You can request a dinner date whenever you want, obviously, but as you said, I’m a busy man.” His face split into a broad smile. “I can’t just fly to the Caribbean every other evening.”

Amelia felt a burst of triumph that she was careful to keep from her expression. Her first genuine hint! So she was in the Caribbean somewhere... it wasn’t information she could currently use in any meaningful way, but any little scrap felt better than nothing. She was so distracted that she was almost caught by surprise by Oscar’s next condition.

“Second, I will decide the dress code for our dinner dates. If you want my company, I will decide exactly what you wear.”

That brought Amelia up short. She wanted to continue the dinners if at all possible, but it was clear that it would mean serving herself up as Oscar’s eye candy. Even now, she felt like she was holding on by her fingernails above a molten sea of frustrated arousal. Not because of Oscar specifically, of course, but it had been far too long since she had found sexual relief, and having an objectively attractive older man constantly staring at her body with open desire didn’t help matters. It would be a difficult price to pay, but if wearing a parade of slutty dresses was what she needed to do to keep wringing info from her captor, she would grin and bear it.

... Except for one thing. She glanced over to the three items on the mantle. The headband, butt plug, and collar. They had taken on a kind of dark gravity in her mind, representing ultimate surrender to her captor’s disturbing sexual whims. No matter how many times she threw them away, they were always back in position by the time she woke up the next morning.

Oscar caught the direction of her gaze and chuckled, anticipating her objection. “Oh no, pet, don’t worry about those. I only want you to wear those three when you truly want to. I wouldn’t pressure you. But, if it makes you feel better, you have my word. Those three items will never be part of the required dinner dress code.” He added a spicy wink. “But if you ever feel the urge, you could always add them.”

Amelia ignored the last remark but nodded hesitantly. She could handle some revealing clothes as long as the humiliating collar and other cat accessories were off the table.

“Splendid,” said Oscar, clapping his hands together with finality. “Well then, I hope to see you again soon. Since you were such a good sport over my sudden visit and my wardrobe requests, I have a little gift for you. I’ll leave it behind as I exit. Good night, Cookie.”

Amelia had to work to keep her smile from twisting at the pet name he had decided on. She said, “Good night, Oscar,” and made her way to the provided bedroom. The doors locked behind her, and she put her back up against the door, sliding down to the floor with a wave of relief flooding through her. Not only had she gotten through another dinner with the most dangerous man in the world, but she had genuine hopes of being able to get more information and concessions from him.

If she could manage to keep up the rapport they had established tonight, she could probably convince him to loosen some of her restrictions. Maybe find a way to escape. And maybe that would be moot anyway, if the help sign she had created attracted a plane. It was a slim lead, but Amelia still felt filled with energy and purpose now that she had a direction.

While she waited for the door to be unlocked, Amelia took a shower. She felt a little dirty after Oscar had spent the entire evening ogling her. But the hot, steamy water didn't make the filthy heat inside her go away. It only made it worse. Memories of Oscar's dark, heated eyes flashed in her vision. She considered touching herself and burning away all the tension, but she didn't put it past a creep like Oscar to have a hidden camera in the shower, and, as much as she wanted to butter him up, she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of seeing her touch herself immediately after a dinner with him.

By the time she got out of the shower, feeling more hot and flustered than she had before, the door was unlocked. Amelia changed hurriedly and left the room, curious about the "gift" that Oscar had apparently left for her.

A bottle of wine sat on the dining room table, which had already been cleared, the dishes drying in the rack by the sink.

It was the same wine they had at dinner, and it was accompanied by a short note reading,

*Something to drink and remember me.*

-O

Amelia painted a false smile on her face, as if she was touched. She was certain that somewhere Oscar was watching her reaction. So he thought she could be bribed with stupid gifts like this... Well, she would drink it. Not tonight, but soon. Maybe it would relieve the long, hot days, which had started to get a touch boring now that she had realized there wasn't much to explore.

She left the bottle where it was and returned to her room for bed, her pulse sizzling in her veins and her heart filled with butterflies as she prepared to do something she had been putting off.

First, Amelia slipped beneath the cool crisp sheets, then, working swiftly, spurred on by the lust that had been growing inside her all evening, she slipped off the pajama bottoms and greedily touched the slick heat between her thighs.

She had to bite her lip hard to keep from crying out in pleasure at the feeling, her toes curling and her thighs clamping hard around her hand. It felt a lot better than she had anticipated... she was even hornier than she thought.

She wanted to move quickly. Masturbating beneath the sheets gave her at least a little privacy, but, based on the way Oscar eye-fucked her whenever they met, she was certain he would be watching. She wanted to give him as unsatisfying a show as possible.

But that was easier said than done when she was so filled with sexual frustration. It had really crept up on her in an unexpected way... She knew she had a high libido, but this was ridiculous. With even the lightest touch, her pussy was practically dripping all over her fingers. Her hips instinctively rolled upward into the touch of her fingers as she continued to gently circle her clit, coaxing more and more powerful sensations from her over-heated body. She began to lose herself in the pleasure, and a liquid moan burst from between her lips despite her best effort to hold back. She spread her thighs wider and snaked a hand up beneath her pajama top to provide additional stimulation. Her tits might be small, but Amelia had incredibly sensitive nipples. Pinching and gently pulling them was a common routine in her self-pleasure sessions.

Before long, she was panting roughly with lust, her wet pussy hot and throbbing beneath her fingers. She could feel the orgasm she was chasing just out of reach. Despite her lust and sensitivity, it was proving oddly elusive. It felt like she should be able to cum instantly from the intense pleasure roaring through her body, but she couldn't quite reach the satisfaction she craved.

It was then that Oscar came unbidden to her mind. Tall, suave, and handsome... but some dangerous and repulsive at the same time. He was darkly fascinating. His dark eyes flashed through her mind, and she felt her pleasure peaking. She resisted. She didn't want to think of the monster who had captured her while she orgasmed. She tried to think of something, anything else...

