

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

Chapter I

Cold Water

The naked woman could not avoid the blast of icy cold water, the reason being was because she was tightly bound with ropes into a hogtie. The stream of water was forceful enough to sting by itself, but not enough to cause any harm. It was mostly the freezing nature of it that caused the woman to utter a surprised shriek. Her body jerked at the sudden shock of that glacial and forceful blast, and she tried to roll away from it. The ropes, however, held her tightly and all she could accomplish was to roll over onto her side, with the effect of presenting her front to the icy stream. When the water hit her breasts, she cried out and tried to roll back onto her stomach but, although she jerked her body sideways, she could not gain enough momentum to roll back over. The man holding the hose grinned and delighted in spraying the stream across her front from breasts down to her furry patch where he let it linger, enjoying the agony he saw on her face.

Puddles formed on the concrete floor, growing until the whole bottom of the cell was covered with a layer of chilling liquid that deepened slowly. An inch deep only touched her side as she lay there, but as it crept up, more of her nudity was submerged. Eventually, the shivering and pleading woman had to struggle to hold her head above the rising water.

The man standing beside the sunken cell laughed and sprayed her from head to knees, that laugh echoing off the concrete walls of that underground dungeon.

“I’m out,” came a voice, intruding into Walter Allan’s daydream.

From the bathroom, his wife emerged, the towel wrapped around her body a towel too small to hide the quality of that damp body. The twenty-four year old woman had a fine, firm and curvy body that made men’s mouths water. Walter felt his penis, already at half attention from his fantasy of hosing down his wife, stiffened more. He rose from the bed where he had been sitting and moved to take his wife in his arms.

“No, I’m all damp,” she protested.

“I don’t mind,” he told her.

“And I have a headache. Not now.”

It was the classic rejection of a husband’s amorous approach. Walter was about to protest but the words stuck in his throat.

Robyn picked up her nightie from the dresser and returned to the bathroom to dress for bed.

Walter sighed. After a year of marriage, one that had begun in a blaze of passion and wild lovemaking, his beautiful wife had turned into a creature that rarely allowed him to touch her. She even preferred to dress and undress out of his sight. To say that this was frustrating to Walter was a gross understatement. Here was this beautiful, youthful, athletic woman who he had every right and privilege to bed down whenever he wanted, living with him, sleeping in the same bed only an arm's distance away, yet becoming more and more distant as the days and weeks passed.

That sigh was the only outward expression of his dismay at another rejection. Inside, the emotional reaction was much stronger. So close to paradise and he could not touch it.

Robyn emerged from the bathroom again, this time dried off and wearing that sheer fire-engine red baby doll that made her sexier than nudity would have. Walter stood and turned to leave the bedroom, the only way to remove that agonizing frustration from his sight.

"Aren't you coming to bed?" she asked in that husky voice he had come to love from the first moment he had met her.

"I've got some reports to check over," he said and walked out, struggling to keep the disappointment from showing.

For a while, he stared at the reports on his laptop, but finally turned the machine off after realizing that he was not really seeing what was on the screen.

His fist banged down on the desk, surprising him.

At first, when the ardor of newlyweds began to wear off, he wondered if she were seeing another man, one who was satisfying her sexual needs better than he. Being a wealthy man, mostly through massive hard work to turn the small inheritance from his father into a large, thriving business, he hired a private investigator to check on her. The results came back negative. She went to the Shadow Hills Country Club often but apparently was not seeing a man there. In fact, she had stated to the employees that her massages should be given only by a female attendant. She had a few friends that she played tennis with twice a week, and a couple girlfriends that Walter already knew about. But apparently none of them were lesbian lovers. There was no man, at least not that the PI could find.

Then, just in case that not-too-bad looking PI had been bribed by Robyn's wonderful body to turn in a negative report, he had another PI investigate the first one as he investigated Robyn. Again, negative results.

So, if she were not seeing another man, why had this gorgeous woman changed? During their dating and early on in the marriage, she had been a hellcat in bed; imaginative, energetic and playful. She taught him some variations of the doggy-style and loved to be kneeling over him, bouncing her body against his while his penis was embedded in her wonderfully hot and tight vagina. It was an eye-opening lesson in sex but not one that Walter took to. It bothered him that his wife – his own wife – acted like a whore and slut in bed. Still, at least they were having sex regularly.

All that changed – slowly, but inexorably. At first, he thought it was because they were now living together and becoming familiar with each other. Then he wondered if she were pregnant – something he did not want – and that was changing her hormones. But, no, she was not pregnant.

Twelve months later, just five days short of their first wedding anniversary, it had reached the point where her constant headaches were keeping his lust at bay. And frustrating the hell out of him.

He turned off the computer and sat back in his chair. She would be asleep by now. He debated creeping into bed with the intent to arouse her body by gentle kisses and caresses. Might get her juices flowing, as his father used to describe the condition of sexual excitement in a woman. Might work. Did a few times. But the last time it had earned him a slap on the face and her grabbing a blanket off the bed and going to sleep in the guest bedroom. The way things were going, he figured that this time she might order him out of their conjugal bed.

Maybe he would sleep in the guest bedroom. It was so damned hard to sleep only an arm's distance from a beautiful and drop-dead sexy woman, and not reach out.

The thought occurred to him: something has to be done. But what? He had been patient, considerate, even to the extent of buying her expensive presents. What man usually gives his wife a diamond necklace equal in value to several new Mercedes Benz as a Fourth of July present?

When he tried to bring the subject up, she was evasive and put him off with vague promises she never kept. It was a poorly hidden secret that she really did not suffer from so many headaches. She was, as so many other women did, simply saying that she did not want sex right then. Unfortunately, the “right then” occurred more and more often.

And there was the increasing credit card debt she was racking up. Not that he could not pay it, but it bothered him because it seemed she was buying things she really did not need just to needle him.

Something had to be done. Walter, being a properly brought up man, refused to consider finding another woman to satisfy his sexual urges, which at the age of only thirty-three, were still powerful. He feared that were he to find a “woman on the side,” Robyn would find out. Then, the excrement would certainly strike the air circulation device. She was that kind of woman. Probably demand an immediate divorce. Walter had seen how nasty that could be when it happened to other men he knew. Messed up their lives and drained them financially.

Their country club was filled with divorced women with plenty of money and leisure time, drinking and playing with the handsome, young tennis instructors.

Something had to be done.

But what?

Tying her up and hosing her down with icy cold water was a nice fantasy and, were it to be done in real life, might just force her to being a more cooperative sexual partner. More likely though, she would run screaming to the police and bring ruin down on him.

But, that type of fantasy was becoming more frequent in his mind. Not as sexual fantasies, but as revenge fantasies. As ways to make her become what he wanted: a good, obedient wife. But they were just an expression of his inner anger and frustration, he told himself. Not something he would or could ever make really happen.

Still, something had to be done.

Chapter II

An Idea

Walter Allan's office was in the twenty-first story of the Amalgamated Industries building in downtown. It held the usual perks for the company owner: well stocked wet bar, commanding view out over the city, thick carpets, warm, glowing wooden walls, a few tasteful paintings of nature scenes, a massive desk and a padded throne-like chair. It also had hot and cold running secretaries, some rather beautiful and tempting, which Walter enjoyed looking at but never touched since becoming a married man, although a couple made it clear they would not mind playing around with the boss. Great career advancement ploy, if nothing else.

On that bright summer morning, Walter had turned his chair around and was looking out past the office buildings in the crowded downtown section, past the surrounding light industries, across the vast fields of suburban track homes with the occasional oasis of shopping malls, to the distant mountains, barely seen through the haze of smog. There was still a cap of white on the highest, something that would disappear a little later into the summer. He was thinking of those distant pine forests he enjoyed and the not too small cabin he owned above Shadow Lake, when the sweet voice of Miss Hendricks, the secretary he called "Legs" for obvious reasons clearly on display with that very short skirt, came in.

"Leslie is here to see you, Sir."

Turning back to duties of the company, he told her to send him in, and watched her swaying bottom and the legs that were as nice going away as coming. He sighed, and prepared himself for business talk.

As he expected, they had a problem, a competitor who was undermining their efforts to exploit a newly discovered area of mineral deposits in a country so poor that they could not even set up their own mining. They discussed the problem, planned a strategy Walter was not sure would work, and were about to conclude when Leslie made a comment.

"The Williams guy that heads WMC, we could get rid of him," he said in a conspiratorial, lowered voice. "I know man who would remove Williams from the picture – for a price."

Walter was about to reject the idea when he paused. Normally, he tried to stay away from really dirty business practices, and it was not the removal of a competitor that grabbed his interest.

“A man willing to do dirty work, huh?” he said.

“Shit, yeah! Slash will do anything. For enough money, he’d slit his mother’s throat.”

“Slash?”

“A nickname. I don’t even know his real name. And it’s better that way.”

Walter leaned back and stroked his chin with his hand. “Have you used this man before?” he asked.

Thinking that his boss might actually be contemplating such a dirty task, he said, “Damn right! When I was working for Carlson they had me use him to remove a few roadblocks. He’s good. Not cheap, but good.”

“You trust him?”

“As much as you can trust a man who would do anything. He’s proven reliable and efficient. You want I should contact him?”

Walter thought for a moment. “No. But can you tell me how to contact him myself? I might have need of such a man.”

Leslie did not want to give up his advantage but had no choice. He told Walter the email address he used to contact “Slash.”

“He’ll call you. And he’ll make sure you can’t trace his phone. He’s good.”

After Leslie left, Walter swiveled his chair around and stared at the distant peaks. A plan was forming in his mind, and it was not to get rid of that bastard Williams.

Later, after things fell into place in his plan, he went to the public library on the way home. He knew that an email message could be traced and did not want any trail leading back to his company. And most public libraries had computer terminals on which you could connect to the Internet. Using an anonymous service, he sent a simple message: “I have a job. Call,” and added a time and the phone number of a cell phone he purchased minutes before. It was one of those cell phones that you bought a certain amount of connect time with the purchase. They expected you to buy more time from them, but for that first thirty minutes of talking, there was no charge and no way it could possibly be traced. When the time was up, he would simply throw away the phone.

Walter’s mind was a whirl of emotions, with this plan increasingly taking a hold of his imagination; there was great hope and expectation, but also trepidation. What he was planning was illegal, to say the least. It all depended on this man “Slash.” Could he be trusted? Walter certainly hoped so.

When the time stated in the email came, Walter stepped out into the patio of his home and walked casually to the far corner of the large yard. There, well beyond any chance of being overheard, he pulled out the cell phone and waited.

Within a minute of the proper time, the phone chirped.

“Yes,” he said.

“How did you get my email address?” came a man’s voice. It was strangely devoid of emotion; just a deep male voice speaking in a monotone.

Walter told him. Leslie’s name apparently satisfied the voice.

“A job, you said. What kind?”

“It is not lawful.”

“Yes.”

Walter took a deep breath, and then launched onto a journey he hoped would lead to a more pleasant world for him.

“I want a woman snatched and held for a while.” Then he added, quickly, “Not killed or harmed.”

There was silence for a few long seconds. Then, “Any particular problems in this snatch? Like her being the President’s wife or something?”

“No, she is just a normal woman. No guards or anything like that.”

“Do you want her held some particular place?”

“No. You pick where. Just make sure that she cannot escape, and be ready to turn her over to me when I say so. Can you do that?”

“Ransom?”

“Do you care? I just want her out of the way for a while. Maybe a couple weeks, but maybe as long as a month.”

“I can do that.” Then the voice named a price that was steep but that Walter considered reasonable. He agreed.

“I’ll need details.”

Walter gave them in a rush, listing Robyn’s address, description and habits.

“Can you send a photo?”

“Yes. I can. As an attachment to an email.”

“Yes. Do you know how to use PGP?”

As it happened, Walter knew of “Pretty Good Privacy,” software that encrypted any kind of data. The only person who could decrypt it was someone

with the proper key. Actually, it took two keys, one from the sender, one from the receiver.

“What key?” Walter asked. He was told and repeated it. Then he gave Slash a key of his own. “I’ll send a photo tonight.”

“Good. When do you want this done? I’ll need a couple days to get in place.”

Must be far away, thought Walter. Then he named a date, and even told the man what Robyn would be doing that day.

They talked for another minute, arranging the electronic transfer of funds to an overseas bank account.

Walter hung up and felt strange, an odd mixture of happiness and dread. He had just arranged for the kidnapping of his own wife.

Chapter III

The Snatch

Robyn was becoming bored with tennis. One day, while sweating in the hot sun to lob that fuzzy little ball back over the net, she suddenly wondered why she was doing this. Oh, sure, it had been fun and a form of socializing with her girlfriends, but lately her enjoyment in such social occasions had been fading.

Maybe, she told herself, she needed a new game to play. She could take up horseback riding. She would get to dress those tight riding pants and high boots, and meet a whole new crowd. But then she remembered how stuck up the horsey set was and, although she did not mind a little feeling superior to the lesser endowed or wealthy, she did have her limits.

Later, in the patio, under the cool shade of a large umbrella over her table, she sipped a mint julep and thought about the lack of excitement in her life. It did not take her long before she realized that a good part of it was her increasing dissatisfaction with her sexual life. Walter had been so nice at first, a considerate and gentle lover. But after a few months, she came to realize that he had only one way of making love, and it was getting boring. It always had to be the missionary position, just enough toying with her breasts and grabbing her sex to get her juicy, then the old “in and out,” resulting in his satisfaction after a minute. During the honeymoon, it seemed as if he had tried to prolong the sex until she had an orgasm, but after that, it rapidly became only an exercise to gain his satisfaction. She had tried to teach him new “tricks” but he always reverted to the plain, vanilla sex. She had not felt a good orgasm for months, and would have settled for a mediocre one.

Heaven knew that she could have gotten most any man into bed with her, she was that good looking and was lucky enough to possess a highly desirable body. But Robyn had been brought up properly by a strict mother, and felt that it was her obligation to remain true to her husband. She turned down numerous offers, some rather blatant, and remained true. True to her husband, but not satisfied.

What the hell can I do? she asked herself. She had tried getting him to engage in some sex games, even kinky ones. But the idea anything but vanilla sex seemed to put him off. She finally gave up the night he had ordered he to removed the nylons, garter belt and high heels she had bought just to tempt him. He told her it made her look like a slut. Well, what the hell is so bad about looking like a slut, she wanted to ask him. So long as you weren't one...

Robyn finished her drink and set the glass down. With a sigh, she rose and made for her car, a fancy little red Corvette convertible Walter had bought for her right after the wedding. Maybe she would stop at the mall and do some shopping. New clothes always brightened her up. Maybe a nice, tight, black dress with a very high hemline, she thought. But then, she decided to hell with it. Walter would just tell her to take it off because it made her look like a streetwalker.

Why can't I have some excitement in my life? she asked herself again. Just a little.

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Robyn did not notice the eyes watching her as she got into her car. And it never occurred to her that the black Ford could be tailing her.

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That night, Robyn was alone in the house. Walter was off in some other city for a business meeting of some kind. She never understood that kind of stuff. She ate a simple dinner and tried to watch some TV. Everything on the television seemed either bland or ridiculously stupid. She turned it off.

She paced the den some, pausing to look out at the yard with its massive pool, rock waterfall, restaurant sized barbeque, and a full poolside bar. The lush greenery beyond the pool, kept green by large amounts of water in a land that was semi-arid desert if not watered constantly, did not look as pleasing as it had at first.

It was a hot summer evening and a humid one. Above the mountains she could see tiny flashes of lightning where the humid air was pushed up the mountainsides into cooler altitudes and condensed into clouds and occasional heavy rain. Maybe, she thought, it would come down here and cool off the heat. But that kind of summer rain never seemed to make it more bearable; it only increased the humidity.

She went into her bedroom and took off the tennis shorts and blouse. Figuring she would take a shower, she added the panties and bra to the pile of discarded clothing. On the way to the bathroom, she paused before the large mirror of the closet wherein were dozens of expensive and rarely worn dresses. Placing her arms over her head, she stood on tiptoes. The woman who did the same thing in the mirror was a fine looking woman. Her long, blonde hair fell

straight behind her to mid-back; her body was firm and trim without being skinny. Those breasts were a goodly handful each and quite solid. The nipples pointed just the slightest bit upward. She hoped that age would never make them droop but knew that eventually time stole away every woman's beauty.

Stepping closer, she looked deeply into those blue eyes, blue the color of a high mountain sky, a dark, intense blue. The small nose had just the slightest up turn. She often wondered if there were any connection between that and her perky breasts.

Her hands came down her sides, smoothing her skin all the way down to the golden patch of curls guarding her sex. There her fingers lingered, lightly pushing their way between the curls, gently parting the labia to caress the soft, smooth flesh within.

Robyn sighed and closed her eyes. For a moment, she imagined those fingers were a man's, even her husband's, touching her to tingle the nerves and excite her into passion. But they were not. He had never had that skill. Nor had he ever even considered using his tongue to give her body pleasure. Like so many men, a woman performing oral sex on a man was fine, but that favor was never returned.

Robyn pulled her fingers away with a jerk. It has always been drilled into her head by her mother that you should not masturbate. It was not natural, she had been told. But it felt so good!

She took her shower but could not help squeezing her breasts and fingering herself under the streaming hot water. Toweled off but still warm from the shower, she went into the bedroom and threw herself down on her bed. Naked and still slightly damp, she closed her eyes and imagined that she was in the presence of a handsome, strong male standing over her bed. His dark eyes looked down upon her, taking in her perfect body, his strong lips smiling faintly at the thought of what he would do to her. Then his hand was reaching for her. He stroked her hair once, then took her breast in that strong hand and gently squeezed. She felt a tingle race into her from that breast, and she sighed. Then his hand was touching down there, gently but firmly pushing her legs apart until they were spread wide and her sex totally open to him. He touched her there...

Robyn, lost in her fantasy, was not aware that a pair of male eyes were watching her as she squeezed her breast and fingered her clit. He heard her moaning with pleasure, and watched as she slowly brought herself up to an orgasm. When she gasped and curled up, he smiled and continued to watch as she turned on her side and, in the warm night air, fell asleep.

The watcher waited until he could hear her even breathing, then entered the room through the open patio door. In the dim light from the bathroom light she had left on, he looked down at her body, at the smooth skin, the wonderful curves, and the still erect nipples. He could smell her woman-scent in the room, enticing and strong. He felt his manhood respond, and had to force himself to attend to business.

Sliding off his backpack, he lowered it to the floor and opened the top flap. From within, he pulled several lengths of rope, small diameter white nylon cord. He set those on the foot of the bed. From his belt sheath, he pulled a wicked looking hunting knife. He placed that on the bed next to her, in easy reach. Then he took her hand and gently placed the end of the rope over it. There was a loop tied into that end, and the rope had been pulled back through that loop to make a sliding loop. That he pulled down until it was snug around her wrist. Taking her in his strong hands, he slowly rolled her onto her stomach. Robyn moaned and stirred but did not become fully awake. Pulling her other hand back, he placed it over the first and began wrapping the rope around both of them.

When Robyn became awake enough to know something was wrong, he had her wrists bound and was cinching then knotting the rope down.

“What...? Who...?” she cried out, becoming rapidly awake as she realized that she was being tied up. She tried to roll over, but strong male hands prevented it. The man knelt on her ass with one knee to hold her down while his hands took her feet and wrapped rope around the ankles.

Robyn struggled for a second, then called out, “I’ll scream! Let me up!”

The knee came off her ass, and for a second she was free of the contact. In that brief moment, it flashed into her mind that Walter had come back early and was tying her up! Maybe he had taken her hints to try kinky sex after all! That thought sent a thrill racing through her body.

But when she rolled onto her side, she saw a stranger standing over her. In his hand was a wicked looking knife with a six-inch blade gleaming dully in the bathroom light.

“Don’t scream,” a deep voice told her. “Be a good girl and I won’t have to hurt you.”

“I... What do you want?” she asked in a trembling voice.

He did not answer. Instead, he placed the knife next to her where she could see it plainly, then took her already bound feet and pulled them towards her wrists.

Robyn, who had never really been tied up before, was trembling and very much afraid. Wild thoughts raced through her mind. What did he want? Rape?

Ransom? Yes, Ransom! Her husband was rich; this had to be a kidnapping for ransom. She wanted that to be the case; desperately wanted that.

“Whatever you want, my husband will pay you,” she managed to force out.

