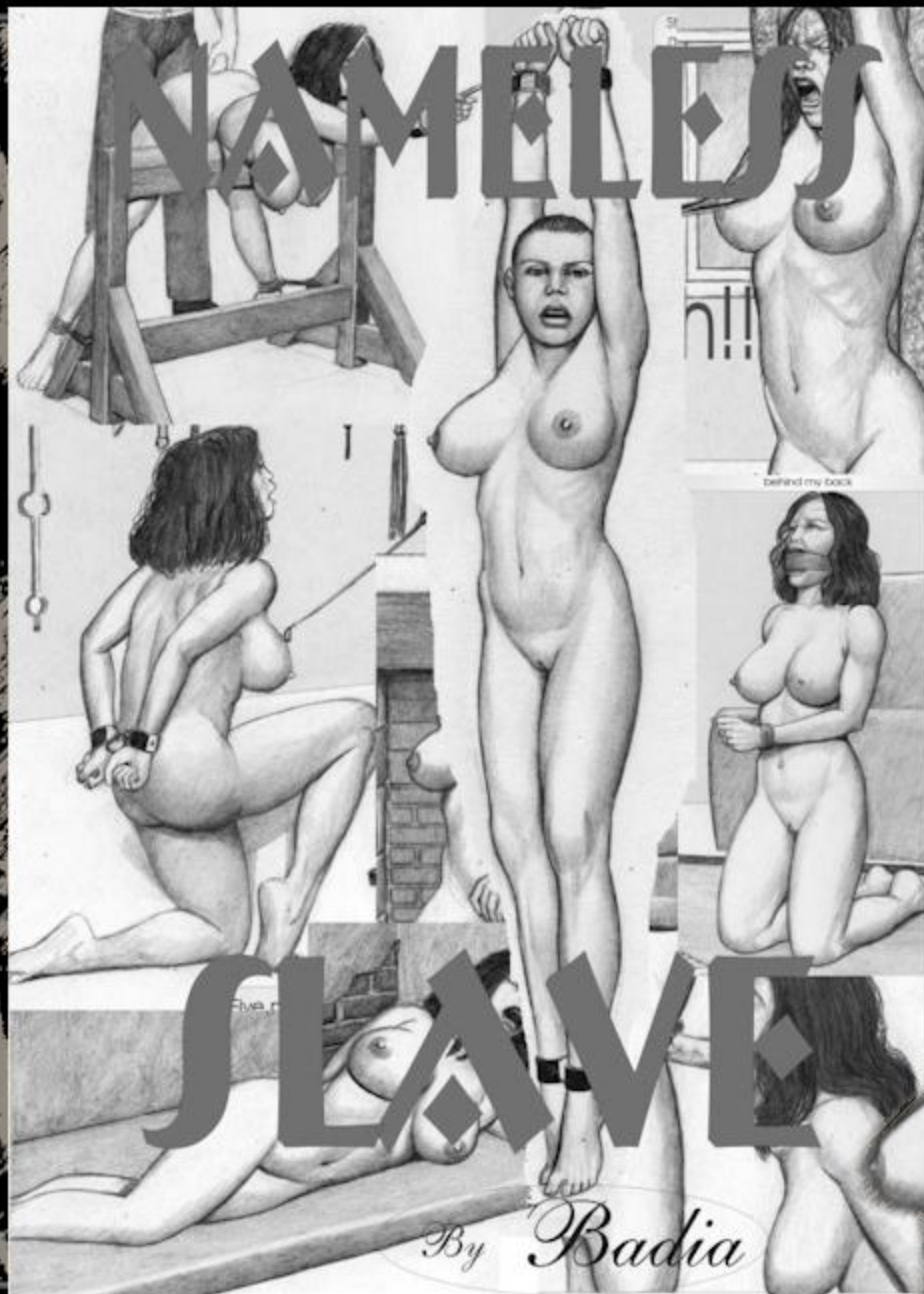
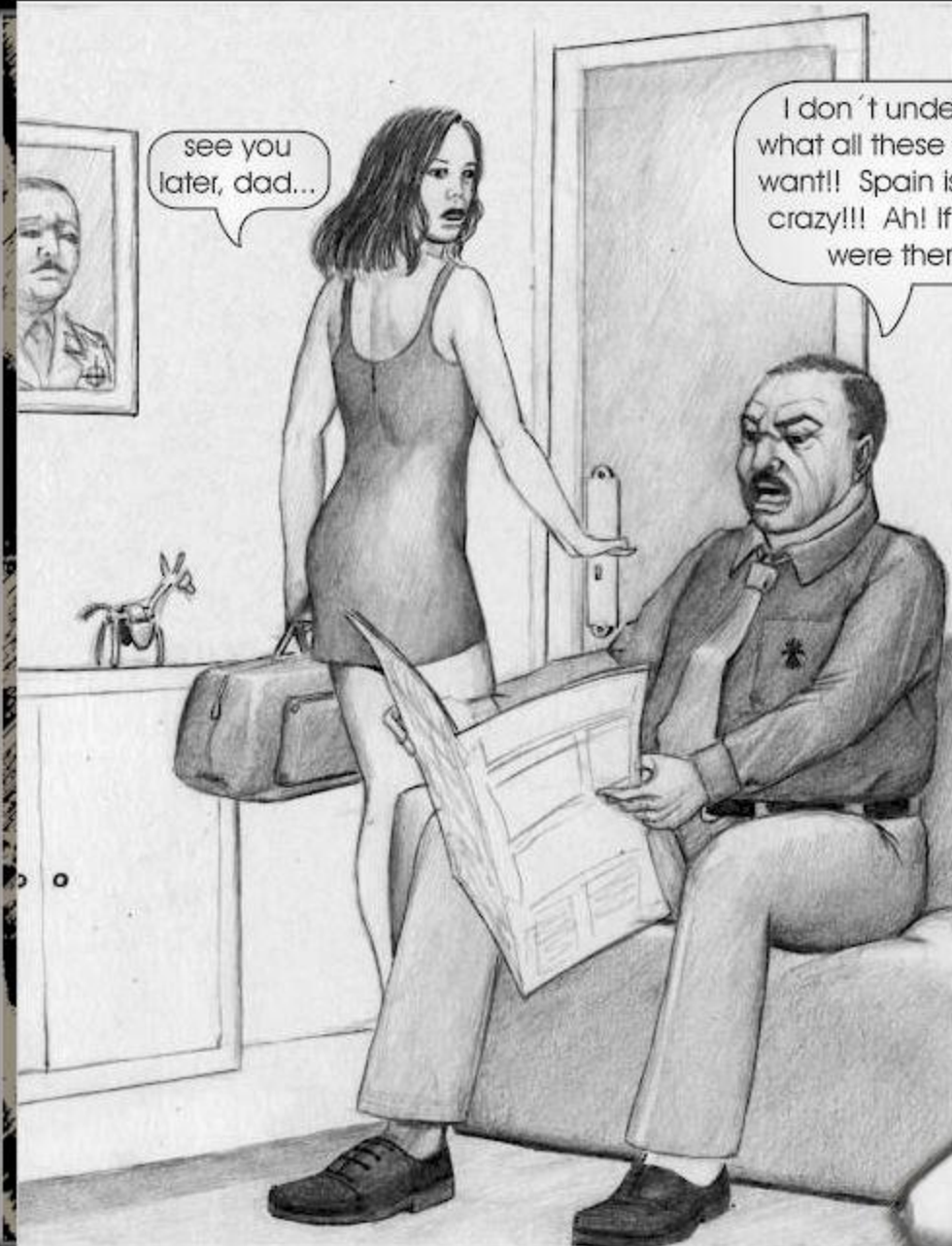


