

After the first time Amelia accepted the invitation to dine nude with her captor, it felt like the seal was broken. The very next time he invited her to dinner, she went. And the time after that as well.

It was hard to resist when she spent her long, boring, lonely days in the empty villa with no reading materials or electronics of any kind. Spending time in conversation with another person, even a man she hated to the depths of her soul, was necessary mental stimulation to keep her from going insane.

And Oscar Van Heel could, surprisingly, be a good conversationalist, no matter how evil he was.

“Mmmm, no,” he said in a muffled voice, waving his hand animatedly and then holding up a finger, telling her to wait while he finished chewing. “I’m sorry, but no. You mean to tell me that *The King and I* is your favorite musical? That piece of shit?”

Amelia rolled her eyes at him. “Fine. Enlighten me. What’s the best musical then?” she asked sarcastically, slicing off another rare chunk of steak from the prime cut on her plate.

“Chicago,” he said with a shrug, his accent giving the word a long I.

“A story of crime and corruption,” said Amelia with a shake of her head. “How... predictable.” As she lifted the next bite of steak to her lips, a drip of juice fell and splashed onto a naked breast, tracing a reddish brown line down the pale curve of her flesh. Oscar, as usual, took the opportunity to feast his eyes, openly and unabashedly looking down to admire Amelia’s tits as she scrambled to pick up her napkin and wipe herself off.

It was still mortifying to eat dinner with this monster naked while he sat there fully clothed. It made the stark difference in power feel almost overwhelming. When she thought too hard about her nudity, her feelings of vulnerability and powerlessness were almost too much to bear. And Oscar didn’t help matters. He never controlled his wandering eyes. Never let Amelia forget that he lusted after her, and only invited her to dinner so he could feast his eyes on the body he was sure would be his before long.

Amelia had no idea why a monster like him even bothered with this sick game when she was utterly in his power anyway. Maybe tonight she would work up the nerve to ask him.

Humiliatingly, she felt her nipples begin to stiffen under her captor’s sustained attention. Every time she got the least bit horny, there was simply no way to hide it. Her nipples broadcast her faint surges of desire like a beacon. As usual, her own arousal frustrated Amelia. She knew that her strange reaction was probably only caused by her loneliness and being naked in front of a man who she grudgingly had to admit wasn’t bad looking, even though she hated him, but getting turned on by an evil sleazeball like Oscar was humiliating, no matter what her excuse was.

“Ok, I didn’t know you were some sort of Broadway connoisseur,” she said with a blush, doing her best to draw Oscar’s attention away from her stiff pink nipples.

Oscar refused to be distracted. He stared openly at her breasts with hungry eyes as he replied, “There’s a lot you don’t know about me, Cookie. But yes, I used to visit New York regularly up until a few years ago, and I loved Broadway.” His dark eyes finally flicked back up to hers, and a sardonic grin spread across his face. “That was when the press made me famous enough that entering the US was unwise, even with a fake passport.”

Amelia couldn’t keep up the polite facade any longer. “You expect me to feel sorry for you?” she asked, heat creeping into her voice. “Because you can’t take fun trips to see Broadway plays? You’re a murderer. You’ve killed hundreds. More, if you count the people who have died from the drug trade you’ve supported. If I had my way, you wouldn’t be able to visit the outside of a jail cell!”

Amelia belatedly realized that it might be unwise to blow up at the man who had her completely at his mercy. She had no doubt in her mind that a ruthless criminal like Oscar had had people killed for lesser acts of disrespect than that.

But Oscar just smirked and chuckled, taking another bite of steak as his eyes drank in Amelia’s shameful nudity once again. As if her words had no weight at all. He acted as offended as if a little kitten had hissed at him: more cute than intimidating.

Amelia flushed again, squirming in her seat as a perverse twist of lust crept through her. She struggled to get a hold of herself. Well... if the bastard didn’t care that she was talking back, she had quite a couple things to say to him.

“I’ve had enough of this torture, Oscar,” said Amelia angrily, crossing her arms and legs to cut off his view.

Oscar chuckled again, leaning back and taking all of his nude table guest’s delicious body and angry pose. “Torture?” he asked in his smooth, deep voice, raising an eyebrow. “Keeping you in a luxury island villa with all the gourmet food you desire is your definition of torture?”