He did not answer, but wound another length of rope between her ankles and wrists. Then he was pulling on that rope, which forced her feet to approach her hands. When she was arched into a fairly good hogtie, he tied the ropes off, placing the knots on the other side of her ankles where her fingers would have trouble reaching.

She gasped when she saw the rubber ball with a strap through it in his hand. “What is that?” she said. A moment later, she found out as the ball was forced into her mouth against her will. That strap buckled tightly behind her head to hold it in.

“Ammmuupphh!” came out but not words. She was not sure what to say anyway. To her, it was obvious that she was being kidnapped and would be held for a ransom. She only hoped that Walter’s paying whatever they asked would buy her freedom without any harm being done to her. Even though faced with a lessened probability of immediate rape and harm, she was still scared and shaking.

“Stay here,” he told her. Picking up the knife, he left the room.

What? thought Robyn. Is he leaving the house? Is that all there is to this? I get tied up and left alone here?

She began to struggle against the ropes. It did not take her long to find that she could not pull her hands out of the loops, nor break the cord. She felt desperately around with her fingers but could not find a knot to work at. When he came back in, she had rolled onto her stomach, still tightly bound.

Grabbing her by the bound wrists and ankles, he lifted her from the bed and carried her out of the room. Hanging bowed down, rather uncomfortable hanging like that, she whined into the gag as she was carried into the garage. The man apparently had opened the door from the inside and brought his car in, shutting the garage door again. The trunk of the older car was gaping open. Into it, onto a blanket spread out, she was placed. Then the trunk lid was slammed shut.

Robyn nearly panicked. Her immediate fear was that she could not get enough air in the closed trunk if the trip took very long. She jerked against the ropes and almost screamed in frustration when they continued to hold her prisoner.

She heard the car start up. Then she felt motion and knew she was being driven off to some terrible fate.

Chapter IV

Prison

There was enough air in the trunk for Robyn to stay alive, but it was a hot, bumpy and scary ride. All this, plus the tight ropes, she had to endure for well over an hour, maybe two, before the motion ceased, followed shortly by the motor being turned off. It was, however, another ten long minutes before the trunk opened and fresh air washed over her naked body.

Blinking because of the bright light after so long in darkness, Robyn turned her head and tried to look up, but all she could see was the dark shape of a man standing over the trunk. Then his hands were gripping her bound wrists and ankles and lifting her from the trunk. With no apparent strain, he carried her a distance before placing her on something soft. From the view with her head hanging down, she assumed that she was taken from a garage into a house and deposited on a bed.

The ropes were uncomfortable, but she could still feel her hands and figured that this discomfort was the least of her worries. What was going to happen now?

She expected to feel his hands on her, either to untie the ropes or to begin the assault of her body. Instead, she felt nothing. Twisting her head around, she found that she was alone in a bedroom. She wiggled a bit but knew that nothing had changed with respect to her bondage and she still could not possibly free herself. She had been trying all during the trip.

Looking around, she found it a very barren bedroom. There was the bed that she was lying on, a single mattress supported by tubular steel frame with minimum head and foot rails. There was no furniture whatsoever, just the light blue painted walls. A pair of sliding doors marked where the closet was, but they were closed so she had no idea if anything was within. There was also a window, but it was covered with plywood boards.

Twisting around a little more, she saw that the door was standing open and a lit hallway beckoned. She pulled at the ropes holding her wrists together but it was only an emotional bid for freedom. She knew that the ropes would stay on until this stranger removed them.

She might have been able to wiggle and roll until she fell off the bed and was on the bare wooden floor, but what would that gain her? She sighed, and tried not to be afraid, something she was not achieving very well. There was a cold knot of fear in her stomach, even though she kept telling herself that it was just a kidnapping for ransom and as soon as her husband paid this man, she would be set

free. Doubts nagged at her mind but she pushed them down, wanting very much to believe that story.

He came back. For a minute he simply stood over her, his face in shadow so she could not tell anything from his expression. Was he ogling her naked body with plans to sexually use her? Or something worse? News stories about serial killers and insane maniacs came to her, making her fear deepen.

“I’m going to untie you now,” his voice told her. “Please do not fight me.”

How strange, he was *asking* her to cooperate!

He took out the gag. “These ropes hurt,” she whined. “I’ll let you take them off.”

Immediately, she was bracing herself for some kind of action as soon as the ropes were off. Kicking him in the balls and running; that sort of thing.

He untied the rope connecting her ankles and wrists, and her legs unfolded. Then his fingers were working on the knots at her ankles.

Good, keep going, she whispered to herself. Free my legs so I can kick you so hard that you’ll never have children.

The knots were untied, but he paused before unwrapping the rope from around her ankles. She heard a rattling noise and looked back to see him holding the end of a chain in his hand. Before removing the rope from her ankles, he encircled her right ankle with that chain and locked it on with a padlock.

Shit! She wanted to scream.

“That chain is bolted to the floor,” he casually told her. “You cannot leave this room.” Then he unwrapped the rope from the ankles.

While lying on her stomach with her hands still bound behind her, she could not kick out with her free foot, at least not a kick that would do any good. Come on, she willed him, untie my hands. Maybe I can scratch your eyes out.

The ropes were peeled off her wrists. It almost felt as if he were trying to be gentle in removing them. He could have jerked the ropes off.

Lowering her hands to her sides, she paused to see if he were going to do anything else. When she heard and felt nothing more, she twisted around to see what he was doing. It was just standing there, looking down at her. She rolled onto her side and swung her feet over the edge of the bare mattress. Sitting up, she looked at him, very much aware of the weight of the chain and lock on her ankle.

She could leap to her feet and try a quick kick. But she had the feeling he was just waiting for such a move. Maybe she should bide her time until he was less on guard. Still, the temptation to lash out was strong.

“What are you going to do to me?” she asked, trying to keep her voice from quavering.

“Right now... Nothing.”

A tiny flame of hope was born, but she would not let it grow. “And later?”

“We’ll see.” He shifted his position a bit and began what sounded like a prepared speech.

“Here are the rules. You cooperate and make no attempt to escape or harm me, and I won’t hurt you. Try something stupid, and you’ll be punished. It will do you no good to scream; this house is far away from any other habitation. And this bedroom is fairly well soundproofed. But it would annoy me, so I suggest you keep quiet.”

When he did not continue, Robyn was puzzled. “Are you holding me for ransom?” she asked.

“I don’t think this is the case.”

“What?”

“I am being paid to keep you a prisoner for a certain amount of time. After that, it depends on what my employer wishes.”

“How long a period of time?”

“I don’t know. He will inform me.”

“This is ridiculous. You can’t just kidnap a woman and hold her against her will.”

“I am.”

“Who is your boss?”

“I don’t know, nor do I want to.”

“Then what does he want?”

“I don’t know.”

Robyn was put off by his casual replies and the apparent lack of logic to her kidnapping. Unless he was lying...? But why? He was in control. He did not have to lie to her.

“Can I have some clothes?” she asked, suddenly remembering that she was naked.

“You don’t need any.” He moved over to the other side of the bed and she saw his face clearly for the first time. He was maybe mid-thirties, a tall man, probably just a little over six feet. His black hair was cut short, almost military

style, a flat-top. He was clean shaven. There was a thin scar down the left side of his face, vertical and an inch in front of the ear. Might have been from a knife cut. In a way, he was handsome, but would have looked much better if he had smiled. The lines on his face were hard, the lines of a man who was capable of doing harsh deeds. The eyes were dark, almost black. Very intense eyes that she felt upon her body, taking it all in.

“Don’t look at me that way,” she protested, and made to cover her breasts with her arm and her pubic curls with a hand. He chuckled, but did not tell her to stop.

Going to the closet, he opened the door and removed a blanket. He tossed it on the bed with, “In case you get cold.”

She immediately grabbed it and covered herself with it.

“Do understand one thing,” he began as he headed for the door. “You will be here for a while. Don’t give me a bad time and you won’t get hurt.” He paused to look at that oddly innocent and yet sexy face. “I won’t rape you.” Then he was gone.

Robyn pulled the blanket closer about her. Was he serious? She knew she was good looking and had a pretty great body. He had to want her. She could see that in his eyes. She had seen that look in men’s eyes many times. But if what he said was true, why? And who was the mysterious employer who wanted her kidnapped?

Chapter V

The First Night

Robyn thought she heard a car start up, the sound of a garage door opening and shutting. Was he leaving? She waited, but heard nothing else. Tentatively, she pushed aside the blanket and began to explore her prison. The floor was bare wood, the walls plaster. An ordinary bedroom. Following up the chain, she found that it was, indeed, bolted to the floor. Actually, padlocked to a large, very solid looking iron ring that was bolted to the floor. She tugged on it, but decided it would take a lot more strength than she had to rip it out.

The closet revealed nothing more; it had contained only her blanket. The bed was a simple tubular frame bed with a single mattress. When she tried to check out the wooden sheets over the window, she came to the end of her chain. Even by stretching out, she could not quite touch the plywood sheets. Then she tried the door. She could just reach the entrance but then was halted by the tug of the chain on her ankle. She might be able to get a good part of her body into the hallway if she were to stretch out on the floor, but she could see no gain to be had by that.

Returning to the bed, she examined the chain and lock encircling her ankle. It was a standard padlock, and the chain was of links sufficiently strong to prevent her ever breaking them. And he had locked it snug around her ankle. Even if she had soap and water, or grease, she knew she could not work it down and off her foot.

Disgusted, she returned to the bed. The air was still warm from the heat of the summer day, and she was not cold, even sitting there naked. She left the blanket off, but would grab it as soon as he showed up again. It was not much, but hiding her body from his male eyes helped her feel better.

Listening gave her no clue as to where she was. There was no freeway sound, no aircraft telling her there was an airport nearby, and no sounds of human habitation at all. She could not even detect any sounds of cars driving by.

The exploration of her prison had taken less than half an hour, and it had left her with nothing to do but think.

This guy must have just climbed the fence and walked into her bedroom. She was sure it was not a random incident; he had told her he was paid to do this. Racking her brain gave her no idea who might have been behind her kidnapping. Maybe, just maybe, it really was for ransom, and the boss guy had not told her

captor. That brought a little comfort. For a ransom demand to work, they had to keep her in good condition and be able to prove it to her husband and/or the police that she was still alive. She wondered when Walter would discover her missing. He was supposed to return on Friday morning. This was Wednesday night – no, she corrected herself – probably after midnight, which would make it Thursday morning. Early Thursday morning. Then she wondered if the kidnapper or his boss knew that Walter was out of town. It would do no good to deliver a ransom demand if there was no one to get it.

She had no doubt that Walter would pay to get her back. He was a dullard in some ways, but she was sure he loved her. And he was certainly rich enough. She had no idea how much he was worth, but his business was on the list of top one hundred companies in the country, and he was the sole owner. Probably millions of dollars. Even if they asked a million for her, he could easily pay it. All she had to do was wait.

Wait and worry.

If the money were paid, what would happen then? It was not unheard of for kidnappers to dispose of the victim when the ransom was paid. Made for less chance the victim could identify them and lead the police to them. That thought made her shiver.

What could she do? He seemed to be intelligent enough to keep her restrained at all times. Look at the way he had chained her foot up before freeing her from the ropes. She might not ever get an opportunity to deliver that swift kick and run.

Then the thought occurred to her that maybe she could use her feminine charms to entice him into letting her go. If she were to offer her body...

No, that did not seem right. Not only did she not want to do that, she was not sure it would work. He could, after all, use her body anytime he wanted. He did not have to have her permission.

Damned! This was not looking good!

With no clock, Robyn could not judge the time, but it was surely over an hour before she heard the sound of the garage door opening again. Five minutes later, he came in.

Robyn had pulled the blanket over her and was sitting on the edge of the bed, glaring at him.

"I was getting rid of that car," he told her, even though she had not asked where he had gone. "It was stolen. If anyone saw it coming to or leaving your

house, they will be describing a car that doesn't belong to me and has been wiped clean of fingerprints."

Her respect for his ability went up a notch. She had not thought of that. Do not underestimate him, she told herself.

For a while he simply looked at her, which made her nervous. She just knew that he was seeing her without that blanket. He had certainly seen enough of her to know what was there. Hell, he had even handled her naked body when he tied her and carried her here.

"You probably found out that the chain doesn't reach outside this room," he told her. "Tomorrow, if you behave, I'll lengthen it so you can reach the bathroom next door."

"Thanks," she said as sarcastically as she could.

He left the room, but returned a minute later with a plastic bottle of drinking water in his hand, holding it out, offering it to her. Holding her blanket in place with one hand, she took it with the other. She did not thank him, and he did not seem to expect it.

"I'll see you in the morning."

Then he was gone. The door to that bedroom stayed open, and the light stayed on. Apparently he wanted to be able to check up on her whenever he felt the need to.

Robyn shifted around on the bed until she was lying on her right side and trying to cover as much of her as she could. The blanket was not all that large but she got most of her under it. The weight of that chain on her ankle was a constant reminder of her status. Eventually, she fell asleep.

* * * * *

Strangely, when Robyn awoke, she felt refreshed. One might have expected her to have bad dreams, nightmares even, given what had happened to her. Instead, she stretched and wondered what time it was. Between the light staying on and the boarded up window, she could not tell if the sun had risen as of yet. But she felt as if she had slept enough. It had to be morning.

The air was just cool enough for her to want to have the blanket around her shoulders as she stood up. Listening carefully, she heard no sounds. Her kidnapper was apparently still asleep himself.

Was there anything she could do? Not really. That chain connecting her to the floor was still locked in place and still unbreakable.

So far this had not been a harsh captivity. She was not been sexually assaulted or abused, unless you count that hogtie. But things would get a little messy if she did not do something rather soon.

“Hey! Guy! Come here! I have to use the little kidnapped victim’s room!”

It surprised her to hear herself making a joke out of what was, after all, not a funny matter.

“Hey! Fellow!”

A few moments later, he came into view, lacking both shirt and shoes.

“That so?” he asked. She could not quite tell if he was grinning or not.

“Yes, damn it! Get this chain off me so I can go to the bathroom.”

He disappeared, only to return with another length of chain in his hands, along with another padlock. Kneeling by her bed, he unlocked the end of her chain where it was attached to the ring and added the extra chain to it. As he did, she had a chance to study him. The torso was muscular but not from the kind of pumping iron that over-developed bulging muscles. This was more the shape of a man who did enough activity to keep muscle tone. Having seen this type of man before, she suspected that he jogged or ran a lot. The abdominal muscles had a “washboard” look to them. A few scars here and there told of an active, possibly rough lifestyle. All in all, a nice example of a male in the prime of life.

“You can reach the bathroom now,” he said as he stood. “Have fun.”

Before she could make a tart remark, he was gone. A quick check showed that the new link and lock were as solid as the prior ones, so she walked off to the bathroom, dragging her chain behind her. She hated the clinking sound it made.

The bathroom was not your standard bathroom. There was no bottles, towel, etc. Not even a mirror. She wondered about that, but then realized no mirror meant she could not break it to make a weapon out of a shard. She checked under the sink, nothing there. The tub was standard, with a plastic shower curtain. Not much help to her there. Of course, there was a toilet seat – thank heaven for small favors. Making sure there was plenty of toilet paper, she began her morning ablutions.

Finished with that, she went back into her room, coiled the chain into a nice, neat pile on the floor, hoping that he would see it was a sarcastic gesture, and sat down.

Should she tell him that she was hungry? She was, but he probably knew that. He had mentioned punishment in a vague way, but had not mentioned what would earn her punishment beyond the obvious no escape attempts and no attacking him. Would nagging about breakfast count as being uncooperative? And what was his idea of punishments? She had not heard that word applied to her in many years, not since she was a child and punishment meant her mother's hand on her bare bottom.

The idea of him turning her over his knee and spanking her bottom made her almost smile. It would be ridiculous! But she certainly hoped that he did not mean something much worse than a spanking.

She heard sounds from elsewhere in the house. Just as she was about to call out with a politely worded suggestion that he feed her, he came in, carrying a tray. The fried eggs, toast, and hash browns smelled damned good. But mostly the coffee.

He sat the tray down on the bed next to her.

"Careful not to spill it," he admonished.

She looked at the food and felt her mouth begin to water. She had not realized how hungry she really was. But was it safe to eat it?

For a few moments she simply stared at the food. Then his hand came into view, picked up a piece of toast and broke off a corner. With that, he picked up a bit of the egg and, as she watched, popped it into his mouth.

After that demonstration that the food was unadulterated, he left her. She picked up the plastic fork from the tray and attacked the egg.

A minute later he returned. In his hands was another tray, this one with the same kinds of food but more of it.

Setting the tray down on the end of the bed farthest from her, he began eating his breakfast. Robyn was not sure what that meant.

For a while, both ate in silence. But as the hunger abated, the conversation began.

"I ought to explain some more to you," he began. "I have orders not to use you sexually. Ah, I see a look of relief on your face. Fine. I also have orders not to harm you. Not whipping, breaking of bones, and such. Again, fine. I won't. But please don't think that you can get away with anything you want. I will still punish you if you misbehave."

Robyn was not sure what to make of this. It sounded polite and almost an effort to comfort her. But it was also a firm statement that she should not break the rules. Rules which she only vaguely understood.

“No whipping? Glad to hear that,” she said. “And I am not fond of having bones broken.”

“Don’t be sarcastic,” he advised. “There are many ways of making you feel pain without harming the body. Which, by the way, is a very nice one.”

She was not sure if that were a compliment or a threat.

“Are you a sadist?” she asked.

“I can be. Why do you ask?”

“A sadist will find some reason to inflict pain on me. It will not matter if I break any rules or not. A man who only wants to keep me in line will resort to pain only if needed.”

He grinned at her little speech. Smart girl. “Then please consider me a firm disciplinarian with slightly sadistic tendencies.”

The reply was not too reassuring to Robyn.

Placing all the plastic dishes on one tray, he picked it up and prepared to leave. “I will occasionally have to leave you alone here. But you don’t know if I have the place bugged. When I return, I might just be able to see all that you have tried while I was gone.” He lifted one eyebrow a little. “Tugging on the chain is okay. You can try to get your foot out of it, that’s fine. A prisoner is expected to try things like that. But don’t get any fancy ideas about setting a trap for me, or damaging the house in an attempt to escape. And don’t ever attack me. I don’t like that.”

“Well, I don’t like being kidnapped!” she retorted.

He grinned again and left her.

Chapter VI

First Punishment

Having been an active, healthy young woman, Robyn was not used to inactivity. As the day wore on, she became bored. Then really bored. By the time most people are eating their lunches, she was really, really bored.

There were the bare walls of her room, the chain solidly around her ankle, and little else. She had used the first half hour to check out the bathroom more thoroughly but found nothing that could help her. There was a small window above the tub/shower, but her chain prevented her from reaching that. Anyway, she would have to be very tall or standing on a chair to see out. And it was too small for her to crawl through, even without the chain holding her back.

Occasionally she heard noises from elsewhere in the house, indicating that her captor was present, but she did not see him until her stomach was growling about the lack of lunch.

When he came in, he was holding a pair of handcuffs, the sight of which sent a cold shiver down Robyn's spine.

"Stand up," he told her.

Trying to keep the blanket around her, she stood hesitantly. His hand reached out to snatch the blanket from her and toss it on the bed. Once again, she was completely naked before a strange man, and the experience made her feel uneasy.

"Turn around."

She did, knowing that he was going to lock those handcuffs on her wrists and wishing there was something she could say to deter him from making her more helpless. The cuffs clicked shut and she felt the cold steel all the way around each wrist.

Only when her hands were secured, did he kneel and unlock her ankle from the chain.

"Come on, if you want some lunch," he told her and walked out, leaving her to follow or not as she pleased.

She followed him to a kitchen and then to across to a breakfast nook. Like a gentleman, he held out the chair for her to sit down. Had she not been hungry, she might have refused to leave her prison room. But hunger and the desire to know more about where she was being held propelled her feet to the table.

“I’ll let you have your hands free to eat with if you promise not to throw the soup at me,” he said.

Was that just the slightest hint of amusement in his voice?

“It would be pretty hard for me to eat without them,” she retorted.

“Oh, you could. Just be messier. Turn around and put your feet out.”

Frowning, she obeyed, placing both feet stretched out, wondering what he was going to do. Before she knew it, her ankles were joined solidly by another set of handcuffs.