And that was when she imagined those three hateful objects. The cat ears, the tail, and the fucking collar. Instantly, just as she thought of them, the orgasm she had been seeking washed over Amelia. She gasped as her back arched and pleasure exploded like fireworks in her brain. For some reason, the humiliation of what Oscar had planned for her triggered it. In the moment, Amelia didn't even question it. The climax felt too intense to quibble about what it had taken to reach it.

She was so drained and exhausted from the consuming climax that it was all she could do to tug her pajama bottoms and lacy panties back into place before fatigue rolled over her, making her eyelids feel like they weighed a ton. The orgasm had been powerful and exhausting... but still hadn't completely quenched the arousal deep in Amelia's core. But there was nothing to be done about that now.

Amelia fell asleep, confident for the first time that she had gotten to the villa that she was headed in the right direction.

...

The next few days, Amelia woke up burning with energy, but there really wasn't much to do. Her pleas for books, movies, and even music had, for some reason, been studiously ignored, and there were only so many walks on the beach one could take.

Today was different. She had thought up a plan that could work as an effective backup if her plan to butter up Oscar went nowhere. But she got more good news as well. Although there hadn't been many notes on a daily basis ever since her first few days on the island, one was waiting for her on the counter today as she exited her room. She pounced on it immediately, scanning the short note for what she hoped would be another proposal for dinner. She wasn't disappointed.

*Greetings, Cookie!*

*I've had an evening open up in my schedule tomorrow night, and I thought I would ask if you wanted to host me for another dinner. If the answer is yes, write a note to that effect, and I will have your wardrobe delivered tomorrow morning.*

-O

This time, Amelia didn't need to fake her smile. She had been spoiling for another chance to work on Oscar since he had last visited. It was obvious he had a weakness for beautiful young women, and he had already demonstrated a tendency to let things slip around her. She couldn't write the note accepting his offer fast enough. She looked forward to a chance to try the new strategies she had been thinking up since the last dinner.

But before that, she was eager to attempt her backup plan.

Amelia spent a few minutes scouting for a large, flat section of white sand on the beach she could use. When she found a likely spot, she spent an entire sweaty afternoon dragging palm fronds and branches from the interior of the island onto the beach to spell out "HELP" on the beach. She hadn't seen any planes overhead so far, but it seemed like a good first step in attracting attention. If she really was in the Caribbean like Oscar said, the sky above must be crisscrossed by flights. One of them would have to see the message and get the word out.

As she worked, Amelia went over possible conversations and tactics she could use on Oscar to wring more concessions from him. Maybe he could ask him about his family, and use that to beg him to let her send a "goodbye" message to her father. All she would have to do then was include some subtle clues in her message. Or maybe if she buttered Oscar up enough, she could convince him she wanted to go on a trip together with him... offering her untold chances to escape.

Amelia sat back as the sun went down, admiring her work while panting and sweating from the effort. She was glad she had requested suntan lotion with her skincare products, or she was sure she would be as red as a lobster from laboring in the hot island sun all day.

It had been a good day's work. A massive HELP sign now stood on the shore, and tomorrow she would have her chance to work on Oscar some more. Things were looking up. Once again, Amelia touched herself under the sheets before bed, but this time she wasn't able to climax. Maybe she was just too worn out from the physical exertion... although she still felt lurking arousal beneath the surface, she gave up trying to coax herself into orgasm after a few minutes.

Maybe tomorrow she would have better luck after another successful dinner with Oscar.

...

The next day, Amelia woke up a little sore. But that was fine. It was just evidence of a good day's work. She stretched and groaned at the stiff ache in her muscles, but overall, she felt good. Strong and confident. Today would be another day of progress.

She took her time with her shower, letting the heat soak deep into her muscles while gently massaging herself. Then, after her skincare and dressing in one of the many sundresses on rotation, she made her way into the sitting room to find out what sort of slutty dress Oscar had in store for her today.

She wouldn't say she gasped when she exited the room and saw the mannequin, but she certainly made a sharp little intake of breath as the morning sun glittered off her wardrobe for the evening. Or the accessories, maybe it would be more accurate to say. The mannequin had no dress today. Instead, it had a set of dangling earrings, a big, gaudy necklace, and a set of bracelets. All of them were the finest gold, dripping with glittering diamonds. Amelia had never been a woman who cared about expensive jewelry, but she was spellbound as she approached and gently touched an earring, watching it sway, refracting light over the living room. She had to be looking at thousands... no, potentially hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold and gems. Amelia had grown up rich, so shows of wealth usually didn't impress her much, but this was overblown and gaudy even for her.

Amelia shook her head and took a step back, snorting with disbelief. Was Oscar somehow under the impression that he could make her submit with a massive show of wealth? If so, he was sorely mistaken. She examines the matching jewelry critically. She supposed that he wanted her to wear it with the same dress she had worn the first time? She glanced over at the counter and saw there was a note. There was no reason to guess her captor's intentions. She wandered over and picked up the note, her eyes still focused on the shining jewelry as she crossed the room.

The note was short.

*Good Morning Cookie,*

*On the mannequin in the sitting room, you will find your wardrobe for this evening. In its entirety. I hope I make myself clear without being needlessly crude.*

*Look forward to seeing you tonight.*

-O

Amelia stared at the note uncomprehendingly. She looked up slowly at the mannequin, wearing only jewelry, then back down at the note, a look of dawning horror on her face.

This time, she did gasp. Not so much in surprise as in horror.

*That absolute fucking pig!* She had been drawn in by his false air of suave civility, but in the end, this had always been about sexual humiliation and conquest for him. This unbelievable demand was just his mask slipping off.

Oscar wanted her to wear the jewelry on the mannequin. Nothing *but* the jewelry on the mannequin. He wanted her to eat with him stark fucking naked. Well, that immediately closed off the dinners as an option for escape. She would simply refuse to come out of her room if he was going to be that way. In a fit of rage, Amelia snatched up the insulting note and crumbled it into a ball, then, because she wasn't sure precisely where the camera was exactly, she just flipped off the air and spun in a circle with a snarl on her face.