“I’m not an idiot, Oscar. You haven’t allowed me to talk with or even see anyone else. No TV. No movies. No books. Not even a magazine. This is just solitary confinement, no matter how nice the cell looks. I know what you’re doing. You think that if you bore me to death, you can get me to crack.”

Oscar just stared at her with an infuriating smirk on his face that made Amelia’s feeling of helplessness and strange lust bubble higher in her belly. Then he got up swiftly, walking over to the mantelpiece. To the three objects that still sat there from the first visit he had made.

The disgusting cat tail butt plug. The insulting cat ear headband. And the collar.

The collar was what Oscar scooped up, tossing it to the table in front of Amelia with a jangle.

“If you have issues with your accommodations, Amelia, the answer is right in front of you,” he said, looming over her now, his eyes alight with sadistic pleasure. “Once you become my pet, then all of your discomforts will disappear. I guarantee it.”

Amelia refused to look at the collar, although it seemed to pull at her with an awful, sickening gravity. She knew what it looked like by now anyway. She spent too much time glowering at it during her endless, boring days.

Shiny pink leather. Golden, heart-shaped studs. A dangling tag that read “Cookie”. If you had seen it once, you had seen it a million times. If you had seen it a million times, it throbbed in your mind like a toothache.

“If you want to fuck me, Oscar, just fucking do it,” said Amelia angrily, shoving the plate away from her in a fit of helpless anger at the whole situation, but especially at the unquenchable lust boiling up inside her. As long as they were talking about this, why not get it all out in the open? “You know I couldn’t stop you. I haven’t had any power in this whole situation, so you might as well stop the “gracious host” act and fucking take me!”

Oscar stared at her, rubbing his lips pensively, his eyes stormy, his gaze still unselfconsciously roaming her naked body. He left Amelia stewing in frustrated silence long enough to make it clear that she couldn’t force a conversation out of him through petulant outbursts, then slowly returned to his seat, still utterly calm.

“You have the wrong impression of me, first of all,” he said finally, picking up his glass to take another leisurely sip of Scotch. “I would take no pleasure in the sort of…” his lips twisted, “encounter you are suggesting. But you’re right that I am an evil man. I admit it fully. Because what I want is, in many ways, worse.”

He leaned forward, and the look of utter, bone-deep confidence made Amelia’s skin crawl and her lower belly flood with dark desire. “I want you to want it, Cookie. I want you to beg to be my sweet little kitten. I can have any woman I want. And I have! Models. Movie stars. Other men’s wives. But nothing is better than taking a stuck-up, self-righteous woman who hates me and stripping away all pride and self-respect, until she is left begging for my cock.”

He leaned back, and the moment of terrifying sexual intensity was gone. “You’re not there yet,” said Oscar placidly. “But you will be. I can see the cracks. I’m turning you on at this point, aren’t I? Not a good sign, Cookie…”

Amelia stared at him, flustered and anxious. She wanted to say that what he was describing was impossible. She wanted to laugh in his face. But she could no longer be 100 percent certain he was wrong. She definitely didn’t want to have sex with a psychopath like him… and as for the

degrading cat accessories, she would rather die. But there was a reason that solitary confinement was reserved for the worst of criminals. Claire knew that if she spent much longer with absolutely no mental stimulation, begging Oscar for attention might become more and more attractive... no matter what the price might be.

She had to find some way out of this. But once again, Oscar held all the cards... and clearly had every intention of abusing that power dynamic.

The next words out of Oscar's mouth, therefore, shocked her.

"What about a compromise?" He said with a grin, leaning back in his chair and swirling his glass of amber liquid.

Amelia glared at him suspiciously. There was no reason for her captor to compromise in the slightest. It had to be some sort of trap. On the other hand, she was in no position to refuse. "What did you have in mind?" she asked reluctantly.

"A simple trade. I could make some movies available to you. In exchange, all you would have to do is make me cum."

Amelia snorted and rolled her eyes, but Oscar's confident smile never wavered. Another complex twist of uncomfortable lust squirmed through her belly as she realized that he was dead serious.

"I think it's a little early for me to be surrendering completely, wouldn't you say?" asked Amelia in a prickly voice, clamping her arms tight over her ample breasts so he couldn't get the slightest glimpse of her stiff nipples.

Oscar chuckled indulgently. "Oh come on now, Cookie, we both know how I've defined my victory. You as my loyal, brainless sex pet, meowing and purring and wriggling contentedly on my lap, begging for belly rubs. This little act of service wouldn't even get close to that. You can pick the method. It can be as quick and impersonal as you want."

