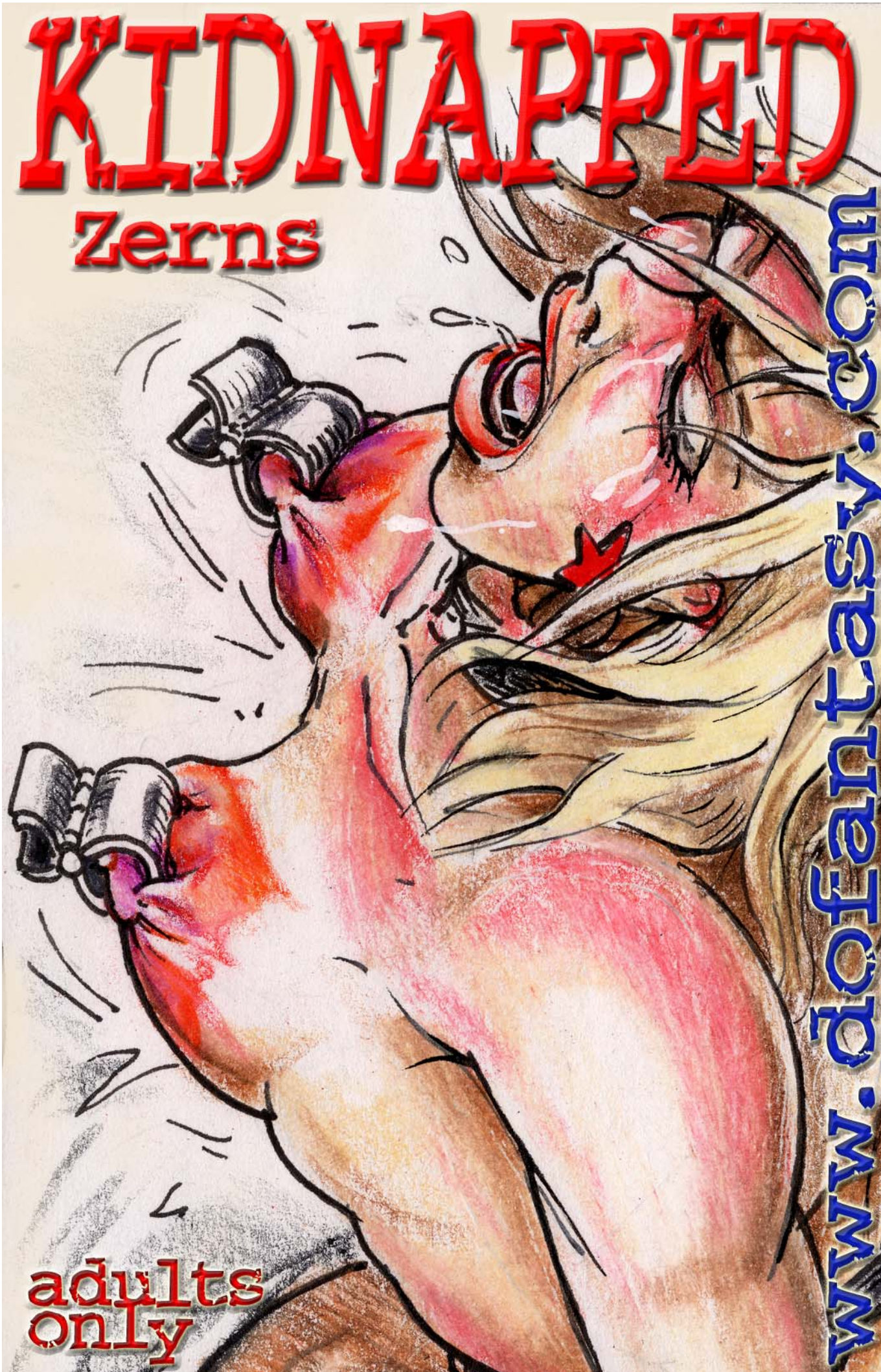
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She was lovely ... and she was asking for it


NOT TONIGHT ANTONIO
PLEEEZE MARIANNE...
BABY.. ONE.. TASTE..
ANTONIO!.. OOOH.. ONE.. IN.. THE CLUB.
THE COCK TEASE IS GONNA GIVE HIM A TASTE.. HUH.. NOW IS MY CHANCE.. TO HER CAR.
SHE RETURNS.. NOW!.. TRY TO RELAX.. WAIT.. WAIT..
THE TRANQUILIZER GUN WORKED WELL
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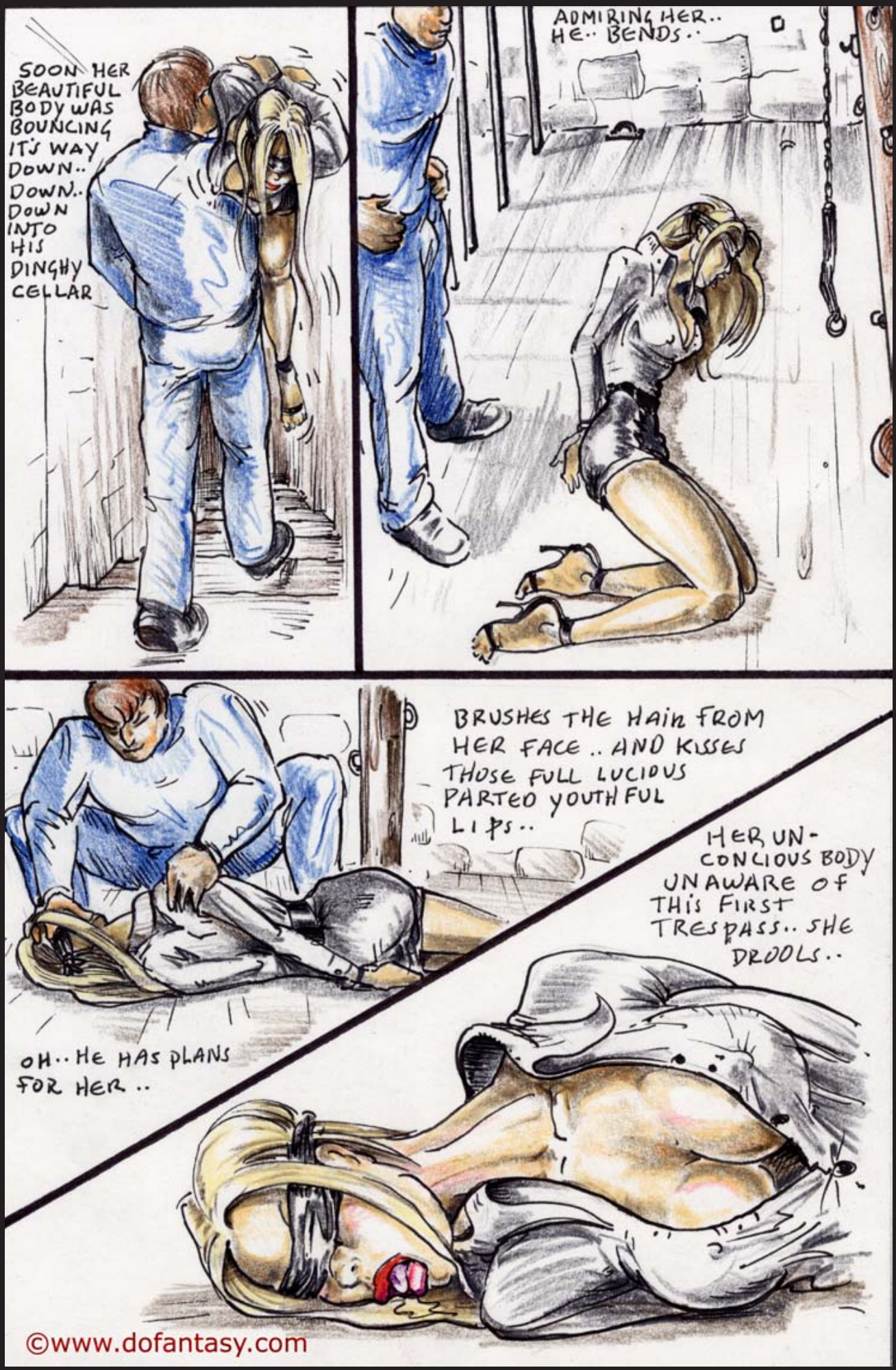
SOON HER BEAUTIFUL BODY WAS BOUNCING IT'S WAY DOWN.. DOWN.. DOWN INTO HIS DINGHY CELLAR
ADMIRING HER.. HE.. BENDS..
BRUSHES THE HAIR FROM HER FACE .. AND KISSES THOSE FULL LUCIOUS PARTED YOUTHFUL LIPS..
HER UN-CONCIOUS BODY UNAWARE OF THIS FIRST TRESPASS.. SHE DROOLS..
OH.. HE HAS PLANS FOR HER ..
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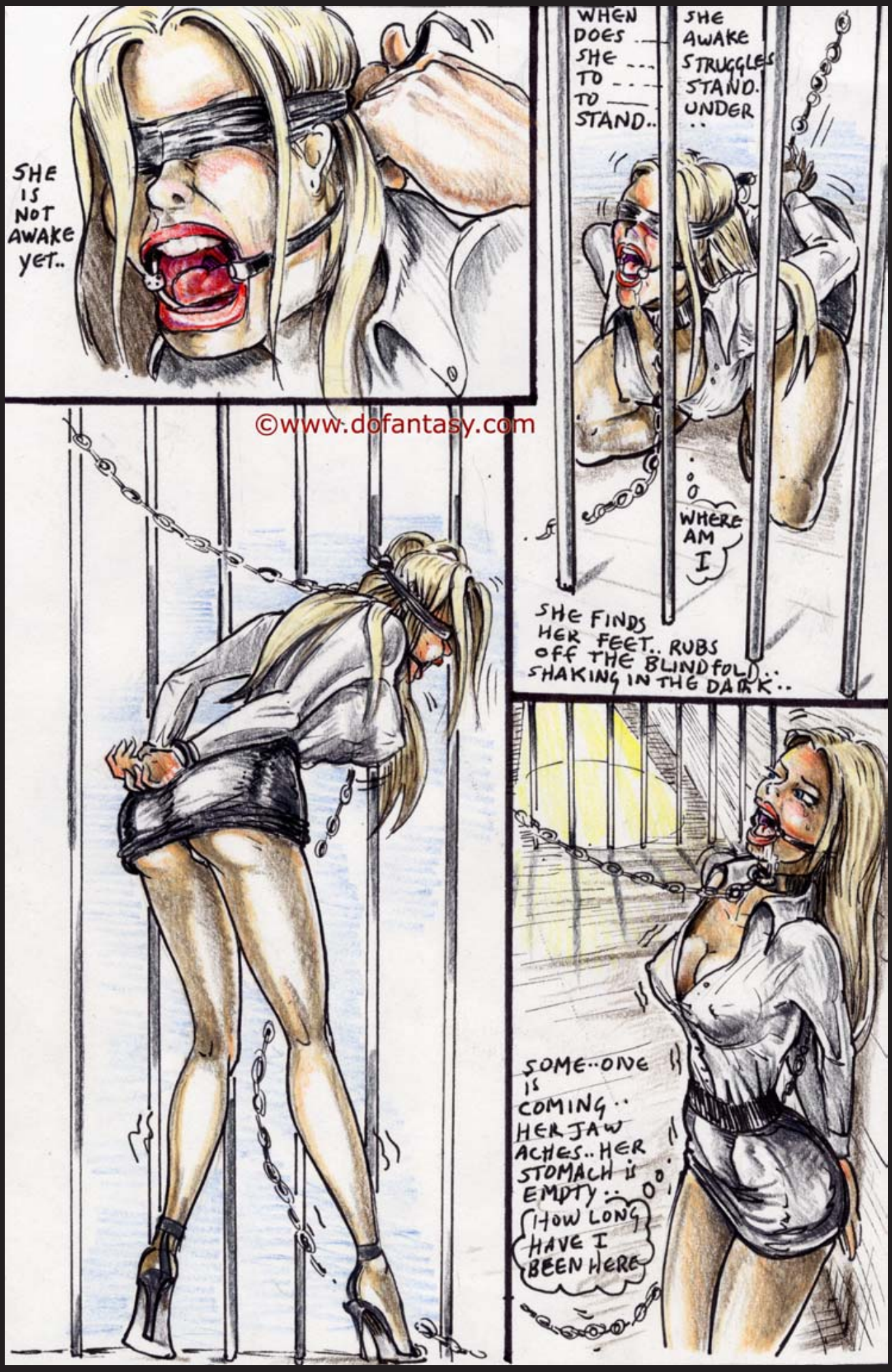
SHE IS NOT AWAKE YET..
WHEN DOES SHE ... TO ... TO ... STAND..
SHE AWAKE STRUGGLES STAND. UNDER ..
WHERE AM I
SHE FINDS HER FEET.. RUBS OFF THE BLINDFOLD.. SHAKING IN THE DARK..
SOME..ONE IS COMING.. HER JAW ACHES.. HER STOMACH IS EMPTY.. HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE
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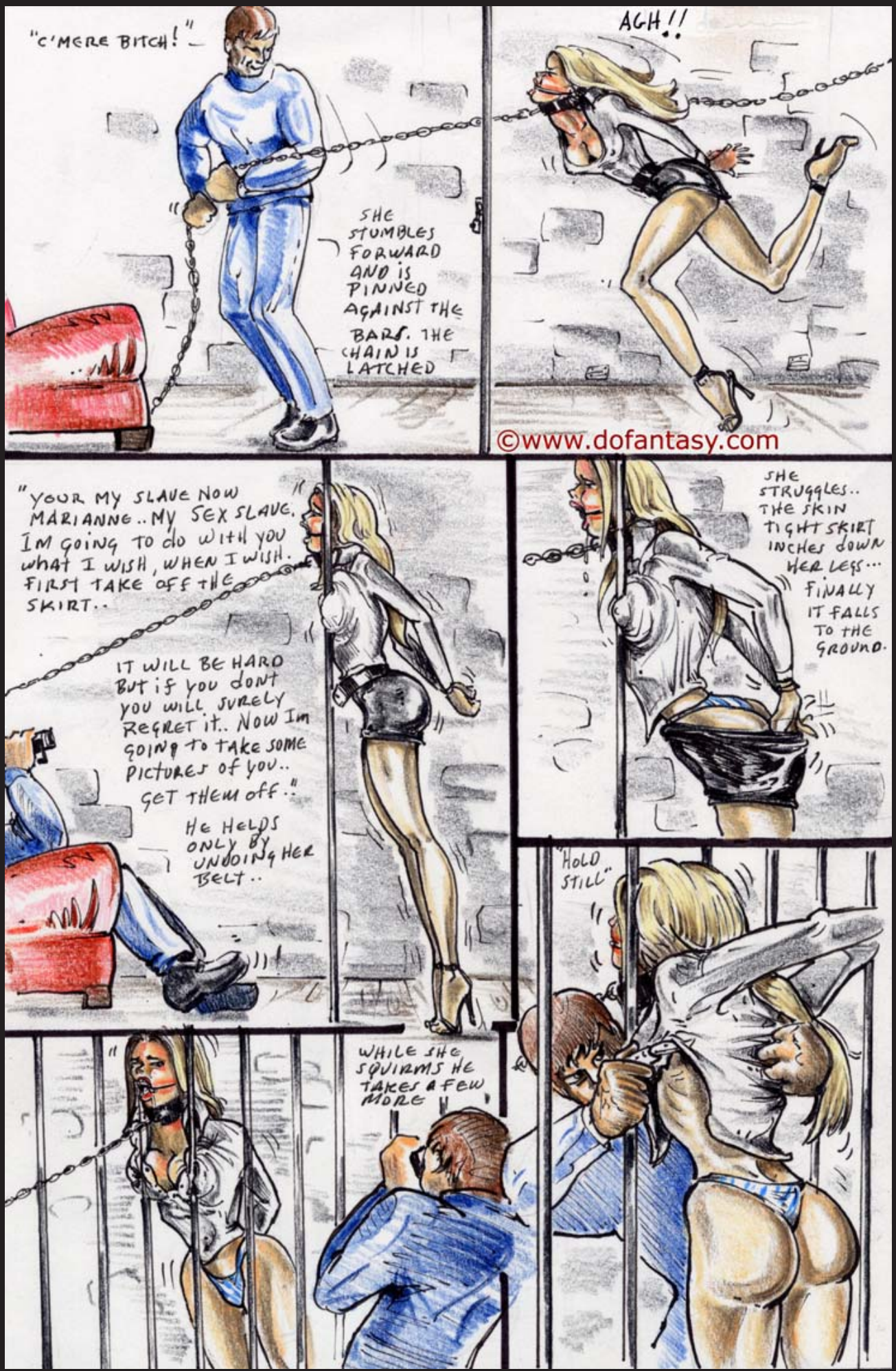
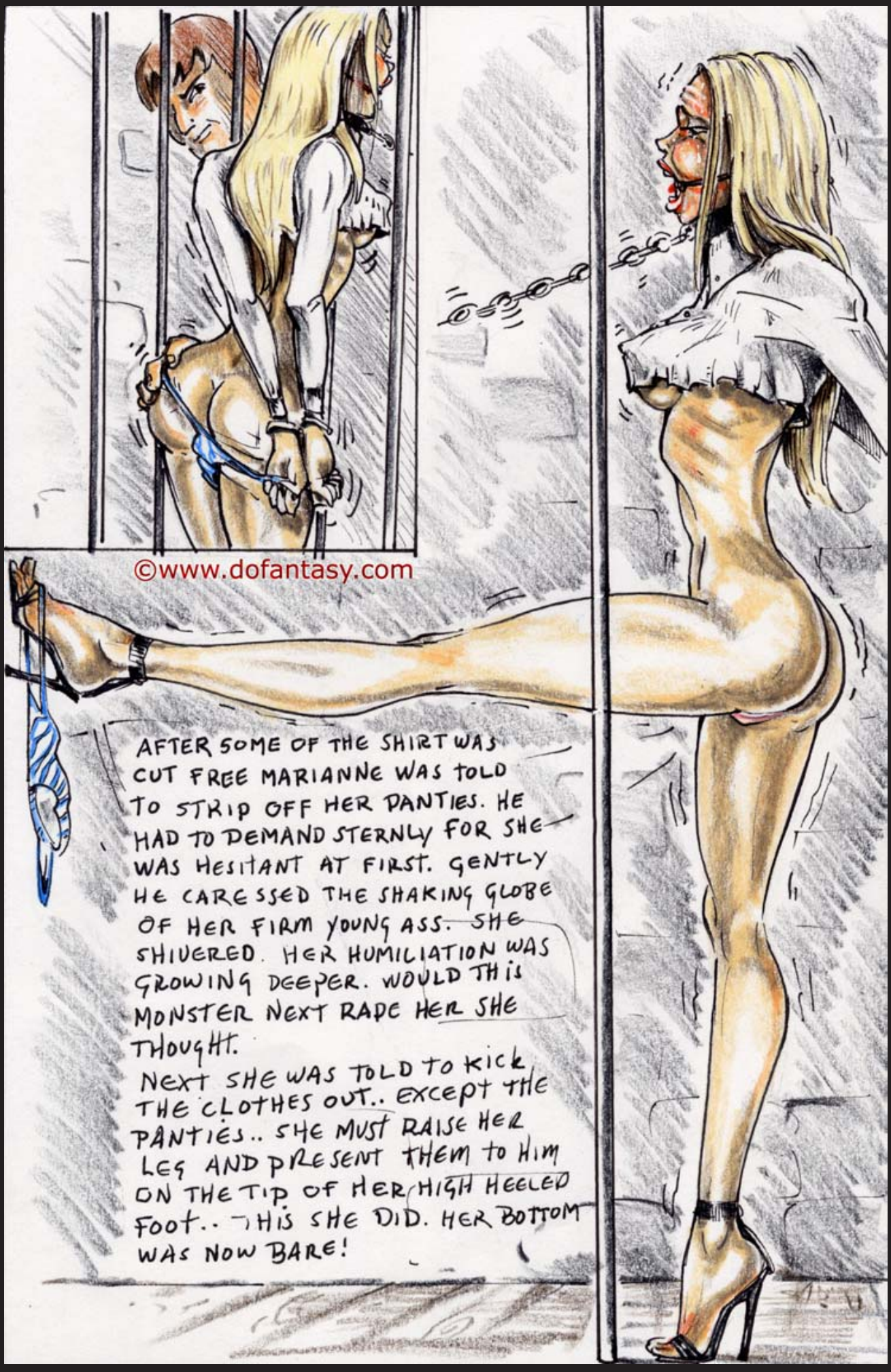

"C'MERE BITCH!"
SHE STUMBLES FORWARD AND IS PINNED AGAINST THE BARS. THE CHAIN IS LATCHED
AGH!!
©www.dofantasy.com
"YOUR MY SLAVE NOW MARIANNE.. MY SEX SLAVE. IM GOING TO DO WITH YOU WHAT I WISH, WHEN I WISH. FIRST TAKE OFF THE SKIRT..
IT WILL BE HARD BUT IF YOU DONT YOU WILL SURELY REGRET IT.. NOW Im GOING TO TAKE SOME PICTURES OF YOU.. GET THEM OFF.."
HE HELPS ONLY BY UNDOING HER BELT..
SHE STRUGGLES.. THE SKIN TIGHT SKIRT INCHES DOWN HER LEGS... FINALLY IT FALLS TO THE GROUND.
"HOLD STILL"
WHILE SHE SQUIRMS HE TAKES A FEW MORE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AFTER SOME OF THE SHIRT WAS CUT FREE MARIANNE WAS TOLD TO STRIP OFF HER PANTIES. HE HAD TO DEMAND STERNLY FOR SHE WAS HESITANT AT FIRST. GENTLY HE CARESSED THE SHAKING GLOBE OF HER FIRM YOUNG ASS. SHE SHIVERED. HER HUMILIATION WAS GROWING DEEPER. WOULD THIS MONSTER NEXT RAPE HER SHE THOUGHT.
NEXT SHE WAS TOLD TO KICK THE CLOTHES OUT.. EXCEPT THE PANTIES.. SHE MUST RAISE HER LEG AND PRESENT THEM TO HIM ON THE TIP OF HER HIGH HEELED FOOT.. THIS SHE DID. HER BOTTOM WAS NOW BARE!


WINCHING HER AGAINST THE COLUMN HE ENTERS THE CELL.. A MISTAKE.
UGH..
"THUMP"
SHE KNEES HIM... BUT..GETS UP..
OK.. Bitch!
LET'S PLAY!
RIIIIIPP..
"BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO PAY.. YOU DISRESPECTED YOUR MASTER" GENTLY FONDLING AND BOUNCING HER GRAPEFRUIT SIZED BREASTS.. SHE KNOWS THEY WILL PAY THE PRICE FOR MISTAKE... ONE MINUTE GENTLE, THEN QUICK AS A CAT..
HE CRUSHES AND TWIST.. AND CRUSHES.. AND...
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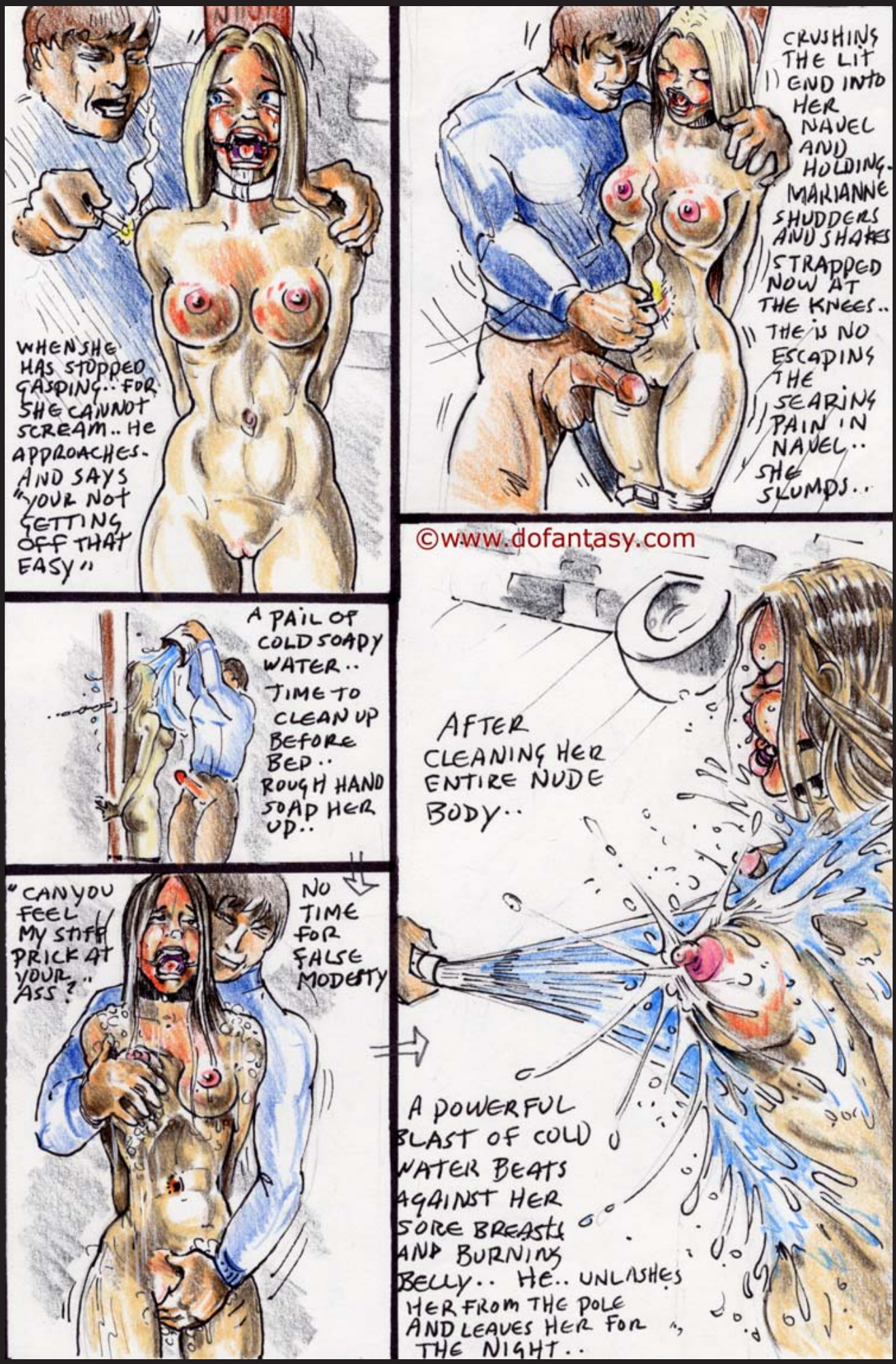
WHEN SHE HAS STOPPED GASPING.. FOR SHE CAN NOT SCREAM.. HE APPROACHES. AND SAYS "YOUR NOT GETTING OFF THAT EASY"
CRUSHING THE LIT END INTO HER NAVEL AND HOLDING. MARIANNE SHUDDERS AND SHAKES STRAPPED NOW AT THE KNEES.. THERE IS NO ESCAPING THE SEARING PAIN IN NAVEL.. SHE SLUMPS..
©www.dofantasy.com
A PAIL OF COLD SOAPY WATER.. TIME TO CLEAN UP BEFORE BED.. ROUGH HAND SOAP HER UP..
AFTER CLEANING HER ENTIRE NUDE BODY..
"CAN YOU FEEL MY STIFF PRICK AT YOUR ASS?"
NO TIME FOR FALSE MODESTY
A POWERFUL BLAST OF COLD WATER BEATS AGAINST HER SORE BREASTS AND BURNING BELLY.. HE.. UNLASHES HER FROM THE POLE AND LEAVES HER FOR THE NIGHT..


