

Slavegirl: Sandra's Story
by John Savage

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Chapter I

I Am Imprisoned

The countryside and weather matched my emotions: all gray and downcast, desolate and depressed. I watched the drab farmhouses and countless fields of green plants lined by trenches of slow moving water. I had no idea what those plants were that the farmers were growing, and I could not care less. The gray overcast skies had begun to drizzle upon the car I was being driven in, matching my spirits pretty closely.

I shifted on the leather seat, making the handcuffs rattle against the chain around my middle. Deputy Karla glanced into the back seat then turned her attention back to the road ahead after assuring herself I was not making any kind of attempt for freedom.

There was, to put it quite simply, no way I could have tried to escape. The handcuffs were stout metal and locked quite firmly around my slender wrists. I had complained that they were hurting me when they were first put on, but was ignored. Then there was a chain looped around my waist and locked to the center link of the handcuffs with a padlock. You would have thought I was some really dangerous criminal from the way they chained me up. Oh, and there was another pair of handcuffs locked around my ankles – also quite firmly. They made walking both difficult and painful because my ankles, I guess, got bigger when I stood up and that made the steel cuffs cut in and hurt. And walking was a real bitch when you could only take tiny steps, I can tell you.

Escape? I would dearly have loved to try, but the metal shackles kept me a prisoner. Damned these people! Damn their whole rotten country! I was sorry I ever heard of Krochia. And damned sorry that I ever went there.

Allow me to digress a bit. My name is Sandra Willis. I am an American citizen – for all the damned good that does me – and a student at UCLA. Well, I guess I was a student. Now I'm a prisoner in some damned country that's so backwards it probably doesn't even have a MacDonald's. I've just turned nineteen. Most people say I am beautiful and have a really nice figure. Truth is, they're right, but I try to not to gloat too much. Having a body that would not look out of place on a centerfold does have advantages, and I guess I used my looks often enough to get what I wanted. Only this time they got me into trouble - big trouble.

While I'm on the subject of who I am and why I'm in this damned position, let me say a hardy double-damn for Reggie "the Asshole" Hilton. It was all that damned bastard's fault that I'm wearing these damned chains. He scored some fine grass – I mean GOOD stuff - and we enjoyed it that night. But then he must have put the bag into my luggage, because when they inspected our bags at the airport, there it was and here I am.

The trial was a farce. It lasted all of five minutes and was conducted in a language I didn't understand. The public defender, or whatever they call it there, knew just enough English to tell me that I was guilty and sentenced to seven years in prison! I don't think he even tried to defend me, and would not listen to my plea that the grass was not mine.

It is hard to believe that a court system could function so quickly in a land where they can't seem to put through a phone call in less than an hour. I was arrested one day, tried the next, and in this car being hauled off to jail that same afternoon.

The guy driving the car hadn't said a word. The female deputy, I think her name was Karla, roughly locked the extra pair of handcuffs on my ankles and marched me (in slow time) out to the car. I was seat belted in (tightly) and we've been driving for at least three hours. I was hungry, pissed off, and, worst of all, I had to go to the bathroom. I didn't think Karla even spoke English. You could say that I was not a happy camper.

They had taken away my clothes and made me dress in this gray jumpsuit thing. It had no pockets and there was some writing on the back – probably said "Prisoner" in the local language. Or maybe it said: "sucker."

As soon as we got to the prison, I planned to repeat my demands to talk to American Consul, my parents, the ambassador, and the President of the United States, and anyone else I thought could help! And I was going to scream bloody murder until someone met my demands! Or go on a hunger strike, or something.

Unfortunately there was a nagging voice in the back of my mind that said I would get to talk to no one. The trouble was, that voice was probably right. Where the hell was it when I teamed up with Reggie and his high-flying weed? If I ever see Reggie again, I'm going to kill him. Slowly. Painfully. A piece at a time.

I think it was early evening because the drab landscape was getting darker. The rain had picked up, so when the car finally drove through a gate of heavy iron bars and up to a stone building and stopped, I was wet to the

skin almost immediately after being pulled from the car. The jumpsuit didn't help much. Neither did the thin cloth slippers as I shuffled along the wet stone pavement in the direction Karla pointed. She politely held the door open for me – well, it might not have been politeness as necessity since my hands were rather restricted. Just as I was about to enter the building, a flash of light followed by roll of thunder announced the serious rain was beginning. It pounded against me for the last ten feet.

Somehow, it seemed appropriate that the heavens should dump on me. Everyone else was.

I began to feel as if I were in a black and white movie. The pavement beneath my soaking wet slippers, the walls of the building, the guard's uniforms, even the skies were all shades of dim gray. It was not doing my hopes any good.

Inside, they let me stand in front of a desk while Karla presented my papers to the a fat man who acted as if I was something suspicious and dangerous, and he didn't really want me in his wonderful prison. Apparently, my papers were in order, and he had to accept his newest prisoner. When Karla had left and I was alone with this man, save for one guard who stood at attention behind the man at the desk, his expression changed. Gone was the droll bureaucrat doing a distasteful job. In his place was a lecherous, dirty, middle-aged slob who undressed me with his eyes and actually licked his lips at what he saw. I would not have been surprised if he had begun to pant and drool on the desk.

I've had men look at me with lust in their eyes, and for the most part I enjoyed it. Any woman likes to know men find her attractive, after all. But the look this guy gave me made my skin crawl – made me feel dirty all over.

It also left a cold knot in my stomach and brought home that I was completely helpless, from the hard steel of the handcuffs up to the prison walls around me. If this man wanted to... I stopped myself from thinking in that direction.

I was no virgin, as you probably figured by now, but when I have sex with a man, I want it to be of my choosing. For the first time in my young life I was faced with the very real probability of all manner of sexual assault.

“Please... Could I go to the bathroom?” I asked politely.

Speaking English was not among his talents. Lewd staring was his specialty.

Eventually, he sighed and picked up a black phone to speak a few words. We waited, staring at each other, until a woman came. She was a mountain of a woman dressed in the dark gray of the guard, and looking pissed off that someone was disturbing her routine. That someone was me. She gave me a look that would have killed a lesser woman, and grabbed my arm. I was almost jerked off my feet before she realized that I couldn't follow her at a walk. It annoyed her even more to have to kneel down and unlock the handcuffs from around my ankles.

Grabbing my arm again in a massive, ham-like hand, she pushed me down several corridors, a staircase, and up to a room that held nothing but a steel chair. I looked around under the single overhead light but could see no windows or anything else that would give me a hint what the room was used for. There was just this straight-backed chair made of metal tubes and with a flat metal seat. The legs, I realized with a bit of consternation, were bolted to the cement floor.

Apparently, the key to the lock on my chain had been turned over along with me and the paperwork, because she produced it now and removed both the lock and chain. She even removed the handcuffs from my wrists, leaving me, for the first time since I was arrested, totally without shackles.

I stood there, rubbing my sore wrists and awaiting what would come next, without realizing, until later, that I had not even given a thought to running. The door was open but maybe I could have made it somewhere. But what good would it have done? Probably just get me into trouble.

I was pushed down to the chair and felt the hard surface against my bottom. My arms were grabbed and forced behind the chair's back. She had more strength than most men I knew, and struggling would have been useless. I felt the handcuffs again close around my poor wrists. Then she was down on her knees, taking one of my ankles in her hand and locking a second pair of handcuffs on it. That was pulled under the chair, as was my other foot, where they were locked together. She pulled the chain around the cuffs on my ankles and up to those on my wrists. With one end of the chain hooked to the handcuffs on my wrists, it was not long enough to go around my ankle shackles and back up to the wrists again. But she pulled, and I squealed as the hard steel edges cut into both my ankles and wrists. I could feel my legs being forced backwards under the chair and the front edge cutting into the backs of my knees. And my arms were pulled down until the back of the chair was cutting into the soft flesh of my armpits. With a

grunt, she closed the last inch and got the padlock through the last link of the chair. Then it was closed with a definite click and I was again secured.

But this time was far worse than they had done to me in the car. At least then I could sit sort of comfortably, and move around a bit as needed. Now I was solidly secured to this metal chair in a most uncomfortable manner. The metal edges of the handcuffs hurt me. I tried to tell her that, but she only grinned at my pleas. A quick check of the locks and she was gone. For a few seconds after the door closed, I called out to her, but then the light snapped off and I was shocked into silence.