"No deal," said Amelia automatically, her mouth as dry as cotton. That would be crossing a line that could never be uncrossed. Compromising that way would be compromising her integrity. Her pride. Her very sense of self.

"I mean... How fucking dare you?" Now that the shock of the offer was fading away, anger welled up inside her at this smug fucking man's unbelievable arrogance. "You think I'm some piece of meat that you can toy with however you want, don't you? Well... I don't know what the other women you've manipulated in the past are like, but I'm stronger. I would never accept a degrading exchange like that."

“Completely up to you,” said Oscar with a languid shrug. “The offer stands. Think about it, and bring it up whenever you change your mind. Now... what else shall we discuss?”

Over the course of a few minutes, Oscar managed to placate his fuming forced houseguest. She couldn't waste her only opportunity for human contact on being angry. The evening turned to other subjects, and Amelia even managed to get her traitorous nipples and pussy to calm back down before Oscar left for the evening.

But the obscene offer festered in Amelia's mind when she slid between the Egyptian cotton sheets, keeping her awake. Tossing and turning. And when the soft breeze and sunlight woke her in the morning, the question was still blazing in her mind.

It stuck with her through that endless, boring day. And the next. There wasn't much else to think about on the monotonous, sun-drenched isle. She tossed stones into the crystal water and pondered the offer, her body simmering with perverse heat. She thought about it as she jogged laps around the pathways. Ate her breakfast. Stared hatefully at the cat tail, collar, and ears.

She hated the fact that she might have to sexually pleasure the man she loathed. And she hated it even more that the idea was turning her on.

Because she saw the trap now for what it was. A false choice. She and Oscar both knew that she couldn't stand this lack of mental stimulation for long. She had no choice but to take the opening that he provided. Would giving in and making him cum lead her further down the path that he wanted? Or would the ability to escape into the movies she earned give her enough mental strength to resist his plans?

Oscar must be certain that it was the former. Amelia had to bet that she could make the latter work. A twisted mind game. Amelia was already learning that it was Oscar's favorite type of game to play. The sick bastard.

Oscar let her stew for a few more days this time before offering to come to dinner again, and by the time he arrived, Amelia was firm in her decision. She didn't have to enjoy it. In fact, she would do her best not to get turned on in the slightest. But she had to do it.

She had to give the man she hated most in the world an orgasm.

Amelia kept the beginning of dinner as nonchalant as she was able, trying to ease herself into the act she knew she would have no choice but to perform. But, like always, her stupid stiff nipples gave her away. No matter how hard she tried to deny it, the fact that she would be... handling her worst enemy's cock in a few minutes was making her horny. An irrefutable biological response that she couldn't escape. Her own body betraying her.

Her pussy was growing hot and wet from the obscene scenario as well, although mercifully that wasn't something that Oscar would see if she kept her thighs firmly together. But she had no doubt at all that she would be leaving a shameful wet spot on the chair when she left her seat.

It was impossible to focus on the conversation. Not when she knew what she would be doing in a few minutes. Her tension and twisted arousal grew so powerful that her stomach was twisted in knots, and she finally pushed her half-finished food away with a shaky sigh. It was time to face this. Waiting wouldn't make it any easier.

Oscar was watching her with a faint smirk, and with a rush of humiliation, she realized that he knew. He knew that she had already mentally surrendered to his degrading task. He was just patiently waiting for her to admit it out loud.

"I thought about your... offer," she said grudgingly, her nipples throbbing and her pussy burning with moist, filthy heat.

Oscar tilted his head. "Which offer was that?" he asked in a polite, neutral tone.

Amelia gritted her teeth and counted to five in her head. Oscar really was a bastard. He wanted her to say it. To show that she was complicit. She couldn't flinch. Couldn't show weakness. This was a game of mental endurance, and her pride was her greatest shield.

"I make you cum, you provide movies," she said flatly.

"Perfect," said Oscar with a lazy smile. "Are you prepared to... *pay up*, so to speak?"

"A few questions," said Amelia, swallowing down another twist of lust as Oscar's heated gaze roamed her body again.

"Shoot."

"When you say movies, you don't mean just two, do you? How many are we talking?"