She wasn't the sexual object that Oscar so clearly craved. And she wouldn't become one either. She would rather rot on the island forever.

But maybe that wouldn't be necessary... Stewing with a dark blend of anger and disappointment, Amelia burst out the veranda door, heading toward the help sign she had left on the beach. It has rocketed up from plan B to her only slim hope, and she wanted to be sure that the wind or tide hadn't messed it up.

But, after walking for a while, Amelia felt a pang of disquiet. Shouldn't she have reached the sign by now? She stared around at the sand, but nothing but blank, powdery white stretched out in a strip around her, curving over to the left around the tiny island.

This was definitely where she had spent hours constructing her sign, but there was absolutely no trace of the branches and vines she had painstakingly dragged from the scrubby center of the island. Amelia staggered and fell to her knees. The HELP sign had been a silly one-in-a-million backup anyway. She had even known, in the back of her mind, that there was no way that it would stay there forever, considering the iron-hard control that Oscar had over every aspect of the island.

But it was still a withering disappointment that it hadn't even lasted one evening. It had taken her hours of physical labor, and it had been wiped away without even a comment from Oscar or

his anonymous staff. This disappointment, hot on the heels of her realization that the dinners wouldn't work either, caused despair to wash over Amelia like the tide. She had been running around like a rat in a maze while Oscar chuckled at her struggles.

There was just one thing left she could do.

...

Amelia drained the last drops of the fine wine down her waiting throat, then flung the bottle away from her as hard as she could. It landed on the wet sand with a dull thump embarrassingly close by, but Amelia was beyond caring. She hadn't eaten her breakfast, and she was probably a little dehydrated, so Oscar's gifted bottle of wine was hitting her like a truck. Amelia laid back and let the baking hot mid-day sun hit her in the face, shining blood-red through her closed eyelids.

Nothing mattered anymore. She had already lost. All of her plans had already come to nothing. There was only one way off this island, and that was with a collar around her throat and a tail butt plug planted firmly between her cheeks.

Amelia felt a sudden, surprising sensation of wetness as the balmy water of the Caribbean Sea lapped against her hand. She was too far gone to start in surprise, but she lazily turned her head to see another wave foaming up to just barely reach her and splash over her hand. The tide was coming in.

Maybe she should just stay here and pass out. Let it wash over her and never wake up.

Being drunk was the only reason she allowed that thought at all. She had been carefully avoiding it since she got here, after all. There was a reason that all of the utensils they gave her were flimsy bamboo. There was a reason that there were no hanging light fixtures in the villa.

They thought she might try to take the easy way out. But they couldn't stop her from just walking into the sea. Not when she had been left completely unsupervised.

Amelia allowed herself to really contemplate the idea for the first time, turning it over in her fuzzy, pleasantly warm mind.

It didn't take her long to reach her conclusion. She just wasn't the kind of person who could do that sort of thing. Maybe it was just ego... the thought that she was too important to die here. Or maybe it was just a subconscious refusal to believe that a prison paradise like this could be worth such an extreme reaction.

But, for whatever reason, Amelia wouldn't even contemplate that solution to her problem. As long as she was alive, there was always hope that she could find a way out of this mess, no matter how far ahead of her Oscar thought he was.

So, instead of staying and letting the tide take her, Amelia got up, stumbled back to the villa, chugged three massive glasses of water, and collapsed onto her bed, still wet and covered in sand.

She was snoring almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

...

Amelia woke up feeling bad, but not quite as bad as she had feared. She took a long, hot shower, then headed to the kitchen. Mercifully, the rules of the villa had allowed her free use of the coffee machine.

Once she was sipping on a steaming cup, she felt almost human again. She sat at the dining room table and glanced at the clock. It read four thirty PM. Since she had accepted Oscar's offer before she knew exactly what insidious strings had been attached, Oscar would be arriving after she entered her room about a half-an hour from now. Or maybe he had known better than to even show up, considering her reaction to his note.

Amelia reluctantly stood from her chair and approached the mannequin again. Her mouth twisted bitterly. This was the problem with refusing to take the easy way out. It meant she had to somehow get plan A back on track, since the HELP sign seemed completely non-viable.

Oscar wanted to see her completely naked, apart from this gaudy jewelry... the image sent a shiver up her spine and sent a flicker of heat through her belly. She squashed that feeling immediately. She knew the arousal was just her overactive libido again. Last night, she hadn't managed to reach orgasm, and it was catching up to her again.

But still, there was something perversely intriguing about the idea... She was already helpless in Oscar's villainous hands. Showing up naked to dinner with him would just be a humiliating representation of that fact. Utterly stripped and powerless, ornamented with his own wealth to please him. Weak, wet, eye candy for her powerful master...

She squashed the heat in her belly once again. This was exactly why she had to refuse his demand. The feelings around Oscar and his obscene wardrobe suggestion reminded her too strongly of her short experiment into BDSM with her old boyfriend. That feeling of helpless submission to masculine dominance and power really was hot to her... so she had to remain vigilant and make sure she wasn't somehow tempted by the strange atmosphere on the island and Oscar's manipulative charm.

But, despite how obviously dangerous and sexually predatory her captor was, Amelia couldn't just give up. She would just have to wear the jewelry with the dress he had provided last time, and argue with him when he tried to enforce his bullshit demand. It was her only path forward.

Amelia carefully detached the jewelry from the mannequin with ten minutes or so to spare and retreated to her bedroom, her belly roiling with anxiety and subconscious heat as she prepared to match wits with Oscar Van Heel once again.

...

Amelia's heart thumped fast and hard in her chest as she emerged from her bedroom door. The necklace and earrings felt heavy, weighing her down. The bracelets jingled softly as she moved. She had donned the same red dress that Oscar had insisted on a few days before. Once it had felt insultingly revealing, but now it felt like a shield against Oscar's true intentions.

Oscar looked up with a smile as she emerged, but his expression faded into perfect neutrality as he noticed what she was wearing. He was silent as she approached, his dark eyes tracking her movement as she crossed the sitting room into the kitchen, where he sat at the table.