It was totally black in that little room! There was no light anywhere. I think I whined in self-pity, but when I stopped that I found that the room was also very, very quiet. Maybe even soundproofed.

It was terrible! I was in pain, my poor body bent backwards around the chair, and now totally alone like I had never been in my life. I struggled. I knew it was serious struggling because my wrists and ankles were very sore afterwards. I think I almost panicked in that dark place; at least, I was fighting the shackles like a madwoman.

I had to stop. The pain was too much and there still remained a part of my mind that told me it was illogical to hurt myself without hope of gaining anything from it. For a while I sat there, panting and trembling like a frightened rabbit.

After a while, a terrible thought occurred to me. How long was I going to sit like this? I was tired, cold, wet and hungry, not mention in pain. Should I not have been put into a cell? A cell with a nice cot or bunk and a blanket? Surely iron bars would be enough to keep me a prisoner; there was no need for this cruel handcuffing of my limbs.

I found that I could ease the stress a bit by arching my hips upward. It made the edges cut into the backs of my legs and under my arms worse, but it brought my hands and feet closer together and that eased the pain. Of course, I could not keep up that position for long and had to sit back down, allowing the harsh edges to cut in again.

I called out for mercy, cried and cursed. Nothing happened. Just about the time I figured I was going to be left that way for the night, I heard a noise. Suddenly I was blinded by a bright light. As my vision returned, I found that horrible woman standing before me. In her hand were two lengths of chain and two padlocks. I groaned. I didn't need more!

With rough hands, she grabbed my head and pushed it back, forcing my mouth open. I was shocked when she forced the chain into my mouth. With the quick motions of someone who had done this often, she tilted my head forward and brought the ends of the short chain together behind neck. There, she locked it with one of the locks, but not before making sure that the chain was very tight in my mouth. It was cutting into the corners of my lips and forcing my jaw open.

Then she knelt, wrapped the other chain over my lap and passed the ends around my hips and under the chair. She pulled until my bottom was pushed against the chair seat before locking that chain. It was the least uncomfortable of all the chains, but it held me down in the chair quite effectively.

I could move my arms or feet sideways a little, but that was all. The chain through my mouth made an effective gag, at least from the point of view of preventing me from talking. I could make horrible noises; gagging, whining, angry sounds, but no words. And I could no longer arch my body to ease the strain. I'm sure that was why she put the chain around my middle.

The fat woman stood back and looked at me with a pleased look on her face. Then she spoke words that I did not understand. Apparently she was trying to tell me something about what she had done to me. These words were accompanied by hand gestures that were nearly as incomprehensible. She patted the furry triangle between my legs and made a motion like she was pushing something up with her hand. Then she shook her head and grinned. She was about to leave when something amusing struck her. At least, she was grinning when she came back to little, old helpless me.

She ripped my clothes off, that's what she did. The jumpsuit was of poor quality, both material and thread, and came apart under her tugging. She seemed to be having fun as she pulled the cloth off my arms, legs and body, even out from under me. In a minute there was nothing but pile of gray clothing lying on the floor, and that she kicked into the corner.

My bra and panties went just as fast.

I moaned in protest. She grinned. This just was not fair and I wanted to tell her that. I don't think she cared.

Satisfied with my helplessness and nudity, she left me. Again the light went out.

I cursed as best I could. This time I was certain that she planned to leave me all night like this. It was demoralizing. Was there not suppose to be some rules about how you treat prisoners? Something about international agreements, or something? Was this the kind of treatment I could expect for the entire seven years of my sentence? Oh, shit!

I think I alternated cursing with sobbing for a long time, probably hours. I even tried to go to sleep, but that release from the pain evaded me. I was miserable, and would stay miserable until morning, after which, things would get worse.

It was a shock when the light came on. I blinked furiously and tried to see if that fat woman had come back to take pity on poor little me. It was not the fat matron. It was the fat man who had taken me in.

I looked with pleading eyes to him, but quickly recognized the look in his. It was pure lust. This guy was randy, horny, amorous, whatever you want to call it. He was looking to screw me. I prayed he did not have the key to my locks.

My prayers were answered.

His eyes grew wide when he saw my nudity. A wide, evil grin came to his face. But it was quickly replaced by puzzlement then anger as he saw the chains and handcuffs that were holding me prisoner.

He tugged at the chains, which made them cut in more and hurt more, but did not free me at all. He even tried to get the chain out of my mouth, but the woman had locked it far too tightly to remove without the key.

His anger and frustration (to judge from the bulge in his pants when he came in) were immense. His curses were, I was sure, quite colorful in the local language, but did not change the situation. He could not use me the way he had planned! For the first time, I was actually glad to be chained up! Still uncomfortable as hell, but those metal shackles had saved my virtue.

With a roar of rage, he lifted his hand to strike my face. For a second, the scene was frozen, him posed to hit and me cringing and unable to protect myself in any way. Then he cursed again and stormed out of the room.

I understood then what had been so amusing to that matron. She knew he would come later and try to screw me, an act she had prevented by securing me in such a way that he could not! She had even prevented him from forcing me to do a blowjob on him. And by leaving me naked for him to find, she assured that he would be doubly frustrated!

She was a mean one, but I would thank her when I got the chance. Of course, I would also curse her for the way she protected me. I mean, could she not have just locked me into a cell that he did not have the key for?

He slammed the door but left the light on. Which was another thing I was glad for. It was a lot less scary with light than in the total dark.

I was dozing off when the noise of the door opening jerked me back to the real world. Had he figured out a way to screw me even chained down as I was? Was he back to take revenge for his frustrated plans? Or was it morning already.

It took a few seconds to recognize, but there was the fat matron standing in the doorway, looking at me with a strange expression on her face. Then she turned and left.

Before I could wonder what was going on, another woman entered the room. This one was certainly different from the matron. For one thing, she was tall, shapely and had a lovely hairdo that framed her gorgeous face in golden locks. For a second, I flashed on some of those pictures I had seen of Marilyn Monroe. You know, the lush, sexy figure with a wholesome yet sexy face and too-perfect blonde hair. But this woman was not Marilyn. For one thing, her eyes were dark and hinted of... What? Italian? Maybe. But probably something Eastern European.

I had never seen Marilyn dressed as this woman was, either. There was a black leather skirt that did not just cling to her figure, it compressed it and molded it. It was also extremely short – mid-thigh only. The long legs were clad in black nylons and ended in a pair of high heels the likes of which I had never seen. The heels were very thin. And tall! It must have been a good five inches from the point of the heel to where her heel was. It looked as if she was standing on her toes. I guess she was. But it made her legs look incredible!

Above the black skirt was a blouse almost as strange as the bottom half. It was of dark red and appeared to be satin. It was buttoned up the front and stretched tightly across what had to be as large a pair of breasts as mine – and that's saying something!

Marilyn would never have dressed like that. Neither would Marilyn ever carry a black riding crop casually, as this woman did.

She was one sexy woman, I had to admit.

She looked down at me with an expression I could not read. Maybe surprise? But what did she expect? Maybe it was my nudity that threw her. Surely she expected to find a prisoner – why else would she have been there? And a chained prisoner would not be unreasonable. But a naked one? Well... Strange lands, strange customs... Or whatever.

She gave some orders; I know that's what they were from the tone, and there was a rattling. A man came into the room, pushing a cart before him. On the cart was a coffin!

I swallowed hard. What the hell was going on?!? Was that for me!

I tried to protest but that damned chain gag frustrated me. All I could do was sit there and wait for whatever fate had in store for me.

What fate did to me was beyond my wildest expectations. First off, I was freed from the chair. The handcuffs were unlocked and the chains fell to the floor. I was helped to my feet where I found it a little hard to keep my balance. I probably would have said a thank you for the release, but the chain through my mouth was left in place and even if I had tried with my now-freed hands, I couldn't have removed it.

A second man came in after the first and opened the lid of the coffin. The inside was lined in red satin and seemed to be padded so it had the shape of a body. On the satin was lying several coils of rope, the kind I used to see my mother use to hang clothes up with. Cotton clothesline, I believe it was called. Anyway, it was white and soft but not too thick.

I was grabbed by the men and turned around so my arms could be pulled behind me. Before I could react, I felt rope being wound around my wrists. Rather tightly, I might add. My first reaction was to fight them. I didn't want to be tied up with rope. What kind of prison was this? But I forced myself to stay cool and just allow them to bind me. I mean, they would have anyway, right? And probably more tightly if I fought them.