Oscar chuckled, his eyes flicking upward to meet hers with a twinkle of amusement. "Aha. Reading the fine print, are we? I would have expected no less from a sharp woman such as yourself. Well, since you are considering my offer so... carefully, let me go into more detail. I obviously won't allow you to access an internet connection, but you will be provided with a hard drive that can connect to the television in the lounge. It will be preloaded with hours upon hours of content. More than I think you will be able to get through quickly, but, just to be completely fair, I promise that if you run out of content, you can request more and it will be provided."

Amelia stewed on the information, giving the impression that she was thinking carefully. But in the end, what could she do even if he told her it would be two movies and no more? She had no leverage. "Can I request specific movies?" she asked calmly as a bluff.

Oscar shrugged. "You can... although I can't guarantee that I will fulfill those requests."

Amelia nodded and bit her lip. This was the moment of truth. Could she really do this? If she refused, she could just leave right now and go to bed. Rest and wait and build up her nerve. But that would mean another endless, empty day in the empty villa, with only the sound of wind and waves to keep her company. Probably several days, considering the fact that Oscar didn't offer to eat with her every night.

She didn't know if she could stand that. Five minutes of awkwardness was surely worth it.

"Deal," she said in a shameful whisper, her eyes falling to the table, unable to meet Oscar's mocking gaze. "H-how do you want... I mean, what is the plan here? How do we do this?"

"Completely up to you," said Oscar, his voice calm and controlled, but his eyes dancing with mockery, amused with the fiery little reporter who was willingly debasing herself for a few movies. "I told you you could choose how to... fulfill your end of the deal. Do you want to take of it at the table? Or on the couches, perhaps? I assume that we won't be taking this to the bedroom."

"Of course not!" snapped Amelia, trying to cover her arousal and anxiety with bravado. "Right here at the table is fine." She took a deep breath and willed her nipples to go soft, then stood from the table on wobbly legs. There was only one way to do this. She had to treat this like a quick, clinical, distasteful task. She had to divorce her feelings, and especially her libido, from the event entirely.

Easier said than done.

Oscar pushed his chair away from the table, his face splitting into an eager grin as his naked captive approached. She felt a roiling feeling of utter hatred in her belly as she stared into his eyes, but it was complicated by the irrepressible arousal that was swelling through her. Her body throbbed with it: a primal instinct based on her deep need for human connection and the objective attractiveness of the brutal monster sitting across from her. Oscar's eyes flicked downward between her thighs as she approached, and she realized that now there was even more evidence of how his mind games had gotten under her skin. Her pussy was flushed and dripping down her thighs, shamefully revealing the depths of her unwanted lust.

Oscar was... well, he was getting into the spirit of things as well. A thick bulge was forming in the front of his pants. Quite a bit thicker than most men that Amelia had been with before. She gulped as she drew close, the knowledge that soon she would be touching what lay beneath that straining cloth burning in her mind.

She avoided looking at his face as she stood above him. Now was not the time for talking or any sort of connection. It would only give him an opportunity to twist the knife of her humiliation.

Instead, she reached down swiftly and began unbuckling his belt with fumbling, nervous fingers, determined to get this over as quickly as possible.

Oscar leaned back, scooping up his drink from the table and taking a leisurely sip. "Are you going to jerk me off and hunched and leaned over like that?" he asked with a chuckle. "Seems a bit awkward..."

"Shut up," snarled Amelia. "You said I can do this however I want, and I want to do it without you talking." She was about to give him a couple more choice words about how lucky he was that she was desperate, and how she would never do this otherwise, but at that point, she had finally tugged Oscar's boxers down his thighs, allowing the biggest cock she had ever seen to bounce out into the candlelight, stiff and magnificent.

It looked thick and powerful, throbbing with excitement from the submissive service he was about to receive. Thick veins traced their way up its sides, topped with a swollen head. It was, regardless of how Amelia felt about its owner, an impressive cock.

"Well... are you going to just stare at it, or do you want to earn yourself movie privileges?" Said Oscar in a taunting voice, subtly flexing his muscles to make his cock bounce

Amelia drew her lips into a thin, grim line, pushing down the hot, wet swell of lust that the sight of her tormentor's cock had sent flooding through her belly. *Quick. Clinical. Detached.* She had to follow her plan... the next part would be the hardest.

