

How to Turn a Bad Wife into a Good Slave
by John Savage

Chapter I

A Change of Lifestyle

“You fucking asshole!” she hollered.

George Walters only smiled. The comment by his wife - sorry, make that his former wife - did not bother him at all.

“Get these God damned things off me!”

George walked slowly around his wife, Tiffany, as she sat on a chair in the middle of the basement room. He was pleased with himself and the situation he had placed Tiffany in. She was not able to rise from the chair because her feet were pulled back and handcuffed to the back of the chair. Her wrists were also locked in steel, behind her back and the back of the chair. The chair was carefully chosen because it was made of solid metal, not wood. And he had set the legs into concrete in the floor so that there was no possibility of tipping it over or moving it the slightest.

Tiffany jerked at the steel cuffs around her wrists but stopped when the edges of the metal cut into her flesh. He had placed them on her very tightly. Painfully tightly, actually, although it was a minor pain compared to what he intended to inflict upon this beautiful woman he had once loved.

The edges of the handcuffs were also pressing into her ankles because of her legs being spread apart and the feet pulled back to where they were locked to the back of the chair. He smiled as he gazed upon those lovely legs, so long and nicely shaped. He had always loved her legs, and had urged her to wear clothing that showed them off to the best advantage. Tiffany need little urging, however, since she had a magnificent body and enjoyed showing it off. To the men looking at her with lust in their eyes, she was saying “eat your hearts out.” Which was the same thing she was mentally saying to the women who stared at her figure with undisguised envy.

“As soon as I get out of here, I’m going to call the police! You’ll spend the rest of your miserable life behind bars!”

George only smiled again. She did not realize it, but it was not his intention that she should ever be in a position to call anyone, let alone the police. It was time to inform her that it was she who was going to be a prisoner for the rest of her life. He had been looking forward to this moment for a long time.

But first to show her that he was in control and serious.

He straddled the front of the chair so that he was close to her; close enough to easily reach out and grab the front of her blouse. Her eyes flashed anger at him but she could not pull her body away. With a sudden jerk he pulled the blouse away from her body. The expensive material ripped easily, buttons popping off to fly away, and revealing her above-average sized breasts, still hidden behind a flimsy bra but begging to be freed of it.

“Stop that! I’m not your wife anymore. You can’t do this to me!”

He calmly proceeded to tear away all of the blouse until it was only a pile of tattered fabric on the concrete floor. Her eyes grew wide as he unfolded a pocketknife and the blade approached her bra.

“You’re crazy!” she yelled. “Get that away from me!”

He placed the blade under one bra strap and pulled. The strap fell down. He noted with pleasure that, for the first time, there was fear in her eyes. Still plenty of anger and rage, but the beginnings of fear were there. He was glad.

The second bra strap parted easily. The bra was the kind that hooked in front between the cups, so it was easy for him to unhook it then pulled the bra away. Her breasts were as he remembered: firm, large, with the nipples slightly pointed upwards. He remembered how incredibly sexy she had been the first time he saw those breasts. How he could never get enough of sucking and squeezing them. He had seen centerfolds that were not as perfect as those.

Tiffany was breathing heavily, not from sexual excitement but from fear.

With a smirk on his face, he reached down and used the knife to cut the waistband of her skirt. It was easy to slit the material down the side; there was very little of it. After the divorce, she had continued to wear skirts so short that they damned near revealed all. He pulled the skirt out from under her ass and tossed it aside.

She wore a pair of very thin, very small panties. Thongs, he remembered her calling them. He put away the knife and used his hand to rip off that tiny amount of material.

Then he stood back to view the whole package.

It was as he remembered. It had been almost a year since he last saw Tiffany totally naked, and it was still a sight to make his heart beat faster and generate a stirring between his legs.

“When did you start shaving your pussy?” he asked, noting the bare skin where golden hair used to be. She glared at him but did not reply.

In times past, Tiffany used her magnificent body to control him. She was accustomed to men willing to do anything to get their hands on such perfection. Men were putty in her hands, was the way she thought of it. And she was right. Men were merely tools to help her get what she wanted. It had taken him a few years to realize just how true that was.

But now...

“I’ll have the law down on you so fast that you’ll...”

He never found out what it was he would find out because he slapped her across the face. The sound was nice and loud in the basement with its gray brick walls.

Tiffany looked as shocked as she felt. Never had George lifted a hand to her. He simply was not the physical kind. Or so she thought. The side of her face was turning a nice red where his hand had hit it.

“You... You... Beast!” she spluttered. But there was just a little bit more

fear in her eyes, George noted with satisfaction.

"That is just the beginning," he told her in a level voice. "I will hurt you whenever and however I want."

"You can't be serious," she uttered angrily.

His reply was another slap, planted on the same side of the face as the first. Tiffany's mouth dropped open at this effrontery.

"You just wait until my lawyer gets his hands on you!" she snarled.

"Oh, yes, the honorable Robert L. Harding. You've been seeing a lot of him lately, haven't you? Ever since you got the idea of screwing me out of almost every penny I had."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she protested.

"You never were a very good liar. I happen to know that you and he traveled together to Acapulco a couple weeks ago. Was the weather down there nice? You shared a hotel room for the whole week."

"That," she said firmly, "is none of your business."

"I'm making it my business."

Tiffany jerked sideways, once to each side, but the handcuffs still held her solidly to the metal chair.

"Let me go," she demanded again. George noted that she was not hollering as loudly as she had when she first woke up. A good sign, that.

"No, I will not." He was enjoying refusing her demands, something he had rarely done during the three years they had lived together. "I'll be right back," he told her then turned and walked out of the room.

Tiffany looked around in disbelief. She did not know where she was, but it was obviously a basement with pipes crossing back and forth across the ceiling and tiny windows that were painted black. Two bare light bulbs illuminated the room. Again she tested the handcuffs, but not as hard as she had before. Her wrists hurt from the earlier struggles, a mistake she was not going to make again.

At first she had been reacting instinctively in demanding and threatening. Now she was thinking more clearly. The last thing she remembered was getting into her Jag and inserting the key. Then something came over her face and she smelled a strong, terrible odor. Things went black after that. It was obvious to her that George had kidnapped her and brought her to this basement, wherever that was. The house they had lived in and that was now hers had no basement, so this had to be someplace else.

She had no idea of his plans beyond that he was angry at her getting so much in the divorce. Well, that was just too bad. She had a better lawyer and that was that. She usually smiled when she thought about the royal screwing she and Harding had given to good old George. But right then, the smile did not come to her face. The side of her face was still stinging from those two slaps, and that scared her. As did the tight handcuffs holding her to that chair.

George returned, coming down the stairs with a length of chain in his

hands. It was made of fairly heavy links and certainly more than strong enough to hold one female human a prisoner. He went to a wall directly behind her. She had to twist her head around to see what he was doing. What she saw was George locking one end of the chain to a metal ring bolted to the wall. Then he came over to her with the other end. The links between clinked on the floor.

Without a word, he wrapped the chain around her neck and placed a padlock on it. As with the handcuffs, he attached the chain so that it was very snug against her slender neck. Satisfied that she would be unable to leave the room, he took out a small key and unlocked the handcuffs holding her ankles to the back of the chair.

Tiffany slowly straightened out her legs, glaring at him all the time. She had endured his chaining her neck because, although George was a milksop and miserable excuse for a man, he was also just a bit over six feet tall and solidly built. Had she fought, he would still have been able to get the chain on her. And he might slap her again, something she was simply not used to happening.

“Stand up,” he told her.

Tiffany put her feet on either side of the chair and rose slowly. Her arms had been around the back of the chair, but as she lifted her body up they came over the top.

“Step away from the chair.”

Tiffany grimaced but obeyed. Only two small steps, but still what he had ordered.

George smiled at the sight of Tiffany standing there, arms behind her back and that lovely silvery chain around her neck. Good sized padlock, too, which probably felt heavy to her. Certainly, he told himself with amusement, not the kind of jewelry she was used to. Well, things change.

He felt his manhood responding to that drop-dead gorgeous body. Christ, he thought, she still has the body of a teenager even though she’s twenty-seven. Of course, the fact that she never had children - and did not want any for that very reason - helped her keep in shape. That and lots of tennis, laps in the huge swimming pool at the health club, and probably lots of bed exercises with that damned Bob Harding.

It had been almost four months since the divorce, and another four months before that during which she had not allow him in the same bed with her, eight months in all since he had had sex with his wife. A very long time, indeed.

Well, that was going to change, he thought.

“Kneel,” he told her.

“What? You’re kidding!”

It was what he had expected from her. Even naked and chained up, she was still the consummate bitch. “You will kneel down.”

“The hell I will. I don’t know what kind of games you’re playing, but I’ve had enough. Get these damned handcuffs off me. And this chain off my

neck.”

George calmly unbuckled his belt and slid it out of his pants. He doubled the belt over and held it like a whip in his hand.

“What are you going to do with that?” she said, more than a little bit on the nervous side.

He did not speak. He simply took two steps forward and swung the belt. Tiffany tried to back away, but she was too slow. The belt struck her flank just below the waist. It made a nice sound, immediately accompanied by a cry of pain.

“Damn! That hurt!”

Tiffany was backing away from him and edging towards the stairs. But just short of them she reached the end of her chain. It only allowed her ten feet from the wall before it snubbed her neck. George kept pace with her and was standing only a couple feet away when she could retreat no farther.

“Kneel,” he repeated quietly.

Strange emotions dashed across Tiffany’s face: disbelief, anger, hurt and some puzzlement.

“Look, George,” she began, trying to keep all fright out of her voice, “if you let me go right now, I promise that I will not tell the police.”

“You won’t be telling them anything because I am not going to let you go.”

“Shit, you’re crazy!”

“You know, that is the first time I’ve ever heard you say that ‘S’ word. It is very unladylike. Now kneel.”

“No.”

The belt moved so fast that she did not have time to react. This time it struck her half on her bare ass and half on her flank. Her cry was louder this time and her shackled hands flew to cover the red mark.

Calmly, and with precision, he planted another stroke, a backhand this time, across the front of her thighs. “Ohhhhh, shit!” she cried and turned her body away from the terrible belt. Which, of course, turned her ass towards George. He greeted its appearance by hitting it squarely across the cheeks. They were unprotected because her hands were busy trying to touch the front where two red marks were forming on her thighs. She squealed loudly and jerked away, only to be so sharply snubbed by the chain around her neck that she almost fell backwards.

Now she was crying, and they were not fake tears designed to melt a male heart (and old trick of many women). These were real tears flowing down her face for, as minor as this pain was, it was still about the worst she had ever felt in her sheltered life.

Holding her burning ass with both hands, she turned back to George. “Please...” she begged, even if she could not finish the sentence. Please, itself, was a word she rarely used and hardly ever meant.

“Kneel,” he repeated. She sniffed but did not reply, nor did she kneel. “I can tie you down and whip your ass with this belt until you’re screaming.”

Her eyes widened at the thought of such barbaric treatment. “You wouldn’t,” she said, but it was more a hopeful wish than a flat statement.

“Try me.”

Tiffany, still holding her ass, slowly lowered herself to the hard concrete floor. When she was on her knees, George smiled at her and told her to sit back on her heels. She did.

“Now you are going to do something for me that most reasonable women are happy to do for their husbands,” he told her.

“You are not my husband,” she snapped.

“Well, boyfriends, then.” He unzipped his pants and pulled out a rod fully erect and ready to sink itself into something soft and warm. “You are going to kiss this.”

“No!” Tiffany looked even more shocked than when he first struck her with the belt. “That’s dirty! Sick!”

“Nevertheless, you will do it. You will give it a gentle, loving kiss so it knows that you love it.”

She was making a disgusted face.

“You do remember the times when you did love it, don’t you? When you seemed very happy to have it inside you?”

“I was young and foolish,” she retorted. “And, anyway, having it inside me, as you put it, is different from having to put my mouth on that thing. That’s sick.”

“Nevertheless you will kiss it.”

Tiffany was about to refuse yet again but the belt swaying back and forth before her was sending a message she could not ignore. “If I do that, will you let me go?” she asked.

“No.”

She swallowed hard, her gaze alternating between the hard-on and the belt. Finally she leaned forward until the offensive object was only an inch from her nose. She had never seen this portion of the male anatomy so up close and personal before, having been content to let him arouse her body to the point where it could be inserted to finish the task of satisfying her. It was, as she had always thought, disgusting.

She closed her eyes and quickly pressed her lips against its head. Just as quickly she pulled back.

“That wasn’t much of a kiss,” he commented. “I’m sure you can do better.”

Tiffany had heard that women often took the male rod into their mouths and perform a disgusting act that ended with the man ejaculated all over their faces. Or that they had to swallow it - an act that sickened her just to think of.

“I kissed it,” she protested. She was about to add how horrible that

simple act had been but thought better of it. Her ass was still burning, a most unpleasant and unusual experience for her.

“Well, do it again. This time, pretend it is Harding’s lips you’re kissing. I assume you do kiss him?”

“I told you that is none of your business. I am not your wife any longer.”

“Yes, you told me. And your lawyer told me. And the court told me. You really did take me to the cleaners, didn’t you?” She did not reply, nor did he expect her to. So he went on, “Kiss it again; make it much longer. And a little tongue action would be nice. You know, just kind of tease it with the tip of your tongue...?”

Tiffany looked as if she wanted to throw up. This man was asking for the impossible. He could whip her bottom all he wanted, but she had some pride. She simply would not go down that road.

George had expected her reaction, remembering how strongly she had rejected any suggestion of oral sex when he had first brought it up. Surprisingly, she had also rejected the idea of oral sex with his tongue doing the work as being perverted and dirty. Her loss, he figured, and simply continued perfectly normal sexual intercourse - always in the missionary position, of course. She loved sex but was very narrow minded about any variations.

Without warning he swung the belt across her breasts, first from right to left, then a backhand that caught the left breast squarely on. She cried out and fell to her side where she curled up. He had not used the full force of his arm, but apparently the pain was so intense and unexpected that Tiffany was shocked.

When that initial shock was over, she looked up at him with her eyes aflame with hatred. He smiled at her.

“If you would care to get back up on your knees again, I’ll give you another chance.”

For long moments she did not move, only lay there with tears running down her cheeks and her face contorted in both pain and anger. Finally, when reason overcame the emotional impact, she knew that he could hit her again. And again. As much as he wanted. That knowledge made her struggle back up to her knees and, when he presented the horrid thing for her lips, she leaned forward and pressed her lips again to it. She forced herself to hold that position when a voice inside her was screaming that she should jerk away. The pain in her breasts was a good inducement to obey, and she slowly pushed the tip of her tongue between her lips until it touched him. She shuddered and could no longer endure this obscenity. She pulled away.

“Now that wasn’t so bad, was it?” he asked sarcastically. “Good enough for now. We’ll progress to other things at another time.”

“Let me go.” It was a demand, but one spoken with a quiet voice, more of a plea than a demand.

“No. I’ve got you right where I want you. I will never let you go.”

That statement sent a shiver of fear down her spine.

George locked another pair of handcuffs on her ankles. He looked down at her, naked, shackled and fearful, and he was happy. He left, turning the light off as he did.

Chapter II

Revenge Plotted

In the darkness, Tiffany was doing something she had not done since she was a child. She was crying. This could not be happening to her. It just was not fair. Even her father, a moderately stern man, had only given her a few token spankings, preferring to try to reason with her when she was bad. Never had anyone hurt her this much.

As she shifted her body, she could hear the scrap of the handcuffs on her ankles against the concrete. They were tight around her ankles, just as tight as that pair on her wrists. And there was that heavy chain and padlock weighing down her neck. Her breasts hurt, and she could not even reach around to touch them. Her bare bottom against the cold concrete was still burning a little from the swats there. All in all, she was a miserable woman.

Her emotions ran through a cycle. First she was feeling so very sorry for herself. Then she was angry as hell at George and vowing painful, extensive revenge. Her good friend, the lawyer Robert Harding would know how to bring the maximum force of the law down upon him. Then she would feel afraid. She was not used to absolute blackness. It was scary. She was cold, hurting and very fearful about what was going to happen next. That led her into feeling sorry for herself. She did not deserve such harsh treatment!

The cycle repeated. And repeated. The hours she spent in the darkness were the longest, most miserable of her life.

* * * * *

George was sitting on the patio of his new home, enjoying the sunshine, a cup of herbal tea, and the knowledge that down below the house, his former wife and former tormentor was suffering. Life was good!

In his mind, he was reviewing the events that led up to this situation. First there had been the wonderful feeling when this gorgeous woman consented to be his wife. True, he was not really madly in love with her, but she was one hell of a trophy wife and great in bed. Well, pretty good. He was a successful businessman and it was good to have a wife that made men drool and other women turn green with envy. His business was growing and making tons of money. Everything seemed perfect. Well, mostly. Tiffany refused to talk about having children but he figured she would come around to that eventually. And she spent ungodly amounts of his money, but there was always more coming in, so that was not really a problem.

Then she began to have a headache every time he wanted to go to bed and play. Finally she suggested separate bedrooms because she could not put up with his snoring. Funny thing was that he was not aware he snored.

Finally it reach the point where he began going to a certain Miss Crawford and some girls she had for the sexual needs that were not being satisfied at home. Well, he had to admit that he was often working late and had a lot on his mind about commercial concerns. Maybe he was not the prefect husband.

Then she slapped him with divorce papers!

In quick order, he was kicked out of the fancy house in Beverly Hills, and facing divorce proceedings that turned messy very quickly. She lied eloquently and had a very good lawyer - damn that Harding! - and the court agreed to an overwhelming settlement. Overwhelming in her favor, of course. She even managed to get her hands on much of his financial resources, leaving him with a fraction of the wealth he had enjoyed before. She did leave him his business. How else could he manage the huge monthly alimony payments?

In short, she shafted him. Then, to rub salt into the wound, she began running around with her lawyer, a man older than George by many years and a liar, cheat and all around bad guy with a receding hairline, the start of a pot belly, and a taste for smelly cigars. A lawyer, in other words.

George could not figure out what she saw in him. Until, that is, he realized that Robert Harding was one hell of a wealthy man himself. She was playing her good looks into another rich husband who she would one day soak for every penny he had. Or who would kick off and leave her a very wealthy widow.

George worked hard at his business endeavors until he realized late one night at his desk that he was working mostly to pay her. It was at that point he started plotting revenge.

The first thing he did was to start gathering information about his former wife and her lover lawyer. Private detectives hired by his company took care of that. Knowledge is power, he had always believed.