Shit! she muttered under her breath. She had been hoping that when the handcuffs came off, she would have chance to do something. But with her ankles locked together, she would not be able to flee even if she managed to disable him somehow.

He placed a bowl of soup before her, along with a normal, metal spoon in place of the plasticware from breakfast. The soup was beef barley and smelled quite good. She began to eat, watching him as she did. She took a hunk of bread from a plate on the table.

He ladled out a bowl of soup from a pot on the stove and sat down to eat with her.

“What is your name?” she asked. Maybe it would be good to establish a connection with him, something she might be able to build on later.

He ignored her.

Of course, she chided herself, he’s not going to tell you his name – not even his first name.

“I should have something I can call you,” she persisted.

“How about ‘Lord and Master?’”

“Too formal. How about ‘hey, you?’”

“Too informal.”

Was he laughing at her? How to tell. He did not seem to know how to smile.

“Then I’ll call you ‘Bart’.”

He said nothing, so she added, “As in ‘Black Bart, Bad Guy.’”

“Whatever you wish.”

This conversation did not seem to be getting her anywhere.

“Have you heard anything from your boss about me?”

“No.”

The soup finished, he brought forth a couple plates with sandwiches on them. She was a little surprised to find that they were ham and Swiss cheese on rye, one of her favorite sandwiches. He also set down a glass of water.

She tried a couple more ploys to get him to talking, but failed on each. His replies were brief and totally non-committal.

When the meal was finished, he asked her if she would like some desert.

“Yes, a cake with a file in it.”

He went to the refrigerator and returned with two plates on which sat generous slices of chocolate cake. When his back was to her, she took the opportunity to look out the window. All she could see was a hillside and trees.

“We are a good distance from other houses,” he said as he returned. Apparently he had seen her looking.

The cake was good but had no file in it.

As he put the plates in the sink, he asked her, “What type of books do you like to read.”

Robyn was not too big on reading. She preferred to be out doing things. But she realized that he was offering something that would alleviate the boredom she had been feeling.

“I don’t know. Maybe a romance?”

“I don’t think you’re the type to be into those,” he said. And was right.

“Hey, I know,” she replied. “How about a book on how to pick locks?”

This time he did smile, just a little lifting of the corners of his lips, but it was more than she had seen before.

“What kind do you have here?”

“I don’t live here. This is a rented cabin. My books are a distance from here.”

“Then just get me whatever you think I might like.”

He nodded slightly. “Ready to go back into your room?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“No.”

“I guess I’m ready.”

He had her stand and then ordered her to walk back. She almost fell over on the first step she tried to take. "I can't walk with my ankles locked like this," she complained.

"You can and will. Just take very small steps."

"You're mean," she said, but without any real heat.

She found she had to take very short steps but could shuffle her way along. It took five minutes for her to cover the twenty feet or so to her room.

Once there, he had her sit down on the bed. Kneeling before her, he unlocked the handcuffs from her ankles. They were slightly red where the steel cuffs had rubbed during the walking. He stood up.

Suddenly she was on her feet, bringing one bare foot up as hard as she could, aimed between his legs.

His leg moved to block the kick he had been expecting. Then his hand move rapidly and Robyn felt her head jerk to the side. He had slapped her, but so hard with that big hand of his that she felt herself start to black out. But her vision cleared and the side of her face burned.

His strong hands were on her body, twisting her around and locked the handcuffs on her wrists behind her, very tightly. Then he pushed her down on the bed.

"You can wear those for the rest of the day," he told her. "As punishment. Be glad that you didn't connect, or your punishment would have been much worse."

With that, he turned and walked out, leaving Robyn to blink away the tears that sprang to her eyes.

Chapter IV

Books and Kisses

Spending the afternoon with her hands locked tightly behind her was not too pleasant. On the other hand, it was not too terrible, either. Just uncomfortable. What bothered her worse was the boredom. She was not used to sitting alone with nothing to occupy her mind. On a few occasions, she heard him walking by, and she also regretted the loss of hands because she could not pull the blanket over her to cover her nudity.

Of course, having this man see her naked was becoming less of a problem than it was at first. For a while, during the lunch, she almost forgot that he was clearly able to see her breasts over the table. And when she walked back to her prison bedroom, she was concentrating so hard on walking without stumbling or snubbing her ankles too hard that she did not have time to worry about him watching her ass gently sway back and forth.

Robyn was pretty sure that he left in the middle of the afternoon and was gone for at least an hour. She tested the chain holding her ankle to the floor and found it still quite solid. Just before his return, she found another reason why it was uncomfortable to have her hands cuffed behind her. She had to use the bathroom. She managed, but with difficulty.

Based on the amount of sunlight coming in her bathroom window, it was late afternoon when he walked in on her again. Holding a paper bag in his arms, he stood at the doorway, looking her over and glancing around the room. Apparently satisfied that she had not changed the status of the room or her restraints, he came in and set the bag down on the bed next to her.

“Turn around,” he told her. Assuming that the handcuffs were to come off, she obeyed and was happy to hear the click and the small key released first one, then the other of the steel cuffs. Her wrists were a little red when she brought them around in front of her, and she began rubbing them.

“Here’s some books for you to read. You did not specify what type, so I picked mostly those that I would probably like. If you don’t, then next time tell me what you really want.”

He stood and made for the door, but turned around just before leaving.

“It would be nice to think that you’ve learned a lesson from this mild punishment,” he said, “but I doubt it. Just consider this: next time the punishment will be a lot harsher.”

With that, he left her alone.

Rubbing her wrists, she ignored the bag, as if it were of no importance to her. A peace offering or kindness was not what she wanted from this man; it was freedom, nothing less.

She managed to hold out for half an hour before the boredom began to set in again, and she timidly pulled the bag over to her. Glancing to see if he were looking, she pulled the first book out of the bag. They all appeared to be paperbacks, freshly bought at a bookstore and on a variety of subjects. The first book she pulled out was a murder mystery, "Death at Eleven O'clock." The second was a science fiction book with a scantily-clad woman on the cover holding a futuristic ray gun and aiming at a very hostile looking, snake-like alien. It was entitled, "Kill the Invaders". The next few books were adventures, including a couple best sellers she had heard the name of but never read. There followed a romance with a cover showing a muscle-bound male stripped to the waist and a gorgeous redhead standing behind him with her arms wrapped over his shoulder. She was obviously hot for his bod.

Robyn pulled out the last book and almost laughed out loud. It was "Lock Picking for Dummies". Apparently, despite his gruff appearance, he had a sense of humor.

She returned all the books to the bag and set it on the floor next to the bed. She knew she would begin reading them, driven to such an unnatural act by sheer boredom, but she could wait a bit. No use giving him the pleasure of seeing her diving into his present.

Twice during that afternoon, Robyn caught her captor looking in on her. He said nothing, just stood there with an unreadable expression on his face. Was he raping her in his mind? Imagining her naked body under that blanket? Making plans for later?

She turned her head away and stared at the wall until she sensed he was gone.

Dinner was in the kitchen, and again she was wearing a pair of handcuffs on her ankles, which made walking difficult and running impossible. The dinner was steak and baked potatoes with freshly cooked broccoli. Dessert was plain vanilla ice cream but it tasted pretty good to her.

After he cleared away the dishes, he sat back down to face her. Reaching over, he picked up a small bag from the counter and set it on the table.

"This is something you will like," he told her with an emotionless expression. "And you can have it. If..." He paused as she frowned, then

continued, “you come over her and give me a kiss. A peck on the cheek will do. It doesn’t have to be the passionate, tongue teasing kiss I know you’re capable of. Just a small kiss.”

Robyn was taken aback by his words. Kiss him? No way!

And what could be in the bag? It was not very large. Something she would want?

“What’s in the bag?” she asked, and then realized that the question implied she was considering kissing him – if the gift were nice enough.

“You know how to find out,” was all he would say.

She searched his face for any hint of amusement. Was he playing with her? Teasing her? Maybe he was as bored as she was and just trying to have a little diversion.

She debated within herself. She wanted to see what was in that bag. But the idea of kissing him, even a little peck on the cheek, upset her. On the other hand, what harm could a little peck do? Plenty, she told herself. It was just the first step in a planned seduction. After this, it would be a kiss on the lips. And then...

It did occur to her that it was a little strange that he would use this technique to seduce her. Hell, all he had to do was lock her hands behind her again and do as he wished to her helpless body. Or he could do some of that “punishing” he mentioned to force her to comply with his lust. She was sure that enough pain and any woman, herself included, would give in and gladly spread her legs.

“No thank you,” she told him firmly. “I’d sooner kiss a snake.”

Was that the tiniest hint of a smile at the corners of his lips? Maybe not.

“As you wish.” He picked up the bag and put it back on the counter. “It’s here. Anytime you want it, you know what you have to do to get it.”

“When hell freezes over,” she retorted.

Without being told to, she rose to her feet, ignoring the fact that she was exposing her nudity to him again, and shuffled off back for her bedroom/prison. He followed and locked her ankle in the chain again. Pulling the blanket up over her, she turned her back to him.

* * * * *

Many miles away, a grieving husband was explaining to the police that his wife had disappeared and he suspected foul play.

Walter Allen thought he was doing a pretty good job of appearing to be the stricken and desperate husband holding up bravely under this great distress. He told the police of returning to his home from a business trip and finding his wife missing. There were signs that a back door had been broken into. That he had done that himself because “Slash” had left no sign, he did not mention. He told them that nothing was missing of his wife’s clothing, or of her jewelry, and her car was still parked in the garage.

Apparently they believed his story. They took notes, had a crime scene team in to check for fingerprints and such, and told him to let them know the instant any ransom demand was received.

Later, Walter considered producing such a demand, but rejected it as too dangerous. Don’t give them enough clues to suspect anything. If they knew it was a kidnapping for ransom, they would stick on the case until it was resolved. And call the FBI in. But if it were an unexplained kidnapping for some other purpose, or not a kidnapping, but a wife who just ran away, it would go on the back burner and eventually become a “cold case”, forgotten and ignored.

So he stayed the grieving husband until they left, then had himself a celebratory drink of Scotch. The first hurdle was over!

Chapter V

The Mysterious Bag

Robyn did not sleep well that night. Nightmares troubled her sleep, mostly about a large, dark male figure threatening her. But in some of those dreams, that dark figure was less menacing than others. Just before she awoke, that figure picked her up and was carrying her somewhere. She knew that she was naked and could feel those strong arms holding her body.

It was a noise that awoke her. Turning to the doorway, she saw her captor standing there. He had a towel in his hand and was watching her. Realizing that the blanket had slipped down and exposed her breasts, she immediately pulled it back up.

He held up the towel, and said, "I'm going to take a shower. Only one bathroom in this place." And he went into that bathroom.

Wonderful, I'll have a clean captor, she muttered to herself.

Trying to ignore the sound of running water, she tested her chain once again (it was still unbreakable) and covered herself up again. But she could not get the sound of that running water out of her mind. Knowing that only a few feet away, her captor stood there, totally naked, it bothered her, though she could not tell why.

Maybe he likes to be clean before he has sex with a woman, she thought. Considerate of him. But somehow she knew that he would not rape her. Heaven knows, he had plenty of chances before now.

She lifted the blanket and stood by her bed. She could see steam coming from the open door of the bathroom. Her foot took a step forward. When the other one also stepped forward, the sound of the chain suddenly made her aware that she was walking towards the door.

So, what? He had seen her naked for two days now. Why should she not see him?

Of course, she told herself as she took another step, he might just want her to see him – as part of a seduction plan.

That's silly! He had no need to seduce me. If he wanted to have sex with me, all he had to do was take it.

She hesitated at the door to the bathroom. Should she? She had just turned the corner when the sound of water ceased. There was the blue plastic shower curtain being pulled aside.

She stared. She could not help herself.

Robyn had seen a few naked men in her young life, but this one was different. Oh, all the right parts were there, and it was a firm, trim body – not a pumping-iron body – but it was what she had always thought of as a hard body. But it was not the sight of a naked male that caught her eyes and would not let her look away. It was the power that he radiated. He was not a male. He was The Male. Strength and pure animal magnetism poured from him.

He stepped out of the tub, and looked up at her. “Like what you see?” he asked casually, with just the hint of a smile on his face.

She did not – and probably could not – speak. Nor could she turn away.

Nonchalantly, he began to towel down his body, ignoring the naked woman standing a few feet away.

It did not take him long, and then he wrapped the towel around his hips and turned to her. “You can have the shower now,” he told her. It was so much like a typical domestic scene that for a moment Robyn forgot that she was a captive and this was her captor. She stood aside while he left. He made no move to touch her and was gone from sight in a second, leaving a somewhat shaken Robyn standing there.

She shook her head. Now, what the hell was all this? she asked herself. Was he playing with me? Or just having a morning shower? Maybe I should have stayed hidden under my blanket.

The steam was fading away as Robyn stepped into the small room. Had there been a mirror, she would have been surprised to see a naked woman who was blushing. Then she would have told herself it was just the heat. A shower sounded good, so she stepped into the tub, hating the sound that the chain made as it rubbed against the edge of the tub, pulled the shower curtain behind her and turned on the water. It was still hot, no need to wait. And it felt good flowing over her body. She picked up the soap and began, but suddenly stopped and stared at it. This was the same soap that had just been rubbing down his skin. She shook off a funny feeling and continued with her shower.

There was a towel on the rack for her to use when she got out. She was half finished drying off when he appeared in the doorway – fully clothed in slacks, polo shirt and loafers, all in shades of tan.

“Breakfast is ready,” he told her, and lifted his hand to show her the pair of handcuffs.

She said nothing as he knelt to lock them around her ankles. Then the chain was off her and she could walk – after a fashion. She finished drying and shuffled off to the kitchen. She was hungry.

She had to admit that this man was a fairly good cook. The French toast was made from thick bread and lightly flavored with cinnamon. The omelet was very good, filled with chopped ham, some kind of spicy sausage, and onions, mixed in with at least two types of cheese. There was breakfast tea rather than coffee, something that Robyn had never tried before but found she liked.

As she was finished, she noticed that bag sitting on the counter still. What was in it? Something she would like, he had said. But, she still could not bring herself to fulfill the condition to get it.

“Have you heard from your boss about me?” she asked.

“No. But he said it might be a few weeks, or even longer.”

“Oh. Could he be asking for a ransom for me?”

“I don’t know.” He began picking up the dishes and taking them to the sink.

“You won’t tell me what’s in the bag?” she asked, then was surprised that she had asked.

“No,” he told her with his back to her while he rinsed off the dishes. “You know the requirement to find out.”

Was there a hint of amusement in his voice? It was so hard to tell with this man. She made no reply, but drank down the last of her tea.

He waited patiently as she shuffled slowly to the bedroom. When the chain was again locked on her ankle, she reached for the blanket. Not that she was really that cold, it being an already-warm summer morning, but an instinctive move to cover herself.

“Just a second,” he said and left the room. A moment later, he returned with another blanket in his hand. “This one is clean. Give me that one, and I’ll wash it.”

She slowly handed over the green one and accepted a blue one in its place. Instead of unfolding it and wrapping it around her, she set it on the edge of the bed and sat there, looking up at him.

For a few seconds their eyes held. She had to wonder what was going through his mind. When he left, she shook her head again, and wondered what was going through her mind. She was not feeling the hate she should have towards the man who had kidnapped her and kept her chained up like an animal. Maybe it was because he had not really harmed her. In fact, she was surprised to find that he

was actually considerate of her condition, although firm in maintaining her prisoner status. And a much better cook than her husband, or herself, for that matter.

The morning passed slowly, but there were the books to read. She picked up one of the science fiction books and began reading. She was surprised to find that the author managed to catch her attention in the first paragraph and was soon enjoying the adventure as it wound its way around the galaxy and numerous, really strange aliens.

She was, in fact, surprised when he showed up and announced it was lunch time. Meekly, she allowed him to lock her feet in the cuffs and remove the chain. As she slowly made her way to the kitchen, she asked him, "What is a pulsar?"

"Read that in your book, huh? A rapidly rotating collapsed star. It results when a star goes supernova and shrinks down to a ball only a few miles in diameter but with all the mass of a star. Very dense. Also spinning very fast."

They reached the table and he held out the chair for her to sit.

"There are cracks in the surface of the pulsar and energy pours out of them. But because the pulsar is spinning very fast, all you will see are bursts of energy flashing at you when it is pointed your way. Hundreds of times a second. Pulsar is short for pulsating star."

"Where did you learn all that?" she asked in amazement. "Did you go to college?"

"No, I just read a lot." He began setting out the sandwiches. "I like astronomy." He poured ice tea for them both.

Robyn looked over at the paper bag sitting on the counter. What was in it?

"Could I have a paper clip?" she asked between bites.

"Been reading that book on lock picking?" he countered.

"A girl has to try."

They continued in silence for a while.

Finally, she could not help but ask again, "You say that I will like what's in that bag?"

He nodded.

She looked at the bag, then at him, but could read no expression on his face. Damn, this man would make a good poker player, she told herself.

"If I give you a kiss, you have to know that it is only because I want to see what's in there."

Again he nodded.

“It won’t be because I want to kiss you.”

Again that maddening nod.

Standing up, she stretched and stopped immediately when she realized that was putting on a show of her naked body for him. She sighed.

“Hell, you’re going to drive me crazy about that bag,” she told him. Then she shuffled over to where he sat and leaned down to kiss his cheek, very careful not to make it seem she enjoyed it. Quickly she pulled back.

“Thank you,” he said and reached around for the bag, then handing it to her.

Slowly Robyn opened it. Inside was some black cloth. When she pulled it out, there was a bra! Still in the bag was a pair of panties.

“Clothes!” she said. “Well, not much.”

“A woman feels better when dressed in something,” he said casually. “I kept you naked at first because that makes a woman feel more vulnerable. I think that by now you know that you cannot escape, so a little clothing won’t make much difference.”

She looked at the bra. It was lacey, midnight black and cut not to hide her breasts but to lift them and show them off. She put it on. At least it covered her nipples. Diving into the bag, she pulled out the panties and would have put them on but for the fact that her ankles were locked together. Fine. She would put them on later. But then she frowned at them. Standing, she put them up to her hips.

“These are too small,” she said. Like the bra, they were not a modest, functional pair of panties, but a narrow cut, lacy pair designed to show her off, not hide her.

“Yeah, I guess I estimated your size a little on the small side.”

Again she could not tell if he were making fun of her. At least her golden patch would be covered, most of it anyway. She could feel herself blushing, and she wondered why. She was at least a little bit covered now, not fully naked. She turned away and made for the bedroom, wondering about the fact that they were almost identical to the thong panties she had worn on her honeymoon night, and had taken great delight in showing off to her new husband.

She sat on her bed and waited for him to change the handcuffs for the chain. After the handcuffs were off, he allowed her to put the panties on before locking her ankle again. She was correct, they were most definitely too small – probably deliberately so.

“If I promise not to try to escape, will you give me a dress?” she asked.

“No.”

Chapter VI

Setting the Stage

Walter, the wealthy and grieving husband of the missing Robyn Allen, was smiling. All was going as he planned. Originally he had planned to turn the basement of his summerhouse into a game room – and he still planned on doing so. Only now, it would be different kinds of games than originally planned.

The house he owned above Shadow Lake was not a mansion, but it was large enough to be comfortable but, more importantly, large enough to proclaim that the owner was rich. There was a nice view over the lake and no neighbors for a hundred yards in any direction. There was a three-car garage/workroom, so it would be no problem when he brought his wife into that house. He would simply drive in the car and unload her after closing the garage door.

And that is what he planned. When the police have forgotten about the missing person report, he would reclaim his wife from that guy “Slash” and transport her here. He would keep her a slave in the basement prison/dungeon he was busy setting up – maybe for the rest of her life. At the very least for long enough to satisfy his lusts on that wonderful body, and to abuse it.

Walter, you see, was a frustrated closet-sadist. Having been somewhat of an abused child by a mother who took out all her anger with life and hatred of her husband on the child, he had developed a deep-rooted hatred for women. Normally kept well under control, and manifesting itself mostly in brutal fantasies, he had assumed that marrying a beautiful and sexy woman would satisfy him. But when she began to turn cold, the anger lurking inside him began to boil over. He might have taken some of his hostility out on his wife to begin with, but he had seen so many men ruined by vindictive wives that he was afraid of what she could do to him, at least financially.