Trying to tune out Oscar completely, Anita dropped to her knees in front of him. It made sense. A handjob was less stimulating than a blow job, and might drag the process out, giving Oscar more of a chance to mock and dirty talk her. Even though it was more extreme, a blowjob would allow her to finish this humiliating task rapidly. Especially if it surprised Oscar and threw him off balance.

But despite preparing herself mentally, Amelia immediately felt the stinging downside of her strategy; The powerful humiliation and arousal of submitting to her worst enemy even more deeply than he expected.

And Oscar had no intention of softening the blow. "Oh?" He said with a shining grin and a raised eyebrow, "A little more eager than I thought. I know you've been lonely, Cookie, but just diving for my cock like that isn't very ladylike."

"I told you to shut up," growled Amelia, staring up at him with hatred in her beautiful brown eyes. Looking up was a mistake, sending a wild, swooping feeling of inferiority through her as her circumstances hit home in a visceral way. She was on her knees in front of her hated enemy, naked and embarrassed and frustratingly horny, preparing to suck his cock. His handsome, smirking face just made it that much more difficult.

She had to press forward before this all got to be too much for her. The reason she had decided on a blowjob was speed, so dragging this process out was the last thing she wanted to do.

Amelia seized Oscar's cock in her hand, trying to ignore its powerful throbbing heat.

She was no stranger to blow jobs. One of the reasons that she had decided on a blowjob for this distasteful task was that she was confident in her technique. With a boyfriend or one-night stand, she would have started teasingly, putting on a show with soft, teasing kisses and slow licks.

But there was no way that a bastard like Oscar would get anything like that from her. This blow job wasn't just a necessary evil to improve her conditions; it was an act of defiance. She needed to show Oscar that making him cum and being his slutty sex pet were two very different things.

What was called for in this case was a rapid, passionless, vacuum suckjob, efficiently draining his balls. Amelia opened her mouth and took the powerful, throbbing cock inside without fanfare.

Fuck, it felt big in her mouth. As Amelia sealed her soft lips around its veiny shaft and began swifly circling its swollen head with her tongue, Oscar's cock managed to intensify the feelings of helpless submission coursing through her body, stiffening her nipples until they were crinkled with desire and making her pussy burn with a sweet, needy ache.

She began bobbing her head, warming her mouth up to the task swiftly. She was single-minded now, squeezing her eyes shut to try to shut out as much sensation as possible. But she couldn't shut out her own thoughts... She had thought she would be the one to tear down this brutal villain. The thorn in his side that would drag all of his dirty deeds into the light.

And now she was just the naked slut on her knees in front of him, sucking his cock while he enjoyed an after-dinner drink. The humiliation was deep and inescapable. It had already been his complete victory, and he had every intention of taking things further.

Amelia tried to console herself with the idea that she would have her revenge on the bastard one day, but that wasn't much comfort when her mouth was stuffed with his thick, throbbing cock.

"Mmmm, that's right," said Oscar in a gloating voice. "Let me feel that sharp little tongue all over my cock. I wonder what your readers would think, seeing their fearless little truth-seeking lioness turned into a submissive, cocksucking kitty?"

Despite her desire to end this as quickly as possible, Amelia couldn't hold back. She opened her lips with a gasp, leaving his cock dripping with spit. "You think you're so clever!" she sneered, jerking his slippery cock with one hand to keep her momentum going. "But there's nothing to be proud of in forcing a woman who hates you to perform for you like this."

Oscar unexpectedly reached down and tucked a lock of Amelia's hair behind her ear in an oddly intimate gesture. "What about making her *want* to perform for me? What about making her turned on by the very thought of it? Can I be proud of that?"

Amelia slapped his hand away with a scowl, denying the arousal he had noticed with every fiber of her being, even as her body throbbed and burned with it, drops of slick lubrication dripping to the floor beneath her.

She sucked Oscar's cock back between her lips with greater urgency, determined to end this quickly. Her neck bobbed in graceful, sinuous movements as her tongue slid and swirled around him, doing her best to create a hot, wet pocket of irresistible pleasure for him to thrust into again and again.

But Oscar was more resilient than Amelia thought. Although she took his cock deeper and deeper into her warm, wet mouth, her tongue swirling and slithering over every veiny inch, he didn't cum. Amelia got more desperate, sealing her lips tighter and moving faster. Oscar throbbed and leaked salty precum onto her tongue, so he was definitely enjoying her service... but she didn't sense that he was winding upward toward orgasm.