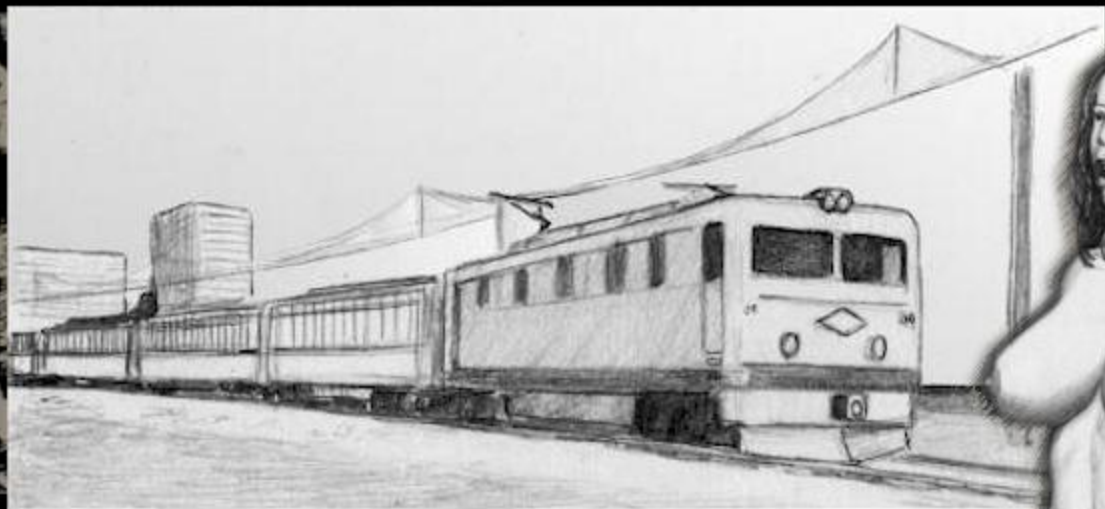
NAMELESS



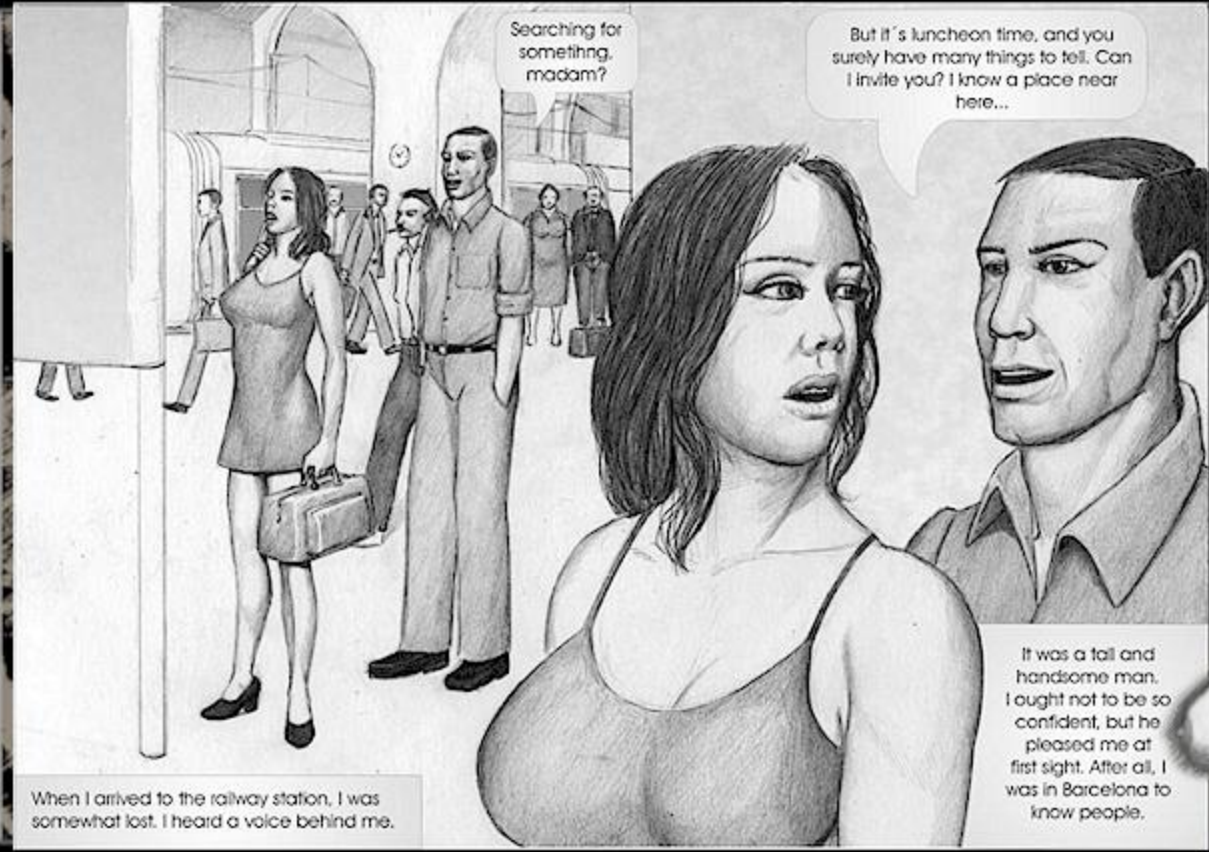


It was a well meditated thing. I was sick of this small Spanish town, of a most authoritative father, of a stupid job and of a still more stupid boyfriend. My family would not care for me till lunch time, and I would be in Barcelona at this moment. The city was big enough to hide me, and I was sure that I would find there a lot of adventures and excitements.