When the idea to have her kidnapped and then disappear, forever as far as her family and everyone else was concerned, it was a heaven-sent opportunity to turn this haughty woman into the sex slave he had wanted in the first place. Oh, she would become obedient, submissive and eager to please woman he had expected from a wife, of that he had no doubt. And she would suffer as he trained her. All women deserved to suffer, after all.

So, while Slash was keeping the sweet Robyn a prisoner for a while, he was preparing to keep her prisoner for the rest of her life. Or until he tired of her.

The basement was of good size, as befits a large, expensive home. There was plenty of room to build in a small cell in one corner. Walter told the carpenters it was to become safe to hold some valuable items and had to be both solidly built and able to be secured tightly. They did not question the steel barred door that so resembled a jail cell door. Nor did they question a couple other items he had built. Like the two posts he had added on one end. Or the small toilet he had them install next to the lockable storage “room”. He paid them plenty for the rush job and that they turn a blind eye when it came to building permits.

Now that they were finished building, he could come in and add the furnishing. A small bed, but big enough for him to fuck his wife on; a stout wooden table, and a small refrigerator. There would be times when he would have to leave town on business, and he would leave her just enough food to stay alive while he was gone.

He had them install heavy insulation on the walls, to keep the game room warm, he told them. Indeed, he did wish it to be warm down there. No use letting his precious slave/wife get sick, was there? But it was also now totally soundproof. A woman screaming in anguish would attract not the slightest attention from anyone on the outside. Just as he wanted it.

Still smiling as his plans came together, he moved a stepladder under one of the ceiling beams. He then began to screw in large steel hooks. They were large enough and solid enough to easily take the full weight of a person. There were some wonderfully wicked forms of suspension he planned for Robyn. They gave him a hard-on just thinking about the use those hooks would be put to.

The next day he had to attend to business back in the city, but planned to return to install the bolts on the wall and set up the pegs on which he would hang an assortment of ropes, chains and whips in full display.

He was whistling a happy tune as he worked.

Chapter VII

Day Four

In a strange way, Robyn felt more naked with that skimpy bra and panties set than she did when without clothing. Still, she wore them, not because they were a gift from him, but... Well, she was not sure. Just to have something to cover her pubic region and nipples. Which is about all they covered. And not very well, being made of rather sheer material.

But, as was her custom, she took them off when going to sleep. Lacking her usual assortment of nighties, Robyn decided it would be better to sleep in the nude than in the too tight bra and panties.

The next day began as before, with a well-prepared breakfast and a shower. After she had finished with hers and was pretty much dried off, he came in. Robyn was sitting on the bed, just finishing towel drying her long golden hair, a process that took a while without a blow drier. For a minute he stood in the doorway, just looking at her. At first, that had made her uneasy, but now she was used to his looking at her – even though she had no idea what thoughts were running through his mind.

It is strange, she told herself as she was drifting off into sleep the night before, that he has not even copped a feel. Apparently he was an honest man, even if a criminal. The man who was paying him said don't touch the girl, and he was not. From what she had seen of him in the shower, he was well equipped for doing more than touching. The random thought came to her that maybe, just maybe, he was gay. What a waste that would be!

"Stand up," he told her.

What now? She stood slowly, not bothering to try to cover herself with either the towel or blanket.

"Put your hands out in front of you." She did. "Cross the wrists, palms up." Again she obeyed, figuring that she was going to get tied up again, although why she was not sure.

He wrapped rope around her crossed wrists, both ways, then cinched them down tightly and knotted the rope. About four feet were left trailing down to the floor.

Taking her hands in one of his, he lifted them and then pulled them back over her head. When they were behind her, at the level of her neck, he wrapped

that remainder of the rope around her arms and neck, with the effect of holding her arms behind her head. He knotted the rope and stepped back.

What a strange way to tie me, she thought. But it does get my hands out of the way and is not too uncomfortable. If he were to make me lay down on my back, I would be in a very good position for... you know what.

He did not place her on her back. Instead, he guided her over to the head of her bed where there was a steel tube portion of the frame. He backed her up to that until she could feel the metal against the back of her legs. Another length of rope secured her thighs to the tube, solidly. With her hands unable to aid, she would have to stand there – unless she wanted to try to drag the bed with her.

“Why are you tying me this way?” she asked when he seemed to be finished.

“You enjoyed seeing me naked yesterday,” he told her. “So today I’m making sure that you won’t have that pleasure.”

With that, he walked off to the bathroom for his shower.

Arrogant bastard, she thought, but held her tongue. As if I was driven to fits of ecstasy by the mere sight of his body! She snorted. All males think that they’re God’s give to womankind.

She tested the ropes on her arms and found them adequate to the task of keeping her a prisoner. Then she tried to wiggle off the ropes around her thighs, but they were too solidly lashed to the rail.

For a while, she did nothing, until the sound of running water came to her. So he doesn’t want me to see him? Well, I’ll show him!

It was not easy, but she managed to walk with tiny steps and dragging the bed behind her, to the door. It took a bit of maneuvering, but she finally was able to step through the door, the bed just fitting behind her but then wedging in and preventing her from moving any farther.

But this was good enough. By leaning forward, she could see the shower curtain and the steam lifting into the air. His shape was visible behind the semi-transparent plastic curtain.

When he pulled the curtain aside, she was gazing directly at his dripping body.

“Oh, wow! A naked man!” she exclaimed loudly. “And that... that thing down there! It’s magnificent!”

For the first time, she saw him smile. Almost made him handsome, she thought. He should smile more.

“Sarcasm will get you nowhere.” He began toweling himself off, making no attempt hide his body from her sight. “In fact, it will earn you punishment,” he continued. “Now, if I thought your comments were sincere admiration...” He let the sentence trail off.

Have I gotten myself into trouble? she wondered. With a little bit of a shock, she realized that she had really, really wanted to see his body again. Hell, I have not had sex in so long, she thought. Damned husband of mine just does not know how to excite a girl. Then she wondered what the punishment would be and if it would prove worth it just to see him again. Depends on how bad the punishment is, she concluded, and waited to see what would happen next.

What happened next was a bit of a surprise to her. Instead of putting on clothing, he walked right up to her. She was suddenly aware of this very male body only inches away from her nudity, and she began breathing more heavily. But instead of taking her into his arms, he knelt to untie the rope holding her thighs together and to the rail.

With her legs free, he pushed the bed backwards, bypassing her and pushing it all the way back in its place against the wall. Then he sat down on her bed, grabbed the chain still connected to her ankle, and pulled.

Afraid she might fall if he jerked her foot out from under her, Robyn followed the chain and was quickly standing before him. She was very much aware of her hands being totally useless behind her head and the nearness of their naked bodies. If he would just reach out and touch her...

He did. But not the way she expected. Taking her hips with both hands, he turned her and forced her down to her knees. Then, before she realized what was happening, she was bent over his knee. With one hand holding her bound wrists and forcing her head down, the other hand lifted then came down swiftly and hard on the bare bottom so wonderfully placed for just that act.

Robyn squealed at the sudden pain and sting. He had a large, strong hand and could deliver very stinging blows, as she quickly found out. Spacing them only a couple seconds apart, he covered all her ass with blows, turning the flesh there red and evoking cries of pain from her. It was not major pain, to be sure, but it did sting quite a bit and by the time three-dozen slaps had landed, she was wiggling and seriously trying to squirm out of his grip.

The spanking ended when he decided it would, her struggles having nothing to do with it.

He stood, the act dumping her body on the floor, where she lay crying real tears and looking very surprised.

“Don’t be so sarcastic,” he admonished. Then he was gone.

What a bastard, she thought. But as she crawled up to her bed, feeling the heat on her bare ass, she was remembering the feeling of his muscular legs against her body, especially how she had been positioned so that her breasts were pushed against his thigh. The memory of that lingered much longer than the burning on her bottom.

Chapter VIII

Another Gift

It was not until nearly noon that he came back in. Robyn was lying on her back, arms still bound behind her head, and nothing covering her nudity. Which was not because of a lack of trying, it was simply that with her hands tied behind her head she could not cover herself with the blanket.

He stood there, looking at her, emotionless but with those dark, piercing eyes.

“You get to see me naked, but I can’t look at you?” she asked, then immediately regretted having said it. It was just that after four hours of having her hands tied behind her head she was a little ticked off at him.

“Yeah, you got that right,” he told her. He came in and sat down on the bottom of her bed. She moved her feet over to make room.

“What would have happened to me if I tried to kick you in the balls?” she asked.

“A lot worse than a spanking,” was his simple reply.

“Would you whip me?”

“Maybe. But a real whipping would leave marks that would take a long time to heal. And I was told to keep you in prime condition.”

“So what would you do to me?”

He paused for a bit, then, “There are many ways to make you feel punished without leaving marks or scars. Can you imagine being in a very tight hogtie all night?”

Having been hogtied for a while when he first kidnapped her, she could. And it was not a pleasant prospect.

“Or maybe I could shove your cunt full of ice cubes and then tie your legs together.”

Robyn frowned.

“Or maybe, instead of ice cubes, I use hot sauce? And smear it all over your clitoris and all that lovely, very sensitive skin down there.”

“My what?”

“Your clitoris. Clit. That thing right above your cunt that feels so good when you masturbate.”

Robyn blushed. She had never heard it called by its proper name.

“If you’ll sit up, I’ll untie your hands,” he told her.

Robyn did as she was told, twisting on the edge of the bed so that her arms were facing him. As he began to work at the knots, she was wondering why she had asked him about punishments. None of what he had described sounded terribly horrible, but she would not want to try them, especially that being hogtied all night.

With the ropes removed, she brought her arms back over her head, slowly because the muscles were a little stiff. She almost said, “Thank you,” but caught herself in time.

He stood and was about to leave when she interrupted him. “Will you please tell me your name. Just your first name will do. I should have something to call you. You know my name.”

Without turning around, he told her, “Slash. You can call me Slash.” Then he walked out.

Slash? What kind of name is that? Couldn’t be his real first name. Must be a nickname or something. Not a very pleasant sounding nickname, sort of like calling someone “killer”.

Reaching down, she pulled her panties back up the chain and part way up her left leg. The night before, she had gone to pull them off and found that they were caught by the chain around her ankle. So they stayed on the chain while she slept. Now she put the other foot in and pulled them up, wiggling to get the tight panties around her hips. The bra followed. When he came back to announce that lunch was ready, she was dressed – at least as much as she could. She shuffled to the kitchen.

As the meal was winding down, she saw another bag on the counter, a larger one this time. “What’s that?” she asked. “The dress I asked for?”

“Oh, it is for you,” he told her. “But not something you’ll like.”

“Then don’t give it to me.”

“It’s something for me. It will make my looking at you more enjoyable.”

Robyn frowned. What the hell was he talking about?

He reached over and placed the bag on the table before taking away the dishes. Robyn did not feel like looking into it.

Returning to the table, he sat down and poked the bag. "Go ahead, open it."

Gingerly, Robyn spread the top of the paper bag open, reached inside and pulled out a shoe.

"A shoe?" she asked.

"Two shoes actually."

"But this is a high heel. A ridiculously high, high heel."

She was correct. The stiletto heel of that black patented leather shoes was at least five inches tall. Any woman wearing it would have to stand on her toes. There were also thin straps that went up and would encircle the ankles of the wearer.

"I don't think so," she said as she put the shoe down. "I'll just go barefoot, thank you."

"You'll put that on," he said calmly but firmly. "And wear it because it will make your legs look better."

She was about to argue with him, but remembered that high heels do make a woman's legs look better. They force the muscles into better definition. She had wore a pair like those, but with much lower heels, a few times and found them not all that comfortable but they did make her legs look very nice.

She rose from the chair and began her slow shuffle back to her bedroom. She could hear him following behind her but did not turn around to see if he was holding those ridiculous shoes.

He was, and as soon as she sat on the bed, he was standing there, holding them out to her. "Put them on."

"Please, I don't want to."

"Put them on." He did not raise his voice but she could detect an implied threat in his tone.

"Look, don't you make me suffer enough? You keep me chained all day and more."

He lifted one eyebrow in a silent command. Robyn sighed and reached for the shoes. He unlocked her ankles and stepped back. However, when she put her foot into shoe and felt how terribly it forced her to arch her foot, she took it off again. "I can't wear those. They'll hurt too much."

Without warning, he stood her up, turned her around and pushed her back down on the bed, face down. Suddenly, his weight was holding her legs down and she felt her hands being pulled together behind her. As he wrapped the rope

around her wrists, she was thinking that she had not seen any rope in his hands, so he must have pulled it from a pocket. And that meant that he had probably planned this whole scene, knowing that she would refuse.

The rope went on tightly, binding her hands with the palms facing each other. Then he was dragging her off the bed and onto her feet again. This time he began binding her elbows together. Fortunately for Robyn, she was slender and flexible; her elbows easily came together behind her. In a minute her arms were tightly bound. Unhooking the strap in back and the two straps going over her shoulders, he removed the bra.

His strong hands again turned her around and pushed her down to the bed, again on her face. He pulled the panties down and off, and then he was crossing her ankles and binding them. The final touch was a rope from her ankles up to her wrists which, when pulled, brought her feet up behind her in a variation of hogtie. He pulled on that rope until her ankles were pushed in between her palms. A couple more tied between her ankles and wrists, then the end was tied off up on her elbow bondage.

Oh, shit! she thought. It's a hogtie, and a tight one. He won't leave me here, tied like this. It hurts now and I just know it will become much worse. Maybe I should tell him just how much it hurts.

"I know this hurts," she heard his voice say before she could open her mouth, "but just wait a minute and it will hurt worse."

He picked her up and flipped her over so she was lying on her bound arms and legs. He pulled her up until the back of her neck was resting against the head rail. It only took a minute for him to lash her neck to that metal rail, tight enough to keep her from moving but not tight enough to cut off the air.

"Please don't leave me like this," she pleaded. "It is hurting already."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of leaving you like this," he told her in a tone of voice that she did not like. Reaching into his pocket he brought out a couple small wooden objects. "These are old fashioned wooden clothespins. See how they open and close. And that nice little spring that keeps them closed tightly? Guess where I'm going to put these."

Robyn swallowed hard and was incredibly aware of how helpless she was. She looked down her body and could see her nipples standing up, rigid as they ever had been, but not from sexual stimulus. They were rigid from the fear that those clothespins were going to go on them. Of course, they were correct. Being on her bound arms also made her breasts stand out, as if she were thrusting them forward.

When he closed the first one on her left nipple, she cried out. “Hey, that hurts! Get it off!”

Ignoring her protests, he attached the second one to the other nipple.

“Oh, damn! Those hurt!” She was trying to shake her chest, perhaps hoping that they could be dislodged. They held on. “Damn! It burns!” she uttered, describing the pain as best she could. It was a burning type pain that was shooting into her breasts. Most unpleasant.

She was straining her body, trying to pull her arms out from under her. Of course, all her efforts were to no avail. She remained helpless and unable to remove those horrid wooden clips by herself.

“Please take them off!” She was crying now, tears creeping sideways off her face. “They hurt!”

Blinking back the tears, she looked up to where Slash was standing. “Okay, you win, I’ll put the shoes on,” she announced, hurriedly. “I’ll put them on!”

“Later,” he told her. “Enjoy this for a while.”

With a sinking heart, she saw him walking out of the room. “Oh, no! Come back! You bastard!” she called out.

The pain slowly subsided to an aching burning sensation, but never left. Not even after ten minutes, then twenty, did the pain leave. Robyn continued crying until the tears dried up. Occasionally she called out, begging him to come back and remove those terrible things.

It was exactly thirty minutes later when Slash returned. Of course, Robyn had no clock to measure the time by, only the continuing pain and horrible helpless feeling.

When she saw him enter, she uttered a weak plea, “Please...”

He took off the first clip and Robyn almost screamed. The sudden reawakening of the nerves was a pain of its own, stronger than even when the clothespin had first been put on. She cried out again when the second one was taken off.

Expecting to be untied now, she was disappointed to see his back as he walked out of the room.

How the hell long will he leave me? she asked herself. My hands feel a little numb and my back aches. I hope it isn’t long or this will become painful.

He came back after two hours. Robyn shed tears of joy when he began removing the ropes.

Chapter IX

Finishing Touches

Most of the modifications to the basement had been finished, only a little bit of stocking with ropes, chains, etc. and the dungeon (as he liked to think of it) would be ready to received its star prisoner. Oh, and the whips! Mustn't forget the whips.

Walter took one last look around, noted with satisfaction the overall sinister appearance of the large room, and smiled. The walls had been painted black, and he added a couple red colored accent lights to cast a sinister gloom over the place. Robyn would fit very nicely in here. Most of the time she would simply be locked in her cell or something that allowed her a little movement and able to deal with the necessities of living. When he was able to spend time with her, however, she would be tightly bound, chained and/or secured in painful and highly restrictive positions for his viewing and tormenting. He doubted that he would really have to torture her much, but he would cause her enough pain to keep her docile and obedient. And maybe a little bit more...

On those occasions when he was forced to travel for business purposes, he would make sure that she had enough food and drink to survive and was well-locked in and unable to escape. A few days of being locked in here, with no company, would make her very glad to see him. She would probably weep tears of joy when she heard the door to her prison being unbolted.

Because he would be leaving her for days at a time, he had made sure that the small windows that had been in that room were totally blocked. And the walls were all soundproofed with that added insulation. To assure an adequate supply of fresh air, he had the contractors install a set of air ducts that led up from the basement to the roof. There was a fan to keep fresh air moving, and baffles to prevent sound from exiting. A separate thermostat controlled the heating for the basement so he could keep the dungeon at any temperature he wanted.

It has been an enjoyable task to consider all the possibilities and methods for keeping her a prisoner. It was not a finished task, though. He had plans for additions to be added later. Like a tiny steel barred cage that was barely large enough her to fit in, even folded up. It would lock, of course, and be a most unpleasant way for her to spend a few hours at a time. Maybe he would put that cage at the foot of his bed and lock her in it after he had finished using her body. Then she could sleep at the foot of his bed in discomfort for the whole night. Wonderful!

He had seen a photo one time of a woman who had her nipples pierced and gold rings placed in them. It had been highly erotic and gave Walter ideas. He would have to research how to do that, but the idea of Robyn having small rings in her nipples made his prick harden. He began to wonder what else on her body he could pierce and put rings in. Her nose? Now that would make her feel like the slave he wanted to turn her into. Hugging himself, he shivered with delight at that thought.

Maybe, he thought, he would tie her hands behind her and then lock her nose ring to the nipple rings. That would force her to hold her head down and would pull those lovely nipples upward – probably painfully. There was so much he could do to her once he had her installed in the dungeon!

Maybe he would lock her nose ring to a ringbolt set in the floor. She would be unable to move her face from that spot on the floor. What a wonderful bit of bondage that would be!

Daydreaming while standing in Robyn's future dungeon was nice, but he had to get back to the city. That damned business was always intruding on his plans. Maybe someday he would sell it and retire to a lifetime filled with the pleasure of punishing Robyn and abusing her sexually. The bitch deserved it. Walter deserved it, as well. After all, he had put up with so much frustration over the last year.

As he locked the two large padlocks on the dungeon door, he was wondering how much longer he should wait until telling Slash to deliver Robyn. He sighed. It had only been a week; he would have to wait much longer. Had to make sure that most people had forgotten about her. But then his dreams would come true.

Chapter X

Entrapment

It was dinnertime when Slash came back into Robyn's room. She was reading a book when he appeared, but immediately put it down and stared at the floor, avoiding his gaze. She was mad at him for that little bit of punishment he had inflicted upon her. And just because she refused to put on a pair of shoes.

"Are you ready to put these shoes on?" he asked as he placed them on the bed next to her barely clothed body.

"Do I have to? They are too small. They'll hurt my feet," she whined.

He noted that she had not refused, only pleaded.

"Yes, you have to," he informed. "When you come out to dinner, you will be wearing them. Or you won't have any dinner."

"Oh, you'll send me to bed without my supper? Like a little girl?"

He ignored her sarcasm – this time.

"If they are not on your feet when I come back, you'll also be punished before going to bed without your supper."

Fear flashed across her face as she remembered how unpleasant those wooden clothespins were on her nipples.

He left before she could reply to that last threat. Robyn picked up one of the shoes and stared at it. This was ridiculous. She had been a prisoner for five days now – no, it was six, she corrected herself. And now this! She had to fight down the urge to jerk violently on her ankle chain.