It was frustrating... and worse than that, it was dangerous. The longer that Amelia spent bobbing her head on Oscar's cock, the more turned on she became. Her pussy throbbed with dull, needy heat between her legs. Her nipples were twin diamonds of desire, gently swaying on the tips of her breasts from the moment of her neck. Her dream of finishing this quickly without humiliating herself unnecessarily was disappearing fast.

Spit dripped down her chin as she pressed deeper, choking herself on her enemy's fat cock, submissive lust roiled through her, making her breath harsh and hot as it whistled through her nose. Deeper. Harder. Amelia could deep throat when she really tried... mostly when she was really horny. And she was ashamed to say she didn't think it would be a problem right now. She felt worthless and used and slutty here on the floor between this horrible man's thighs... but she also felt hornier than she could ever remember being.

"You're good," said Oscar softly, setting down his drink. "Better even than some ladies who suck cock for a living. And trust me, I would know. But it's going to take you a while at this rate."

Amelia paused with Oscar's cock still lodged deep in her slutty little mouth, her soft lips stretched around his girth, her beautiful eyes brown staring up at him with a mixture of wariness and bone-deep arousal. Her heart was hammering in his chest as she realized that he wasn't finished with his little mind game. It would probably be safer to ignore him and finish the job... but instead she listened... caught in a maze of submissive heat.

"I know that you were hoping to finish this quickly," he said, his dark eyes blazing with wicked heat. "Well... I know a surefire way to make me cum fast."

Amelia maintained the sizzling eye contact, waiting with bated breath to hear his latest provocation.

“You simply have to let me take control,” he said with a disarming smile. “It won’t take longer than a minute, and then you can put this all behind you. Just submit completely and let me take control, and I guarantee you that I’ll cum. Almost right away.”

It was a trap. A trick of some kind. There was no way an evil man like Oscar would offer a deal like this out of the goodness of his heart. But... on the other hand, Amelia couldn’t take any more of this powerful, humiliating arousal. The temptation of getting this over with was too great.

And a small, shameful voice deep inside her chimed in that the idea of letting Oscar have complete control temporarily was... interesting.

Despite her better judgement, Amelia nodded, accepting the offer. And Oscar pounced.

Amelia felt a thrill of intimidation and submissive weakness as Oscar’s strong hand moved swiftly and confidently down, seizing the back of her head, his fingers tangling tightly through her silky hair.

Amelia had just enough time for her eyes to go wide, a sharp breath to whistle in through her nose, and to think that maybe she had made a mistake before Oscar made his first thrust.

Depthroating a cock when you are the one in charge is a completely different thing than getting face fucked. For one, you have the ability to set your own limits on depth and speed. But the difference isn’t purely physical, as Amelia found in that moment, naked on her knees in the villa that had become her prison. There is a huge psychological difference as well.

Amelia felt completely helpless and dominated as Oscar’s thick cock pressed forward, sheathing itself fully in her tight, wet throat. She had already warmed herself up, so there wasn’t any pain or choking, but the overwhelming feeling of humiliating degradation felt like a physical force pressing down on her, and it only got stronger as Oscar’s powerful fingers flexed, pumping her head up and down his shaft like her face was some kind of sex toy. A masturbation aide that Oscar was using to get himself off.

“That’s it, good girl, Cookie. Take all of your master’s cock,” said Oscar with a satisfied groan as he took utter and complete control, owning Amelia’s helpless throat with his stiff prick. Amelia was overwhelmed. Dominated. Unable to resist. But the worst part was how fucking horny it made her. Her whole body throbbed with wet, weak desire, her pussy tingling and burning with need between her legs as she let a man she hated fuck her face. Spit dripped down her chin and embarrassingly loud **gluck* *gluck* *gluck** noises sounded from her throat as Oscar plundered it over and over again. Amelia’s hands rested on Oscar’s muscular thighs, but they didn’t push back. Shamefully, she didn’t want to push back. As much as she might want to resist

Oscar in general, right now she was caught in a dizzying spiral of submission and lust, and she wanted nothing more than to receive his pumping cock.

Oscar was using her like a whore. Just another warm, wet hole for pleasing his cock. And with a shock, Amelia realized that this was what he truly wanted for her. That was what his perverse petplay plan was really about. The dinners and conversation about art and writing were all just a ploy to lure her deeper. He didn't care about her as a person. On the contrary, nothing would amuse him more than to strip away all of her intelligence and charm and skill and pride and turn her into what he had made her in this moment: a compliant, warm, wet hole for him to fuck.