Secondly, he purchased a modest home but one that was relatively isolated from neighbors in the foothills. The nearest house was a quarter of a mile down the road and totally out of sight. This house had privacy but also something else that fit into his plans: a basement. He began remodeling the house to fit his plans.

He made contacts with people he would need to help him. He spent hours thinking through plan after plan, revising and rethinking. Not only did he want revenge, he wanted it to be something beautiful to behold and that would bring him great satisfaction. He was going to kidnap Tiffany and turn her into the wife he had wanted in the first place, and that he deserved. A lot of wild fantasies were bubbling up to the surface, and he began to give many of them serious consideration. For example, he had always wondered what Tiffany would look like tightly bound in ropes and gagged with a pair of her own panties. He intended to find out.

And sexual perversions! Ah, yes, there would be sexual games beyond

anything Tiffany could imagine in her wildest nightmares! If she thought that kissing his prick was dirty, she was in for a big surprise when he got to the more erotic acts. No more headaches!

After the carpenters left, he began adding little touches to the house in preparation for Tiffany's arrival. Like the rings set into the walls and floor of the basement. And that chair set in cement. The soundproofing of the basement, and the concealed entrance to the stairs. There was also a small steel barred cage he had custom made and that was currently residing in the closet of his bedroom. It was quite solid and had hasps to fit two large padlocks. No one was going to be getting out of that cage!

And there were the other devices. He smiled at the thought of some of the punishments she was going to have to endure.

But punishing Tiffany was not his entire plan. No sir! He was going to get back all the money she had stolen from him. And the big, expensive house. He even figured out a way to get more money than he had lost.

Every step of the way he was being ultra careful. He thought out all the possible errors in his plans. Or, at least, every problem he could imagine might come up.

As he watched a hawk making lazy circles in the deep blue sky, he was wondering how long he should leave Tiffany in the dark. A few hours at least, he figured. Let her get a good feeling for being alone in the dark. And helpless. Should not forget the feeling of being helpless. That would have a powerful effect on the pampered, selfish woman. He sipped his tea and sighed. Wheels had been set in motion, plans started and all was right with the world.

Two hours later he wandered down to the basement.

The light springing to life startled Tiffany. She had to squint to see George descending the stairs. Was it over now? She prayed that it was, but she feared that it was only beginning.

George saw a suffering woman. There were dried tear streaks on her cheeks, but the redness on her breasts and ass had faded away. She struggled into a sitting position as she struggled with what to say. Beg? Order? Or be silent and see what this asshole would do?

"I don't know if you've been screaming or not," he told her. "This room is completely soundproofed. You could set off a cannon down here and I wouldn't hear a thing upstairs. So go ahead and holler all you want to."

Her walked slowly around her, enjoying the sense of power he had over her now that she was his prisoner. "How are you feeling?" he finally asked.

"My hands hurt," she said meekly.

"I am not surprised. I did put those handcuffs on pretty tightly. Your ankles hurting also?"

"Yes."

"Good. That's one of the new facts of life you can learn. I can cause you pain any time I want. And you cannot do a thing about it."

For a brief second her eyes flared in anger. Then she cast them downward again and said nothing.

“Another fact is that I will use your body any time I want and in any way.”

Again the anger flared up, this time lingering on her face longer. A couple hours in the dark were not going to change this woman into a meek and obedient creature.

George could feel his manhood rising to the occasion once again. The sight of this beautiful woman, all naked and chained up, was encouraging it. The brief kiss from her lovely lips earlier had certainly not been satisfying to the old “One Eyed Python” as George thought of it. He freed it from its prison behind the zipper of his pants. The beast was only half awake but had apparently smelt the scent of woman nearby and was awakening fast.

“Time to demonstrate fact number two. Get to your knees and get ready to pay homage to my second best part. The first best is, of course, my superior brain.”

Tiffany glared at him and his oration. But she struggled to her knees. The sight of that fine body moving within the restriction of its restraints aroused the giant snake to nearly full length.

“My hands really hurt. And they are sort of numb,” she told him.

“You might have pushed the handcuffs tighter. Were you struggling against them much?”

She did not answer that question. Instead she told him, “Come on, let’s get this over with. You’ll get your kiss.” She said it with pure venom in her voice.

George laughed. How good it was to have the upper hand for once with this woman. He stepped forward and brought his penis to within a couple inches of her face. One would think from the expression on her face that this was the most repulsive sight in the world. But she leaned forward and placed a single, not very long kiss on the end of the terrible thing.

“Now,” George announced grandly, “take it into your mouth.”

“What! No way!”

“You’ll find it is not so bad,” George urged. “And he’ll love it. He is always searching for a dark, moist and warm place to crawl into.”

His references to his manhood as a living, normally fearsome creature was not doing her need to obey any good. He unbuckled his belt. He did not pull it out, but the message was there nevertheless. She leaned forward. As she opened her mouth, the wild idea occurred to her that she could chomp down on it and cause a great deal of pain, not to mention do some serious damage.

“Don’t even think of that,” he told her sternly. “So much as a tiny nibble and I’ll cut off one of your breasts.”

Her eyes grew wide at that suggestion. “You wouldn’t,” she hissed.

“Try me.”

Tiffany pushed aside all thoughts of injuring the giant snake and opened her mouth. Gingerly, she allowed it inside, being careful not to let it touch her tongue. Suddenly he put both hands on the back of her head and told her, “Deeper or I’ll pull your head forward and shove it in so far it will go down your throat. And remember, no chompy-chomp.”

The slight pressure on the back of her head helped her move forward a little more. She could feel its head sliding along the top of her tongue and wanted to gag.

“Better,” he told her. “Now close your lips around him. Ah, that is better. See, it isn’t so bad.”

Fighting the urge to spit it out, Tiffany kept her eyes closed and tried not to choke.

“I can feel your tongue pressing against its bottom,” he told her. “It feels good.”

For a few very long seconds he said nothing, and Tiffany dared not remove her mouth from around the vile thing. Finally, he sighed and pulled back. Gladly she opened her lips and let it go. She could see its sides glistening with her saliva and shuddered.

It would have been nice to pursue the sexual urges he had, but George had promised himself that he would introduce her to new sexual activities slowly, allowing her time to adapt. He thought of it as training her, and, indeed, that is exactly what it was. He intended to train her to be the perfect obedient wife. Then he frowned at that thought. He did not like calling her his wife. A better name was in order. Then it came to him, something he had seen on a website and thought ridiculous at the time. But now it seemed to fit. He would call her and think of her as his “slavegirl”. That had a nice ring to it.

Without another word, he left her kneeling on the hard concrete and went up the stairs. This time he left the light on.

Tiffany spat a few times to get the awful taste out of her mouth, although, in reality, there was no taste at all. Then she looked around. The light having been left on might indicate that he planned to return sometime soon. Should she continue to kneel there or was she now free to move about her prison?

After fifteen minutes or so she found it uncomfortable to stay like that, so she worked her way up to her feet. With very small steps she moved around her prison, exploring to the limit her neck chain allowed. It was not very much. She could not reach the stairs, let alone walk up them. In the other direction she could reach the chair and sit if she wished, but she could go no farther. And opposite the stairs she found that she could reach a dark corner where she found a black standing screen. With difficulty she moved the screen aside and found a toilet.

“Oh, my God!” she thought. “He’s serious about keeping me a prisoner.”

It was a most distressing thought for the naked and shackled woman. She put the screen back to hide the unpleasant necessity from sight. There came a

noise from the stairs and she turned in that direction. George was coming down them, carrying a bowl and a plastic bottle. He placed the bowl on the floor where she had been kneeling and set the bottle next to it.

“Here’s dinner,” he said. “You will find it is more than bread and water. Well, the bottle has water. You can see that it has a straw so you can drink with no hands. As to the stew, well you can just kneel down and lap it up like the bitch you are.”

With that, he smiled at her and left. Again the light was left on, but she heard the door close solidly. She shuffled over to the bowl and looked down. It was some kind of brown gravy with lighter lumps that might have been cut up potatoes. She had to kneel to reach the bowl with her mouth, not an easy task with her ankles joined closely and no hands. The stew smelled good and her stomach made it known that she was hungry. Hesitantly she poked it with her tongue. It tasted rather good. But then, cooking has always been a hobby of George’s. She began lapping it up.

Had she thought about the scene she made, she would have lost her appetite. Here she was, naked and handcuffed and with her ass sticking up in the air, lapping at a bowl like a dog. Had George, or anyone else, been watching, she would have died of shame. But she was alone and hungry. She licked the bowl clean and sucked up water until the bottle was empty. Then she sat down to see what the bastard had in his mind next.

It was a while before George returned. He noted the clean bowl but made no comment. Instead, he went to a side of the basement beyond the range of Tiffany’s chain and removed something from a small chest there. As he walked back to her, Tiffany was shocked to see the object in his hand was a whip. A violent protest rose to her lips but froze there. There was a cold knot of fear in her stomach at the idea that he might use that instrument of torture on her.

“This whip,” he began, “is designed to inflict pain but not break the skin or do serious damage. It may leave small bruises and swollen ridges of flesh, but nothing more. At least that is what the clerk at Ted’s Erotica told me. Shall we see if he was right?”

She was shaking her head in negation but could not take her eyes off the ugly thing in his hand. It was only two feet long, made of black braided leather tapering to a thin end. Despite his assurances, her mind was filled with visions of bleeding, shredded flesh and pain beyond belief. Her protest finally found its way out of her mouth but came only as a whisper: “No.”

“Now the clerk told me that it could be used to whip a woman’s breasts, but I think we should start out with your bottom. We can try it on your breasts another time.”

Tiffany was shivering with fear such as she had never known. This man, who she had thought was totally under her heel, was about to torture her! No wonder she was trembling.

“If you will be so kind as to assume a suitable position?” he asked.

“Kneeling with your ass sticking up would be good.”

Tiffany was shaking her head and crawling backwards awkwardly.

“No? Well, we can start with your breasts then. Unless you want to present a different target?” He was smiling at her.

Her mind was in turmoil. There had to be something she could do to stop him. He could not be serious. Maybe he was just trying to scare her. Yes, that was it! He would not really whip her breasts. Then she remembered the pain on her bottom and breasts from his belt.

Tiffany was not a stupid woman. Given a choice between having her breasts whipped or her ass, it was no contest. The big question in her mind was if he was serious or just playing mind games with her. Then an idea struck her as a better alternative.

“George,” she began with a shaky voice, “I’ll let you put your... your penis in my mouth.” It was not an attractive alternative but better than being injured.

“Sure,” he said cheerfully. “But another time. Right now I want to test out this new whip. One last chance. Kneel and present your bottom or I’ll whip your front.”

Tiffany wanted to scream but could not. Maybe he’s only using the threat to make me obey, she told herself. Once I do as he says, he’ll laugh and put that damned thing away. Sure...

She struggled to gain a kneeling position with her bottom turned towards him. She felt ashamed, both at what she must look like from his view, and that she was obeying him. Finally she was kneeling with her body bent and her head resting on the floor. Would he use that whip now or not?

The answer to that question was a burst of fiery pain in her bottom, much more than she had felt from the belt. The shock brought forth a startled cry from her lips as she fell over to her side. Her hands flew to the source of the pain.

“NO!” she cried out. “It hurts!”

“Good.”

Tiffany’s lower lip was trembling as she begged him to not whip her again.

“Turn around. Let me see what it did to your ass,” he instructed.

In hopes that the bleeding slash on her bottom would shock him, she rolled onto her hip so he could see.

“There is a thin red line,” he told her. “Not much.” He touched that spot and she cringed. “It’s just a little swollen. Not much.”

“It hurts terribly,” she replied. “You’re a... a...”

“Cad?” he suggested. “Brute? Maybe beast? That seems to be your favorite term for me.”

She said nothing. It was her hope that the tears and the sight of abused flesh on her bottom would be enough for him.

Fighting the urge to inflict more such delightful red stripes on her wonderful smooth ass, George told her instead to get on her knees facing him. He put the whip away as she struggled up. When he returned, she was kneeling, her tear-stained face turned upward. He freed his painfully hard penis from his pants and placed it before her face. "Lick it," he told her. "Don't take it in your mouth. Lick it like you would a popsicle."

Tiffany would normally have refused to perform this sordid act, but the pain on her ass was too fresh to ignore. She stuck out her tongue, placing the tip on the underside of his penis.

"Don't just touch it," he admonished, "lick it."

She reluctantly did as ordered. As she obeyed, amid all the repulsion she felt a small wonderment that its head was so soft surfaced. She pushed that thought back down.

George was having trouble contain his urges. He had planned to force her to "service" his prick for a long time, licking it all over and tingling the nerves there so delightfully. But the trouble was that she was doing too good a job. The urge became overpowering. He had to shove it into something. He could have grabbed her head and deep throated her. But he had planned to make her progress on oral sex a slow one.

He grabbed her shoulders and pushed her over onto her side. Then he rolled her roughly onto her back and lifted her legs and bent her knees so that her sex was available to him. With her ankles joined by the handcuffs, she could not spread her legs but there was enough clearance for him to shove his prick into her vagina. That he did, hard and fast, not worrying about whether she was ready or not.

Fortunately his penis found the hole there ready for him. It was well lubricated as he plunged into it, making the impalement easy. He moaned as he sank deeply into her. It had been so long since he had that pleasure, and it was soooo good!

There followed a hard and fast fornication upon this shackled woman. He gave in and totally abandoned himself to the pleasure. He never even noticed that after the initial surprise her hips were thrusting back against his thrusts. It did not last long before, with an animal-like grunt, he shoved deeply and shot his load into her.

Eventually he pulled his now limp member out and stood there looking down at the scene of his conquest. Tiffany was lying there, panting, face and breasts flushed, her hips still thrusting weakly. Her features were contorted into a mask of disappointment. She had been working up to an orgasm such as she had never experienced before, but it was cut short by his withdrawal. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning with frustration from the lack of pleasure and the pain on her ass.

George tucked his spent penis back into his pants. He took a deep breath. This was not the way he had planned that night's session but, damn, it had been

good!

Chapter III

Using a Hair Brush

Tiffany slept miserably that night. She was angry, frustrated, cold and very uncomfortable in her shackles. She curled up into a ball and slept only because she could not keep herself awake. George had turned off the light, leaving her in total darkness. A few times she screamed out loud, just to see if he would return. But he did not. Perhaps that basement room was as soundproof as he had said.

George, on the other hand, had slept very well in a comfortable bed and awoke refreshed. After a breakfast of fried eggs and ham, he sat down at his computer and took care of some necessary business. It never ceased to amaze him how much one could do to run a business without ever leaving his home. The Internet, he reminded himself, was as big a change in people's lives as the television had been. Or the invention of moveable type by Guttenberg.

Only then, in the middle of the morning, did he pour himself a fresh cup of tea and descend the stairs into his basement. He found Tiffany lying against the wall, blinking at the bright light. Her hair could have used a brushing and she looked miserable but still beautiful. He remembered how lovely she had looked the first time he set eyes upon her. It had been at a party given by a friend. George had expected nothing but boredom and instead found this incredibly lovely creature entering his life. She had been dressed in a very short, very low-cut and very tight black dress with a single diamond necklace that attracted the eye to her magnificent breasts, a good deal of which showed.

He shook off those memories. That was a long time ago. Today was today, and the woman lying on the floor, wearing his handcuffs, was not the same self-confident and even slightly arrogant creature who had won his heart with a single glance.

"How was your night?" he asked amicably.

She frowned. "I was cold," she told him. "You try sleeping naked on a cement floor. My wrists and ankles hurt. Please take these handcuffs off me."

"That is exactly what I intend to do," he said.

She looked up at him. Hope flared on her face.

"Stand up."

She struggled to her feet, having to use the wall to help herself up. Without being told, she turned her back to him to offer her wrists. He unlocked them and noted the redness of her wrists. But then she had worn them for about twenty hours, so it was not surprising. He unlocked her feet also.

Tiffany slowly brought her hands around in front of her and stared at the redness of her wrists. She turned to him, holding out her hands accusingly for him to see.

But George was not there. He was over by the chest, taking several coils

of rope out of a drawer. He approached her with them in his hand and the hope faded from her face.

“You’re not going to tie me up, are you?” she asked weakly.

“Sure am,” he assured. “But first, if you wish to use the toilet...”

Tiffany looked to the corner with the black screen hiding the white porcelain object. “Please take this off me,” she said, pointing to the chain locked around her neck.

“No.”

Without a word she walked to the corner and moved the screen aside. Then she glared angrily back at him and put the screen between them for privacy. George allowed her that little favor, not really being interested in watching her bodily functions. At least, not those.

When she was finished she returned to his side.

“You’ve punished me,” she said simply. She had thought a lot about what she might do to end this nightmare and concluded that the best way might be to pretend to be obedient. “My bottom is sore where you whipped it. Isn’t this enough?”

“No way, honey.”

She expected that type of reply, and launched into the second phase of her planned strategy. “You won’t have to pay me any more alimony. I won’t say a thing about that.” It was a terrible sacrifice to make. She had counted on that nice monthly check to continue for a long time. But here was always Harding to milk for money. The important thing was to get out of this madman’s hands. “I won’t go to the police or say anything about what you’ve done to me.”

She sounded sincere, he had to give her that. It was a good act, probably well rehearsed in her mind during the long night. He did not even bother to tell her how sure he was that the second she was not under his control, she would be screaming bloody murder to the police and everyone else.

“Turn around and put your hands behind you,” he said.

Tiffany frowned. He had not even considered her offer. This was not going the way she had imagined during the long period of darkness. “I don’t want to be tied up. That will hurt. Even more than the handcuffs.”

“Turn around and put your hands behind you,” he repeated, a little more firmly.

“Please, not ropes. Put the handcuffs back on if you have to.”

The coiled rope in his hand lashed out across her breasts. It was not anything like the whip, or even as effective as the belt. But it stung her and told her that he was serious.

For long seconds she glared at him, all the hatred of the prior day back and then some. Her fingers flexed like claws and her body tensed. He could easily read the thoughts in her mind.

“Don’t even think of it. You could not overpower me. And don’t forget you are chained to the wall. Even if you managed to knock me out, I don’t have

the key to that padlock on me.”

His words were a hard and bitter pill to have to swallow. She wanted very badly to kick him in the balls and claw his eyes out with her fingernails. Instead, she meekly turned and put her hands behind her. Maybe, she told herself, the ropes would not be as painful as the handcuffs had been.