Fear curled through Amelia's belly as she felt an icy disapproval radiating off of her tormentor. It wasn't anything in his face, and he hadn't said a word yet, but the set of his shoulders and the tension in his body said it all. Oscar Van Heel was unhappy with her. And she knew from her research that he was a man who made things very unpleasant for those he was unhappy with.

There was nothing that Amelia could do but approach her chair with her head held high, doing her best to project confidence and make it clear that she wouldn't bow to his demands so easily.

She had just reached her chair and began easing it out from beneath the table when Oscar sighed and held up a finger.

That was all it took to get Amelia to freeze, staring at him uneasily.

He waited for a moment, staring into her eyes with an intense gaze, then finally said, "Our last dinner gave me the impression that you are an intelligent woman, Amelia."

She flushed a little at the condescending disappointment in his voice. He really was treating her like a little kid... or, again, like a pet. "I am," she said flatly, nonplussed.

"And yet you couldn't even remember the two simple rules that I laid out from the beginning," said Oscar, leaning back and crossing his arms over his chest. "I expected more from you, really."

"It's not that I didn't understand," said Amelia, frowning. "It's more that I had too much self-respect to parade around in front of you naked just because it gets you hard."

Oscar raised an eyebrow. "Well... Maybe I've been a little too nice. It seems as though you don't really understand the nature of our relationship... Perhaps I should explain it to you." For the first time since meeting him face to face, Amelia felt just the faintest hint of anger from him. It

immediately made her mouth go dry as a desert and made her legs feel weak. She had a sudden urge to do whatever she could to make him not angry at her anymore.

“Here is the foundation of our relationship, Cookie. I tell you to do something, and you do it. Simple,” said Oscar in a flat, hard voice, his eyes iron-hard as he stared into Amelia’s soul.

Amelia stuck out her chin defiantly. Oscar had admired her feistiness in their past encounters. If she gave in to this humiliating request, there was no way he would ever respect her again. “Oscar, I don’t know what sort of women you’re used to, but I’m not some bimbo you can push around,” she began, keeping most of the fearful wobble inside her out of her voice, “I’m not going to...”

She was cut off by the scrape of Oscar’s chair legs on the kitchen tile as he stood abruptly.

“Then we have nothing left to discuss,” he said with an insincere smile. “I expected that we might eventually reach this sort of disagreement, Cookie, but I hoped it wouldn’t be this early. I’ll come back later after you’ve had some time to ponder the value of self-respect. Maybe... three months? How does that sound?”

Amelia blanched. “Th-three months?” she asked faintly. Her mind whirled. Three months on this island, with no other human contact besides occasional cheerful customer service notes from housekeeping. Just the sound of the waves and her thoughts. And absolutely no leverage or avenue for escape.

It was unthinkable.

“I’m in no hurry,” said Oscar dryly. “If this is a process that takes years, that’s perfectly acceptable to me. If I show up again and you still have too much self-respect to follow my simple rules, then maybe the next wait will be six months. Do I make myself clear?”

A yawning pit had opened up inside Amelia. She had to avoid that long a wait at all costs. “We can talk about this,” she said hopefully. “Negotiate.”

“We can’t,” said Oscar flatly. He raised his arm and pointed toward Amelia’s room. “Now I’m going to have to say goodnight, Cookie. I’ll see you when you decide to be more reasonable.”

Amelia licked her lips, screwing up the courage to defy him. What if she simply refused to return to her room until Oscar heard her out?

Oscar must have caught the conflict in her eyes, because he shook his head with a dark, humorless chuckle that sent goosebumps all over Amelia’s skin. “Do you really think I’m above carrying you into your room and tying you down?” He asked softly. “You aren’t listening to me, Cookie. There are no words that you could say to convince me to go through with our dinner tonight.”

Something about the emphasis he put on his sentence made Amelia pause nervously, the sound of her heart loud in her ears.

There were no words that could convince him to stay... but there was one action that might do the trick.

A flush of dark heat pulsed through Amelia at the very thought. She couldn't believe she was even considering it. But Oscar's eyes egged her on. Even though his finger still pointed commandingly toward the door of her bedroom, his eyes burned and drew her in, commanding something else entirely.

Amelia let herself get lost in those eyes for a moment. She couldn't let him abandon her for three months. It was all the excuse she needed to give in to the submissive instincts she had buried for so long.

She slipped one of the crimson dress straps off her shoulder, her belly rioting with hot butterflies.

Oscar's arm lowered, and a wide grin spread across his face. He nodded, his dark gaze still locked with Amelia's. "That's it, Cookie," he said in a low, coaxing rumble, "show me what a good girl you can be."

A little shudder passed through Amelia as his voice made the reluctant heat between her thighs leap higher. She had hidden this part of herself away long ago, when she decided that it was too embarrassing to get so aroused by BDSM. But now she felt like she was back in that dim, noisy club, exposing herself once again.

But this time, not for some dumbass rich boy who wanted to prop up his masculinity, but for a dangerous monster who would exploit her submission to the fullest.

That only made things hotter. This would be a step she could never take back. An act of unmistakably sexual submission. But it was inevitable. She needed to rip this band-aid off and stop hesitating. Amelia abandoned all thought and locked eyes with her captor. She forgot all the reasons and excuses for why she was getting naked for a man she hated and simply did it because it felt good to obey him.

She peeled the tight dress down over her breasts, which, with the tight design of the dress, obviously weren't covered by a bra. Her face burned with shame as she revealed how stiff her nipples were... not that the dress had necessarily hidden much, but there was a massive mental difference between her nipples pressing against cloth and being bare and bullet-hard under Oscar's burning gaze.

As usual, Oscar didn't hold back. He stared avidly at Amelia's modest breasts with an avid hunger that only made her nipples crinkle further with shameful desire. The feeling of

submissive arousal was so frighteningly powerful that Amelia felt a desperate need to get this over with as soon as possible. If she lingered, this forced striptease would turn her into a dripping, scrambled mess. She stripped the tight red fabric down over her flat, toned tummy, then had to take a long moment to stretch the material over her ample hips and butt.