My arms were tied at the wrists and then above my elbows. I did not know it could be done, but they pulled my elbows together behind me before binding them. It was a strain and the ropes cut in, but they wrapped a lot of rope around my arms and it was not nearly as bad as the handcuffs had been.

As one of them reached for more rope, I realized that being tied this way really made my breasts stand out. I looked down and could not believe how firm and solid they seemed, like cones pointing straight ahead. I had always been proud of my breasts, but never had I seen them stand out that

way. Under different circumstances I would have liked to explore this new aspect of my figure. But they did not give me time to even think about it.

I was pushed down until I sat in the chair again, and my legs were bound together. One was wrapping rope around my ankles while the other bound my legs just above my knees. I thought they wrapped the ropes about as tightly as possible, but when each was finished wrapping around the legs, he passed the rope between my legs, going across the ropes already there and pulling them closer. It made the ropes tighten down until they were indenting my flesh! I had been tied up a couple of times as a child, but never with this degree of cruelty. Those damned ropes were tight!

Then I discovered that they could get even tighter when they stood me up. A standing position made the ropes cut in even more! It was not comfortable, to say the least.

I was bound hand and foot, but they were not finished with me. As the blonde watched, they wrapped more rope around my chest and arms, pinning my arms to my back. They expertly and quickly tied the ropes, cinched them down, and knotted them. I was not aware of it right then, but would later come to realize that those knots were deliberately tied where there was no possibility of my fingers reaching them. Logical, when you think about it, but I had never been tied like that and it was all new to me.

I looked to the woman who seemed to be in charge and tried to ask a question.

“Just relax, honey,” she said in accented but rather good English. “You’re just going to a different prison.”

Wonderful! I thought. Was this place not harsh enough for my terrible crime?

A second later I realized what they were going to do next, and I began struggling. Talk about closing the barn door after the horse has fled! I was really, really tightly bound and about as helpless as a baby when they easily picked me up and deposited my naked body in the coffin. From someplace down in the satin lining, there came leather straps that went across my body to hold me in place. My struggles pretty much went unnoticed as they buckled down the straps across my upper chest, mid-drift, hips, and three at different places across my legs. In less than five minutes from the time the first rope went around my wrist, I was lying completely helpless on my bound arms in a coffin. I knew when the lid came down I would probably start screaming.

But before that final terror, they added something to my helpless plight. A mask of stiff leather was placed over my face and held there by one man while the other buckled a strap over it. When they finished, I could not even move my head. I began to panic, fearful that I would be unable to breath. But there was a soft feeling against my lips and nose and I realized that air was being blown there so I would not perish.

I heard and felt rather than saw the lid come down. I could feel the cool, silk-smooth satin padding pressing against me from my head down to my toes. Maybe the coffin was designed for women with smaller breasts than mine, because the most pressure was against my chest.

Still, I could breath. Not move an inch, and certainly never escape. But I was not going to die. Not right then, at least.

I could hear and see nothing, but I could feel movement as the cart, coffin and prisoner were wheeled out of that prison and taken off into the night, destined for who knew where.

Chapter II

My New Prison

The trip was long and not very comfortable. The amazing fact is that I actually managed to get some sleep in my satin-lined coffin. The ropes hurt my legs a bit and my arms a lot more, but it was warm and soft inside my box, and I was very tired. For a while, speculation about where I was going and what would happen to me filled my mind, but fatigue overtook me and I awoke when my traveling coffin was jolted by a particularly rough bump.

I was aware that the constant motion feeling was gone. It had told me before that I was being transported in some kind of vehicle, probably a car or truck, but that was all. Now I was at rest, hearing nothing and seeing nothing.

When the lid opened, I was aware of the rush of cool air upon my naked body. Then hands were unbuckling the straps and my heart gave a little leap of joy. I was finally going to be out of that totally immobile state, and I was glad for it. It is not pleasant to be a prisoner inside a coffin. Now, if these people would only show me some civilized treatment... Like a meal and perhaps even a shower. A bed would be nice. A soft bed with warm blankets. But mostly, I was hungry.

The straps were finally gone and I was being lifted out of the coffin. I wanted very much to yell at them to untie my arms, as my hands were numb. And get that damned chain out of my mouth. It hurt and my mouth was dry because I could not close my lips completely.

They stood me up, but my legs would not take my weight and one of the men had to hold me. Then I was placed in—of all things—a wheel chair! Actually, it made sense. If you wanted to move a totally bound person from one place to another, you either carried her or rolled her. A wheel chair was perfect, if not too comfortable. It was the way my arms were bound. I was forced to almost sit on my hands, and the ropes around my middle really cut into my tummy.

I was pushed through hallways, doors, and eventually into an elevator for a short ride upward. Then there was another corridor and a room where my travels came to a stop.

For a moment I was left alone, so I took an inventory of my surroundings. It was a man's room with wood paneling, a brick fireplace, and a massive oak desk. The floor was covered in a thick forest green carpet, and there were a couple of chairs and a sofa, all in black leather and looking very plush. Then I was lifted from the wheel chair and unceremoniously dumped upon the carpet before the fireplace. Which had a nice fire going, I might add.

The man who had brought me left, taking the chair with him. I struggled around to get on my side so I could see something besides green carpet. Then a voice came from behind me.

"Welcome," was all it said. A man's voice, cultured and speaking English. I rolled onto my stomach and then onto my right side so I could see who was addressing me. That put me closer to the fire, but the heat felt good against my bare skin.

The man was sitting in one of the chairs facing the fireplace. He was middle-aged, with temples turning gray but otherwise black hair. His features were slender, the nose sharp and the chin somewhat pointed. But it was his eyes that caught my attention. They were dark, almost totally black, like forest pools in shadow. He sat there with his hands forming a steeple before him as he studied me. My first impression was that I was looking at one of the photos or paintings of Dracula. Or at least what people think he looked like. And I don't mean Bela Lugosi.

For a long time we stared at each other. I know he was aware of my rather sexy body, but he seemed to only look to my eyes. It was disconcerting in a way that he did not stare at my protruding breasts or pubic triangle like most men will. His eyes were almost hypnotic the way they held mine.

"I see," he finally said, "that they used a chain to gag you. I do not have the key for that lock, but it matters not. What you have to say matters little. As a courtesy, I will tell you briefly about your new status, then you will be taken away to be cleaned and prepared."

He rose and went to a sideboard where he poured himself a drink, brandy, I figured from the shape of the glass.

"I have bought you."

It was a simple statement and one that puzzled me. I mean, I had barely gotten used to the idea that I was a prisoner in the normal sense. Now here was this man telling me that he had purchased me?

“I paid good money for you, though that is of little import to you. You are now a slave of Count Alucard. My property, to speak more formally.” He took a sip. “You were convicted of a crime,” he went on. “Are you guilty? Well, never mind; it makes no difference.” He ignored my shaking of my head. “You are my toy now, to use, abuse and eventually, when I tire of you, to be cast aside.”

I protested with a whine. Damn that chain! I would have given him a piece of my mind had I the ability to speak.

He settled back into the chair, looking very much like a satisfied and confident man. “I think it only fair to tell you that I am a sadist.” He took another sip, perhaps to give that statement time to sink in. “I enjoy causing pain in beautiful women. It is to me a beautiful thing to see a woman writhe in agony and give vent to her suffering in screams.”

I was shocked! This man was impossible. Everything that was happening to me was impossible! Part of me kept expecting him to break into a big grin and tell me that it was all a joke and I could go home.

“I would be nice if you were one of those women who likes pain,” he continued, “but I don’t think you are. I am looking forward to hearing your screams.”

Then I believed him. It sank into my mind that he was being sadistic in the way he teased and tormented me with nothing more than words. He was enjoying my mental suffering as I lay there, filled with fear over what he was saying. Not to mention my physical suffering from overly tight ropes and that damned chain gag.

“You have a new life now. It will be one of constant restraints and frequent anguish, not to mention sexual use and abuse. Your old life and even your old name are gone. I shall call you...” He paused in consideration. “I shall call you ‘Willow’. No real reason for that name. I just like it. You, of course, will address me as ‘Master’.”

Bullshit! This guy was way the hell out in left field. Certifiably coo-coo. Funny farm material.