NEXT MORNING HE FINDS SHE HAS EATEN HER DOG FOOD AND IS DRINKING THIRSTLY FROM THE TOILET..
STRAPPED ONCE AGAIN TO THE POLE :" YOU WILL PRACTICE YOUR DEEP THROAT TODAY"
ALL SHE CAN DO IS TAKE IT'S ..
..RUBBERY INFLATABLE SHAFT IN ..PAST HER LARNYX ... .. TESTING HER BREATH CONTROL..
"PUMP"
"PUMP"!!
NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW TO BREATH DEEP THROAT YOUR NEXT TEST IS ...SEX
"PAIN!"
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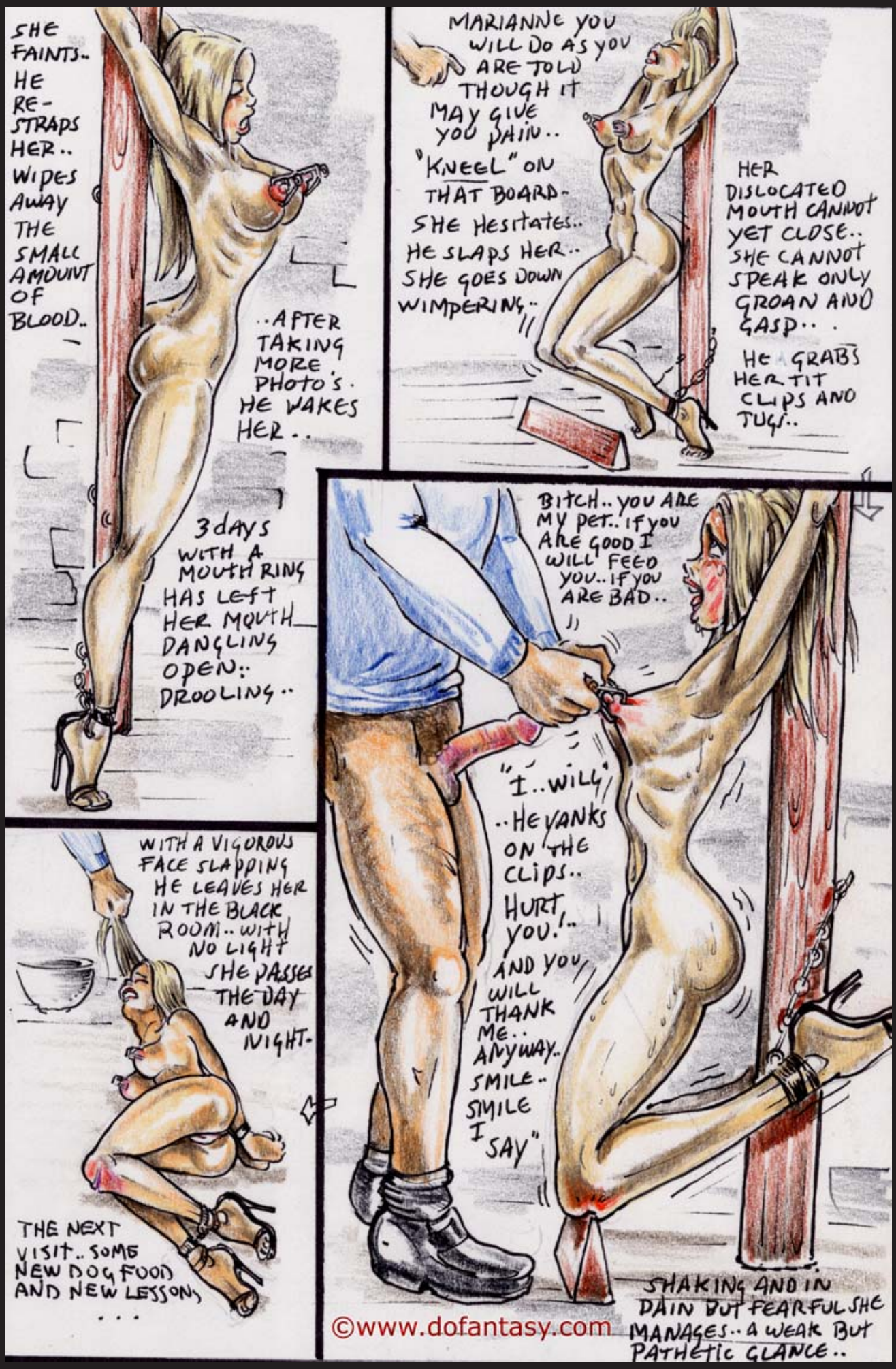
SHE FAINTS.. HE RE-STRAPS HER.. WIPES AWAY THE SMALL AMOUNT OF BLOOD..
..AFTER TAKING MORE PHOTO'S. HE WAKES HER..
3 DAYS WITH A MOUTH RING HAS LEFT HER MOUTH DANGLING OPEN:: DROOLING..
MARIANNE YOU WILL DO AS YOU ARE TOLD THOUGH IT MAY GIVE YOU PAIN.. "KNEEL" ON THAT BOARD- SHE HESITATES.. HE SLAPS HER.. SHE GOES DOWN WIMPERING..
HER DISLOCATED MOUTH CANNOT YET CLOSE.. SHE CANNOT SPEAK ONLY GROAN AND GASP..
HE GRABS HER TIT CLIPS AND TUGS..
BITCH.. YOU ARE MY PET.. IF YOU ARE GOOD I WILL FEED YOU.. IF YOU ARE BAD..
"I.. WILL"
..HE YANKS ON THE CLIPS.. HURT YOU!.. AND YOU WILL THANK ME.. ANYWAY.. SMILE.. SMILE I SAY"
SHAKING AND IN PAIN BUT FEARFUL SHE MANAGES.. A WEAK BUT PATHETIC GLANCE..
WITH A VIGOROUS FACE SLAPPING HE LEAVES HER IN THE BLACK ROOM.. WITH NO LIGHT SHE PASSES THE DAY AND NIGHT.
THE NEXT VISIT.. SOME NEW DOG FOOD AND NEW LESSONS
...
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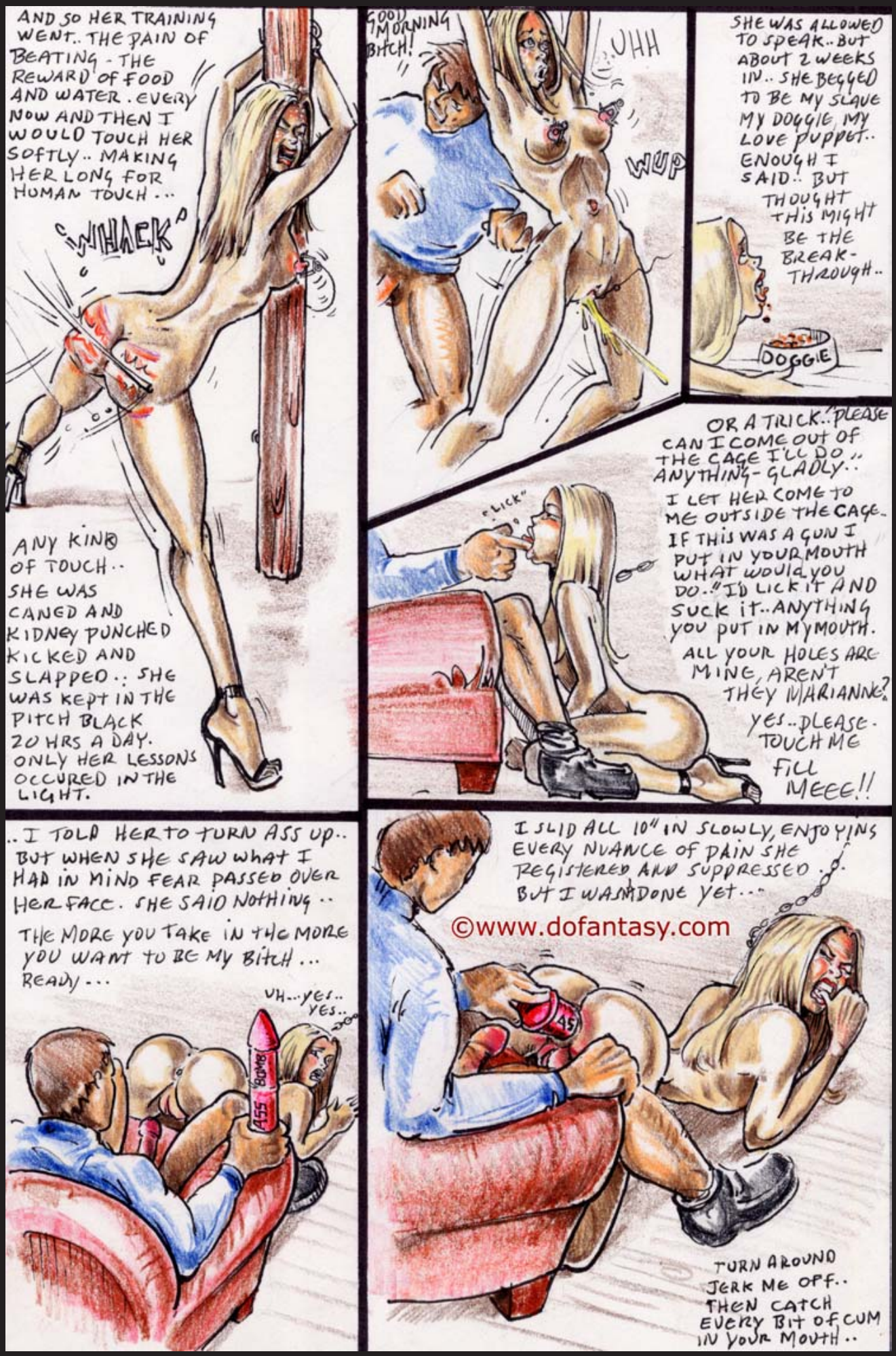
AND SO HER TRAINING WENT.. THE PAIN OF BEATING - THE REWARD OF FOOD AND WATER. EVERY NOW AND THEN I WOULD TOUCH HER SOFTLY.. MAKING HER LONG FOR HUMAN TOUCH...
WHACK
ANY KIND OF TOUCH.. SHE WAS CANED AND KIDNEY PUNCHED KICKED AND SLAPPED.. SHE WAS KEPT IN THE PITCH BLACK 20 HRS A DAY. ONLY HER LESSONS OCCURED IN THE LIGHT.
GOOD MORNING BITCH!
UHH
WUP
SHE WAS ALLOWED TO SPEAK.. BUT ABOUT 2 WEEKS IN.. SHE BEGGED TO BE MY SLAVE MY DOGGIE MY LOVE PUPPET.. ENOUGH I SAID.. BUT THOUGHT THIS MIGHT BE THE BREAK-THROUGH..
DOGGIE
OR A TRICK.. PLEASE CAN I COME OUT OF THE CAGE I'LL DO ANYTHING - GLADLY..
I LET HER COME TO ME OUTSIDE THE CAGE. IF THIS WAS A GUN I PUT IN YOUR MOUTH WHAT WOULD YOU DO.. "I'D LICK IT AND SUCK IT.. ANYTHING YOU PUT IN MY MOUTH.
"LICK"
ALL YOUR HOLES ARE MINE, AREN'T THEY MARIANNE?
YES.. PLEASE. TOUCH ME
FILL MEEE!!
..I TOLD HER TO TURN ASS UP.. BUT WHEN SHE SAW WHAT I HAD IN MIND FEAR PASSED OVER HER FACE. SHE SAID NOTHING..
THE MORE YOU TAKE IN THE MORE YOU WANT TO BE MY BITCH... READY...
UH.. YES.. YES..
ASS BOMB
I SLID ALL 10" IN SLOWLY, ENJOYING EVERY NUANCE OF PAIN SHE REGISTERED AND SUPPRESSED.. BUT I WASN'T DONE YET...
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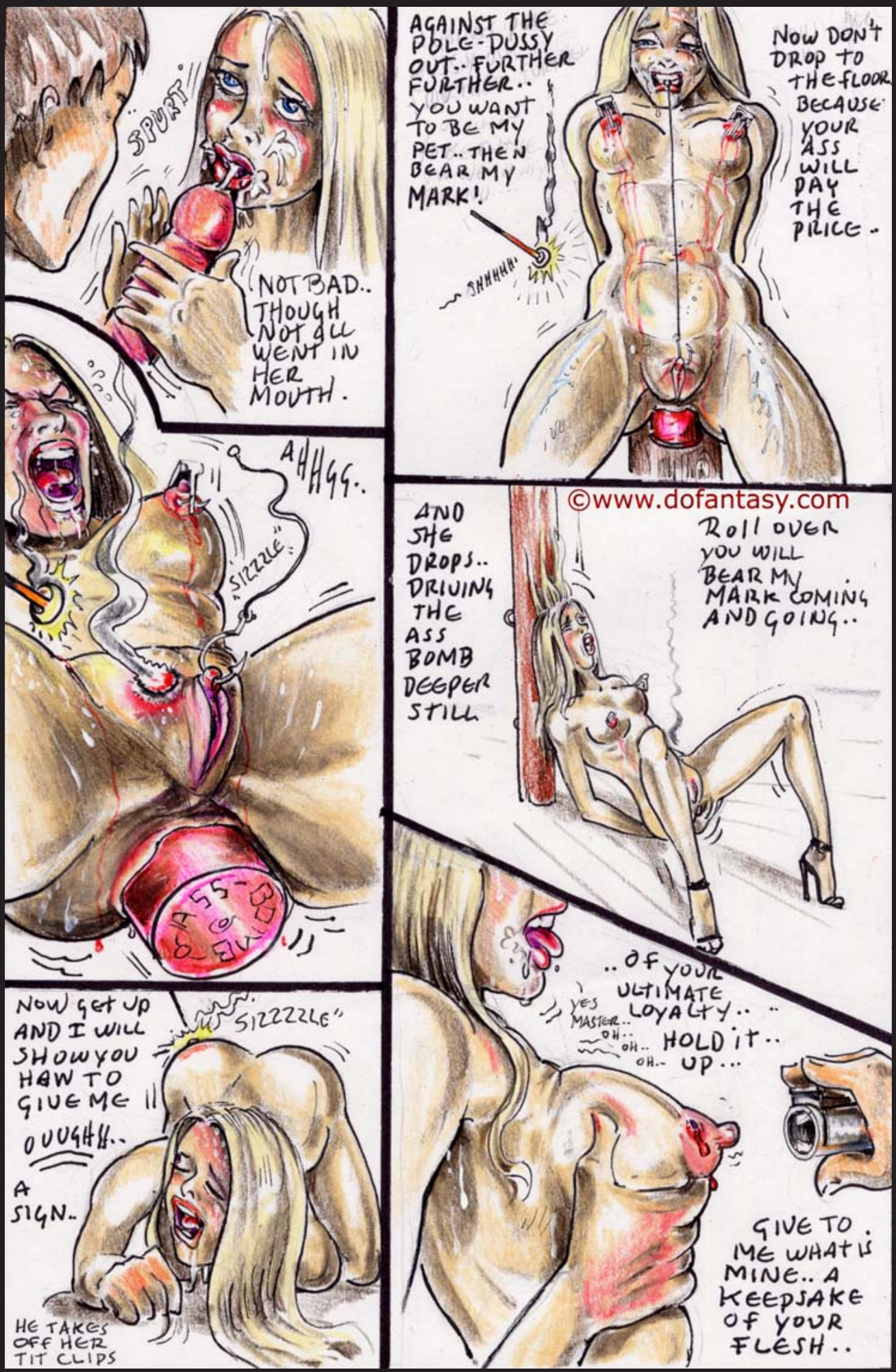
ASS
TURN AROUND JERK ME OFF.. THEN CATCH EVERY BIT OF CUM IN YOUR MOUTH..


SPURT
NOT BAD.. THOUGH NOT ALL WENT IN HER MOUTH.
AHHGG..
SIZZLE"
ASS-BOMB
NOW GET UP AND I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO GIVE ME
SIZZZLE"
OUUGHH..
A SIGN..
HE TAKES OFF HER TIT CLIPS
AGAINST THE POLE-PUSSY OUT.. FURTHER FURTHER.. YOU WANT TO BE MY PET.. THEN BEAR MY MARK!
SHHHHH
NOW DON'T DROP TO THE FLOOR BECAUSE YOUR ASS WILL PAY THE PRICE..
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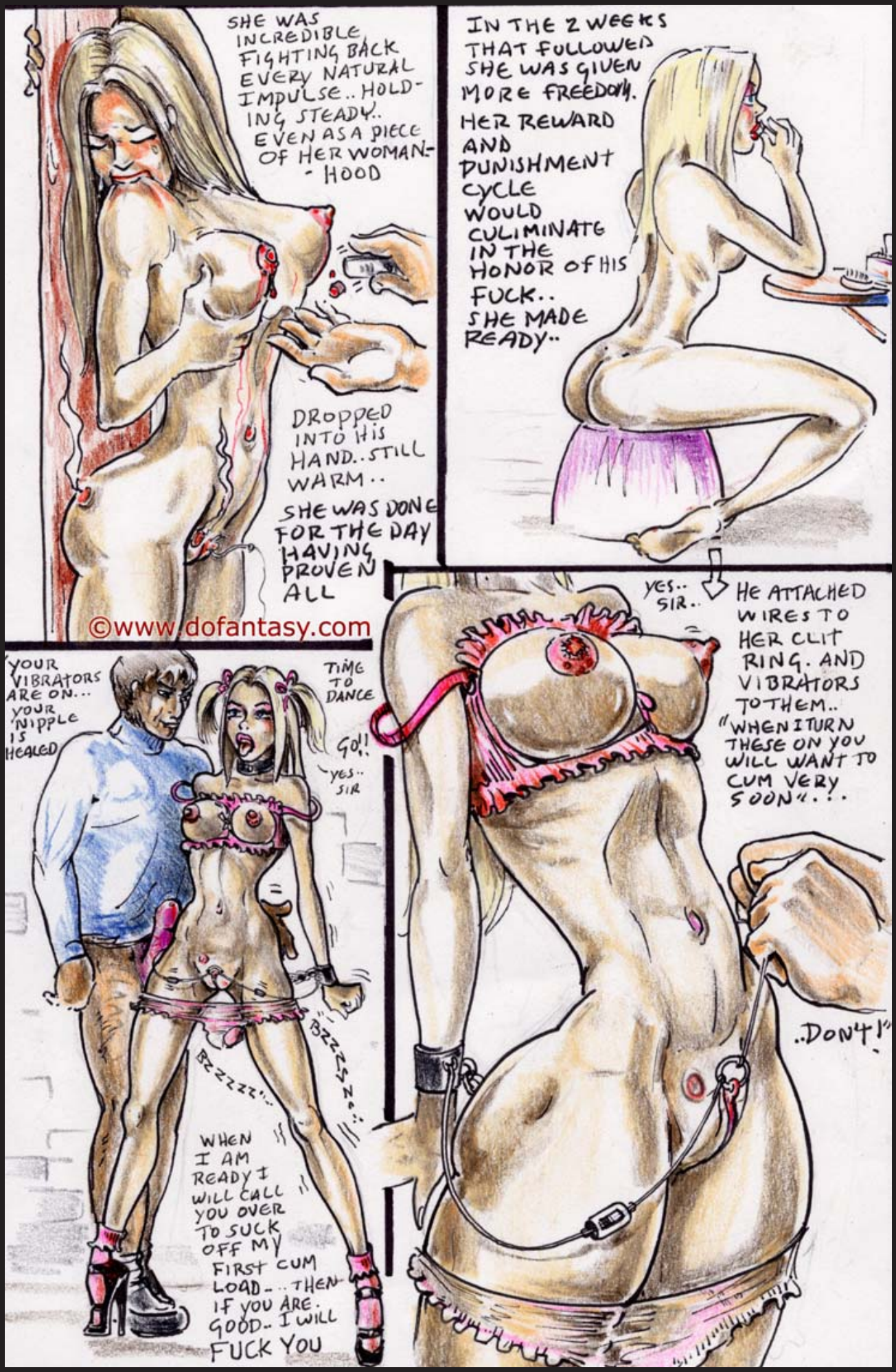
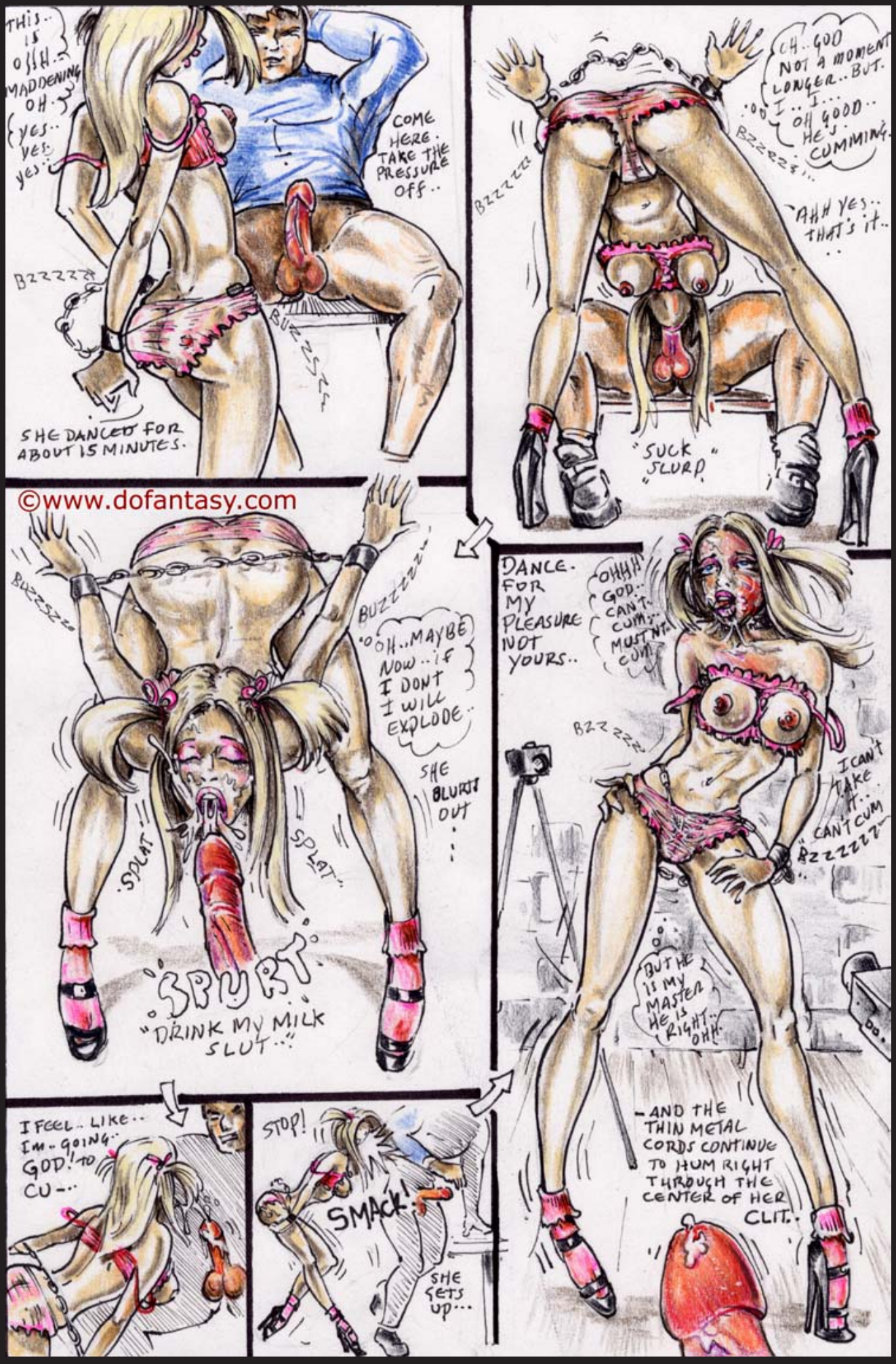
AND SHE DROPS.. DRIVING THE ASS BOMB DEEPER STILL
ROLL OVER YOU WILL BEAR MY MARK COMING AND GOING..
..OF YOUR ULTIMATE LOYALTY..
YES MASTER..
OH..
OH..
OH..
HOLD IT.. UP..
GIVE TO ME WHAT IS MINE.. A KEEPSAKE OF YOUR FLESH..


SHE WAS INCREDIBLE FIGHTING BACK EVERY NATURAL IMPULSE.. HOLDING STEADY.. EVEN AS A PIECE OF HER WOMANHOOD
DROPPED INTO HIS HAND.. STILL WARM..
SHE WAS DONE FOR THE DAY HAVING PROVEN ALL
©www.dofantasy.com
IN THE 2 WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED SHE WAS GIVEN MORE FREEDOM. HER REWARD AND PUNISHMENT CYCLE WOULD CULIMINATE IN THE HONOR OF HIS FUCK.. SHE MADE READY..
YES.. SIR..
HE ATTACHED WIRES TO HER CLIT RING. AND VIBRATORS TO THEM.. "WHEN I TURN THESE ON YOU WILL WANT TO CUM VERY SOON"...
..DON'T!"
YOUR VIBRATORS ARE ON... YOUR NIPPLE IS HEALED
TIME TO DANCE
GO!
YES.. SIR
"BZZZZZ"..
BZZZZZ"..
WHEN I AM READY I WILL CALL YOU OVER TO SUCK OFF MY FIRST CUM LOAD... THEN IF YOU ARE GOOD.. I WILL FUCK YOU


THIS.. IS OSSH.. MADDENING OH.. (YES.. YES.. YES..
COME HERE. TAKE THE PRESSURE OFF..
BZZZZZZ
BUZZZZZZ
SHE DANCED FOR ABOUT 15 MINUTES.
OH.. GOD NOT A MOMENT LONGER.. BUT. I... I... OH GOOD.. HE'S CUMMING.
BZZZZZZ
BZZZZZZ..
AHH YES.. THAT'S IT..
"SUCK" "SLURP"
©www.dofantasy.com
BUZZZZZZ
BUZZZZZZ
OH.. MAYBE NOW.. IF I DONT I WILL EXPLODE..
SHE BLURTS OUT..
SPLAT..
SPLAT..
"SPURT"
"DRINK MY MILK SLUT.."
DANCE. FOR MY PLEASURE NOT YOURS..
OHHH GOD.. CAN'T CUM.. MUST NT CUM
BZZZZZZ
I CAN'T TAKE IT.. CAN'T CUM "BZZZZZZ"
BUT HE IS MY MASTER HE IS RIGHT.. OHH..
-AND THE THIN METAL CORDS CONTINUE TO HUM RIGHT THROUGH THE CENTER OF HER CLIT..
I FEEL LIKE.. IM GOING.. GOD! TO CU..
STOP!
SMACK!
SHE GETS UP...


IM READY SLUT TAKE A SEAT ON THESE
OH YES.. OH NO.. ER YES..
BZZZZZ
ALMOST THERE MASTER?
"KEEP SITT'N
OH..OH.. GOD ANOTHER..ONG. OH..
BUZZZZZ
..OOOHHUGGG..G..
FINALLY SHE IS ALL THE WAY DOWN.. WITH DIFFICULTY SHE PULLS UP AGAIN.. THEN DOWN..
NOW FUCK ME.
"YOURCUUMINGS. MASTER.. OHH!!!. I..I..AM.. TOO..
"NO..YOUR..
BZZZZZZZ
..OHHGGG..YES
UP.. DOWN..
FASTER BITCH!
BZZZZ
YES.. YES YO.
BZZZZZ..
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-NOT!!
HE YANKS HER ARMS OUTWARD AND THE CLIT RING PULLS FREE
SHE WILL NOT ORGASM THIS NIGHT..
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YOU NEVER CUM WITH-OUT YOUR MASTER PERMISSION.. NO MATTER WHAT..
HER PAIN, HER SHAME AND HER AGONY WOULD NEVER BE WORSE.. ASTRINGENT, ROUGH STITCHING AND BACK TO THE CELL
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end

KIDNAPPED

Towako Takamura

Cover by ZERNS

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Marianne

This diary is the only thing that keeps me sane, this diary and the hope of escaping and avenging myself. It's risky, if Batman finds it and reads it I'm finished. I write it in very small writing on pieces of toilet paper with an eyebrow pencil that I sharpen on the bars. It helps me to bear the long hours of solitude I spend locked up in here alone. It's a medicine; it's like being able to tell someone about the atrocity I am living through. I'm scared of him, but going crazy scares me even more. He has made me into a shadow of myself, into a docile and subjugated woman, to a woman to whom life means nothing more than waiting ... Wait for what? Wait for him to make a mistake. A few days ago I nearly managed it although I nearly died in the attempt. I still don't know how he'll react, but I fear the worst ... He's an unpredictable psychopath. He is mentally ill, but I don't feel sorry for him. He doesn't deserve to lie and sooner or later I'll poke his eyes out with my bare hands. He'll get his in the end!

Robert T. Wilson

I can't understand how I managed to live without her, especially after mum died.

I can remember my desperation getting off the tube every morning. Life was horrible. I remember the grey streets, the grey traffic, and the grey rushing crowds and the grey office...

Always the same routine. The train arrives at bloody Leicester Square, I push my way to the door, I get out, I go up the escalator, I walk two hundred yards and arrive at the bank that is eating my life away.

Twenty years of the same ritual. Twenty years behind the window, the same window. Twenty years of putting up with a bunch of morons who never miss a chance to take the piss of me. Jacques the moron with the horrid facial tic who sits next to me. Mrs Logan, who spends all morning on the phone or in the bathroom, with her screechy voice and long fingernails that she daubs with bright red nail varnish.

And Paul and Chris and Margot...

They all arrived after me, but I'm the one who is still sitting at the window...

Then one fine day Marianne appeared, luckily, and even though I'm still working in the bank and taking the tube every day, it's all different now.

One morning I remember especially, about a week after I caught her. I was thinking about all the way there. What could I say to Mrs Logan? It was unusual to ask for extra holiday, but after working in the bloody bank for twenty years I thought I was entitled. The story about my sister getting married in New Zealand was believable but risky. Like mum always said, "O what a tangled web we weave!" Poor mum! I was a disappointment to her; she had wanted a girl. And she never let me forget that ... Shit...

The train stopped and the doors opened. I faced the crowd of grumpy faces all in a hurry to get onboard. Everyone in a rush ... They would throw you on the tracks in order not to be late for work. I went up the escalator impatiently. It was very cold. I walked past the British Airways office, the toyshop; Macdonald's ... and to the bank. I was five minutes early. I always arrive early to avoid being looked at by my workmates. I prefer to watch them arriving.

When would be the best time? After coffee? I was still unsure ... I needed the week urgently. Just the day before Marianne had tried to escape and she had needed my help. A few days would be enough, but I had to spend them with her 24/7. The “guide” explained what to do ensure that the unfortunate incident didn’t happen again...

It all started...

...a few months after mum died. The old house was suffocating me. Until then I hadn't noticed how filthy and abandoned it was. The walls were running with damp and the cupboards were full of reminders of mum's childhood and grandma's and great grandma's. It was a right mausoleum.

Most of all I remember the first days. I would get home from the bank and the silence crushed me, the damp penetrated to my bones and the loneliness ate me up ... Then I got used to it. I took me a while to realise that living alone has its advantages. I didn't have to hide my magazines, I could watch my films upstairs, in the house, and I could go to the toilet with the door open ... On the other hand I had take my shirts to be washed and ironed, I had to make my own dinner and take the rubbish out...

From being a Mausoleum it soon became a pigsty. I was drowning in my own rubbish. But weekends were the worst. I would sit down with a bottle and wake covered in vomit with a terrible headache and wishing I were dead.

Just after the burial my auntie invited me to stay in the country. She was worse than my mother ... "Robert, you have to fix the house up..." "Robert, you should join a respectable club..." "Robert, you should go out with your friends..." "Robert you should be looking for a girlfriend and settling down. A nice respectable girl...." "Robert the baker's daughter..." "Robert, you should, should, should..."

Shit!

I swore never to go back to mum's hometown until the old witch had died. But she was right about one thing and only one thing ... I should be looking for a girl but preferably not a nice respectable one. I was forty and I had never been with a woman and the last thing I needed was an interminable engagement with some idiot from a nearby village.

The truth is that I had no idea how to go about it. I had tried everything ... Contact ads every kind of club ... discos ... Women had always intimidated me. It's horrible. Especially the nice young ones. I can't bear for an attractive girl to look at me. I am scared of seeing a look of disdain, or scorn. Sometimes I see one from behind in the street and I follow her, just so that I can sneak a look at her face when she isn't expecting it ... If she's ugly then I'm happy but if she's pretty then I get furious because she

belongs to someone else and I would never have nerve to chat her up. I have never been able to make the most of a chance. Or even how to start. Something holds me back and keeps me from moving in, something that is stronger than the instinct that is torturing me. Even with professionals and they see a lot of men and I'm sure they would laugh at me.

Before Marianne my sex life was restricted to magazines, novels, films and my pictures. Yes, photography was the only thing I was any good at. After years of practising and saving up I had a little dark room in the cellar and a good camera with a powerful telephoto lens. This was part of the only hobby I had that fulfilled me ... hunting. Every weekend I got in my van and went hunting. I would park in the street, in an area where there were a lot of pubs and clubs. I would get in the back of the van and "shoot" all the girls that came there to have fun. They had no idea of course. I fitted some discrete curtains to the window and thanks to my skill in the dark room and in choosing the right film I would get some excellent close-ups ... That's how I spent Saturday and Sunday evenings. Inside the van with a sandwich, a dozen rolls of film and the radio. In summer I would go fishing at the beach instead of hunting. I had my favourites too ... Cindy, Sarah, Margaret, Anne, Louise and Angela. I don't really know what their names are but that's what I called them. I knew their friends, their dates, their timetables, where they lived, their faces, their clothes, their bosoms, their legs and their ankles...

That was when Marianne appeared. It was a cold January morning. The fellow who worked at the position next to me was having a break and Mrs Logan was beside me, on the phone as usual. No one had come in for a while.

"Excuse me. Can you help me?" As usual when there were no customers I was secretly reading an erotic novel. I liked to do that, it made the time pass by more quickly. I kept them in a briefcase, with covers on them of course, and I hid them under the cashbook. I don't know what happened that day but I didn't hear her come in...

"Excuse me! Please..." I raised my eyes and they met hers. They were shining with anger. They were green, very big and very expressive. She looked right through me ... she looked at me with scorn...

"Oh I'm sorry. Excuse me," I said closing the book quickly, I was as red as a beetroot. "How can I help you?"

"I want to open an account and make a deposit..." She was annoyed. She was probably already in a bad mood. Later I learned that she always was in the morning. It's one of the things that we still have to rectify...

"Yes miss. I'll see to it right away." I stood up nervously knocking my chair over. When I bent over to pick it up my calculator fell out of my pocket. Marianne watched me shaking her head with an openly scornful expression. Her green eyes were still fixed on me. I opened the drawer and took out a blank form.

"May I have your name please...?" I asked with a swallow. Mrs Logan was watching me with a sardonic smile.

"Crawford, Marianne Crawford." I didn't understand her. It was awful!

But I didn't dare ask her again. I was still blushing. My ears were burning. Those green eyes! She noticed ... How cruel a woman can be when she catches a man out and decides to shoot him down.

"C-R-A-W-F-O-R-D ... C,R,A,W,F,O,R,D." That cynical smile!

"Thank you," I managed to say without looking up from the form. Everyone in the office was looking at me.

"42 Finchley road, on the first floor." This time my nerves took over at "42". I was lost. Then Mrs Logan intervened. She had finally put the phone down.

"You must excuse him, Miss Crawford. Robert's new, but he seems even more nervous than usual today."

"Look here, miss," replied Marianne. "I'm here to open a bank account not act as a psychiatrist for a half-wit." She was furious. Even today I don't know what had happened to her that day. I haven't been able to drag it out of her.

"Please Miss Crawford, be so kind as to come with me. I'll take care of it," offered Mrs Logan pointing at a table. I was sunk. *Robert's new*...Bloody witch! Twenty years in the bank and...!

I managed to overcome my confusion and look up. Marianne had taken her coat of and was walking alongside Mrs Logan. My god! She was wearing a grey cotton dress that clung to her body like a second skin ... And what a body! The dress only reached to the tops of her thighs, she was wearing grey woolly tights. In spite of how shaky I was feeling something warm started between my legs ... If her silhouette was impressive, with her straight back, her wasp waist and her smooth but feminine hips, her legs were no less impressive. Her undercarriage was better than any of those I had photographed. Only one small detail spoiled such perfection ... those horrible wellingtons that reached to mid-calf. I hadn't noticed that it was pouring with rain.

I was so upset that I didn't even stop at Mrs Bridges shop to buy my dinner that night. As soon as I went into the house I found the filth and untidiness unbearable. I felt like a failure, I couldn't get the Marianne incident out of my head. I went down to the cellar where I kept my magazines and films. I felt worse. They were part of the unreal world that I used to hide in, that kept me from being a star in my own life.

I didn't sleep that night. I couldn't stop thinking about Marianne's face with her ironic, scornful eyes, and arrogant eyes fixed on me. Eyes that awakened two opposing feelings in me; one of them was only too familiar, the embarrassment and fear of humiliation that being the presence of a woman like her produces in me and the other, that I had never felt before outside of the cellar: excitement. I was very excited. An ill-meaning excitement ... full of hatred and violence.

I remember going down to the cellar several times with to masturbate, but I didn't do it. I had decided to pull myself out of my misery, my passivity towards life and something told me that I would never do it by calming myself down like that. Would I dare to chat her up? Would she be married? Would she take any notice of an idiot like me?

I went on like that, torturing myself, trying to awake the beast that we all have inside us. What had I done with my life? What could I change in one sleepless night locked away from the world and forgotten in that dark cellar?

I sat at my father's old office desk next to the cupboard full of pornography and looked around. To the right at the back of the cellar there was the room I used for a darkroom and next to it the old toilet hidden behind a few pieces of damp and rotting plywood. It was very old and hadn't been used for years.

I still don't know why but I got up and pulled the chain. It was still working. I don't why I did this either, but I kicked at the plywood and they fell to the floor. It often happens with me that I start things without realising it and that night it happened again. It was lucky. I looked around. Yes it was perfect ... Then my own words came back to my mind: "Locked away from the world and forgotten in that dark cellar." A shiver ran down my back. There were about ten feet between the darkroom and the wall, there was a toilet and running water and it was underground ... I walked a few steps forward. The darkroom was no more than seven feet deep. It was perfect. By closing off the end I would be left with a space of six feet by ten. That was more than enough. But how to close it off? Sleep was overcoming me ... I looked at the clock. It was six in the morning. With a big yawn I went up to bed and lay down still dressed, the alarm would go off at seven.