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Searching for
something,
madam?

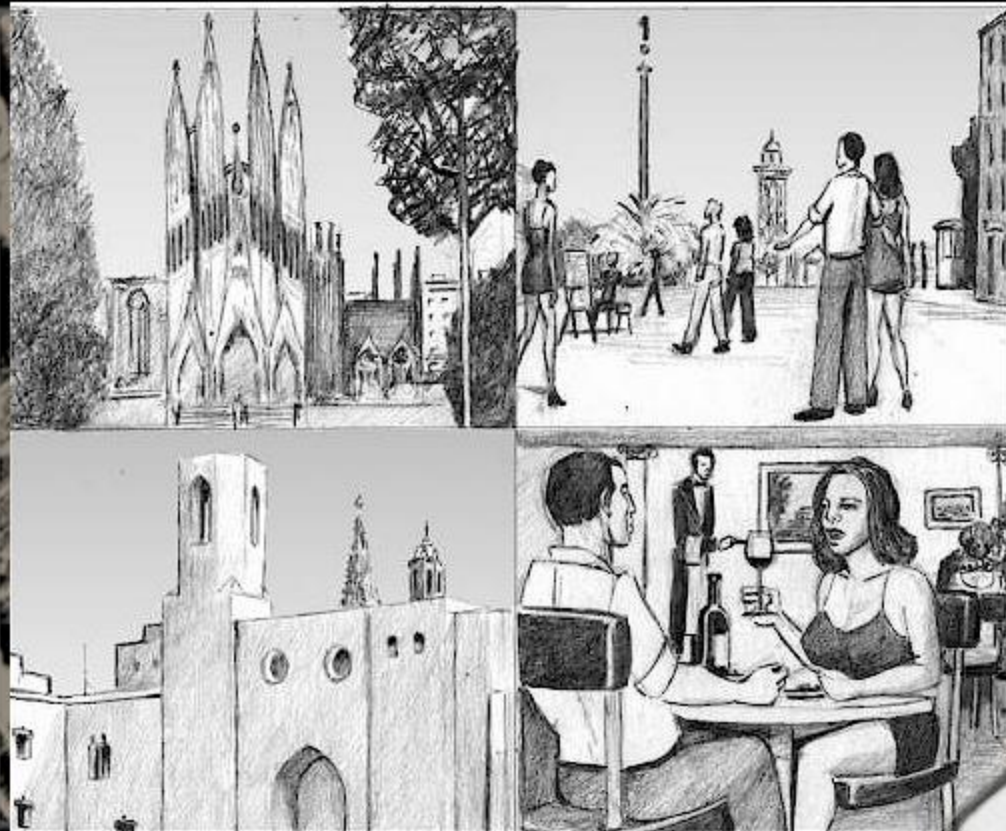
But it's luncheon time, and you
surely have many things to tell. Can
I invite you? I know a place near
here...

When I arrived to the railway station, I was
somewhat lost. I heard a voice behind me.

It was a tall and
handsome man.
I ought not to be so
confident, but he
pleased me at
first sight. After all, I
was in Barcelona to
know people.