Finally, the red material pooled at her feet. One last flick of her hands to drop her lacy white panties to the floor with her dress, and Amelia stood in front of Oscar fully naked except for the gaudy jewelry he had presented to her. She burned with embarrassment and arousal. Every inch of her skin felt hot and sensitive, and she compulsively locked her thighs tight, worried that he might see the tell-tale gleam between her thighs... as if her stiff nipples weren't enough to let him know that getting pushed around turned her on.

Oscar took his time before speaking. His eyes roamed every inch of Amelia's tight, bottom-heavy body. He savored the sight of her like a fine work of art, and every instant that she was subjected to his gaze heated Amelia up further.

"Beautiful," he finally murmured, and Amelia, for reasons that she couldn't explain, felt a sudden and irrepressible wave of pleasure at the compliment.

He nodded down between her thighs with a keen look of interest. "So you normally keep things smooth... interesting. I would have taken you for more of an au-natural type of girl."

Amelia gulped and looked away, overcome by her blend of embarrassment and submissive desire. She did normally keep her pussy shaved. It had started because of a boyfriend's request in college, but she kept it up afterward as a personal preference. Despite being a little prickly sometimes, keeping herself shaved just felt cleaner to her, and looked better as well, at least in her opinion. She wasn't particularly impressive-looking at the moment, however. About a week without maintenance had left her a little stubbly. Finally, she managed to get out, "Whatever... You already knew that, obviously. You've had plenty of chances to see me naked. I know you have cameras set up all over this place. Not to mention the fact I was wearing pajamas when I woke up after getting kidnapped in street clothes."

Oscar simply shook his head, still staring shamelessly at his captive's revealed body. "Well...' he said softly, "You're right that I could have... but where's the fun in that? I wanted the first time I saw you naked to be when you chose to show me. And I'm glad I did. So much more erotic to know that the first time I saw you without clothes was when you took those clothes off for me personally."

Shit... The fact that this was the first time Oscar was seeing her naked made the whole thing way more erotic for some reason. Amelia's head was spinning, and the needy, hollow heat between her thighs was growing more and more intense. She felt like Oscar's eyes were searing her, and she squirmed a little in place, her thick thighs rubbing against each other.

“C-can we eat now?” she squeaked. Humiliatingly, she sounded just as horny and intimidated as she felt. She was laid bare in front of the man she had hoped would be forced to respect her, and it was obvious that the situation aroused her, just like he had smugly assumed it would.

“Sure,” said Oscar with a wolfish grin. “But before I forget...” He turned to the sitting room and said in a loud, clear voice. “Get a high-quality razor and some shaving butter for our guest, please. She prefers to stay groomed.”

He obviously didn't expect an answer when addressing a hidden microphone, so he instantly turned and walked to Amelia's chair, pulling it out for her to sit.

She took the invitation, keeping her thighs locked together tight, her chest heaving with passion, trying desperately to think clearly. Her entire goal with this dinner in the first place was to lure Oscar into a sense of security... and, even though she hadn't planned on this humiliating submission, maybe it would work in her favor.

So she tried to concentrate and picked up her fork, looking down to see that today the chefs had prepared her some Bibimbap... suspiciously similar to the way her mother used to make it.

Amelia took a bite, trying the best she could to distract herself from the fact that she was eating dinner with a crime lord while fucking naked... without much success. The food was like ashes in her mouth, tasteless and dry, though to be fair, that was probably due solely to her nerves rather than any failing on the part of the chefs.

For a little while, they ate in silence. It should have been a relief, but instead the tension and unwelcome arousal built up higher and higher inside as Amelia sat there trying to eat as if nothing was wrong. Her body insisted that, now that she was naked in front of a powerful man, she was about to have sex. And no matter how much she insisted to herself that that definitely wasn't going to happen, her pussy grew wetter and wetter, aching to be filled.

“So I understand you've taken up a little landscaping,” said Oscar with a grin, carving off a slice of the beef wellington in front of him.

“Hmm?” grunted Amelia around her mouth of food, looking up with her eyes growing wide. God fucking damn it. Even the sound of Oscar's low, confident voice made her pussy pulse with need. Being naked in front of a handsome man was sending her underserved libido completely off the rails, even if it was a man she despised. Maybe she should have waited the three months after all...

“I mean the little sign that you decorated my beach with,” said Oscar with a chuckle and a shake of his head. He picked up the tall glass of dark, foamy beer that had been poured for him and took a deep sip. “I have to say that the staff wasn't particularly pleased with you about that. Groundskeeping is outside their normal duties.”

Amelia bit her lip to give her strength and managed to almost control her voice as she said, "Can you really blame me for trying? What else did you expect?"

Oscar slowly chewed his bite of food, clearly savoring it as his eyes continued to crawl over every inch of Amelia's body. This was harder than she expected. Just being naked in front of a clothed man like this gave her an automatic sense of inferiority and vulnerability. Her whole body was covered in goosebumps and trembling with nerves. Her goal was to carefully and cleverly pry answers from this man, but that felt almost impossible when she was distracted by the needy ache between her legs.

"Oh, I expected nothing less," said Oscar finally, a smug smile spreading across his face. "I knew that you would claw and hiss and bite when I got you here. It's only natural. After all, right now you're wild." He leaned across the table, and Amelia felt a thrill zip up her spine and tingle between her legs at the intensity of his gaze.

"Feral..." he added with relish. He reached across the table. Slowly. Inch by inch, his hand coming closer. Amelia could barely breathe. Was this when it would finally happen? Was he just going to grab her right here and now? The idea terrified her, but a traitorous part of her yearned for his rough, brutal touch. She watched his hand cross toward her, and she was paralyzed. Unable to move. Unable to speak. Totally at his mercy for whatever he wanted to do.