That morning the tube was awful. Luckily I can always get a seat because my stop is a long way out and the trains are always half empty when they get there. I was earlier than usual. I had something to do ... As there was no one around I bought a copy of Penthouse at the newsstand in the station. There were lots of stops and I could surreptitiously leaf through it on the train. I still hadn't masturbated and I was very randy, as much because of being up all night and feeding my fantasies as by the memory of Marianne squeezed into the grey dress that still haunted me.

I didn't like any of the girls in the magazine, they all had silicone filled breasts, painted toenails and they looked like cheap whores. I just wanted to look at their legs and their bottoms. They were amazing, especially one brunette with huge tits that were out of proportion to the rest of her slim body. I wondered if Marianne had implants. Just thinking that got rid of the erection that had been bothering me so much.

When I got to work I went straight to the filing cabinet, taking advantage of the fact that the cleaning lady was hovering in the manager's office. Yes ... there it was. I took Marianne's form and photocopied it. I did it very carefully, making sure I left nothing in the photocopier, leaving everything as I had found it ... Like a proper apprentice criminal.

The morning flew by. Between customers I worked things out. She had been born twenty years ago in Paris, but judging by her name her parents must have been British. She lived relatively near to my house and worked near the bank. She had made an opening deposit in her account of nothing less that ten thousand pounds and had set up orders to pay her

rent and her bills. It was a good sign ... if she paid the bills it was likely that she lived alone.

At midday I went to where she worked. It was a trendy clothes shop, very elegant and sophisticated. They sold everything, from furs to underwear. I stared in the window for a while. There were two old women and two well-dressed assistants helping them. I couldn't see Marianne anywhere. The sun was shining on the glass and it was difficult to see inside. Then I suddenly saw her reflection on the glass. She was behind me in the street and she had stopped at my side. I kept still, blushing furiously. My ears were burning.

"Do you feel better today?" It was like being stabbed. How dare she? I turned around with my eyes fixed on the floor, avoiding her gaze. She was very tall, about five feet ten.

"Oh yes ... a lot better." I was cursing my reddened cheeks.

"Are you looking for something for your wife? A nice nightie maybe?" Bitch ... she was a bloody bitch. I couldn't take my eyes of her black tights and her boots; today they were mid-thigh length with low flat heels. Her overcoat was unbuttoned and I could see that her skirt reached below her knees.

"No, I was just passing..." I muttered.

" ... And you decided to look at the posters." She added not allowing me to finish. It was the cat playing cruelly with the cornered mouse. I hadn't seen the bloody posters. They were all of naked models dressed only in the most provocative kind of underwear. "Stay was long as you like, you won't be the first peeping tom that's got stuck looking in here and you won't be the last. Good day."

I watched her go in a state of shock and with my mouth gaping. Why did she treat me like that? Did she hate me? Did she hate all men?

I didn't dine that night either, on the train I had remembered about the old railings in the garden and I was too busy. Years ago they had replaced the garden railings with a wall and they had ended up forgotten in the yard. They were strong and very high; they also had a gate with three bolts. I took three of them down to the cellar. They were perfect. When I put the last one in place they enclosed the area between the darkroom and the wall perfectly, although there was a gap of about four feet between their tops and the ceiling. I got down to work.

With dad's old tools, some cement and some very thick wire, I had it all finished in a couple of hours. By midnight I was sweaty and filthy and contemplating the fruits of my labours. I had made that little corner of the cellar into a proper cage, something like a cage in a zoo or a village jail. The next day I would buy heavy-duty mesh and seal off the last four feet at the top. I tidied up the mess and then I shut myself inside. It was scary. It made my hands sweat just to think about what a person would feel being locked up in there.

It took me a few days to make good the work. I painted everything black. The bars, the concrete floor, the walls and the ceiling ... black would set off her blonde hair and pale skin.

On the tube I made lists of what I needed, I made sketches and looked up addresses of suppliers. I kept everything in my briefcase. At work I went on with my scheming every time I had a chance. Mrs Logan watched me with curiosity. I had to take precautions...

I remember the Friday night. Everything was ready. I had even put in an old siren I had bought years before to scare the birds out of the garden. And I had repaired granddad's old pendulum clock whose loud ticking monotonously counted the passing of time ... Tick-tock ... Tick-tock. Very appropriate.

I ate at father's old desk ... Everything was ready and of course the cage was ready. I had covered the concrete floor with a layer of black, impermeable rubber; I had even painted the toilet with black lacquer. The water from the cistern would be enough for everything, for hygiene as well as for drinking. If she needed to be cleaned more thoroughly I would use the hosepipe, with the tap outside of the cage naturally, you can't be too careful after all...

I was barefoot; the floor outside the cage was covered with thick pile carpet, black of course. I had screwed a metal plate to the wall of the darkroom and painted it with reflective paint. It wasn't as good as a glass mirror but it was unbreakable and the tenant would be to see herself for every moment of her captivity.

I checked the hooks that were spread on the walls, the column and on the floor. Also the pulleys and the sixty feet of fine chain on a drum with the locking mastiff sized dog collar at its end. That collar had been tough to find it was made of thick leather about six inches wide, with two diametrically opposing buckles and a lock. It was a perfect design to prevent anyone from stealing the dog that wore it ... Outside the cell there were two electric heaters. I wouldn't make the mistake that that idiot Frederick* made and let her die of pneumonia. The temperature would remain at a nice warm eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Ideal for everyone to feel comfortable with no clothes on...

As well as excited I was also very impatient.

In less than a week and for less than a hundred pounds, I had made the cellar of my mother's house into something really useful ... a sordid dungeon.

When I had eaten my snack I went upstairs and picked the phone up. Marianne was at home...

"Yes?"

I kept quiet for a few moments ... "Yes? Who is it? Who's calling?" What a voice!

"You'll be mine you whore." I said finally, covering the mouthpiece with a cloth.

I hung up at once. Her angry reaction would have taken all the magic out of it. I went out and set off for her house in the van.

Her street was like mine; gloomy with old lonely houses surrounded by unkempt little gardens. I arrived just in time. Marianne was closing the door at that moment and heading for a little two-door runabout that

was parked in front of the house. She was dressed to kill. She was wearing a kind shiny black shawl over a baggy shirt that was unbuttoned to the waist, that was all apart from the white tights and little ankle boots with their short and pointy heels and the belt that held the shirt pulled in at her waist. She was a sex goddess. Something that gave off sparks and burned ... She started the car brusquely and drove through the empty streets at full speed. I could barely keep up with her in my van. She stopped in front of a disco. The big neon sign said, “Speed Up”. A dozen laser beams pointed into the sky. In the doorway a dozen young people of about Marianne’s age were laughing, fighting, taking drugs or kissing. This was Gomorrah from the bible made real. Marianne went in pushing the bouncer out of her way when he approached her. She was a beauty ... a terribly erotic and sensual creature.

I waited for a couple of hours, hiding behind the curtains in the van. It was late, It was almost three in the morning and I was getting sleepy.

I decided to go in. I sneaked when the bouncer’s back was turned. I wasn’t sure he would have let me in...

The noise was deafening and the lights were dizzying. Everybody was drunk or drugged and it was jam-packed.

I looked for Marianne, certain that it was hopeless among such a crowd.

I gave up after a while and shoved my way to the bar. I was thirsty and I needed a drink. With a glass in my hand I turned around ... There she was. Up above. She was dancing on a podium that was a few inches above the floor, in a cage ... What an omen!

My heart missed a beat. I tried to calm down. From below her tights just went up and up under the hem of the shirt. It was hard to be sure with such psychedelic lighting but it seemed like she wasn’t wearing panties. How she moved! Her body just oozed sex from every pore. She was extremely distracting. I looked at the other cages for a moment. Half a dozen pretty girls were dancing in them, but none of them was a patch on her.

I drank my gin and tonic in one swallow and ordered another. When I turned around she was gone. Another girl was in her place. I ran to the door at once. She was there with a man of about thirty. He looked like a model or something. He was tall and slim with very dark skin, he had long hair tied in a ponytail. I suppose he’s the kind of thing that makes girls like Marianne sigh in their erotic dreams.

I followed them carefully as they left. They started to kiss in front of Marianne’s car. The man was squeezing her hard and she was on tiptoes and holding onto him with both arms around his neck. They didn’t separate and I got angry ... I was eaten up with jealousy. Marianne’s knee went up. She was behaving like a real whore ... Suddenly the embrace unfolded, Marianne got into her car and the man was left with his mouth open.

I got quickly into the van. When I arrived, the car was already parked outside and there was a light in one of the upstairs windows. I made a note; that would be her room. I was exhausted, excited and also angry so

I went home to bed.

I dedicated that Saturday and Sunday to the hunting of Marianne; I had the rifle and the ammo; that is to say the telephoto lens and an endless supply of film. I riddled her with shots. In the morning shopping in jeans and a big woolly jumper. At midday on the terrace of the "City Arms", the trendiest pub in the area. It was cold and she was wearing the overcoat with big lapels and a woolly hat. The pub seemed to be full inside too. It was very popular. She chatted and joked with everyone. She seemed to be very happy and friendly. Her laughter was uninhibited and sincere.

She stayed in for the rest of the afternoon, but that night I was waiting for her with two rolls of 1000 ASA film and she didn't let me down. She was dressed like the previous night, as daringly as possible; she got in the car and headed for the disco. But this time I was tired and impatient to develop the films so I went home.

I went to sleep in the early hours. It was a unique hunt. Her face was impeccable and haunting at the same time. She was definitely the most beautiful woman I had ever seen until then. I looked at every detail with great care ... Her blonde and slightly wavy hair blowing around her cheeky face. Her emerald green, oval eyes with their huge pupils. Her eyebrows, the same light blonde as her hair. Her provocative little nose, childlike almost, that made me want to bite it. Her well shaped smooth chin. Her cheeks with two almost invisible dimples and a tiny freckle on the right just over her cheekbone. And finally her mouth ... always half open, just a fraction, enough to let her perfectly white teeth peek through, the upper ones being slightly larger than the others. What a joy to be able to contemplate her in such detail! Until that time I had only been able look at her with fleeting hurried glances. Now I had half a dozen enlargements on the table: coming out of the house in the morning, her recently brushed hair blowing in the wind; in the pub smiling under her woolly hat and at night, made up and with all her splendid beauty unlocked.

I liked everything I saw. Her little ears peeking out from her hair with earrings that matched the colour of her eyes, her forehead so high and smooth. The make-up she had been wearing ... aggressive and elegant at the same time. Her different expressions were always funny and spontaneous. But what turned me on most were her lips. They were fleshy with a well-defined shape, the lower slightly more fleshy than the upper. In one of the photos she was cheekily biting her lower lips while she joked with a friend.

They were lips that had been made for kissing, at least!

My god I was going crazy.

I went to the cupboard and took out a magazine that was just about fellatio. I tried to make up a scene in my mind, but I left it. My hands were trembling and I had promised myself that I wouldn't masturbate until the plan was completed.

I went on developing. I noticed her hands, long thin fingers. Her nails were trimmed and unpainted. Her wrists were fine and fragile looking, with half a dozen bracelets on one and gold Cartier wristwatch on the

other. I still had the last shots to analyse, twenty shots taken with the motor drive while she was running downstairs and getting into the car.

They were devastating.

She was wearing a transparent white blouse with very short sleeves and with a pair of large opaque pockets over her breasts that hid them. Her bare arms looked strong without being muscular. In one particular picture she in profile and bent over slightly, all of her magnificent bust could be made out. No bra could be seen through the transparent material and the tight blouse outlined her shape perfectly, even the nipples. She seemed to be too perfect and the worry of whether she had had enlargement surgery began to assail me again. What the pictures did show clearly were her legs. Only covered by black tights their shapes were perfectly outlined. In an exhaustive sequence taken as she was coming down the stairs with all of her tendons and muscles working in all possible positions ... One foot in the air, the right in front of the left, the front knee bent now the rear. Legs were what inspired me most in a woman at that time. Maybe that was because I had never seen bare breasts or naked buttocks in the flesh. They say that on the Continent there are beaches were women take their bras off. It's a shame that I loathe the Continent ... I stuck the fifty odd enlargements around the walls, grouped according to the parts of the body they showed. Firstly those of the whole of her body, then the feet, the legs, the waist, the body and finally her face. It looked like an anthropological study of just one specimen. I slept in the cage that day, on the hard rubber covered floor. Before I shut myself in I put the collar around my neck. It was uncomfortable, but I had to know how it felt...

I woke up early, my body ached and my mind was haunted by nightmares. It was too hot for sleeping but it served other needs. I took off the collar showered and shaved. At ten I had to be at Angela's house, she was the vet that had opened a practise in the village where mum came from. I remember that when we were kids, Angela and I are the same age, we used to play together every summer. She wanted to study to be a vet and stay in the village, but it appears that she had changed her plans some time ago and moved to London like everyone else had.

She answered the door in a dressing gown. "How are you Angela?" I greeted her as effusively as I could.

"Very well, Robert. A little tired. And you? I haven't heard from you for years. Come in please."

She told me that had been living alone in that house for a couple of years. Nobody in the village had ever known her to have a suitor and all the old women gossiped about her ... I didn't like them picking on her because she was one of the few women whose presence didn't irritate me. After we had gone over the old days and all that I got to the point.

"I don't know if you know that mum died and so did Auntie Peggy."

"Yes. I'm very sorry," she said without feeling. "I thought about you but I didn't know where to find you," she apologised.

"Don't worry. Everything's alright," I replied without mentioning that I was still living in mum's house. "You see I need your help. Since you

left there hasn't been in a vet in the village and I have to brand some of my aunt's cows." It was a lie. As soon as Aunt Peggy had died I sold all her property except the house. Anyway she never had cows.

"Oh I'm sorry Robert but I no longer practise. Now I work in a laboratory."

" I know that. I don't want you to do anything; all I need is an anaesthetic. You know what I'm like and how it affects me to inflict pain, I would never be able to brand a conscious calf. I remember that one that Aunt Peggy had prepared..."

"Oh that's not in use any more. Now it's all injections, with compressed air. They use little compressors that look revolvers and they inject a liquid without a needle, forcing it through the skin. Its effects are instantaneous if you inject it in the neck."

"And isn't it dangerous?" I asked. Angela looked at me disconcertedly. "I mean ... if you give too much. A calf is smaller than a cow for example."

"No ... don't worry," she smiled. "The amount depends on the weight of the animal. You could inject a child with it if you read the instructions carefully." My face lit up. That was exactly what I wanted to hear.

She gave me a couple of addresses and we said our goodbyes. "If I'm ever in the village I'll drop in," she said in the doorway. That was the only bad thing about the visit.

I arrived in front of Marianne's house in time. It was a lovely day and she was in the garden sunbathing. Unfortunately I didn't have the camera with me but I did have the binoculars. She was wearing a short skirt and a skimpy bra, nothing else. She was barefoot. The man I had seen on Friday night was beside her, the one with the ponytail. He was in his underpants and he was obviously erect. Marianne seemed not to have noticed or not to care. That half-African wanker was lying at her side and never taking his eyes off her. Soon the man began to stroke her thighs. Marianne opened her eyes and smiled instead of rejecting him. The man leaned up and kissed her on the mouth. They stayed pressed against each other for what seemed like an eternity to me. If I had had a weapon I would have killed the lucky bastard. That half-caste poofter that dared to do what I would never try, but that one way or another I was going to do soon.

Just like the other night Marianne pushed him away suddenly. The man stood up angrily and grabbed her by her arm. Marianne turned around and kneed him between his legs before going into the house and closing the door. The man grabbed his clothes and left furiously...

I left also, but pensively. That girl was tall, strong and had a temper. I would have to be pretty careful.

The following weeks...

...I spent on the utensils. I had the building but I needed the tools. First there was the injection gun. They came if three sizes and I chose the smallest, although it was super- expensive. It's very simple to use. A blast of compressed air forces the liquid out of a chamber under pressure through a tiny hole. The jet is so small that it goes through the skin without difficulty, even through a calf's skin. Luckily it can be adjusted. The salesperson told me that they use ones like it to vaccinate the army, because it saves on syringes. I also bought the tranquilliser. The dosage was on the bottle. It didn't need mush, barely half a CC, but I bought five litres. It was better to have reserves and not have to back there. Ten thousand doses would be enough. It was three a day for ten years! I went to the little shop in Soho where I bought my secret films. Bloody censorship! Funnily enough they sold what I was looking for quite openly. I bought two pairs of handcuffs, some iron manacles joined by a short chain and I took some catalogues.

That night entertained myself by reading them surrounded by the photos of Marianne in the cellar. There were some very useful and interesting items in them. I marked the ones I liked the look of with a cross. Then I tried the handcuffs. Tightened they were very uncomfortable and if put on the ankles they prevented one from even resting a foot on the floor ... very interesting.

Before going to bed I decided to inject myself with the tranquilliser. I loaded the gun with half the dose and with a shaky hand I lifted it to my throat. It was an experience that was unpleasant enough to make it unforgettable. I fell to the floor at once without losing consciousness. I couldn't move a muscle but I could hear the Tick-tock of the clock and I could see the ceiling of the cell. I couldn't even shut my eyelids. I don't know how long it was until I lost passed out, but what I do know is that I woke up half an hour later with a dry mouth and an awful headache. For a moment I was overcome with dread. I couldn't move; I could just see and hear the tireless ticking that was pounding like a hammer in my head. I recovered the feeling in my extremities little by little and I managed to get up. I wouldn't repeat that experience for anything in the world.

A few days later I was at my position in the bank discretely reading the

catalogue and choosing things, when she appeared again. It was cold and she was wearing an overcoat, a scarf and that same hat she had been wearing that day in the "City Arms". She came straight to my window. The hair on the back of my neck stood on end...

"Hello genius," she greeted me. "I'm waiting for a transfer. Do you think you're capable of checking to see if it has arrived?" insultingly provocative. Capable, I would have told her to fuck off. From the corner of me eye I could see Mrs Logan watching the scene with an ironic smile on her face. I checked the account on the screen. "My, my ... genius you know my account number off by heart..."

That wiped the smile off Mrs Logan's face.

"Oh, yes I ... I remember your name Miss Crawford," I babbled.

"Just my name?" she asked maliciously, drilling me with those cruel green eyes that I knew so well from the pictures. I looked up and touched the catalogue with my fingers, gathering my strength. She was gorgeous with her little mole, her parted lips, her white teeth and her nose pink from the cold ... She noticed my daring and the malicious smile became an openly hostile one.

"I'm sorry, Miss Crawford," I replied looking openly into her eyes. "Nothing has arrived." She turned around without thanking me but looking back and keeping her hostile gaze on me. 'Typical male' is what those green eyes were shouting at me.

"Well, well Robert," said Mrs Logan ironically. "That was like a scene from a Western." I had to listen to the rest of the office giggling.

At midday, instead of going for lunch I went to Soho. I was furious and I bought more things than I had planned to. A gag made out of a big red rubber ball with a fine strap that buckled at the back of the head and a devilish device that consisted of a ring the went between the teeth and that could have various accessories screwed to it ... I bought one shaped like a penis that could be inflated with a pump, making it longer. It was flesh coloured and very realistically detailed with veins, a tip, folds etc. ... I also bought a dozen black leather straps of different lengths and thickness. When I was about to pay at the counter I noticed a red book that was decorated with a large swastika and that had SS stamped on it in black. It was called: 'Interrogation Guide'. I had already spent a lot of money but it looked interesting so I bought it too.

The tube is the only place where I can think and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I have keep my eyes open at the bank, those twerps just want to fuck me up and at home I just can't ... Either I get into my magazines and my films or I fall asleep. On the other hand, on the tube I don't have anything else to do but think, as long as some tempting young woman doesn't sit near me, obviously ... But that day was different. The brown paper bag on my knees was a powerful temptation. I was the only person on the train that knew what was in it. Two seats away a lovely if more mature woman was trying to make her child eat some muck without success. I imagined her lips spread by the red ball that I had in the bag, her tearful eyes begging me to remove it ... I shivered. I was going down

a dark tunnel of no return. A tunnel that had neither entrance nor exit. The morbid desires that were awakening in me prevented me from realising that all that was madness, unnatural madness. I had become a predator who was enraged by his victim's nearness. I opened the bag carefully at one end and took the book out; making sure that no one could see its title. I took a look at the index ... 'The Cell', 'First Contact with the Prisoner', 'Breaking their Defences Down', 'Techniques', 'The Female Prisoner', 'Sex as a Torture', 'After the Confession'. I closed the book. I couldn't go on reading. It was a great buy.

I looked out of the window. We were in the suburbs and the train was rolling under the open sky. We had left the catacombs of the city where the window was only inches from the tunnel's wall. I breathed deeply. I was another person, someone with motivation, almost unable to contain their impatience. I had to be careful. I had a lot to lose. I was really more scared of losing the chance to change my life than I was of ending up in jail. What difference was there between being shut away in mum's house and being shut away in jail? I opened the book a little again, just in the middle ... 'It's important that the captive remains in darkness, blindfolded for example, during the first hours of imprisonment...'

Once I got to the cellar I tested everything again. I threw myself over and over at the bars, with all my strength and they took it. The pendulum clock was really slow, but that didn't matter. Down there it wasn't keeping good time that mattered, just that each Tick-tock marked out the loss of second from a life that no longer belonged to the one who was living it.

I tested the cistern. Five gallons of water came out of it and it was left empty. Once a day or so, whenever I considered it to be necessary I would go and down open the valve to allow it to refill. Better to be safe than sorry. I took my clothes off. The heaters were making it too hot even naked. I looked around. Within the area marked out by the bars and the walls there was nothing that could be used as weapon. I tried to hang myself again. It was impossible. I went upstairs, closed the cellar door and turned the siren on ... nothing ... just a faint murmur.

'Locked away from the world in that dark cellar...'

I opened the bag and took out the two gags. I tried the red ball first. It was huge. I managed to get it past my teeth by virtue of the rubber's ductility. I tried to push it out with my tongue, but it was impossible. I tied the buckle at the back of my neck; it made the strap bite into the corners of my mouth and my cheeks. The more I squeezed the more the ball tried to come out but my teeth stopped it. I thought I would have to go to the hospital to get it taken out, but in spite of my teeth I finally managed to get it out. For a few moments my mouth was left open and I couldn't close it. I imagined what it must feel like to have it there for longer than few moments. I tried the other one, the ring gag with its penis shaped accessory. I put it between my teeth making sure that my teeth fitted onto the lip of it and then I used a little screwdriver to open it up until there was a good sized hole there. It's a great invention that dentists use, with different accessories of course. The metal frame is no more than

a fraction of inch thick and the mechanism that opens it is actuated by a little screw. The strength of the apparatus was surprising. No matter how hard the resistance every turn of the screw opened my jaws another fraction. I couldn't stand screwing the penis gag into my mouth like that so I took the ring out and put it straight into my mouth. It was very thick, quite short and obviously disgusting. Male homosexuality has always disgusted me and the only penis I can look at without repugnance is my own. I examined it carefully. It was as wide as the red ball and made of the same flexible material. It had a threaded base to screw it into the ring and there was a valve in the bottom of it where the adapter from the pump fitted. I put into my mouth until my teeth touched the threaded base. I started to retch at once. I pulled it out quickly and threw it to the floor. My god! I looked up at the pictures on the wall, at the face that enchanted me so much. I looked at her parted lips. Poor wretch! You don't know what's waiting for you! Someone else would have felt sorry for her, but I was prevented from doing so by the twisted lust that Marianne inspired in me along with the hatred that I felt for her. I imagined her cheeks puffed out and deformed by the straps, her fleshy lips tensed around the red ball, the saliva escaping from the corners of her mouth, her slim throat dilated around the rubber penis, her tearful eyes begging me ... I went to get a beer.

Alcohol didn't help me to calm down, in fact the opposite occurred. To soothe myself I decided to go for a walk. I went to the tube station; the snack bar was open. With a hamburger in front of me I began to make plans for taking the first step. What would be the best moment? Where? How? One thing was clear if I managed to catch her, bring her home and put her in the cellar, the operation would have been successful and all danger would be past. I had already stalked her enough to know many of her habits.

She went to work on the train every morning after leaving her car at the tube station nearest her house. She normally ate near work with some of her friends. She went out almost every night, to the pub or to a club and she always came home alone in her little runabout. She never brought anyone with her. She spent a lot of time at home at weekends and if it was sunny in her untidy garden in the mornings. There didn't seem to be any neighbours downstairs. On weekend evenings she never missed her date at "Speed Up" although she would usually return later than in the week, but always alone. The next day she wouldn't get up until lunchtime, sometimes even later, and on Sundays she took a stroll around the neighbourhood.

Their were a lot of possibilities, too many. It was necessary to choose the safest.

A gang of youths came into the snack bar, none of them older than seventeen or eighteen. The girls were giggling madly, making signs at each other and shooting hidden glances at the over-excited boys. I watched them bitterly. I was never in a gang like that. The girls were all very pretty; they nearly always are at that age. I thought of the cellar and the

cage ... I felt like the Lord of Creation. I could chooses any one of them I fancied, the one I liked best. And that was I had done. I was happy with my choice. None of them could compare with Marianne. She was in a different league. She had a personality, she seemed educated and she was definitely the right woman for me. We would have great times together ... It's not that I'm especially well educated, I just about finished primary school, but I think I am exceptionally intelligent and very sensitive. Someone, who has been marginalised by society, like any genius.

To the desperation of the manager, the other customers began to leave the snack bar. The boys ordered one drink between them all and then they got out their food and drinks. Pretty soon they had made their table into a rubbish tip. The boys groped the girls, who rejected them half-heartedly. The girls did their best to provoke the boys. Looks, touches, smiles, half-finished sentences and the odd caress ... The temperature was going up and the games those bodies were playing began to affect me. But no ... One of those girls would lose her charm in a couple of hours. With only a body and her skin to offer, and no matter how lovely, it would be no use to me broken and crying hysterically. I was looking for something else. I was looking for a sex object and a cure, a woman who could be used as a sex object and as something for me to work out all resentment I had accumulated since puberty. Also, although I had no personal experience I had my own ideas about sex and about how a woman should behave in bed, and naturally Marianne fitted better with those ideas than those brats did.

I got up and left.

It was very cold. I turned up the lapels of my overcoat in front of the pub on the corner. I fancied a beer but not there. I got in the van and went to the "City Arms", the pub that my girlfriend went to.

The little whore was there, in a corner, plastered all over that horrid black boy and kissing him passionately on the mouth. I stood at the bar positioning myself so that they were right in front of me. Marianne was wearing one of her provocative miniskirts and dark tights. She was making all of the running. She was kissing him slowly, with theatrical passion. She held the back of his head with one hand and she was stroking his body under his shirt with the other. Every now and then her elbow rubbed against his erection, the lucky wanker. It was what she was looking for. She was a hot woman.

I had already drunk three beers and the show was getting more and more intense. Marianne rubbed him with the palm of her hand; she gave him fleeting little pinches. Nobody seemed to notice the scene or at least no one cared. Marianne's shoulders were moving slowly up and down, her knees were pressed together, her little hand clenched his erection more and more often, her blonde hair shook subtly ... That turd didn't deserve it. Her naughty fingers squeezed a little longer this time. It was long enough ... Marianne stopped.

I asked for another beer. It was my fourth and my head was swimming.

Marianne lit a cigarette. Her eyes were shining and she had a wild look

on her face, like a wildcat on heat. The black man, who had a stain on his trousers and his mouth gaping, looked stupid. Marianne stood up and pulled her jumper down. She was impressive. The chat went quiet all around; every eye was on her body. My blood froze. She was heading for the bar, right by my side. I tried to hide it but my cheeks were already red and my ears were burning as usual. She stood by my side. "A half of lager, please," she asked. Her fragrance mad my head spin ... It was a strange mix of woman and perfume that made you want to hold her, to kiss her, to possess her...

"It's small world ... Do you live around here or are you following me?" She said turning her back to the bar and resting her hand on the inside of my thigh. I was dumbstruck. I think I went from bright red to a sickly pale colour. I couldn't say a word. The beer arrived just at the moment when the hand discovered the state I was in. A victorious smile was added to her malicious expression. She knew I was there for her. The hand went down and squeezed my testicles hard. I lost my breath.

"You're a disgusting peeping tom," she said with all the malice she could muster. I couldn't hold back the tears; the strength in her fingers was surprising. She was a bad whore and she would pay for that.

When I recovered I saw them murmuring and looking directly at me. I got my coat and left. 'Whore! Whore!' I shouted banging the roof of the van hysterically.

****

"Tick-Tock ... Tick-Tock..."

I'm thirsty. I feel better but I'm very thirsty. The headache has eased and I can think more clearly. I have used the toilet a couple of times, luckily the flush works and there is paper ... It's horrible to do it with my hands tied behind my back. The cistern is three feet up and it's uncovered. Every now and then I put my head in it and try to lap up water into my aching mouth with my tongue, but it's very painful to swallow. It's almost impossible with this damned ring between my teeth. It's disgusting and overpowering. I can't keep my saliva in and it's running down my chin and dripping onto my T-shirt. It's a humiliatingly intimate invasion. It really hurts. I've been trying to get rid of it with my tongue for hours, trying to open my mouth wider and loosen it, but it's abominably impossible.

"Tick-Tock ... Tick-Tock..."

The hands on the clock have gone all the way round twice ... Twenty-four hours. A day and a night. Nobody has come here; nobody has taken the hood off me. My god! Why?

My wrists are lacerated and my shoulders ache from being continuously forced back in an attempt to ease the rubbing of the handcuffs.

Someone has to come soon. If they want anything from me they'll have to bring me food ... What will I do? What will I say? Who will come to remove the ring from my mouth and untie me? I can shout at him or beg

him or even attack him. Will it be just one or more than one? Will they explain anything to me? Will they rape me? I have to keep calm. If they say nothing, I will ask. Where do I start? Where am I, who are they? Why have I been kidnapped? How long will I be kept prisoner? It must be a mistake. They have mistaken me for someone else and I'll have to point their mistake out to them. I'll tell them who I am and what I do...

My god, Marianne. Don't give up!

I didn't dare...

...it had been two months stalking her indecisively. Marianne had broken up with the black guy and was footloose and fancy free and running around like a butterfly. Half of London was in love with her. I was still assiduously spying on her, now I had a false moustache, a wig and fake glasses. I now had over a hundred rolls of film of her, cost me a fortune...

I was sitting near her in the pub, in disguise when I overheard it. The next day she was going to take part in a fashion show sponsored by the shop where she worked. She was enthusiastically telling a friend who asked for a ticket and where it was going to be held. It was perfect: entry was free. I took careful note of the address and went to get my photographic equipment ready.

I arrived really early and had to wait. My camera was in a discrete case and it looked like I would to get to use it. Naturally I was disguised.

People began to arrive, mainly women and the odd effeminate man. Stylists, I thought. I went in five minutes before the start. A hundred folding chairs, half of them occupied, had been placed around a three-foot high catwalk. A lot of cameras were placed around waiting for the show to begin, perfect.

Fifteen minutes later than the advertised time and when the hall was full, a horrible, ostentatious old woman, dripping with jewels, began to act as MC in a screechy voice. Nobody took any notice of her.

The music started and Marianne was the first out. The room went quiet. I was so impressed that was sitting on the edge of my chair: she was wearing a brown dress with skimpy straps and its pleated skirt didn't cover half of her thighs ... She walked to rhythm of the music and she was smiling like a goddess with her hair swinging freely halfway down her back. When she was in front of me I couldn't help lowering my gaze to look at her shoes; they were brown open tied sandals with a little strap between the big toes, they were held on by laces around the ankles. The heels were about three inches high and the emphasised her calves and made her swing her hips when she walked. She walked past me, did a twirl and then disappeared. I wasn't capable of working the camera. That was a real shame.

I was ready the next time. I blinded her with the flash, the little flirt

noticed and she smiled at me. Maybe she thought I was some important photographer, a talent spotter ... Poor thing. In the break I went out of the hall. Everybody seemed to know everyone else and I dreaded having to speak to anyone.

When I went back the audience had sat down. I stayed standing at the back and I got my telephoto lens. It was brilliant. The second part of the parade was all about furs; and the models minced by wearing minks and other skins. Only thing was that the coats were all that they were wearing. Yes underneath they were naked. That was the day when I learned that I was a fetishist. Marianne passed through my lens wearing an overcoat made of whatever skin with just one button fastened at the waist. The poor animal's fur stroking her skin drove me crazy. When she came back out I was waiting for her on foot at the end of the catwalk. She looked radiant, like she had that night in the pub when she had caught me spying on her. She was irresistible. She had deliberately pulled the coat over shoulders and she was keeping it three-quarters closed with her forearms crossed at her waist. Jut enough to show off the tops of her naked breasts and to allow glimpses of her white lacy panties between her legs as she walked. She did a twirl right in front of my face, making the models that were behind her change direction to avoid her. She was an ambitious girl, a go-getter...

It all finished and I left hurriedly. I was burning to get into the darkroom and develop the two dozen rolls of film I had exposed, but when I got to the van I changed my mind and I sat behind the curtains and waited for her to come out. It didn't seem like same girl. She came out with one of her companions, she had her hair up under a woollen hat, and she was wearing tight jeans with a chunky-knit, turtleneck sweater that hid her shape completely and a pair of horrible flat boots. Nobody could have recognised her. Hers was a body of infinite possibilities...