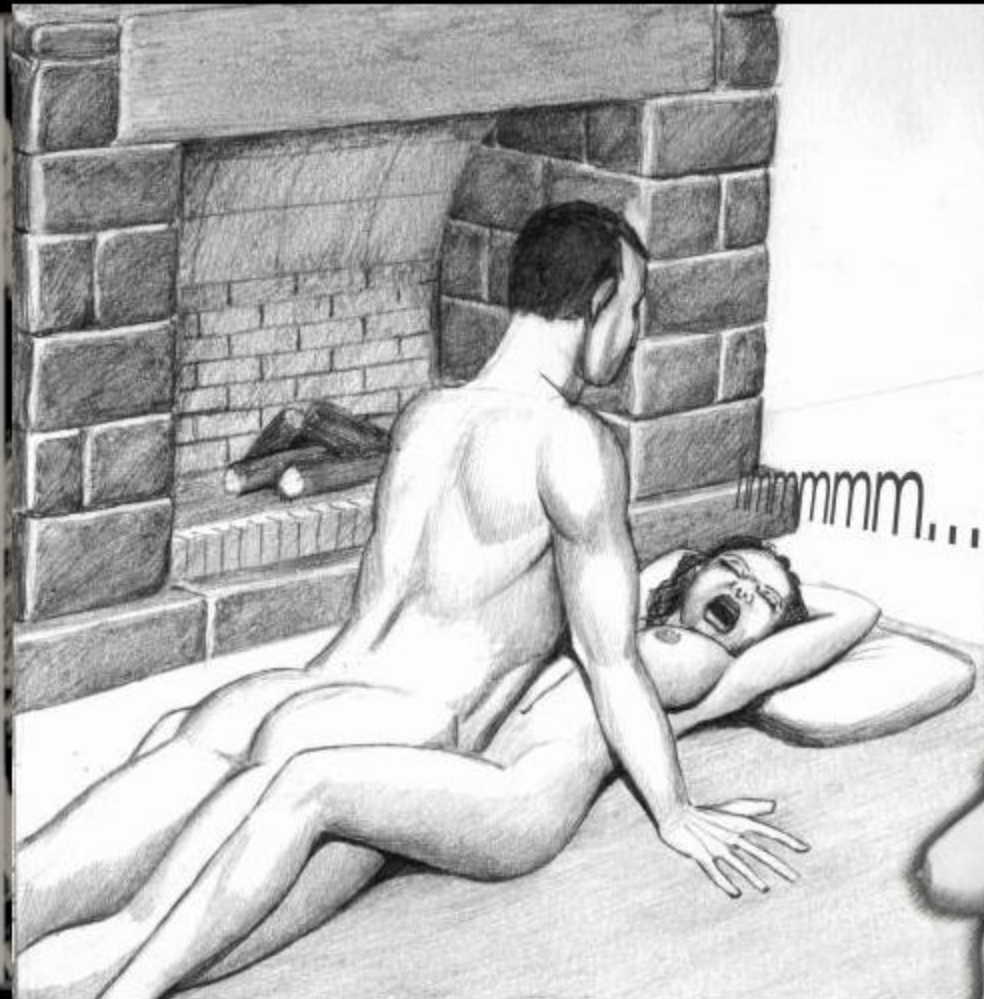






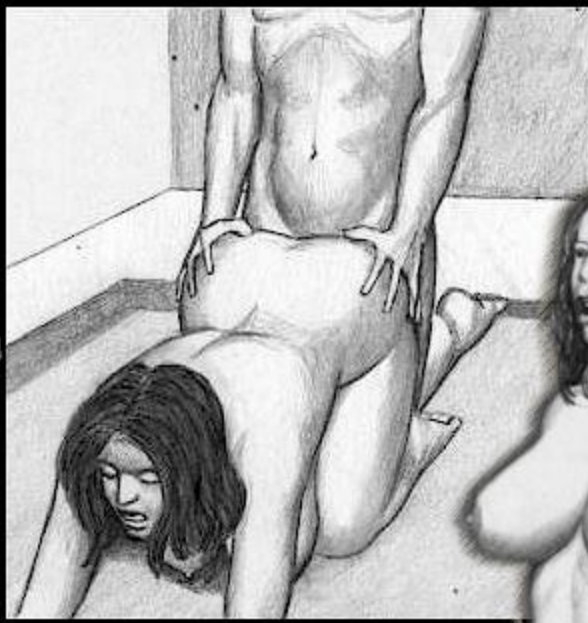
Barcelona was beautiful, weather was lovely and Albert a most attractive and funny man. I simply could not say "no"; at night, we were making love at Albert's home, an ancient and lofty country house which was at the outskirts of the city.







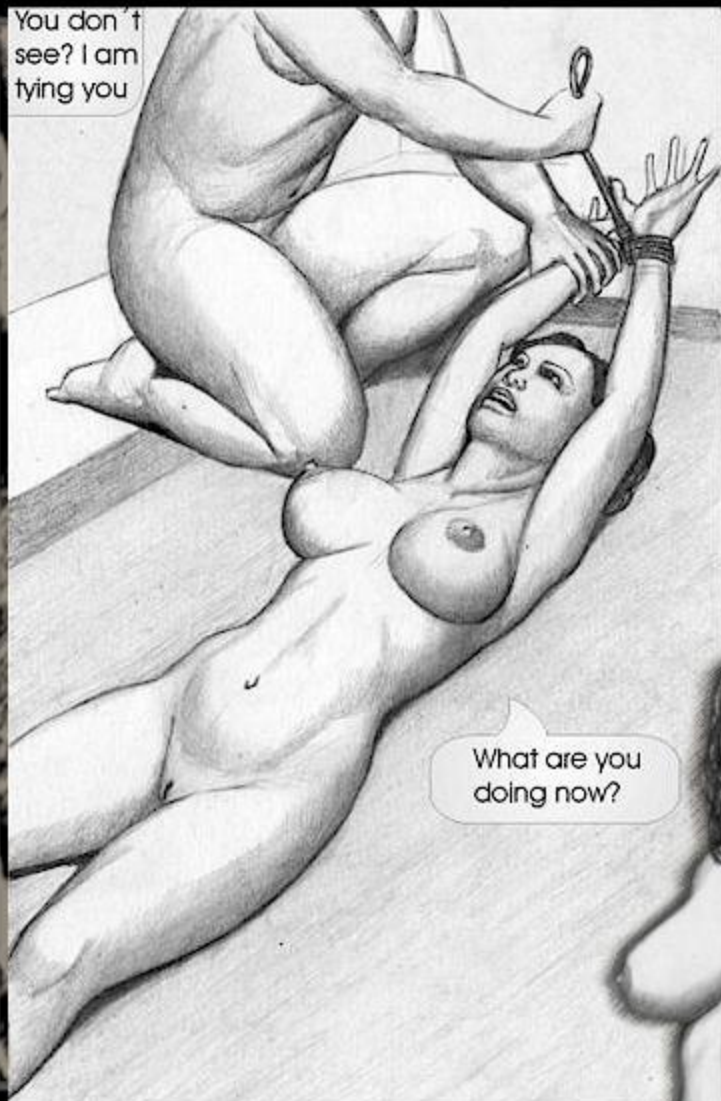
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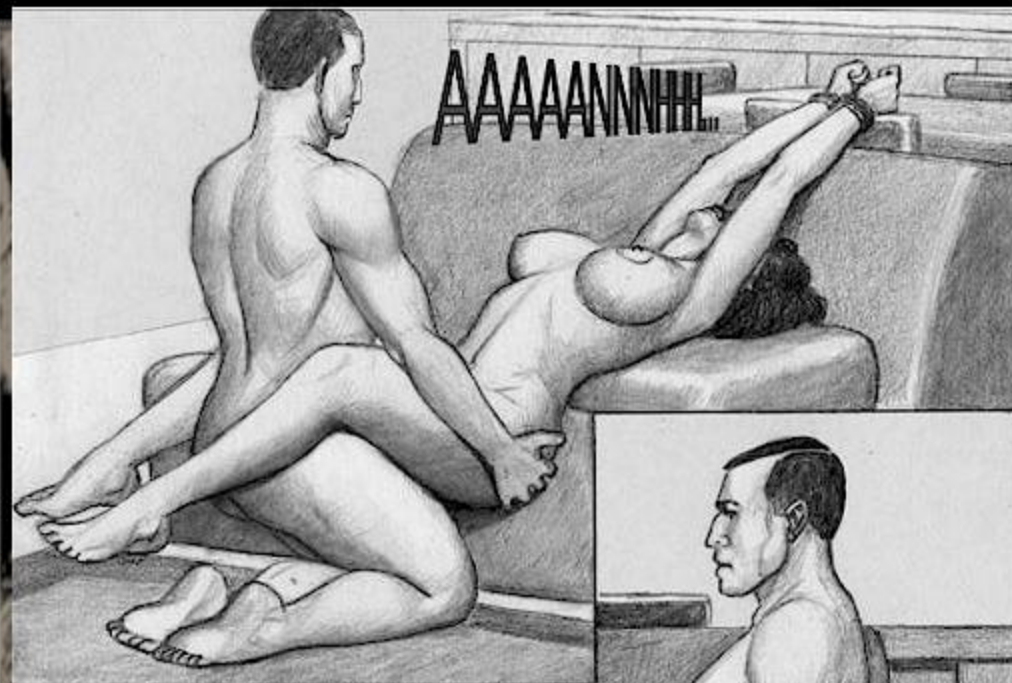
Albert was a very experienced man, and he knew all the ways of giving pleasure to a woman. For my part, I tried not to be shy, to give him all kinds of caresses without fear or displeasure. I was somewhat surprised when he tied me with a piece of rope. I had heard something about domination, and I had always been interested on it. I thought on a sex game, and I put no objections.