She was wrong, of course.

First he tied her wrists together, palms facing each other. Then he looped rope around her arms up just above her elbows. When he pulled that loop and her elbows approached each other, she grimaced. With only a little difficulty he forced her elbows together and wrapped the rope around them to make sure they would not separate. He cinched those ropes down tightly and knotted the rope several times, each very tightly.

“That hurts,” she told him. “Please don’t tie my arms that way.”

He turned her around and stepped back a pace. “My God,” he whispered to himself, “They’re magnificent!” He was referring to the way having her elbows together behind her made her breasts stand out. Never had they looked so full and firm. He could hardly suppress the urge to grab them and squeeze hard enough to make her squeal.

“I suppose you are going to tie my legs together and leave me down here to suffer all day?” she asked sarcastically.

“Maybe later. Right now I was thinking of taking you upstairs and giving you breakfast.”

The mention of food reminded her that she was hungry. And the idea of leaving this basement prison was good. “Okay,” she said, hoping it sounded meek and obedient. Maybe there would be a chance to do something up there. At least he would have to remove that damned heavy chain from her neck.

He did remove it. He had to fetch the key from the top of the chest and replaced it there when he was finished with it. Tiffany was very glad to get that damned chain off. She was sure that her neck was all red from its rubbing her there. Now if she could get her arms out of those ropes...

“What is that?” she asked acidly as he approached her with another object in his hands.

“It’s a dog collar,” he said in an amused voice, “Bitch. I’m going to keep you on a short leash.”

She did not resist as he buckled the wide leather collar on her neck. There was a ring in the front of it to which he snapped the end of a dog’s leash.

“Happy now?” she asked.

“Oh, yes. I like keeping you chained and tied. Of course, it is necessary if I am to keep you as a slavegirl for the rest of your life, but I also like it.”

That was the first time he used the word “slavegirl” to her and she frowned at it. What the hell did he mean by it? She had come to understand that he wanted to punish her for what she and her lawyer had done to him. But was there more than that? Would not he eventually tire of hurting her?

She turned towards the stairs, eager to be up them. But he jerked on her leash.

“First sit in the chair,” he told her.

Tiffany turned back to him. What was going on now? She did not like that metal chair. It had been the first thing she was aware of at the start of her captivity. But his tugging on the leash could not be denied, so she walked over to the chair and sat down.

George went to the chest again. This time she could not believe what he returned with. It was a hairbrush! He went around behind her and began brushing her long, golden hair. This was not only unexpected, it was an act he had never performed before. She remembered how good it felt when a stylist at a salon brushed her hair. Was this a trick of some kind? But no, he simply continued brushing her hair until it was all straight and shone.

George did not brush as a kindness to her. He had always loved her long blonde hair and wanted it nice when he looked at it.

Finished with that, he tugged on her leash and led her up the stairs.

Chapter IV

Quickie after Breakfast

Breakfast was scrambled eggs, cut-up ham slices and orange juice. It was served on the floor. Muttering under her breath, Tiffany got down on her knees and ate like a dog again. At least the food was good and she was really hungry.

On the way to the kitchen, she was looking around to see if there was anything she might use to gain her freedom. The house looked rather ordinary. Certainly it was not like the plush domicile she now owned in Beverly Hills. But it was spacious and clean, if ordinary. In the kitchen she got her first look at the outdoors. There was not much to see. All she could tell was that they were out in the country someplace. No other houses were visible, only brown California hillsides basking in the summer sun.

When she finished and slurped the last of the orange juice, she sat back on her heels and looked up at him. "George," she began, "have you considered what I said?"

"You said many things. You called me a bastard, a beast and some other names."

"Look, I'll spell it out. I'll admit that I was a little harsh during the divorce. But I'm willing to ease back. You can forget the alimony. You can have your Ferrari back. I don't like the damned thing. Too much work shifting all those gears and stuff. And I promise not to go to the police or anything like that."

She tried to look contrite. It came across more like a hurt little girl. "Haven't you punished me enough?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I have just begun to punish you."

Tiffany glared at him. "Apparently you don't realize how much trouble you could be in," she began. "Kidnapping, false imprisonment and assault, just to begin with. Oh, and rape, too. I'm sure there are probably a few other laws you've broken. Why don't we just call it even and let me go?"

George laughed. "Oh, you're good!" he exclaimed. "But what you don't seem to realize is that you are in no position to bargain. You have nothing, absolutely nothing to bargain with."

She was silent. He was right. At least while he had her tied up and under his control. But that could not last forever.

Could it?

"What is it you really want from me? Money? Your cars? The house? What?"

"I want you," he told her simply. "And I have you."

This was not going well. She sighed and looked out the window at sunshine and freedom.

"You can't be serious about keeping me a prisoner," she told him. "I will

be missed. The police have probably already been notified of my disappearance.”

“You haven’t disappeared. Not yet. All anyone knows is that you missed your appointment at the beauty salon. It will be a few days before anyone starts wondering about where you are. And by then my plan will be in motion.”

“What plan?”

“You’ll find out.”

“Oh, George, can’t we work something out?”

“I’ve been thinking about that. Oh, not working anything out; that is not needed. I have everything I want worked out. No, I was talking about your calling me George. That was fine when I was your husband. but now I am not your husband, as you pointed out several times. So I was thinking that you should call me something more appropriate. From now on, you will address me as ‘Master’ and nothing else.”

“You’ve got to be kidding!”

“No, I am serious. You can go ahead and try calling me something else. You will be punished for it.”

Tiffany was silent. This was too much. Call this bastard Master? No way.

She changed the subject. “These ropes are very tight. They hurt.”

“Good.”

“Oh, you’re impossible!”

He only smiled at her. She was getting sick of his contented grin.

“So what now? You won’t listen to reason. So go ahead and play your little macho male game. But you can’t keep me tied up all the time.”

“True. There will be lots of times when you’re handcuffed. Or locked into a cage. And other restraints. No, honey, you will never be free. Oh, and on that subject, I should make a little change in nomenclature.”

“Huh?”

“I will no longer call you honey. Or even Tiffany. I will call you ‘slave’ or ‘slavegirl’. Seems to me that is more appropriate.”

Tiffany sniffed. What an asshole, she said to herself. She tried another tack. “What will the neighbors say when they see a naked, tied up woman here?”

“There are no neighbors. The nearest house is on the other side of that mountain. Besides, you won’t be all that visible. A lot of the time you’ll be in your little prison downstairs.”

This was sounding worse and worse to Tiffany. But she was at a loss for what to say now. Finally she said, “Now what are you going to do with me? Am I going back down to that basement to be chained up in the dark?”

“Eventually. But first I wanted to use you. Then you’ll go into the basement because I have to make a short trip into the office this afternoon.”

Her ears perked up. She was going to be alone for a while at least.

Maybe she could work on escape.

“Come on, slave.”

She hated the way he said that word. Even more so because it was true. At least for now. She followed as he tugged on the leash.

They ended up in the bedroom. His bedroom, she noted, was very masculine compared to the one they had shared before. There were woodland photos on the walls, and the bed was a framework of eight-inch thick wooden poles solidly bolted together. The bedspread was some kind of dark brown fur looking very soft.

“Lie down on the bed,” he ordered. “On your back. And spread your legs.”

Tiffany obeyed, even though she hated it. Sex was something she granted when she felt like it, not something demanded of her at the whim of this man. Besides, she quickly found that it was very uncomfortable lying on tied arms.

“Spread them wider,” came the sharp order. She complied, hating him as she did. “More!”

“I can’t do more,” she protested.

He stepped up to the end of the bed, placed his hands on the inside of her knees and pushed them farther apart. “Now hold them there.”

It was a strain but she did. It felt so very strange to be ordered around and being used as a sex toy. Yet... There was some weird attraction to it. As he took off his clothes, she noted that he was still the fine physical specimen he was when they first met. His workouts at the gym and daily jogging kept him in good shape. She felt a stirring inside at the sight of those muscles. Then there was that one-eye python, as he had called it. It was standing straight and looked as if it were straining to get at her. She felt a heat between her legs that she tried to suppress. She had spread her legs before for this man, but this was different. She felt obscene lying there with her sex wide open.

She expected the usual routine. He would get on the bed next to her and arouse her body with soft caresses and kisses. He would suck upon her nipples until she was moaning. He would tease her clit gently until she told him she was ready. She always thought of it as granting permission to him.

The routine was totally different now. When he came around to the side of the bed there was this black riding crop in his hand. She gasped at the sight of an instrument that was used on horses. Where the hell was he getting these S&M toys? This could not possibly be real life. It was something out of a cheap paperback.

He did not ask her anything. He did not tell her anything. He simply struck her on the left flank with the riding crop. The sharp slap stung her and she immediately pulled her legs together and turned to the other side.

“Get those legs spread again!” he ordered.

Tiffany looked up at his handsome face and could not believe that his

man could look so commanding, so firm. Without taking her eyes off his face, she spread her legs as wide apart as she could. She did not want him to hit her again. It was not like that whip the night before, but it hurt. And there was this strange feeling that this was somehow right...

She expected him to climb up on the bed and get between her legs. The thought of that sent a little shiver of delight down her spine. A good screwing was just what she needed to forget, for a little while, the nightmare that was happening to her.

He did not get between her legs. Not right away. Instead, he struck her left breast with a hard slap from the riding crop. She squealed loudly and twisted away.

"Back into position," he commanded.

She did, but she wanted to beg him not to hit her again. That hurt her breast and she could see a red spot forming there.

He struck the other breast, harder than the first time. She cried out and had to fight from turning away and rolling off the bed. She returned to lying flat on her bound arms before he could command her to do it.

Come on, she wanted to holler at him, be nice to my body. Make me enjoy sex.

He did not stroke her body with his hands. He did not squeeze her breasts gently, nor did he take them into his mouth to tease her nipples into a pleasing hardness. He did not even tease her clit with his gentle fingers the way that drove her crazy with desire.

Instead, he climbed between her legs and shoved his shaft into her.

Strangely, it went in easily and without discomfort for either of them. Her love tunnel was wet and more than ready. And without the usual teasing and caressing. How could that be? wondered a part of her mind. Then she stopped wondering and surrendered to the good feeling of a male body pounding against her and inside her.

Neither intended it, but their climaxes came at almost the same moment. She cried out and thrust her body upward while he was shoving down as hard as he could. Then she wrapped her legs around his hips and squeezed. It was the finest, most intense, orgasm they had ever shared. Especially for Tiffany, who was lost in the heat of an incredibly intense explosion of ecstasy.

Much later, she was brought back to reality by the tugging on her collar. In a dreamy state she rose from the bed and followed George back down to her basement prison.

Once there, he again locked the chain around her neck, replacing the leather dog collar. Then he untied her arms, delighting in the red pressure marks left here by the ropes. It was a sign that he had bound her tightly enough. He led her to the chair and pushed her down to the floor. He stretched her out on her stomach, and locked handcuffs on her wrists. Then he placed her feet on the other side of one of the chair legs where he locked them in another pair of

handcuffs. When he flicked off the light and left, she was stretched out on the floor, naked, again shackled, but strangely content.

Chapter V

A Lesson

That evening, George returned home to find an unhappy Tiffany lying on the concrete floor, still handcuffed and still naked.

“At least last night you left me with some ability to move about,” she protested when he appeared. “I can’t move at all this way.”

“Yes, you are quite correct,” he said cheerfully. “See what I meant about you never being without restraints?”

“I see that you’re being mean to me. Please let me up. This floor is cold.”

“I was planning to let you up, but after you demanding it, I think I’ll leave you like this until dinner time.”

“No! George, don’t you dare!”

“Oh, my! You used the wrong name for me.” He tisked-tisked. “I’ll have to punish you for that.”

“I’m sorry. Master. I’ll call you Master. Anything you want.”

He was pretty sure that she was not sincere in her submissiveness. Besides, he like whipping her ass, so he went to the chest again and returned with the short black whip he had used before.

By twisting her head backwards, she was able to see him approach with the whip in hand. She whined and spread her fingers out over her bottom to protect it.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” he told her. “Getting hit on the fingers with a whip is worse than getting hit on the ass.”

Tiffany considered what he said and curled her hands into fists.

“Better. Now, I want you to count along with me. Here comes the first stroke.”

He lashed her bottom squarely with the whip. It might not have been anywhere near as hard as his male arm could have done, but it evoked a loud cry from her and a delightful wiggling of her bottom. Her fingers again flew to the injured area to hold it.

He waited patiently for a count of ten before informing her, “That one does not count because you did not count it out. I’ll start again.”

Tiffany was very surprised and unhappy. She had been so involved with the pain in her ass that she forgot about counting out. “One,” she said loudly.

“Too late,” he said. Then he hit her again. And again her fingers flew down to cover the hurt area and she gasped. He silently counted to himself. At the count of six, Tiffany remembered her task and called out loudly, “One!”

“That’s better. Keep it up. Only five more to go.”

Tiffany groaned. Then cried, “Arrggg!” as the third stroke landed upon her soft bottom. Of course, it was only the second official stroke, which she

ensured by calling out “Two” right away.

So it went. A stroke, a pain, and a number called out. After the third one, there were tears accompanying the pain.

“That’s six,” he finally said. “Now you remember, my name is ‘Master’, right?”

“Yes, Master.”

George glowed inside with the wonderful feeling of power. He was making this gorgeous woman obey. And it would get better. It might take a long time, but he figured he could train her well enough so that she would instantly obey any order he gave, no matter how painful it might be.

“I’m going now. I’ll let you know when dinner is ready. You keep thinking about the proper name to call me.”

After the light clicked off and the door closed, she called him several names that would have earned her considerable punishment.

Dinner was served in the kitchen. He marched her upstairs with only her hands cuffed behind her and the dog leash attached to her collar. He sat her down on a chair and locked another set of handcuffs on her ankles. Only then did he unlock her wrists, but locked them again immediately, this time in front of her. She was allowed to eat dinner in a more normal manner.

“I hope you realize that I may occasionally make you kneel and lap up your dinner,” he told her between bites of pork chop. “All depends on how I feel that day.”

Tiffany continued to eat in silence. When she was done, she looked longingly at the steak knife he had allowed her to use in cutting her pork chops. Then she looked up to find him watching her, so she pushed any thought of trying to use the knife in any way. He was just too alert. But that might not always be so, she told herself. And then...

After dinner, he led her into his bedroom. She figured that he was going to screw her again, which generated mixed emotions within her. But he did not. Instead he made her step into the shower stall, and while she stood there locked her ankles with handcuffs. Her hands remained in front of her.

He removed her collar and told her, “Go ahead and have a shower. “I’m sure you feel the need for one by now.”

He was right, of course. She turned on the water and adjusted it to the heat she liked. It felt so very good pouring over her body, that she almost forgot the handcuffs on her wrists and ankles. She found that she could pretty much soap down and clean all the parts of her body with hands joined by the cuffs. She had to be careful when bending down to soap her legs. With her feet joined so closely, she might lose her balance and fall.

When she was finished, he unlocked her ankles and handed her a towel. She toweled herself dry, trying to ignore his leer as she patted down intimate parts of herself. When she hung the towel on a rack and turned to face him, she realized that she was less restrained than she had been since she awoke in the

basement. Only her hands were locked together and those in front of her. Could she do something?

Action would have been nice, but she saw the alertness on his face and knew he was just waiting for her to try something. This was only the second day, she reminded herself. Eventually he would get lax and make a mistake.

“What now?” she asked, glancing at the bed partly visible through the door.

“A lesson,” he told her.

“In what?”

“Oral sex.”

She grimaced. That again. Why the hell did men always want to shove that damned thing into a woman’s mouth? There was a much more logical and proper place for it.

“I’ve done that,” she said. “I licked it all over. And you liked it. Got me screwed!”

She was surprised at her own boldness in speaking of the sex act in such terms. It was not natural for her.

He did not reply. Instead he locked handcuffs on her ankles, and then unlocked the pair from her wrists. She noted that at no time was she free of at least one pair of them. He led her into the bedroom and bid her stand there while he fetched ropes. She considered protesting as he gathered her arms behind her and began binding them with the elbows again tightly together. But a part of her reminded her that it had not been so terrible the last time. In fact, as she lay on her bound arms and was “screwed”, it was rather nice.

Her arms were tightly bound and she was ready to hop onto the bed and spread her legs. But George had other plans. He did order her to get on the bed but on her stomach instead of on her back. Then he began binding her legs together, which made her wonder. How was he going to get his giant snake into her if her legs were tied together?

When they were bound at the ankles and again just above the knees, he surprised her by pulling her feet up behind her and tying them to her wrists. He actually tied them so tightly that her palms were spread around her ankles and she felt her body pulled backwards into an arch. Now she was sure that he could not possibly screw her. So what was he going to do? Oh, she remembered: he said he was going to give her a lesson in oral sex. She would have to lick his penis again, she figured. But no matter how excited it got, it was not going to be able to plunge into her when she was tied like this.

He rotated her onto her side and turned her on the bed so that he could lie down beside her. He was naked, she noted, and his rod fully ready for action. Stupid thing, she said to herself. Ready and hot for action but no way to get inside her vagina. Too bad!

That rod approached her face and she mentally prepared herself to have to lick it again. When the blunt end touched her lips, she opened her mouth and

began licking. He allowed that to continue for a minute but then surprised her by demanding she take it inside her mouth fully. She did, but did not like the way it filled up her mouth.

“Now you slide your mouth along my shaft,” he told her. “Make it feel like I was pumping away inside your cunt.”

Tiffany was upset by his use of that crude word for her vagina, but more upset when the thought occurred to her that he might expect more of her. Much more. Stories of what men did to woman in this kind of situation came flooding over her. Most of them she had not believed, or at least did not want to believe. Nice people did not do things like that.

It surprised her to find how easy it was to pump her head along his shaft. And how it made the inside of her mouth sort of tingle. It occurred to her that it was, in a way, the same as normal intercourse, only using a different orifice. It was still disgusting but did not seem quite so terrible as it had the first time.

George had always had the ability to hold off on his climax, a talent that Tiffany had enjoyed often. He was not one of those “Wham, bam, thank you, ma’am” kind. You know, the quick in and quick out, leaving the woman only half worked up towards an orgasm. This held true for oral sex as well. He had her pumping away on his shaft for a very long time, until her jaw muscles began to ache, in fact. But she sensed him tensing and knew that something was about to happen. She hoped it was not as some of the other women had told her.