It was terrifying. But also, in the grip of her submissive haze, perversely arousing. She had to struggle against Oscar's plans with all her might... if she gave in to her worst instincts she might really turn into his obedient, brainless sex pet.

But there was no resistance possible now. For now, Oscar was in complete control. At least, finally, Amelia could tell based on his rough grunts of pleasure and the twitching of his cock in her tight throat that he was rapidly approaching orgasm.

Just as she realized that, Oscar's grip grew cruelly hard on the back of her head, forcing her down until her nose was nestled deep in his pubes, her lips wrapped tight against the root of his massive cock. He held her there for a long moment, the full length of his shaft sheathed deep in her throat, owning her completely and making the submissive lust riot through her in burning waves. And then his cock twitched and pulsed, firing hot, thick ropes of semen directly down into Amelia's belly. She had planned beforehand to read his arousal carefully and make him cum on the floor... but once he took complete control, there had been no more hope of that. Now she had no choice but to take his load, filling her belly with his fresh, hot seed.

Oscar held her in that uncomfortable, erotic position for what felt like longer than necessary, until he had drained his balls completely down her slutty throat, all the way to the last sticky drop. Then he extracted his softening cock with a sigh of satisfaction, tucking it swiftly back into his pants as Amelia sat, panting and trying to get a hold of herself.

"There, that wasn't so hard, was it Cookie?" asked Oscar smugly, picking up his Scotch again and taking a sip. "I knew you could be a good girl for me if you tried."

Amelia's eyes turned upward toward him as she breathed hard, her gaze gleaming with hatred once again now that her arousal was once again fading away. *I'm going to find some way to beat this man. I swear to fucking God. He will regret playing with me like this.*

"I think it's time for you to leave," she said in a rough, raspy voice, with as much dignity as she could muster.

Oscar shook his head and chuckled, but didn't complain or argue. It amused him to give Amelia the illusion of control over some things, including when and how she enjoyed his company.

A few minutes later, Oscar slipped out the door of the villa, and the doors and windows, as usual, locked themselves so that Amelia couldn't follow him and discover how he left the island. Amelia was left on her own, naked on the floor, her stomach gurgling from the fresh load of sperm and her throat raw from the brief, but hard fucking.

The... trade been much more intense than she had hoped. And her plan to make a statement with a quick, clinical milking had been a dismal failure. But she had done it. By submitting to a brief humiliation, she had won herself a source of mental stimulation. From that narrow advantage, she was certain she could build a path to victory.

Amelia masturbated herself to two orgasms during a long hot shower that night, and went to bed still feeling a little dirty and used, but hopeful that she was making progress.

Unfortunately, her elation suffered a major blow the following morning.

When the housekeepers had left, and her bedroom door unlocked, Amelia rushed straight to the lounge. As promised, the television, which before had displayed only static on every channel, now had a hefty hard drive attached, with a short note explaining how to navigate to its content in case she was confused.

Amelia ate breakfast first, then settled back into the couch and prepared to inventory her new options for entertainment.

It was only then she discovered the cruel trick that Oscar had played.

The folders in the drive had names that immediately raised red flags.

“Petplay”

“Submission”

“Depththroating”

“Humiliation”

Amelia immediately suspected what Oscar had done, but she couldn't help but confirm her suspicions. Entering the “petplay” folder told her everything she needed to know.

Every thumbnail showed a girl with cat ears. Or a collar. Or locked in a dog kennel. Or eating from a dish on the floor. And each and every woman was naked and aroused, if not sucking cock or getting fucked.

Oscar had been pretty vague when he offered her “movies”. Now she knew why. What she had won wasn’t a selection of cinema classics, but a hard drive chock full of hundreds of gigabytes of filthy pornography.

Amelia covered her eyes and repressed a scream of rage. She thought it was likely that Oscar had cameras in the villa, and she didn’t want to give him the satisfaction.

She should have known that Oscar wouldn’t make it that easy to escape his mental games. Even when he offered the illusion of choice and autonomy, every aspect of her captivity was designed to corral her in one inevitable direction.

Amelia glared hatefully at the cat accesories on the mantle. She wouldn’t do it. Ever. No matter what games Oscar tried to play. She would find some way to beat this twisted mind game if it was the last thing she did.