You don't
see? I am
tying you



What are you
doing now?





The sensation of being restrained was not too disagreeable, I was very hot and my orgasm was sweeping. But when we had finished, things became less easy...

I'm sorry, but you have not my permission, honey. I like to watch you holding your piss

It has been fantastic, but untie me now, please; I must go to the toilet...



You will
WHAT?

Are you crazy?
Untie me now or
I will... I will...



You'd better
shut up
BITCH!!

AAAAAOWWWW!!



It was my first and last rebellion against his will. He slapped me on my face. I was surprised, but I had been beaten harder by my father in many occasions. I have been always told that women are naturally under men in all aspects, and at this moment, and in this ambience, it seemed me quite natural that Albert asserted his authority over me, even with violence. I was defenceless, and I had fear, but it brought me to a kind of sexual drunkenness. I was prepared to accept anything from him, no matter it would be.



Somewhere on the ceiling, there was a hook...

As you didn't know the rules, I will be indulgent this time....

NOOOO...
PLEAAASEE...EEEE...







Stop ruining
my carpet,
bitch!!

SORRY...YY...



And stop
screaming!!



It was my first time, and it was a serious flogging indeed. He aimed at my ass and tits, which at last, were in flames. I could not restrain me, and I pissed all over the carpet: this cost me a hundred more strokes, and being gagged with my own panties. But when he fucked me for a third time, I was surprised of his power, and of the almost unbearable violence of my orgasm. I was absolutely upset by the situation, but I knew at this moment that I loved this man.

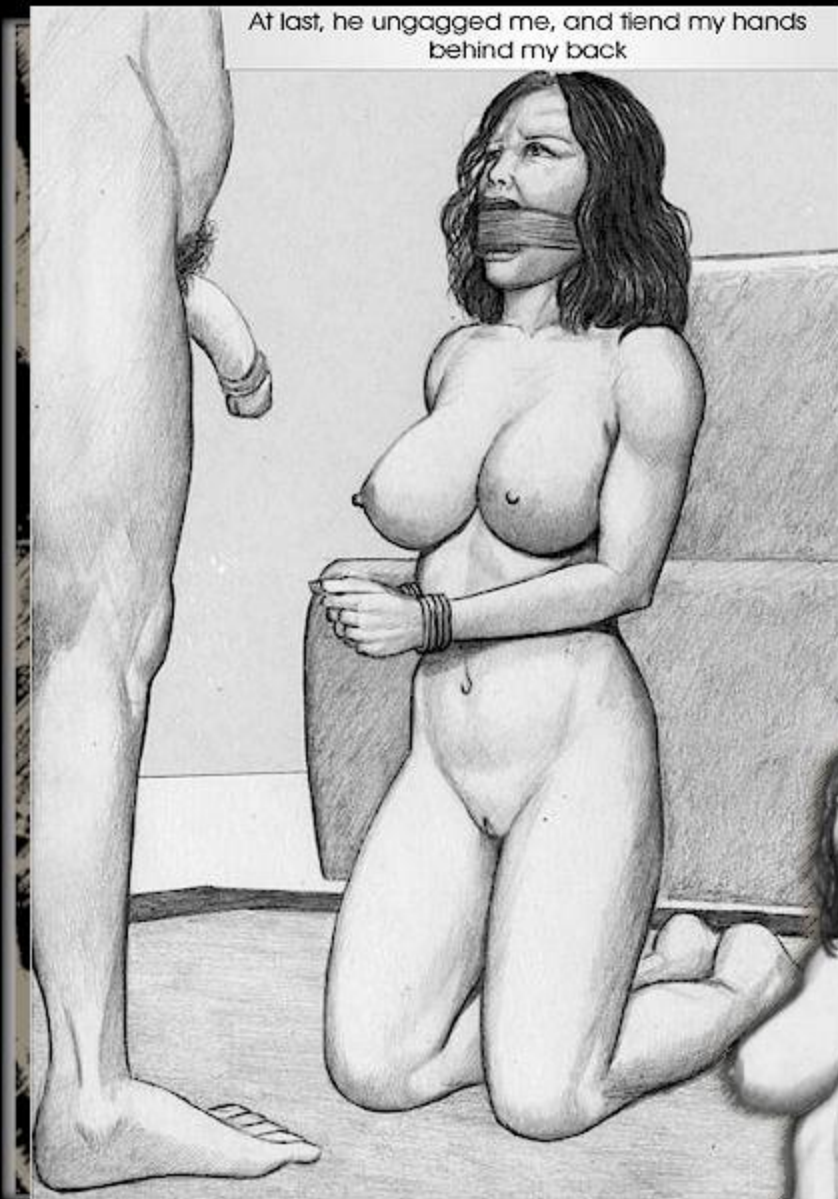


You are
enjoying, I see...

HMMMPFFFF



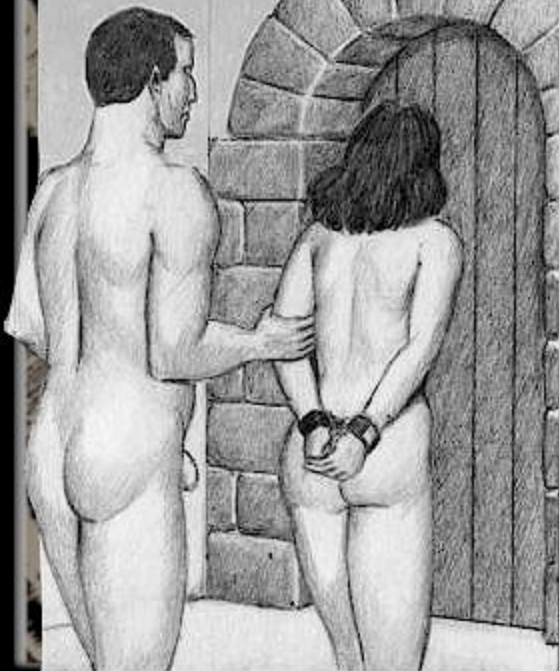
At last, he ungagged me, and tied my hands
behind my back