Although her body was bound into an uncomfortably tight hogtie, she felt strangely aroused by that fact. It was a helpless feeling such as she had never really felt before. It was not proper, but...

“When I come,” he said through clenched teeth, “you swallow it all.”

Tiffany instantly stopped pumping and muttered “huh?” around the gag filling her mouth.

“Keep going!” he demanded. Then, “You heard me. When it comes, swallow it all. Every drop.”

Tiffany wanted to gag. He could not mean that. Proper girls did not do things like that. Prostitutes, maybe, but then they were paid for it. And sluts. Certainly he did not consider her to be a wanton slut like those women in the sexy novels.

Suddenly he was stiffening and she felt something changing. Then she could feel a fluid spurting into her mouth. She gagged and pulled her head back until it was free of that prick. The prick, however, continued to shoot out white fluid. Only now it was not inside her mouth but all over her face. She closed her eyes and felt sick inside. She spat out what she could, but could not pull her head away from the rest. The hogtie prevented much in the way of movement for her bound body.

George, who was now standing beside the bed, was holding his prick tightly in his hand as it finished up. He cursed colorfully for a full minute, calling her some names she had never heard. The ones she did know were not

very pleasant.

“You bitch! You got it all over my bedspread!” Then, when he calmed down a bit, “And you denied me the pleasure of finishing up inside your mouth.”

From the bathroom, he brought out a hand towel to wipe off his fading tool, then roughly wiped her face, which cleaned it, but only after smearing it all over her. He tossed the towel into the bathroom angrily.

“I told you to swallow it!” he informed harshly.

“It made me sick. What do you think I am, a whore?” she retorted loudly. “Or one of those sluts you pick up at a bar?”

“No, I picked you up at a fancy cocktail party,” he told her. “So that makes you a high class slut.”

For a while they glared at each other. It was Tiffany who finally broke eye contact and turned her face away from him.

“The next time, you will swallow,” he told her. “Or you will regret it very much.”

“There had better not be a next time,” she said. But the fact was that she was becoming very frightened inside. She was well aware of the tight ropes holding her captive and how easily he could do anything he wanted to her. She could not win this argument and she knew it. But she was still angry over what he had done to her and for what he expected of her next time.

“I was going to put you back in the basement,” he went on. “But just being chained down there is too good for you. A little punishment is in order.”

Now a cold knot of fear was forming in her stomach.

“You think this is tight bondage? You just wait.”

From a dresser drawer he brought out another length of rope. Roughly, he passed one end between her forearms and her calves, wrapping it around the bonds on them. He knotted the rope then tossed the rest of it over one of the wooden posts that made up the bed frame. He pulled on that, and Tiffany could feel her arms and legs being lifted behind her. She was tilted over and pulled along to the side of the bed where she half fell off. But the rope from wrists and ankles supported her. As he pulled more, she felt herself arching backwards painfully and being lifted into the air.

When he tied off the rope, she was hanging in mid-air, her body arched and the ropes cutting into her viciously. It was far and away the most painful bondage she had endured so far.

“You can just hang there all night!” he told her, and then slapped her breast, an act that started her spinning around slowly. Tears began to fall from her to the edge of the bed.

“I’m sorry,” she called out. “I’m sorry... Master.”

The idea of spending the night hanging like that was very frightening, to say the least.

George made a rude noise and stomped out.

Tiffany felt around with her fingers but knew from the start that there was no way she could free herself. She would just have to endure until George felt like letting her down.

In the hour that followed, Tiffany thought a lot about what was happening to her. To her way of thinking, George was insane, for no sane man would do this to a woman. But he was also in control and there appeared to be no way she could get out of that. This was simply a statement of the way things were at that time and place. She decided that her best policy would be to appease him. Obey and give him what he wanted. She would still be a prisoner, but at least she would avoid punishments such as the one she was suffering through right then. Her body ached from the strained and unnatural position. Her hands and feet were first cold, then numb and finally without feeling.

The memory of the whip and belt were fresh in her mind. As she was learning more about what a man could do to a woman, she was coming to realize that what she had endure so far was really mild compared to what he could do to her. Six strokes of that whip - no, make that seven, the official count was only six - on her bare ass could well have been twenty. Or forty. He could have shredded the skin from her bottom. Or what if he wanted to whip her breasts? She was coming to realize that there could be more pain than any woman could endure.

When George came back in, her tears were dry and she was ready to be a good little slavegirl. At least until an opportunity to escape came up.

Chapter VI

Caged!

A pattern of the days was established. In the morning, Tiffany would be awoken, allowed a shower and breakfast, all while handcuffed, then set up for the morning's punishments. Usually that meant George would bind her or chain her in some rather uncomfortable manner, then allow her to enjoy that until lunch time. She was introduced to hogties, tight bindings on that metal chair, and finally, on the fourth day, the metal barred cage that George had custom made for his former wife.

The cage was in the bedroom closet. On the morning of the fourth day, Tiffany was escorted to the bedroom after her shower and a breakfast eaten with no hands. George seemed to enjoy watching her pick up pieces of food and lapping up sauces like a canine. 'Bitch' was becoming his favorite term for her, both because of the manner she had to eat most meals, and because of the way she had treated him.

While standing just inside the bedroom door, Tiffany was looking at the bed. How would he tie her for sex this time? She had been spread-eagled twice and tied with her arms under her and her legs spread wide twice more. The beautiful woman was angry at first when he used her for sex in his choice of time and manner. While married, it was a case of him asking if she was "in the mood." Often she said no. But the important part to her was that she was the one deciding if they would play in the bedroom or not. Things had certainly changed. Yet...

She found herself looking forward to these times when her body would be used for his pleasure. At least it was something to break up the boredom of being a prisoner. A whip used across her bottom or breasts was terrible, but she was realizing that simply being helpless and immobile with absolutely nothing to do was a horrible punishment by itself. If she could have read a book or watched the television, it might have been bearable. But those simple pleasures were denied her. Often she spent hours tightly tied up and in total darkness in her basement prison. The only way she could help to pass the time was to try to free herself from the ropes. When he locked her in handcuffs and chains, she did not even try. But when he tied her, she would feel around for anything she might work at with her fingers. And she would test the limits the bondage allowed her. But so far George had proven very good with the ropes and the most such attempts had gained her was a half hour or an hour of something to do. She never came even close to working the ropes off.

So she stood there, eyeing the bed and wondering how she would be screwed this time. What she did not realize was that the term "screwed" could be applied in a non-sexual way.

George removed the handcuffs from her wrists, but left the ones on her

ankles in place. Then he bound her arms behind her, elbows tightly together as she was getting used to. The handcuffs came off her ankles and she again looked at the bed. Lying on bound arms was not comfortable, but George managed to provide enough distraction so that she did not really concern herself with hurting arms.

It was, therefore, a surprise to her when he had her sit on a chair as he tied her legs together. Tiffany sighed. This, she assumed, meant that he was going to make her use her mouth on his penis. After the painful punishment the first time she had jerked away, Tiffany had learned to swallow every bit of his cum. She hated the act and had to force herself not to gag, but she did it. It would appear that this morning he was again going to use her mouth as a receptacle for his sperm.

But then he shoved a rubber ball gag into her mouth and buckled it tightly in place. What the hell? she asked herself.

When she saw him drag the cage out of the closet, her heart sank. It was rectangular, made of shiny metal bars, each about an inch thick, and looked very heavy and solid. The bars were so close together that she might be able to stick her hand between them, but nothing more. The top was a lid that swung open. It had two hasps that could fit a padlock to secure the lid shut. But what was the worst part was that the cage was too small!

Tiffany was certain that there was no way she could fit inside that cage, even if she bent over.

George opened the lid and positioned the cage before Tiffany. She muttered into the gag something about it being impossible for her to get in there, but he was busy picking her up and setting her down inside. He placed her on her knees then pushed her back so she was sitting on her heels. She tried again to tell him that there was no way she could fit in there. But that damned gag prevented speech and only strange sounds came out.

She did notice that when she sat back on her heels the ropes around her knees tightened up. Quite a bit, actually. Suddenly that was the most painful part of her bondage. But only for a few moments. Then his hand was on her neck and pushing down. She bent forward and down with George pushing with both hands. She felt her big breasts flatten against her thighs. Then her chin was pushed up against her knees. This was not comfortable at all, and she tried to straighten up. But the male strength pushed her back down again. Holding her in place with one hand, he used the other to close the lid over her bound arms.

It would not close all the way. Tiffany was, as she had foreseen, a little too big for the cage. George, however, had planned it that way. He knelt on the lid and his weight was able to close all the way. Tiffany let out with a whine as her body compressed. Then he was clicking the padlocks in the hasps and Tiffany was a captive of the cage. A double captive, actually, because the rope bondage alone was enough to ensure her totally helplessness. The solid cage

was just an additional restraint. Sort of gilding the lily, so to speak, although Tiffany would never have thought of it that way.

After the initial shock of being squished into a small ball, Tiffany again tried to tell him that it was simply too small and that she was suffering. She even tried to add that she had trouble breathing while bent over like that. All her comments, however, were garbled by the gag into meaningless noises. Not that George did not have a pretty good idea what she was trying to say; he simply decided to ignore her. She was uncomfortable, he knew, and it would grow much worse as time passed. But she would not be injured - at least not if he limited her time in the cage to only a few hours without a break.

It was such a pretty sight that he had to sit down and look at her for a while. The ropes looked wonderfully tight on her limbs, cutting into the flesh while making movement and escape impossible. The bars pressed in on her body on all sides. Even if she had not been tied at all, she would still be totally unable to move. George sighed. He was looking forward to keeping Tiffany thusly secured many, many times. He might even see if she could be trained to take longer and longer periods of time in the cage, until he would be able to leave her in it all night while he slept comfortably in a room above the basement. Such sweet dreams he would have of his captive slavegirl suffering the night through.

She turned her head slightly from side to side and fluttered her fingers a bit, but that was all she could move. George rose from the bed to stand over her cage.

"Slave, I have work to do on my computer. I might have to work through lunch, but when I'm finished I'll drop by and see how you're doing." He kicked the cage gently, just enough for her to feel it, and then turned towards the door. Pausing at the door, he turned back and told her, "Go ahead and feel free to take a nap if you wish. I don't mind."

Then he was gone, and Tiffany was whining in frustration and discomfort.

The hours crawled by very, very slowly for the imprisoned girl. She moaned as the stress and pain increased with each passing minute. A few times she cried big tears of frustration. She had thought that she understood what helplessness felt like from the chaining and binding that had happened to her before, but this was a whole order of magnitude greater.

George did try to get work done while sitting at his computer. But the woman in the cage was on his mind and he found it hard to concentrate on reports and spreadsheets. A couple of time he snuck down the corridor and peeked into the bedroom. Tiffany had been placed such that she was not facing the door, so he could watch her without her knowing it. He so loved the tiny movements she tried to make, and the wonderful pathetic sounds coming around the gag. Then he would go back to his computer and congratulate himself on being so clever in his revenge upon his ex.

It was very close to lunchtime when he received a call that he had been hoping for. The voice at the other end of the line simply said, "I have the merchandise you requested." George smiled. Time for stage two of his revenge plan.

Tiffany was, of course, still kneeling in her cage, making little moaning sounds but not moving much. George smiled at the sight of this woman so very immobile. And all the bare skin that could be whipped. He wasted a minute wondering if he could cause much pain if he were to whip her while she was in the cage. It would be fun trying to hit bare skin between the bars. He sighed. No time for that right now. Later, when stage two was finished, he would enjoy a lengthy whipping of her wonderful body.

From the garage he fetched a furniture moving dolly. He shoved the scoop portion under the end of the cage then used the strap to secure the cage to the dolly. Tiffany could see what was happening but could not ask about why he was moving her, cage and all. Tilting the dolly, he picked up the cage, tilting the naked woman within onto her feet and ass, then rolled out of the bedroom.

"I have a task to perform and will be way from the house for a while. It would be too much bother to take you out of the cage and secure you some other way, so I'm just taking the whole cage down to the basement."

And that he did. As the dolly went down the stairs, each one was a sharp bump that jarred the prisoner. He set the cage down in the middle of the room and put the dolly away in a corner. Then he took the chain and padlock that had been used for her neck and that still had one end locked to the wall, and wrapped the free end several times around the bars of the lid and side. When he padlocked it, the chain not only secured the cage to the wall, it also added an additional lock on the lid. He was humming a happy little tune as he brought over another length of chain and two new padlocks. One end he wrapped a couple times around the lid and side on to the other end, and then he locked it down. The rest of the chain was stretched out to the chair, wrapped around it and then locked. Her cage was now secured between the chair and wall.

"I know this is a case of overkill, as the military puts it, but I like it. You're tightly bound and undoubtedly feeling considerable discomfort from that. You are also locked into that cage, certainly a secure device from which you could not possibly escape. And you are chained to the wall and chair. And," he emphasized, "the basement room is secured. Even if you were to have absolutely no restraints on you, you would not be able to get out of here. See those small windows that I painted black? I decided that just painting them was not enough, so I cemented them over on the outside. No one can even see that they were there. And the only door is over there. I've reinforced it and have double padlocks on the outside that I lock when I leave."

He was quite cheerful as he explained to Tiffany why she was going to be there when he returned.

"I'm going now. Have something important to do."

As he was going up the stairs, Tiffany was whining a protest at the prospect of being left alone like that for only heaven knew how long. George enjoyed ignoring her protests. He made sure the door closing was loud enough for Tiffany to hear. Then he placed the two padlocks on the door. And that was not all the security of the basement prison. The door leading down into it was recessed into the hallway wall a few inches. A panel slid over that to cover it totally. In place, that panel made the door to the basement invisible. Anyone in the house would not even know there was a basement. And, of course, it was soundproofed so that absolutely no noise could lead any would-be rescuer to the prisoner.

When he left the house, he was not driving his usual car but a truck that he had purchased especially for this purpose. Inside the truck was the shiny new jag that he had bought at Tiffany's insistence. The back of the truck had a loading ramp that slid out and made it possible to drive a car into the truck.

George was humming to himself, but his mind was racing over the plans for stage two, considering all the possibilities and potential problems. He had not become a millionaire businessman by poor planning.

* * * * *

The hours dragged on and on and on for the poor woman so expertly and totally secured in her prison. The ropes hurt her arms and legs. Her knees and lower legs were also hurting because they were resting on the bars at the bottom of the cage. Instead of a solid floor, it simply had more bars. Muscles were aching and her hands were numb. But the worse ache of all was her jaw. The ball gag was forcing her jaw to stay in an open position not natural. The muscles on the sides of her jaw were aching terribly and she wanted to scream just from that.

Plus all these restraints were having a mental effect upon her. She was not claustrophobic, but the tiny confined space and pain would be enough to affect anyone. Every once in a while she would scream out in anger and frustration. Sometimes she would shake all over and strain to the limit of her strength against the bonds that held her. It did no good, of course, nor did the questing of her fingers in search of a knot or some loose rope she might work at. George was too good at this to allow that to happen.

As usual, he had turned off the light when he closed the door, and Tiffany had to suffer in total darkness, an additional emotional torment.

As the long hours passed, she found her thoughts drifting from memories to plans for revenge she hoped would one day be hers, to desperate thoughts of what she could do to make him treat her with less harshness. Being held prisoner was one thing, but being punished with what most people would consider torture was quite another. She found herself wishing that he would just leave a pair of handcuffs on her wrists. She would not be able to get them off

and would, therefore, be secured. But she would not be suffering so much.

During the first couple of days, she had been certain that she would find a way to escape, and then George would have to account for the numerous crimes he had committed against her. But as the days passed and she spent long hours alone and immobile, her thoughts drifted away from her staunch position that she would soon be free. Without willing it, her thoughts slowly focused upon what she could do to make life as a prisoner more bearable.

From the growling of her stomach, Tiffany judged that many hours had passed - and she was right. Not only had she missed lunch, but also dinner. When George finally came down the stairs and blinded Tiffany with the bright overhead lights, she had been kneeling in that cage for seven hours.

Without undue haste, he began unlocking the padlocks and chains. Eventually the final padlock was taken off and the lid swung open to the cage. Tiffany had to be helped out because she could not even straighten up. He lifted her up to a sitting position, let her recover a bit, and then lifted her out of the cage. When he tried to set her on her feet, he could not because they would not take her weight. So he set her on the floor on her bare bottom. Then he began removing the ropes. Her arms fell to her sides, deep indentations around the wrists and elbows attesting to the tightness of the bondage. Likewise on her legs. He had to pull the ball gag out of her mouth; her jaw did not seem to want to let it go. As he did, she moaned loudly.

George stepped back to allow Tiffany to recover. She simply lay on her side, moaning at first, and then crying as awakening nerves shouted protests at her brain. It was many minutes before she could move her hands.

"That was awful," she whispered.

"I'm sure it was. But, as I told you, I had to go somewhere and wanted to make sure that you were still here when I got back. And you are!" He sounded cheerful, and as if he had expected no other possibility. Tiffany, on the other hand, could not be cheerful. For the last hour, she had become certain that she had been abandoned and would eventually die in the dark basement.

"Please..." she said in a very low voice. "Please don't do that to me again."

"Ah, got to you, huh? Well, my little slavegirl, I will do this to you whenever I feel like it. You want to argue with me, I just might feel like it right now. Would you like to go back into the cage?"

"No. I am not arguing," she said quickly but in a very subdued manner. "I am pleading."

"Well, just remember what it was like," he told her sternly. "Because it can and probably will happen to you again." Then he laughed as an idea came to him. "And," he added, "next time I may stuff your vagina and asshole with itching powder before tying you and locking you in the cage. That would certainly add a little something to your enjoyment of the ordeal."

Tiffany hung her head. The idea of being in that cage again was bad

enough, but she went cold inside at the thought of itching madly all that time and being unable to do a thing about it.

"Please," she tried again. "Don't do that to me. I'll suck your cock. I'll do anything. I thought I was dying in there."

"Nonsense, you're a healthy young woman. You can take it. In fact, I'll wager that you could easily stay in that cage, all tied up and such, for a whole night. We'll have to try that some evening soon. And I figure you can be trained to endure for longer and longer periods until you will occasionally spend a full twenty-four hours in there."

Tiffany moaned.

"Well, not right now, but someday."

Truth was that George had not intended for her to spend as many hours in the cage as she did. He had figured on three or four hours for the first time, but his plan to increase the time gradually was the truth. He was looking forward to having her spend the entire night bound, gagged and locked in the cage at the foot of his bed. It would be most exciting - for him, not her.