A few minutes later she was carefully fitting the shoe on her foot. As she buckled the ankle strap right next to the chain, she noticed that the buckle had a small circle at the end of the tongue. It seemed a funny type of decoration to her. She put on the other shoes and buckled the strap. They were tight, and she wondered if he had done that deliberately or simply miscalculated her shoe size. But then, the bra and panties were also rather tight on her. He was just playing male fantasy games with her body. Dress her up to look like a slut. Next he would tell her to put on nylons and a garter belt.

She tried standing and found the heels to be impossibly high. Her foot was arched so much, she felt as if she were wearing toe-shoes and standing on point,

like a ballet dancer. She tried a small step and found her feet wobbled. How did women walk in these things? she wondered.

“Glad to see that you’re being smart now.” His voice surprised her from the doorway. He knelt to unlock her ankle then stood back. Completely free of shackles, the idea of kicking him flashed through her mind but was rejected. She was not sure she could keep her balance on one foot while trying to connect with the other. Still, it was one of the very rare times that he allowed her to be totally free.

“Come on in the kitchen,” he told her, and then turned to leave. As she watched his back go through the doorway, she wondered if she could make a dash for freedom. After taking three steps, she was forced to abandon the idea. She could hardly walk in those heels; running would be impossible. And if she took the time to take them off, he would be back. So she set off, carefully walking towards the kitchen.

There was the smell of frying pork chops and homemade mash potatoes to greet her at the table. As usual, the meal was well cooked and delicious. At least the prisoner was eating well, she thought, hoping it would not turn into the condemned ate a hearty last meal.

Near the end, she looked up to see if there was another paper bag on the counter. There was not. In a way, she was disappointed, mostly that no more clothing was coming her way, even if rather degrading clothing.

Slash seemed even quieter than normal during the dinner. Robyn wondered if he had something on his mind. It was so hard to judge what he was thinking. At least with her husband she knew from his expression when he wanted that terribly vanilla, boring activity that passed for sex with him. She found herself thinking that such activity with this man would be very different. She just knew it inside, somehow. Then she shook that thought away.

He watched as she carefully walked back to the bedroom. She could feel his eyes on her behind and was aware of how different those shoes made her legs look. She tried not to let her hips sway with each step, but it was hard.

In her room, Robyn was in for a surprise. “Sit down,” he ordered. She did, wondering what was going to happen then. “Lift one leg up.” She did. He took her foot in his hand and used the other hand to attach a small lock through that ring on the buckle. As he put her foot down and was asking for the other, she realized that with that lock on the buckle she could not take the shoe off herself. Not unless she could rip the strap off by brute strength.

With the second shoe locked on, he reattached the chain around her left ankle and stood back.

“I know your feet will begin to hurt,” he told her. “Being forced to hold that arched position is not natural. They will hurt.”

She silently agreed with him. They were already feeling uncomfortable from just a few minutes of wearing.

“Do not try to take them off,” he continued. “Or you will be punished.”

“Isn’t wearing these a punishment?” she retorted.

He smiled a little. “Sure, but there are much worse punishments.”

“You’re a bastard!” she told him, and then hated herself for giving in to her anger. Would that earn her more punishment?

“How did you know my parents were never married?” he asked with a grin. “You’ll have to do better than that if you want to get me mad.”

Robyn opened her mouth and immediately shut it before anything could escape and condemn her. Instead, she said, “How long will I have to wear these?”

“All night.”

“All night! You’re terrible. That will hurt!”

“Probably. You can tell me how much in the morning.”

“Please... Don’t do this to me.”

“Would you like to be tied and gagged all night?” he asked sweetly. “In addition?”

Robyn pouted, and managed not to say what she was thinking.

“Keep quiet tonight,” he continued. “I don’t want my sleep disturbed.”

“Of course,” she said, unable to keep the sarcasm out of her voice.

Again he ignored her tone.

After he left, Robyn stretched out on the bed and covered herself with the blanket. Under it, she unhooked and removed her bra, then the panties. It might have been a very minor point, but she did not want him seeing her undress, such as it was.

She read for a while, and then put the book down when she realized that the words were not registering. She was thinking too much about her situation. Having to wear those shoes all night was a punishment, even if she had not done anything to deserve it, nor had he called it punishment. She only hoped that it really would not be too bad.

Her mind was taking another direction as she lay there. Although Robyn had never been the kind of woman who used her charms to entrap a man, she was

aware of the power her good looks and fine figure had on men. She was also aware that once a man has had sex with a woman, she has her hooks in him, so to speak. In some cases, it makes her the undisputed boss in the relationship. Granting or denying that pleasure to a man gives a woman a hold over him.

Could that help her in this situation? After almost a week of captivity, she had lost much of her fear of this man. Not all, but enough so that the very idea of his touching her no longer scared her. Maybe if she were to allow him to...

That was how she had gotten Walter to marry her. She gave him a taste of the pleasure that could be had when in bed with her, and quickly enough he was begging her to marry him. Of course, she played hard to get for a while. That makes a man all the more anxious to possess you, as most women well know.

In this case, the idea of having sex with Slash no longer upset her. In fact...

How to go about this? she asked herself. Just telling him that he could screw her would not be much. He already could do just that easily enough. She had to come up with something that would make him want to bed her down. Something that she had control over. It was then that she remembered what all the men she had known really liked.

How to approach Slash without making him think she was planning something? How to get him sexually involved without alerting him to the real reason she was doing it?

She fell asleep thinking about that.

In the morning, she found that during the night her subconscious had been working on the problem. She knew what to do. Towards morning her feet had been aching so much that it made sleep difficult, and she was awake when Slash passed into the bathroom for his shower. Gasping with pain as she put her foot on the floor, she walked carefully and as quietly as possible to the door. There was the sound of falling water and steam coming out. She knelt down and crawled in by shuffling on her knees until she was almost touching the edge of the tube with her knees. Then she settled back on her heels and waited. Except for the shoes, she was naked and deliberately so.

The water stopped pouring, and a moment later the shower curtain was pulled aside. As he reached to the towel, he saw Robyn kneeling there. Without a word, she leaned forward and put her hands on his hips. She pulled him towards her until she could place his limp penis into her mouth. It quickly hardened upon touching the soft, warm inside of her mouth. She began running her tongue around it, teasing it, caressing it, and gently sucking.

Slash said nothing, but he did not push her away.

Soon his rod was stiff and filled her mouth. Aroused, it was as long and large around as she had imagined it would be. She dug her fingernails into his ass as she slid her mouth along the shaft, pushing her head far enough to feel the blunt end pressing against her throat. Then she was swallowing it so that it slid in farther.

It was a trick she had learned from a girlfriend who was very, very popular with the boys. You not only slide your mouth along it, you swallow so that it goes even farther. It was called “deep throat”. It took some practice to do it without triggering the gag reflex, but she had learned how because it drove the boys crazy. She also learned that swallowing their cum was better than having it shot all over her face.

She felt his hand on the back of her head, but he was not using it to push himself deeper into her. Damn, she thought, he’s big! Bigger than any man I have ever had in my mouth. In the back of her mind there was a little nagging fear that if he were to shove with his hands and held himself buried deeply into her, she would gag on it and not be able to breathe.

But he did not, seemingly content to let her work his prick at her own pace. After five minutes or so, it had the effect she had desired: he shot his load into her mouth and she eagerly gulped it all.

As it began to shrink, she sat back on her heels again and placed her hands in her lap. Her head was bowed in what she hoped would project a very submissive impression.

He stepped out and bypassed her kneeling body. She could hear him toweling himself down behind her, but did not turn around.

A couple minutes later, she heard him leave the bathroom. He had not said a word, not even a “thank you”. She was disappointed. She had been prepared to explain that she was simply so horny that she had to do something sexual or explode. That would leave the door open for him to move their relationship into a more intimate status. But he had failed to even ask her why she did it. It was a frustrated girl who awkwardly stood up and walked back to her bed. It was only after a while that she realized it was not just frustration with her plan not working as she had hope. No, it was sexual frustration! By performing that ancient act of worship of the male phallus, she had stirred up feelings inside her.

Robyn had to fight the urge to touch herself. If he came in and found her masturbating, she would die of shame.

Chapter XI

An Attempted Seduction

When he came to unlock her chain so she could attend the breaking of the fast, he also unlocked the ankle straps on her stiletto heels. She moaned as her feet left the enforced arch for a more normal position.

“It was cruel,” she told him in hurt little girl voice, “leaving those on all night. My feet ache something terrible.”

“Complain and I might make you wear them for a full day.”

She looked into his eyes to see if she could detect any humor. Maybe that was just a joke. It would be terrible to have her feet forced into an arch for a full twenty-four hours. She could see no sign of a smile, so she had to assume that he was serious. She clamped her mouth shut and meekly followed him into the kitchen. After he locked her ankles into handcuffs, of course.

Once again she glanced over to the counter to see if another bag rested there. There was nothing. She sighed, and consigned herself to wearing only bra and panties for another day.

“Any word from your boss?” she asked between bites of poached egg.

“No. But he said it might be a few weeks,” was his reply.

Robyn sighed. This was her life now? Chained and nearly naked, with only some paperbacks to relieve the boredom. And after this mysterious “boss” told him to turn her over, what then?

“Are you sure you don’t know what your boss wants to do with me?”

“No.”

“Look, if I could talk to my husband, I’m sure he will pay you to return me. He’s wealthy. You’ll get more money.”

Slash said nothing.

She finished the breakfast, took the last sip of tea and then pounded her fist on the table. It wasn’t a hard pound, but enough to rattle the teacups and make the point that she was mad.

“You didn’t even thank me!” she said through clenched teeth, surprising herself as much as him by her accusation.

One eyebrow lifted the slightest bit. “Thank you,” he said.

She waited, still angry that her effort to affect this man had failed.

He rose from the table and picked up the breakfast dishes. When they were all in the sink, he turned back to her and added, “You are very good.”

“Well...” Should she thank him for the compliment or not?

He waited for her to stand up and begin the slow shuffle back to her prison room.

Nothing more was said until lunch. She thought she heard the garage door open and figured he had left the house. As usual, she tugged at the chain and checked the bathroom to see if he had left anything that she might use to escape. Of course, the chain was still secure and there was nothing in the bathroom. She settled back on her bed and picked up the book she was reading. Normally, Robyn did not read murder mysteries, but she had finished the more interesting books. It surprised her to find that she actually enjoyed reading a book – if it was well written.

About the time that the police were investigating the third victim shot in the back of the head, she heard the garage door. Slash was back.

At lunch, she glanced up to the counter and was surprised to see a paper bag sitting there. She held back her curiosity until the meal was finished, but no further.

“What’s in the bag?” she asked.

“Something you’ll probably like,” was all he said.

“And what do I have to do to get it? Another kiss?”

“No.”

“Well then, what?”

He leaned back in his chair. Was that the beginning of a smile on his face?

“You’ve proven to me that you can do something much better than kiss with those lips.”

Oh, crap! she thought. He wants a blowjob.

Yet, she had to chide herself, what was so bad about that? She had given him one without a bribe, after all. And just maybe, after a few of them, he would begin to feel differently towards her. That had been her plan when she knelt at his feet in the bathroom, after all.

She glanced at the bag, pretending to think about it. Then she slipped out of the chair and knelt before him. He turned his chair around to face her and slid down a little. The zipper of his pants came down and a fairly rigid rod sprang

forth, eager for the soft caress of her mouth. Shuffling forward, she took the rod in her hands, and then she was licking it with her tongue, teasing it and feeling it grow harder.

The thought occurred to her that, if she reached down a little farther, she would have him by the balls, as the expression goes. But what good would that do? She could maybe hurt him, but her feet were handcuffed together and there was no way she could run. And, for that matter, she could hurt him enough without grabbing his testicles. His precious male erection was in her mouth – a mouth filled with nice hard, sharp teeth. A good chomp and he would be lacking a cherished and essential part of his anatomy.

But she could not do that. He had not really harmed her and his punishments were in response to her infractions of his rules, however unfair they might be. As she slid her mouth along the fully rigid shaft, she found herself appalled by the idea of damaging it. In fact, although hesitant to admit it, she was enjoying this act. There was something about Slash that was different from the other males she had known. Doing this oral act on him was so much more than it had been with the boys in high school where she was doing it as an alternative to letting them screw her. With this man, it was something more intense, something more sexual.

She ceased trying to put the feeling into words and just let herself enjoy the act.

The climax of the act came after a few minutes, during which she had the impression that he was holding back as strongly as he could. Undoubted this was to make the pleasure last as long as possible. She had to wonder if he would do the same during intercourse, stretch it out as long as he could to give pleasure to both of them.

After swallowing and cleaning his diminishing shaft, she realized that this was the second time in only a few hours that he had “shot his load”. Pretty good, she thought, at least compared to some of the men she had known who lost all interest in her once their pleasure had been sated. Most of them were not at all interested in sex until the next day, if not the next week.

She sat back on her heels and watched as he zipped up his pants. He leaned forward and took her head gently in both hands, leaned a little farther forward and kissed her forehead – gently, almost lovingly. Then he reached behind him and handed her the bag.

Trying to hold back any signs of eagerness, she opened the bag and pulled out something made of cloth and black. As she held it up, she was surprised to see

that it was a nightie, one of those very sheer, very short nighties called “baby dolls.”

It was with mixed feelings that she stood up and put it on. The material was so sheer as to be almost transparent. There was a small false fur trim on the hem and along the opening in front. A thin cord around the waist allowed her to tie it closed.

As she stood there, very much aware of his eyes on her, she felt very strange. It was clothing, sure, but something more revealing than covering. Standing there, she could not help but feel very sexy. The touch of the fabric against her skin was very sensual. She could feel her nipples becoming rigid and a certain heat beginning between her legs.

How strange, she wondered, that this man could give me clothing that made me feel more naked than without it.

“Thank you,” she heard herself saying. “It is beautiful.”

“It does look good on you,” he replied.

Then he was standing in front of her. For long moments he only stood there, a couple inches all that separated them. Slowly his hands rose and touched her on the shoulders. Then his lips were on hers.

It was no brotherly kiss of affection; it was soft and unhurried but still very stimulating to her. She felt herself responding, her lips pressing hard against his, then her tongue darting out to touch his lips. Her arms went around him and she was pressing her body against his. It was as hard as she had thought, very male and very strong.

For long seconds she held him and, just as the kiss was becoming more passionate, he pushed her away.

“It won’t work,” he told her. Then, in reaction to the puzzled, hurt look on her face, he added, “You expect that sex will make me feel differently towards you, maybe enough to set you free. Well, it won’t work.”

He roughly turned her around and swatted her on her bottom, hard enough to make her yelp.

“Get back to your cell.”

With a turmoil of emotions churning in her mind, she shuffled back to her room. She felt rejected, as, indeed, she had been. She felt surprise that she had reacted so to the man who had kidnapped her and caused her pain. Yet, she also felt a tingling in her body, lingering on from the touch of his lips and hands.

As she sat on her bed and awaited his coming to chain her ankle, her emotions turned to a mix of disappointment and a sexual frustration that she could not deny. Damned bastard! Get a girl all turned on and then push her away.

Chapter XII

A Patient Man

Walter pushed back his thickly padded, extremely comfortable chair and turned to look at the view out over the city towards the distant mountains. It was perhaps the third time just that morning he had done so, and each time his thoughts turning to the retreat and its basement dungeon, all prepared and awaiting the arrival of a prisoner.

The last two weeks had been tough on him. He had made several trips to the mountains to supervise the installation of his “special equipment,” and had contacted the police lieutenant in charge of the investigation of Robyn’s disappearance. It was intentional that he was making more than a little nuisance of himself in this matter. He wanted to present the appearance of a very worried husband, not a man who was behind his wife’s kidnapping.

The Lieutenant was professionally courteous but no more. Walter smiled the last time he hung up after a call. That detective would be glad when he stopped calling. Probably glad to push the case into the background and get on with more important business than a wife who ran away. With no ransom demands and no body showing up, it was the official opinion that it was a case of runaway.

Walter decided he would make two more calls and then stop. But he would still wait another week before arranging for his wife to be delivered. No use rushing things, he thought. Best be careful and make sure that no one was still looking for her. More importantly, that the police were no longer looking at him. It had been his understanding that a husband is always the prime suspect in the disappearance of a wife. But eventually they would turn to other activities and forget about him.

And then...

He sighed and a smile came to his face. And then the fun would begin.

Chapter XIII

It Just Isn't Fair

“What is this?” Robyn asked when Slash returned to the table with dessert. It was a small cake, frosted with chocolate and bearing a single candle burning in the center.

“It’s your anniversary,” Slash told her. “You’ve been my guest for two complete weeks tonight.”

“Then shouldn’t there be two candles?”

“Oh... Yes, you’re right. I’ll get another one.”

“Don’t bother,” she said. “Do I get to make a wish and blow it out?”

“Of course.”

Robyn said nothing for a second, apparently silently making her wish. Then she blew the candle out.

“You’re good at blowing,” he commented, dryly.

“Is that a pun?”

“Of course. How big a slice do you want?”

“Not too large. I have to watch my girlish figure.”

“I’ll help you watch it.”

The casual bantering between them was the mark of a more relaxed relationship, by no means friendly, but not the adversarial dealings that had been present at the start.

During those two weeks, Robyn had remained a prisoner, constantly chained or handcuffed, and occasionally tied with ropes. She had been punished five times, mostly for minor misdemeanors, but punishments nevertheless. She had spent time in tight rope bondage as the main punishment, and had to wear those stiletto heels that made her feet ache. But, except for the spanking and the clothespins on her nipples, he had not inflicted serious pain. Also, during those two weeks, she had voluntarily given him one blowjob, another to earn her present of a baby doll, and one more to avoid a promised punishment. She had spilled coffee on the floor and he had announced that she would have to spend two hours in a tight hogtie as punishment. When she protested that she would gladly clean up the spilt coffee and did not really deserve to be punished, he offered to let her trade a blowjob in

place of the two hours in discomfort. She accepted, knowing but not saying that oral sex had been his intent from the start.

Robyn was changing with time. From being afraid of this strong, hard man, she had come to realize that he was intelligent and considerate, not the sadist brute of a kidnapper she had thought him at first. Something else was happening inside her. A healthy young woman with a healthy sex drive, she was becoming more and more frustrated. She found this man strangely attractive. When he touched her to change her restraints, she could feel the strength in him and felt a tingle inside her. She found herself constantly aware of him as a male.

The night before, she had fallen asleep thinking about what it would be like if he were to take advantage of her helplessness to satisfy what she was certain was a strong desire in him.

This night, as he locked the chain around her ankle, she was feeling a tension inside. She reached out and touched his arm as he clicked the padlock shut. “Slash...” she began, and then could not go on. It was hard to put into words what she wanted. A part of her mind was telling her it was wrong to want sex with this bad man. Not a sin, actually, but something she should not be doing.

He stood, but instead of leaving, he simply looked down at her. She was wearing her black baby doll, and the black bra and panties. Not that they hid her body; contrariwise, they showed it off to good advantage.

“Is there something you wanted to say?” he asked, quietly.

“I... Oh, shit! Damn it! I want you to screw me!”

She almost clamped her hand over her mouth in the surprise that it had come out so strongly. What she felt inside was not the question, only the wisdom of openly saying it.

For almost a minute, all he did was stare at her, no readable emotion on his face. Then he started to turn to leave. Robyn immediately jumped to her feet. With her unshackled foot, she kicked at him, landing a not very effectual blow on his ass.

He halted and slowly turned around.

“Did you attack me?” he asked, calmly.

“Damn right I did. What are you going to do about it?” She was taunting him, daring him into an act of either punishment or sex with her – maybe both.

He left her standing there. Robyn felt like she was going to cry. Here she had come right out and begged for sex, and he ignored her. She thumped down on the bed and fought to hold back her tears.

It just was not fair!

Then he was standing there. She blinked back the moisture in her eyes and saw that he was holding the stiletto shoes and a couple lengths of rope in his hands. Damn, she thought! All I did was earn some punishment. I want pleasure and I get pain! It just isn't fair.

He knelt and placed the shoes on her feet, locking the ankle strap in place. She said nothing, and simply let him do as he wished. Then he told her to stand up. She did. With those ridiculously high heels, she was equal to his height and looking eye to eye with him.

"Take off the clothes," he told her.