I had used all the walls so I had to stick the photos on top of ones that were already there. I had got some excellent shots. Her naked feet trapped in the "obscene" sandals and her endless legs naked from their ankles to the tops of her thighs. Most of her breasts; her shoulders, her waist ... An excellent hunt, but unsatisfying. It was like going to the zoo on a Safari.

I went into the cell again and looked into the mirror. I was still disguised. I thought bitterly that even disguised I wasn't capable of chatting her up, or anything. I was certain that after her provocative and interesting looks she wouldn't have rejected me. But it was useless. I would never get over my irrational fear of beauty, of women, of Marianne ... That dread of their scorn, of failure. What would happen, once I had her locked up inside that dark hole that I had condemned her to? She was bound to see my face in the end I wouldn't be able to stop it, a disguise? There were horrible and scary masks available, masks scary enough to make even one as bold as Marianne shake with fear, but they were uncomfortable and they covered my mouth. I would have to go back to the novelty shop where I had bought the wig and moustache to find something better.

I decided to sleep in the cage. I spent most of my time in the cellar

getting everything ready, lost in a cosy and gratifying fantasy world, full of hope and dreams. I preferred sleeping on the hard to going back up to the cold and real world of the ground floor. A world I couldn't control, full of humiliations and nagging memories, a world in which I was no longer the hunter but everybody's victim.

I decided to try everything out before "D" day, I fixed the handcuffs to one of my wrists. They had no limit to their adjustment and could be tightened enough to make them bite into the flesh and hurt. Then I tried the anaesthetic again. I didn't like the gun and I was sure that the drug would work just as well by inhalation. It was a very volatile substance and I imagined that breathing it must cause some effect. I lay on the floor and raised a handkerchief soaked in it to my nose. It was worse than with the gun. I didn't lose consciousness at any time but I was so weakened that I couldn't move a muscle, let alone defend myself. All that I could do, and with some difficulty, was to open and close my eyes slowly and breathe ... It was a very interesting effect.

I was overcome with doubts in the tube the following morning. Was I serious about all this? As time passed I seemed to get more used to the plan. That first incredible idea had turned into a fantasy that was coming alive with just the preparations and that seemed to satisfy me completely. Did I need to go any further? Wasn't it enough to make the cage and paint the cellar? Wasn't it enough to spy on her and photograph her, to imagine her imprisoned behind the bars? The idea that I could succumb to those easy solutions made me indignant with myself. I would make myself into a spectator again that way. To go on like that meant to never play out my part in this theatre that is life. I looked at the rest of the passengers. For the first time in twenty years I felt superior to all of them. They were extras, poor people who had been left without parts in the film. I had written the script for my part and now I had to interpret it and Marianne would act as the guest star under my orders.

At lunchtime I went to the novelty shop. I browsed aimlessly, not knowing what I was looking for. There were some mediaeval monk's outfits with big hoods; they were quite impressive ... But that would like going to bed with a woman in a diving suit. I kept searching. What a fool I was! The answer was in the window and what's more everyone was talking about it just then after the film's release. I bought a batman mask and cape. It was perfect. It covered my eyes and hair but it left the important bits, my mouth and chin, free. The cape would surely add a romantic and adventurous tone. It would impress her. I also bought two of the most unpleasant masks they had, one of a pig and the other was Quasimodo.

But that very afternoon it all began to fall apart. At three o'clock, Marianne came into the bank, she looked nervous. All of the open windows apart from mine were busy. As usual I began to shiver, wishing with all my heart that I wasn't there at that moment.

"I want to close my account." She was serious. She was impressive as always. The worried look really suited her. I looked at her account and

saw that there was barely twenty pounds in it. What could have happened? I gave her receipt to sign and plunged in...

"Excuse me, Miss Crawford," I said with an unsteady voice, "it's normal practise for us to ask why when our clients close an account. In the interest of improved service, you understand..."

"Oh it's nothing to do with the bank, it's just that I'm moving."

Her reply hit me like a stone. Without noticing I clenched my fists and screwed up the notes I had in my hand. Luckily Miss Logan was busy, but Marianne noticed and she looked at me with surprise. Any one else would have asked if I was okay, but not her. I reacted rapidly ... "Would you like to leave a forwarding address in case of any transfers or anything else like that?"

Her green eyes lit up and the old animosity came back to them. "And so that the 'Peeping Tom' can carry on spying on me ... as well."

I was stupefied. I began to frantically worry as I watched the smooth roll of her hips as she walked out of the door. Has she seen through my disguise? Was she just talking about the night in the pub? Had she told anyone about her suspicions?

Absorbed in my dread I failed to notice that a customer was trying to get my attention with some irritation ... and that Mrs Logan had been watching me for a while.

Damned bank ... damned shit bank....

****

Tick-tock ... Tick-tock...

I'll never forget that damned awakening on the first day of this endless nightmare. We were alone in the pub, there was some shitty football on the telly and no one was there. Mario was more of a pest than usual. He is a conceited and presumptuous idiot, but he's fit and he has more cock than he deserves. I had just fucked him off for the third time in a row. He wanted to go to bed with me but I didn't. I'm happy with a good snog and a quick fumble. I like it when guys are crazy for me, drooling, when they are close to the edge ... When they can't wait to get home and drain themselves thinking of me. I like to tease them...

I jumped in the car and chucked my bag and coat in the back. I had left the lights on and I was expecting the worst. I turned the key and ... nothing. Shit car, I would have to get a new one. Mario wasn't giving in, he was pressed against the window talking, begging I suppose. I locked the doors and then the motor suddenly turned over with a loud bang. I don't remember much more, only that that night I never got home and that I woke up here.

It was horrible.

The first thing I felt was an awful pain in my head and an urgent need to vomit. I had no idea where I was and I still don't. I think I woke and the fainted a few times. By the time I had completely recovered my senses I was terrified. I could hear a loud ticking like that of an old clock and my

position was extremely worrying. I was lying face down on something hard, probably a floor, there was a strap squeezing my neck. There was a hood over my head, my hands were cuffed behind my back and something between my teeth was holding my mouth wide open.

Using my knees and elbows I struggled into a sitting position. It was very hot and the hood smelt unpleasant. Every movement I made was accompanied by the worrying clinking of chains. There was a wall behind me. I leaned against it. I tried to stand up by pushing against the wall. It was hard, my legs were weak and the little boots with their high heels didn't help matters much. I walked around backward feeling the wall with my hands. I was in a cell. I had been kidnapped. I felt a cold sweat on my back. Who? Why? For what?

I thought about my parents, they were industrialists who had been ruined by the recession, they wouldn't be able to pay a ransom of more than a few thousand pounds. Nobody take such a risk for so little. Sex? No. They would have raped me already. Anyway I was still dressed. Nobody did abductions for sex nowadays anyway. Revenge? It could be ... Mario, Terry, Timothy, Glen. Any one of them could have ended hating me. But what for? What could the gain from it? I went back to the sex theory even though I didn't like it. Rapes happened in lonely places and lasted as long they lasted and that was that. I was locked in some kind of dungeon and it seemed I had been there for a while.

I tried to calm down. I sat on the floor again. My jaws hurt awfully and the hood stopped me from breathing normally. In my trip around the cell I had stumbled over the bloody chains a coupled of times. There were two of them and they were hanging from a collar. What were they for? I felt awful. My shoulders were aching, the cuffs were biting into my wrists and the collar was so wide that it rubbed against my chin. I Terror was stopping me from understanding. Why the hood, the gag, the cuffs and the chains? Weren't the bars of the cell enough?

The panic was growing rather diminishing. In spite of the heat I began to tremble with fear. I sensed someone on the other side of the bars and I decided to try something. I got up again and moved closer to the bars. I knelt down until I met with a crossbar that was a few inches above the floor and started to rub against it, I was trying to get the bloody hood off. When I had almost done it, I heard hurried footsteps and the sound of a door being slammed. I was paralysed; I listened carefully. I was alone. Whoever it was that had been there was gone now, why?

An oil lamp over an old desk was dimly illuminating the place. It smelled of damp and poverty. Everything was black, the walls, the floor, the ceiling, and the bars ... It was gloomy. There was a toilet up against one of the walls of the cell. It was painted black too! It was dreadful, like being buried alive in a living nightmare. Then I saw myself reflected in mirror to my left. That finished me off. There was Marianne dressed for Saturday night, collared and chained, her hands cuffed behind her back and her mouth wide open.

With increasing terror I took my eyes off the mirror. The wall nearest

to the lamp was plastered with pictures of me. My kidnappers knew me. This outrage had been carefully prepared. I strained my eyes. I was even more terrified. It seemed to be the work of a perverted fetishist. There were enlargements of my feet, my legs, my lips, my eyes and other parts of my body ... On one of them someone had drawn chains around my ankles and in another a collar around my neck...

Further on there was the horrible pendulum clock. Tick-tock ... Tick-tock ...

I fell to the floor on my knees. My legs doubled under me. The idea that I was in the hands of degenerates began to worry me. I looked at the mirror again ... What a delight for their corrupted eyes!

The walls, both inside the cell and out, were covered in hooks and rings. One of the chains on the collar went over a pulley at the top of the column in the centre of the cell and then outside, where it was anchored to a hook in the floor. The other, which was fixed to the same hook, went straight out through the bars. I was like a puppet. I could be forced to move backwards or forwards. I felt sick. I needed to close my mouth and then to scream, I needed to clear the sweat from my brow with my hands. Then I remembered the phone calls ... 'You'll be mine, whore.'

I crouched in a corner and began to cry.

It was Saturday...

...and the rats invaded the house. Three days had passed since Marianne's last visit to the bank and I had become what I had been before, a real wretch. Several times I considered drinking the five litres of anaesthetic and putting an end to it all, luckily I didn't. I hadn't been down to the cellar for three days...

I went for a walk and found myself at the station. The tube was in my subconscious. I went into the snack bar and asked for a drink. The waiter, who had his head shaved apart from one purple lock in the middle of his skull, had no one to talk to so I was the lucky one...

"Alone tonight?" He asked.

"Yes." I replied without looking up.

"Did you see Chelsea on the telly? It was too much mate." The moron thought I was his mate. I hate it when that happens.

"No." But he didn't take the hint...

"Neither did I. Bollocks to football. At eleven I'm closing this gaff and heading for 'Speed'." I looked up, I still don't know why. He was covered in tattoos and he had a couple of dozen rings shared between his nose and his ears. He looked like an ironmonger's.

"It's brilliant, mate," he went on. "They have a Miss titties contest and then they get the contenders to wrestle in the mud." I wasn't sure if I could take another "it's brilliant mate" without throwing my drink in his face, but guys like him scare me, they're like bees, there's always a swarm of them. Luckily he got talking to a friend who had just come in ... What would my Marianne do? She definitely wouldn't go to the disco even though it was Saturday. I couldn't imagine her in a "Miss Titties" contest or in a mud-wrestling bout. But you never know.

I went to a phone box and rang her number ... No reply. I looked at my watch and it was ten; the street was deserted. Everyone was in front of the telly watching Chelsea get knocked out of Europe again. My heart gave a sudden leap; the hunter's instinct that we all have in us took control of me. Empty streets, a victim separated from the herd's protection, the predator stalking...

I hurried home and went down to the cellar, I picked up the bag that all the requirements in it and I got in the van. It was now or never.

I went passed her house. Her car wasn't there. I went to "Speed Up". The car park was jam-packed in spite of the game. It seems that tits have an irresistible allure for a lot of idiots who have idea about more subtle sexuality. I went impatiently to the pub. Had she left London already? My heart was pounding when I arrived. The car park was empty and dark; they hadn't even put the lights on. There really wasn't anyone there. The idiots didn't even have a television ... I was turning around to leave when I saw it. Her car was at the door with the lights on. I still don't understand my reaction. So many months planning all that moment to go and rush it like that.

I quickly left the van in the darkest part of the car park with it's back doors open, I took the loaded anaesthetic gun and a blanket, I ran to her car looking from left to right and I lay down on the floor between the front and rear seats.

Those moments seemed endless to me. I would have given my life to be miles away from there. Would she come out alone? Had she seen me getting in? Would someone come along while I was attacking her?

I heard a car nearby and I urinated myself. I heard a door, some voices...

"Oh come on, there's no one here..."

"I told you I don't want to go to "Speed..."

A couple arguing about where to go. It could go on forever. If Marianne came out then I was lost; I couldn't attack her before she started the car. Then she came out...

I bit the sleeve of my jersey in an attempt to control my shaking. I wasn't even disguised. If I was discovered it would be the end and all for nothing. The worst of all possible outcomes. Luckily she was alone and she never saw me.

Shit! The engine wouldn't start ... someone banged on the window. It was a man he sounded half drunk. "Fuck off you wanker!" Shouted Marianne furiously. It was the end ... A miracle made the engine start. Marianne reversed without looking, it was a stupid thing to do and it saved me. The couple were still arguing. Marianne drove to their side and put the radio on at full volume. It was a really shite rap tape and my ear was next to the speaker ... Where would she go? I grabbed the pistol. I could shoot her while we were moving but we going flat out and we could have both been killed. I could wait for a traffic light but there would be more cars then. I could threaten her, but I didn't dare. Whatever her reaction things would only get worse ... From my point of view under the seats I couldn't tell where we were going. If she went on driving like that she would get stopped by the police and it would all be over.

Without slowing down she got a cigarette out of her bag. The sweet smell of marihuana filled the car. She had all the vices, drugs, men, drink ... Did she inject herself too? I wasn't that worried about it at that time. What mattered was the life and death struggle we were engaged in. If she won and discovered me she would be the end of me. And if I managed to put her in the cage, it would be her life that was over, at least, as she had known it until then.

Finally she stopped the car and turned of the engine. The moment had arrived. Adrenaline was burning in my veins. I was ready for anything. Was there anyone in the street? From my position I could only make out the leafless limbs of a tree, but wherever we where, it was very dark. I decided to risk it. Now or never, I thought with clenched teeth. I angrily pulled her hair back over the back of the chair with my left hand while pressing the pistol to her neck and firing it with my right. It was a direct hit. I don't really know what happened in the next few brief moments, but when it was over my forearm was jammed into her wide open mouth and squashing her head against the back of her seat.

I looked around. We were in front of her house and the street was deserted. My heart was beating wildly, like a marching drum. I dragged her across the adjacent seat by her hair. I looked at my watch; there was twenty minutes till the end of the game. I had to get back to the pub before it finished and people started to appear on the streets. I couldn't leave the van in the car park with its doors open.

I clambered over the seat as best as I could and placed myself in the front seat. I pushed Marianne down to the floor until she was left leaning on the seat. Before covering her with the sack I gave her another dose with the pistol, it was risky but it would have been riskier still not to.

I had trouble starting the car. I was hysterical. I drove quickly but carefully. I was in a hurry but I didn't want to get stopped and breathalysed. I arrived at the pub. It was the same as before, dark and lonely. I stopped the car in front of the van and I got out and moved her to the van. I was surprised by how little she weighed. I closed the van, and then I opened the bonnet of Marianne's car and pulled out the petrol pipe from the carburettor. It was the only thing I had done that night that I had actually planned. The smell of petrol is the only memory I have of the car park. I have never been back there.

With my prey in the back, I drove to the main road that joined our neighbourhoods; first I had to find a discrete place to stop. While I was driving I went over it all in my mind ... There would be no clues; I hadn't taken off my gloves at any time since I had hidden in her car. The pulled off petrol pipe would explain why her car was abandoned in the car park, broken down outside the pub. And her? She would have definitely mentioned that she was leaving the city and no one would miss her, not for a few days anyway ... It all seemed to fit.

I stopped in an empty site near the main road, a place where couples went to do the things that couples do. I stopped the van a little away from the place. The curtains and the age of the van fitted perfectly. No one would notice.

I switched off the lights and climbed over the seat. . I got a couple of pairs of handcuffs out of the sack, three long straps, a sponge and a black silk scarf. I was very nervous and my hands were trembling. I was also rock hard.

First I cuffed her wrists and then her ankles, criss crossing the chains so that her hands were fixed to her boots behind her back, with her knees

bent back. I don't know how to describe how it felt to manipulate that body for the first time ... I turned her over until she was face down. I passed the first strap around her waist and fastened it above her kidneys; this pressed her hands against her buttocks. I did the same with the second strap but a little lower down, so that the heels of her boots were pressed against the backs of her thighs. With the third I squashed her elbows against her back going around her torso just below her breasts. The adrenaline made tighten the three straps as hard as I could, cruelly.

Then I lay her on her side and put the sponge in her mouth. I had to force it in but it went in. Before fixing it in place with the black scarf I made sure she was breathing through her nose. There was no problem. The scarf was the tricky bit; it would be the easiest to get off. So I made sure ... I lifted up her thick mane, how good it felt! And then I pressed it between her teeth and tightened it with all my strength before tightening it at the back of her neck. Then I tied one end of a cord to her hair and the other to the strap that was holding her elbows so that her head was forced back. If she woke up it would hurt her, but I couldn't risk her trying to attract attention by banging her head against the side of the van.

I looked at her for a few minutes ... She was magnificent. A lovely package ready to be sent to her destination ... Ten feet underground, under my house. If she woke up she would only be able to move her fingers and her eyes.

I started off carefully. The game was over and the streets were quiet. A strange impulse stopped me from going straight home and made take an unnecessary risk. I went to the West End, to Leicester Square, to the bank. At that time it was possible to drive without any problem there. My subconscious wanted to rub out all those streets, those streetlights, those shop fronts and the bitterness of all those years. From Monday, when I would go their on my way to work, I would remember this lap of victory with Marianne in the back of the van, and not the twenty years of rushing along under an umbrella with my lapels turned up against the weather. Everything was so different! It almost seemed nice. I looked in the back out of the corner of my eye, amazed by what I had just done. I could only see a formless lump under the blankets. With the dose I had given her she would take hours to wake up if she woke up at all...

We got home at about three in the morning. Turning the corner I stopped the car for a few moments. My heart was pounding with impatience. Everything seemed normal.

"Did you enjoy the drive?" I asked my unconscious passenger. "Because it'll be your last for a long time..." While I drove slowly on my own words made me think. What was I going to do with her? I couldn't keep her locked up forever. And why not? I replied. To let her go would be as good as giving myself up to the police and I couldn't kill her, so...

I reversed the van into the garden, I never usually did that, and unluckily I broke the right indicator, it made a loud noise. I looked at The old witch Mrs Waters' window with fear, I was sure she would be spying on me. My nerves were driving me mad. Every time I touched her I went crazy.

Without putting the lights on I pulled the blanket and dragged her along the floor to the cellar's trapdoor by the strap around her waist.

"Welcome home, darling" I whispered euphorically. I took the cuffs of her ankles and I put her over my shoulder. As I took her down the steep staircase that would keep her buried alive from then on I felt like the happiest man on Earth. I had hold of her at the backs of her thighs and her breasts were banging my head with every step. I ran a hand up to her waist, I don't know if it was to stop her from falling or for some other reason. It was a shame that all that would have to wait.

I lit the candle, a concession to my romantic side, and I carefully deposited her on the floor inside the cage. She was splendid, incredible. I just had to get the camera and use up a roll of film on her. It was like our wedding day and I didn't want to forget it.

But the groom has things to do, so I took the three straps off her and left her with the hood and the gag and her hands cuffed behind her back. On the way out I closed the three locks on the gate, you can't be too careful.

I got the key out of her bag and headed for her house. What I had to do couldn't be put off even for our "honeymoon". It could be fatal.

On the way down the street, passing the station I remembered what the idiotic waiter had said to me earlier. It was incredible that it had all happened in such a short time. I felt like a lucky guy for the first time in my life.

Marianne's perfume was with me all the way. I thought about her body, her legs covered only by her tights, her breasts pressing against the white T-shirt. She was dressed to kill in a very short black skirt, dark blue woollen tights, white T-shirt and a yellow body warmer with no buttons. But her clothing was the easiest thing in the world to fix.

I got to her house somewhere between four and five AM. The city was sleeping peacefully and the odd insomniac passed me by heading for bed. I put my gloves on. My hand was shaking I couldn't get the key into the keyhole. It was a shock to go into her house. It always is in closed and unknown places. Also that was a woman's house, a woman who was going to be mine from then on. What would I find in there? Going in like that, unforeseen, uninvited was like violating her intimacy or profaning her life.

I went to the first floor on tiptoes; I opened the door and went in. The flat smelled of Marianne.

Being careful not to make any noise I closed the venetian blinds, drew the curtains and turned the light on. It was a big mess. On top of the bed there were a couple of unpacked suitcases, there was virtually nothing left hanging in the wardrobes and the drawers were empty.

With my hands still trembling I picked up everything that I thought to be interesting and shut it in the first case. In a toiletries bag I found a pile of women's potions. I closed it and put it in the other case. I looked in the kitchen and in the guestroom. Nothing of any interest there, just books and a few records. I looked among the books, but there didn't seem to be anything useful. On the dining room table there was a picture album,

some notebooks, papers and a bag full of credit cards and money. More than a thousand pounds ... Perfect, it would to pay for her upkeep. The cards were useless without the secret number, although I could ask her. It would be risky but money is money. In the papers I found a train ticket to Liverpool for the next day. I found it surprising that she should want to go to live in Liverpool. I would have to ask her about that too. I was in a hurry and I couldn't hang around, so I stuck everything in a carrier bag and I closed the second case. I turned off the light and looked out of the window. There was no one. Before I left I turned off the gas, the electricity and the water. When I went out with the two cases I left the key inside.

Marianne Crawford had left her work, her friends and her landlord, she had dumped her old broken down car in a pub car park and she had left the city.

Whoever was waiting for her in Liverpool, if there was anyone, would take a while to give the alarm. Only I knew where she was ... Not far from the city she had just left ... just a few yards underground.

That first Sunday...

...I went down to see her after breakfast armed with a powerful torch. I didn't use it. Marianne was still in exactly the same position. Worried, I opened the cell and took her wrist. Although it was very weak her pulse calmed me. I took the hood off her and moved closer to her. Her breathing was strained as if she had a cold. Frightened that she could suffocate I removed the scarf and the saliva soaked sponge. I looked at her for a few moments ... She was beautiful.

I lay on the floor at her side. I took her by her hair, with both of my hands. Her parted lips were a provocation that I couldn't resist. I kissed her. I kissed her for a long while ... That was the first time I had kissed a woman on her lips and I think I'll remember it for the rest of my life. Full, young, warm, I imagined them awake and really kissing, like they had with black half-breed and it enraged me. With an angry gesture I placed the ring between her teeth and turned the screw until her jaws were left very wide open, wide enough for me to place the rubber penis inside. But I didn't; that was enough for the moment ... It would stop her from screaming and she would be able to breathe through her mouth. Before leaving I put the hood back on her.

I took her cases to the dark room. There was enough room and I didn't want anything of hers on the ground floor. I carefully examined each item of her clothing. Each one gave off her subtle fragrance. I made a choice and left all the suit jackets and other ball-cutting executive clothes. I burnt them out back. I took my time over her naughty underwear and I kept all of it. She was a right whore and I was going to make her regret being one. There were things and obscene panties, bras that neither supported nor covered, outrageous nighties ... She was a real slut. I only kept one pair of her shoes, the brown sandals that she had been wearing on the day of the parade and that they had probably given to her. The rest were total rubbish. Finally I went over her provocative clothing, her disco cock-teaser outfits. Blouses with plunging necklines, tiny skirts, diminutive dresses that cling like a second skin, silk stockings ... It was all of the paraphernalia necessary to provoke lust in a man and to amuse oneself with him. She would also be sorry for that.

I kept all of her potions, but I took out the scissors. I noticed there was

no lipstick, I would have to buy some. I went through her papers. There was nothing I didn't know already. The notebooks were the biggest surprise. It was a diary.

Before going up, I looked over my guest once again. Marianne was still unconscious, lying face down on the floor of the cage. A damp patch of saliva marked the hood right where her mouth was.

I went to eat at the station snack bar. It was lovely day and just like the night before with Marianne in the van, everything seemed different.

"Alright?" The skinhead waiter greeted me. "Did you see the match, It was crap. Bastards. You want a drink?"

"Yes, please. And a burger," I replied. "How was it at 'Speed'?" I was surprised by my question. I think it was the first time in my life that I had made conversation with someone. I needed it.

"That was crap too, mate. They never let me in. They've been taking my dosh all year and on the one day when some pussy showing its titties, the fucking bouncer leaves me in the street."

I smiled. The previous night had been so bad that I had been jealous of him for being able to amuse himself with such shite. Now I felt sorry for him. Poor dimwit. I knew how to live!

While I ate I thought about the next step. Until now everything had gone like clockwork, but it had been the easy part. The really delicate part came next. A bad start with Marianne could ruin our relationship forever.

On the way home I stopped at the 'Heavy Rock' café, not far from the station. It was empty at that time. I sat by the window and ordered a coffee. I was in heaven even though I was worried about how Marianne would react when she woke up. I actually had her notebooks with me and I opened the first one ... It covered almost half a year and it ended a month before. The second had some empty pages but it reached to the previous day, the day of our meeting. The writing was rounded and legible, very feminine.

I felt the same feelings as I had the previous night in front of her house. It was brutal assault on her intimacy. My egoism made me look for any mention of me in the last pages, nothing. What I did find was why she was moving to Liverpool. Her father, with whom she not to have a good relationship, had found her in London so she had decided to leave. It seemed that someone called Paul in Liverpool had offered her a good job in an 'agency' it didn't say what kind of agency. There was a telephone number written in pencil in the margin. I would ring it later. It didn't seem likely that anyone was going to notice her disappearance for the moment. The whole notebook was filled with erotic scenes all of them unconsummated. She seemed to enjoy turning men on and then leaving them high and dry. What I call a 'cockteaser'...

When I got back I went down to see her. She was moving and she seemed to have recovered consciousness. It took her ten minutes to get to her feet. I tried to imagine what was going through her mind in those moments ... Feeling with her hands she went all around the perimeter of the cage. It took her a while to work what was going on with the chains

that were hanging from her collar and attached to the post in the centre of the cage. Shit! I had forgotten to buckle the hood and she was trying to get it off by rubbing herself against the bars. I wasn't ready for that, to feel the force of her green eyes with an accusing stare.

I got up and ran upstairs.

****

Tick-tock ... Tick-tock...

Another whole day went by. Another day of implacable lonely torture and pain ... Twenty-four hours with my jaws prised open. Twenty-four hours of the unbearable 'Tick-tock'. Twenty-four hours of panic.

A day is a long time for thinking and suffering.

It crossed my mind that no one else would come to that awful place and that I would die of hunger. How many of them were there? Where were they? Why didn't they come? Had they run away and left me abandoned?

The horror of my first contact with my kidnappers was diminished by that possibility. I really longed for someone to finally come to the gloomy dungeon, even if only to rape me.

The time passed exasperatingly slowly. It was like being hypnotised, I counted the maddening 'Tick-tocks' with my eyes fixed on the flame of the lamp that illuminated all of that nightmare.

They terrible pain in my jaws gradually gave way to a ferocious hunger. I seemed to get used to the suffering but not to the need to eat. In spite of how painful it was to swallow with my jaws forced wide open I managed to slake my thirst by putting my head into the cistern. It seemed to be impossible at first appearances, but the survival instinct makes anything possible. The first time I tried the water went to my lungs and I thought I was going to drown. My throat was hurting a lot. I was desperate.

I imagined that first meeting in every way possible. I had plenty of time for it!

Half a dozen men eating me up with their eyes from the other side of the bars, a gang rape, a cold-blooded murder. A shot in the head...

What would death be like? What would being raped be like?

Sitting on the rubber floor I tortured myself with those thoughts. It was hot but I couldn't get the body warmer off with my hands cuffed behind my back nor the woollen tights. I didn't dare try.

I was scared of dying, I loved my life, and I was sweating.

For the first time I believed in a possible death, something that could happen to me. I tried to get over it. I had to be ready for them when they came. What would I say to them? They would have to take the gag off for me to be able to eat and I would make the most of that chance. How defenceless I felt, caged and chained and unable even to speak a word!

Would they leave me food and just leave? Would they harm me?

I was confused by terror.

Where they organised criminals? Where they simply frightened

delinquents? Where they sexual psychopaths?

Tick-tock ... Tick-tock...

Whoever they were they could what they felt like with me. I knew enough about men not to be confident.

I thought of daddy and of how stupid it had been to run off to London away from his care. Poor daddy, little did he know where I was now. I doubt that he even knows today. I'm an idiot, I thought I was a goddess, a woman who was going to eat the world. My god, and now...

Tick-tock ... Tick-tock...

Monday...

...I returned home excitedly in the tube after a day at work. My life had changed and it felt good.

Sitting comfortably, I observed the rest of the passengers ... Disgust, boredom, routine, I felt distant and apart from all of them. That stuff didn't concern me anymore.

None of the girls was as beautiful as Marianne.

As the train got further into the suburbs the carriage began to empty out. At midday I had had bought an old American magazine in Soho, it was full of useful photos and it was called '250 Bondage Positions'. But I didn't dare to take it out on the tube. There was a girl sitting next to me and I didn't want her to spot me reading that stuff, so I took out the carefully lined SS guide. That book was the bible of torture and the third degree.

I read where I had marked the page. 'The treatment of a prisoner should alternate between brutality and delicacy. The prisoner should never be able to foresee the changes in attitude of his gaoler.'

I looked up. The legs were gorgeous and the girl was very pretty. I openly looked at her. A couple of days before I wouldn't have been able to do that. I imagined myself interrogating her dressed as a soldier ... I went on reading. 'Darkness is a basic factor, it dramatically augments the detainee's terror'. The girl was dark, her skin was dusky, and she had big blue eyes. She was a good mix of races. 'If it's a female prisoner, the interrogator should play with the uncertainty of sexual attack'. The girl began to get uncomfortable. 'Physical torture should be used in small doses, sometimes with reason and other time gratuitously, confusing the detainee as much as possible'. The tube was slowly slowing down. We were arriving at my station. The girl had stood up and was standing by the door. I put the book in my briefcase and stood behind her. I was very close, close enough to molest her without touching her. Her hair was up and I could see her little brown ears. The train came into the station.

The girl got out quickly and I followed her from a distance. She crossed the street hastily; she was trying to lose me. Poor baby ... with my experience!

We went past the Heavy Rock, towards my house. The streets were full at that time, mainly with children going home from school. The girl

stopped in front of the kiosk and looked around surreptitiously. Then she went on her way. She hadn't seen me.

She went into number 25. I waited in the street ... A couple of minutes later the light went on in the third floor.

I wrote the number 25 in the SS guide, you never know...

I went on my way and into the corner shop.

"Hello Robert," greeted the shopkeeper.

"Hello Mrs Bridges." I treated her familiarly. She was like one of the family.

I got the usual carton of fresh milk, some eggs, biscuits and a bottle of champagne from the fridge. I left it all at the till and went back to the shelves at the back of the shop. I chose a can of liver with vegetables from the wide variety available. It was the cheapest. "Have you got a puppy Robert?" Asked Mrs Bridges.

"Yes a little bitch. I found her abandoned and I took her home..."

"Ah ... Robert, you're such a good boy. Honest and generous men like you are rare in this country. If your mother was alive..."

"Come on Mrs Bridges, it's not such a big deal," I interrupted. "After all I need someone to look after the house while I'm at the bank all day."

"You're right of course. These are bad times with all these drug addicts on the streets. Don't you want a collar or a muzzle?"

"No thanks I already have them. You're very kind."

Not even a flea collar?" she insisted. "You never know what these stray bitches are carrying."

"I hadn't thought of that. Maybe that's a good idea." I was happy with the idea of Marianne wearing an anti-parasite collar.

I went on my way. The buildings got smaller as I moved away from the station until they became old fashioned family houses, all of them with scruffy hedges, untidy gardens and cellars ... I stopped proudly outside 101, my house.

It had been in the family since the turn of the century when my grandfather had decided he needed a house in London even though he still lived in the village. Now it was mine. A bit of the earth that belonged to me. Nobody could go in there without my permission. A refuge where I was safe from the world's aggressions.

Whistling happily, I went up to the first floor and got in the bath. Easy Robert, easy. I was saying to myself as I watched my erection peeking at me through the foam. Wrapped in my dressing gown I went to the kitchen. I fancied some bacon and eggs. I also opened a can of fake caviar that the bank had given to all the staff the previous Christmas and I placed it on a table next to the champagne. I lit a candle. Before sitting I opened the 250 positions magazine. The page didn't matter I was just building up to facing my guest.

The caviar was delicious and the champagne exquisite. I had only drunk about half of the bottle and my head was swimming. I felt valiant and daring. Alcohol always has that effect on me. It takes away my inhibitions. I looked at the 250 positions at least three times and they looked impossible

to me, but they were photographs of flesh and blood women. I began to get into it ... There was every kind of position, some of them very useful, others humiliating; almost all of them were really savage. What imagination people have!

I remembered the weeks I had spent preparing the cellar, stalking my prey ... They way I had met her, the painstaking plan of her capture, the panic I had felt in her car and now ... Now I would follow the plan. The SS book couldn't be wrong. Those people were experienced.

I tidied the table and put on the 'Batman' mask and cape. I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked ridiculous and I decided to fix it. Two minutes later I was in front of the mirror again, this time wearing only the cape, the mask and an old pair of army boots that I think belonged to my father. Nothing else. I looked much better. I have to say that my genitals are of a more than respectable size. It's a shame that they had gone to waste until then. I put a belt around my waist to hide my belly and I splashed cologne on me.