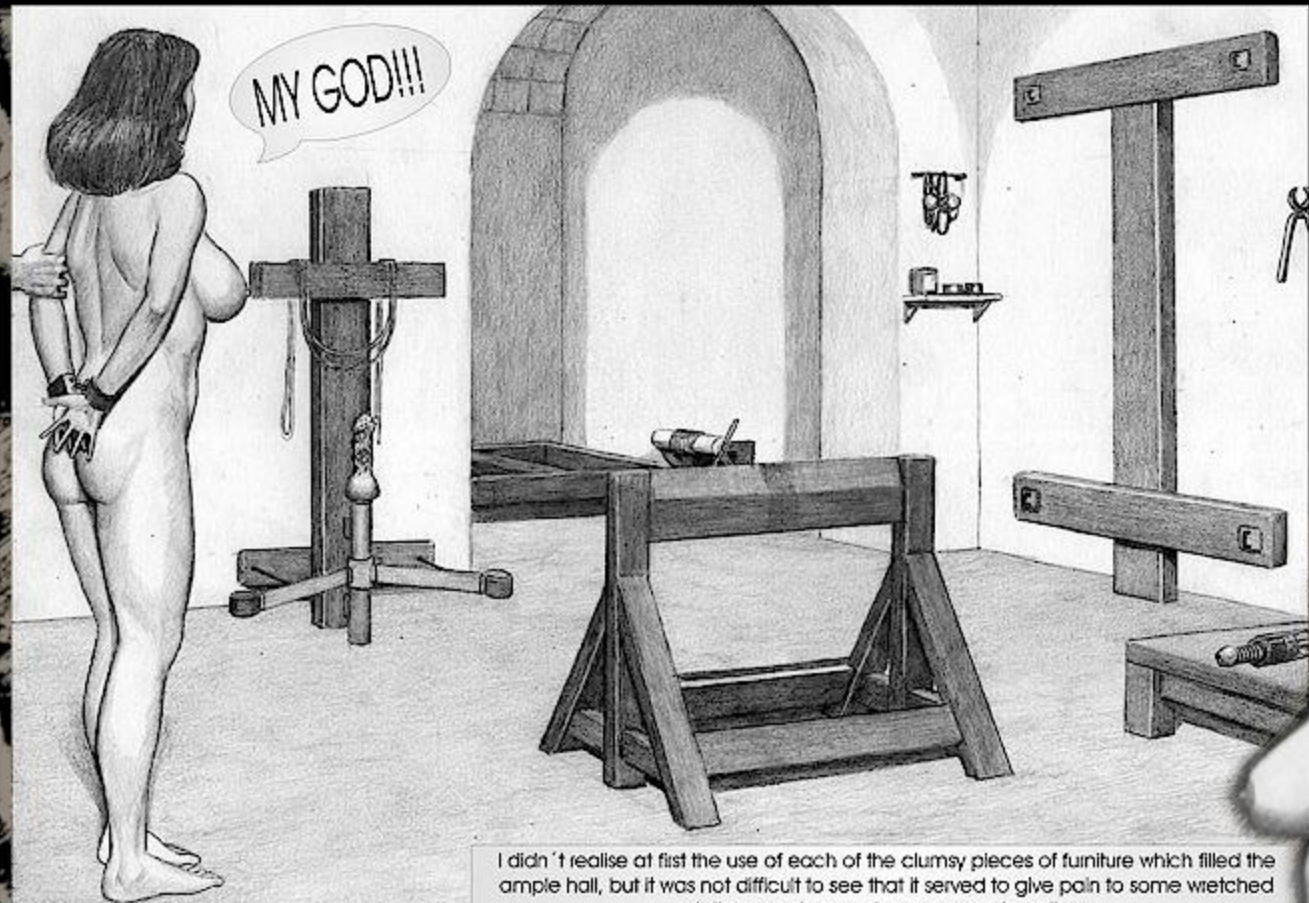


you will be more secure
in this way, my dear...



He then forced me to descend
to the cellars of the house...

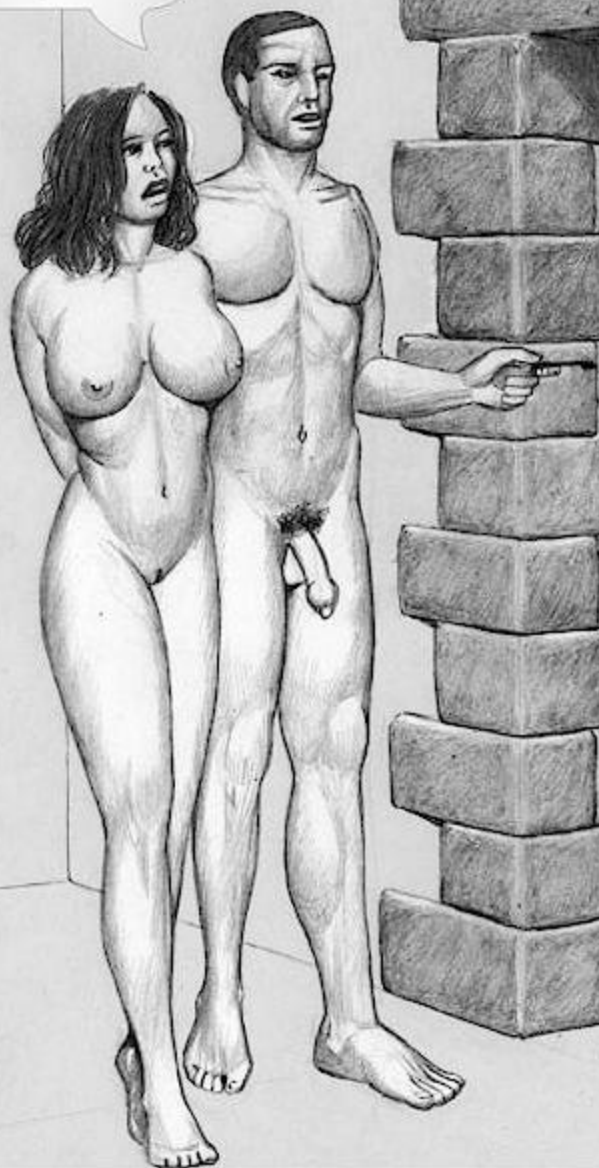




I didn't realise at first the use of each of the clumsy pieces of furniture which filled the ample hall, but it was not difficult to see that it served to give pain to some wretched victim... surely me, at one moment or other.