George knew that this was a rough treatment. And he was very glad to see that she had endured with no serious problems. Oh, her hands and feet hurt when the circulation returned, but the dark color had left and she could move her fingers now. He made a mental note to adjust the rope bondage so that the circulation might be less impaired next time. Not that he would make it one iota less secure - no way! It was just that he did not really want any injury to his captive slavegirl. He wanted her in prime condition - physically - for a long time.

He locked a pair of handcuffs on her wrists, behind her, of course, and helped her up the stairs. Her legs were a little wobbly. In the kitchen he had her sit at the table, locked her ankles to the chair with a couple pairs of handcuffs, and then removed those on her wrists. As a rare treat, she was allowed to eat a late dinner with absolutely no restraints on her wrists. And he broiled a couple steaks for them, adding baked potatoes and a salad. Tiffany said nothing about this unusually kind treatment but dug into the good food.

George was happy. His slavegirl had endured a rough confinement, which suggested that he could use that same form again - and for longer periods. He had accomplished his task in the outside world. Now he would sit back, relax, and watch events unfold as he had programmed them to. Yes, he was happy and contented.

After a desert of apple pie, he took Tiffany to bed. He did, of course, bind her arms behind her back and spread her legs very wide on the bed. And she was allowed a rather good orgasm.

Chapter VII

Obituary

Nothing much happened for two days. The routine continued with Tiffany being kept in constant restraints, punished at least once a day in some form, and the training of her oral skills. While not really liking it, she was at least coming to accept his penis in her mouth as something less than a “fate worse than death.” And she learned to fake an enthusiasm for the act because that seemed to please George.

Things changed on the second day after her extended period in the cage. George had some business to attend to in the city, so he left her chained to the chair in the basement. Handcuffs and chains and padlocks assured that she would still be there when he returned. All were firmly locked on her but not painfully so. As usual, the worst of the punishment was the absolute boredom of having to sit immobile in the dark with nothing to pass the time except her own thoughts.

Tiffany was therefore happy when the light burst into her dark world and her ex-husband came down the stairs, whistling a happy little tune. In his hands, he held a newspaper that he set down on the chest before unlocking the handcuffs holding her hands behind the chair’s back. With her hands totally free but the rest of her still locked in place, he handed her one section of the newspaper and pointed to an article on the second page. Tiffany read with growing horror:

Wealthy Socialite Killed in Car Crash

Tiffany Walters, recently divorced from George Walters, CEO of Walters Enterprises, was killed yesterday when her car crashed into a tree and burst into flames. Police said that the skid marks showed that she was driving at a high rate of speed just before the accident and apparently lost control of her car. The Walters had no children.

Tiffany’s head jerked up to glare at George, who was grinning.

“What the hell is this?” she angrily spat.

“Oh, simply a notice of your death,” was his calm reply.

“But... How...?” She was both confused and angry.

George took the newspaper from her hands and set it on the chest. “It is simply, really. I was faced with a little problem when you divorced me. First, you took much of my wealth - wealth, I might add, that I worked very hard for. Second, since I planned to kidnap you and hold you a prisoner forever, I had to make sure that your disappearance was not investigated. As your ex-husband I would be the first suspect if foul play were suspected.”

He was casually strolling around her chair as he talked. “Then it hit me that I could kill two birds with one stone. If you were to die, then no one would come looking for you. Especially if it were in an accident with no hint of foul

play. That's one bird crushed under the stone. The second bird is my money. I did some checking and found that you had not gotten around to changing your will. I am still named as the only beneficiary in case of your death. In other words, I get all that you stole from me back. But wait! There's more! Very wisely I had taken out an insurance policy on your life. In the event of your death in a car accident, I would get a straight one million dollars. Bet you didn't know you were worth that much?"

He paused long enough to take her hands and pull them behind the chair's back again. The handcuffs were locked tightly on her wrists.

"There is one thing I found out in my business dealings. You can get anything if you find the right man to bribe. In this case, I found a man at the coroner's office. He was to inform me when a Jane Doe came in that fitted your description. It's a big city, and there are lots of deaths every day. He found me a body that was very close to you in size, shape, and even the color of your hair. For a hefty fee, he was willing to give me the body and erase any records of it having ever been in his office.

"I had planned this out carefully. I found a spot where a country road takes a sharp turn and there were trees available should a car slide off the road. I used your Jag to lay down a nice set of skid marks ending at a tree. Then I put your purse in the car along with the body. I propped a stick against the gas pedal to keep the engine revving at high speed, then I dropped the gearshift into drive and jumped out of the car. It crashed into the tree very nicely. I had made sure that the tank was filled with gas. With a little help from me, the car caught fire from the crash and burned totally.

"Then I came back here to await events. And I am happy to say that everything went exactly as I planned. The police looked at the skid marks, the burnt wreck and wrote it up as an accident, just one of many that occur every day. You were identified by the remains of your purse and the fact that the car was registered to you."

He patted her left breast affectionately. "Tiffany, dear, slavegirl... You are dead. And I will get everything you stole from me back. Even the house, although I will sell it. I just can't stand to live in the place filled with memories of my dear departed wife."

As he was leaving, George was happy to hear Tiffany crying softly. He flipped off the light and locked the door. Everything was working out so nicely. Tiffany should have changed her will instead of jet-setting around with Harding. The will had been set up by his own lawyer before she even met Harding, so he knew it would process in good order. He sighed. The only financial sense that Tiffany had was how to spend money.

In the dark, Tiffany was seriously despondent. Gone was her last hope for rescue. She had assumed that her disappearance would trigger a search for her. And, as George said, he would be the prime suspect. She had no family to speak of, but Bob Harding would be looking for her. He was a fool and lousy in

bed but he was madly in love with her and would not rest until she was found. Or so Tiffany had hoped. But now, with her death being official, all he would do was feel sad and go back to a wife who did not understand him.

She rattled her chains in frustration and anger, uttered a few very unladylike curses, and cried some more. From being on top of the world, she was sunk into the pit of despair.

* * * * *

That evening Tiffany ate her meal but had little appetite. Afterwards she endured her oral sex lesson (George called it “cock sucking”) with a total lack of repulsion or enthusiasm. It was simply something she had to do or suffer more physical pain. George shot his load into her mouth and she duly swallowed every drop. She even licked his limp cock clean, an act that would have absolutely disgusted her only a few days before. Because he was now satisfied for the night, she was not screwed. Instead, she was returned to her basement dungeon where she was shackled to the wall by her neck, and she curled up on the bare floor. She would have hugged herself but for the fact that her hands were locked behind her. She fell asleep crying softly in the dark.

* * * * *

George was having fun “surfing the net”, as browsing websites was called. He had found many commercial sites catering to BDSM tastes, but his best find was a site called “PleaseCollarMe.Net.”

It was a social contact site, meaning people could establish an account, complete with a “web name” to protect their anonymity. Then they could advertise what they were looking for in the way of others into BDSM, exchange messages and photos back and forth, and generally unleash the inner submissive or dominant desires society forces people to repress. There were lots of men there, most of them calling themselves Master Ted or Sir William or something like that. There were a surprising number of submissive women claiming to be “uncollared” slaves looking for a Master. George was a little doubtful about some of those; they simply sounded too good to be true. Then he heard from a man who was very familiar with the site that most of those “women” were actually men playing mental games. Or simply pretending their fantasy world was real.

Since George was not looking for a slave, that bothered him little, but he did find that there were a lot of ideas to be had on that site, some of which really interested him.

He decided that he should find a way to put a metal collar on Tiffany, one that was either permanently locked or even welded on. It appeared that collaring your slave was a requirement, a visible and very real symbol of your

ownership of her. (Or him; the site had all kinds).

That night, when presented with a half erect cock, Tiffany took it into her mouth without being told to, and gave it such loving and gentle attention that he was soon fully erect and ready to perform. He threw her on her bound arms on the bed, mounted between her legs, which spread wide also without being told to, and positioned his lance at the entrance to paradise. He pushed in ever so gently and halted only a couple inches in. Tiffany had her eyes closed but already her pussy was warm and moist, fully ready for his cock. He held it only partly inside her to see what she would do. After a minute she began to push her hips upward in an attempt to impale herself on it. He allowed her to do that and was rewarded by seeing her face flush, her breathing increase and small, animal sounds come from here - all sure signs that she was becoming aroused.

He monitored her level of arousal as best he could. And he had to be careful not to become too enthusiastic himself, or he would blow his load and the whole experiment would fail.

When it appeared that she was very close to an orgasm, he suddenly pulled out and knelt back to watch. A frown crossed her face and her hips kept up their pumping motion. But only for a little bit. Then she was squeezing her legs together against his legs as if she were trying to bring them close enough together to squeeze her sex. With her arms bound behind her, there was no way she could reach around and touch herself, even though that was what she really wanted. The frown deepened but she kept her eyes shut. Perhaps, she thought, he was teasing her and would soon plunge back into her to finish what he had started.

He did re-enter but only when it seemed she might be coming down from that sexual high. As soon as his penis entered, she shoved her hips up as far as she could to capture it. He allowed her to do all the work, pumping her hips so that her sheath slid back and forth along his rod. Then, just when he thought she was getting near an orgasm, he again withdrew totally.

This was frustrating for him, and must have been doubly so for her. He could, at least, control the action. If he wanted to finish it, he could do so easily. The hard part was not to lose his erection too soon. She, on the other hand, could do nothing but wait for her Master to decide what he wanted to do. He would enter her when he felt like it, and not a second before. Tiffany moaned and whispered, "Damn!" under her breath.

The third time he entered her, she was thinking that this was just another tease and he would pull out when she was about to find pleasure. But it was impossible for her not to react to this stimulus, and quickly her body was hot and pumping away madly.

George had planned to again beat a strategic retreat. It was part of a game he had learned about, called "orgasm denial." The idea was simple: you torture a woman by repeatedly bringing her close to orgasm but not allowing her to have it. The longer you could do that, the more frustration builds up in

the woman. He had read on the website that some women get so horny that they begin screaming at the man to let her have the orgasm. The real sadists, he read, will then leave the bound woman alone to enjoy her frustration by herself. The not-quite-so-serious sadists would go ahead and finally allow her the orgasm.

George liked this game. He had always enjoyed seeing Tiffany get hot and excited. The idea that he was using this as a way to torture her added to his enjoyment. But it was his body that ruined the fun and games. The third time he shoved it into her and allowed her to pump it, he suddenly felt that buzz in his balls that told him he was about to climax. And he did, shooting his cream into her eager pussy. That act was all Tiffany needed. She crashed into a very satisfying orgasm of her own. Later, George realized that the teasing and repeated denial had worked to make her super-horny. Had he been able to withdraw from that third entrance, she might well have begun hollering at him in anger and frustration.

The problem with doing it this way was, of course, his own self-control. After putting her to bed in her basement, he went back on-line to ask some questions of the Masters there. Apparently most of them had the same problem and were able to give him hints on how to keep her aroused without having his penis shoved into her. He made plans for the next night.

Chapter VIII

Master Gives Slave a Ring

Robert Harding had been worried when Tiffany did not call him when she was supposed to. His calls to her home and cell phone were directed to a message recording and never returned. He even drove to her house, but no one seemed to be at home. Just when he was seriously thinking about notifying the police, the news of her death reached him on the morning news as he ate his breakfast. He was shocked, to say the least.

Tiffany, he well knew, had a tendency to drive her sports car faster than was safe, but he had never expected her to crash. She might have been a little on the reckless side, but she was also a confident driver. And what was she doing on that mountain road anyway? And then there were the missing days. For two days prior to the accident she had not called him. Why not? Where was she for those two days?

Taking time from his busy schedule, he visited the local police and talked with a Lt. Sanderson.

“So you think there was something wrong?” the Lieutenant asked. “Just because she did not call you for two days? That’s not much to go on.”

“There is something wrong here,” insisted Harding. “Tiffany has never before missed calling me when she said she would.”

“Tell you what, I’ll look into the report of the accident. But I’ll be honest and tell you that her missing a call is not really enough to open an investigation.” The Lieutenant paused as he did some quick thinking. “Do you know of anyone who would want to kill her?” he finally asked.

“Only her ex-husband. He was pretty upset at the divorce decree. Cheating husbands usually are when time comes to pay up.”

The officer took the name of Tiffany’s ex and promised to look into the accident. Harding had to content himself with that. When Harding had left, Sanderson sat back in his chair and allowed himself a smirk. This Tiffany was a sexy young thing, to judge by the photo in the newspaper. She was probably celebrating her divorce with some boyfriend and missed calling her lawyer. Big deal. Still, it would not take much of his time to take a look at the report. If Harding came by again, at least he could say that he had done it.

* * * * *

Two days after he allowed her to read about her death, George had another surprise for her. He took her upstairs a little early for dinner, then took her back down to the basement where he bound her to the chair with lots and lots of rope. First he bound her arms behind her, elbows tightly together, and then had her sit on the chair. She told him that the metal was cold on her skin

but her statement totally lacked accusation or disapproval, so he ignored it. Another time he might have announced a punishment for her criticizing and speaking without permission. But that evening he had already planned a little activity that she would undoubtedly consider a major punishment anyway.

As she sat down, he made sure that her arms were draped over the back of the chair. He then began using a lot of rope to bind her body to the chair. A great deal was used simply to bind her back to the back of the chair. Then more to hold her arms tightly to the other side. He looped rope around her ankles and bent her legs sideways and back until he could tie her ankles to the sides of the chair back. It forced her legs to spread widely and allowed no movement of them.

The binding of her legs completed the task of making Tiffany totally immobile from the neck down. She could wiggle her fingers and clench her toes but that was all.

George set a small briefcase on the floor next to Tiffany and opened it. Tiffany swallowed hard when she saw what was in it. Not much, really, just a large needle with a very sharp looking point, a cork, a small bottle of alcohol, and a couple small golden rings. She was not at all sure how he planned to use that needle, but whatever it was she was certain she would hate it.

He held up the needle in one hand and the cork in the other. "This is all I will need to help you down the path to becoming a total slavegirl." He looked into her eyes and saw the fear he had hoped would be there. "Yes, slave, I am going to pierce your nipples. Then I'll insert these rings in the holes so they won't heal closed. Later, I'll exchange them for a little larger pair and will weld those on so that the only way you could get them off would be to rip your nipple."

"No..." Tiffany whispered. She had seen some photos in fashion magazines of women who wore nipple rings as an exotic piece of jewelry, and thought it a stupid thing to do. Besides, it had to hurt to have a hole poked in your nipple, she was certain.

"I read a lot of instructions about how to do this," he continued. "The cork is held on one side of the nipple and the needle inserted in the other side. The cork helps to hold the nipple firm while the needle pierces it." He held the needle up so she could see the sharp point shining in the light. "Some of the Masters on that website said that they used ice cubes to numb the nipple before piercing it, but I figure a little pain won't hurt you." He grinned, but Tiffany did not seem to appreciate the pun - if she even noticed it.

He dipped the end of the needle in the alcohol. Now came the part where she realized why he had lashed her so firmly to the chair. Try as she might, she could not move her torso even a fraction of an inch. There was absolutely nothing she could do to prevent him from sticking that horrid needle into her poor nipples. As he positioned the cork on one side of her left nipple and brought the needle up on the other side, she was straining against the ropes with

all of her might. She was staring down at the needle as if it fascinated her to watch that point come closer and closer to her tender flesh.

"Please, no!" she pleaded. "I'll do anything you want! Don't do this to me."

"You will do anything I want anyway," George calmly told her. "I want you to have a pair of nipple rings as a symbol of your slave status. Actually, they should look very nice. Think of them in the same light as earrings. You have pierced ears, so what's the difference?"

Tiffany wanted to scream at him that there was a big difference but the protest caught in her throat.

The tip was pressing against the side of her nipple. She could see it indenting the flesh there and feel that sharp end wanting to get into her. She moaned.

"The general opinion is that it is best to shove the needle through rapidly. But I figure you'll miss some of the pain if it happens too fast. I wouldn't want you to miss any part of this little token of my ownership of you."

He pushed the needle slowly but firmly. Suddenly Tiffany cried out and shook her head violently back and forth. The end of the needle was inside her nipple! George licked his lips. This was even better than he had anticipated. The way she was struggling against the unmoving ropes was pure nectar for him. And that little cry she made when the needle broke the skin... That was something he would remember the rest of his life.

He pushed a little more and the needle buried itself a little deeper. Her moans were delicious! It surprised him some how easily the needle slid in after the initial breaking of the skin, but that was fine with him. He wondered what it felt like to Tiffany. Maybe he would ask her later to describe it for him. Meantime, there was the hole to finish. He pushed a little more and felt the point enter the cork. It was all the way through! He pushed some more so the thicker part of the needle was inside the nipple. Slowly he let go of the needle and cork. They stayed in place, impaling her nipple. Beautiful!

The small gold ring was something he picked up at a jewelry counter. It was simply one of the earrings they used when they pierce a woman's ears. As he reached for her breast again, he noted how the needle and cork rose and fell with her breathing, which was considerably faster than normal. He took the cork in one hand and the needle in the other, and pushed the needle until it was deeply embedded in the cork. Then he pulled on the cork and the needle obediently slid all the way through the nipple and came out the other side. A small drop of dark blood formed at the exit hole. He put the needle and cork on the seat between her spread legs and took the nipple in his fingers. The gold ring slid easily into the hole, being as it was smaller in diameter than the needle. He clicked the ring together to form a perfect circle and the job was done. Slavegirl Tiffany now wore a gold ring on her left nipple!

George sighed with pleasure. It was more beautiful than he had

envisioned. The little bit of blood trickling down one side just added to the beauty.

Tiffany was staring down at the ring and the injured nipple. She wanted to scream in anger. This was simply too much! It had hurt, true, but quite a bit less than she had expected. She had cried out more at the emotional impact of the piercing rather than the psychical pain.

George wiped the needle clean, dipped it again in the alcohol, and then positioned himself at her right breast.

"Please don't," she asked him with tears in her eyes. "Isn't one enough?"

"No. If one looks nice - and it does look very nice - then two will look twice as nice. Simple logic."

Tiffany sniffed at his logic. She felt his hands on her breast and the cork pressing against the side of the nipple. Then the sharp prick as the point pressed against her flesh. This time she closed her eyes. The first time she had stared in disbelief and a strange sort of fascination. This time she simply wanted the pain over with and this repulsive act done. She knew he would leave those rings in her nipples. That was the way his warped brain worked. He was enjoying his little power trip over her.