But Oscar didn't reach all the way to her breasts, which were heaving with near panic. Instead, he just delicately traced a finger over the back of her hand, leaving a tingling trail of sensation. "But that's what this is all about, Cookie," he said, his fingers brushing lightly against her skin, "Taming you. Domesticating you into the perfect, sweet little kitty. When I watched that video, I knew you weren't a tiger. Not really. You're just a confused stray, and once you find the right owner, you'll eat right out of his hand."

Suddenly, it was all too real for Amelia. She was hanging onto Oscar's every word, getting lost in his eyes. She was supposed to be milking him for information, but instead, the only thing she had done so far was choke down some rice and get helplessly turned on by her own powerlessness and nudity.

If she stayed there, letting him touch her like this, she was going to do something she regretted. She had already done something she regretted by stripping naked in front of him. She may have already fatally crippled any chance that Oscar would ever take her seriously or see her as anything but a sexual object.

Suddenly free from her paralysis, Amelia pulled her hand away like she had been burned. She stood on shaky legs, and her hands subconsciously flew to cover her nudity, one hand draping over her stiff nipples and the other cupping between her legs to hide her shamefully wet pussy. She stared at Oscar for a moment, wide-eyed and trembling, then turned and bolted toward her bedroom, burning with terror and shame.

“You did well tonight, Cookie,” called Oscar after her, his voice dripping with satisfaction. Amelia turned one last time as she reached her doorway and saw him raise his glass to her with a wide smile. “I have another gift for you tonight. For being such a good sport. I’ll leave it on the table for you.”

Amelia disappeared into her room and slammed the heavy door shut behind her, her heart thumping wildly in her chest. A moment later, she heard a whir and clunk as the automatic door locks sealed shut behind her.

...

Amelia lay back on the bed, curled into a ball and breathing deep, ragged breaths, filled to the brim with filthy, all-consuming lust. She was trying to calm herself, but it was simply impossible. Her libido was back, and it was now completely unleashed. The worst impulses that she had turned her back on a few years ago, when she had decided that the BDSM scene wasn’t for her, were now here in full force, pulling her down into a mire of submissive sexuality.

Back then, she made the firm decision that giving in to these submissive impulses would only lead her down a degrading path she couldn’t return from. Her mind hadn’t changed. The helpless arousal that Oscar inspired in her could only mean bad things. Logically, it made no fucking sense to be attracted to a murderous crime lord who had already admitted his plan to turn her into a debased sexual laughingstock. But her body wasn’t operating on logic. It was operating on pure primal chemistry. Feral and wild, just like Oscar had said. Her instincts were whispering that Oscar was a virile, powerful man who had beaten her.

And they were insisting that she surrender.

In the heat of the moment, Amelia hadn’t even bothered to put on her pajamas. It didn’t seem all that important anymore. Oscar had gotten a better look at her naked in person than he could ever see through a camera lens after all. She reached down to tentatively touch between her thighs and let out a weak little groan at the powerful sizzle of heat that lanced through her when she touched the slick, heated folds there. Fuck she was horny. It had been a few days since she had cum, and she was realizing too late that even that orgasm a few days ago hadn’t fully satisfied her needs.

Although she had only intended on a quick feel to test how wet she was, Amelia’s fingers lingered there, slipping between her slick lips and tracing over her clit. Her imagination drifted as her fingers seemed to move on their own... Oscar’s face filled her mind. And not just his charming smile, but the hard, commanding expression he had worn when he had forced her to strip. As hard as it was to admit, it wasn’t just her raging libido that had made her this horny. It wasn’t even the fact that she had been naked in front of an attractive older man.

It was Oscar’s overwhelming dominance. He had gotten everything he wanted. The only reason that Amelia wasn’t fucked already was that he thought it was more fun to toy with her. The scary,

humiliating thought sent a shiver of pleasure through Amelia's veins as her fingers moved faster and firmer between her thighs. This was wrong... she should stop. The hidden cameras could pick up all of this... but it just felt too fucking good.

Amelia was startled by the whirr and clunk of the lock. Oscar was gone. That idea filled her with relief, but also an odd sense of frustration and disappointment. Whatever plans Oscar had for her wouldn't be going any further tonight. Obviously, she didn't want his plans to succeed, but after such an over-heated dinner, just another unsatisfying masturbation session under the sheets felt like a major anti-climax.

But wait... hadn't Oscar said something about a present?

Amelia slowly uncurled from the bed, her heart thumping and her body tingling with a strange sense of anticipation. The last time, Oscar had gifted her a bottle of wine, but based on the way he had talked about his gift this time, Amelia knew it had to be something more significant.

Still naked except for the diamond jewelry, Amelia slowly padded her way across the hardwood floor of her bedroom and swung open the door. Her eyes immediately focused on a slim gift box waiting for her on the cleared table. She licked her lips and glanced around the room. No doubt the cameras were watching her every move. Maybe it would be better for her to put on some pajamas... But once again, she discarded the idea. The secrets of her naked curves had already been won by Oscar tonight. It no longer mattered if he saw her again.

She crossed the room slowly, her body still thrumming with wild, irrepressible arousal. There was a note on the table in front of the box.

*I've noticed that you seem a little frustrated. Hopefully, this gift will be enough to take the edge off until you find a more satisfying solution to your little problem.*

-O

Her mouth dry, Amelia set down the note and reached out to lift the lid of the gift box.

Inside lay what was unmistakably a vibrator. One of the bulbous, rounded varieties with a little branch running off for clit stimulation. This one was a soft lilac color. Amelia had a vibrator of her own at home, of course. It was absolutely essential for a woman with her sexual needs. This one was a different color and variety than hers, which was actually kind of a relief. At least the investigators that Oscar had hired weren't *that* good.

The implications of the gift and note were invasive and disturbing, just like everything else on this island. It was an obvious attempt by Oscar to get involved with her sexual pleasure; to position himself as the one who provided her with satisfaction. She was skeptical of accepting it for that very reason. She already felt subconsciously submissive toward Oscar, taking and using

this gift to bring herself to orgasm felt like a step further down the road he wanted her to travel. But still... as horny and desperate as she was, it sounded better than her fingers.