He was off on some kind of macho, male-ego mental trip. The trouble was he had my body and I was forced to be on that same trip with him.

“Well, I’ll have you fixed up now. You aren’t, by any chance, a virgin, are you? No, I guess not. A body like that was made for sex and little else. No way you could stay a virgin looking like you do.”

He rose and went to the desk where he pressed a button and the man with the wheel chair came back in. I was picked up and placed in the chair again and wheeled out. I did not even have the chance to say one “fuck you” to the man who thought he was my “Master”.

* * * * *

I was not taken where I expected to be. A prison cell or even a dungeon would not have surprised me, the way things were going. But it was neither of those. It was simply a bedroom. A rather nice one, at that. It was large, at least twenty by ten feet, and had a large, very soft looking bed. There was even a window, although I could see right away that it had bars on it - big, heavy looking, steel bars. I suspected they were to keep people in, not out.

The decor was pleasant, in shades of tan and coffee and white. Two dressers and a rather stout looking chair made up the total of the furniture, in addition, of course, to the bed. There was a door on my right that led to a bathroom. Well, it was a doorway; there was no door hanging there.

I was picked up like so much baggage and dumped on the bed where I lay face down because it was too much effort to try to roll over. Besides, this was the most comfortable position I had been in for quite a while. Well, ignore the pain in my elbows and shoulders, and you could call it comfortable. And the terrible ache in my jaw from that damned chain.

I heard the door close and panicked for a moment. Was I to be left alone while still tied and gagged this horrible way? I rolled on my side to look to the door. Sure enough, it was closed. And locked, I would have wagered. I tried to feel around to see if I could free myself from the ropes, but my fingers were numb from my arms being tied so tightly for so long. It was useless.

The man returned. In his hands was a horrible looking torture device with long handles and a vicious jaw with sharp edges. I shrieked and tried to roll away but he climbed up onto the bed, straddled me, and pinned me down with his body weight. Then those terrible jaws came closer and closer to my face. Suddenly the bottom edge was sliding under the chain through my mouth and a second later it bit right through the chain to let it fall to the bed.

My mouth was free! Too bad I was unable to talk. My jaw was sort of locked in place and I had trouble closing it. The ache was replaced by some sharp pains, but they went away after a while. I tried to say ‘thank you’ for this kindness but I am not sure he understood the noises I made. They did not sound much like words to me.

Then he was working on the ropes around my body. Several times he had to turn me over, since I had originally been bound while standing and the rope was wrapped around me. But the ropes did come off and for that I was also grateful. Finally, he was down to the ropes around my arms. The clothesline was peeled out of my skin, and finally totally off my elbows and wrists. I was very happy to have those off, but the joy was short-lived. Returning circulation can be rather painful. This was a lesson I learned right then and there — and many times thereafter.

I cried as the nerves in my arms and especially my hands screamed themselves awake. It was pins-and-needles like I never felt before. It was hot, shooting pains darting through my arms. It was most unpleasant.

While I was sobbing, the man was working the ropes off my legs. When I could finally pay attention to something other than my arms, I looked down to see deep red marks where the ropes had buried themselves in the flesh of my legs. My feet tingled a little too, but nothing like my hands had.

Under normal circumstances, I would have attempted to cover my nudity, made a dash for the door, or tried to plead with this man to help me get out of there. But all I actually did was to lie on my back on the bed and meekly wait for what was to come. If he were to force himself on me, I don’t think I could have cared. All that was important was that those damned painful ropes were off.

Had I thought about it, I would have realized that my freedom would be short-lived. And it was. The man who had freed me almost immediately tied me again. This time I was rolled onto my stomach and my hands brought together behind my back. I could feel my wrists being crossed and the rope going around them. First it wrapped around from side to side, then from top to bottom, locking my wrists together in a four-way vice. Then he wrapped the last few turns around the others and pulled that tight. He tied a couple knots up between my wrists on top and my hands were done.

Well, I thought they were. I felt him take my hands in one of his and just held them for a minute. I couldn’t tell what he was doing. Then he let go and left the room.

This was a new development, for sure! I was still naked but only my hands were bound. I could walk, a freedom I had not enjoyed for about twenty-four hours. Crawling off the bed, I stood up on legs that were a little shaky but I quickly learned how to walk again. For a while I stood there, twisting and turning, or rather trying to turn my wrists, in an effort to free myself. But the ropes were tight enough to prevent my wrists from turning, and I could not reach the knot. Finally I gave up and set off exploring my room.

My first destination was the bathroom, which fortunately was perfectly normal in all respects. Then I walked around the bedroom. The dresser drawers were locked. That left only the window as a source of interest. I was apparently on an upper story of some building, because the ground was at least two stories below me. The view was of a mountainside, covered with dense pines and ferns. No building was visible, not even a road. The sky was gray and it looked as if it were raining lightly. It was a drab landscape in shades of green and gray.

I sat down on the bed and wondered about what that strange man had told me. I was his toy, he said. His property. That was stupid, I told myself. People are not property. But then I had to remind myself that I was not back in the good old U.S. of A. This was a different world.

But still... It was one thing to be arrested and convicted of a crime, quite another to be “bought” and kept as a slave. That sort of thing happened only in cheap novels. What frightened me was that I was not absolutely sure of that. You heard stories of white slaves, and kidnapped girls and all sorts of things, but that happens to others in far-away lands. Certainly not an American citizen - like me.

My hands, I was glad to find out, were feeling pretty much normal, having suffered no apparent permanent damage from the numbness. Of course, I could not see them as they were behind my back, but at least this way of being tied was comfortable.

The bathroom sink faucet provided water to satisfy my thirst, but my stomach was growling something fierce and a meal would certainly have been welcomed. Drinking from the faucet by bending over with my head in the sink was not fun, and probably rather undignified. But drinking made me feel better.

With nothing else to do, I walked around my room again, this time turning my back and trying the door handle with my tied hands. It was, of course, locked. I was standing besides the bed, considering pulling back the

covers and getting in. The room was not cold but also not very warm. Just then the door opened.

It was the woman who had fetched me from that drab prison and hustled me off in a coffin. This time she was dressed in a one-piece jump suit (I later found out it was called a ‘cat suit’) made of black leather. There were laces in front and along each leg on the outside. And it was laced up pretty tightly to judge from the way the leather seemed to mold to her body. There was a pair of high-heeled boots that came up to just above her calves and were laced on also. Her golden blonde hair was perfectly done in gentle waves that framed her gorgeous face wonderfully. I had to wonder how long she spent at the dressing table each morning.

The overall effect was strangely exciting and sexy. Even the riding crop she casually held seemed to fit the image.

“Could I get something to eat?” I asked as politely as I could.

The reply was instantaneous. I didn’t even see her hand move but felt the impact of the riding crop on my left flank. There was a sharp splash of pain but I was shocked more by the surprise.

“You do not speak unless given permission,” she said simply.

“I...”

She lifted the crop again and I backed away.

“Kneel here,” she said while pointing the crop at the floor before her.

I did not want obey, but that little taste of pain on my leg was telling me that she could cause a great deal more if she chose. I lowered myself to the carpet and knelt before her.

“Spread you knees wide.” I obeyed. “Now straighten your back. Bow your head and look only at the floor.”

I did as I was told. It seemed the best thing to do. Refusal was my first reaction, but the logical part of my brain told me it would gain me nothing but maybe more pain. I bowed my head and stared at the tip of her boot. But inside I was seething with anger.

Slowly walking around me, viewing me from all angles, she gave me a lecture as she walked.

“Understand that you are not what you used to be. You are no longer a free citizen. You no longer have any rights. You are owned property, pure and simple. Do you understand this?”

“I... You can’t be serious,” I said weakly.

“I am. Your owner is the Master. I may as well explain a few more facts of life to you. You are located in a castle in a remote corner of the country. Your Master is rich and very powerful. In his domain, he is the law. The government authorities will not come here. It is dense forest for many kilometers in any direction. Even if you could get free of your restraints and of the castle, you could wander endlessly without finding anyone or anything. Of course, you will not be allowed to do that.”

“You can’t do this to me,” I protested, even though in my heart I knew they could and were. “Please, let me talk to the American Consul...”

She snorted a curt laugh. “Certainly not. You are no longer part of the outside world. By the way, did you know that you’re dead?”

“What!”