There was the sharp pain and the needle was in. She gasped but did not cry out as she had before. The first time her whole body had been tensed against the ropes; this time she did not fight. George, sensing that going slowly would not generate fresh reactions from his slave, pushed the needle all the way through and prepared to insert the ring.

"I've used gold rings for the same reason they use them when you get your ears pierced: it helps prevent infection. We'll let these stay in for a couple weeks then replace them with a larger pair. I'll want a set of rings on you that are big enough to put a lock through."

Tiffany felt a little sick inside at the thought of her being tethered by her nipples.

George was admiring his handiwork with a smile. "Beautiful," he muttered to himself. "Every woman should have a pair of these."

Then he put away his equipment and started to leave. "I'll leave you sitting there for the night. You've been in more uncomfortable positions. And I'll leave the light on so you can look at your new rings any time you want to. Goodnight, slave."

Chapter IX

A Slave Gets Posted

Somehow, Tiffany fell asleep, but it was an uneasy sleep from which she awoke many times during the night. Each time there was those two gold rings sticking through her nipples, taunting her, making her feel somehow diminished. George had said that it was little more than getting your ears pierced, but he was very wrong. A woman's nipples are very important to her. To have a needle driven through them and metal placed there so that the hole would not heal was something that should happen only to animals, not humans.

She tried to get comfortable but the tight ropes hurt her arms and legs and would not ease up. The pain in her nipples had diminished until it was only a minor ache. With her legs spread and pulled back, there was stress on both her knees and hips. The binding of her elbows together made for an ache in her shoulders, and her arms below the elbows grew cold and numb. The rest of the ropes were uncomfortable but nothing compared to those on her limbs.

Several times she strained with all her might against the ropes, not just for freedom but because she wanted to rip those rings out. Maybe, her mind told her, by doing that she could denounce her status as a slave. About the time the sun was coming up on the outside world, she came to realize that it was not the pain in her nipples she hated so. It was what those small rings represented: her being a slave.

She wondered what George would say if she did manage to rip them off. Would he just replace them? Maybe. But it really did not matter. She doubted that she could actually bring herself to put a finger through the ring and pull until her flesh tore and it was cast away from her. It would simply hurt too much.

As she began to drift off into a troubled sleep yet again, she comforted herself with the thought that should she escape somehow, remove the rings, then the holes would heal. All she would have to do is get the rings out of there. She had heard of women's ears piercing healing up if they did not keep wearing earrings. Maybe her poor nipples would one day be normal.

George came in and found Tiffany's head bowed down as if she were looking at her pretty rings. For a while he looked at her, those ropes cutting into her flesh, the dark shade her hands had taken on, and, of course, those beautiful rings that hung there.

She awoke when he began untying her. As he was telling himself that he had to be care about extended tight bondage, she asked him the question that was foremost on her mind.

"Do you plan to force me to wear rings there all the time?"

"Of course. Did I not tell you that I was going to put on a larger pair that would be welded shut? They will be gold, of course. You look very nice with

these two. A little larger pair will be even nicer.”

Tiffany moaned as the last ropes came off her arms. He began removing them from her ankles. The muscles were so stiff that she could hardly bring her foot down in front of her,.

The naked woman meekly obeyed when he ordered her to stand. And she did not object when he locked her wrists behind her in handcuffs. He put her leather dog collar on her neck and clicked the leash to it. By that, he led her out of the basement and up to the kitchen for breakfast. He kept looking back at the way the small rings swayed ever so slightly with her movement. Tiffany did not look at them, but she could feel them moving. Her nipples had been made very sensitive by the piercing and the slight but unaccustomed weight of the gold.

She ate what was put before her without really noticing what it was.

“You’re not talking much this morning,” he commented over the coffee.

“You said I was not to talk unless given permission,” she said dryly.

“Sure, but that never stopped you before. Where are the protests? You haven’t called me a bastard in quite a while.”

“You’re a bastard,” she said, but without feeling.

“Oh, that struck me to the heart!” he exclaimed, putting his hands over his heart as if an arrow had plunged into it.

Tiffany said nothing. She was feeling very despondent that morning. Refusing to meet his eyes, she asked the table, “So what is my schedule today? More torture? Maybe you would like to put a ring through my nose?”

“That’s better!” he said brightly. “You’re back to being sarcastic!”

When she said nothing, he put his finger under her chin and lifted her head so she had to look him in the eye. For a while he said nothing as if searching for something in her eyes. “I could whip your ass until the pain greatly overrides that in your nipples,” he told her. “That might evoke a response from you.”

“Do as you will. I cannot stop you.”

“You got that right, babe! I do what I want to you, when I want to, and where I want to.” When there was no reaction, he snorted and stood to take away the dishes. His task finished, he took her back down to the basement and chained her by the neck to the wall. He also put handcuffs on her wrists behind her, and another pair on her arms just above the elbows. He told her that was so she could not “play” with her new rings. Maybe he thought that she might be able to take them off if she were allowed use of her hands.

He left her alone and did not even bother to turn the light off. A while later he returned, carrying a long wooden post with him. It was about four inches thick and at least ten feet long. Tiffany looked up from where she was curled up on the floor and wondered what torture he was dreaming up for her now. He set it down and then left again. When he returned again, he was carrying a folding ladder tall enough for him to reach the overhead beams of the

basement.

"I made a hole in the cement floor here when I cemented the chair into the floor." He lifted the post and set one end in a hole that Tiffany had not noticed was there. A couple feet of the post slid into hole so that it was standing straight up. The other end came almost to the ceiling, and was touching one of the overhead beams. "Good, I measured just right," he commented. The ladder was set up next to the post and he climbed up it to attach the post to the beam with a couple of brackets and heavy-duty wood screws. He had to tighten them in with a wrench. When he was finished, he tested the post. It was solidly in place and would not budge an inch.

"I suppose you can guess what that will be used for," he told her. "It gives me something solid to tie you to besides the chair. Aren't you happy that I'm always considering your welfare? It is a little variety, you know."

"If you expect me to jump up and down with joy, you've got a long wait."

"Hmmm... Perhaps I could put that post to good use right away. Yes, that's the ticket."

George climbed back up to screw a couple thick metal hooks into the beam, then carried ladder over to rest it beside the stairs. He unlocked Tiffany's neck chain and took one of her nipple rings in his fingers. When he gently pulled, she immediately followed. He led her to the post.

After placing a pair of handcuffs on her ankles, he unlocked the two pairs from her arms then backed her up to the post and pulled her arms around it to tie them behind it. The thickness of the post was such that it made binding her elbows together a little harder but he was able to do it. Her wrists were also tied, of course. More rope was added around her arms, post and waist at its narrowest point, pulled very tightly and knotted in front where her fingers could not possibly reach. Satisfied that she was solidly bound to the post from the waist up, he unlocked the handcuffs from her feet, only to be replaced with ropes around the ankles and above her knees. Then more around her legs crisscrossed from her ankles all the way up to her hips.

Tiffany was quiet solidly bound to the post. Without letting on that she was doing it, she tested the ropes and found them all tight and unyielding. One of his typical good bondage jobs.

"I'm going to do more than just let you stand there all morning," he told her as he tossed a length of cord over one of the hooks he had just placed on the beam. One end of the cord he knotted several times. The other end he tied to a brick, adjusting the cord so that the brick hung about the level of her face when he held the knotted end at the same level.

"This is simple enough," he lectured. "You will hold this end of the rope in your mouth. If you don't let go of it, the brick will stay up and not fall to the floor." He put the knotted end up to her mouth. Tiffany clamped shut her lips and refused to open up. "Slave, you silly girl, I have ways of making you open your mouth. Suppose I pulled on one of your rings? I'll bet that would hurt.

Or what if I were to take an iron, hold it against your ass, and then plug it in? I'll bet when it gets hot enough you'll be glad to open your mouth in exchange for my taking it away. Why not save me the trouble of getting an iron down here and just open your mouth now?"

Tiffany looked at the brick and the rope in his hand. Holding the brick up by her teeth did not sound like too much of a torture. Of course, if she let it drop, she would earn some kind of punishment. That was the way his mind worked. She opened her mouth and took the cord between her teeth. She made sure that she had her teeth behind one knot for a better grip.

George eased his hands off the cord until the full weight of the brick was supported solely by her holding the cord. He studied the scene for a few moments, and then snapped his fingers. "Oh, I almost forgot! One little thing to add."

The little thing was a short piece of cord first tied to the rest of the cord around the brick and then passed through the ring in her left nipple, then through the right, then back to the brick. He tied it off carefully and stepped back.

Tiffany could see enough of what he was doing to realize how diabolical this scheme was. If she could not hold onto the cord, the brick would fall. But it would not fall all the way to the floor. No, it would stop when the cords to her nipple rings stopped it. Then it would be her rings that were totally supporting the weight of the brick. And there would be a jerk when the brick was stopped that would really hurt like hell. Maybe even rip out a nipple ring. That idea sent a shiver down her spine.

"I see you understand," he told her. "You let that slip and you'll be in danger of ripping out your nipple rings. Clever, no?"

She did not answer him. The one question in her mind was: how long?

"Of course, you're wondering how long I'm going to let you hold onto the brick. An hour? Two hours? Maybe all morning? To tell the truth, I'm not sure myself."

He stroked the side of her breast gently with his fingertips. The urge to do more than just caress them was strong, but he fought it. Later he would use her incredible body to satisfy his lust. And it would be most interesting to fuck her and watch those nipple rings dance as her body shook.

"Too bad you can't just reach out and untie your rings from the brick. But I'm afraid with your arms so tightly bound behind you, that is not possible. You'll just have to hold onto that rope. Makes an effective gag, doesn't it? At least you can't open your mouth to call me a bastard again.

"Well, I have work to do. My lawyer is presenting your will to the court today to get things started on my inheritance. Oh, and tomorrow I have to attend your funeral. Too bad you won't be able to make it. I'm sure the preacher will have a lot of nice things to say about you."

He took the ladder with him when he left. And so that Tiffany could see

the brick that threatened her new nipple rings, he left the light on.

* * * * *

Back in the city, Lawyer Harding was uneasy. He was remembering Tiffany. Mostly, he was remembering those incredible nights in bed with her and that wonderful body of hers. True, she could be a little bitchy, but he allowed for that so long as she was so willing to jump into bed with him. After her divorce, he had made several unnecessary trips out of the country just so he could take Tiffany along. When he was out of town on business, his wife had no idea what he was doing with another woman. At least, he hoped she had no idea.

He was also remembering riding with her in that Jag of hers and how very good she had been at driving it. She might have made a good racecar driver, she was that good. So why did she lose control on a turn that she should have had no trouble with? It did not feel right to him. The more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that her accident was no accident.

It was time, he decided, to do a little investigating. Starting with the one man who would gain the most from her demise: George Walters.

Chapter X

A Bit of a Gag

The strain was evident on Tiffany's face. Her jaw muscles ached something terrible from trying to hold onto the knotted cord. So concentrating upon her grip on that cord was she, that she did not even notice the discomfort of being tightly bound to that post. All she could think of was that if she failed to hold on, the brick would fall and its weight would probably jerk her nipple rings out of her poor nipples.

The strange part, which a portion of Tiffany's mind did note and comment upon, was that she had been wishing she could do exactly that only a few hours earlier. During that long night she had even struggled against the ropes holding her on the chair with the intent of tearing those damned things out herself. Now, presented with an opportunity, she found she feared that very thing would happen.

It must have been hours since George left her there, she thought. That damned bastard! He wanted those rings in her tits, now he was threatening to pull them off.

"How are you holding out?"

He had come in quietly and Tiffany had not noticed because all her attention was upon that ugly red brick. She grunted in an attempt to tell him that she could not hold on much longer. Of course, words could not be formed without letting go of the cord.

"Let's communicate. Clench your left hand into a fist for yes; spread your fingers for no. Got that?"

It took her a bit to realize that he had asked a question. She closed her hand into a fist and wished she were not bound to that post so she could swing it at his face.

"Good. How long do you think you have been like this? One hour?"

She spread her fingers.

"Two hours?"

She kept them spread.

"Well, you're wrong. You've been holding on for only twenty minutes."

Only twenty minutes? She had been certain that hours had passed.

He touched one nipple with his finger, and then lifted the ring. It swiveled easily in its hole through her nipple. "Beautiful," he commented.

"Okay. Time for another activity. But we'll try this again, maybe tomorrow, just to see if you can hold on for an hour. Then maybe more..."

Tiffany wanted to scream at him. Several choice degrading names came to her mind to call him. As he untied the cord from the brick, she was surprised to realize that she had snapped out of her depression. The threat to her nipples had re-awoken her resentment of this man. "How could I ever have married this

beast?” she asked herself.

When the cord was pulled out of her rings, she sighed.

“You can let go now,” he told her.

She had to order her jaw to open; it was sort of locked in position. When she did, the brick crashed to the floor at her feet.

“These present such possibilities,” he said as he fingered her rings. She grimaced both from the slight pain the movement of the rings created in her sore nipples, and from the implications of his comment.

“You are a bastard,” she told him, but held back on some of the other names she was thinking.

“You’re becoming repetitious.”

“Well, you still are a bastard! What if I had not been able to hold on? My nipples would have been ruined.” She paused, and then added, “Even more than they already have been. Oh, George, please take them out. Let my nipples heal. I’ll do what you want. You want me to suck your prick, give it to me.”

Tiffany suddenly laughed. She did not mean to, but the image that flashed into her mind of George standing on a ladder so he could get his prick up to her level of her mouth while she was tied to the post was so humorous she could not help it.

“Absolutely no. I like them there.”

“Please...”

“You don’t have to beg. You’ll get plenty of chances to suck on my cock. Meantime, I think that you’ve talked enough. And don’t think that I missed your calling me ‘George.’ I want you to call me ‘Master’. Got that?”

“Yes, Master,” she said through clenched teeth.

“Lacked a little in the sincerity department, but I’ll let it pass for now. Time to gag you.”

Which, of course, he did. However, instead of a ball gag he had used before, he inserted a metal bar into her mouth. At each end was a small ring with cord tied to it. He used those cords to tie the gag in place behind the post. The metal bar pushed down her tongue and forced her mouth to stay open. It also pulled her head back against the post and held it there.

“Good. I wish you could see how beautiful you are like this. You should always be tied up - you look so good this way.”

Tiffany would have told him that he was pretty much keeping her tied up at all times, but the effort of trying to form words was too much. She looked to his eyes to see if she could determine how long she would have to endure being bound to this post and that hard steel bar in her mouth. From the gleam there, she concluded that it was going to be a long time. She would have hung her head if it were not tied to the post.

A perverse idea occurred to him and made him smile. He began squeezing her breasts, not to hurt them but to excite her. His hands began roving over her tied down body, enjoying the smooth skin alternating with the

embedded ropes. He was lightly caressing her flanks and sides of her breasts with one hand while the other pressed gently against Venus Mons. It took surprisingly little time before she was breathing heavier and her face flushed with sexual excitement. He began slipping a finger between her labia to stroke her clit ever so gently. She moaned and would have thrust her hips forward against his hand had she not been lashed so well to the post.

Lowering his head, he lightly licked one nipple. The gold ring felt strange to his tongue but exciting. Tiffany moaned louder and closed her eyes. He continued this until, just as he judged she was nearing an orgasm, he withdrew totally. She continued to moan with desire for a minute. Then the eyes snapped open and she glared at him.

But George was gone. The bastard had excited her nearly to the point of satisfaction then left her with no ability to finish the job. A strangled scream escaped her barred mouth just as the light went off. She heard the door close and lock, and she knew she was going to be alone like that for a long time. She wanted to scream at him to come back and finish the job, but there was no way he could hear her. Besides, she would have trouble forming the words. And even if she could talk and he were standing directly in front of her, she knew that he would just grin and tell her that they would be selling snowshoes in hell first.

If only she could move her hand around in front of her...

* * * * *

From a hillside not far off, a man studied the Walter's house through binoculars. Lawyer Harding was hot under the California sun, found that ants liked to crawl up his leg, and had seen nothing worthwhile in two hours of watching. He was about to give up and hire a detective to watch the house when he saw the garage door open and George drive his Beamer out. As he headed away, Harding made a decision.

He waited until the car was out of sight down the road, and then came out from behind the dried bushes. He walked quickly down the hillside and across a flat area to the house. As he examined the doors and windows for a place where he could enter without breaking anything, he was feeling it was quite out of place that a respected and well-known lawyer such as himself should stoop to acting like a common burglar.

There was one window not totally closed. He managed to slide it open then climb in, but only with a great deal of difficulty. He had trouble getting his rotund body over the edge. And then he tore his business suit when a part caught on a lever. Cursing, he hurried through a search of the house. As befits a man living alone, the place was on the messy side, but there did not seem to be anything incriminating to be seen. He checked every room until he was convinced that Tiffany was not there. Not that he had really expected to find

her, but that would have been nice. Actually, he was not sure what he was looking for; something that would tell him that Tiffany's death was not an accident. Or that she was still alive. He had trouble accepting that she was dead.

He was heading back for the window when he stopped in the kitchen. It took him a minute to realize what it was that bothered him. Next to the sink, on a wire rack, were the breakfast dishes drying after having been washed. What had caught his attention was the fact that there were two sets of dishes and silverware. But he had seen only George leave, and knew that no one else was in the house. So who used the extra dish and cup?

Chapter XI

The Good Book

The first thing he did when he returned home was to check the surveillance equipment he had installed. George found that, for the first time, the computer indicated a breach in the security. The state of the art equipment had automatically turned on the camera as soon as it detected the break-in. George watched in fascination as Harding explored his house. The hidden cameras caught him looking into every room. What amused George the most was when the intruder walked right passed the hidden door to the basement without a second glance.

The security equipment had been just a precaution; George had not really thought that anyone would come looking for Tiffany. Had it been anyone else but Harding, he would have thought the purpose was burglary. But the lawyer looking around could mean only one thing: suspicion. Something would have to be done. He could not assume that because Harding did not find anything that he would cease his efforts. The damned fool probably was in love with Tiffany and did not want to believe that she was really dead. Or, more probably, he thought that George had something to do with the “accident”.

George would have to think about this.

Meantime, he locked up the house and went down to the basement where he found a very unhappy Tiffany. She had been standing against that post for over four hours. Her muscles were stiff and she badly needed to visit the toilet. But worst was the fact that with that bar between her teeth, she could not swallow properly and drooled all over her breasts. When she saw George, she made a disgusted noise through her nose and glared at him.