The tin of dog food was on the table. A couple of days of dieting would be really good for her; I didn't feel at all like taking the ring out of her mouth yet.

****

Tick-tock ... Tick-tock...

Another awakening in this hell. I don't know what day it is let alone what time, I don't even remember how many times Batman has come to visit me. My god what a nightmare!

I'm not going to mention the atrocities he inflicts on me. Or the pain it causes me. My mind won't allow it; maybe it's to stay sane.

Luckily the oil lamp is lit. I hate the darkness.

All around me is darkness and gloom; these black walls terrify me.

I am writing to keep sane, to remember that I exist, that another world still exists apart from Batman and this damned cage.

I'm scared of him, he's mad. He's a dangerous lunatic; he's unpredictable and violent. He has decided that I'm going to be his dog and I have to behave like one. His naked dog held on a chain and locked in a filthy kennel.

I hate his hands; I can't bare them. He touches me but he doesn't finish what he starts ... He's boiling with desire but his sexuality is twisted and sick. He's a bloody sadist and he seems to know all my demons. He ties me up in the most indecent and cruel postures, he slaps me, he tortures my breasts and my eyes are always covered ... It's horrible to be at the mercy of someone you can't even see, when you can't see what they're doing, where they are, whether you're going to be stroked or slapped, or when or where...

What does he want? Why doesn't he rape me for once and for all and get it over with?

Everything about him repulses me. He has a nasal voice, tinny voice,

he's about the same height as me and he is flabby and fat, he is covered with hairs all over. He is always naked, except for the ridiculous cape and the mask. His circumcised member is disgusting, it's very thick and unusually short, and always erect. His testicles are disproportionately large, like two tennis balls covered with skin that is darker than the rest of him, and they never stop moving inside their hairy bags. He's old enough to be my father, but his hands are like hooks and they are surprisingly strong.

I can't stop thinking about the day when he'll decide to rape me; I won't be able to stop him...

****

I remember how scared I was when I sounded the siren for the first time, but when I thought of what Marianne must be thinking it gave me courage. I had the initiative. I was master of the situation.

The warm air in the cellar warmed me up at once and my guest's distinguished fragrance gave me a sudden erection. Better still, I thought. I would be even more formidable like that.

As soon as I went in I aimed the powerful light at the cage. Marianne was squeezed into a corner blinded and visibly terrified. She was on foot and she was more desirable than ever. Her hands at her back, one knee just in front of the other, her mouth wide open and her chin wet with saliva ... Her entire body was moving slowly from left to right as if she was trying to burrow through the wall and escape from me. She was looking at me or really at the spotlight with her head held high, the back of her head pressed against the wall. I went closer slowly aiming the light between her eyes. They were the best things in the scene ... For one instant begging and the next threatening me with death. Such was the conflict of emotions that she was feeling. Poor Marianne! The SS guide warned of this reaction in the more difficult prisoners.

I stopped a couple of yards from the bars and I sat down in an armchair to look at the show, I was ready to welcome her to the place where she would spend the rest of her life...

"Come close to the bars, bitch!"

I was surprised by my shout. It sounded authoritative and brutally appropriate. Calling her bitch hadn't been in the script either. It had occurred to me in the corner shop the other day while I was buying her dog food but I hadn't thought about it again.

Marianne pressed back against the wall even more; her legs were flexed seeking support from the floor. It was desire made real, all my life waiting for that moment!

A jailer who wants to be respected never ever repeats an order, so grabbed the right chain and pulled on it with all my strength, with all my fury. Marianne almost fell to the floor before was dragged up to the bars. Not giving her time to react I secured the chain again. The only way my guest could the pressure on her neck was to kneel down and I was sure

she wouldn't do that.

Aiming the spotlight again, I ran it up and down her body slowly, from her eyes to her feet and from her feet to her eyes. I wanted her to realise what I was doing and I did it several times. She was sublime, with her face pressed squeezed between two bars, her breasts crushed and her hands behind her back. With an instinctive gesture she pulled her hips back, trying to get away from me again, even if only an inch or so, pathetic.

I stopped the light on her eyes. There was the same mixture of expressions, in the same proportions. She had guts all right. I wondered how I would react after spending two days alone, chained up with nothing to eat or drink in a hole like that. I would be completely broken, ready for anything.

I left the light on her for a few minutes. It must have seemed like hours to her ... Then I went back on the offensive.

"The boots. Off! Now!" I shouted as loud as before. They were curt, harsh military orders. As they should be. The part of her mind that responded to terror made her obey. It wasn't easy for her. She bent her knee and undid the laces with her cuffed hands. What a show! I took the first picture. Watching her writhe with her face and breasts pressed against the bars was devastatingly erotic. After a tremendous effort she managed to make her boots fall to the floor. I considered the next step. I couldn't make her take the body-warmer or the T-shirt off because the chains and the collar were in the way. I decided to go on with the tights. I was sure that they were those horrible ones that reached to the waist.

"Your tights. Off!"

She took longer to respond this time, but terror had wormed its way deep into her. If watching her take off the boots had been sexy, the tights were an orgasm. I ran the light up and down her naked legs, over her feet, her ankles, her calves, her knees and her thighs ... Her skin was deliciously white. There were no veins or other imperfections. I have already said that at that time the legs were the part of a woman that I appreciated most, so you should be able to imagine how that sight made me react. Maybe I spent too long on it according to the recommendations in the guide, but it was worth it. The third order was obvious.

"Your knickers. Off!" Marianne shook her head as much as she could. "OFF!" I shouted furiously.

I almost felt sorry for her. Shaking her head she lifted her skirt at the hip. She wasn't wearing any. That irritated and annoyed me. The dirty slut was going around without any knickers on ... I didn't know how to react. Something told me that that incident was a golden opportunity if handled properly, but I didn't know how to make the most of it.

"The skirt. You whore. Take off your skirt!"

She had to turn it around to reach the zipper that was at the front and then to wiggle her hips to get it down. It was sublime; it ended on the floor at her feet with the rest of the stuff. I took several more pictures, her blonde hair, her bare white legs, her T-shirt ... all against the black background of the wall and the ceiling. I moved closer blinding her with

the spotlight. Those eyes!

She hated me and she wished me dead.

"Push it all out with your foot!" My voice was failing, I don't know if it was from shouting or from emotion. I don't have to tell you that Marianne obeyed, but she did it with annoyance, with a kick and cursing me openly. I shone the light on her open mouth but she turned her face aside. Words were unnecessary. According to the guide the less the better. I tightened the chain even more. Marianne understood the message straight away. She seemed to be clever. I examined inside her mouth like a dentist. I'm not going to say what I imagined. The show was almost over; just the last act remained.

"Give me your right leg!" I left the spotlight on a tripod pointing at her eyes. Marianne raised her leg through the bars, bent at the knee.

"Higher, bitch, and stretch it!"

She was fit. The magnificent, long adorably exquisite leg raised above waist height with no apparent effort. Almost without touching her I put the brown sandals on her that she had been wearing on the day of the show. But I did tighten the straps across her ankles unnecessarily tightly. I knew why I was doing it.

I took a couple of steps back. Brilliant ... I finished the roll. It was the most provocative thing I had seen until then. Marianne was pulling the T-shirt down in a desperate attempt to hide a couple of inches of her nudity from my eyes. But the material was the size it was and all she managed to do was to give me a great view of her bra-less breasts where they were crushed against the front of the saliva soaked T-shirt. I took down the spotlight and ran it up and down her body again and again. In spite of myself and according to the instructions in the bloody guide, I had to go.

I picked up her garments from the floor and still pointing at her with the spotlight, I went out of the cellar after loosening the chain that was holding her against the bars...

Sitting on my bed and leafing through the magazine with an enormous erection I reflected on what effect our first meeting might have had on her. It would have terrified her beyond all imagining, just as the SS guide recommended. Also the physical contact had been kept to a minimum. Just the brief adventure with the shoes had been the exception, but I was entitled to my little caprices. Anyway it was a trap that would turn out to be a beneficial lesson for Marianne.

What would she be doing right now?

I remembered the fishbowl mum had given me when I was a kid. It was one of the highlights of my childhood, the only I think. I would spend hours and hours watching the poor red fish in agony because of the high temperature and lack of oxygen in the water. Marianne was in a cage and not in a bowl, but the similarity was obvious ... I had to be able to spy on her from upstairs. A security camera was the simplest answer but it was very expensive.

I remembered Marianne's two thousand pounds. That would be enough, but I had thought to use that money to buy other 'toys'. Then

there were her credit cards. I had to get the pin numbers off her, but the guide didn't recommend such mundane matters at such an early stage of the relationship and it would be too dangerous to use them later on, what a shame.

I inspected the clothing she had been wearing. I sniffed the woollen tights. What a fragrance! Her aroma drove me crazy. They were so soft that I stroked myself with them ... I was very excited. I smelt the crotch, in front and behind. She had been wearing them for at least three days ... I put one of her socks to my nose, adorable. I put my hands into the boots where she had put her feet ... I licked my fingers. Then her skirt, I fastened it at the waist, incredibly it barely went around one of my thighs! It was provocative; it couldn't have been more than a foot long ... I thought how good it would look on her with nothing else naked but for the skirt and the sandals.

I went over my notes for the next day. It would be a busy day. I would take the first pictures of her naked in the cage and she would eat for the first time in her new home. That was a problem because I wasn't thinking of taking the ring out of her mouth...

Tuesday...

...I woke up in the state that I had gone to sleep in. I think I had spent the entire night erect. It was late and I couldn't hang around, so I got dressed and left without saying a word to my guest. I remember that morning as one of the longest I had experienced after working in the bank for twenty years. At ten I sneaked out for my breakfast and to buy a video camera. It cost a fortune. The current security systems were all black and white and with awful quality, totally inadequate for my purposes. I didn't want to watch some old woman going into the bank; I wanted to enjoy Marianne while I was lying in bed.

I remember my stupid blush when the assistant asked me what I wanted. Idiot! I was about to run out. I mumbled some story about my work. Luckily the woman didn't ask any more questions and I took a Japanese colour camera, with remote control, high definition and zoom, it could also tape. Installation was free, but obviously I refused that service. I also bought another telly. I couldn't be bringing the one I had up and down from the cellar. For delivery I gave the address of Mrs Bridges' shop, I could pick it up later in the van. I was broke.

In between customers I studied the instructions. Putting it in was as easy as fixing the camera to the wall or on a tripod and connecting it to the mains. Then it was all just getting used to the remote control. The signal arrived to the telly by VHF so there was no cable.

"Listen, what are you doing?" It was a woman's voice on the other side of the window. I looked up afraid. Was it another? But no it was a forty-year-old, made up to the eyeballs and covered with horrible costume jewellery, she was looking at me with fury. I could have told her to fuck off.

"What do you want?" I replied with all the impertinence I could raise.

The tube journey home was like the rest of the day. It seemed to go more slowly and stop at each station longer than usual. To kill time I began to look for my dusky friend in the carriages. There she was. That day I christened her 'Negrita'.

I sat right in front of her. Negrita was reading a book, like all girls do on the tube. She didn't notice me for a few moments and this allowed me to observe her carefully. Her hair was up as usual; it made her look slightly oriental. Her lips were thick and sensual, her mouth was a little smaller

than Marianne's was and her ears were tiny and perfectly formed. Her long slim neck seemed to be made for the collar. I couldn't say much about the rest of her as she was sitting down and wearing an overcoat. She could just as easily have been a terrible mistake as an agreeable surprise. She was wearing two cheap black earrings. Her appearance was generally of an immigrant girl, a foreigner of limited means. Only one thing disconcerted me: she was wearing trousers and under them she was wearing a pair of really sexy black boots with discrete heels that contrasted against the mediocrity of everything else she was wearing. Where had she got the money to buy them? Did she spend her money on provocative underwear? Or was she a whore like Marianne who didn't wear any? I began to get angry. I thought maybe she had a boyfriend and got up to all sorts with him, or maybe she was some old man's tart and he had bought her all those obscenities...

Negrita must have noticed something, maybe she sensed my rage because she suddenly blushed as red as a tomato. Mum always said that if you stare hard at someone they will always turn around, but Negrita didn't need to raise her look to know that it was I. She started to bite her nails. That was all she needed! Corrupt youth ... biting her nails. She was like Marianne: she had every vice.

We stood up at the same time and we almost collided, but she didn't look at me. I followed her along the street from a certain distance. She was walking very fast; she crossed the streets recklessly and stopped frequently to see if I was following her. Silly girl! She was trying to catch a hunter of my experience out...

She stopped in front of number 15 and looked again, nothing. Then she went into number 25 very quickly and I waited until the third floor light came on. Bingo, I had her.

I went straight home to get the van; I bought dinner and picked up the stuff from the corner shop. Mrs Bridges couldn't contain her curiosity.

"You're pushing the boat out aren't you Robert?"

"Oh this ... It's for a friend who lives out of London. He's coming to get it tomorrow."

I am not sure if it was just me, but it seemed that there was a look of suspicion on the old woman's face. Would I have to change where I shopped?

Before dinner I took the television up to my room, then I installed the camera.

I ate bacon and eggs as usual. There was champagne but not caviar this time. There was still half a bottle left and it helped me to calm my spirits. I was as nervous as the previous day if not more so. Today we would go further, it would be more of a hand to hand fight ... I wasn't sure if I should have a bath. Something inside me was trying find reasons not to go down to the cellar, but common sense told me to go. Common sense and the monster between my legs that was drunk on sex and violence...

I took the Stanley knife but not the can of dog food. I had read somewhere that a healthy person can go for a week without eating. I

didn't want to get my hands dirty.

After sounding the siren, stimulation-reaction, I read it in the manual; I went down with the spotlight in front of me. The oil had run out and the cellar was immersed in the most profound gloom. Only underground can you get such total darkness.

Marianne was crouched in a corner, sitting on the floor with her knees drawn up to her chest. She didn't move she just furrowed her brow and closed her eyes against the blinding light. The manual recommended a friendly greeting for this second session so I did my best.

"How did my little bitch sleep last night?"

She ignored me.

I went closer. Her posture; with her feet crossed, her knees pressed against her torso and without panties, was extremely suggestive. I noted with satisfaction that her feet were bare. The moron had fallen into the trap.

This time I pulled the other chain the one that went through the pulley on the pole. I did it viciously and as hard as I could. Marianne ended on foot with her back to the pole, her bare feet on tiptoes. That was perfect. The manual only recommended one friendly greeting so I didn't have to pretend anymore.

I opened the three locks and the door. Marianne watched me with dread. The darkness had suited her. That was probably the first time that she had to contemplate my impressive appearance, naked and erect under the Batman cape and mask. I went to her. I had left the spotlight facing the wall and a suggestive, tenuous light illuminated the cage. The fucking slut kneed me. It hurt a lot. The SS guide didn't allow for such an event.

I took a while to recover my senses. I looked at her with all my hatred. I really believe that Marianne was really sorry for her madness than. Anyone else would have taken revenge right there and then, but as I have already mentioned several times, I am very special. I struggled to my feet and tied a strap around her legs just above the knees, fixing them to the post. She wouldn't be able to try that stupid trick again.

"You're a rabid bitch ... To be trained." I said to her from very close, my penis rubbed against her. I could feel the tension in her body growing from my closeness. Marianne writhed on her tiptoes unable to rest her whole foot on the floor.

"You disobeyed me." I said lighting a cigarette and blowing the smoke into her face, into her open mouth. "Yesterday I put some shoes on you and you took them off without permission..." Marianne closed her eyes. She was beginning to realise what a fantastic bloke I am. I crouched down until my eyes were at the level of her crotch. I raised her T-shirt slightly. Marianne was as still as a statue. My attention was taken up by a triangle of blonde hair, slightly darker than her mane.

I looked around licking my lips ... her hips, her thighs...

Up a little to the narrow waist and her navel...

We have plenty of time to get to know one another I thought as let the T-shirt fall back down. First there was the matter of the sandals. I tied a

hemp rope around her left ankle and I fixed the other end to one of the hooks at the back of the post. She was left with her knee bent and her foot lifted up with its sole facing the ceiling.

She was held upright by only the collar, the strap around her thighs and the toes of her right foot.

It was moving to watch how she tried, with cuffed hands, desperately to hold onto the post and ease the tension.

I took her foot in two hands and stroked each one of her toes. I squeezed them I twisted them ... I went on diligently, her heel, her ankle. Until that moment I had believed that the best thing you could do with a woman's feet was to cover them with some shoes, my god how wrong I had been!

But there was still the question of her disobedience. Marianne had to learn. It was for her own good. I took a deep drag and then holding her ankle firmly, I put the cigarette out on the sole of her foot. That would help her. The strong smell of burning flesh assailed my nostrils. The soles of the feet are, according to the guide, an inexhaustible source of convincing arguments. Especially if the prisoner is female. It hurts more than any other place and the marks don't spoil the victim's looks.

I stood up and walked around her a couple of times. My penis made it uncomfortable to walk. I lit another cigarette and I blew some more smoke into her face. Her eyes were tightly closed, her brow wrinkled and saliva was trickling past the ring in her mouth. Her whole body was tensed. It was surely the first time she had really suffered in her life.

"You're the first bitch that I've adopted," I told her "but don't go thinking I'm easy. I have read up on it. Discipline is primary to avoid serious faults and bad habits. Remember that. It'll do you good." Her eyes stayed closed, her thighs clenched and her lovely breasts went up and down convulsively, prey to irregular palpitations.

I waited until she had absorbed all the pain and calmed down. I undid the strap around her thighs because with her foot raised it wasn't necessary. While I was doing it I looked at the burn on her foot. A violet circle was raised up in the tenderest part of her sole, on her arch, a part that never touches the floor. The rope was biting deeply into her ankle ... It was quite pitiful.

When Marianne opened her eyes again her look met Batman's mask. She lowered her eyes with horror to my chest with its grey hairs. She was still there. She didn't look further down in spite of her desire to avoid my gaze. She was crying in pain.

I opened the Stanley knife and showed it to her. I imagine she had been expecting it. I cut the shoulders of the body-warmer away leaving it trapped between her and the post. Then I attacked the neck of her T-shirt and carried on down slowly. It's amazing how sharp those things are. And they just cost a couple of pounds!

Provocative isn't the word ... The material was left open revealing the inner part of each of her breasts. Her erect nipples stopped it from falling wide open. I went for the camera, this time I used a Polaroid. I couldn't wait.

She was perfect.

I went back to work. I caressed the fine inside of her breasts with the knife. Marianne, still and on tiptoes, was trembling and scared to death. Would I mark her? Nothing was further from my mind. I remembered with exasperation the morning I met her in the bank. Superior, proud, engaging, pressuring and insolent ... I had to keep control. Those memories were enraging me and I still had the knife in my hand...

I played with her T-shirt for a while, pulling it down, blowing in the tear, pinching the material ... Never uncovering her nipples. It was a special moment, one to remember and it was worth enjoying. I looked at the watch; twenty minutes of the time had elapsed.

I slid the knife under her left sleeve; I held it under the T-shirt ... SHHHH ... then the other one ... SSHHH. It was incredible, but those firm breasts still resisted being uncovered. The damp material was stuck to her skin and covered her nipples in spite of her shoulders being naked. Marianne kept still; she had closed her eyes again.

I took a couple of photos more they were perfect.

It was time to see my little bitch just as she was.

With all the brutality I could muster I tore the ruined T-shirt off her. I was left with my mouth wide open.

Her breasts, the first I had ever seen in the flesh were trembling like blancmanges. They were like two half-melons, high and firm, crowned with two pink and pointy nipples. I threw myself on them like a madman ignoring all of the advice from the SS. My hands, my fingers; my nails all dug into the soft flesh. So many years! I squeezed and twisted ignorant of the pain I was causing her. It wasn't until Marianne's saliva and tears began to splash on my hands that I realised what I was doing. I let her go at once, like a child caught with his hands in the fridge. They were red with the marks of my fingers standing out against the white flesh. I had to learn to control myself in the future.

Marianne looked at me with hate, accusingly. I had put my foot in it ... The manual was right. 'If the prisoner discovers that she sexually excites her jailer she will try to use her charms against him, it's the only weapon she has.'

That sign of weakness on my part infuriated me. I freed her foot, I went out of the cell and loosened the chain from the post, and then I pulled on the other one. Marianne was dragged against the bars like the previous day. Without a word I bound her elbows tightly together behind her back with a cord. I had tried that position in my rehearsals and it was unbearable, especially after a few minutes. I adjusted the chains so that she was left halfway between the post and the bars on tiptoes. Marianne was very slightly bending her left leg, most likely because of the burn. I tied her thighs together above the knees and put the shoes back on her feet tying the straps very tightly. Tighter than the previous day.

I went out of the cell locking it three times. I placed the video camera on the tripod, I refilled the lamp with oil, and I loosened the chains and went upstairs to take a bath. I didn't need to warn her about the shoes...

The second session was over.

Halfway upstairs I heard Marianne fall heavily to the floor, exhausted and in agony.

After my bath I checked everything. It was brilliant. It had to be Japanese. The weak light didn't seem to affect it in any way. The picture was crystal clear.

After a little practise with the controls I had it. It was very simple.

Marianne was on the floor, on one side and with her knees drawn up. With the zoom I was able to focus clearly on the folds in her skin caused by the way the strap was pulling her elbows together at her back. I pressed the record button and taped for one minute. It was technology at man's service, especially for the male of the species ... It was true! I lowered the lens to the profile of her breast. I could make out half of a nipple with perfect resolution. I taped for a couple of minutes. What was I going to do with these tapes? It didn't matter. I was having fun and that was all.

I went on exploring my bitch's naked body. Her buttocks, her thighs, her calves, her feet trapped in the sandals ... I went up to her face ... Her eyes were wide open. I filmed the puddle of saliva under her open mouth. Shit! I had completely forgotten to give her a drink. I opened the manual at the chapter about sexual relations with the detainee. I went straight to the section on women as the other made me sick. I read ... 'Sex is a two edged weapon that must be used with great care and only by expert torturers. It's good for the jailer to use his victim sexually, but the victim should be prevented from taking consolation from it. Mixing sex with pain is good. That will prevent the prisoner from concentrating and getting anywhere. One infallible method is to blindfold her and then to alternate between pleasure and sexual torture.'

Obviously...

It's a great book. Written by a clear mind. I went to the old garage and cut up an old motorcycle inner tube. About five inches would be enough. I even left a little hole for the top of her nose. I tried it. It was perfect. It would stick to her eyes like a second skin and it was impossible to remove. I went upstairs again and wrote a little script. No matter how exciting the session was I was going to stick to it this time.

Wednesday...

...The alarm clock went off half an hour early. It had to. I took a shower, made a coffee and went down to the cellar in my disguise. As usual the siren preceded my impressive entrance.

Marianne was waiting for me in her usual corner. Crouching and trembling as usual.

I fixed the chains so that she was on foot between the bars and the post. She was wearing the sandals and she was limping. I opened the gate and threw a bucket of freezing cold soapy water over her. With brutal hands I soaped her hair. Then, using a pair of coarse gloves like those that women use against cellulite, I went on with the rest of her body. I paid special attention to her face, he breasts, her buttocks and her sex. Also her thighs ... I tried to treat her like an animal, like a dog so I wouldn't be aroused by what I was doing. The gloves helped but I have to admit that I still didn't get it. When she was completely soaped all over I rinsed her with the hosepipe. The water pressure in the cellar was very strong and by using the nozzle from the garden hose I was able to make it even stronger.

I started with her hair. I made her turn around several times on her shoes, until the last trace of soap had disappeared. The drain could barely handle the torrent of water. The force of the water hurt her breasts ... I would remember that. I still don't really now how sensitive breasts are. Mum used to say that a woman's breasts are as sensitive as a man's testicles, but that's impossible. If that was the case Marianne would be dead by now...

I shut off the hose and combed her hair. In future she would look after her appearance but that day with her elbows and hands behind her back it was a lot to ask.

I looked at the clock, I still had ten minutes and I wanted to make sure that she wouldn't die of thirst in my absence. I tied a hemp cord to her hair and then I tied the other end to the strap that bound her elbows together, this forced her head back. The ring in her mouth was left facing the ceiling. I went to the drawer where I kept the toys and took out an enema bag that I filled with water, I also took out the plug that screwed into the ring-gag. I stood on a stool to screw the plug into the ring and connect the tube from the bag of water to the valve in the middle of the plug. The water could go in but not come out. Marianne looked at me

with dread. She was clever and she knew what I was trying to do ... I only had to hang the bag on the post and close her nostrils with my fingers; the force of gravity would do the rest.

Marvelling at the expertise she had got in only a few days I watched as Marianne tried to swallow the contents of the bag before my fingers suffocated her in spite of having her jaws wide open. The colour of her face changed three times ... From white to red, then to violet and then back to white, although a much paler white this time...

Those were ten minutes well spent. Watching the movements of her throat as she tried to swallow as quickly as she could was very instructive and it served as a sublime inspiration to my learned mind. I remembered 'Deep throat' and all its sequels. In fact I had a treasured pair myself, the most porno ones, in my own collection. Marianne had to see them...

Before I left for work I pout the toys away and loosened the chains. As she didn't want it I put the piece of inner tube over her eyes, just under her hair, making sure that it lay over it. I didn't have to tell her that, just like the sandals, it must not be removed in my absence. Marianne is clever and one burn on the sole of her foot was enough...

We were beginning to understand one another.

I arrived in time to catch the train before the one I usually catch. And was I surprised to see the slim shape of Negrita at the other end of the platform. This time I didn't let her see me. It was early and I decided to find out where she works. How my life had changed! From a downtrodden passenger I had become the implacable hunter of the tube. Wow! I liked that idea: 'The Implacable Hunter of the Tube'; that was me ... Robert T. Wilson, a piece of shit until that day.

Negrita went into a big office block, one stop beyond mine. In spite of her understated clothing all of the men in the street looked at her. I became wildly jealous...

To the surprise of a woman who was waiting in the entrance I opened my briefcase and without stopping I put the false moustache, wig and Rabbi's hat on. I went behind her in the same lift. She was shorter than Marianne but only a little bit. I had just washed my guest's blonde hair and the ebony colour of Negrita's was a surprise to me. Variety is the spice of life, I enthusiastically told myself ... Before the mere presence of a beautiful woman had depressed me, but since Marianne came home it's the opposite. Beauty inspires me; it sharpens my cunning ... What a beautiful life it is!

I followed her to the door of her office. It was the office of an important multinational that supplied photographic materials. What a coincidence...

That morning I spoke to Mrs Logan about the loan. She looked at me with surprise. Doubtless the old witch didn't take me for the kind of person who would ask for credit from a bank.

"What do you want it for, Robert?" she asked with her filthy smile.

"I have inherited a house in the country; you know, when mum died ... The roof needs mending." Any excuse would do.

In spite of herself she had no choice but to allow it. I was clean and the

banks credit rating system left her no choice. It was good start to the day.

At midday I went to see my pal in Soho. He was busy watching some customers. I don't know if much stuff gets stolen from sex-shops, but in every one I've been in they treat you with great suspicion.

"Mr Robert," he whispered. "I've got something very special..." I immediately imagined a fifty pound note with wings flying out of my pocket. It was five hundred actually, but it was worth it. I didn't know it then but it was an excellent purchase. It helped to learn how to distinguish between the possible and the impossible, the brutal from the dangerous, simple caresses from real pain.

"A special report. Very special." I didn't like that man. He was gangly and repulsive. Sometimes I imagined with his veins full of semen instead of blood. From the Balkans. Very new." He spoke like a telegram. He seemed to be incapable of stringing two phrases together without a full stop. He went on ... "Ethnic cleansing. You can imagine. Prisoners of war."

I imagined it and I bought it. I had to pay with my credit card without a balance. Luckily that swine didn't have a telephone terminal and so he didn't know. When I got to the bank I would fix it.

Back at the office I looked up the telephone number of the office where Negrita worked and I called it. Bingo! She was the receptionist. I hadn't heard her voice before but I was sure that it was her. Us geniuses have these powers.

"You'll be mine, whore." I told her before hanging up. I was red as a beetroot and I looked around the office. Luckily no one had noticed. Not even Mrs Logan!

I had to keep control in the future.

On the way home I waited for her on the platform. She didn't appear. I waited for a couple of trains to pass. Half an hour! That slut was making me late for my date with Marianne. By the time she arrived I was smiling. She was very nervous. The carriages were full to bursting point. I went behind her and made sure I was pressed against her, face to face. She smelled nice, as nice as Marianne did.

I rubbed her hair with my chin; I did it on purpose. She couldn't get away from me until four more stations had passed by.

"Aren't you buying any food for your doggy?" Asked Mrs Bridges.

"No, not today, she was under the weather yesterday and she didn't eat a thing."

"Be careful. She could be on heat and then they don't eat. They get weak..." I didn't answer. Talking about such things has always got on top of me. Sex embarrasses me, even if it's meant to be about a dog. But I have to admit that old shopkeeper's words had intrigued me ... Could Marianne be on heat without me noticing? I still don't know. I'll have to ask someone, Marianne herself perhaps, or Angela, or Negrita. One of them is bound to know...

As soon as I got home, even before I took my coat off I looked in the telephone book. Bingo again! I rang the number and Negrita answered.

“You’ll be mine, whore.” This time I waited a few moments before hanging up; I could hear her crying. I mustn’t rush things; it was too risky, I decided to leave her alone for a few days. I had plenty to do in the cellar.

I went straight down, unlike the other times. Marianne received me on foot that night. She was radiant, naked but for her sandals, her hair was clean and dry, the mask covered her eyes, the ring between her teeth, the thick collar, the endless dog chain, her arms tied up her back offering up her breasts and so many other things.

As usual I announced my arrival with the siren’s unbearable howl. I lit another candle and opened the bars. Marianne retreated to the wall. I went closer to her; my member was almost rubbing on her. She could feel my nearness and she was trembling like a leaf. She smelled lovely, better than ever. I took her by the chain and carefully moved her to the post. She didn’t resist. First I took the strap off her elbows, then the cuffs. Her arms fell numbly to her sides. The strength had gone from them. I took her by her shoulders and placed her with back against the post than I cuffed her again, this time with her hands behind the post. I crouched down and placed the bar between her ankles, it was a sublime invention ... It was an adjustable iron bar with fine straps at its ends for the ankles. I set it so that her feet were held about eighteen inches apart. I remember that I over-tightened the straps but the sight of the leather biting into her flesh just above the Achilles tendon was very exciting.

I took the usual pictures and then I got ready for next phase. I had everything to hand. I wet my fingers with saliva and put them inside the rig gag. Every time I touched her sent me crazy. The guide was right again “Blindness accentuates apprehension and sensitises.” I sought her tongue with my fingertips, but instead of licking she pulled it away. She would regret that. I tried some more but it was no good. I decided to try the inflatable penis gag. I tried to screw it in but it was too thick. I opened the ring wider with the screwdriver. A pathetic whimper came out of Marianne’s dislocated mouth. I tried again, still no good. I turned it two more turns ... Her fleshy lips were stretched to bursting point. It’s incredible what you can do with a woman’s jaws.

Finally it went in. Seeing the rubber penis penetrate her aroused me more than can be imagined. I connected the pump and began to inflate it. With each pump Marianne coloured more. Soon the convulsions and the retching began. It had reached her throat and it was penetrating it. I carried on. Her neck began to progressively dilate. I licked my finger and placed it by her nose. She was still breathing. I went on until the air stopped circulating through her nostrils. If I left her like that she would suffocate in a couple of minutes. I felt the subtle power of life and death for the first time ...

I loosened the valve until she could breath again. I squeezed her throat ... The rubber was completely inside it and had reached beyond her larynx. This apparatus and the two ‘Deep Throat’ films would help me to show her the kind intimate dealings I expected from her...

To her surprise I removed the replica and the ring gag that she had in

her mouth since Sunday. Four days and four nights!

I didn't want to break her teeth so I took my time about it.

When it finally came out her mouth was left provocatively opened. Marianne couldn't close it and her saliva continued to escape in little torrents down her chin.

I pulled her lips back with my fingertips and examined her teeth. They were perfect. White straight and there was no danger that her wisdom teeth would spoil their perfection; she already had five molars on each side. I couldn't resist ... I grabbed her hair and I kissed her as I had on Sunday when she had been unconscious. I explored her inside with my tongue...It was exquisitely tasty. There was no danger ... She couldn't bite; she had no strength not even enough to put her jaws together. I tasted her fleshy lips. I bit them, I sucked them, I kissed them, I licked them and I bit them again...

They were elastic, tough, succulent and delicious. It was a long kiss, half an hour maybe? All the time being careful not rub against her nakedness. I didn't want to precipitate matters.

Before heading for the armchair I gave her a tremendous slap on her left cheek. I was surprised by the strength I used, I though I had really split her head open, but no. Marianne raised her head after a few seconds. I took advantage of that by giving her another with the back of my hand on her right cheek. Until then I was following the plan step by step.