“Officially, you were killed in a traffic accident while on the way to prison. Should anyone inquire, that is what they will be told. Stop looking at me. Turn your eyes to the floor. A slave does not gaze upon her superiors.”

What could I do? My protests sounded weak, even to me. It is hard to argue with someone when you’re naked and your hands tied behind you. “Will I be let go when my sentence is up?” I asked.

Again she snorted. “Silly girl,” was her comment.

“Could I have something to eat?” One has to think of the practical matters, even at such dramatic times. “I haven’t eaten in a long time.”

“You’ll be fed. And afterwards...” she let the sentence linger on; the smile I could see out of the corner of my eye was filled with promise as she gazed upon my naked body. I have seen men look at me that way and I knew what it was they wanted.

“The Master will sample you this evening. He always does with a new slavegirl.”

“What if I told you that I have a terrible sexual disease?” I tried. “Surely he wouldn’t want to catch it.”

“You’re not diseased!” she threw right back at me. She was, of course, right, but how could she be so sure? “You don’t lie well,” she explained.

Oh, well. Time for another track. “Is the Master such a bad lover that he has to have his women tied up?”

She smiled at that. And I wondered why I had been so bold. My stupid mouth was going to get me into big trouble - again.

“He is a great lover.” The way she said “Grrreeeaaat!” told a lot. “He simply prefers a woman tightly bound. It’s more fun that way. Besides, he does a lot more than just fuck you.”

I did not like the tone of her voice at that last part. It sounded as if she was also saying that she liked her lovers tightly bound up. From the edge of my vision, I had seen the way she was looking at my body. I knew that look from the way men look at me – it was not hard to figure her for a lesbian.

“He enjoys hurting a woman. Many men do, you know,” she continued. “And so do some women.”

The way she said that told me that she was one of those women.

“Touch your head to the floor,” she commanded.

I bend forward until my forehead was on the carpet. Just as I was realizing how that made my butt stick up, a sudden burst of fiery pain exploded there. I howled and rolled over onto my side, trying to cover the injured flesh with my bound hands.

“That hurt!” I informed her. Had I not been so surprised, I would have realized that she knew that already.

“Back on your knees!”

I struggled back to my knees. Fearful of another such strike, I braced myself and tensed my bottom. So, of course, she threw me a curve. The swish came in front of me and the pain burst into existence in my right breast.

I howled louder and fell over. My hands were trying to reach the injured flesh but could not.

She allowed me a few seconds to recover, during which I realized just how much I feared damage to my breasts. They were large and firm and very shapely. I was quite proud of them. So the idea of being whipped there made me turn cold and my knees shake. Visions of my lovely set being cut to ribbons with a whip crowded into my thoughts. I whined in fear, as well as with pain.

“Back on your knees.”

Oh, shit! I thought. How long is this going to go on? I was certain there was a bright red mark on both my breast and butt, not to forget my flank, and that there would be a nice bruises to follow the redness.

Nevertheless, I struggled back to my knees.

Had there been a mirror before me, I am sure I would have seen a girl with eyes wide from fear and panting from the effort to regain her knees. I could feel a tear crawling down my cheek.

This woman, whose name I still did not know, stood before me, close enough so that her boots were pressed against the sides of my knees. Her leather-clad legs were touching my hair.

“Kiss me,” she said. “Right here.”

I looked up and found she was pointing, with the crop, to her sex, which was only a couple inches away. Yeah, she’s a lesbian, I thought. But at least her sex was covered by that tight black leather. Maybe this was just symbolic. Or a promise of things to come, more likely.

I leaned forward a bit and touched that place with my lips quickly.

“Do it like you mean it!” she commanded.

I remembered the crop and felt the burning spots on my bare flesh. I leaned forward again, this time making the kiss last a little longer.

“Harder!”

Again, this time pressing my lips against the leather. The smell of leather, which I have always liked, was mixed with the smell of a young woman in an excited state.

Apparently that kiss was better, for she backed away and did not demand a repeat.

“You will be doing that again,” she promised with a sweet smile. “A lot.”

I did not say anything. I am not – well, was not then - a lesbian, and viewed with loathing the very idea of having to make love to another woman.

Then she walked out, humming a little happy tune. I checked, but the door was again locked. So I lay on my side on the bed and felt miserable.

A short time later, another person entered my bedroom. This woman was a beauty and wore a most strange costume. First off, she was black, one

of those incredibly beautiful black women you see in the highest class of men's magazines. She had long, straight, ebony hair with highlights of red in it. Her skin was a warm coco color, smooth and firm. She was wearing what I at first took to be a pair of black panties, but then realized were actually made of leather. They were very tight about her hips. She wore a pair of high heels shoes, the kind with an ankle strap. That strap, I noticed, held a small lock. Which meant, of course, that she could not removed the shoes without the key. That was all of her clothing, which made her not much more dressed than I was.

Her hands were locked together in front of her with handcuffs, but that did not hinder her in carrying a small tray. The smell from that tray made my mouth water. She set it down on the bed and backed away. I could see a bowl of what looked like beef stew and a slice of bread. There was also a glass of water with a straw.

Looking up to the black woman, I asked, "How am I supposed to eat this with my hands tied behind me?"

She lifted one finger to her lips to indicate no talking. Then she knelt down on the floor, bowed her head, rested her hands on her thighs, and waited.

Okay, whatever. I crawled off the bed, carefully so as not to spill any food, then knelt so I could reach the bowl with my mouth. I ate. It was messy to eat with no hands, but it tasted oh, so good!

When I had finished that very tiny morsel of food, I turned on my side and sat on the carpet, resting my back against the bed. The black girl rose, went to the bathroom and returned with a rag. She cleaned my face with it then placed it on the tray. Picking it up, she turned to leave.

"Please..." I begged. "Could you stay a minute? I need to know some things."

The young woman did not turn back to me but continued with her exit.

I sighed. A few minutes later, I pulled the covers back and crawled into bed. I was asleep almost instantly.

Chapter III

Ravished!

I woke up with a bastard standing over me.

I don't mean to make a statement about his parentage, but about his attitude towards helpless females. He was a huge man, with a scarred face and dull eyes, void of all intelligence yet retaining a certain animal cunning. He held a coil of rope in his huge hand, and that sight made my heart sink. Had I not been tied up enough in the last few days? I asked myself.

The guy grabbed the edge of the covers and jerked them off me. My first reaction was to try to cover my nudity with my hands, but that, of course, was not possible with my hands tied behind my back. I let him look at my fine body and mentally told him to "eat his heart out" because he was not going to get this fine, sexy female. Then the thought occurred to me that the choice of sex or no sex was not mine to make as it usually was - he could simply take me if he wanted to. It made me feel a little more humble, I can tell you that.

Strangely enough, he did not seem to be interested in me – sexually, I mean. A girl knows when a man is lusting after her; you can see it in his eyes. Hell, you can almost smell it. This man was all business. He grabbed my ankles and pulled them together. Then the rope was being wrapped around them and I was glad that at least I would not get assaulted sexually – at least, not right then. Being taken by this monster would probably not be a pleasant experience, I realized. At least, not if his penis was a huge and ugly as the rest of him.

When my ankles were cinched down and knotted, he turned his attention to the ceiling over my bed. I had not noticed it before, but there were several hooks and rings embedded in the ceiling. He put one foot on the bed and quickly stood up to pass a rope through one of the rings about the center of the bed, then brought both ends down to my feet. One end was wrapped around the rope on my ankles and knotted tightly. The other end he took in his strong hands and pulled.

I eeked. Obviously I was going to be hoisted up by the ankles and that didn't sound like much fun. Forgetting all about the admonitions for slaves to be silent, I begged with him not to hang me by my feet. It would

be very painful, I explained carefully, and maybe harm me if I was left there too long. He acted as if he didn't speak English, which was probable.

I watched as my feet slowly rose before me. There was a point where I couldn't stay sitting upright and fell back on my bound arms. Then I felt the rope tighten around my ankles as more and more of my weight was taken up. When my hips were being lifted off the nice, soft bedding, the ropes around my ankles were really cutting in. Soon my shoulders and head were all that touched the bed, then I was totally suspended.

It was a strange feeling, I can tell you. I had never been hung upside down before. I had hung by my knees from jungle gyms as a kid but this was something entirely different. My view of the room was from about the level of his waist and, of course, upside down. My ankles hurt but not too bad, to be honest.