“Been having fun?” he asked cheerfully. “You know, I’ll bet you have lots of time to be introspective. You being tied and unable to do anything and all. Yes, I’ll bet that in the dark you have little to do but think. After you’ve tried and found that you cannot free yourself, of course.”

She could not say them, but she was thinking of several nasty names she would like to call him.

Unfortunately he was very correct. During those long hours when he left her alone and in the dark, she was slowly going crazy from boredom as much as the physical torments. She slept when she could but, unlike cats, a human cannot sleep most of the day away.

George untied the bit gag and removed the bar from her mouth. She swallowed and fought down the urge to say thank you. Now if he would only untie her...

He did and she endured once again the unpleasant feeling of pins and needles of returning circulation. Not as bad this time as when she had bound and locked in the cage, but still unpleasant. She looked at the deep impressions

the ropes left in her arms and sighed. They would be gone in ten or so minutes, but for a while they were a vivid reminder of her captivity.

For the first time since her piercing, her hands were free. Gently she lifted her hands and touched the golden rings. George watched to see what she would do but he did not think that she would try to rip them out. Not after the way she had fought to keep the brick from falling. He let her explore these new ornaments for a few minutes before locking her hands behind her with handcuffs and taking her upstairs for a late lunch.

Over soup and sandwiches, which she was able to eat with free hands (her ankles being locked to the chair), she brought up a subject that had been on her mind for a while.

"Master," she began, feeling a twinge of dislike at the word, "could you please allow me something to pass the time? I'm going crazy in the dark with absolutely nothing to do."

"You are a slave," he said firmly. "You do what I tell you to do. Even if that is nothing."

"I accept my status," she said. "I am a slave. But I am a bored slave."

She had practiced the lines many times in hopes that they would make him a little more lenient with her.

"And what would you like?" he asked.

"Anything. Let me watch a TV. Give me a book to read. Something to occupy my mind."

"Hmm.... We shall see," was all he would promise.

George was no psychologist, but he knew that the isolation he imposed upon her was an important part of her training. It forced her into the right frame of mind to accept a new lifestyle. He did not, however, think for one second that she had done so in this short a period of time. Total training would take time. Still... He had read someplace that when you have beaten down a person's emotional state, a small act of kindness might work far better than a lot of punishment. "We shall see," he repeated.

He had her stand while he bound her arms behind her, this time with the wrists crossed and up between the shoulder blades, for variety. He had been thinking about how beautiful she was while tied to that post. It was really too bad that he was unable to screw her while she was tied that way. He settled for the next best thing, throwing her on her back on the bed and binding her legs spread widely. Then he played with her body for a long time before lying between those bound legs to impale her. He especially enjoyed toying with her rings. He was not sure why but when he flicked the rings, she would moan. Perhaps the nipples were still sore. Or maybe it was turning her on. Or both.

He enjoyed lying on her body and feeling those rings against his chest as he screwed her. He deliberately rubbed against her breasts to enjoy the little cries she uttered. Then, just for the hell of it, he held back until she began going tense and trembling all over with an orgasm. Then he allowed himself to shoot

his load into her. All in all, it was a rather good coupling for them both.

Afterwards, he untied her and took her back down to the basement. There he tried a restriction that he had seen in a photo on the Internet. He locked on the cuff of a pair of handcuffs on her right wrist then pulled that arm behind her and locked the other cuff on her left arm, just above the elbow. He did the same with her left wrist, locking it to her right arm. That secured her arms behind her but with less mobility than a single pair of handcuffs would have allowed. It was also a little more comfortable than having her elbows locked to each other as he had done many times before. He added the chain around her neck and left her in the dark to digest her lunch and to think deeply philosophical thoughts.

The next day, after a trip to the city to handle legal matters relating to Tiffany's will and insurance, he returned to the basement where he had left Tiffany bound to her post. This time, in addition to her arms bound behind the post and her body lashed to it, he had pulled her ankles behind the post and locked them with a pair of handcuffs. With her feet behind the post, she had to constantly lean forward.

He untied her from the post, figuring that she had been there for about six hours and could use a change of position. He locked her hands in front of her then added a pair on her arms above the elbows. She could move her arms around but awkwardly and rather limited. He then sat her on the floor and wrapped her legs around the post, locking the ankles together with handcuffs. Only when she was again secured did he give her a gift he had bought in the city just for her. It was a paperback book.

Tiffany looked at it with surprise as he held it out. With joined hands, she took it and turned it so she could see the cover. A naked woman on the cover was hogtied and gagged. The title was "Song of the Lash." She opened the cover and looked to the first page.

Nancy twisted in mid-air, her hair brushing the dirt floor. She had been hanging by her ankles for a very long time. Her arms were bound behind her back, the ropes cruelly cutting into her flesh. Again her Master appeared, that black whip in his hand. And again he whipped the backs of her thighs then her front. Five strokes in each place. These new marks were added to the dozens covering her from her breasts up to her knees. Then he left her alone. That was the pattern: fifteen minutes of hanging, then ten vicious strokes of the whip...

Tiffany looked up from the book. "This is... What do you call it...?"

"Great literature?" suggested George. "It's written by someone named John Savage. He must be good; there were a lot of his books in the store. Well, enjoy yourself. You wanted a book to read, after all."

"Yes, but..." she stopped when she saw the grin on his face. Swallowing her pride, she said, "Thank you, Master."

George left her alone. She fingered the book, not wanting to read it. But the long hours she spent in restraints and alone had made her desperate for any

kind of diversion. She picked it up again.

* * * * *

“I want the place watched day and night.”

“Sure, you’re the boss.”

Harding glared at the man across the old and battered desk. For a man who was supposed to be a good private detective, his office was rather shabby, as was the man. Not skid row bum shabby, but certainly not very professional.

“I will want a complete report on his comings and goings. Also if anyone visits him. And if you should happen to see a tall, good looking blonde woman there, call me immediately.”

“Sure, boss.”

Harding frowned and wondered if he was wasting his money. Still, this man had come highly recommended as a good detective and a man who could keep his mouth shut when needed.

Harding wrote out a check for a goodly amount as a retainer and left to go home to his wife and two teenagers who drove him crazy.

Chapter XII

An Interesting Gag

"This book is crap," Tiffany said with some heat. "The things this guy describes are ridiculous. No woman could possibly endure them."

"You are."

"Yeah. Is this where you get your ideas?"

"Some. Did you read all of it?"

"What else could I do? You have me chained to this post."

"Want some more of his books?"

"No," she said, and then paused. "Is that the only reading I'll get?"

"Yes."

"Then you can give me more. At least it is something to read."

George was happy with himself. He had not only given her a little kindness, but he had used it as an extra reminder of her status. But then he remembered his visitor and the happiness went out the window. He would make sure that there were no handcuffs or ropes around the house in case he was visited by someone in authority. But that might not be enough. He might have to move to some other city. Of course, Harding might just follow him. Depended on how stubborn the man was.

Tiffany was not sure why her Master was suddenly frowning, but it sent a shiver down her spine. When he was unhappy, he made her unhappy. Cause and effect.

George left without saying a word. A short time later he came back down the stairs pulling a mattress with him. He struggled down the stairs with it, and then dragged it over to the wall where her chain was secured. He let it flop to the floor.

Tiffany was hopeful. If he were bringing her a mattress to sleep on, it was a good sign. Maybe he was easing up on the harsh treatment. She certainly hoped so.

He walked over to her post and unlocked the handcuffs from her ankles, but relocked them after her legs came free of the post. Her arms were freed but the long chain was locked on her neck. When he left, she shuffled over to the mattress and sat down. It was wonderfully comfortable after sleeping on the concrete or chained to that chair. She stretched out and luxuriated in the softness.

A short time later, George came back down, carrying a tray on which were a couple of plates and two cups. It was dinner, a couple of good steaks and baked potatoes along with coffee. There was even a knife and fork for eating it. He set the tray down on the floor next to the mattress.

"Dig in. For a short time you'll be having your meals down here."

Tiffany was puzzled by that announcement but started on her steak. Half

way through the meal she said, "Thank you for the mattress."

"Oh, that isn't for you," he immediately said. "Well, yes it is. You can use it for sleeping. But mostly I brought it down here from the guest bedroom because I don't want to have to screw you on the concrete floor."

"Huh?"

"Never mind. Finish your dinner and I'll take you upstairs for a shower."

Tiffany looked askew at her Master. What was this? Good food, and then a hot shower! Was his program of punishing her abating?

After a wonderful shower during which she even got to shampoo her hair, Tiffany discovered that his program for her was not lessening, merely changing direction a little.

Back in the basement he bound her arms behind her, tightly and with the elbows together. Nothing new there. Then he made her kneel before him as he sat in a kitchen chair he had brought down. At his bidding, she shuffled forward until she was between his legs. It was the perfect position for her to pay oral homage to his prick, and she was ordered to do so. With only a passing thought that this was no longer the horrible and disgusting act she had hated at first, she took his rod in her mouth and began as fine a performance of oral skills as would please any man. George was soon moaning and becoming lost in his own pleasure.

Tiffany assumed that he would make her continue until he came in her mouth. She had finally overcome her aversion to swallowing, but on that night, with a full stomach and feeling cleaner than she had in days, Tiffany felt like being screwed. As she was wondering if she could stop long enough to suggest that to him, he suddenly pushed her back and rose from the chair. Quickly she found herself pushed down onto her back on the mattress and George between her legs, pushing them apart. He took her roughly and fast, but that was okay with Tiffany. She was thrusting right back at him and enjoying the ride immensely.

When he had rested a bit, George quickly dressed, announced that he had work to do, and left her. When the light snapped off, she curled up on the mattress and slipped off into the contented sleep of a satisfied woman. The fact that her arms were still tied behind her and her neck chained to the wall did not bother her. She was used to it.

The next morning George came down and affixed a gag to the wall before he untied her and brought her breakfast. She wondered why he was not taking her upstairs for meals. For that matter, why was he no longer taking her to his bed for sex?

The gag started out as a round metal plate that was screwed into the wood of the wall about two and a half feet off the floor. Into that, he inserted a five-inch length of plumbing pipe. When it was solidly attached to the wall, he wrapped it with some cloth padding. Then he placed a plastic dildo over it and used super glue to secure it to the base. When he was finished, there was the

replica of a male phallus sticking straight out from the wall. Since it was only a replica, it would never go limp like a real one; it would always be ready for action. On either side he screwed in small handles.

Tiffany watched in wonder. Did he expect her to have that dildo go inside her? She could not imagine any way she could position herself to make that possible. Well, maybe, if she had her arms and legs free and contorted herself like a pretzel.

As it happened, he had no intention for her to have that dildo inside her vagina. After he had finished its installation, he demonstrated how it would be used by putting her in place. First he made sure that her arms were tightly bound behind her back. Then he had her kneel facing the wall. It was then that she noted the dildo was exactly the height of her mouth. She grimaced when he ordered her to take it in her mouth, but she obeyed. Using rope and the two handles on the sides, he bound her head to the wall, forcing it forward until her nose was touching the plate holding the dildo. That meant that the dildo itself was deep inside her mouth. So deep, in fact, that she was having trouble not gagging as it pressed against the back of her mouth.

The numerous turns of rope would hold her head in place no matter how she struggled. And with her arms bound behind her, there was no chance she could untie those ropes.

But he was not finished. Taking some more rope, he tied her ankles together then ran a rope from them up to her wrists. When he pulled on that, her feet lifted from the floor and she was balanced solely on her knees. He tied her feet up by her hands, making it into a hogtie. She was not very comfortable but she was secured in the position he wanted. Her mouth was filled with a symbolic male penis that she could not possibly remove. She would enjoy its presence in her mouth until he decided she had had enough. Which, the way things ran with George, was sure to be a long, long time.

It made an effective gag, and that was what George wanted. Plus the psychological impact of her having it almost shoved down her throat. Satisfied, he left her alone once again, clicking the light off as he went out.

Tiffany groaned. This was not going to be a pleasant day. Still, it could be worse. She had only to remember being bound and locked in that cage to know it could be worse. The cage was still down there with her, sitting in the corner, ready to be used at any time George felt like it.

Upstairs, George was doing some serious thinking. He was pretty sure that his house was under surveillance. There had been a car he had never seen before parked by the side of the road. And he was pretty sure that he had seen someone on the hillside looking down. Nosy neighbors maybe. But more likely someone hired by Harding, damn his eyes.

George was going to have to do something about the situation. He did not really want to keep Tiffany down in the basement forever. He had envisioned that eventually he could keep her in the house with him, totally

under control but not locked away from the sunlight. Eventually he would teach her how to cook and have her serve him like a good slavegirl. But he could not risk that if someone were watching the house.

He had some shady connections. It would not be hard to put out a contract on Harding. For enough money, he could have anyone killed. But it would look very suspicious to the police if her lawyer were killed a short time after Tiffany died. Very suspicious.

He went back down to the basement. Tiffany was, of course, still kneeling with the dildo gag in her mouth. She pleaded with her eyes for George to let her off it. But he had no intent of doing so - at least not right then. As he stood there looking at her, it struck him how her bare feet looked. With the ankles tied to her wrists, her soles were turned up. What a target they made! He had never thought of whipping her on the bottoms of her feet, but it was certainly an idea. It would probably be very painful, the soles of the feet being very sensitive.

It was a choice between a riding crop and the small black whip. He took the riding crop. Less chance of injuring her feet with it. The first stroke he delivered with considerable force, perhaps more than he intended. Tiffany let out with a muffled yell. Her body stiffened and her fingers spread wide in surprise and pain. A red spot appeared on the soft part of her sole. She was making noises through her nose, protests undoubtedly. He hit the other foot and her protests renewed in strength. Her feet wiggled but could not move away. Her fingers reached down to protect the feet. He tapped her fingers with the riding crop and told her it would be best if she kept her fingers out of the line of fire. He would not want her fingers to get broken, he told her. Reluctantly she curled her fingers into fists.

The gag worked fairly well, but the basement dungeon was filled with pain sounds. Each hit on the bottom of her foot and the wonderful reaction it generated in her made for a heat in his soul. He was hitting harder and enjoying the cries of anguish.

There came a point where he could no longer ignore his erection. But his slave was tied in a way that permitted no penetration of any of her holes. It was most frustrating for the man. Quickly he picked at the knot of the ropes holding her head to the wall. When the ropes finally came off, he turned Tiffany around and shoved his rigid rod into the mouth freshly vacated by the replica. He took her head in his hands and pushed hard into her. She gagged and struggled but could really do nothing to prevent his use of her mouth. He screwed her in the mouth cruelly and hard, at times forcing his penis down her throat. For the first time in his life, he understood what "deep throat" meant.

So did Tiffany, but she found it much less exciting than he did.

When he finally finished and ejaculated deep within her mouth, she was fighting to keep from gagging. For an incredibly long time he had her head against his hips, his penis deep within her, until it spent its load and began to

relax. When he pulled it out, Tiffany sucked in air and coughed. She had felt as if she were choking. And she was. Something shoved that far down her throat made it very difficult to get air into the lungs. She had almost passed out.

He let her fall onto the mattress where she lay in her hogtie, gasping for air.

When he recovered, he attached the chain to her neck and untied her. Three sets of handcuffs were locked onto her ankles and arms, just because he wanted to have them there. Then he left her.

As she lay there in the dark, Tiffany felt very used and degraded.

Chapter XIII

A New Kind of Sex

“No one has been visiting the house,” reported his private eye. “He leaves the house once every other day, occasionally every day. They are all in the report.”

Harding frowned. He was paying this man good money to find out about George Walters and he was reporting nothing.

“No sign of anyone else in the house?” he asked.

“No, boss.”

“Stop calling me boss. I don’t like it.”

“Sure, boss.”

Harding’s frown deepened. And he had good reason to frown. He had just found out about Tiffany’s will being filed with the court. He had told her she should change it but she had not. Now George Walters was getting back everything he and Tiffany had worked hard to take away from him. It just was not fair!

Harding wrote out a final check to the PI and tossed it on the battered desk. It was time for him to take matters into his own hands.

* * * * *

George was checking his email after a particularly fine session with his slavegirl. Tiffany was becoming rather good with those lips and tongue. He had to work very hard to keep from coming too fast. It seemed the longer he forced her to use her mouth, the better the climax was when it finally came. But she was getting better, he had to admit that. Where she learned that trick of licking his balls he did not know. Perhaps she thought of it all by herself. But it was great!

He was happy to note that she no longer seemed repulsed by the act of oral sex. In fact, she seemed to be taking to it. Oh, she still complained, but not much. And she was getting so good. He could have sworn that earlier in the evening she had been staring at his fly as if just waiting for his penis to emerge so she could attack it with her mouth.

Most of the email was business matters and of no immediate concern. But there was one he frowned upon seeing. Since he became aware that that shyster Harding had been in his house, he had a private detective keeping surveillance on him. And this report upset George considerably.

Subject has visited a private detective named Rufford “Rocky” Smithers. Purpose of visit: unknown. Should I assign another man to track the detective?

George typed back: “No need to put a man on the detective. Continue surveillance on Harding. I wish to know his location at all times.”

George sat back in his chair, folded his hands on his keyboard, and thought hard. Something was going to have to be done, no question about that. But what?

An hour later he picked up the phone and made a call to a man he seldom called. "Smith, I have a job for you." The man's name was not Smith but it served as something to call him. George did not know the man's real name but he had done a few "dirty" jobs for him in the past and was both reliable and discreet.

Later, he went downstairs to look at his slave. She was asleep on her mattress, her long golden hair spread out on the blue cloth, her arms locked behind her back and her neck chained to the wall. She looked beautiful lying there, so lovely helpless and, in a funny way, innocent looking. He sighed. Those little gold rings did so add to her beauty. He wondered about putting some rings in her labia. He had seen photos of that on the Internet and was fascinated with the idea. Three little gold rings in each lip down there and he could lock her cunt shut with small locks. What an idea! He wondered if it could be done in such a way that she could not touch her clit if she were to try to masturbate. She rarely had a chance to do that since he kept her arms locked or bound behind her back most of the time, but it just seemed proper that a slave should not be able to gain sexual satisfaction without her Master's permission.

He felt himself growing hard at those thoughts, even though only a couple hours prior she had milked him dry with those lovely lips.

He left her sleeping the sleep of the innocent and contented. There was work to do.