I brought the armchair into the cage and sat down a yard or so from my victim. It was an exquisite sight. Her ankles were twisted at the ends of the bar, suffering from supporting the posture she was in. The high heels weren't helping matters much ... I crouched down and stroked them. They were trembling with the effort and with fear. I ran my hand up the backs rubbing her calves with my fingertips. I began to test the quality and texture of her flesh by pinching it softly. It was excellent. I stopped at her knees and the starts of her thighs. Her thighs were tensed. I slid my hand between them, up, up to where her endless legs met. I stopped a fraction of an inch before arriving and moved my nose closer to her without removing my hand. She was delicious, good enough to eat ... She smelled of female. My curiosity forced me to stray from the script. I had never seen a clitoris. With trembling fingers I opened that humid fruit. The aroma became headier and more intense. I imagined I was affected by those mysterious pheromones. There it was. What a silly thing it was, so small in contrast to my imposing penis. It seemed unfair, but you know; woman is made to receive the male, have babies and not much more. Strong sexual stimulation isn't required to be hunted and raped. Nature is wise and knows how to make things according to their function. I rubbed it. It was very sensitive. Was she exaggerating? She was wet; the little whore was enjoying my explorations. I remembered the SS' advice: 'Velvet glove, iron hand'. I stood up and punched her in the solar plexus. It was the first time that she cried out in our unforgettable relationship...She wasn't expecting it, I'm sure.

I looked her in the eyes. She could almost close her jaws by then. I

parted her lips with my fingers. She didn't react. I slapped her left breast up and down. That seemed to inspire her because when I placed my hand near her mouth again, she licked it with her warm pink tongue. I had to show her that she was doing it right and that that was the right answer so I stroked her sex. Her reaction was quite violent, even more so than it had been to the slaps. I didn't understand I still hadn't realised how much wisdom there was in the advice from the SS guide.

I went on until she accepted my caresses without all that huffing and puffing. I stroked her lips again with fingers wet from her own humidity. She licked them again, perhaps more eagerly. I caressed her again, this time on the tips of her pointy nipples, almost without touching her. It was fascinating to watch the blood flow into them and make hard and erect. They were defiant. I couldn't resist licking them, just with the tip of my tongue. Her reaction was excessively nervous and frantic. I left her alone. The book advised numerous rest periods.

I poured myself a beer without taking my eyes off her. I needed to calm down too. I put a Wagner CD on, Lohengrin in fact. I find opera fascinating but only when I am aroused, if not I fall asleep. I lit a cigarette. Marianne shivered at the smell of the smoke; the sole of her foot must still have been hurting her ... a regrettable incident.

I was satisfied. Everything was going well that night. My delicious guest could only make out tactile stimuli. With my silence and her blindfolded her contact with the world was reduced to her skin. The only sound to break the silence of the dungeon was the sound of the blows and now the powerful voice of the soprano apart from the endless ticking of the grandfather clock.

I finished my beer and switched off the music. I also moved the dog end near to her erect nipples. Marianne was petrified and a regrettable "no" popped out of her mouth.

How dare she? I threw the dog end to the floor and grabbing her by the hair I dedicated myself to slapping her for a good while. They weren't savage slaps; they were of the type that hurt the pride more than the cheeks. I was slapping the same face that had appeared all proud and arrogant in the bank, that morning so long ago. What a shame that the rubber was covering her eyes and her sultry gaze. I don't have to say that punishing her like that gave me an indescribable pleasure. Even now slapping her is one the things that fulfils me most and I do it quite frequently.

I sat down again. Marianne had learned and she didn't say anything else. Her sensuous lips just trembled. I let a few minute pass. Every now and then I moved the armchair as if I was getting up, it was fun to watch her reaction.

I finally did get up, with my eyes fixed on the breasts that fascinated me so ... And with her own hair-clips in my hand, another sublime invention ... All the girls carry them to fix their hair up these days. It's curious, but nowadays a woman walks the street with the whole set: tights to tie her with, knickers to gag her with and these marvellous grips with toothed edges ready for whatever your imagination can come up with.

I have to recognise that in spite of my innate genius, of which I am so proud, that day I was rather unoriginal. I stuck one on her left nipple, right at the tip and then before she could react, I stuck the other one on the right, trying to pinch the flesh as much as possible. What followed was a party for all my senses. For the first and last time I forgave her moans and insults. Like almost everything that I imposed on my guest I had tried it on myself before and I found it easy to imagine what she was feeling. They are diabolical gadgets with their sharpened teeth and their hardened steel springs...

It took Marianne a while to accept the pain and calm down. The right one excited me most as almost the entire nipple was clamped. It sank into the flesh pitilessly, without compassion. It forced the blood to accumulate in the tip, which began to palpitate as if it was alive. I took a step back with satisfaction; I took a few Polaroids and went upstairs. I still hadn't eaten anything that night.

After dinner I switched the monitor on. Marianne had collapsed, probably unconscious. She was resting on her knees on the floor; her body was arched forward and held up only by where her wrists were cuffed behind the post.

I went down and took everything off her, the cuffs, the leg spreader and the rubber from her eyes ... I just left the shoes, the collar and the two chains that made her the most exciting puppet in the world. Before leaving I emptied the tin of dog food into a dog bowl that I had written her name on with a magic marker.

I slept late. I don't know if Marianne woke up in the night because I was watching the Balkans video. What an outrage! I looked like Snow White with my games compared to those bloodthirsty beasts. I didn't like it. It was butchery. As you can tell from my story, I'm a sensitive and impressionable being who is horrified by blood and brutality. Although I admit I go a bit far with Marianne sometimes but that's different, we have an understanding...

Thursday...

...I spent the whole day in a sleepy bad mood. The bloody video had upset me. My mind was tortured by the most acute uncertainty. I was hammered by questions.

Was that what I wanted? Would I get tired of treating her like that? Would I get sick of her? All questions without answers. I was very depressed. At the lowest point of my doubts, Mrs Logan sent me to the manager's office. There was someone else there.

"Come in, come in, Robert." Said the manager with a worried look. "This is inspector Willis," he added referring to the woman who I didn't know. That's it, I thought, the end...

"Please take a seat." He invited me. I don't remember how I reacted but he asked me if I was feeling okay.

"Oh yes, very well thank you." I stammered.

Inspector Willis didn't even look at me; she was poring over some papers. When she finally looked up, I looked down with fear. Her gaze reminded me of Marianne on that first day when we met.

"Mr Wilson," began the inspector without preamble. "You served a lady by the name of Marianne Crawford on one or more occasions. Did you notice anything unusual in her behaviour?"

Now, with hindsight, I can be pleased with my reaction. Even without meaning to be I was magnificent.

"Marianne Crawford?" I repeated nervously.

"You will definitely remember her, look at this photo." Her impatience saved me.

Luckily she laid it on the table and my trembling hand went unnoticed.

"Do you remember her now?" I didn't know what to say. Even Mrs Logan was looking nervous.

"Here is her file, perhaps..." It was great, the idiot was talking instead of interrogating.

Finally the words sprang to my lips. "I remember now. She closed her account a few days ago and I gave her the balance in cash."

"Did she anything to you?" The question was so vague and absurd that she herself found it necessary to explain it. "It appears that Miss Crawford has disappeared."

I was still quiet. I still didn't know if she would accuse me of anything or not. The manager intervened ... "Robert noted on her file that she was moving to Liverpool..." They began to speak to one another and I began to calm down. The police didn't have a clue. I learned that her father had reported her missing and it wasn't the first time either. Marianne, just as I had read in her diary, was avoiding him, and he reported her missing regularly so he could use the police to find out where she was. They were tired of it but they had to go through the motions.

The conversation was pretty short. No one was interested in the matter and the inspector, who was obviously inexperienced, seemed to forget about me.

When I got back to my position my legs were trembling. It wasn't until I had sat down that I noticed that I had wet myself.

That episode cleared away my anxiety of the morning and I began to make plans. It was Thursday, a key day. Friday was going to nothing more than preparation for Saturday, our anniversary and the day that we would consummate our union. We had been together for a week, even though Marianne had spent the first day unconscious.

I avoided Negrita's train that night. The unexpected interview with the inspector had put me on my guard. I needed to be more cautious.

I stopped at Mrs Bridges' and bought a couple of tins, a bottle of champagne and my dinner. Just as well because when I got home Marianne's dog bowl was empty, she had eaten it all up.

I put my work clothes away, sounded the siren and went down at once. On the stairs I remembered the stupid inspector and it made me furious.

Marianne was crouched in a corner with her knees together and her arms crossed hiding her bosoms. Hypocrite! When I had followed her all those nights in the pub and at 'Speed' she hadn't been so modest...

"Please..." she began. "SILENCE!" I screamed with all my fury.

She shut up.

"Put this on." I ordered throwing her the rubber mask. She obeyed, but only after giving me a venomous look. I took note of it.

"On your feet!"

She was delicious.

I went in but not before tensing the chains and placing her against the column. It was brilliant; I was going to try out one of the positions in the magazine.

"Arms up!" She seemed to hesitate. That was new.

I cuffed her hands behind the column and I went so close that I was rubbing against her, I could feel the heat from her body. Being that close to her was overpowering, blind and defenceless she was too much.

I looked at for a long while, without saying a word, feeling the tension grow in her body and her soul. There I had my Marianne, leaning against the column with her hands in the air and behind her, with her elbows raised and parted on each side of her face, with her body arched, with her breasts raised by the tension and with her nipples pointing directly at my eyes ... I think I used a whole roll of film up.

I changed the tone of my voice. “Do you want me to twist them with the grips?” I asked her as I pinched her nipples softly. Marianne nervously shook her head. She got a loud slap ... A drop of blood dribbled from her nose. I rinsed her. I already mentioned that the sight of blood makes me sick.

“Reply!”

She is clever and she understood. If asked she had to speak and reply, but only then.

“No ... Please...” It wasn’t the right answer but it wasn’t too bad.

I crouched down and tied her ankles, passing the cord behind the column, they were left pulled back, opening her legs and forcing her forward, holding her weight up with just her tensed arms, her feet on tiptoes behind the column ... She was trembling all over. Soon cramps would affect her muscles.

I got the big red gag.

“Open!” I ordered rubbing her lips with my fingers. Disconcertedly, she put her tongue out to lick me. I liked it. I hadn’t thought of that.

“Open I said!” She obeyed.

I put the rubber ball behind her teeth, It was tough but I managed. I imagined how much it must have hurt her to have to open her mouth so wide once more. Her fleshy lips stretched around the rubber sealing her mouth completely. I put my old school ruler on the floor it had metal edges.

“On your knees!” She obeyed with difficulty, she hoped that the new position would alleviate the pressure on her arms and legs. Her surprise when her knees rested on the metal edge of the ruler was very great ... And it was very painful. She tried to move her knees back but she couldn’t. She bumped into my boots...

I waited a few moments for the pain to penetrate into her bones and joints. Then I grabbed the cord that united her ankles and I lifted it. Just six inches. It was enough. All the weight of her body was supported on her knees. And her knees were on the sharp edge of the ruler...

After the pictures I sat on the armchair and lit a cigarette. The smoke didn’t seem to worry her this time; maybe she was too wrapped up with her knees. I put the music on. The suave choral melodies of Lohengrin filled the cellar with harmony. Art, pleasure and pain it was sublime!

I sat on the floor behind her, with my legs crossed. I took the sandal off her right foot. The burn was looking good. I squeezed it and it still seemed to hurt her. I ran my finger along the mark the rope had left in her flesh. It was unfortunate but there was no other choice. I stroked her foot’s perfect arch, her ankle, her Achilles tendon, her instep and her toes ... I did it with both hands, feeling her, making her mine, sensing her touch, her shape. She was lovely. I read that the prostitutes in Thailand did special foot massages and I decided that Marianne would have to learn that ... But there was time for that. Before details like that we had more immediate and urgent matters to attend to.

I sat back in the armchair. Tears popped over the rubber that was

blinding her and her saliva escaped around the red ball and down her chin. Her long thighs trembled exaggeratedly. I gave her a tap on her left breast ... Even today it sends me crazy to see how her breasts tremble and shake under my blows.

I took out the paper on which I had written my speech and put it on my knees.

"Pay careful attention..." She was in pain, a lot of pain. I gave her another slap on her right breast, a back-hander. I did it cruelly but also with the kind intention of making her forget the pain in her knees.

I went on reading...

"What I'm going to say now will avoid misunderstandings..." Her arms were writhing behind the column trying to ease the weight on her knees.

"...You are my obedient doggy, and dogs don't talk..." I added stroking where only moments before I had struck her.

"...They just bark and wag their tails..." My fingers closed threateningly on both of her nipples.

"...And they obey, of course..." I pinched them. That was the key word and it needed stressing obedience.

"So from now on..." I stroked again, "...when you don't know what to do or how to react..." This time my hands clasped her breasts, fingers and nails digging in.

"Do what a doggy would do..."

When I finished the last sentence the paper fell to the floor, how eloquent! I was proud. That was all my own work a complete philosophic concept of existence. Explaining to a peer her situation in life and pointing out the tenets on which she should base her behaviour from then on. Socrates, Seneca, Jesus Christ, Mohammed, Saint Augustin, Innocent XII, Kant, Marx, Freud, Marcuse and now Robert T. Wilson, it was unforgettable. They were all people who had changed the world with their doctrines ... I had gone down in history.

I freed the breasts that excited me so much. They were reddened like the first time; my fingers had left white outlines on them. I was beginning to reconsider my innate preference for women's legs...

After such magnificent words there wasn't much left to say. Now it was time for Marianne to reflect on them so I went up for my dinner. On the stairs it occurred to me, that in the monastic schools orders like that had founded the various religious movements that had come about over the centuries, they called them 'rules'. So, well, my magnanimity and kindness had given my dear disciple Marianne two rules. The first, was a compendium of morality and conduct, like a spiritual guide for her troubled mind. The second was more tangible, made of wood with two sharp edges for her knees. After all in the west we have always prayed on our knees, too much Robert...

My dinner tasted great. I hadn't spent any time on myself for days. I ate dressed as Batman. It was worth getting changed. The champagne was delicious and as usual it went straight to my head. Mum always said that alcohol put people into a good mood, but it makes me violent. Poor

mum, she died of cirrhosis ... Form one point of vies it was lucky. What would I do now eating with mum? What would she say about my Batman disguise? And about Marianne? Marianne, Marianne ... it didn't seem like a suitable name for a doggy. I imagined my neighbour Mrs Walters taking a white nine stone doggy for a walk on a leash ... 'Marianne don't pee on the geraniums', Marianne say hello to Mr Wilson', Marianne lick my cunt'. Too much ... I couldn't do a lot about Marianne's weight but I could about her name. 'Negrita' was nice but not really suitable for a blonde. I didn't like 'Blondy' and 'Shandy' sounded like beer to me. I would have to think about that. Talking of weight I would have to keep an eye on her, she was thinner and it didn't suit her. When I caught her she was perfect. I would have to worry about that now as well. What a drag! When I started with this business I hadn't imagined that a pet could take up so much time. Now that I have spent some time with her I can affirm that a puppy like Marianne takes up tons of time, but it's still a very rewarding hobby.

Drunk and euphoric I went down to the cellar. The siren gave its usual call to attention. I walked around her a few times. I liked to look at her. I analysed her with critical eyes. She belonged to me and it was a good idea to know her well, every detail, every peculiarity and every distinguishing feature ... I raised her thick blonde mane with its agreeable feel. She had a little mole on her right shoulder. I studied the downy hair on the back of her neck, it was very blonde, and there was a freckle behind her ear and another over her lip ... Her skin was tight and shiny; it felt smooth and fine. Her hair as well as shining had a strong and healthy lustre. I pulled back her lips from the red rubber ball and examined her teeth again. They were impeccable. Those five days underground didn't seem to have affected her adversely. The guide was quite clear: 'A prisoner's health can be seen in her eyes, in the shine of her skin, by the condition of her hair, by her teeth and by her fingernails'. I couldn't examine her eyes at that moment, so I looked at her fingernails. I had to open her fists as she had them clenched behind the column. It was the first time I had noticed her hands since the photos. They were small and slim with long smooth fingers topped by perfect nails. Properly trained they would be excellent...

I knelt down. Her toenails were also in a perfect condition. Only the matter of her weight somehow let down her general condition.

I let her go. First her arms. Incapable of keeping herself up she fell to her face on the floor. Then I cut the cord that united her ankles with the Stanley knife. I also took off her blindfold and gag. She was free but for the collar and the chains. A doggy should always wear her collar. Before going upstairs I filled her bowl with two cans of food and put a suitable film on the video.

Once in my room I phoned Angela, my veterinary friend.

"It's not too late is it?" I asked politely.

"No cowboy, I'm always here for you..." I noticed something funny about her reply. "What do you want. Is there a problem with the anaesthetic and your calves?"

She was being ironic.

"No, it works fine. You're a true professional," I replied.

"You don't know the half of it." Irony again. I got to the point.

"How much should you feed a dog that weighs about nine stone?"

"Nine stone?"

"Yes nine, she's very big."

"Are you sure that it's a dog?" Again ... that feeling that I felt with the inspector that morning.

"What do you mean?"

"It must be a monster. Are sure she's not a calf or a woman?" I pulled the earpiece away from ear at the sound of her stupid loud giggling. My blood froze. "Give her a pound a day. Two tins. Oh and mix it with something for babies, it's the breeding season."

"What did you say?"

"Something for pregnancy, don't let her get in the family way." She was drunk. I hung up without thanking her.

I switched on the monitor ... Marianne was dragging herself across the floor to the latrine. She couldn't walk. I zoomed in to between her buttocks. That idiot was right. If I was going to start raping her regularly from Saturday I would get her pregnant and that isn't what I wanted.

I switched off the monitor. Marianne needed some privacy and I'm a perfect gentleman.

When I switched it back on she was drinking from the cistern. Her legs were still useless and she was leaning on her arms. For a moment I thought with horror that I had left her useless, but I soon calmed down. What did I need a bitch that walked for? I've always been able to do that, although before I caught Marianne I had thought it a weakness. Now I'm sure that it's another part of my amazing genius: I'm capable of turning things around and finding the positive side of the worst situations. I'm a Zen master.

But I have to admit that Angela's ironies spoiled my sleep that night.

****

Tick-tock ... Tick-tock...

Damned clock, bloody film and damned Batman. He's a fucking bastard. I think he's left me crippled for life. I have to do something and get out of here right away. He gets more violent and dangerous every day. He'll end up killing me.

Blindfolded and something digging into my knees and I had to listen the load of cruelty that he wants to rule my life in the future. He's a diabolic and stupid thing. Bloody swine! He has a retards voice, he looks like a spastic and he's monumentally stupid. He's a real moron, a mental deficient and I'm in his hands. Damn it!

He cleans me like a cow, with a hosepipe, he brushes me, he gives me dog food to eat, her keeps me chained by my neck and he makes me bark ... And the worst of it is that I can't get out of it. My god! To think I used

to play with every one and now I have to submit to a moron...

What can I do but hope?

I'm chained up and blind in his hands. It's awful! Now he hits me, then he caresses me, then her tortures me and then he molests me ... I'm a toy in his hands. How can anyone behave like this? What horror fills his head?

Outside the cage there's a horrible video playing and when it finished it just rewinds and starts again. It's a film full of fellatios with horrid girls and repulsive blokes. It's a very poor production. Luckily he left it turned down and all that can be heard is the suffocating 'tick-tock' of the clock on the wall. He's a bastard ... There is a malevolent intelligence behind all of his atrocities. Like the video for example. He knows I'll look at it, I can't really avoid it. It's the only source of light either in or out of my cage and my eyes are irresistibly drawn to it. My god, sex! Since I was kidnapped I only think of it as a form of torture. Why the film? What is he trying to do with this rubbish? Is he going to rape me finally?

Strange as it seems I want him to. If there's any way I'll have a chance to get out of here it'll be through sex. Men get even more stupid when they are with a woman. I swear I won't waste my chance when I get it. I'll kill him...

Friday...

...in the morning I decided to ignore my guest. Marianne had plenty of food and I didn't have any spare time. When I got out I remembered it was Friday ... I went back and left a message on the bank's answering machine saying I would be half an hour late. It was all I needed.

I took off my suit, my tie, my shirt and my underpants and I put the mask on. I didn't bother with the cape and the boots. I was in a hurry; I also forgot the siren.

Marianne was asleep on the floor, curled up in a corner. She hadn't eaten. I took the cane that I had placed near the cage I struck her buttocks. She awoke in terror. She seemed disconcerted. She didn't know where she was. But when she turned her head and saw me she quickly understood.

"On your feet!"

She really tried it was pathetic.

I tried to help her by pulling on the chain that was hanging from the post. I had to stop or I would have hanged her. I decided to go in, but I took precautions in case it was ruse; Marianne's hands and feet were free. I jumped on her; I kneed her in the kidneys and twisted her arms high up her back. I left them there cuffed to the collar, and then I began to wash her with the hosepipe and a bucket.

Once I thought her clean enough I crouched on top of her and I slapped her a couple of times. "When I get home I want to see you with lipstick on and your hair combed. And I want your bowl empty, oh and don't forget to put your shoes on."

I left her a lipstick, a hairbrush and note on the toilet: 'If you flush the food, I'll know.'

That day on the way to work on the tube I felt like a hero. I looked at the bored and sleepy faces of the other passengers. Not one of them had had such an exciting waking up; most likely they never would in their pathetic lives.

At midday I was very embarrassed. I went to buy Marianne some shoes, something exciting, you understand. I was getting tired of the brown sandals and it's my right to choose her clothing, so I decided to do so. I chose the shop where she used to work before we met. It turned me on...

One of her old workmates came out to me as soon as I went in. “Sir?” Shit I needed to get inspiration and that idiot was stopping me.

“I’m looking for some shoes for my wife ... But I would like to look around for a while first.” I was nervous; the assistant was young and pretty.

“I’ll help you Sir. What sort would you like?” She asked me pointing at a showcase. One pair did attract my attention at once but they were quite similar to the brown sandals, the sort that are designed to turn men on. They were open and had fine straps around the ankles; they showed the foot off rather than hiding it. Also they imprisoned it...

The girl noticed. “Lots of gentlemen take those ones for their ‘wives’.”

She was as much a whore as Marianne. I noticed the venom in the way she said ‘wives’. We also have these,” she said showing me a similar pair, They have longer straps and can be tied higher, at the calves.” She said it looking me in my eyes and stroking her raised leg with both hands. I imagined her with the red ball in her mouth...

“May I ask what size your wife takes?”

“A six.” I was stunned.

“And what colour does she want? We have black, white, red, silver and golden...”

“I ... I ... don’t know.” Shit what an idiot! Letting a little cockteaser like her get the better of me.

“What colour hair does your ‘wife’ have?” She asked with the same emphasis on the word ‘wife’.

“It’s blonde, very fair.” I don’t why I didn’t just leave without answering.

“Does she dye it?” I looked at her with surprise. “Oh you see,” she added as cool as a cucumber. “I meant her pubic hair...”

The whore! The little fucking whore!

And me, idiot that I am, I could only manage to reply: “No she doesn’t dye it.”

“Take the black ones. Don’t worry. A natural blonde with these shoes in black would get a hard on out of a man on hid deathbed. So you see...”

Then I noticed that five smiling assistants were watching the scene from the counter. I paid the fifty pounds in silence. If they had wanted a thousand I wouldn’t have complained. I’m a shit. As I closed the door I heard a chorus of giggles. The fucking sluts...

Back at the bank Mrs Logan had to go and recognise the bloody bag.

“Are you shopping at Diana’s nowadays Robert?”

“No ... It’s for mum.” I babbled. I had put my foot in it.

“Your mother?”

Oh no sorry, poor mum. I mean my grandma ... Err ... I mean my auntie. That’s it Auntie Alice.”

“Auntie Alice must be rich...”

“Yes. She has a pig farm.” My god, what a mess! I couldn’t get anything right. I excused myself. “Pardon me Mrs Logan I have to go to the bathroom.”

“Well ... well ... don’t let me stop you, we don’t want a repeat of what happened yesterday.”

When I got to the bathroom I was in bits. Two women had reduced me to that condition. I began to cry with fury. Also Mrs Logan had noticed my incontinence yesterday after the shock of inspector Willis' visit. I tried to calm down. I washed my face, urinated at sat down on the toilet. I took the shoes out of their bag and stroked them thinking about Marianne, thinking about the interesting session that I had planned for that night and the following day. It was going to be the first time we had spent a day together.

Also it was going to be our anniversary...

So many nice things gave me the courage to emerge from the toilet with dignity. I even allowed myself to cough a couple of times in front of Mrs Logan's table.

On the way to the tube, I bought a cake and seven candles. No one knew me there and so no one would be suspicious.

On the platform I looked for Negrita. She was near the stationmaster's office. I went close to her carrying my briefcase, the shoes and the cake. The girl went further in. I followed her. She gave me a murderous look. I wasn't intimidated. The train came and I got on after her. It was half-empty, on Fridays a lot of people go home earlier.

Negrita didn't sit down. She stayed standing and took a novel out of her bag. I sat down in a seat from which I could observe her in detail. And in fact what I saw I liked and I was surprised by it. I had to change the idea I had of her. She was dressed like a disco slut. Only an expert peeping tom like me could tell but she was dressed like little tease. She would be like all the others I thought, all prim and proper during the week but on Friday and Saturday screwing like nymphomaniacs. She was wearing the overcoat but she had on the little boots that I liked so much and a pair of brightly coloured tights. I couldn't make out a skirt no matter how hard I looked, but I have to admit that the cut of the overcoat didn't allow more than an inch or so of thigh to show. I was convinced that, like my private whore on the day that I caught her, Negrita wasn't wearing any knickers. At the top and, in spite of all of the overcoat's buttons being fastened, a magnificent and diabolic cleavage could be made out. She had a fine golden choker around her neck. Gold suits dusky girls really well. That's a problem because it's expensive.

I began to speculate as I always do on the tube. Given that having another guest it would be better if it was a brunette like Negrita. A blonde and a brunette is better than two blondes or one blonde and a brown haired girl. I'm not interested in redheads. But there's also the problem with the accessories. What suits one doesn't go well with the other. The collars for example; Marianne's is black leather and very high while a metallic one would suit Negrita better, maybe a golden one, but very fine. Same thing with the ankle rings ... How odd, until that moment I hadn't realised that I hadn't used them with Marianne.

With Negrita's skin lighter colours definitely suited her much better...

As there weren't many people in the carriage I took the shoes out of the bag ... The noise of the wrapping paper made one or two passengers turn

around. Negrita looked out of the corner of her eye, she had been reading the same page of her novel for the whole journey...

I pointed my finger at her and pretended it was pistol and I was shooting it. I'm crazy ... No they wouldn't suit her at all. I imagined her naked, standing like she was then and with just the sandals on. She would need some white ones, or silver maybe or better still golden ... But never black. I would by her some with my bonus, there was no rush, although you never know. Anyway mum always said that the bottom drawer should be filled slowly and over time.

The corner shop had run out of the usual brand of dog food. "Isn't there any more one pound dog food, Mrs bridges?" I asked form the back of the shop. "No Robert, take one of the red ones. They're very nutritious." Shit they cost twenty pence more! It was balls of tuna with pork pate. It seemed a bit of a delicacy for Marianne. She still didn't deserve such luxuries. But as there was nothing else. I bought half a dozen. I also bought food and champagne for the whole weekend. I bought the cheapest there was, it was either Spanish or Italian, it was crap. But that was okay, it would serve its purpose.

On the way to my house I stopped at the pharmacy. It was one of these modern self-service ones. Luckily I was able to swipe some contraceptives when the girl wasn't looking because you had to have a prescription for them. I read the packet and the seemed very complicated to me. You had to count the days and something else about cycles or something. I had grabbed half a dozen packets and put them in my pocket, I had hoped for something that acted instantaneously but well.

Marianne would have to take all the pills in one go. That was bound to work.

I was satisfied when I got home, I was sure that I hadn't forgotten anything for the long and passionate weekend that was coming up.

It was clod and I stopped for a few moments to take a deep breath. I had never noticed how clean the air was in my neighbourhood before. It was some compensation for all those hours in the tube every day.

I looked at the asphalt, towards the cellar. Nobody as mad enough to imagine that there could be a naked woman chained up down there at the mercy of the genius that had kidnapped her. Hundreds of people passed within yards of Marianne every day, the poor wretch...

How long would it last?

I looked around. It's a peaceful area; not many cars and the children play in the street. A ball rolled to my feet. "Oh I'm so sorry, please forgive him."

I looked up. A beautiful woman of about thirty was smiling at me. A boy came running to get the ball.

"He's a bit wild. Since his father died."

"Don't worry, I love children. Is he your son?" I lied, pretending to show an interest in the stupid brat.

"Yes, he's called Paul. My name is Margaret," she offered me her hand. My hands were full of cake, shoe, dog food, contraceptives and my

briefcase ... I dropped it all. We both laughed like idiots. “Let me help you,” she said agreeably as she crouched down. Her proximity had the same effect on me as Marianne did. I looked at her with confusion. She smiled again.

“Do you live near here?” It was all I could think of to say.

“Yes in 131. Why don’t you drop by for coffee one day? I’m sure Paul would like that.”

“Thanks. I will do that.” The woman left looking back for a few seconds as she went. Under her coat I could make out a promising silhouette.

I went disconcertedly into the house. Marianne, the cellar and the chains all came into my mind ... Maybe if I had met Margaret a week ago none of this would have happened. I looked at the floor. She was under my feet. The weekend couldn’t have had a worse start; I didn’t want to see her. I would have gone anywhere with Margaret, even to the pictures before going down to the cellar.

Luckily the bad moments don’t last long. My dinner, the cheap champagne and the bondage magazine all cheered me up. I was really keen to see my bitch and to treat her as one. So I put on the uniform, I anointed myself with oil like I had once seen in a magazine about body builders. I grabbed a couple of tins of dog food and sounded the siren...

“Guess who?” I shouted as I went down.

Marianne was waiting for me on foot grabbing the bars with her hands. She was incredibly beautiful and attractive. I got erect as soon as I saw her. I suppose my reaction must have made her proud ... She had combed her hair and her bowl was empty, but she hadn’t put her lipstick on.

“I need to speak to you.”

Those words surprised me; they caught me off my guard for a little while at least. And like an idiot I didn’t stop her right there and then so she got the initiative.

I shut up and sat down on the armchair.

“If you let me go I’ll give you a lot of money and I promise I won’t tell anyone. My father is rich and I have some savings. Also we can still see one another whenever you want to. Here in your house or somewhere else.”

I stood up and walked to the bars silently. The little whore had learned her speech off by heart and she had spat it all out in one go. Those where all her points, there was no more.

I decided to let her run with it...

“And how can I know you won’t trick me?” I asked looking openly at her breasts. Marianne lowered her arms a little but she didn’t step back. She continued to offer her splendour to my gaze.

“I promise. Why would I trick you?”

“So you could run away and report me to the police.” I said.

“I would never do that. I have never seen your face and I don’t know where I am. Anyway,” she interrupted lowering her eyes as if with embarrassment. “I like you.”

This farce was getting interesting. “You like me?”

“Oh ... yes. You’re very intelligent and...”

“And what?” Marianne was still looking at the floor with embarrassment. My god those tits!

“I like it. I like the way you treat me.”

“You mean it excites you to be my bitch?”

“Yes, Sir.” I liked it when she called me ‘Sir’.

“Then, why do you want to go? Doggies like to be with their owners.”

She seemed to doubt for a moment. “My father is ill. He needs someone to look after him.”

She was taking the piss. She thought I was stupid.

“A bitch with money ... That’s unusual. How much do you have to give me?”

“About fifty thousand pounds. A good job I was wearing the superhero mask.

“In the bank?”

“Yes.”

“In your credit card account?”

“Yes.”

“I have your credit card.” That piece of news made her whiten. “I’ll tell you what we are going to do. You’ll give me your pin number and I’ll go to the hole in the wall and check to see if what you are saying is true. If it is, I’ll be able to trust your sincerity and I won’t have any reason to doubt your word.”

“And you’ll let me go?”

“Well I can’t see anything wrong with letting a bitch run off the leash. It’s a quiet area and there aren’t many cars.” Her green eyes opened wide secure of her success. I am convinced that the little prat thought she had tricked me...

“Well are you going to give me the number or not?”

She gave it to me and I wrote it down.

“And now all you have to do is show me how much you like being my bitch.” Her triumphant expression vanished at once.

“Wha-at,” She asked crossing her arms over her breasts.

“Put these on,” I said passing her a pair of handcuffs through the bars. “In front.” She did it. “And now put these on your ankles.” They were rings joined by about two feet of chain. She put them one, agilely bending over to do so. I had to enjoy the sight of her waist and buttocks ... There was still a lot of female there for me to find.

She stood up and looked me in the eyes expectantly but nervously.

“How do doggies walk?” I asked meeting her gaze. She blushed. I had won the game a while back but she hadn’t noticed. She bent her knees and got onto all fours on the floor.

I observed her for a while before I opened the cage and went in to her. She kept staring at the floor and her thick blonde hair was hiding her face. I enjoyed the sight of such a wonder for a few moments more ... Her back was slim and straight, her waist was narrow, there were hollows over her kidneys and her buttocks were very provocative ... I couldn’t believe it. It

was the cock-teaser Marianne Crawford. The fucking little ball cutter who had enjoyed humiliating a poor bank clerk. The one who went crazy in "Speed" dancing like a nymphomaniac on heat inside a cage. The one who outraged the whole pub with her sexual adventures with the damned nigger. The one who smiled like a whore for a photographer she didn't even know while she was parading naked inside a mink coat...