For a few seconds he just stood there, looking at me. I was almost weird the way he didn't seem to notice that I was naked and built like a centerfold model. I wasn't used to men who looked at me that way. Then he turned and left. I called out, a last plead not to be left that way, but my words bounced off his departing back.

I tried to work my hands free but failed miserably. The ropes were not super tight on my wrists but I couldn't move them or work any loose. Even when I could just touch the knots with the tip of one finger, there was no way I could work it loose. Eventually I had to give up. It was obvious that those who bound me knew what they were doing.

So I hung there. My long hair reached all the way to the bed and occasionally I had to shake my head to keep it out of my eyes. But there really was not anything to see. The room was empty save for me and no one came. I let myself hang as quietly as I could and waited. I had found early on that jerking around only hurt my ankles. Unfortunately, just hanging there also hurt them. Still, I took stock and told myself that this wouldn't be too impossible – provided that they didn't leave me hanging too long.

They left me a long time.

I was moaning softly when the door opened. I could feel the increased pressure in my head from the inverted position, but I was young and healthy and it was not too bad. But my ankles hurt, and my feet were going numb. I mean, all my weight, every last ounce, was forcing the ropes tighter into my ankles. It was no wonder that the circulation in my feet was almost cut off.

While hanging there, I fought to keep my tears in. It was so unfair that I should be treated like this. The drugs were not mine; I deserved none of this! But, to be honest, it was not only the unfairness and the pain that made me want to cry. It was the thought that I was condemned to a lifetime of this kind of treatment! That was a bleak thought.

The man who came in next was my “Master”. Ha! I decided then and there that I would never call him “Master” and never submit to him. He might be able to ravish my body and do terrible things to me, but he could never bend my will to his. Little did I know about things in this strange world!

For a while he stood there, looking over my nakedness. I knew that this inverted position made my breasts ride abnormally high on my chest, but I did not know if that was erotic or not. I felt sexy in a strange way. Not that I was looking forward to the coming assault (at least I was pretty sure I would be sexually used now – after all, what is it that men want from a pretty woman?). But being naked and so terribly helpless also made me feel sexy. I did not understand it then, but I was very much aware how my long legs and full breasts and narrow waist were shown off by hanging upside down.

I was suddenly aware that there was a knife in his hand, a thin, slivery stiletto, very sharp and pointed looking. I heart skipped a beat as the wild idea raced through my brain that this man did not want my body, he was going to do something far worse! I think I whined in fear.

Suddenly his arm swung outward and I cringed, fully expecting that blade to cut into my flesh. Instead, it sliced through the rope passing down from the hook to a metal cleat on the wall. I fell to the bed, bounced a bit and came to a stop lying on my side, back to him. I quickly rolled over to keep him in my sight.

A strong hand took hold of my ankle and pulled my bound feet towards him. The thin blade was then inserted between my ankles. The knife must have been terribly sharp for it cut through the ropes easily. My feet came apart as the ropes fell away.

Immediately I could feel pins and needles in my feet as the circulation returned. For a few moments I closed my eyes as the sensation approached pain, so intense was the signal from awakening nerves. When I opened them again, the knife was not in sight.

“Slave,” he commanded, “spread your legs.”

His voice was not loud but given in a tone that said he was used to being obeyed without question.

My legs squeezed tightly together. Let him force them apart if he wanted to. I would not help.

A faint smile crept across his handsome face. “Shall I have Igor come back in and hang you up again? This time you’ll hang all night.”

I swallowed hard. I did not wish to hang upside down all night! But I did not want to open my legs in that ancient invitation, either.

“And I will invite my daughter to come in and whip you as you hang there...”

With a depressing sense of defeat, I rolled onto my back. Slowly my legs came apart. I closed my eyes and mentally screamed at him to go ahead and get it over with.

I figured I had a few seconds to wait while he removed his clothes. Instead, I felt my left ankle grabbed and a rope loop going around it. Then my leg was pulled towards the side of the bed. There must have been something on the side of the bed for him to tie the rope to. A few moments later my other ankles was looped and my legs being spread wide apart. After tying my right foot, he went back around to the other side and pulled my left leg even wider apart. I felt as if I was being split in half, so far did he spread my legs. The rope was cutting into my ankles. Then he went back around and pulled my other legs wider yet. I’d never had my legs so pulled apart and it was not too comfortable, I can tell you.

With my body totally helpless and wide spread, he slowly removed his clothing, apparently in no hurry. I guess he did not have to hurry; I was not going anywhere.

Please understand, I had not been with that many men, but enough to know that the erection he presented as he climbed onto the bed was about average. I closed my eyes again and hoped it would be over quickly. Having never been actually take against my will before, I assumed it would be a horrible experience. I was, therefore, surprised when I did not feel any horrible dread. A bit pissed off, but nothing of the “Fate Worse Than Death!” countless young women are told it would be by their mothers.

In fact, I was surprised when he entered my sex. The surprise came from the fact that I was apparently well lubricated, for he slid easily into me. Part of me tried to say that this was not right. My sex should not be all juicy

and ready! In a way, it felt as if my body were betraying me by welcoming the invader.

He took his time. If he had been one of those men who cannot help but climax as soon as they enter a woman (and I've had that happen a couple times), the scene would have been over and I could get on with sulking. But he had staying power, I'll give him that. As he pumped away, slowly and with one hand kneading my breast, I could feel a warmth rising between my legs. And become a heat. Then I was panting with passion. I tried to stop it, to tell my body not to show pleasure at this, but it betrayed me again.

Finally I gave up and let my body do as it wished. Soon I was thrusting my hips up to meet his – at least the little my bondage allowed me – and moaning with pleasure. His hands slide under my sides to grab my ass cheeks and dig the fingers in. It hurt, but it also added to the excitement.

It was a long ride and I am ashamed to admit that I enjoyed it. I did not understand it then, but there was something about being so very helpless, something I would never have expected. Maybe there is something in the female nature that makes us horny when we're helpless. Maybe not. Whatever, I was well excited and well on my way to what looked as if it would be a pretty good orgasm.

That was when he pulled out! I moaned and opened my eyes to see him kneeling between my legs, and grinning. "Would you like me to put it back in?" he asked casually.

I fought against answering. He knew I wanted it; I knew I wanted it – hell, anyone watching would know! But he was asking me to beg for it. Even in the grip of passion, I had some pride. Let the bastard force himself upon me if he wished, but I would not ask him to finish the job.

Besides, he probably wanted to re-enter just as badly as I wanted him to.

"Say the word, and we finish this," he calmly announced. "I have other slavegirls I can go to. I will get my sexual satisfaction this night. But... Will you?"

Damn him! For the first time in days I actually felt good and here he was ruining it for me. A war of pride over desire waged across my mind. Gawd, but I wanted him back inside me! But I also wanted to show him that I was not a slut.

Then he cheated. It was not much but it swung the tide around. His fingers gently teased my clit. Not much, just enough to barely touch that wonderfully sensitive place, but it did the job. I gasped, whined and almost bit my lip. But then I burst out with: “YES! Do it!”

He laughed. But the bastard also took his time in returning the interrupted task.

When he did plunge into me, I cried out from the pure pleasure. After that it didn't take either of us long to reach the height of satisfaction. I don't know how it was for him, but it was actually one of the best fucks I ever had.

He dressed and left me. Which did not bother me at all. I was lying there in the warm afterglow of a good orgasm, eyes closed, and not caring about anything. Later I would come back down earth to realize two things. For one, I was still bound on the bed with my legs wide spread and my hands under my back. That was okay and not too uncomfortable. The second thing was the realization that he had held back his climax until he was sure I was having my orgasm. Most men don't do that. I was pretty sure he had wanted to make me enjoy the sexual exercise. But why? If I was simply a slavegirl, tied down and available for her master's pleasure, why did he care if I had an orgasm or not?

Chapter IV

Good Morning, Slave!

I was awakened by someone climbing on my bed. While I was blinking away the sleep, that unknown person was crawling between my wide spread legs. Suddenly, before I was really awake, something cold parted the lips guarding my sex and touched my most sensitive place. A moment later there was a humming sound, followed by a strange sensation, one I had never felt before.

Looking back, I can see that in some ways I was an innocent in the ways of sex. I had never imagined that being harshly bound and helpless could make you sexually excited – but it had been proven to me the night before. And another thing I had never experienced was a vibrator.