Meekly, she obeyed. Yelling and fighting him would get her nowhere. Of course, it might help her get her feelings of frustration out, but she would wind up tied and punished anyway. When the nightie and underwear were off, she stood there, trembling a little for fear of how much pain this punishment was going to earn her.

Turning her around, he gathered her arms behind her back and began binding her elbows together tightly. Then her wrists.

He is going to hogtie me, she told herself. And I'll probably have to suffer it all night long. And with those heels on! Damn!

His strong hands turned her around again and pushed her down to the bed, turning her so that she was lying on her bound arms. He took her ankles and pulled her down on the bed until her ankles were resting on the rail across the foot of the bed. He pulled her left foot down and tied it to the railing where it came up from the leg. The other ankle was bound to the other side. That left her with legs spread and her feet sticking out on the sides of the bed.

"I could put the clothespins on your nips," he told her as he sat on the edge of the bed next to her. "That would hurt. Or I could slap your breasts around and even take my belt off and whip your cunt."

A real bolt of fear raced through her. The very idea of being beaten on her sex by a belt shocked her. He could not be serious.

"And that is what I should do for your attacking me." He let that sink for a few moments before adding, "But I know that you were acting out of pure frustration and a great need for sexual stimulus and satisfaction."

What was he leading up to?

"So I won't whip you."

He reached over and took one breast in his hand. He squeezed it hard enough to make her gasp. It hurt – some – but also sent a thrill into her. It felt so good to have her breast squeezed. His thumb moved up and began to stroke her nipple. It grew very taut in response, and it felt like little electric shocks were darting into her breast. Then he began the same with her other breast and she was moaning.

Taking one breast in both hands, he squeezed it so that the nipple stuck out. Leaning over, he put his mouth down to that protruding nipple and licked it. Robyn moaned, it felt so good. Then he was sucking on it, gently but firmly, making her nerves tingle all the way down to her cunt. She closed her eyes.

Taking his time, he sucked and licked until both of nipples were rigid and sending signals of pleasure into her. Robyn abandoned all pretenses of not wanting this and pushed her chest upward.

One hand slipped down and cupped her Venus Mons, evoking another gasp. His fingers worked her labia aside and one entered her vagina, finding it, as he expected, wet. Pulling that finger out, he used it to stroke her clit while the others held aside the labia.

Robyn whined and pushed her hips up. That felt so good! His touch was wonderful. He knew just how to stroke her to generate excitement inside her body like no other man ever had.

He finger returned to her vagina and entered farther than before. He wiggled it around, making the bound woman moan loudly. She was rapidly becoming more and more aroused, heading for an orgasm surprisingly fast. With an expert's touch, he brought her body along, playing it almost like a master musician playing his instrument.

Just as she was close to a most welcome orgasm, he was suddenly gone.

Whining and trembling, she opened her eyes to find him standing here with a smile on his face.

“Damn you!” she cursed. “Get back there! Don’t leave me so close!”

That was, of course, what he did not do. As a man who was very experience with women, he knew that sexual frustration could be a form of very real torture. Especially when that woman was tied down and totally unable to touch herself. Had her arms not been bound under her, she would have been grabbing at her sex and masturbating like mad. Had she not been tied down to the bed, she would have been rubbing her sex against the bed rail, a chair, anything that stimulated her enough to obtain the orgasm she so desperately wanted.

But she was tied down and could not touch herself.

When she realized she was alone, she cursed most colorfully, alternating between that and pleas for mercy. There was no mercy. Eventually she was crying.

It just was not fair!

Chapter XIV

A Choice

Slash came back an hour later. Robyn's tears had dried up and the demanding heat between her legs had diminished to a simmer. She looked up at him grumpily and asked, "Back for another round of torture?"

"I guess I could do that. I wonder how many times I can work your body up to a high state of arousal and then let you hang there."

"Don't try it."

He smiled and patted her bare breast. "Seems to me that you have no say in the matter. I could tease you again, and get you all hot and bothered, then..."

She turned her face to the wall to keep from telling him, yet again, what a bastard he was.

"You are a beautiful woman," he told her. "The most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

Robyn turned back to him. "They why don't you fuck me?"

She deliberately used the crude word for intercourse.

"I would like to. But I am a professional. I get paid good money and I do my job properly. My employer told me not to screw you."

"What would he know?" she begged. "I won't tell him."

"Just consider it professional pride. I make a promise and I keep it."

"I was right, you are a bastard."

"That may be." He sat down on the bed beside her. "But I think I will give you a choice."

"Oh, and what is that?"

"You can stay tied like this all night, which will not be comfortable. Or you can let me use this on you."

He held up a powerful looking vibrator. He must have been hiding it behind his back. It had a long body and a rounded head. Also a cord trailing down.

"Is that what I think it is?" she asked.

He reached down and did something on the wall next to the end of her bed. Holding the vibrator up for her to see, he pushed a switch and it began to hum.

Slowly, dramatically, he brought the rounded head down, closer and closer to her wide open sex. When the edge just touched the labia, she jerked. It was sending powerful vibrations down inside her. He brought it a little more in contact and she whined.

“That’s strong!” she told him.

“It’s rated ‘ultra pleasing’,” he said.

He reached over and parted her labia with his other hand. Then the vibrator was lightly touching her clit. She moaned and twisted her body. The ropes held her movement down to a little shifting of her hips. Quickly those efforts to avoid the pleasure tool turned to efforts to thrust her hips up to get more of its stimulation. Later, she would be amazed at how fast her body heated up to a high state of arousal.

He was lightly stroking her with the vibrator and smiling as he watched her rising passion. Suddenly she was jerking around, thrusting her hips wildly into the vibrator’s head and moaning loudly. He held it in place while her orgasm played itself out. When he took it away and switched it off, she was panting and her eyes were closed. She was lost in a never-never land of pure ecstasy.

Patiently he waited, checking for signs that would mark her progress down from the high of that orgasm. Just when the timing was right, he switched on the vibrator again and lightly touched her. She jerked as if shocked by electricity. But she was soon moaning again as her body responded.

Skillfully, he played her body, exciting nerves here and there, using the vibrator like a magic wand, and forcing her body to build rapidly up again. This time, when she had the orgasm, he held the vibrator hard against her sex, his other hand under her ass with his fingers digging into her flesh. For the longest time her body was rigid and trembling. Her head twisted from side to side and her hips were strained to the utmost as if she wanted to capture that pleasure inside her vagina.

When he took it away, her hips fell to the bed and she moaned almost constantly for a full minute.

Eventually her eyes opened. “Gawd! That was incredible! I kept having orgasm after orgasm. They wouldn’t stop!”

He smiled. “Most women can have multiple orgasms if the stimulation is right,” he told her.

She smiled and closed her eyes as if drifting off into sleep.

He let her rest for almost half an hour before he untied her.

Chapter XV

A Lesson

“I think it was the ropes that did it.”

Robyn was making the comment over coffee the next morning.

“Yes, that was one big difference: I was tied down and could hardly move. What do you think?”

Slash lifted one eyebrow and informed her that, “You were just horny as hell. That’s what made it better.”

“No, I disagree. The feeling of being unable to move, of being so... so.... Vulnerable! Yes, that was a good part of it. By the time you first turned on that vibrator, I was feeling very helpless. I was so very aware of all of my body being open to you. And, of course, that I couldn’t do a thing about it.”

“If you say so,” was his comment. But the look he gave her told Robyn that he was very much aware of what he had done to her and the effect it had on his captive.

She sipped her coffee. For a while neither said anything, almost like a long-time married couple when there is no need to speak.

“What I don’t understand is why you didn’t climb onboard and screw me royally. Is it really professional ethics?”

“Partly,” he said. “I make a promise and I don’t like to break it. I was told not to screw you.”

“I guess he didn’t tell you not to vibrator me to a handful of orgasms, though.”

“True.” He paused for a moment before adding, “Why are you so anxious to get raped?”

“Raped? Well, I guess that is the correct word. Technically. But I was horny and wanted you to... well, rape me. I don’t think what you did qualifies as a decent rape.”

When he said nothing, she went on, “Look, Slash... What a ridiculous name, I’m still horny. If you screw me, I promise not to tell anyone.”

It was hard to tell what he was thinking as he looked at her.

“Look, if you get caught, they’re going to throw your ass in jail for a long time. Why should I scream rape and add a few more years onto it? Especially since I’m asking for it.”

That you are, girl, she told herself. You’re really asking for it. But, damn, she wanted sex. Maybe running round chained up and dressed like a whore was turning her on. At least this guy was hitting more of her “hot buttons” than any other man ever had, and doing it so well.

“Okay, tell you what. Tonight, after dinner, when you take me back to my room, just turn around and I’ll kick your ass. Then you can tie me down to the bed and fuck the hell out of me. Screw me until my brains are oozing out of my ears.”

It was shocking for her to hear her herself talking like that. Some innocent, respectable young lady you are, she told herself.

He said nothing, so she dropped the subject. She had made her wishes known pretty well, she thought. If he doesn’t want to screw me, there’s not much else I can do to make him.

He took her back to her room and chained her ankle to the floor. For a while, she sat there, staring at the doorway he had disappeared through. Then she untied the ribbon around her waist and took off the baby doll. The bra and panties came off next, the panties pulled down until they were off her foot and around the chain. Then she settled down on the bed and picked up the murder mystery she was reading.

Just as the killer was sending taunting emails to the police detective, Slash came in.

“I’ve got to leave for a while,” he told her.

“I’ll be here when you get back,” she replied.

“I don’t like being told what to do,” he continued, ignoring her comment. “Especially not by a woman. You’ve earned a punishment.”

“Why? Because I offered my body to you?”

“Stand up and turn around.”

Robyn sighed and put the book down.

“Okay, big boy, what now?”

Grabbing her wrist, he locked half of a pair of handcuffs around it, then pulled her arms behind her and locked the other cuff on the other wrist. The steel was cutting in rather tightly. As she was wondering if that was all, she felt cold steel biting into her arm above the elbow. The other arm was then locked, joining her elbows together by another pair of handcuffs.

He turned her around and told her to open her mouth. Reluctantly she obeyed, only to find him putting a short length of chain through between her lips and forcing it between her teeth. He pulled the ends together behind her head and locked them there tight enough so that she would not be able to push the chain out.

Kneeling, he locked yet another set on her ankles but left the chain on also.

He was looking down at her nudity and making her wonder what else he would add to this punishment. Not that she would be very comfortable locked up like this, but it could be worse.

“I’ll use your body,” he told her, then added with special emphasis, “When I want to, not when you want it.”

She tried to tell him that she was only making her wishes known, not demanding anything, but the chain holding her mouth open and her tongue down made words overly difficult to form.

“Sorry you’ll miss lunch today,” he told her. Patting her on one bare breast, he smiled and left her standing there.

Robyn wiggled around a little, testing how tightly the cuffs were locked on and deciding that struggling would not be worth the effort at all. She was secured and would stay secured until he returned.

Shit, she said to herself, I hope I don’t have to use the bathroom before he comes back. Then she sighed and sat down. Looking at the paperback book lying there, she sighed again. She would not be doing much reading that day.

As the hours crept by, Robyn was aware of two facts. First, it was uncomfortable being shackled that way. Lying on her stomach was the only way that her arms would not hurt. But worse was that damned chain gag. She found it hard to swallow and tended to drool. Plus it cut into the sides of her mouth unpleasantly.

Secondly, she came to realize how much she had come to depend on the books as a means of fighting boredom. She tried to twist her hands around in front of her so she could hold the book open, but with her elbows locked together, she was unable to do that.

She slept a little but mostly passed time by thinking of what he could do to her that night when he returned. Surely he would not leave her with three pairs of handcuffs on her. But would he do something about the itching need between her legs? Something energetic and wonderfully intense that would lead to multiple orgasms again. That had never happened to her before and the sensation of hitting peak after peak was incredible. It was almost as if, having been given a taste of it, her body demanded more.

Well, what was wrong with that? She was a healthy young woman with a normal sex drive. Well, maybe a little higher than normal. Well, hell, a lot higher than normal, but what was wrong with that?

Several times she tried to reach around to touch herself where it would do some good, but the handcuffs kept her from reaching far enough. She could almost reach there with her fingertips, but not quite. So near, yet so far.

After a while, she came to realize that she was feeling the helplessness much like she felt when he had tied her down. Different, to be sure, but still a feeling of being helpless because she could not satisfy her needs.

Her stomach was grumbling when he came back. She was tired of having her arms locked behind her and wanted to yell at him in both anger and frustration. But she kept her mouth shut.

He looked her over, and then left her alone for a while he put away some packages he had carried in from the garage.

When finally he unlocked all the handcuffs from her arms, and removed that chain from her mouth, she wanted to curse him and throw her arms around him – both at the same time. Instead, she meekly stood when he told her to and shuffled off to the kitchen for dinner.

Slash made no comment about her having chosen to be naked. Actually, he did not speak much, as if something were on his mind. There was no package on the counter.

Afterwards, as she sat on her bed and watched him locking her ankle to the chain, she dared to speak what was on her mind.

“Slash, I meant what I said. If you screw me, I will not only keep quiet about it, I’ll appreciate it. I think you’ll enjoy it too.”

He said nothing.

“So, look, I’ll make a deal with you. If you will tie me down to the bed and screw me, then you can leave me tied all night as a punishment.”

Still he said nothing.

“Please...?”

He left the room.

Robyn hung her head and sighed. Well, she told herself, at least my hands are free. I can play with myself after he goes to bed and get some kind of satisfaction.

Then he was back in the room, holding lengths of rope in his hands.

“Stand up.”

She did, feeling a shiver of excitement race through her. He bound her arms behind her, elbows tightly together. She was then pushed down on the bed and her legs bound at the ankles and again just above the knees. A moment later, she felt her feet being pulled up by a rope connecting them with the ropes around her elbows. Up and up they went, bending and making the ropes on her legs all the tighter. He was a strong man and used that strength to fold her into a hogtie that ended only when her heels were pressing against her forearms and she was in a very tight arch.

Please, she begged silently, don't leave me like this all night. I'll be screaming before dawn.

Nothing happened for a few minutes, and she wondered if he really had left her for the night. Suddenly, a terrible pain burst into existence on the bottom of both feet. She yelled and jerked her body the little allowed it by the tight ropes. “What the hell?” she said aloud.

After the initial shock, she realized that he had struck her across the soles of her bare feet with a belt or something. It hurt something terribly. Her fingers would have held her feet if she could reach them.

Then another burst of pain in the same area and she screamed. Maybe not a scream of pure terror, but a hearty complaint at the pain shooting into her feet. Her feet twisted around but could find no way to stop the agony.

There was another burst of pain, worse than before and she cried out for him to stop it. “That hurts so much!” she yelled.

His reply was another stroke of the belt across the sensitive soles of her feet.

Sobbing and struggling against the ropes, she had only one thought: stop this!

He landed a fourth blow across feet that were turning red. Robyn jerked her body sideways, trying to twist herself onto her side to get her feet away from him, but she was tied so very tightly in that hogtie that she could not even roll over.

“Lesson for you,” she heard his voice come through the pain and tears. “I pleasure you or hurt you as I wish.” Special emphasis on the “I”. Then, to emphasize it more physically, he struck her again across the feet, jerking out of her the loudest scream of all.

“Do you understand me?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, yes! Please stop this. You're killing me.”

“Not hardly,” he told her. “But you’re finding out how many nerves there are on the bottom of the feet. Okay, one more. Ready?”

“No, please! I can’t take it.”

“You don’t have much choice, do you?” he pointed out. “Feeling helpless?”

“Oh, yes! I’m helpless! Helpless!”

The belt lashed out again and she howled, her body going stiff with the pain. That one hurt far worse than the others.

He left her lying on the bed, sobbing and wetting her blanket with copious amounts of tears.

Chapter XVI

The Self-Confessed Sadist

Fortunately for Robyn, Slash did not leave her in that hogtie all night. But the hour she spent enduring the harsh tightness of the ropes and the burning pain on the bottoms of her feet was extremely unpleasant for the poor victim.

When he entered, the tears had dried, leaving trails down her face and puffy eyes from some serious crying.

“You hurt me,” she uttered, sounding like a little girl who had just dropped her ice cream cone in the dirt.

“Yes, I do believe that I did. But you deserved it.”

“I did nothing wrong!” Her voice rose in anger.

“Oh, yes, you did. You tried to tell me what to do.”

The silence that followed was filled with tension, at least on Robyn’s part.

“All I did was tell you what I want,” she whispered.

“It was too much like a demand,” he countered.

“Was not!”

For a few seconds he said nothing. Robyn felt like crying again. It was so unfair that she could be so totally under the control of this man. She was not used to that.

Kneeling down beside her bound form, he brought his face near to hers. Gently he pushed some of her golden hair back from her face, and then touched the cheek lightly, almost tracing the tear track there.

“It’s a long story,” he began, “but the bottom line is that I must be always be in control when it comes to a woman.” He paused a moment, then added, “Besides, I like to see you struggle and cry out in pain. Excites me. Guess I’m just a sadist. Sorry ’bout that.”

“When the hell is your boss going to get me out of here?”

“I don’t know.”

Again he touched her cheek lightly, caressing it with the back of two fingers.

Slowly he leaned forward and kissed that cheek. Robyn twisted her head away, as if the kiss burned her.

“Please untie me,” she begged to the wall.

“Later.”

Then he was gone.

“Why the hell did I ever want that bastard to screw me?” she asked the wall. The wall did not answer.

It was not too long before he returned and did untie her. The ropes left marks on her arms and ankles, deep red indentations in her smooth skin. Her hands tingled with circulation returning to full status. He took his ropes and left.

All that remained was the chain on her left ankle. She pulled her blanket over and wrapped it around herself. Inside the warmth of that blanket, she hugged herself. Unexpectedly, she found the fingers of one hand lightly touching the pressure marks left on her arm, tracing the fading indentation until she could feel it no longer. Had she looked, she was sure that she would find no trace of the mark left by the rope, no sign that she had been cruelly bound for what seemed like such a long time.

Closing her eyes, she remembered the feeling of those tight ropes and, moreover, the absolute feeling of helplessness that had grabbed her mind when the pain began in her feet. Those feet still burned and were sore. She wondered how long that would last. Hopefully he had not caused any damage to her soles. It had certainly hurt enough.

Her last thought before drifting off to sleep was that he could have at least screwed her and granted her an orgasm to go along with the pain.

* * * * *

Walter watched the swaying ass and lovely legs of the departing Miss Hendricks. She was putting on a show and knew it. She was not the first secretary to try to seduce the boss. Nor would she be the last, he suspected. Well, at least he enjoyed the show, although the thought did cross his mind that maybe he should take her up on the unspoken invitation. Invite her out to a nice dinner, and then a short drive back to his house for some horizontal dancing between the sheets. Heaven knew it had been long enough since he had relieved the hormonal pressure making all the parts of her body look so damned good to him.

His wife’s disappearance had been on the news, so everyone in the company knew of it. Maybe the delicious Miss Hendricks would like to help console him in his hour of need...

Yes, he would ask her out to dinner that night. If she expected a one night fling to turn into something more permanent, he would just fire her.

* * * * *

At the same time as her husband was planning the seduction of his secretary, Robyn was finishing her breakfast with Slash. Very little had been spoken between them. Robyn was frustrated and angry, and her feet hurt when she walked. Slash seemed to have something on his mind.

Near the end, she ventured, although she did not know why, “The bottom of my feet really hurt.”

“I’m sure they do. Would you like to have to wear the high heels all day?”

That put an end to the conversation quickly. Robyn took it as a threat, although she would have liked to think of it as a joke. This was a self-admitted sadist, and forcing her to wear shoes that would undoubtedly make her feet ache all day was fully in keeping with his nature.

She was wearing the baby doll nightie but, for some reason, had not put on the panties and bra. For a woman whose beauty had always gotten everything she wanted, this was a most strange situation for her. She found herself hating this man with the ridiculous nickname, yet also being attracted to him. Her mind was torn between the two emotions, and all she was aware of was a confusion of strong emotions.

Silently she shuffled on shackled feet back to her room and meekly sat there while he removed the handcuffs. Instead, however, of reaching for the chain, he gently lifted her to her feet and took her in his arms. The kiss was sudden and filled with passion. Or lust.

Robyn was taken aback by the unexpected move. Yet, was this not what she wanted? Did she not openly state that she wanted sex with him?

Then why did she put her hands on his chest and push him away?

“Please...” she said in a husky whisper. “Tie me first.”