* * * * *

"Oh, goodie!" Tiffany thought to herself. "He's tying me bent over this chair with my ass up in the air. That means he's going to screw me!"

She was much happier when he had his sexual satisfaction by pumping her vagina rather than making her use her mouth on his penis. It felt a great deal better for her, even if she failed to get an orgasm. Of course, it was frustrating as hell when that happened, but still she would rather have him pounding away inside her.

George had bound her hands behind her, wrists crossed and tied high on her back. Then he stood her facing the back of that metal chair while he bound her ankles to the back legs of the chair. A rope was then tied from her dog collar down to the rung between the front legs of the chair and she was pulled over until her face was almost touching the seat. It was not comfortable but she could imagine how acceptable that made her sex for him to use. She almost smiled as she wondered what an orgasm would feel like while being tied like this. It would be different, that was for sure.

George was looking forward to the screwing but for different reasons

than Tiffany. He had a little surprise for her. In his hand, as he stood there naked and with a rigid rod pointing towards her exposed cunt, was a small jar of lubricant. He took a big finger full and smeared it into her asshole. She squealed in surprise. He made sure that a goodly amount of the jelly was in place, and then tossed the jar aside. Taking her hips in his hands, he positioned his penis at a hole a little higher up than the one she was expecting. Just as he shoved it in, she was begging.

“No, you wouldn’t do that to me! It’s dirty! Disgusting!
OOOOOHHHH!!!”

Tiffany’s asshole was no longer virgin.

George immediately found that when her sphincter muscles contracted around him, it really, really felt good. He shoved in as far as he could go and was rewarded by a loud cry of both pain and surprise.

“NOOOO! You bastard! Get it out of there. It hurts!”

George, in usual Master fashion, ignored her protests. He enjoyed hearing them, of course, along with the grunting and hurt-animal sounds she was making, but he had no intention of obeying her order.

He pulled back out a ways then shoved in hard. Oh, that felt good! So nice and tight!

Tiffany was wiggling her ass. It was an instinctive attempt to dislodge the invader, and she was unaware that the movement of her ass was adding to the sexual pleasure for her Master.

There was the added attraction of watching her hands in front of his face as they contracted into fists then spread wide in helplessness.

It did not last long. The tightness and uniqueness of this act was too much even for his “staying power”. Before he was ready, he was shot a full load into her ass. He pulled her hips hard against his body and shivered all over as he had the best climax since he was a teenager and screwing those young things in high school.

He left Tiffany bend over the chair’s back while he cleaned himself off and dressed. Carefully, he replaced the lid on the jar of lubricant and put it on the desk. Tiffany was crying, more from the degrading act than from what he was sure was really minor pain. Many women, he had read, actually like the act of sodomy. At least they did not have to worry about getting pregnant.

Before leaving, he released her from the chair but left her arms uncomfortably bound high on her back. As he was locking her neck chain, he told her, “As I said before, I will use your body any way I wish.”

The slavegirl did not answer. It had not really hurt all that much - at least not compared to a whipping. But it was a demeaning and shameful act that upset her considerably. She had heard of this happening to other women, but had not realized just how mortifying it was.

She curled up on her mattress and fervently hoped that he had tried it and would now forget about this humiliation.

* * * * *

While Tiffany was being introduced to sodomy, Harding was standing on a hill overlooking the house. He had been watching the place for an hour but saw no signs of anything except some light being on. But then he really did not expect to find evidence by just looking from the outside. He would have to go into that place again. He was more certain than ever that this Walters was responsible for Tiffany's death, and he wanted very badly to prove it.

He was unaware that as he watched the house, another man was watching him. And while Harding's attention was diverted, this other man had placed a tracking device on his Mercedes. Now they would know where the lawyer was any time he drove his car.

Harding would have felt very bad if he knew what George was doing to his former girlfriend down in the basement. Like Tiffany, he would have condemned that perverted sexual practice. Of course, he had tried it a couple times himself with prostitutes, but that was different.

Chapter XIV

Striking a Bargain

It was only a length of plumbing pipe, three quarters of an inch in diameter and both hard and cold against the woman's skin. It was four feet long and attached to the overhead beam by chains connected to the ends, leaving the pipe horizontal and about three feet off the floor. Tiffany had been taken to the pipe and made to spread her legs wide and bend over the pipe. Since her hands were already bound high up on her back, all George had to do was attach ropes to her ankles and use them to keep her legs spread widely. To assure that she would stay bent over with her head no higher than her knees, he tied a rope around her neck and attached it to a heavy cinder block. She might be able to lift that block but the weight would strangle her as the noose tightened.

Looking between her spread legs, she could see an upside down George divest himself of clothing and approach her with that jar of lubricant in his hand.

"Oh, Master, please not that!" she begged. "It hurts. And it is dirty."

"Yeah, you're right, slave." He was placing a large gob of the stuff into her asshole.

"I'll suck your cock!" she offered, not realizing that she was using his term for it, a term she had hated when he used it.

"Later. Right now I feel like ramming into something nice and tight."

"Oh, please don't..." Her desperate pleas could have wrung tears from stone.

Enjoying the scene very much, George put down the jar and positioned himself behind her. She could feel his hands on her hips and the end of his penis pressing against her asshole. She clenched her teeth and braced herself for the impaling.

The first time he had done this to her, he had shoved it in hard and fast. This time he slid it in slowly, enjoying the way her muscles clamped on his rod. Tiffany moaned.

The way the pipe was suspended, her hips could move a bit and that made it easier for him to pump her. Slowly at first, the tempo picked up as both of them heated up. George was finding this mode of sexual activity very exciting. Tiffany was disgusted but still found her body responding in an unexpectedly strong sexual way. She could feel the heat between her legs growing and knew that her vagina was wet and ready. Not being used, but ready nevertheless.

It might have been interesting to see if the bound woman could achieve an orgasm from being sodomized, which would have required George to continue pumping long enough. But, alas! He felt that buzz and was quickly shooting his load into her. Tiffany cried out when she felt that and shook all over. Her reaction was not of pleasure but of frustration. She almost hollered at

him to screw her properly so she could find pleasure. She bit back the plea, however, because she knew it would only amuse him.

A few times during the act she had lifted her torso enough to pull the cinder block half off the floor. Each time, the rope around her neck cut off air and she had to force herself to lower her head again.

It just was not fair, Tiffany told herself. He gets to hurt me, abuse my body, and then he gets all the pleasure while I suffer. Had she bothered to express this sentiment, George would undoubtedly informed her that this was the way it should be. She was a slave, after all.

Usually, after having his pleasure, he left her tied in whatever position she had been in. This time, however, he untied her ankles and removed the rope from her neck. Then he took her back to the mattress that was her bed and sat her down. He sat down beside her and pulled her to him. He lay alongside her and took her in his arms. As he pressed her breasts against his chest, Tiffany felt surprisingly good. Sort of a loved feeling, although her arms were still bound in a very uncomfortable position. She placed one leg over his legs and pushed her sex against his limp rod, wishing it were otherwise.

Eventually he rose and regained his clothing. He attached the chain around her neck then looked down at her. "Turn your back to me and I'll untie your hands," he told her.

With a strange look on her face, Tiffany looked up at him and whispered, "Just leave them."

That gave George a reason to frown. But it was also a wonderful new stage in her training. With a loving smile, he leaned over and kissed her forehead. Then he was gone, leaving Tiffany in the dark and wondering why she had done that.

Since it was still early in the evening, George decided to get a little work done before retiring for the night, and was just turning on his computer when the phone rang. He listened for a few seconds then issued some orders. As he put the receiver in its cradle, he was thinking hard. Then he rose and went back down to the basement.

* * * * *

Lawyer Harding parked his car around the hill from George Walters' house. He was dressed in black slacks with a black pullover sweater. In his pocket was a small automatic. This night he was determined to find some evidence that George had caused Tiffany's death.

The house was dark and the usual BMW was not parked in the driveway. Good, he thought; no one home.

The same window was still not properly hooked and provided entrance for Harding. Using a small flashlight, he was heading for the den/office he had seen on the earlier visit when he noticed something he had not seen before. A

panel in the wall was missing and a door revealed in its place. He paused to stare at it. A quick examination revealed that the panel slid back to uncover the hidden door. His pulse quickened. He noted that the door before him had two places where hasps were bolted on, but the padlocks that fitted through them were missing. Slowly he turned the handle. The door silently opened to reveal a set of stairs leading downward.

Secret panels and a hidden basement! He felt he was really on to something. Since he had noted no outside windows for a basement, he felt safe to turn on the light. The room revealed was not a normal basement. There were no dusty boxes stored down there. Instead he could see a bare mattress lying on the floor, and a little farther over an empty metal chair sitting here. He slowly went down the stairs and his view expanded to include a couple posts and a metal pipe hanging by chains from the ceiling. A few more steps and he could see a length of chain attached to a ring on the wall and curled up on the mattress. At the bottom of the stairs he noticed something he could not at first identify. Crossing the concrete floor to one of the posts, he was shocked to see two female legs stretched out to either side of the post. Coming around to the other side had almost had a heart attack.

There, tightly bound to the post, was Tiffany. And she was completely naked. Her arms were bound behind the post and a great deal of rope was wrapped around her to hold her solidly to the wood. Each ankle had been encircled in chain and padlocked tightly. Then the chains were pulled to each side so that her legs stretched out horizontally in a stressful but highly erotic position that exposed her sex. There was also another chain around her neck leading up to the overhead beam where it was locked.

"Hello, Bob," she said simply.

Harding was still taking in the whole scene in disbelief, and slowly noting smaller details. Like the golden rings apparently pierced through her nipples. And the fading bruises on her breasts and bottom, matched by some on her thighs. She had to be suffering in that position was his first thought once the shock faded some. He made for the back of the pole to untie the ropes.

"Don't," Tiffany told him. "Those ropes are holding me to the post. If you untie them, I will slide down. And then the only things that will be holding me up will be this chain around my neck and those on my ankles."

"My God, Tiffany! Who did this to you?"

"Guess," she said sarcastically.

"George," he said. "That bastard. I'll kill him!"

"I don't think so," came a voice from behind him.

Harding spun around to find himself staring at George Walters. He was dressed in casual clothing and had empty hands folded in front of him. Harding immediately grabbed for the small gun in his pocket. He pointed it at George.

"Get her down!" he ordered.

"No," said George quietly.

“Get her down or I’ll shoot you!”

“You won’t shoot. You’re not really a killer. Besides, there is a better way out of this situation.”

“What the hell are you talking about? You killed... No, kidnapped Tiffany. You’re torturing her!”

“Well, some. But she’s coming to enjoy it.”

Harding looked even more shocked. There were too many strange twists to this scene for him to grasp rapidly. He looked up at Tiffany’s face to hear her denial of that accusation. She lowered her head and said nothing.

“Then who was that girl in Tiffany’s car?”

“Just some girl who died. I got the body from the county morgue so I could make it look as if Tiffany died in a car crash.”

“You didn’t kill the girl?”

“No. I’m not even sure how she died. But that is not important. What is important is what we do now.”

“You’re going to jail,” Harding said firmly. “I’ll see that you’re thrown in jail for the rest of your life.”

“I will admit that there are possibly a few charges that could be made against me. But I don’t think that you want to do that.”

“And why the hell not?” Harding said angrily.

“Because you have too much to gain. You caught me with the goods,” he paused to wave his hand at Tiffany hanging suspended against the post. “So I’m willing to make you a deal.”

The shrewd lawyer’s mind was working. “What kind of deal?”

“I’ll give you all the money, stocks and such, that I inherited from Tiffany’s will. That is a considerable amount. I’ll even throw in the insurance money from her death. That is an even million dollars.”

George could see the greed in Harding’s eyes and knew he had him.

“And what do I give you?” he asked.

“Only two things. One, I get to keep Tiffany.” Harding frowned at that. “And two, you sign a statement that you will never disclose what you know about Tiffany’s disappearance and apparent death. I will write the statement up for you and include enough hints that you were involved in the whole affair that you would not really want the document to come to the attention of the authorities. That way, you get enough money to find yourself any number of young chicks to play with. And I get what I want: Tiffany.”

Harding was thinking quickly, a trait that had often helped him in the courtroom. He wanted Tiffany, there was no denying that. But he was a married man, and every woman he had ever kept on the side had eventually gotten around to talking about his divorcing his wife and marrying her. He had already seen hints in Tiffany that she was thinking along those lines. And here was a chance to get his hands on a lot of money - tax free. There would be details to work out on the transfer, but he was a lawyer, was he not? He was

good that that kind of dirty work.

And the best part was that any document he signed would be worthless to George. There would be no way that George would ever show it to any authorities. He was guilty of too many crimes for him to let any of this slip out. And after the monies were transferred and the trails wiped clean, he would find some way to get George arrested for something. Or maybe he would simply hire a man to kill him. He had contacts for such things.

It was looking like a win-win situation for Harding. Lust and sex were nice but, as George said, there were plenty of sweet, innocent young things out there for a man with money to attract.

George could see the wheels turning in the lawyer's head. Just as the man was coming to the conclusion that this might be to his advantage, he jerked on the line and set the hook. "And, if you would like, I'll let you screw Tiffany now and then. I'm training her as a sex slave. You can see she's well on that path. Like those nipple rings? I thought they were a nice touch. You can visit occasionally for a night of fun with her. Have you ever whipped a beautiful woman? Heard her screams of pain? I'll tell you, nothing like it to raise a man's prick to attention."

The image of Tiffany hanging on the post while he whipped her was almost making the lawyer salivate.

"Come on upstairs and I will print that statement for you. We can have a drink to seal the deal. And then," he gave Harding a manly conspirator wink, "you can come back down and try your hand at whipping her. You can do it while she's like she is, or I'll tie her bent over and you can whip her ass."

This was too much for the lawyer. He looked up at Tiffany. She was frowning and it was not from the stress of the position she was bound in. It was because she had been listening to the conversation and was shocked that a man she thought she had around her little finger could turn on her so fast. But one look in Harding's eyes and she knew he would eagerly whip her and enjoy every second of her pain.

"What about her?" Harding asked. "She's suffering like that, isn't she?"

"She is, but not as much as she will when you whip her. We'll just leave her like this until later. She's not going anywhere."

George turned and walked calmly to the stairs, sure that Harding would put away that gun and follow.

Upstairs, George led him to the den and poured a scotch for them both. Then he sat down at the computer and began typing.

Harding sipped the expensive scotch and almost smiled. Walters was a fool. Once the money was transferred he would show him just how much of a fool he was. When it came to being underhanded and sneaky, no one could beat Harding.

George pulled his chair back and waved a hand towards the screen. "Check it out. If there are no changes, I'll print it out and you can sign it."

Harding leaned over and read the statement on the screen. He was surprised to see that it was woefully inadequate for what Walters wanted. It was wordy, but really did not say what anything incriminating. This man is a fool, he thought. And would make a lousy lawyer, too.

“Sure, that’s fine. I’ll sign it.”

George pulled his chair back up to the computer and hit a few keys. A moment later the laser printer was pushing a piece of paper out. George handed it to Harding along with a pen.

“You haven’t ever really whipped a woman before, have you?” he asked as Harding took the paper.

“No, but I have wondered what it would be like.” Harding was grinning as he signed his name. “Some women certainly deserve to be whipped.” He was thinking of his wife as he handed the paper back to George.

“Well then, I think it’s about time you found out. There is a chest down in the basement and you’ll find a couple whips in it. Pick whichever you want and have at her. You want her bent over or will you whip her as she is?”

“She’s just fine that way,” Harding said as visions of him bringing a whip up between her legs flashed through his mind.

“I’ll come to your office tomorrow to begin the paperwork,” George told him. “Go on downstairs and begin. I’ll finish this drink and then join you. And don’t worry; the basement is soundproofed so no one will hear her screams.”

As soon as Harding left the den, he was shaking his head. What a fool this poor bastard was.

As soon as Harding stepped out of the den, a large, very wicked looking handgun was shoved into his face. Holding the gun was a man he had never seen before, but had seen the type. He was a rough man, a man capable of anything including murder. There was a scar down the side of his cheek and a very cold look in his eyes.

From behind him, George took the small automatic out of Harding’s pocket. He nodded to the man holding the .357 magnum. The man nodded agreement, and roughly turned Harding around and slammed him against the wall. A pair of handcuffs was harshly locked on his wrists. As the man was about to lead the lawyer out, George handed him the gun and the document Harding had signed only a minute before. Then they were gone.

George picked up his scotch and sipped it. A good brand, he thought. He carried it with him as he went downstairs to the basement.

Tiffany was, of course still there. When she heard someone coming, she tried to turn her head and look around the post, but it was not until George came around in front of her that she knew it was not Harding.

“Are you really going to let him whip me?” she asked.

“No way! You’re my slave. No one whips you except me. Which reminds me...” He put his scotch down on the chest and drew a whip from it.

Tiffany saw the whip in his hand and sighed. She did not bother to plead

that he not whip her. She knew it would do no good. It bothered her some that she was bound in such a way that it made her sex so tempting a target. A whipping on her ass, she had come to know, was not as bad as one on her breasts or, and she shuddered at the thought, on her cunt.

“Before you begin, please tell me what is happening? Is Bob going to really get all the money?”

George laughed. “Lawyer Harding is not going to get a cent of it. For a smart lawyer, he was easy to fool. Greed makes fools of men. Right now, he is being taken back to his office. There, his computer will be turned on and a confession typed into it. Then he will be placed in the chair behind his desk. When he is found tomorrow morning, he will be dead from a self-inflicted gunshot through the roof of his mouth. His gun will be found where it fell from his hand, with only his fingerprints on it. On the desk will be a freshly signed confession stating that he had killed you because you were threatening to tell his wife about the two of you if he did not divorce her and marry you. But after killing you, he found he was really in love with you and could not live with himself any longer, so he was going to end it all.”

Tiffany was shocked. “You mean you...”

“Yeah, I’m a bastard, just like you have always said. You should see the confession. It even tells how he staged the ‘accident’. Of course, it says nothing about the fact that it was not really you in the car.”

He swished the whip back and forth a few times. “Do you have anything to say before your sentence is executed upon you?” he asked her cheerfully.

“Please don’t hit me too hard,” she said weakly. It was easy to tell that she was sincerely afraid.

George laughed.

“And afterwards, please fuck me as hard as you can. While I am still up here.”

“Of course, slave,” he agreed. “But I will also leave you up there all night.”

“Of course, Master.”

The End