I had heard the jokes about vibrators used for sex by women. You know, “Who needs a man when you have fresh batteries!” and that sort of thing. But I had pretty much stuck to normal sex. There had never been a shortage of handsome young males eager to get into my pants, so I had never the need to resort to artificial stimulation. But here was the man who fashioned himself my “Master” kneeling between my legs, sticking a humming metal shape against my most private place. And it was having an effect!

It was not powerful, as vibrators go (I guess), but it was hitting the nerves just right. I could feel every nerve between my legs jumping to life. In just a few seconds (or so it seemed) my hips were twitching and a heat was rapidly growing down there. I could not have fought it and, to be honest, I didn’t try. It was a good feeling and I was getting horny real fast.

To make a quick story of it, that was exactly what he did. Using that little monster, he worked me up to a full head of steam right fast, then, after testing with a probing finger, shoved his rod into my sex! That I received it with ease was proof that the stimulation was working quite well, thank you. Then, while I was moaning and really getting into the swing of things, he pumped me hard and fast and came to a climax almost before I knew what was happening.

Talk about “Wham, bam, thank you, ma’am!” He clenched my ass hard, rammed himself into me with enough force to probably leave bruises,

and shot his load, accompanied by spasms of pure pleasure. Pleasure for him, that was. I was still getting up to speed when he withdrew.

I know I moaned loudly, and it was not with pleasure but rather with frustration. He was tucking his limp member back into his pants while I was lying there, all hot and bothered. I twisted my torso in anger and tried to kick out. Of course, with my legs bound spread and my hands tied behind my back, there was no way I could do anything but lie there and endure that strange form of torture.

It is a torture, you know. I'm a healthy young woman, and when I get worked up, I want satisfaction. Satisfaction! REAL SATISFACTION! My body longed for him to be back inside me with a bizarre mixture of wonderful pleasure and nerves-on-edge aching.

He left and I called him more than a few colorful names. After insulting his ancestry, I fell to moaning and trying to bang my ass on the bed. I guess I thought that if I pounded my bottom into the bed hard enough, I might – just might – be able to have an orgasm. I have since found that there are many things can drive a woman to an orgasm, some of which you would not believe, but humping the bed with your ass is not one of them.

I would have been so happy right then if he had just left me the vibrator. I don't know how I could have gotten it to the right place with my hands tied behind my back, but I sure as hell would have given it the old college try.

I would gladly have kicked Master or any other man right in the balls then, just to let them know I was not a happy camper. Hell, if I could get my legs free, I probably would have humped the side of my bed like a slut in heat, and not regretted it one bit.

But, tied the way I was, I could not touch myself nor get that part of me that wanted touching so very badly in contact with anything. So I was left to lie there, mutter curses, and cool down. A long time later that hulk came in (he was the Igor mentioned by Master) and he untied my legs. But by that time I was not horny any more, just disgusted.

When my legs were again together, much to the dismay of my hips which had sort of frozen in that wide spread position, I stood uneasily up. I looked at him with the unasked "What now?" on my face. He pointed to the bathroom. I half turned and showed him my bound hands. He grinned and pointed to the bathroom.

It is bad enough to frustrate a girl until she wants to scream, but then making her do her toilet with bound hands is merciless, cruel and inhuman. Do you have any idea how hard it is to wipe your private parts with bound hands? Well, I do. Surprisingly, it was not impossible. During my morning ablutions, I glanced out to the bedroom to see if Igor was watching me. Oddly, I was disappointed to see that he was looking out the window, ignoring the beautiful naked woman trying to clean herself. You would think he would have ogled the flesh, at least.

Finally, when I had done all I could, I approached him. I spread my feet, took a solid stance, and thrust my breasts out. “Okay, when do I eat?” I asked. No, I demanded.

He smiled very slightly and waved his hand towards the door.

We journeyed down a hallway, a staircase and another short corridor before coming to what was obviously the kitchen. The smells made my stomach roar out its hunger and my mouth water. And I was fed. Well, sort of. I mean a bowl of oatmeal and a plate with two pieces of buttered toast and some bacon was put down for me to eat. And a glass of milk. But they were put on the floor in a corner of the kitchen that looked more like a shower stall. The walls and floor were tiled and there was a drain. I found out later on that this was the normal place for slaves to eat. The tiled floor and walls making it easy to clean up if the slave should get messy.

I knelt down, glanced back to make sure this was the way I was supposed to eat, and then dug in. The oatmeal had brown sugar in it and the toast had jelly on it. Grape, I think. It all tasted damned good, and that was all I cared about. It helped a lot that the milk had a straw in the glass. I finished up every last bit of the meal.

You can’t eat a meal that way without getting your face messy. So a towel was used to wipe my features. Then I was taken to a lounge.

The Master was there, sitting behind a desk, shuffling paperwork around. He spoke to Igor but I did not understand as it was not English. Then he ignored me and got back to organizing his papers.

Igor sat me down on a very soft sofa. From his pocket, he took some lengths of rope and knelt before me to bind my ankles together. They were tied crossed and pretty tightly, too. When he finished with that, he turned me around and cut the ropes off my wrists. My arms were very glad to get out of that position. The shoulders can get to aching if your arms are held

back behind you for too long. I know; it's happened to me more than I care to say.

And my freedom was short-lived. Taking both wrists, he bent me over and pulled my hands down around my thighs and under my legs. There, he bound my wrists again, crossed and tightly. When I thought he was finished, I was wrong. From one pocket, he took a small bottle with a plastic cone spout. He squirted a small amount of some liquid onto the knots of the ropes on my ankles, and then my wrists.

"That's what you Americans call 'Super Glue'," the man behind the desk informed me. "It dries very fast and is very strong. Those knots will not come loose, no matter how much you work on them. The ropes will have to be cut off."

I realized that this Super Glue must have been used on my wrist bondage the day before, which helped explain why I could get nowhere picking at them.

"What is going to happen to me?" I dared ask.

The slap was sudden and unexpected. It did not really hurt all that much, but I shrieked in surprise.

"You do not talk unless given permission," he calmly said, but it was Igor who had done the slapping.

I sniffed and told myself not to cry.

My Master turned and left the room, carrying some of the papers with him. Igor checked my bonds and then left also.

I looked around. It was a very large, very comfortable lounge, complete with a fireplace (currently flameless), a bar and several sofas and chairs. The floor was of a plush, deep green that my bare feet had sunk into. And I was alone.

Great! I told myself. They just tie me into a ball and leave me alone? Is this how I'm supposed to spend my day? Okay, but they surely can't expect me not to try to free myself. I mean, a slave has a right to try to escape? Or is that prisoners of war? Well, whatever, I intended to get those ropes off and make a dash for freedom.

The only thing wrong with my plans was that after an hour of trying my hardest, I was no closer to freedom than I had been when they left me earlier. The ropes were tight and I couldn't work any of them loose. And the knots were hard, apparently from that glue. I broke a fingernail trying to

pick one free. Not that it was an easy thing to do. Igor had put the knots where it was almost impossible for my fingers to reach in the first place.

Well, if I couldn't get myself free, at least I had mobility. I was not locked into a cell or tied to something solid or anything like that. I tried to get to my feet and quickly found that it was almost impossible to do. Finally, I managed to stand, but found myself bent over, my arms tight against my thighs and my knees bent. But my ankles had been tied crossed, and as soon as I tried to shuffle my feet, I fell over. Very glad that there was such a soft carpet, I lay there and cursed. Then I began wiggling around, trying to find some way to move across the room.

It was possible, but it took a lot of effort, and progress was slow. I must have worked for at least another fifteen minutes and made only eight or ten feet towards the door. And I was getting rug burns for my efforts. This escape was not working.

For a while I considered trying for the desk. Perhaps there would be a pair of scissors I could reach. But it was not too likely that I would be able to reach them, being tied in a ball and forced to lie on the floor. How could I reach up to the desk drawer to open it? Well... Maybe with my feet. If I lay on my back, I could stick my legs up in the air and reach the desk drawer. I spent the next half hour or so wiggling back to the desk and pushing the chair out of the way so I could position myself. Then I put my bare feet against the center drawer and pushed with my toes. The drawer moved a fraction of an inch, and then stopped. No amount of pushing could budge it. Locked! Damned! This guy didn't trust me!