This will be your
room, princess...





Try to sleep,
bitch; tomorrow
will be a long
day for you...

PLEASE!!

Don't leave me
there!!



He collared me, and fixed my neck to a ring on the wall. At this moment, I realised the awkwardness of my situation: nobody knew where I was. Resistance was useless, and flight impossible. I was on the hands of a man which could do to me all he wanted, even kill me... but for some reason, I was sure he will not do it



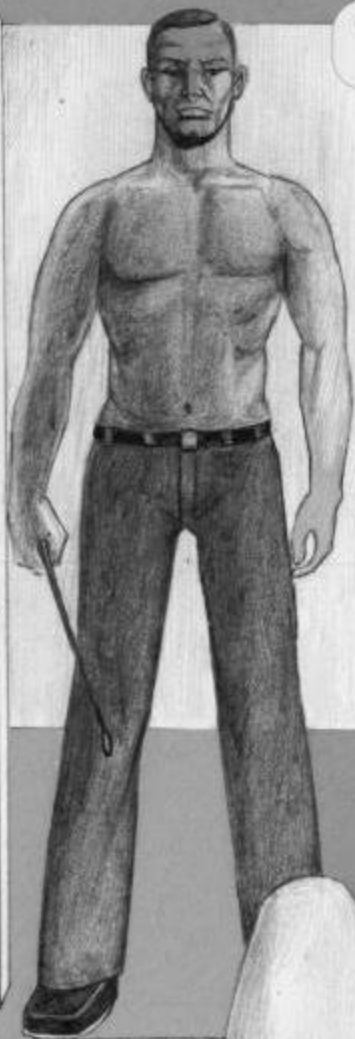




The night passed on, full of fears, but also of the rememberings of the last hours. My sexual life has not been very successful. It was limited to a cousin which tore my virginity out, and to my boyfriend, who suffered of ejaculatio precoc. Albert was for me a sort of revelation of the power of sex and love. Souvenirs provoked an unwilling moist in my pussy, I felt victim of a strange frenzy, and I masturbated myself for two times, pressing strongly my thighs one against the other. At last, I fell asleep, utterly exhausted. I slept for many hours, I have never known how many, but at last, I awoke when light entered my cell. He was here, magnificent and powerful. I felt a kind of spasm, of terror, but also of love...

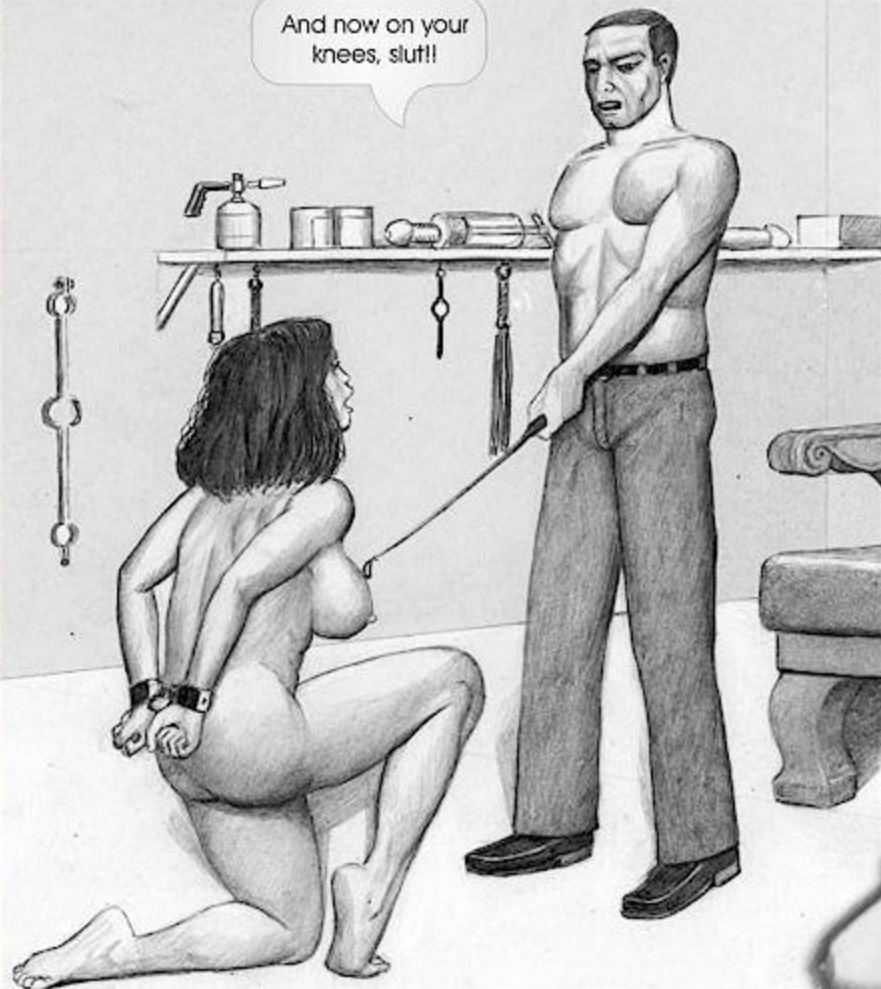


Good morning,
princess...