*There's nothing wrong with just taking a look at it... it doesn't mean I'm going to use it.* Amelia reached out and tentatively wrapped her fingers around the buttery-smooth surface of the vibrator, hefting it in her hands. It felt good. Soft, pliable, and even faintly warm. Her thumb rubbed up and down its surface, finding and sliding into the mild depression that signaled the activation switch. She pressed it down without thinking, and the vibrator began to buzz softly in her palm.

She ran her other hand over the smooth, soft silicone. It would feel so fucking good for the little toy to be buzzing against her clit instead of just against her fingers. Her arousal seemed to swell and writhe inside her, and before she could stop herself, Amelia let her hand drop, pressing the toy lightly against her throbbing pussy.

She gasped, her toes clenching tight and her back arching lightly at the sensation. Fuck, it felt good! She forgot where she was and what she was doing for a moment as she pressed the vibrator tighter against herself, biting her lip and savoring the intense sensation. She needed this more than she had even realized. Amelia spread her thick thighs and little further, angling the rounded tip of the vibrator to tease at her hot, pulsing hole. She needed to be filled in the worst way.

Suddenly, Amelia cut through the haze and looked around the kitchen with a nervous whine. She really shouldn't be doing this here. If she were smart, she would retreat to the bedroom and have her fun with the vibrator beneath the sheets, where she would at least have a tiny scrap of privacy.

But a sudden feeling of contrariness came over Amelia. That was what Oscar expected her to do. He expected her to be shy and hesitant and scared of him. She had been trying to pretend to go along with his twisted whims to lure him into a false sense of security, but Oscar couldn't have been more secure in his smugness, no matter what she did. Maybe it was her wild arousal talking, but she wanted to do something unexpected.

*Oscar thinks that I'm a poor little lost kitty? Let's show him exactly how feral I can be! I'll turn up the heat on him for a change, and give him a little taste of what he's never going to get!*

Amelia turned and bent over the table, arching her back to present her thick, bouncy ass and dripping pussy to the empty sitting room... and presumably to the hidden cameras. She felt her heartbeat rioting, strong and fast, pulsing against every inch of her flushed skin. This was a stupid idea, but it felt right. Maybe she was giving Oscar exactly what he wanted by putting on a show for him. But it felt good to let loose and follow her darkest instincts. She wanted to be as wild and untamed as the uncontrollable lust burning inside her.

“How’s this for a tiger, you evil mother-fucker?” she muttered fiercely under her breath, then pressed the button on the vibrator to turn it to a higher setting and slipped it between her legs. A moan tore from between her glossy lips as the toy pressed tight to her dripping sex. Her free hand rose to pinch and pull and her hanging breasts. Doggy style masturbation was one of her favorite positions. It scratched an itch that lying on her back couldn’t always satisfy... and now she was enjoying the added taboo of putting on a teasing show for a man who she knew desperately wanted to fuck her.

She went up on her tiptoes, her back arching even further as she pressed the tip of the vibrator into her entrance, easing it inside. Its bulging shape provided a satisfying stretch that her finger would never have been able to accomplish. Amelia panted roughly as she thrust the toy’s tip gently in and out, warming herself up and throwing fuel on the flames of her desire with the low, vibrating buzz. She glanced over her shoulder toward the empty living room, her eyes gleaming with feral heat as she stared toward the cameras she knew were there.

She imagined that Oscar was watching her, and shoved the vibrator roughly deeper, filling her tight, wet pussy with its silicone-coated hardness until the massaging attachment just barely touched her throbbing clit, tearing another groan from her throat. Her thighs shook as she began rubbing and grinding the vibrator inside her, pressing its clit massager against her tender flesh. And the whole time, she imagined Oscar was watching. Imagined him getting just as helplessly turned on as her. Imagined him wanting her so bad that he could barely stand it.

“Too bad,” she moaned softly, gripping the buzzing, bulbous vibrator inside her tightly. “Too fucking bad. You can try to domesticate me as much as you fucking want, you psycho. You can stroke that fucking cock to the thought of my purring and rubbing against your fucking legs. But it’s never going to fucking happen.”

But even mentioning that possibility seemed to send liquid fire flooding through Amelia’s veins. She frantically pulled and teased at her rock-hard nipples as she rubbed the slick, buzzing vibrator all over her needy sex. The idea of being dominated was too hot to ignore. She imagined Oscar watching this, getting horny and hard with the smug knowledge that the pussy she was flaunting would be all his soon enough. It made her angry to imagine Oscar thinking about her like that, but it turned her on deeply as well. Oscar was preparing her, already trying to break her down into the submissive pet that he wanted. For a closeted submissive like Amelia, that idea was as arousing as it was frightening.

But she didn’t want to think anymore. Amelia needed to fucking cum, and there was no possible way that she was going to stop her masturbation now and retreat to the bedroom. Not when she was this fucking close. But if she was going to give Oscar a show, she really wanted him to get a good look at what she planned on denying him. Moving quickly, she turned and hopped up onto the table, lying back and splaying her legs to point her pink, dripping pussy toward the cameras.

“Eat your heart out, you creepy fuck!” she whined, then impaled herself with the buzzing vibrator once again, her toes curling as they hung in the air and her thick thighs trembling with passion as the wave of powerful pleasure washed over her. She moaned, loud and low, one hand teasing her nipples as the other plunged the vibrator in and out of her needy pussy, nuzzling the clit stimulator against her sensitive flesh. Her hips rolled and writhed, instinctively seeking greater pleasure as a massive orgasm rolled unstopably toward her.

She squeezed her eyes shut and bit her lip as she reached the brink, her whole body singing with tension and pleasure. Oscar’s burning eyes filled her mind... and she heard him speak the words as if she was standing right there beside her. The same words he had used when her will crumbled and she shamefully stripped for him.

“Good Girl.”