I grabbed the ruler, the same one I had made her kneel on for a couple of hours the day before. "Bend your waist, you tart." I said placing the end of it over her kidneys. She obeyed and her buttocks were lifted up. I took the armchair into the cage and grabbing the chain at the front of her collar I sat down. "Raise your head."

She did so. Throwing her hair back with a gesture that sent me wild. Marianne is so lovely and sensual, so incredibly erotic, so female, that any movement, any look, any gesture she makes can melt steel.

"Come," I said pulling on the chain. She came, looking into my eyes, her body bent accentuating her buttocks, pushing her breasts out ... I don't know if she was doing it on purpose or if she couldn't do it any other way. Neither do I know if she was obeying because of fear, or if she was affected by my undeniable attraction, or even if she was trying to trick me.

Whatever her reasons, I didn't loosen the chain until I had her between my open legs. Her face was inches from my hard penis.

"Sit."

She understood. She sat back on her heels, with her legs folded and her cuffed hands resting on her thighs. Her breasts were trapped between her arms. She was irresistible.

"Bitches don't sit with their legs together," She blushed even more but she parted her legs and rested the palms of her hands on the floor. This squeezed her breasts between her arms even more. Now she was a bitch. I put my fingers near her face ... and she licked them.

I'm sure we both had the same thought, but I wasn't to risk my still virgin cock like that. We would have plenty of time.

"Do you like licking your master?"

Her lips and tongue stopped for a moment. "Yes..." she said with a stifled whisper.

She had fallen into the trap. I gave her two loud slaps, one on each cheek. Not very hard but very humiliating.

"Bitches don't talk. They just bark. One 'woof' is 'yes' and 'woof woof' is 'no' understood?"

Marianne clenched her jaws. Her green eyes moistened ... But she barked. "Woof..."

"Very good, you're a clever dog. I'll call you 'Clever Clogs'. What do you think?"

What an expression...! I can remember it as if she was right in front of me now. There was life and death fight going on between the emotions inside her. She could have jumped on me and clawed my eyes out, but she just barked ... "Woof..."

"Very good 'Clever Clogs' Come closer." She moved nearer, still sitting

as she was with her knees separated. “Closer...” Her breasts touched the armchair, her face with its parted lips was barely a fraction from my penis. I could feel her hot breath on the tip.

“Lick your hands.” She looked at me with surprise and confusion, but the order was clear enough. She raised her cuffed hands and began to lick them.

“Spit on the palms.” She spat on them both. “More...” She made saliva and did it again. “And again...” They were soaked.

“Do you remember what we are doing?” I asked her.

“Woof...”

“I’ll remind you just in case: you are showing me how much you like being my bitch so that you’ll be able to go for walkies on your own.”

“Woof...”

“Spit again.” She did so. A tear ran down one of her cheeks, of rage probably.

“Do you know what you’re going to do with your hands?”

“Woof ... Woof....” It was so humiliating!

“You’re going to wank me off.” Her hands stopped, clenched, touching one another. I moved my hips forward until my testicles were touching her sexy breasts.

She pulled back as if a snake had bitten her, but I held her by the chain.

“What are you waiting for, ‘Clever Clogs’?” For forty years I had been wanking myself silly. It’s no exaggeration to talk of half a dozen a day. I mean that I was experienced in this field, but what ‘Clever Clogs’ did that night was in another league. Even today I can’t understand how the same act can be so different according to who is doing it...

Marianne took me and began to manipulate me firmly but without hurting me. Her hands slid up and down eased by the copious amount of saliva that was soaking them. She did it by turns with her fingers or with her palms, one in front and one behind, from the base to the tip. The little whore knew what she was doing. When the saliva dried she spat again. She caressed me with her eyes fixed on my penis, on her cuffed hands.

“Look at me!” I shouted from the edge of orgasm. Her green eyes looked up and her hands went on, possibly with even more insistence. The jet of semen rose high into the air, part of it landed on my thighs. The hands went on but the well was dry and the member went soft. Then I noticed the way she was looking at me. It was insulting, disdainful and arrogant ... The way of a superior female looks down on a poor male who just wants to get rid of his semen in any way he can. I gave her a slap, making sure I kept the chain tensed. I thought she would rear up this time but she didn’t. She just lowered her eyes and rested her hands on the floor.

I pointed at the semen on my thigh. Her eyes begged me ... One slap and one order had been enough to change her intolerable expression. I was beginning to know how to treat her.

I lifted her chin with the ruler. She was so lovely ... “Now it’s time for us to start to get to know one another ... Come on, lick it up.” I said.

She did it, with no enthusiasm obviously, but she did it. When she had

it in her mouth she couldn't bring herself to swallow it. I raised her chin even more with the ruler and stroked her throat with the tip. "Come on 'Clever Clogs', swallow it. It's the essence of the owner that you admire so much." She swallowed through her retches.

She was doing really well.

The truth is that that come helped me to see things another way, more dispassionately. It's not that Marianne's naked and chained presence between my legs didn't affect me any more, it was just that I could think more clearly. My genius could shine brightly again with another of its lightning like strokes.

"Open your mouth," I said to her. I put the tip of the ruler in it. "Suck it and look at me while you do it." Wow ... those eyes! She was very sexy. I would by her a vibrator and make her suck it for hours for my amusement.

"That's enough. Turn around on all fours ... No don't move away. Stay here with your bottom touching the chair." My god! I was as hard as a rock again. What an idiot I had been to think that the best part of a woman was her legs...

"Lean your elbows on the floor and arch your back. I want to see how my bitch is made."

The sight of those fleshy globes almost gave me a heart attack. They were tight and just the right size, firm to the touch, rounded at the hips and very nicely shaped. It was a hell of an arse. I stroked it for a long time ... I would have kissed it, but I held back.

"Open your legs..." She didn't obey. I gave her a whack on her right buttock with the ruler. I had been dying to do it for a while.

The chain on her ankles tinkled its celestial music. Her long smooth things parted. Once again her intense female scent made my head swim. Her bumhole was small, rosy, clean and very tightly closed. I wanted to stroke it with my finger, but something stopped me, I don't know what. It attracted me, but it was still an arse. I thought of Wagner and Lohengrin, but I didn't want to ruin the charm of that scene.

"Do you know that you have a very beautiful arse?" Silence. Another whack with the ruler ... Harder this time.

"Woof..."

"Yes of course you know. You're a bitch with a gorgeous arse." I went on stroking her. The ruler had left a red mark that was slowly disappearing. "But there's one thing I don't understand ... Where is your tail?" There was a pause. "How silly of me ... You only know how to bark 'yes' or 'no'." Marianne was trembling deliciously. I waited for a couple of moments.

"Stretch out your back legs and rest your muzzle on the floor. Your titties too..."

Her magnificent hindquarters started to look even more fantastic. As well as her bumhole I could see her sex too.

"Does it bother you to be a doggy without a tail?"

I had to hit her twice and keep the chain tensed firmly. Marianne was about to explode and I was getting furious. The little whore was suffering

that awful humiliation in exchange for going 'walkies off the leash'. She was behaving, as she usually did, like the worst kind of harlot. Which is what she was. She was offering her body in exchange for favours, for advantages. I hit her twice more, that filthy trade in her flesh made me furious. "Answer!"

"Woof!" She shouted through clenched teeth.

"Would you like to have a tail like all the other bitches?" I asked her while continuously stroking her with the tip of the ruler.

"Woof! Woof!"

I didn't care whether she wanted it or not. I held her against the armchair sliding my arm in front of her thighs and I pulled the chain as tight as possible. Then I trod on her as hard as I could ... She was trapped; she couldn't get up nor move forwards...

Marianne resisted ... completely unaware of my intentions.

I took the ruler in my right hand, sucked it and opened her bottom with the tip.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" She screamed.

I buggered her little by little, up to the 8" mark. Eight inches of hard wood! I did it slowly, taking my time, a quarter of an inch a second. Marianne twisted frantically from left to right, squeezing her intestines in a ferocious yet futile struggle against the wood that slowly impaling her.

"There we are ... See how easy it was?"

"ENOOUUGGHHHH!"

She was screaming too much. I suppose she screamed because she couldn't do anything else. She was trapped. Her calves were under the armchair, her buttocks against the seat and the chain prevented her from lifting her torso up off the floor. She could barely move. What was moving, and it gave me pleasure to see it do so, was the ruler. Her tail...

"Come on ... Come on ... Calm down..."

Her breathing was agitated and she was terrified. She was out of her mind. Her body shivered with the rhythm of her panting. I had to calm her down, if not the fun would come to an end. I let her go and she threw herself to the floor. Before her cuffed hands could get to the ruler I crouched on her back and grabbing her hair in both hands I pressed her face to the floor.

"Calm down..." I said. "It's over now..." The touch of her smooth skin on my naked buttocks made me shiver. I suppose it's the kind of feeling one experiences when one gets married. "Remember that if you're good you'll be able to look after daddy tomorrow."

Marianne calmed down little by little. The tension in her thighs eased. She looked back, over her shoulder. The ruler was still stuck into her up to the 8" mark. It was brutal.

"Now let's get on ... I'm still not really sure that you want to be my doggy."

I got up slowly. Mari was quiet, lying on the floor at my feet, accepting the ruler that was impaling her.

While I watched her snatches of what she had said at our first meetings

came to my mind: 'Prat, slimy, useless, peeping tom...'

I also remembered the squeeze of my balls that accompanied those last words in the pub that day.

I clenched my fists with rage and pulled hard on the chain. On all fours bitch!" My pride was demanding that I take off the mask and show her who the male was that was dominating her, but not even in those circumstances did I dare to face her eyes.

I made her crawl on her hands and knees at my side. We went around the cell three times. It was slow but very gratifying. With her hands cuffed Marianne had to move both hands forward at once, then her knees ... The ruler elegantly bobbed up and down with her movements.

Before we started the fourth tour I sat in the armchair and pointed between my legs. "Come 'Clever Clogs'. Come here..."

She came until her face was a fraction of an inch from my testicles. I was still erect. My penis was aching. I stroked her hair just like I would with a real dog. "Are you happy with your new tail?"

"Woof."

"And what do doggies do when they're happy?"

"She closed her eyes for a moment, when she opened them they were full of tears.

"I'll tell you ... They wag their tails. Come on 'Clever Clogs'. Wag your tail."

Marianne moved her hips and with them the ruler ... We would have to repeat this scene some other time and film it. These were images that were worth their weight in gold.

I let her demonstrate her contentment for a good while. She was crying miserably.

"Sit..."

This time it was more difficult. The ruler forced her to lean forward to avoid driving it into her. I pushed her back by her shoulders. A pitiful whimper came from her throat but she didn't resist until her torso was straight and her hands resting on her thighs. She was tensed. She couldn't rest her buttocks on her ankles, if she did she would impale herself even more on the ruler. She was superb. It excited me to see her thighs tensed like that, I was sure that she would end up leaning back and sticking the ruler all the way up her bottom.

"When I was small, my neighbour had a doggy and she had to sit up and beg with her front paws in front of her..."

Pathetically Marianne bent her elbows and placed her hands together under her chin.

"But I can't see your titties like that. Put them behind your head..."

She obeyed. I'm not going to go on and on any more about what I had in front of me, but I'm not exaggerating if I say she was the most beautiful and well-built woman in the world. And she was in the most erotic and pornographic posture imaginable...

I watched her for a while, leaning back comfortably on the armchair and Caressing her with my foot. I enjoyed her lovely face, her tearful

eyes, her fleshy lips that she was biting nervously, and her naughty chin that didn't stop trembling ... I looked at her arms that were framing her suggestive face and at her armpits that were completely free of hair. How did she do that?

"You are four tits short. Bitches have six..."

I leaned forward and with my hands on her ribs I looked for the missing tits. I ran them slowly up to her splendid breasts. I stroked them delicately, savouring the feel of the warm flesh that was trembling. I trapped her nipples between my thumbs and my forefingers and I rolled them like cigarettes. They responded. I went on. I heard two or three desperate sobs. I went on. I have never known if women can come just from having their nipples touched or not. When I removed my hands she was splendid. Her breasts seemed to be harder despite her trembling, her nipples were definitely more erect and sharper and everything, her shoulders included, was trembling agitatedly. It was clear that my male charms excited her. That was good, but I wasn't sure, so I lowered my hand to place where her trembling thighs met and slid a pair of fingers between her lips. She reacted violently, forgetting the ruler for a moment. It was a bad mistake ... "AAAARRRRGGGHHHHH!" What a shame...

"Well now you can sit down properly," I said really trying to console her.

I raised my fingers to my nose, they were wet and they smelled fantastic. "Does your master really excite you?" She needed a slap on her breasts to make her reply.

"Woof."

"Good. You have been a good girl and you deserve a reward. It's dinner time."

I stood up and went to get her bowl and the tins. As I stood up I accidentally rubbed her face with my penis. It was fleeting touch but it was the first one to be so intimate. It really affected me. Since then I only live for raping her face.

"Eat. You're very scrawny." It was horrid. A kind of greasy yellow paste with evil smelling greasy lumps in it.

Marianne looked at me with those pleading eyes of hers that I like so much and that turn me on. I was surprised, because in the whole week she had only eaten three cans and she must have been hungry. I have to admit that I would rather die of hunger than eat even one bite of that filth. But like it or not, Marianne had to eat it.

I moved the bowl near her eyes. "Look. Do you like it?" The ruler was only sticking a bare four inches out of her magnificent arse.

"Woof..." She barked, her face falling. She leaned forward on her knees grabbed the bowl with both hands and moved it to her lips. I only had to kick her in the ribs once to make her understand. She put it back on the floor and leaned over ... It was quite a show. I was kind enough to tie her hair back with a lace; I didn't want her to get it dirty and also I didn't want to miss a single detail.

With her forearms resting on the floor and her buttocks on high, she

buried her face in the bowl. With her eyes closed she began to separate the mouthfuls of disgusting muck and putting them in her mouth. Then came what seemed to be the hard part ... Swallowing in that position ... She was about to vomit twice. Luckily for her she managed to control it. Did she really like being my doggy? Or was she so silly that she believed that if she obeyed me I would let her go and take care of her sick daddy?

When she had finished I made her lick the plastic until it was clean and shiny.

"Very good. 'Clever Clogs'. Now sit."

Her face was covered with crap so I grabbed her by the hair and cleaned it with my cape. My erect penis was at the level of her mouth and I couldn't help it. Without releasing her hair I sank the fingers of my other hand between her jaws and I penetrated her. I sank myself into her until I hit the back of her throat. I was going wild and I needed to control myself. The manual warned against this sort of sexual violence ... So I pulled out, but not before giving her a savage kick in the belly. "That's for forgetting your lipstick."

I left her there, bent over with her knees pressed against her chest, impaled and with her stomach full of filth. She had behaved like a real bitch, but the next day she wasn't going to get out of the kennel...

****

Tick-tock...Tick-tock...

I want to die ... I want to die...

I don't want to live another day like this.

I have masturbated him with my hands, I've licked him and swallowed his semen, and he has stuck his penis in my mouth ... My god" The bloody ruler ... The filthy dog food...

His questions and my answers, his insults and my barks ... Me kneeling in front of his revolting genitals ... The strong acidic smell that speaks of weeks of filth.

I'm desperate ... I thought I had him at first, but no ... He's a paranoid. He has two personalities in conflict and they manifest themselves equally. The infantile, insecure and pretty stupid one suddenly gives way to the other perverse, dangerous one who doesn't recognise the consequences of his actions. Something suddenly blinds him and unleashes all the filthy evil that he has inside.

What sort of life does he live? What is his job? Has he any family?

He hates me, I don't know whether it's me he hates, the woman inside me, or everyone like me.

I don't know.

I don't know why he is treating me like this either. What I do know is that I detest him, mortally...

Saturday...

...I woke up very tired. It was just after ten. The first thing I did was to call the vet. I didn't beat about the bush this time. "Angela, I don't want to get my girlfriend pregnant and I don't understand the instructions that came with the pills..."

"Is your girlfriend stupid then?"

Shit, I had fucked up. I invented some story about her being a bit slow. I disgusted myself with what I was saying but I managed to clear up a couple of details. "I'm really very grateful, Angela. I'll never be able to pay you back for your invaluable help."

"Don't worry, Robert. I'll think of something." She said before hanging up without another word.

Every time I spoke to Angela I ended up worrying and I always promised myself that I wouldn't ring her again, but she is so knowledgeable ... She reminds me of mum. Although I have to admit that her advice is a lot more practical. Poor mum. The first and only time she spoke to me about sex it had been about this matter. 'Robert, my son.' She said one day when she was a drunk as a lord, 'the best contraceptive is chastity.' I was only about six or seven and I had to ask her what 'contraceptive' and 'chastity' meant. She told me to get lost. After that I never heard those words again, not in the catholic boarding school nor in the bank. Luckily one is a genius, one buys the right magazines and knows how to read between the lines...

I switched on the monitor. Marianne was washing in the cistern. How did she know it was morning? The ruler was on the floor and she had taken her shoes off. She was lovely.

Today I would fuck her.

I went down briefly just to give her orders. She asked about getting out but I was firm and bluff. She had keep being obedient or she would never get of there. I left her the ball gag, some shampoo for her hair, a white thong that I had found among her clothes, the leather skirt she had been wearing when I caught her and the shoe I had bought for her. I also remembered the lipstick and I left her a bottle of the perfume that she used and that I liked so much.

I went upstairs and looked out of the window. It was a lovely winter's day. It had snowed and a fine layer of snow was covering everything.

I met Margaret on the corner. She smiled at me with her disarmingly provocative sincere smile. What possible interest could she have in me? We made some comments about the snow and her son Paul. It was odd but when I was with her I forgot all about Marianne. I saw them home. Paul went in to get his poor tortoise that never got any peace even when he was supposed to be hibernating. Margaret and I stayed at the door. We were getting quite friendly. "Stay with me Robert." She looked at me with eyes that were shining with passion not tears like Marianne's. "Paul is going to a party and I'm on my own. I miss my husband so much..."

I was dumbstruck. Forty years without a woman and then in one day, in the same day! I had two cunts at my disposal. I couldn't speak. Paul came out with the tortoise under his arm and ran off down the street to some neighbour's house. Without realising it I found myself in Margaret's room and she was kissing me and undressing me with impatient hands.

"You have no idea how much I want you..." Her voice was hoarse and deep. She didn't stop until she had stripped me to my underpants. She pushed me to the bed. She was still eating me with kisses while she took her clothes off. She was very beautiful, or at least she seemed so to me. She threw herself on me like a ravenous beast. She was touching herself while she covered my skin with her moist lips. She was rubbing her hot moist sex against my thighs, my hands and my face. I thought she was going to smother me. She smelled different to Marianne and she was extremely wet. Streams of runny liquid flowed from her and burned my skin. She was raping me ... I tried to push her away. There was no way. She was out of her mind. I had never imagined a sexual relationship like that.

"What's wrong with you?" She asked taking my member in her hand. It was flaccid and she was hurting me. She kissed me suffocatingly on the mouth and without removing her lips from my skin she went down over my collar, my chest, my navel and my belly until she had me completely inside her mouth. She was hurting me like that too and she went on doing it for ten interminable minutes.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" She asked looking up furiously. I was scared. She closed her hands on my balls and squeezed. "What's wrong with you, are you a poof or something?" She was really angry, beside herself. She was hurting me terribly. "I'll rip them off, you impotent bastard." She was speaking through clenched teeth, threateningly.

I couldn't stand the pain and I gave her a good kick. I ran out of her house under a hail of insults and got dressed as I ran. Luckily no one saw me...

I took refuge in the station snack bar. The punk waiter was arguing with a girl that had green hair, tattoos on her cheeks and safety pins in her nose. I left. I wondered around the cold streets trying to calm down. My heart was beating madly. I stank of that slut. I grabbed a handful of snow and rubbed it on my face, it calmed me down.

I think that what happened that morning was a great help for me in life. Firstly I lost my virginity and when I later raped Marianne I knew

what I was doing. And secondly, I learned how dangerous it is to play with a woman without taking the right precautions ... And even more with Marianne who was younger and stronger than Margaret.

I ate in a little Algerian place; it was full of lonely immigrants each one eating alone at his little table. The tables were covered with check tablecloths cous-cous, plastic knives and forks paper napkins, curly hairs and populated by cadaverous faces with bushy moustaches and curly hair ... I though about what any of them would have given to spend five minutes with Marianne. I liked the idea. I would have to bear it in mind for the future. Then by a strange sequence of thoughts I remembered the credit cards. When I got out I would go to a hole in the wall.

At the counter I bought a dozen little brightly coloured cakes, typical North African style. If Marianne behaved I would give her some crumbs. They were extremely sweet and she would like them. She would eat them from my hand...

I got the van and went to few different holes in the wall. I knew how they worked and that I could get a lot of money out before any computer got suspicious.

I went home as the sun was sinking. It was very cold and the icy wind stung my face. I was satisfied; I had got more than two thousand pounds all together. It was enough for the things I had planned.

The phone was ringing when I went into the house. I didn't pick it up. It would be wrong number. Nobody had phoned for months. I went to the kitchen and swallowed half a bottle of brandy. Then I went to change for the party and looked at myself in the mirror ... I was superb. I looked for a lipstick among Marianne's potions and I drew a huge penis and testicles on my naked chest. I also painted my lips and my nipples, and the tip of my penis. I looked ferocious ... Just right for a warrior who was going to use his captive. Who was going to rape the woman who had flaunted herself in the face of all the other studs. It had happened millions of times since men were men and this would just be the latest. It's nature that demands we improve the species. The most attractive and desired females are captured and impregnated by the most able males, the leaders of the tribe. Well hadn't I captured Marianne just like the most able and intelligent troglodyte of the last ice age would have done?

I didn't put the boots on this time, I wanted to let her kiss my feet, but I did take the whip that I had bought before I caught her.

"Move to the bars, whore!" It was a savage yell accompanied by the spine-chilling sound of the whip against the bars of the cage. Marianne moved tremblingly closer. She was superb, clean, combed and naked except for the skirt and the sandals. They were higher than the brown ones and they gave her a fragile and sensuous look when she walked. They were tied, the laces interlacing up her legs to above the tops of her calves. She was very sexy. This time she hadn't forgotten the lipstick and she did have the red ball in her mouth. She was adorable.

"Grab the bars!" She seized the bars with both of her hands, at waist height.

“Higher!” I shouted cracking the whip on the floor. I was like a real trainer.

Those little hands rose to the height of her shoulders, then to above her head. Her breasts went up as well and took on a formidable aspect.

I contemplated her ... She was so fragile standing there behind the bars with her knees partially crossed her hips tilted and her face near to tears.

“Press against the bars!” Two breasts and one knee escaped from the cage. I embraced her from outside of the bars; I had one hand at the small of her back and the other on her buttocks, under the skirt. What flesh, so tense so firm!

I got the key from my belt and took her collar off. The chains that had held her prisoner since her arrival fell to the floor noisily. I stroked her throat with both of my hands. I grabbed her as if I was going to strangle her. Her arms tensed but she didn’t move her hands. I was smiling all the time; she was giving me nervous fleeting glances. She was incredibly sexy with her painted lips stretched around the large red ball. I ran my hands up to the back of her head to find the buckle of the gag, I tightened it a couple of more holes. The strap dug pitilessly into the corners of her mouth and the ball sank even more deeply into her mouth.

I ran my hands over armpits, her arms and her elbows ... I lowered them again to her armpits on each side, and down to where the skirt encircled her far below her waist, flaring over her hips. Her erect nipples pressed against my chest. I grabbed her by her buttocks and pressed her firmly against the bar that was separating her legs. The gag stifled her moan ... I squeezed her harder.

“Raise your eyes!” There were no tears just that same look ... The one from the bank, the scorn, the insults ... I raised my hand to her left breast. I grabbed and twisted. She looked down without lowering her arms. I used my other hand to raise her head by her blonde mane. I liked to do that. Still twisting her breast I pinched her nipple ... I could feel it palpitating between my fingers. Marianne lowered her eyes again, her gaze lost its superiority but she didn’t cry. I put both clamps on her at once. She screamed into the gag like a maniac and tried to pull away, but it was too late. A lace with a slipknot was uniting the cruel clamps on the other side of the bars. She was trapped. She tried to lower her arms but I twisted them up her back.

“Be still, little one. You’re a very nervous puppy and you must learn self-control.” I liked to treat her like that, like a dog. Marianne closed her eyes with a delicious grimace of suffering. It wasn’t the hairgrips but two mousetraps that bit into her flesh just where the nipple started and the breast ended. I didn’t let go of her until she had absorbed all of the pain. Her little hands were gripping the bars, clenched, white with pressure. It wasn’t gratuitous cruelty or revenge, although she really deserved it for being a whore and a cockteaser. I was simply trying to set the stage for what was going to come later...

Once she had got used to the pain I tightened the lace until her nipples were touching each other. That was both moving and provocative ... Those

fabulous breasts were pressed against one another with the bar in between them. I lifted her chin with the whiphandle. Her eyes were still closed, but the tears were escaping through her eyelids.

"Look at me!" I almost had her.

"Squat!" I demanded cracking the whip furiously on the floor again. The tension was still growing ... Marianne lowered herself with her hands on the bars until she was squatting. Her knees projected beyond the bars. Her exquisitely bent thighs drove me wild. My penis was at the height of her face and I used it to raise her chin. It was a magnificent shot: Her face, her green eyes, the ball, and my cock...

I rubbed myself against her cheeks, against her red-painted lips that were stretched around the ball, against her little naughty girl's nose ... Shame I didn't fit there. I rubbed against her forehead and her eyes.

"Stand up!" another crack of the whip.

I repeated the whole exercise a dozen times leaving the bars shiny with sweat. I used the occasion to take some pictures one of which is still among my favourites today. One of the best I had taken in months. Her eyes, her expression of a beaten victim ... I think that was the first time that I managed to subjugate her, even though it wasn't permanent. Even today I haven't managed to overcome her completely. It's more fun like this.

When she was standing I removed the lace and the mousetraps. It seemed to hurt her as much if not more than when I had put them on her, I found this surprising, but the effect was sublime. Her nipples were swollen and as hard as bullets. All of her bosom was trembling.

"Walk around the cage. Like you did in the parade..."

Marianne looked at me with surprise but she started to walk at once. "I want a sexy parade!" I cried with the usual crack of the whip.

She had trouble getting the idea but she did. I thought about what I would have lost if the damned ruler had left her paralysed. Marianne is a female who exudes lasciviousness from every pore, even in her smallest movements ... She was an unbearable temptation in those black sandals with their inspirationally uncomfortable heels. The almost four inch heels forced her to tense her calves and thighs and to walk with an uncertain and provocative gait.

"The skirt, off!" She stopped, undid the button and sucked her tummy in to let the skirt fall to her feet. The white thong barely managed to cover her pubis. Those smooth blonde curls escaped through the lace border. "Arms up!" I cracked the whip against the cage this time. It was more exciting.

"Walk around slowly. I want you to be provocative!" The whip smashed against the bars with a force that chilled the blood. I imagined what Marianne must have been feeling...

She raised her arms over her head and turned around, there was no sign of the thing from behind. Just her naked buttocks and the slim waist band. I decided to dress her in stockings and suspenders the following day. It's one of the advantages of owning a bitch like Marianne, you can dress her any way you fancy. Like you can strangle her if you want to. It

would be cruel and a senseless waste, but who would stop you?

I sat back in the armchair to enjoy the show. It was a lot better than any film of course. The girl is a real delight and at that time she was a novelty as well. Even now I surprise myself when I discover facets of her physique that I had never dreamed of. I made walk around and around the column until I was getting dizzy from watching her. Now with her arms raised with her wrists crossed at the back of her neck, now with her hands at her waist, now on hands and knees, now on all fours on her hands and her feet, now on her knees, now jumping, now trotting, now backwards ... It was a feast for the eyes. “You’re a clever dog. I’ve only been training you for a week and look at all the things you have learned.”

Marianne stopped dead with her fists clenched. I knew how to wound her, how to hurt her pride. The next order came at once. “Put your hands on the floor without bending your knees.” I knew she could do it and she did. Her hair was sweeping the floor. “No, no. With your bottom towards me and your feet apart.”

She turned around, as she should ... It’s always seemed to be a bit of a barbarity to flog a woman and anyway I don’t think I could do it, but with a well-made bitch like Marianne it was different. At that moment I understood ... The high heels, the trembling calves, the tensed thighs and the imposing buttocks. All of it, absolutely all of it was begging to be beaten and tortured,

“What happened to the tail?” I asked. Marianne started to tremble ... But I let it go for the moment.

“Do you know bitch? Today your master is going to take what belongs to him.” Her buttocks clenched at the expected news. “And I tell you this. If I’m not completely satisfied, you’ll wish you had never been born.” This time the whip cracked against the bars six times. I was worried about the cage, and the whip!

I opened the door. I was naked and barefoot, for the first time I noticed how hard the floor was. Marianne had been in there for a week and today she would get out for the first time, but not very far. Only a couple of yards to where had put the cot on the floor, between the hooks and straps that I had suck into the concrete with such precision before I caught her.

I went closer. “Don’t move, I’m warning you...” The whip sounded different inside the cage. I was tempted to mark her but I held back. I ran my fingers under the waistband of the thong and ripped it off. It hurt her sex. I know.

There was the fantastic crack before me, opened up by her humiliating position. I caressed her. She began to tremble like a leaf in the wind ... I opened her sex, I looked for the clitoris that I had inspected in such detail the previous day and I stroked it. One day I would put a clamp on it, to see how she reacted. She was moist. Marianne was always moist ... I looked for her bumhole that had been so abused by the ruler. I squeezed the crinkled rosebud that was defending her entrance, but I didn’t force it. It was palpitating crazily to the rhythm of her heartbeat.

I ran my hand up and down the length a few times. I spread the

moistness of her sex all over the space between her buttocks. Should I whip her there? Should I put the ruler in again? Should I rape her right there and then.

No, everything should happen at its right moment, slowly and with method.

I wet the handkerchief. Marianne didn't see me, she didn't know what was going to happen. "On your knees!" The whip almost hit her. I twisted her head back by her hair and smothered her with the tranquilliser soaked rag. Just for a moment.

She was stunned, resting her hands on the floor. I knew how she felt because I had tried it myself ... She could see, hear and feel but she couldn't defend herself. The drug had put her completely at my mercy. Unlike myself, desire and fury had taken control of my reason. I was going to end all those years of repression, to take my revenge on the whole world, on women, on Margaret the nymphomaniac, on the bank, on the other passengers in the tube and of course, on Marianne. The woman who I desired most and who had humiliated me more than any other...

I grabbed her by the hair. I dragged her out of the cage and threw her onto the sack of rags that I placed on the floor as a cot. There was an infinity of hooks and straps around it, but I wasn't going to improvise. I had it all planned. I tied her thumbs to the corners of the so-called cot with shoelaces. Her arms were spread over her head. Then I bent her right leg at the knee and tied her ankle to the top of her thigh with hemp rope. The cord bit into her so deeply it looked it was going to cut her. I tied a cord to her left ankle that went to a pole that was fixed above her head, but I didn't tighten it. When she woke up her leg would be free.

Taking her by her pubic hair I pulled her down so that her arms and her thumbs were left tensed. I put Lohengrin on and went to get a chair. I sat on top of her, with a cigarette and a glass of brandy in my hand waiting for her to wake up and take part in the game.

Useless, I was too impatient to wait ... I rested my naked feet on her breasts. I knew she could see me and hear the Wagner and even feel how I was treading on her.

I trod on her belly, her sex and her face ... I sat directly on top of her, on her abdomen. I caressed her breasts with my member, one in each hand. I remembered the dance of the bars ... But Marianne was still unconscious. I rested my weight on her, she was first class mattress. My face was by her breasts. I trapped one in each hand and squeezed, making the nipples stick out. I began to bite them. As I got more excited my bites got more vicious ... I moved down and got in front of her sex. I bit her with enthusiasm, indiscriminately. She deserved to be treated like that. I also bit her smooth inner thighs. Her succulence rubbed on my face. Her aroma was driving me crazy. Little by little I noticed that her free leg was beginning to react. Soon I would make her mine. I got up and stood over her with one foot on each side of her hips. She was defenceless. The cords bit mercilessly into her thumbs. Her bent leg was almost falling to one side with its own weight. Her breasts trembled agitatedly. Saliva dribbled

from a little crack between her lips and the red ball. The insides of her thighs and her sex were shiny with her own dampness and my saliva. She was the quintessential sex object, completely at my disposition. Her eyes looked at me with a look that only comes from a cornered woman and all of her limbs tensed. She placed her left leg alongside the other bent one. I had only to crack the whip by her side to make her stop. I threw myself on her. I bit her again, I licked her, and I kissed her ... Passionately, brutally, cruelly ... She was mine. She was a world apart from Margaret the nymphomaniac. I learned that what repulsed her the most was when I licked her face. I was sorry for her, because it was what I liked the most. I licked her like a dog, sunning my sticky tongue wherever it took my fancy, mainly on her nose and her eyes. She couldn't avoid it; I was holding her with my fists furiously clenched in her hair. She couldn't spit at me or bite me. She couldn't even look at me because my tongue closed her eyes every time she tried. I turned her face away from me and concentrated on the tendon in her neck and her ear. It was small and malleable, very pretty. I bit it, I sucked it, and I penetrated it with my tongue ... Her arms were unconsciously trying to break the cords that held her thumbs. It was great. I suddenly felt my erection pressing against something warm and wet, something that seemed to have no bottom ... I was so absorbed in her face that I didn't notice until I had penetrated her and Marianne tried to push me off with her free leg. I raised myself up a little on my knees, without releasing her hair. I was inside! I pulled on her left leg with the cord and rested it under my shoulder. Her foot, imprisoned in the sandal, was at the height of my eyes. I sank my teeth into her calf, firmly and for a good while. I needed it. It left red marks over her Achilles tendon. It hurt her. It would hurt her for days ... It some ways it was a shame that I had noticed that I was inside her because I couldn't control myself. In less than twenty seconds I had reached the point of no return. I placed my hands on her breasts and clenched them with all my force. I ejaculated a thousand and one times. Torrents and torrents of sperm came out until I was dry and totally empty. It was like liberation. I spurted the rubbish and resentment of forty years of bitter frustration into Marianne. I was like another man ... I had been born into a new life.