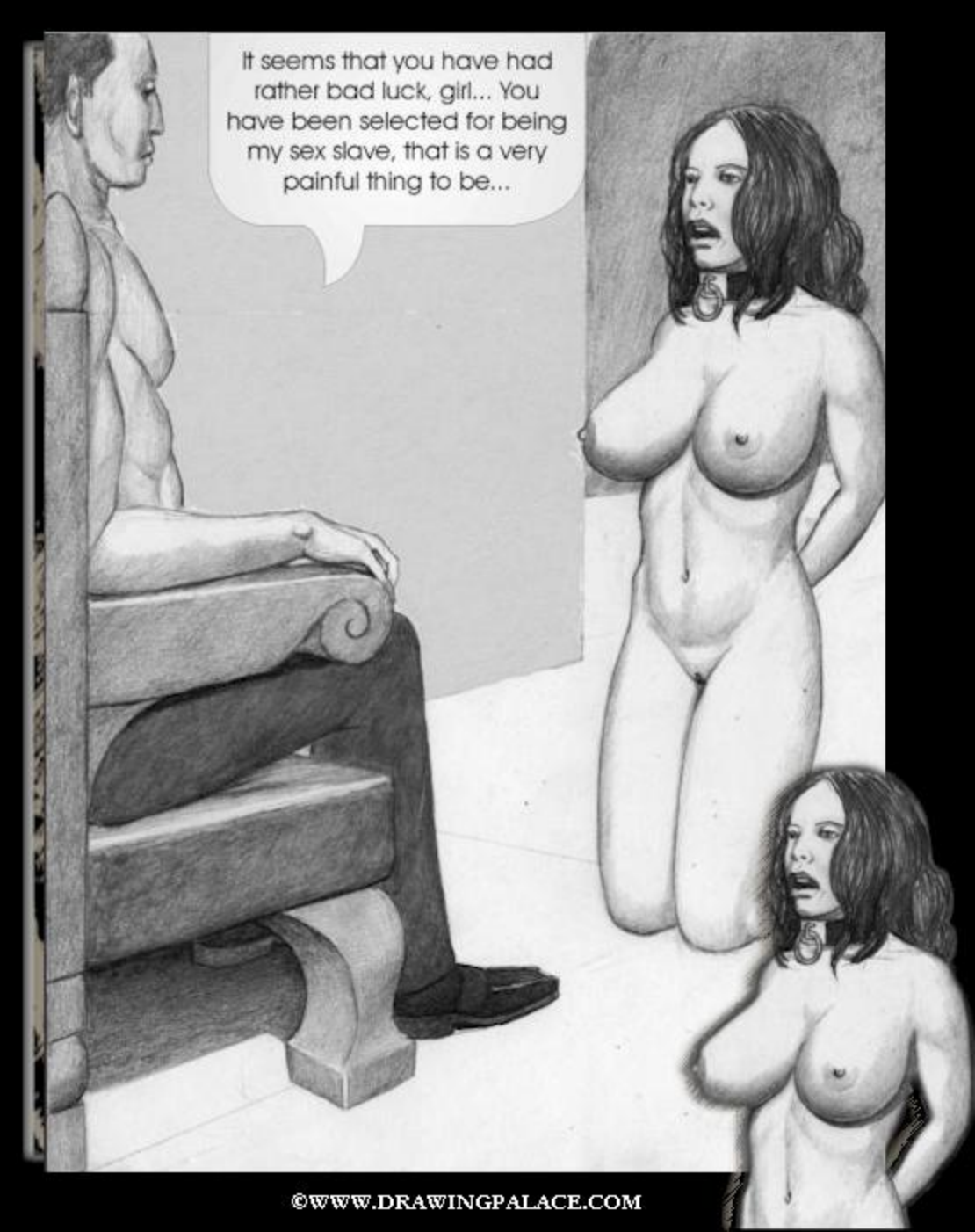


And now on your
knees, slut!!



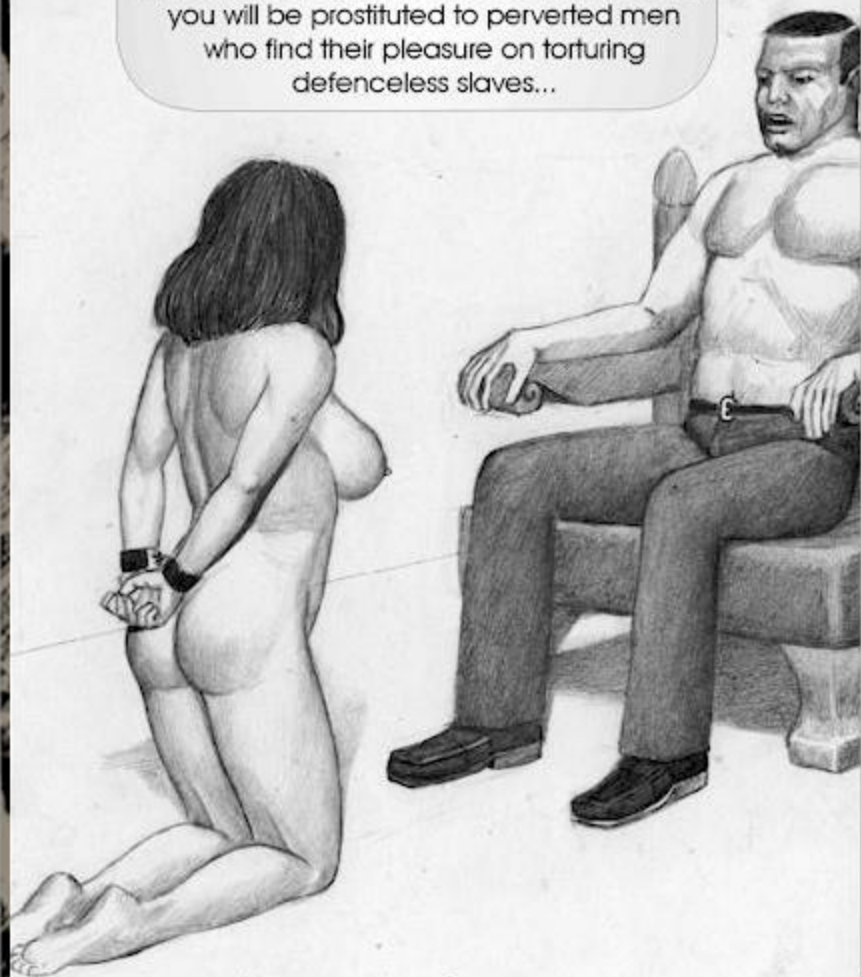
Five minutes later, piss was pressing me again. This feeling was to be my lot for much time to come. He ordered me to kneel in front of him.





It seems that you have had rather bad luck, girl... You have been selected for being my sex slave, that is a very painful thing to be...

You will serve my caprices and these of my friends, and to gain your bread in this house, you will be prostituted to perverted men who find their pleasure on torturing defenceless slaves...



It was almost absurd. Here was his man, condemning me to a life of ceaseless torment and humiliation, and I was still thinking that I preferred that rather than to be dismissed with a smile and a thank you. Surely, I was getting as crazy as him.





When you have much time and few money,
hitchiking is a good way to see the world

I was on a lonely road, waiting someone to take me,
when a car stopped near me.
There was inside a handsome man...