The request probably surprised her as much as it did him. Yet, maybe he understood her better than she did herself. Leaving her standing there, he went to fetch the ropes. When he returned, she had taken off her nightie and was standing with her back to the door, her hands held behind her. Had he been able to see her face, he would have seen strong emotions written there.

When she felt the first bite of the rope around her wrists, she whined a tiny bit. The ropes went on quickly and firmly. Her wrists were joined and then her elbows. He was cruelly harsh with the bindings, making the ropes dig into her flesh. She said nothing.

Strong hands turned her around and his mouth was clamped over hers. This time, the kiss was mutual and filled with passion on both sides. It lasted until Robyn pressed her body against his in urgent need. Breaking off the kiss, he roughly pushed her onto the bed, face down. Then his big hand swatted her ass, hard. And again. When four very hard slaps had echoed in the room, followed by cries of pain, he ceased and began hurriedly removing his clothes.

When he turned her over, she was crying from the unexpected pain of the spanking, but her eyes glowed eagerly when she saw his naked body and that rigid rod pointing at her. Then he was between her legs on the bed, pushing them apart with his body while kneading her breasts roughly. Faster than either of them would have expected, he was inside her, plunging his shaft deeply into her sex. The tunnel was moist and hot and ready, despite the suddenness of the attack.

The coupling was rough and fast and hard. His hips pounded against hers, telling eloquently of a great amount of pent up lust. Her hips responded, equaling his thrustings with her own. It was only a matter of a couple minutes before they were both reaching the climax of this act. His was accompanied by a grunting, hers by a long cry of ecstasy and her legs wrapped around him and her body trembling.

Chapter XVII

More Punishment

Robyn rested in Slash's arms, their bodies pressed together in the warm afterglow of intense sex. His hand went down and felt of her hands. They were cool but not numb or cold.

"Are you going to untie me now?" she asked.

"No."

"Fine."

Then she fell asleep.

For a long time, Slash did not move. He was awake but had no desire to disturb the naked woman he was holding. And he was thinking.

For a man who had always considered himself in total control of any situation, it was unnerving to realize that he had lost control and obeyed his inner feelings and instincts rather than logic. It had not been his intention to perform intercourse upon his captive. To do so would be most unprofessional on his part. It would break his promise to his employer, something he had never done before.

Even worse, this unexpected display of sexual lust bothered him because he had not planned it out carefully nor exercised the degree of control of his emotions that he expected of himself. It made him wonder if this admittedly gorgeous woman was affecting him somehow.

Even worse, what would he do about it now?

Once having given in to his strong inner need to have this woman, could he simply turn her over once his employer called for her? The idea, which has at first been accepted as an unalterable principle, now made him uneasy. Turning her over to that man would very probably mean that he would never see her again. And that bothered him in ways that he found frightening.

He considered alternatives. Keep her and tell that man on the phone that she escaped? That she was accidentally killed? Or simply disappear with her and not say a thing?

All of those actions had problems.

Eventually, he gently crawled out of the bed, leaving Robyn lying there in blissful sleep, arms still tightly bound behind her. He would release her soon, but

decided to put it off until she awoke. Let her suffer a bit; after all, she had messed up his neat, orderly existence by being so beautiful and sexy.

In the room he used as a temporary office, he opened and turned on his laptop to check his email. Nothing important. And nothing from the man who had paid him to kidnap Robyn.

* * * * *

The ache in her shoulders slowly brought Robyn back to the land of the living. As she came out of a pleasant dream of being tied down and fucked for hours, she became aware that her hands were numb and could hardly be felt. She rolled over and put her legs over the side of the bed.

Yep, I'm still tied, she told herself. Ought to do something about this.

So she stood, checked to confirm that her ankle was not chained to the floor, and walked out of her prison room. She found Slash sitting before a laptop. Although she thought she was moving silently, he turned as soon as she entered the room.

"Hands hurt?" he asked. He knew full well that arms bound that tightly would sooner or later impede the circulation enough to put the hands to sleep.

"I can hardly feel them," she told him.

When he rose and turned to meet her, she pushed against him and lifted her face to his. It was obvious that she expected – and wanted – to be kissed.

It was his desire too, but he roughly turned her around and began working at the knots. Can't let this woman get you, he told himself. You're in control. Stay in control – always.

When the last of the ropes fell away from her elbows, Robyn slowly brought her arms around in front of her. "Wow, look at those ropemarks!" she said.

"They will go away in a few minutes."

"You tie me so tightly," she added, unsure if she were offering a compliment or complaint.

"It's better that way. If you were tied other than tightly, you would be able to move your arms under the ropes. That's the way you get rope burns. Bruises and abrasions on the skin. When I tie you tightly, you get pressure marks but no burns."

"You're so kind," she told him.

“Are you being sarcastic?”

“Probably. You going to punish me for it?”

She’s playing with me, he thought. She thinks she has a hold over me now that we’ve had sex. Have to teach her otherwise.

And yet...

“Of course,” he said as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world. “After a bit. I’ll let your rest up a bit, and then... Well, let’s say it won’t be pleasant.”

Robyn smiled faintly. She was sure that whatever he did would hurt. But it would also not be too terrible. And if he wanted to hurt her some... Well, was that so bad? If it led to another screwing like that last one, the pain would be well worth it.

“Fine,” she told him. “I’ll go back and lock my ankle in the chain and wait for you to come.”

And she did.

* * * * *

Walter had not called the police department in three days. Nor had they called him. From the headlines, he was sure they had other things to occupy their minds than a case rapidly going cold.

I will wait another five days, he told himself. Then I’ll send an email to that Slash.

He shifted position, and Helena moaned softly in her sleep. As a secretary, she was adequate, but as a lover, she was great. It remained to be seen if she would let the status quo continue or would want more out of him than an occasional screwing. In the meantime, she was very energetic and quite talented with her mouth, a pleasing combination. Much better than his wife had become.

Of course, he told himself, soon I’ll have Robyn locked in her dungeon and can count of venting my lust on her damned fine body. He would force her to become as talented as Miss Hendricks here. And then make her learn tricks far beyond a little oral sex.

And, of course, she would be punished. Oh, how would he enjoy punishing her!

Chapter XVIII

Pain and Pleasure

“Oh, that’s tight,” Robyn said as Slash pulled on the rope. “Very tight.”

“Of course.”

He had placed her standing at the end of the bed with her legs spread and each foot next to a leg of the bed. He tied her ankles to those metal tube legs, then bound her arms behind her, much the same as he had before, with the elbows tightly together, although maybe not as tightly so as before. Then he tied a rope to those around her wrists and ran that down to the other end of the bed and around the railing there. When he pulled, her arms moved out behind her. When the arms were pointed at the railing, and he continued pulling, her body began to arc backwards.

When he tied the knots, she was bent backwards with the head railing hard against the backs of her thighs and her body arched quite tightly.

He came around to view the front and liked what he saw. It was almost as if she were thrusting her hips at him in invitation. That golden patch of curls was also at the right height for a standing man to impale the love tunnel hidden within.

Robyn was very much aware of that facet of this bondage and had hopes that he would do exactly that. Maybe his statement about this being punishment was just to get her in the right mood. She had to wonder what it would be like to be held in this awkward position and have an orgasm.

Slash was also aware that her breasts were on display, slight flattened by the position but still standing up nicely. The rosebud nipples were taut.

Time to play with her.

“I could whip your breasts,” he told her as he showed her a belt.

Robyn gasped at the thought of her breasts being hit by that length of leather. It would be terrible!

“Or I could even whip you between the legs,” he added.

She grimaced and almost protested aloud that to do such would be too horrible to contemplate.

“Or I could do both.”

Now she was getting scared.

It was a surprise when he grabbed the sides of her mouth and forced it open. The rubber ball he shoved in filled her mouth, pressed down her tongue and its strap hurt the corners of her mouth when he buckled it tightly in place.

She was getting really scared now, he could see it in her wide-open eyes, and it pleased him. This bitch might be gorgeous and a hell of a great fuck, but she was still a woman and had to learn her place.

With the gag in place, and Robyn whining behind it, he took up the belt again and stood before her. Swishing it a few times through the air, he gauged the distance to her breasts and pussy. She was holding her head up, looking down over her breasts at him and worried, to say the least.

His hand was fast as it lashed out with the belt to leave a red mark on her left thigh only a couple inches below her pubic mound. She cried into the gag and shook. He waited until she stopped trying to pull her leg back and then swung again. The other thigh now had a red mark across it.

Robyn was almost in a panic. Those blows hurt, but what was worse was how close they were to the most tender, sensitive part of her. A few inches higher and the pain might well be unendurable.

Swish! Smack! He hit her thighs again, once on each. Then he leaned forward and swung the belt in an arch that made it impact against the side of her left breast.

This time her cry was more of a muffled scream. At impact, the breast deformed than sprang back. He backhanded the belt across the outside of the other breast.

She was shaking her head wildly and seemed to be saying “No, no, no,” repeatedly. Her torso twisted from side to side but could do little to save her sweet breasts from the lashes. Twice more he struck, and twice more she screamed into the gag.

Slash had discarded his shirt when the roping had been finished. Now he paused in the whipping to pull off his pants, revealing in the process, a rampant prick eager for action.

Not yet, he cautioned himself, not yet. Make her feel the pain first. Let her know who’s the boss. Later he could grant her pleasure.

Both breasts were whipped until they were red and covered with marks, some of which were almost bruises.

Just about time, he told himself as he positioned his hand between her legs. With a strong but controlled jerk of his arm, he brought the belt up between her

legs to smack into the soft flesh there. The scream was so very nice, and continued for a few seconds.

She was sobbing now and pleading through the gag for him to stop. Pain sweat was showing on her face, demonstrating the degree to which she was feeling this beating.

Okay, he whispered. One more!

That upward slash into her sex was harder, but nowhere as hard as his strong arm was capable of.

Her body went rigid and a strangled scream caught in her throat. As the incredible sharp pain shot into her body from her sex, she almost fainted. Never in her life had she felt such pain.. Never had she been so very, very frightened.

Slash tossed the belt aside and pushed his hips between her legs. His fingers spread her labia and his penis rushed in, plunging deeply into that hot, wet tunnel. Robyn cried out loudly.

Forcing himself to stay in control, he began a slow pumping motion, withdrawing almost to the point of departure, then pushing in as deeply as he could go, his hips pressing against hers. He grabbed her sore breasts in his hands and squeezed.

Taking all his self-control, he kept the rhythm slow, making her feel each push. She was moaning now, her head twisting from side to side slowly, her eyes closed.

Unable to help himself, his hips began moving faster. To the tiny extent that her bondage allowed her, she thrust her hips back at his. Through the gag came a series of "Oh, oh, oh, oh..."

It was an incredibly pleasurable task, and a horribly frustrating one to keep his pace from speedup up. But he wanted this to last as long as possible for both of them.

A strangled cry and a stiffening of her body announced the arrival of Robyn's first orgasm. She trembled all over and made small animal sounds passed the gag and through her nose. Just as the first show began to fade, she suddenly cried out again as another orgasm struck her.

All in all, if his count were correct, Robyn had to endure eight orgasms before Slash could no longer control himself and was shooting his load into her. Digging his fingers into her ass, he held her as tightly against him as possible, both of them shuddering with ecstasy.

The bed shook with the force of their lovemaking.

Finally, he staggered back, withdrawing from her. She moaned and took a long time to stop clenching her thighs and wiggling her fingers. He was dressed before her body remained still, tilted to one side as much as the rope would allow, and her eyes close. Perhaps she had passed out from too much ecstasy.

He left her tied to the bed and went to make himself a stiff drink of whiskey.

“Damn,” he said aloud as he poured the drink. “That was the best fuck of my life!”

Chapter XIX

Delivery

Five days later, after dinner, Slash came into Robyn's room with a glum look on his face.

"What's wrong?" she asked immediately. During the last few days she had come to recognize his moods better. They had also screwed each of those days, once twice, before lunch and again after dinner. And each time, Robyn insisted that she be tied, at least her arms behind her.

Slash had done as she bid, but every time he added his own touch before or after the sex. Usually she was punished, often rather painfully, but never leaving any marks or damage. Often she was left in tight ropes afterwards as a punishment.

It was never as straightforward as a love affair should seem should be. She confessed that she was turned on by being spanked, so he hogtied her and tickled her until she was crying and claimed her sides hurt. The last time, she had wondered aloud how much whipping with his belt her breasts could take, so he bound her tightly and turned her over his knee for a spanking twice as long and twice as hard as the first time.

She never quite knew what he would do next. Yet that was a part of the excitement. She had almost forgotten that she was a captive and facing an uncertain future. She was content with the extreme sexual excitement and satisfaction he granted her. And the pain... Well, that was exciting too.

"What's wrong," she repeated.

"I've gotten an email. My employer wants you delivered to him."

"Oh..." Robyn felt a cold feeling pass through her. "Are you going to do it?" she asked with trembling lips.

"I have to."

"No you don't," she begged. "Give him back his money and let me stay with you."

"It doesn't work that way," he informed. "This is my profession: illegal acts that others are willing to pay for. My business, if you want to call it that, depends on word of mouth. You don't think I advertise on the Internet, do you?"

He pulled in a deep breath. "No, I have to go through with it."

Robyn was shaking. "What will he do with me?" she asked.

"I don't know. Maybe he'll ask ransom for you and then your husband will be able to pay and you'll go home."

"Maybe. But what if he wants something else? Something terrible?"

Slash only shrugged his shoulders.

With trembling lips, she asked, "When?"

"Tonight. I have to deliver you to an address. I think it's just a drop point. Then he'll take you where he wants."

"Oh, Slash, don't do this! I don't want to go!"

He turned and left the room. Robyn tried to follow him but was snubbed by the chain around her ankle.

"Please..." she pleaded. "Please let me stay with you..."

He was back a few minutes later with handfuls of rope and the ball gag.

"If you have to go to the bathroom, you'd better do it now. I don't know how long it will be before you'll get the chance again."

"Thanks," she muttered, and left to do as he suggested.

When she came back into the room, her chain dragging behind her, he told her, "Might as well put on your clothes."

"Yeah, sure," she said, but she did put on the bra and panties and baby doll. "You want me to wear the shoes, too?"

"Probably better not to. Don't know how long you'll be tied up."

"Oh, Slash, please..."

"Shut up!"

His command was harshly given, just as harshly as the ropes he wrapped around her arms and cinched down tightly. With her arms bound, he pushed her down to sit on the bed as he bound her legs together. With her limbs secured, he stood her up.

"There is one thing," he began hesitantly. "I would appreciate your not saying anything about our... Well, our screwing."

"Yeah, sure. Wouldn't want to ruin your professional reputation, would we?" Her tone was both sarcastic and depressed.

He pushed the ball gag into her mouth and strapped it tightly in place.

Just before he lifted her and put her over his shoulder to carry to the car, she pleaded with her eyes one more time. It hurt him to ignore her silent begging.

He sat her down on a blanket in the trunk of his car and used a short rope to connect her ankles to her wrists in a hogtie. Then he slammed the lid down and cursed under his breath.

He was muttering as he opened the garage door and drove out.

“I’m not an educated man,” he told the steering wheel. “I don’t have a college education. Hell, I didn’t finish high school. The only training I’ve ever gotten is how to kill people. What kind of job can I do but what I’m doing?”

The steering wheel did not answer.

“I can’t let feelings get in the way of doing a professional job.”

After that, he was silent as he drove down the hills towards the city.

* * * * *

The drop point was a warehouse parking lot. The warehouse was abandoned and scheduled to be torn down, so there was no one around, not even a guard. Walter waited in shadows, nervously clenching his fists and pacing. Where the hell was this Slash?

Only a couple minutes later than the appointment time, a car pulled into the parking lot and drove slowly along with only parking lights on. Walter stepped out into the moonlight so he could be seen. The car stopped a few yards away and a large man got out.

He was dressed in black, and wore a Halloween mask depicting a former president who had been forced to resign his position.

Walter cursed under his breath that he had not thought of wearing a mask also.

“Slash?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“You have something for me?”

“In the trunk.”

Walter felt his mouth going dry but, oddly enough, his palms were sweating. This was both dangerous and exciting. He was about to take possession of the one woman he really wanted, and had plans for.

“Well, get her,” Walter said. He turned and opened the trunk of the rental car he had driven there. A moment later, Slash was carrying a bundle wrapped in a blanket towards him. The bound feet sticking out the bottom were plainly visible in the moonlight and that set his heart beating a little faster. Those feet were bare. Was the rest of her? What a thought!

Slash gently placed the bundle inside the poorly lit trunk, then stepped back. Walter, keeping one eye on Slash, took a small flashlight out of his pocket and used it as he peeled back one corner of the blanket. There, in the dim light, blinking her eyes, was the face of Robyn. It sent a thrill racing through Walter that she was gagged. The moonlight must have been falling on his face, because Robyn saw him and gave forth with a startled cry, well muffled by the gag. Her body jerked beneath the covering. Before she could react any more, he threw the blanket back over her face.

“She’s well tied?” Walter asked.

“Very tightly,” was the reply.

“Good. The final payment will be sent tonight. You’ve done a good job.”

Slash said nothing.

“Well, your job is finished. You can leave.”

With no reason to stay, Slash walked back to his car, slammed down the trunk lid and drove off.

Walter watched his car leaving the lot. As soon as it was out of sight, he pulled back the blanket and shone the flash light down on his prize.

Robyn tried to force words out through the gag but only meaningless sounds came. Hope danced across her face. This was her husband! Surely he had paid a ransom or something and would set her free. Incredible happiness coursed through her.

But why was he not untying her? Take this gag off, she wanted to shout. The dawn of reality was slow in coming to her. He was not going to untie her. And that meant...

Walter was behind her kidnapping? Why? What was all this?

The closing of the trunk lid over her cut short her view of her husband but left her filled with questions and doubts and a horrible, sinking feeling. Something was terribly wrong here.

Chapter XX

Welcome to Your New Home

The drive was long, and it was a miserable young woman who was forced to endure the bumpy ride, tight ropes and close confinement of the trunk. She cried, a reaction to the flash of hope that had run through her, and the despair at the realization that her captivity was not at an end.

The tight ropes placed on her by Slash might have excited her had it been a prelude to lovemaking between them. But now they only hurt and made her miserable.

Eventually the drive ended and she heard the engine shut off. After a while, the trunk lid opened and she was forced to blink in the bright light. Walter was standing there, an evil grin on his face. He jerked the blanket off and out from under her, rolling her onto her side roughly.

Walter stared at the bound form before him. She was not naked, as he had hoped, but that sheer black outfit was almost better. She was one damned sexy bitch. He had almost forgotten just how sexy during the weeks of her absence. But that would all change now.

He fumbled with the knots binding her ankles. Damn, but they were tight! At least Slash knew what he was doing in that department. Finally he went into the kitchen and returned with a knife to cut off the ropes. He smiled at the deep indentations in her skin where the ropes had been pressing in.

With her legs free, he took a hold of her bound arms and lifted her out of the trunk. Lacking the strength of Slash, he did a poor job of it, bumping her legs against the edge of the trunk but finally getting her out and on her feet. Once out, he used the knife to cut off the lovely baby doll that Slash had given her. When she was satisfactorily naked, he tossed the knife on a table and threw the cloth into a trash barrel.

Making pleading noises and begging with her eyes, she stood there as he looked her over. The bright overhead light in the garage showed that she was much as he had last seen her. Save for the rope pressure marks on her legs, she was unharmed. Good! Of course, he thought, that won't last long!

Taking a nipple between his thumb and forefinger, he pulled to lead her out of the garage and down the stairs to the basement. There he made her stand by while he made a show of unlocking the two large padlocks that secured the door to her dungeon.

Then his hand was on her arm, pushing her into the large room.

“Welcome to your new home,” he told her brightly. “And you new life – as a slave!”

It took a minute for her to take in what she saw. Then she realized that the bars in one corner were a cell or cage. There were ropes and chains and locks hanging from pegs on the walls. And a few whips! She shuddered at the sight of them. These were not a man’s belt, they were real whips! Braided leather, one, two or many tails, some short, some longer, but all evil looking whips.

The overhead lights showed her a couple posts and metal rings set in the walls and ceiling and even the floor. It also showed some devices that she did not want to know the purpose of.

She turned to Walter and whined. She could not say words very well, but her shaking head made it clear that she was denying what she saw.