A whining moan poured out of her throat, and her back arched up off the table as a powerful climax gripped her, tensing every muscle and making her pussy clench hungrily around the vibrator stuffed deep inside it. Her thighs trembled and shook as sensations crackled through her, overloading her brain and deeply satisfying her for the first time since she had come to the island.

Finally, the orgasm subsided, and Amelia was left panting on the dining room table, wet and satisfied... and deeply ashamed. Now that the haze of desperate arousal was finally clearing from her mind, Amelia was struck by what a uniquely terrible idea it had been to give in and put on a sexual display for the man who wanted her to submit. She closed her legs quickly, wrinkling her nose in disgust at the slick sex toy in her hand.

Tonight had been yet another slip-up. Not only had Oscar gotten his way with the nude dinner, but she had given him an eyeful that would only serve to further inflame his lust. She had given in to her own sexual frustration and submissive impulses in the worst possible way. At least she hadn’t been foolish enough to actually do anything with Oscar himself. But still, she needed to get back to her room and think through her strategy again. If she wanted to oppose Oscar’s twisted plans, she would have to do a lot better than today.

Amelia hopped up and made her way toward her bedroom, trying to hold her head high and walk slowly, so that no one watching wouldn’t recognize her walk of shame for what it was. But on the way, her eyes fell on the three hateful objects sitting on the mantle once again, and anger flared up inside her.

She knew that they would be back in place the following morning, but she simply couldn’t help herself. Amelia marched over and seized the collar, tail, and ears, then tossed them into the nearby garbage can with a sense of petty satisfaction.

Oscar had won this battle, but he wouldn't win the war. Amelia was a sharp, independent woman, not a bimbo sex pet. And no amount of forceful words or sexual frustration could change that.

For a moment, her hand holding the used vibrator hovered over the trash can as well. It was a gift from Oscar, and was therefore suspect. In fact, it had already gotten her in trouble tonight. It might be better just to get rid of it...

But then Amelia's hand withdrew. The past few days had proven that her own libido was one of Oscar's most powerful tools in manipulating her. She needed to be able to relieve her frustration, and this vibrator could help with that.

Amelia turned and stalked back to her room, mind already racing with new strategies on how to oppose Oscar, despite tonight's humiliating setbacks. And all the while, she carried his gift in her hand, still dripping with her juices.

...

Tanner ran his hands up his face, dislodging his glasses, which clattered to the floor. He had done it... or the first step at least.

It had taken days to parse through the copious notes that Amelia had taken on her investigation so far. Nothing was straightforward with her, and that included her notetaking. The notes were haphazard, in shorthand, sometimes deliberately cryptic, and, worst of all, in Amelia's handwriting.

Luckily, Tanner didn't need to unravel Amelia's entire investigation. He just needed to figure out what she had been looking into specifically on the day she disappeared.

That was what he had finally managed to do.

Amelia had some notes mentioning that she had finally managed to track down one of Oscar's former lieutenants living in a suburb outside the city. Raul Marquez had supposedly been one of the few men to ever fall out with Van Heel and live to tell the tale. But, although she definitely had the contact info for Marquez, there were no notes for any conversation Amelia had with him. There was no way she wouldn't have copious notes for such an important source, and there was also no way Amelia would wait long to meet with Marquez once she knew how to find him.

Tanner was willing to bet anything Amelia had gone to see Marquez that day. It seemed like maybe Marquez was on better terms with Van Heel than everyone assumed.

But this was the first substantial lead he had managed to get after nearly a week of constant work and little sleep. He needed to share it with the only person who might care about the case more than him.

Mr. Svenson picked up the phone on the first ring. "Mr. Waits," he said crisply by way of greeting. "Do you have something for me?" Tanner knew that Amelia's Dad was an extremely busy man, working at the highest levels of the importing business. Yet he had insisted that Tanner call immediately whenever he had new information, and always picked up immediately when Tanner called. He also always broke out the checkbook for anything that Tanner mentioned might speed the investigation. Tanner knew that Amelia didn't like her father that much, but you certainly couldn't accuse the man of not caring about her.

"I know who she was going to meet on the day she disappeared. A former associate of Van Heel's named Raul Marquez. I'm texting you the address now. You still haven't received any ransom communication?"

Karl let out a dry little humorless sound into the phone. The closest he ever got to laughing. 'I told you that was a long shot. Oscar Van Heel doesn't need my money. So this Marquez fellow... You think she had something to do with my daughter's disappearance?"

Tanner hesitated, then said, "Yeah, I think so. Eighty percent sure. But, as much as I want to go question this guy, I'm afraid I might end up just like Amelia.'

"No, no, I don't want you to go after him," said Mr. Svenson's gruff voice over the phone, "I don't expect you to be an action hero, son. You've done great so far. Well done. I'm writing you a bonus for your work as soon as I get off the phone."

"You don't have to do that, sir," insisted Tanner, slumping forward with his elbow propped on the desk and his fingers running through his hair. "I would do this for free. I just want to help however I can."

A dry little laugh again. "Me too, son. Me too. Which is why I'm throwing money at the problem. Just take the cash so I can feel like I'm doing something, ok?"

"Yes, sir," said Tanner ruefully. He was making more as Karl Svenson's personal private eye than he ever had as a journalist, but it was all ashes in his mouth. "Anyway, what's the next step?"

"Something you don't need to know about," said Karl briskly. Tanner felt a little taken aback, and Karl must have realized how harshly he had come across, because he added, "It might get a little messy, and I don't want you to get your hands dirty unnecessarily. When and if you can help, I promise to bring you in. In the meantime, I'm keeping you on retainer. Reread as many of Amelia's notes as you can. More knowledge is never a bad thing, and if I know her, there's info in there you can't find anywhere else."

"Ok, sounds good," said Tanner. The line went dead in his hands, and he tossed his phone wearily to his desk.

Probably what he should have done was eat something and go to bed. Instead, he went to his fridge, cracked open another energy drink, and pulled out the notebook he figured was the first one that Amelia had filled with info about Oscar Van Heel.

It was going to be a long night.