I fell exhausted onto my bitch. I think I cried I don't know if it was rage, happiness or frustration. I also didn't know if those tears were my fault or Marianne's. When I felt better I gave her two huge slaps, just in case ... It made her nose and lip bleed. How disgusting!

Lying on the bed, drunk on champagne I was watching the tape of our first encounter. The only beauty was Marianne. I make myself sick, naked except for the Batman mask. It was an infamous tape. It made me ill to think that the monster that was perpetrating all those outrages was me. The telephone rang downstairs. Who the fuck was it? Bollocks. I turned the video off and connected the camera in the cellar. Marianne was just as she had been when I had raped her. I had to go down and untie her and lock her in her cage. She was crying with her knees doubled up and her

thighs pressed against her breasts. I was really sorry for her. Her thumbs were still tied above her head ... I would have let her go right then except that she would have gone straight to the police. Then I thought that as it was Saturday night she would probably go to "Speed" to shake her arse in a couple of blokes face on the way. I began to get angry remembering what a whore she had been when she was free. Her eyes in the bank, the meeting in the shop window, the ball squeeze in the pub, the insults, her arrogant look ... She could fuck herself. Maybe I would beat her tomorrow, I thought.

The doorbell made me jump out of my skin. I imagined the patrol cars outside, the reporters, the trial, the executioner, the guillotine, the gallows, the gas chamber, and the electric chair, my mum in purgatory ... My god! This is the end.

I switched out the light and crawled to the window. I looked from behind the curtains. Angela! What the fuck was she doing here? The bell rang again more persistently this time. I sat on the floor under the window. What did she want? Should I answer the door or not?

It was stupid to pretend I wasn't in, if she wanted to find me she would in the end. Angela knew I worked in the bank and that I had nowhere else to go but home. Yes, it would be better to open the door and face her there and then. I couldn't go on wondering what she wanted by ringing the door at these hours.

I am sure of one thing, it would something very different from what Margaret had wanted. Angela wasn't like that...

"Wait a minute while I get dressed Angela." I shouted through the opened window.

I couldn't find anything, my shoes, my socks, nothing ... Finally I managed to get my grey work suit and a pair of slippers. While I was pulling them on I put the rug over the trapdoor that led to the cellar, I grabbed table and an empty vase to put on top of it.

I opened the door shaking.

"I thought the wolf wasn't in his lair..." She smiled as she walked in uninvited. She cleared a space on the rubbish-strewn sofa and sat down.

"Have you covered the cellar? What's that table doing on the trapdoor?"

"Not me ... Do you want a beer?" I managed to say.

Angela opened her bag and took out a pistol, which she pointed at me. I fell to the floor on my knees. My legs couldn't hold me up. "Relax, superman," she said, and saying Superman instead of Batman was the only thing she got wrong. "I don't want to take her off you. Just tell me where she is."

I nodded. "Alright, let me be sincere, I suspected but I wasn't sure. You men are so stupid..." the pistol was still pointing between my eyes.

"I never imagined you to be capable of this, even though I've known you to be a dangerous sadist since when we used to play together as children. Us women are very observant." The following pause seemed eternal to me. What did she want?

"Didn't you offer me a beer? I nodded. I couldn't speak. "Well go on

then, I gratefully accept. But I'll warn you not to try anything."

I brought her an unopened beer, had it been open my shaking would have spilled it all over the floor. She drank straight from the can.

"You on the other hand, you poor fool, you never noticed that I'm a lesbian. I like chicks but I have a problem, I can't stand dykes. I hate them, they're crude, tacky and repulsive. Disgusting. I only like stupid little girlies who go around all feminine looking for cocks to stick in their cunts..."

The way she spoke horrified me, it offended my sensitive and sophisticated spirit.

"...So my sexual life must be like yours. A pile of shite." She confessed between swallows of her beer.

"I'm going to tell you what's going to happen," She went on. "You go on with your thing and I'll visit every now and then. Don't worry about your princess I won't break her. You can go on using her as you wish. One woman knows know how far you can go with another woman."

"How long ... have you known?" I managed to say. "Since the start you idiot. I had my doubts with all that crap about pregnant calves. Anyway I was at home a couple of weekends ago and no one has seen you there for months and just so you know, in Snowpool there are no calves, there are sheep. So your just as useless as always."

I have to admit that those words hurt my self-esteem a lot, and that was something that pre-eminent among my many virtues. That dyke was right. No one had cows in the village they were sheep farmers, shit!

"Another thing I have to tell you is that if anything happens to me the police will be around here in no time. "Was she a grass? How could I know? If I wanted to get rid of her it would have to be then ... But I knew at once that I would never do that. I couldn't do it. I have already explained that I couldn't hurt a fly.

"Oh and another thing. Answer the phone when it rings. It'll be me warning you that I'm coming to visit. And that's enough chatter, I want to meet your dolly. Could you move the table please?"

She stood up to her full height and went down into the cellar, not for a moment did she put down her voluminous bag or the pistol.

Still trembling with nerves and hatred for everyone, I went upstairs. I turned of the monitor without looking. I couldn't bear to witness such a filthy scene as was surely going to occur. Two women! My god, how disgusting!

I waited impatiently, the minutes went by and she didn't come out. What was going on? Maybe she had come to free her! Maybe they would overpower me between the two of them and torture me to death. Maybe Angela was going to kill me and keep Marianne. I was in a mess. I went down and crouched next to the trapdoor. An hour went by, then another ... What the fuck were they doing all this time? I read somewhere that women took a long time to come, but that was too much. Maybe lesbians needed longer...

I tried to be positive, as I had been lately. With Angela for a partner I would a free vet, I would get this mess about the contraceptives cleared

up for once and for all and if she needed an abortion it would all be so much easier. Also maybe she could cook like mum and then she might make my dinner every time she came to see Marianne. We would be like a family. A nice middle aged couple with their naughty doggy.

Not at three but at four the trapdoor opened. Five hours and a half! Angela came out and I ran scared to a corner. My worst suspicions were confirmed. Angela pointed the gun at me. She was going to kill me and keep Marianne. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" I screamed in terror. A jet of water wetted my crown. "You're a moron, Robert. But you're lucky. You have no idea what you have down there. I'll go on next week..."

There I was crouched in a corner trembling for more than an hour. The terror had opened my sphincters and I was filthy. I think that's what made me get up, if not I might still be there.

I went to the bathroom and got cleaned up. Then I went down to Marianne. Halfway down the stairs I realised that I wasn't wearing the uniform and that I hadn't sounded the siren.

Neither thing mattered.

Marianne was unconscious and dirty, extremely dirty. She smelled of urine and sweat ... and of woman. She was giving off a strong scent of woman that had nothing to do with her own exquisite fragrance. Her hair was messed up and damp. And the handle of the whip was inserted into her vagina. Apart from that she was still on the cot with her elbows doubled back and up and her wrists tied high up her back, between her shoulder blades. This was part of a interlacing of cords that went round and round her torso and pinched her breasts above and below. The leg that I had left free was also tied with the ankle bound to the top of the thigh.

I never knew what happened in the cellar during those hours, but what I do know is that when I went down, Marianne was dying.

I took everything off her, the cords the ball everything ... I carried her into the cage in my arms. Maybe it was weakness, but I also left her the cot, a towel and a bottle of shampoo. I also left her a pornographic magazine in case she wanted something to read when she woke up.

Sunday...

...dawned just as cold as Saturday. The light woke me early but I was so tired that I fell beck to sleep until very late. Today Marianne was going to complete her first full week locked in the cellar and I thought she had got used to her new situation pretty well. Apart from the incident of the previous evening, she looked good, she had a good appetite and the chains looked great on her.

The truth is that she had no cause for complaint. Yes she was living locked up and without too many mod cons in a dark cellar, but she had heating, food and drink all free. Also I regularly brought her gifts, like her shoes and the cake. Yes she had an easy life, she didn't have to go to work and there was danger of her getting AIDS or any other sexual illness. But the best thing for her must have been, and still is, the pleasure of my company. Perhaps that weekend she still hadn't really begun to appreciate that properly. We had hardly spoken and I have to admit that my ability and methods in sexual matters left a lot to be desired.

I had decided to fix one of those problems there and then, communication. We would eat together, have a chat and celebrate our anniversary.

I went down at midday and prepared my dad's old desk with a tablecloth and candelabra complete with candles. Marianne was awake and she watched me in silence from behind the bars.

"Here take this and make yourself pretty. You're eating with me today..." I said passing her a suspender belt and some black stockings that I had found among her clothes. I also left her a black bikini bottom, it was very small and it tied at the hips with a lace.

I cooked half a chicken with potatoes and I took all we needed down to the cellar on a tray. My food, the cheap champagne, water, Marianne's bowl and a tin of chicken and vegetable dog food. I also took the cake, the seven candles and a box of matches.

I put everything on the table and I went to get her. She had put the black sandals on and the laces made a suggestive network on her feet. She was really sexy. I would say she had got ready to please me ... Well combed, lipstick. She was lovely. "Come here and bring the lipstick," I ordered before opening the cage. I painted her nipples with her breasts poking out between the bars of the cage. I did it very carefully, grabbing

each breast at its base and pulling it so the nipple dilated and then painting with great care to ensure that the lipstick didn't mark outside the aureole. I had a lot of fun with the tops. What a sublime feeling!

"There now, do you see? From now on when I ask you to use lipstick you can paint your titties as well..."

"Woof..." Her reply surprised me. I hadn't even remembered that bitches only bark.

"Today you can talk, 'Clever Clogs'. It's our anniversary and we are going to celebrate."

"Thank you, Sir." I liked her to call me that, Was there any other title she could use? Master? Owner? Your Excellency? Your Majesty? I was happy with Sir for the time being.

I took off her collar and out another one on her, it was black too and there was a leash hanging from it. It was wide with studs and a big buckle. I had bought it at Mrs Bridges' shop. It looked great on her. I cuffed through the bars and I gave her the manacles to put on her ankles ... Spectacular, then I gave her a black velvet band.

"Tie your hair up." Marianne used her cuffed hands to tie her hair into a cute ponytail. Her features were slightly pulled back and her lovely face was left uncovered in all of its splendour. I opened the cage and grabbed the leash. She had trouble walking in the high heels and with only two feet of chain between her ankles. With little tugs I managed to get her close enough for her fingers to touch my erection. She grabbed me with both hands and caressed me with great care. I liked it. I hadn't ordered her to do it but it didn't seem fair to punish her for acting on her own initiative this time. She looked me in the eyes while she was doing it, her lips were parted and wet ... She tried to kneel but I stopped her with a hard pull on the leash. She rubbed herself against me rubbing my torso with her breasts and always caressing me. I slapped her to get away from her and pulled her to the table with the leash held low and tight. Forcing to bend at the waist as she came.

I sat on the only chair. "Get up on the table." She understood at once. I already said she's clever. She got on the tablecloth on all fours. With a flourish I opened the tin and emptied it into her bowl. It was greasy lumps of meat with beans swimming in a filthy gelatinous mess. Marianne rested her elbows on the table and began to lick at the bowl.

"Delicious isn't it?" I stroked her face.

"I don't like it Sir." She said with a small voice. It stank.

"You don't like what your owner gives you?" I asked playing with the lace of her bikini and her suspenders.

"No..."

"Do you prefer the liver?" The conversation was turning me on.

"I don't like dog food."

"How dare you turn your nose up at the food I give you? Who do you think you are?"

"I thought you wanted to know my opinion."

"Eat up and leave that bowl clean..." And she did, but she was about to

vomit on a couple of occasions. When she finished I cleaned her mouth with a napkin.

In spite of how pretty she was as a table ornament I made her get down. I was uncomfortable with her being at a higher level than I. She sat on her ankles at my feet next to the table, her knees together this time. I looked at her while I finished my chicken. In fact I wasn't very hungry. Marianne took my appetite away, kneeling there with her legs bent and her shoulders back.

I gave her a couple of bones, and she began to gnaw them directly from my hand. With her hair tied back I was able to observe every detail of her lovely face while she ate like a dog. It was a lovely sight.

"I have been reading your diary." Her eyes smouldered. "You're a dirty bitch. It says that you touch yourself every night thinking about the nigger. Do you miss him.

Marianne was quiet for a few moments. "No Sir." She replied lowering her eyes. I raised her chin with a fork.

"Look at me when I speak to you ... Have you been touching yourself in the cage recently?"

"No..."

"Let me tell you one thing ... Every time I catch you doing it I'll pull one of your fingernails off with the pliers and I can promise you that that's very painful. Is that clear?"

"Yes Sir." Her voice was no more than a whisper. She was fighting back her tears.

"I also read in your diary that niggers are better 'fucks' than white men..." I waited for a moment and savoured her expression, I was still digging the fork into her chin, "but you don't say why. Why is that?"

Marianne opened her mouth twice without saying a word. Her lower lip was trembling. "Because I used to think they were more masculine..."

"Used to think?"

"I mean..."

"You mean they have bigger cocks?"

"Yes but I don't think that now ... Your penis, Sir is the one I like best."

It was a good answer. "Have you seen many penises in your slutty existence?"

"Some..."

"How many?"

She hesitated. "About twenty..."

How those eyes looked at me! My erection was throbbing between my legs...

"Do you know that I'll have to punish you for that?"

Marianne didn't reply. I stuck the fork in a bit more ... "Yes, Sir..."

"How do you think I should do it?"

"I ... don't know Sir..."

"Let's think about it and decide tomorrow, okay?"

"Yes Sir..."

"And now look, I have a surprise for you."

I gave her the box with the cake in it. Marianne opened at looked at me with emotion. “There are seven candles, one for every day we have been together. Come on, light them.”

Marianne lit them. “It’s a surprise cake, let’s see who gets it.”

Before cutting the cake I took one of the candles to her left nipple and let a bit of the wax fall onto it. The little tip was covered with a fine film of wax. Marianne screamed but kept still. “Blow” I ordered moving the candle to her lips. I repeated the operation with her right nipple before cutting the cake in half. The surprise was in her half, I had put it there myself after making a big hole in the bottom.

Marianne took the cake in her hands and began to eat. Soon her teeth hit the gift. I made her lick it until it was perfectly clean. It was a huge black vibrator, about nine inches long.

“What a coincidence! You’re missing your nigger and you find his cock in your cake.”

Marianne was holding it between her little hands. It was a monstrosity. “Use it...” I said with a smooth but firm voice.

She looked at me with horror. “It will be much nicer than touching yourself, won’t it?”

I crouched down and undid the laces of her bikini and slowly pulled up on them. “Come on. What are you waiting for?”

Marianne sat up on her knees, parted her thighs and lowered her hands. I thought she would explode and rebel, but she didn’t.

“Look me in the eyes while you’re putting it in...” I didn’t want to miss a detail. The rubber replica began to sink into her ... “I want to see it disappear completely.” What a delight...The trembling of her hips, the tension in her thighs, her erect body, her abdomen pulled in, her lips bitten and her absent eyes...

“Move.” I ordered when she had carried out the order.

It was a masterpiece. I had never dreamed that watching a woman masturbating could be so exciting. When I thought she was near her orgasm I made her stop and get on me. Right there, in the chair where I was sitting.

Marianne either didn’t hear or ignored me and I had to give her a loud slap to make her leave the vibrator alone.

Marianne parted her thighs and sat on me, facing me, putting her arms around my head and sinking onto my erection. I made myself comfortable by slipping my legs over the chain that united her ankles.

“I want passion...” I demanded.

She grabbed my hand between her cuffed hands and started to kiss me furiously and move her hips caressing my penis with her velvet interior.

It didn’t last, as you’ll be able to imagine. It was impossible for me to prolong it with a beautiful young woman stuck to my body.

I felt bad for Marianne who in spite of the naturally irresistible excitement that my presence produced in her didn’t have time to do anything ... O well, some other day!

“Did you like that?” I asked her.

“A lot Sir, I adore you...”

Liar. I pulled her off me and threw her to the floor. I wanted to pee and I went into the cage. That was a mistake.

Marianne reacted like a tigress. In spite of the chains she jumped up and locked me in. The keys, o what a mess! They were in the door. By the time I reached the door Marianne had stepped a couple of yards back. There was nothing I could do.

“Swine! You’re a damned swine! A bloody criminal!” Marianne went upstairs as quickly as the chain between her ankles permitted. But the trapdoor was closed ... The key was hanging from my belt. She came down furiously. “Give me the key you bastard...” Her voice was demanding, threatening. Her words were vulgar and crude...

I shook my head grabbing the bars. Marianne grabbed the whip and gave the bars a terrible blow. “Give them to me!” she screamed hysterically. She was impressive in her stockings, suspender belt and shoes.

“You’ll have to come and get them sweetie.” I replied calmly. I didn’t have to get nervous, everything was under control...

“Fucking bastard I’ll show you...” She grabbed the hosepipe and pointed it at me. The jet was very strong and the water was very cold. I hadn’t imagined that pressure was quite so strong. I crouched in a corner ... She was going too far. “Do you like that you queer?” She asked aiming the jet at my precious genitals. She caught me unawares and it hurt. “You’re a shit. A sicko. I’ll see you hanged; you and your whore friend.” She was furious. She felt safe even though she was just as trapped as I was on the other side of the bars.

She took off the collar and sat in the armchair. She couldn’t get the cuffs or the manacles off. The keys for them were on my belt too.

“Did you think I was beaten? You’re a fucking chauvinist. Did you really think that your filthy cock meant anything to me?”

As she spoke I made a note of each and very one of her comments.

“I have food and water, more than you. You’ll give me the keys in the end,” she said her face full of rage. “Do you know what I’m going to do before you give me the keys? I’ll tell you: I’ll have some fun with you. What do you think?”

I said nothing, it wasn’t worth it and my silence seemed to infuriate her even more.

“I’ll cut your stinking balls off, and your useless cock!”

We stayed like that, face to face for a while, Marianne was still in the armchair and I lay on the cot. I was sleepy and I began to nod off. I had nothing to fear. Marianne wouldn’t dare to enter the cage...

The jet of water rolled me over. “You’ll sleep when I let you, you mangy dog!”

She was treating me as a dog! Me, Robert T. Wilson, the kidnap genius, ‘The Tube Hunter’. I was getting fed up with this, but I kept silent. A couple of hours later Marianne couldn’t resist the tiredness and she fell asleep.

I considered the situation. It was fun but I was sick of getting soaked

and Marianne had run off at the mouth quite enough to earn her punishment. I moved to the gate of the cage, I took out the spare key from my belt and I quietly opened the gate. Poor wretch ... She thought she had me trapped.

I grabbed the band, I tied a slipknot in a cord and I placed around her neck. Marianne woke up in terror. It had been worth the soakings to see the look on her face...

I had a minute to get control of her before she choked. I threw her to the floor by her hair and passed another cord through her cuffs, I then tied that behind her back to the chain that united her ankles. She was left with her arms twisted up and back making a perfect circle with her wrists tied to her feet. Then I cut the cord that was choking her.

"I'm going to make you curse the day that you were born." I said giving her a kick in the belly.

"Arrgghhhh ... bastard..." She mumbled through her clenched teeth.

I grabbed her by her hair and dragged her into the cage. She had betrayed my trust and she had attacked me treacherously. She would pay for that. For the time being I hung her form the ceiling just as she was, by her wrists and ankles. Her back and her legs were left deliciously arched. I grabbed her by her hair again and stared into her eyes. "Say you're sorry!"

She spat at me.

I could have killed her there and then. Maybe that's what she wanted.

I put the ball in her mouth and the mousetraps on her nipples. I needed to calm my anger and think about what to do. I went up to my room and opened the bondage magazine, I put the Balkans war video on and looked at the index of the SS guide for the chapter on 'Punishments'.

The next day I would get a week's holiday from the bank and I would dedicate it to Marianne body and soul. The poor girl needed it.

END

EPILOGUE

That hot afternoon in August, Robert T. Wilson was listening to Wagner and sitting in his comfortable armchair near the fire. Negrita, naked and of course, tied and gagged, was serving as a rug for his feet,

He looked at the clock. He wasn't about to wait a moment longer. Poor Marianne ... As soon as they had got to mum's village for their 'holidays' Angela had locked herself away with Marianne and no one had heard from them since.

Annoyed, he took the last drags from his cigarette. Negrita watched in dread, with her big blue eyes wide open. The girl was his ashtray too...

After giving his rug a kick in the ribs, Robert got up and went to get some dinner. After that he would go on reading the sad little story Marianne had written on toilet paper ... What a cheek!

Maybe one day, Robert will tell us how he found it and what's in it. Oh ... and about the week's holiday and the Negrita affair.

Do not miss the second part

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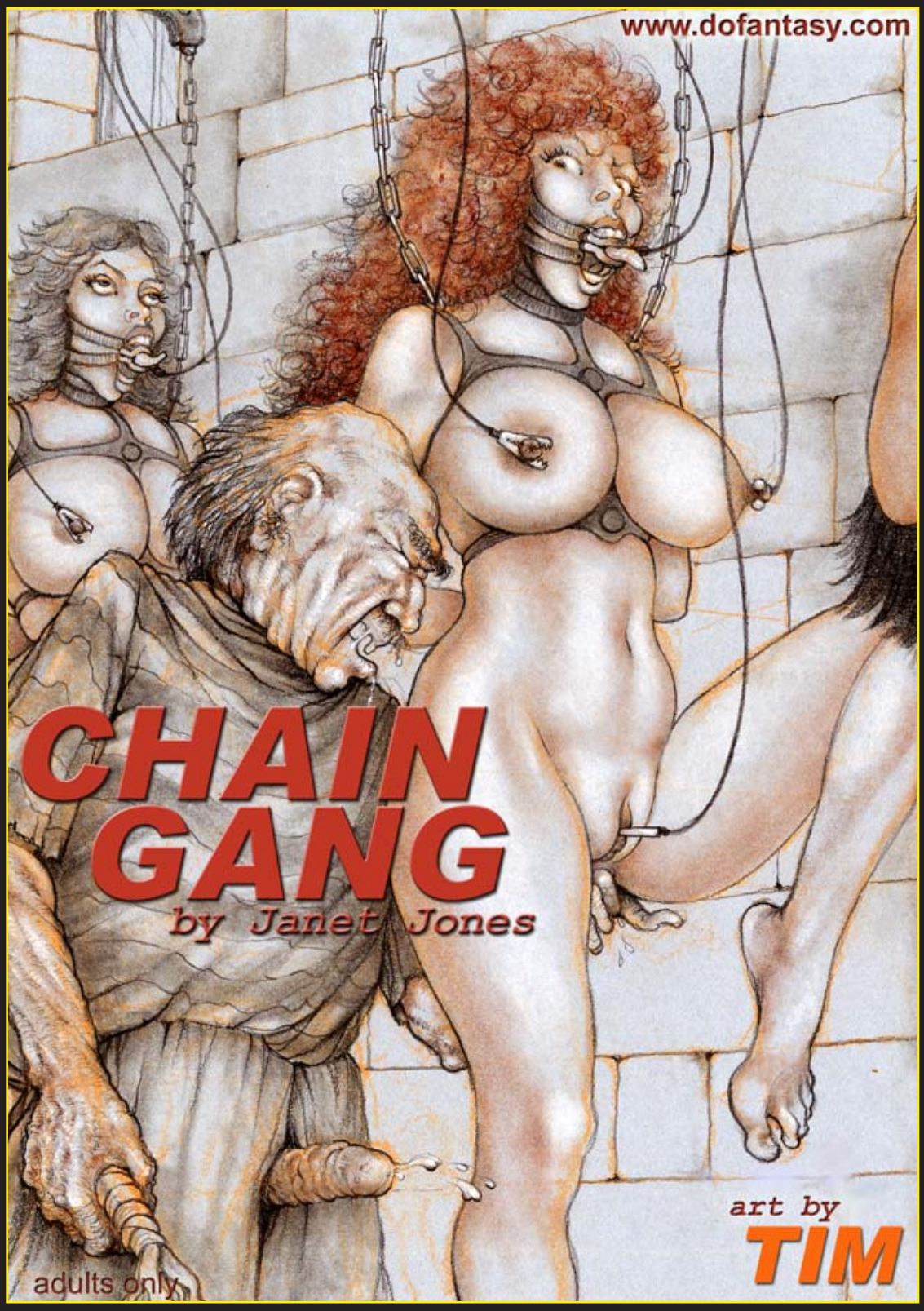

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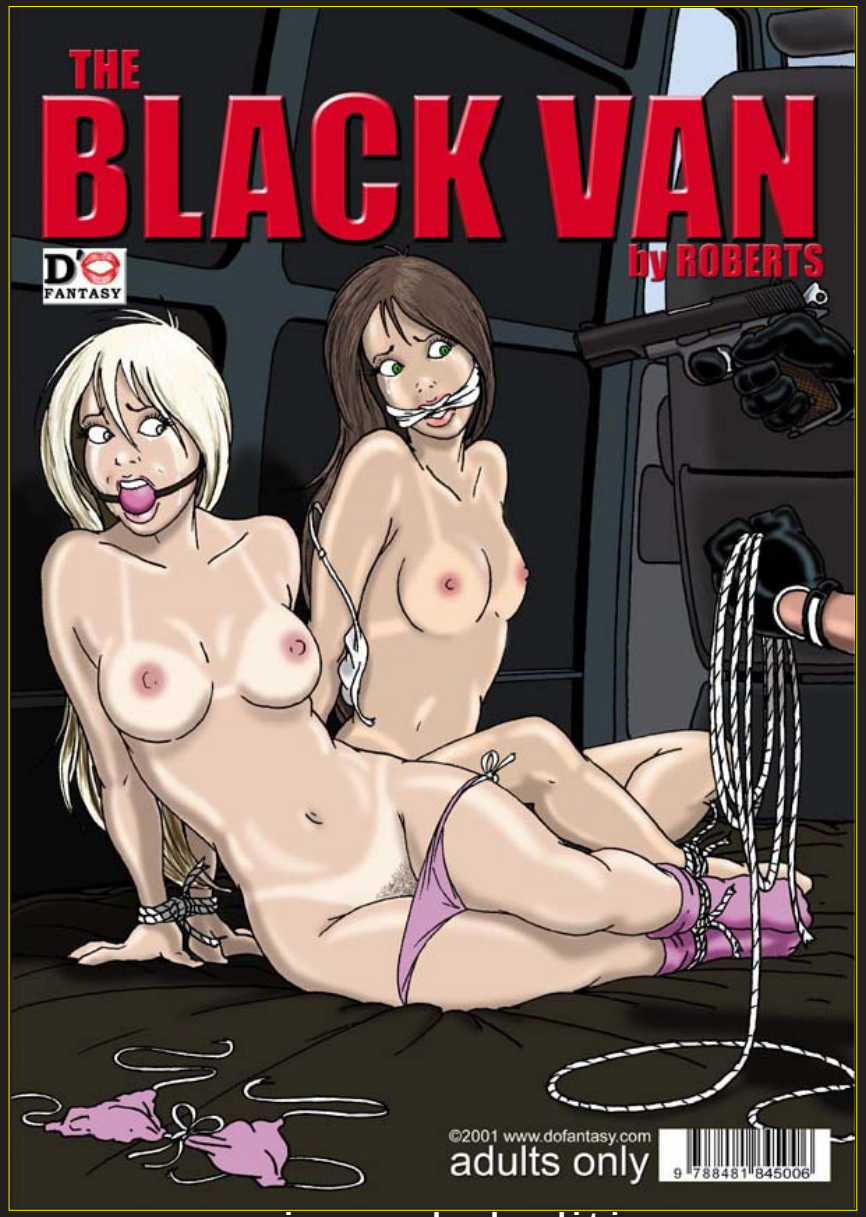

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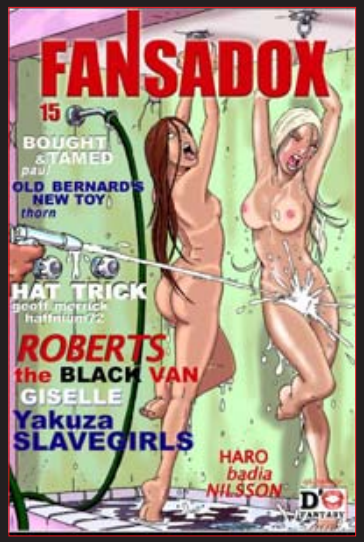



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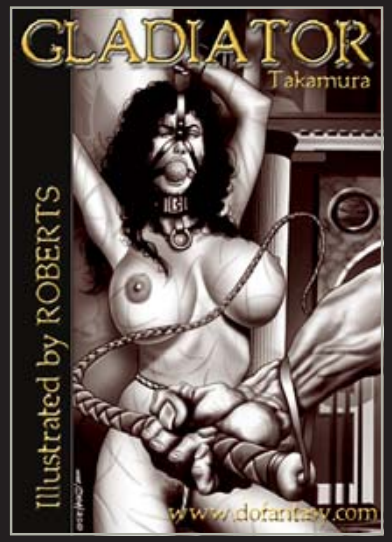

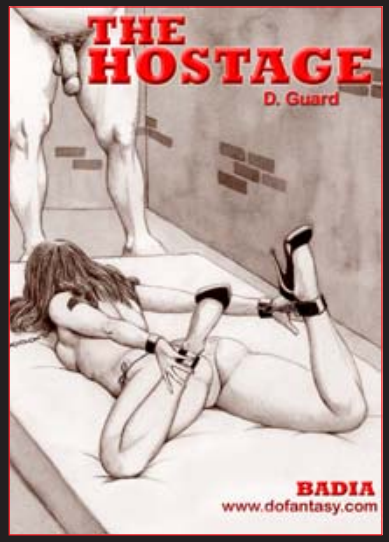

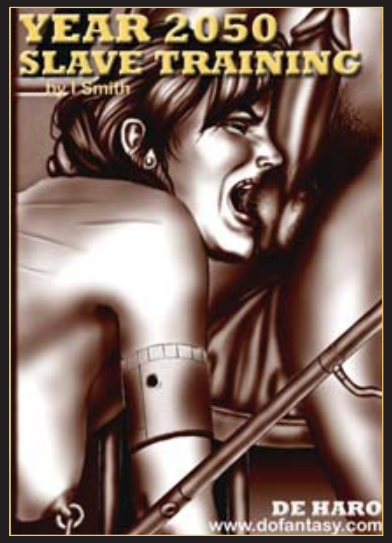





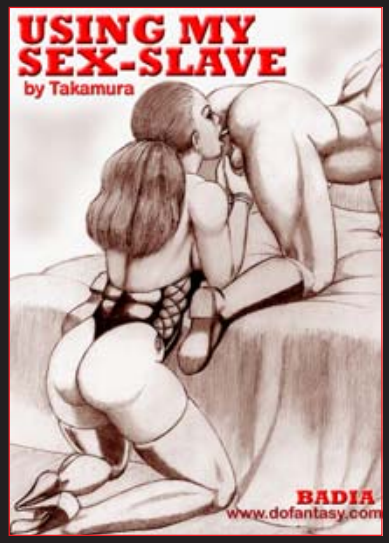

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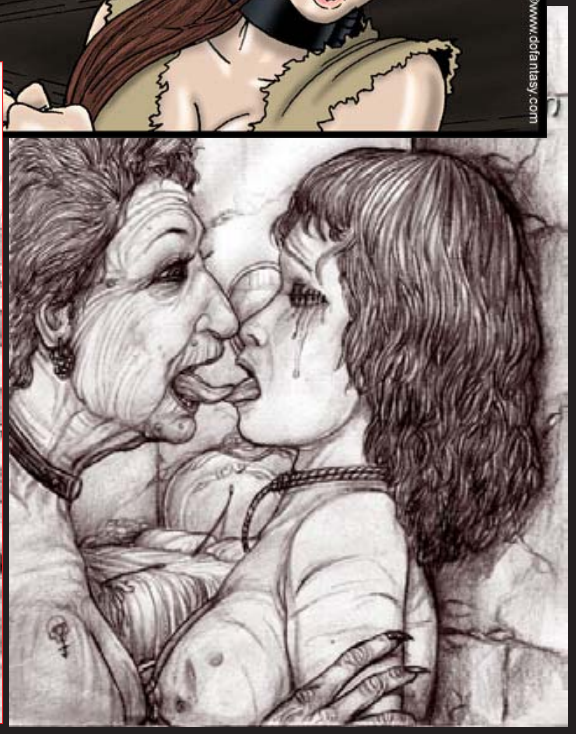

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