“Oh, yes, my lovely little wife,” he told her. “This is all for you. This is your new home. You will spend all your time here, either being trained or punished or just locked in your cage over there. And you’ll never, NEVER again tell me that you have a headache. You will be the good little slave wife that I wanted from the start. I will train you so well that your only thoughts will be of pleasing me.

“You may call me ‘Master.’ Much better than plain old Walter, don’t you think?”

Shaking her head wildly, she tried to dash for the door. But Walter had closed it behind him and she could do nothing to get out of the dungeon. She turned back to him with pure panic in her eyes.

He was standing there, calmly swishing a whip back and forth, and enjoying her fear. When he cracked the whip, she almost lost control of her bladder and wet herself. Her legs were weak and shaking as she backed up against the door.

Walter followed her, calmly closing the distance until he was with a few feet of the trembling woman.

“This whip is designed for a woman’s breasts. It will give a sharp sting and may even cut the flesh, if used with enough strength. Shall we see?”

The whip darted out and kissed her right breast. She yelped and jerked away, but the damage was done. A red mark, smaller than those that Slash had made with his wider belt but much more painful, was forming on the side of her breast. She could not see it clearly, but the red line of flesh was swelling up to form a welt. All she cared about was avoiding that terrible whip.

The room was larger, but not limitless. She could not escape her tormentor nor his whip. Again and again it touched her flesh, rising weals and hurting terribly.

Finally, with both breasts covered by red lines of abused flesh, she collapsed into one corner and sobbed.

Walter was smiling. Carefully he put the whip back on its peg and took down a length of rope, one end of which he tied to the ropes around her wrists. She tried to fight him, but with bound arms it was a losing battle. He carried the rest of the rope over to the center of the room and tossed it up and over a hook set into a beam. Then he pulled on it.

Robyn was forced to come to her feet as the rope tugged at her bound arms. It continued to pull her along, even though she leaned away from it and tried to dig her heels into the concrete floor. Walter might not be as much a man as Slash, but he was stronger than she was and soon enough she was standing under that hook, her arms pulled up behind her so that she was forced to lean forward. He pulled some more until her body was forced to straighten as her hands were lifted high above her. When he tied the rope off on a wall ring, she was on her toes and nearly hanging by her arms.

“Your breasts are very pretty,” he told her, ignoring her sobs. “Very pretty, indeed. I shall have to whip them often. But now,” he said as he walked over to the wall of whips, “now we have to see about that lovely round and smooth ass of yours.”

The whip he came back with was bigger and a little thicker than the one used on her breasts. She tried to twist around so her ass would be away from him, but that was hard to do.

“You can try to keep your ass away,” he told her, sweetly, “but that only means that your front will be a nice target.”

She whined loudly through the gag, but hung her head and ceased trying to move away.

She did not remain silent, however, when the whip slashed across her bare ass. One leg jerked up and she cried loudly into the gag. Then she was hanging by her bound arms, feet kicking at empty air. Eventually her toes came back down to the concrete. Walter watched as the red welt formed on her lovely skin and sighed.

This was going to be such fun!

Chapter XXI

The Virgin Asshole

With both her breasts and ass covered with ugly red weals, Robyn was finally let down to collapse on the floor. She had ceased crying and seemed to be almost in a state of shock.

Leaving her arms bound behind her, he lifted and dragged her over to a metal pipe set horizontally between two posts. Pushing her hips up against the pipe, which was much like a plumbing water pipe, about half an inch in diameter, he then tossed the rope still tied to her hands over her to a ring set in floor a few feet in front of her. He threaded the rope through that ring and pulled until she was forced to lean forward as her arms were lifted up behind her. More and more he pulled, until she was bent over the pipe, her head down at the level of her knees and her arms straight up. The finishing touch was when he spread her feet and tied her ankles to the posts. From his position behind her, he could see her pussy and asshole clearly, along with the tear-stained face hanging down between those legs. He sighed. This was going to be fun!

As he approached her from behind, he lightly traced some of the welts on her ass. Then he suddenly slapped her bare bottom as hard as he could. She cried out and tried to jerk away. It was only a simple slap, sort of like a spanking, but apparently her skin was very sensitive because of all the whip marks and swelling, and it must have pained her something awful.

With great care and keeping his eyes glued to that abused ass, he removed his clothing and picked up a jar. The K-Y jelly he smeared into her asshole was cold, but she cried out and jerked her bound body around as if it hurt her terribly.

“Ah,” he told himself, “she knows! I thought she was a virgin there!”

Then he was guiding his rigid penis to that small hole, ignoring the larger and more appropriate open below it. The muscles there resisted his entry but that was okay with him. It would just make for a tighter fuck, he reasoned. Then, with a hard shove, he was inside her.

Oh, my, this is tight! he thought as he slowly pushed it deeper in.

Robyn was making a lot of noise and jerking her bound arms from side to side. But that was all she could do. The ropes held her too firmly to allow anything else.

As he began pumping, two thoughts came to her husband. The first was how wonderfully tight this hole was. Far better than the usual entrance. And the second was to wonder if it really was hurting her that much or was it the emotional aspect of being screwed there that bothered her. He would have to ask later. For right now, he was enjoying reaming her ass too much to worry about how much pain it might be causing her. After all, sodomy was an ancient practice and women did not die from it!

He unloaded inside her and sighed mightily as he did. This was great! How much he had wanted to do this to her sweet, virgin ass. But the one time he had suggested it, she had turned him down flatly and slapped his face. He remembered that slap and considered the damage he had done to her breasts and ass as repayment.

Of course, he would not cease with the repayment. No, sir! He would continue it for a long, long time.

With is lust sated – for the present – he untied her from that bent over position and locked a chain around her ankles, much like Slash had done with handcuffs. Apparently, it had never occurred to him that he could use a pair of handcuffs on the ankles. They were certainly slender enough for that.

He worked at the knots and finally was unwinding the rope from her arms. When he took the gag out of her mouth, he expected a torment of protests and threats. Instead he got nothing but a mild weeping.

I guess this is all a bit much to throw at her at one time, he thought. Well, she had better get used to it.

Before she could regain the use of her hands, he locked them together behind her back with a set of handcuffs. He stood her up and told her to walk to her cell. The chain binding her ankles was shorter than the handcuffs and steps were harder than before. Impatient, he threatened her with another whipping. Anxious to avoid that, she tried to hurry, only to fall to the floor.

Instead of helping her back to her feet, he took a whip from off the wall and cut her across the thigh. She struggled to crawl into the cell as he had ordered. A few more stroke across her hips and she made it, having to crawl inside before he would put away the whip.

She heard the barred door clang shut behind her, followed by the sound of a padlock closing on the hasp. Doubly secured with handcuffs, chains and a cell that was really more of a tall cage, she knew she could not escape. When Walter left her, turning the lights off as he did, she wept bitter tears in the dark.

Chapter XXII

The Mark of Evil

The next day, her husband brought her some food, showed her the small refrigerator where she would find food while he was away, and explained to her how she was now non-person.

“Everyone thinks that you’re dead or ran away. No one is looking for you. No one will ever know your true fate.”

He forced her to eat out of a dog dish because he would not unlock her hands from behind her. She had to crawl out of her cage on her knees, making tiny, shuffling moves. He also put down a dish of water for her to drink.

“We are in the basement of my mountain home,” he explained. “But I’ve turned this into a dungeon. Your dungeon! It is sound proofed and totally secure. No one can escape from this room. Not that you’ll have much chance to try because I’ll never leave you without some restraints. Might be handcuffs or I might even leave you nice and tightly bound when I’m gone.

“And you’ll learn! Oh, that will be so nice. I’m going to train you to be a good, obedient slave. You’ll do anything I tell you to do. What do you think of that?”

Robyn hung her head and said nothing. A sudden pain in her breast brought her head back up. With breast stinging from the slap, she slowly said, “I don’t like it.”

“Well, that will change. You will come to want to please me in every way you can.” He paused to look around the room with all the whips and other stuff. “Or you’ll suffer.”

After her meager breakfast, he strung her up by her wrists and whipped her bottom again, this time with a stiff leather belt. The impact of that belt on an ass already covered with swollen flesh hurt almost worse than the original whipping. She danced on air and cried out her pain.

After the whipping, he let her down, but tied her arms behind her and forced her to kneel down and use her mouth on his penis. When he was sufficiently rigid, he pushed her over and spread her legs wide. The ride was short and ended far too soon for Robyn to enjoy any of it. The pounding of her bruised ass on the concrete and her lying on her bound arms made it painful experience.

He then locked her into the cage/cell, her arms still bound and left her, again turning off the lights, leaving her in darkness.

For the first time in her life, Robyn was thinking that death might be preferable to life – at least a life like this. She had sensed cruelty in Walter but had no idea it was so very strong. Later that day, while binding her over the pipe so he could ream her ass again, he told her, “You do see the difference, don’t you?” He knotted the rope on her ankle down. “When you were my wife, I could not engage in acts like I am about to. Did you like the screwing in your ass yesterday, by the way? No? Well, never mind. There are certain rules when a man is with his wife. But...” He lifted a finger into the air to make a point. “But when she is his slave, a man can do anything – repeat anything – he wants. Then it’s quite proper and correct.”

Remembering how she had tried to get him to play some kinky games, she knew that he was insane. How could he think that it was not proper to get perverse with his wife but quite all right with the same woman when he was calling her a ‘slave’?” It did not make sense.

After a vigorous bout of sodomy, he left her in her cage again but had changed her ropes for handcuffs and a chain around her ankles. Again the light was turned off, leaving the depressed girl to wonder if she would ever see the light of day again.

On the third day, he began to turn vicious.

Up to that point, he had whipped her, sodomized her, treated her like a dog, and generally abused her. But on that third afternoon, he brought down a small barbecue and lit the charcoal. When the coals were glowing red, he brought Robyn out of her cell and bound her to one of the post, wrapping numerous turns of rope around her after binding her hands behind the post. From neck down to feet, she was solidly lashed to the wooden post.

Bringing the barbecue over to stand it close up to her, he left her alone for a minute. When he returned, he was holding an iron rod. At the end of the rod was a small spreading of the metal to form letters, about an inch high each. It spelled out “slave”. He placed that end into the coals.

“Oh, yes, little slave, I am going to brand you! I’ll bet it will hurt quite a bit, but when finished, you’ll know that you are a slave and that I own you.”

He stirred the coals around with the rod. Robyn could feel the heat on her bare skin where it was exposed between the ropes.

“I was first considering branding you on the ass. That seemed a good place for a brand. But then I realized that you would not be able to see it unless you had

a mirror. So I figured that I would put my mark on you on the top of one breast. That way you could always see it and remember what you are.”

Robyn was silently weeping. “This man who I used to love is crazy,” she thought, followed by, “And I’m living in hell.”

“Of course I could brand you on both breasts. Maybe one brand turned so that you can read the word, the other so that I can. That’s a good idea, no?”

Robyn felt like screaming, which she could have done for he had not gagged her, preferring, he said, to hear her scream of pain as the red hot iron was pressed into her flesh.

“Please, I’ll be good. I’ll do whatever you want,” she said. “Anything.”

“I know you will, slave. I know.”

A minute later, he was turning the iron again, telling her that he had the brand made especially for her but told the ironsmith it was going to be a prop in a horror movie.

“Oh, look, it’s just about ready.”

He held up the glowing rod, moving it over near her left breast so she could feel the heat.

“Now I’m going to hold it up like this, and then push it down onto your breast!”

He was enjoying this verbal torment of his wife, just as he would enjoy her screams as he marked her for life.

“Here we go!”

Chapter XXIII

Climax!

“Drop that!”

The voice from the doorway was male, strong and Robyn instantly recognized it. Slash!

“I said put that down,” he repeated. By the look in his eyes, both Walter and Robyn knew he meant what he said. The .45 auto in his hand emphasized that.

Walter turned to face him. “Who the hell are you?” he barked.

“Drop it or I’ll shoot.”

“This is my property. You’re trespassing.” The mild threat was uttered as if it really were serious. Then he turned his head to one side. “I know your voice. You’re Slash! I must thank you for taking care of my little wife for me.”

Slash took two steps towards Walter. “Last warning. Drop that.”

The glowing end was a fraction of an inch from her skin. She could feel the heat and whined.

Another two steps and Slash was close enough to see Robyn clearly. His reaction to the sight of bruises and welts on her body was just enough to make to distract him.

Walter lunged forward, pointing the glowing rod towards Slash’s face like a fencer lunging with a rapier.

The bigger man was a veteran of too many fights to be frozen for long. Instinctually, his finger pulled the trigger. The sound was extremely loud in the basement. Walter’s momentum carried him forward, the hot end of the rod coming in contact with Slash’s face. But the bullet had hit Walter’s body and the impact twisted it to the side. The red hot letter grazed Slash’s cheek as Walter fell.

Robyn screamed. Slash stepped back, swinging the gun around to point at Walter again. But it was unnecessary. Walter was lying on the floor, holding one hand over his chest and blood seeping through the fingers. A shocked look filled his face as it turned pale. His lips moved and only Slash could hear him say, “But she’s mine.” Then the eyes took on that glassy stare of the dead.

Slash put the gun down and went to Robyn. She was sobbing as he untied the ropes.

“Oh, Slash, it was terrible. He wanted to brand me. And he whipped me!”

“I can see that.”

“He said he was going to keep on whipping me for the rest of my life. He was going to keep me down her forever!”

The last of the ropes off, she lifted her arms to embrace Slash while she sobbed on his shoulder.

He held her, and she found comfort in his strong arms.

Chapter XXIV

Aftermath

When Robyn was recovered enough, he led her upstairs where she found some of her clothes to put on.

As she was doing that, he explained what would have to be done next. He wiped the gun clean to remove all his fingerprints, then took her down to the basement and placed it in Walter's hand to get his fingerprints on it. After that, he had her hold on to it to place hers there also. He then had her drop the gun on the floor of the dungeon, a few feet from Walter.

Following his instructions, Robyn waited a few minutes for him to drive away, then called the police.

Her story, delivered with many honest sobs, was that her husband had gone crazy and locked her into the basement of their mountain home. Then he told everyone that she had been kidnapped so she would disappear. When the detective talked to her, she was able to give a very convincing story, backed up by the basement turned dungeon downstairs and the numerous bruises and whip marks on her body. She explained she had escaped while he was preparing to brand her and pulled the gun out of his pants and shot him with it.

She showed them the cell he had locked her in for all those weeks. They took photos all over the place, bagged the gun and the branding iron, plus a few of the restraints. Robyn knew they would find only Walters fingerprints on those things.

The police bought the story. They took her to a hospital where she was treated for numerous abuses, both physical and mental. She had to give her story again a few times, but eventually all concerned accepted that she killed him in self defense after having been tortured by a husband gone insane.

Robyn returned to her house, and began immediately removing everything that reminded her of Walter.

After that, she waited for the events Slash had told her would happen to come about.

First, there was a formal inquest with the verdict of justifiable homicide. Then there was a long period of legal proceedings, the end result of which was that she gained possession of all of Walter's assets, as befitting her status as his wife.

The next day after she was formally given ownership of his businesses, she went to Walter's office at Amalgamated Industries. She was sitting in his chair, behind his massive oak desk when Leslie Watson knocked and entered.

"Miss Allan, I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am for your loss..."

She cut him short with, "Can it! I doubt that you are sorry at all, considering that you probably think you can take control of Amalgamated from a stupid, unaware woman." She enjoyed the shocked look on his face.

"Furthermore, were you the one who put my husband in contact with the man called 'Slash'?"

He stammered a bit, but finally nodded. What and how the hell did she know about Slash?

"As I thought. You may clean out your desk. You're fired."

It was a shocked man who left her office, shocked and disbelieving.

Robyn pressed a button on the desk. Miss Hendricks came in. "Yes, Madam?" she said in a very professional voice.

Looking up and down, she could see why Walter had hired her. She had no proof of it, but guessed that he was probably sleeping with her. She would get rid of her just to be on the safe side.

But first, she instructed Miss Hendricks to have the company lawyers attend her. A few hours later, four older, well-dressed men were sitting around her desk and looking nervously at their new boss.

Their nervousness only increased when she ordered them to arrange for the sale of all Walter's assets and businesses at the best possible price. When she left the office, she knew that in a few weeks, or months, she would be a very wealthy woman.

She drove to a cocktail lounge called the "Starlight Room". Waiting for her was Slash. She longed to throw her arms around him and kiss him passionately, but held back and settled for a polite handshake.

"Everything went exactly as you said it would. Thank you for telling me about that Leslie fellow. You were right. It was he who gave Walter the idea in the first place.

Slash nodded. The waiter came and took her order for a Manhattan.

"I think I'll sell the house. Reminds me too much of Walter, the bastard."

Slash grinned.

“I also have a question that’s been bugging me. How did you know where to find me?”

“I saw the way you reacted when you saw Walter. You were trying to say something but could not because of the gag.”

“Observant of you.”

“Yes. Well, I memorized the license plate on that car. Then I contacted an old friend of mine from the Special Forces days. He’s a police detective now.”

“You were a Green Beret?”

“You want an answer to your question or not?” When she nodded, he continued. “It turned out to be a rental car. Guess he didn’t want to use his own car for fear of his being identified by it. Well, it wasn’t very hard for a police detective to find out who rented the car on that day.”

He paused while her drink was set down before her.

“Since he had the same last name as you and his home address was the same as where he told me to grab you from, it was obvious he was your husband. It wasn’t easy, but I managed to get a listing of all the properties he owns, either in his name or his company’s. One of them was that house by Shadow Lake. So I went up there to check the place out. That’s when I found you tied to that post and about to be branded like a cow.

“I’ll tell you something funny. That house was only a quarter of a mile from the one I rented to keep you in.”

Robyn smiled, picked up her drink, and turned serious. “Slash, I know you were only obeying orders when you kidnapped me. It was a real shock to me; you know, to be held a captive. Especially when you kept me naked. But I’ve come to appreciate your sense of loyalty – at least to your profession.” She sipped the drink. “I even came to appreciate your rather harsh treatment of me. All those punishments, you know. I probably deserved them – at least some of them.”

She took another sip before asking, “The question now is what do we do?”

“What do you want to do?”

“Oh, Slash, what do I want? I want you. Maybe I’m as crazy as Walter was, but I find the way you treat me is... well, exciting. Yes, that’s the word: exciting. I want you to make love to me, even if punishments come along with it. But I don’t want to be a full time captive. You understand?”

He smiled in agreement and reached across the table to take her hand.

“I don’t think I want to marry you,” she continued. “But I would like us to live together. I’ll buy a new house somewhere and we’ll live there. You’ll never have to do another job again.”

“I don’t know. I’ve been doing ‘jobs’ for years now. I might go crazy if I don’t have something to do.”

“Something beyond taking care of my sexual needs?” she said with a grin. He smiled at her again.

“Okay, we’ll find something for you to do,” she went on. “Just nothing dangerous or too illegal, right?”

“I make no promises.”

Robyn grunted and took another sip.

“All right. You do whatever you want during the day, and at night you do... whatever you want to me.”

“Anything?”

“Anything.”

They were both silent for a while; both fully understanding what that meant.

“I might go to college,” he mused. “Never had the time for it.”

“Fine. Go to school. Get a PhD if you want. Hey, check this out: ‘Doctor Slash’! Sounds like the villain in a cheap horror movie.” Still suppressing laughter, she added, “By the way, what is your real name?”

For the first time ever, she saw him blush.

“Well, seeing as we’re going to be living together, I might as well tell you.”

He swirled the liquid around in his glass while he stared into it for a second.

“Hercules. Hercules Hornblower.”

Robyn fought back a laugh.

“Hercules?”

“Yeah.”

“Hornblower?”

“Don’t laugh.”

“Hercules Hornblower. Hmmm.... I can see why you use a nickname.”

“I picked it. I wanted something that would project a strong image. I thought of using ‘Killer’, then ‘Butcher’, but decided on ‘Slash’.”

“Yeah, I guess Hercules Hornblower just doesn’t inspire fear in people!” she said with a big grin, followed by an honest laugh.

“Make a joke about it and you’ll be punished tonight,” he told her – with a smile.

“Oh, I think it’s cute,” she replied.

“So did my Mom.”

“Well, I can’t think of a joke right now, but when I do, I’ll tell it to you. Something about the Labors of Hercules. Meantime, you can plan on punishing me beforehand. Right?”

“I promise.”

The End