Okay, if I couldn't get a pair of scissors to cut the ropes, then maybe I could break something made of glass and use the sharp edge to cut the ropes. I looked around. Nothing on that side of the desk. Wiggling slowly, I made my way around the desk, having to detour a fair amount to bypass the chair. But eventually I lay on my side before the desk. There was the sofas, a couple of plush leather chairs, and bookshelves. No glass-topped coffee tables, no convenient beer bottles lying around. Then I spotted it.

Behind glass doors were bottles of booze! Mostly fancy cut-crystal decanters, but a few bottles. I set out for the bar.

It never really dawned on me how much larger the rooms are in the house of a rich man. It seemed as if I struggled for hours to get across that carpet. And when I finally made it, I found myself lying on my back, tied legs lifted into the air, and my toes just touching the bottom edge of the door. Of course, the handles were another twelve inches above that. It

didn't take me long to realize that pushing with my toes would not open the doors.

With an exasperated sigh, I tried to wiggle closer to the wall and push my bottom against it. Using the wall as leverage, I thought that I might be able to lift my feet high enough to open the doors. It was awkward, what with my hands tied together under my legs, but with much straining and grunting, I managed to push my ass against the wood and slowly, ever so slowly, creep up the wall. Just as I was on my shoulders and couldn't work my way up any higher, I touched the handle with my toe!

Now, all I had to do was get a hold of the handle between my toes and pull. Have you ever tried to do something like that with your toes? And while balancing on your shoulders, with no hands to help?

No? Well, I did. And the handle kept slipping out from between my big toe and the one next to it. With my ankles tied crossed, I couldn't catch the handle between my feet or big toes, so had to try to grab it with the toes of only one foot.

I don't know if I would have ever gotten the door open. And, assuming I did, whether I could get one of the bottles out and break it. I might have even considered breaking the glass in the doors with my heel, if nothing else seemed to work. But I never got the chance.

"Hello? What do we have here?" came a calm voice from behind me.

I twisted my head to look. It was that golden-haired young thing who delighted in whipping me and making me kiss her leather-covered crotch. Today she was dressed in an outfit rather Americanized. The blue jeans were very tight on her young body, as was the red western-style blouse, trimmed with gold thread in patterns of curled ropes. There was a pair of high-heeled cowboy boots and a riding crop to help complete her costume.

I let my feet fall to the floor, sinking as fast as my heart. "Ah... Nothing," I muttered.

"You wouldn't, by any chance, be trying to escape?" she said sweetly.

"Ah... No."

"Unless I assume you were just trying to pour yourself a drink, I would guess that you were seeking to break some glass with the intent of cutting your ropes off. In other words, an escape attempt."

"Doesn't a prisoner have the right to try to escape?" I spat out without thinking.

“Wrong status.”

“Huh?” Her reply was not too informative.

“You are not a prisoner. You are a slave – property. Property does not have the ‘right’ to escape, or even to try.”

“I am a prisoner,” I blurted. “I am being held against my will.”

“I don’t doubt that,” she purred as she approached me, all the while flicking the end of the riding crop against the palm of her hand. “But you are property. You have no rights whatsoever. You had better learn that.”

“Shit!” I muttered. Immediately I realized that was a mistake. Her eyes turned cold. The smile still lifted her lips, but had fled from her eyes.

“Attempting to escape is a very serious offense,” she said coolly. “And will always be punished.”

I swallowed hard. This was not looking good.

“I’ll be right back,” she said, returning to her sweet tone and smile.

I waited there, nervously working at the ropes around my wrists. What the hell did punishment consist of? This woman, who looked to be about my own age, had already whipped me once. Well, all things considered, perhaps those few swats were not a “real” whipping, but I had hurt. And being tied up for days on end was a punishment, too. So what was she planning for me now?

It did not take long for me to find out. Igor accompanied her return. Without a word, he simply picked me up and carried my naked and bound body from the room.

I was being carried like a sack of potatoes, his arm around my waist while my legs and hands and head hung down. It was not comfortable and I kept bumping against his leg. His clothes smelled of garlic, and I wondered if he did some cooking on the side.

Our destination was my bedroom where I was tossed without ceremony on the bed. Igor took a length of rope and passed it between my bound ankles. He wrapped it around the rope already on my ankles and tightened it down. Then he passed the rope through the ring over my bed and pulled. I watched my feet as they rose towards the ceiling. Within a minute, I was hanging by my ankles at least two feet off the bed. With my hands tied under my legs, it left me folded at the waist. The first thing I noticed was that the ropes around my ankles were digging in and hurting. It

might not have been so bad if my feet had been side by side, but with them crossed, my weight was not taken evenly.

Was this the promised punishment? Hanging there? It would grow more uncomfortable as time went on, but I could take it. A little part of my mind was muttering that I had no choice, but I told it to shut up.

Suddenly my situation changed. I yelped as a fiery pain burst into being on my left flank.

Damn that riding crop!

The impact and my instinctive jerk had started me turning, which presented my other side to that bitch. She hit me there and I yelled again. “Damn, that hurts!”

“Of course,” she said sweetly. And hit me again, three times in rapid succession. I howled.

As I was to learn later, via many painful lessons, that being whipped with a riding crop is not too bad. Not when compared to some of the whips she could have used on me. There are braided leather whips that make the touch of the riding crop a gentle caress by comparison. There are those with multiple ends that deliver several hits at once. And there is a thing called the “Cane”. It’s simply a flexible length of wood, but damn does it hurt! And raise some awful welts.

But right then I was not a happy camper. She covered my flanks with angry red marks, but most of them landed on my poor bottom. When I was turned towards her, my ass was offered to her crop. And she made full use of the instrument to make my ass, as well as a good part of the backs of my thighs, a burning mass of pain. I was sobbing pretty loudly and jerking around like a hooked fish pulled out of the water.

I initially tried to pull my hands down to protect my bottom, but quickly found that it was no fun to have your fingers hit. Fearing that she might break a finger, I pulled my hands back up my legs and clamped them behind my knees.

The beating went on and on. I have no idea how many times she hit me with that riding crop, but it was plenty. My bottom and thighs and sides were on fire and the pain was about the worst I had ever felt. Of course, I was young and inexperienced in matters of pain then, but it seemed like the end of the world to me.

Part of the torture was not being able to do a thing about it. I couldn't physically stop her, not tied and hanging like that. And there was nothing I could say that would stay her hand. I begged and pleaded and cursed and wept.

It suddenly dawned on me that I had not been hit for a minute and I blinked back the tears to see what was happening. She was standing there, legs braced wide, rubbing the riding crop against her crotch, her eyes closed and head lifted, her breathing heavy. Obviously she was getting her jollies from hurting me.

Slowly her eyes opened and saw me looking at her. Suddenly the riding crop jumped from between her legs and was slashing across my bottom viciously. I howled as she lashed my poor flesh repeatedly and as rapidly as she could. A dozen, no two dozen, blows landed. Then, as suddenly as they had begun, they stopped. I heard strange noises, and when I looked, she was lying on the bed below me. Her legs were spread wide and her hand was down the front of her tight jeans. As I watched, she had a massive orgasm that doubled her up into a ball. She made little animal sounds as her body trembled.

Well, I told myself, it's nice that someone here is enjoying herself. I certainly was not.

Chapter V

Punishment for the First Attempt

The bitch left me and my sore ass hanging there!

When I realized that she was leaving, I tried to call to her with the suggestion that I be let down. She turned back to me and only smiled slightly. Maybe she was still in the warm after-glow of an orgasm, but it seemed to me that she was enjoying the thought of my discomfort to come.

So I hung there. It was not the most comfortable of positions. Muscles across my back hurt from the strain, there was the burning flesh where the riding crop had tormented my bare skin, but most of all, as time dragged on, was the pain in my ankles. Those ropes were really cutting in, forced by my entire weight.

There are times when the degree of pain is not all that great but the effect on you is. This was an example. It had hurt worse when she was striking my ass with that crop, but the pain in my bound ankles was becoming something that made me want to scream. I realized that a good part of the suffering was because I could do nothing to stop it. I felt so very helpless. I could not free myself, nor could I ease the pain. All I could do was hang there and suffer. The frustration at being so helpless was almost as bad as the physical torment. The other part was that the pain from the riding crop was stronger but lasted a short period of time. The sharp pain from it faded. Oh, it left my flesh tender, but the pain in my ankles continued and continued and continued...

I hung. I cursed. I cried. But mostly I just hung in enough pain to be miserable.

You can understand, I'm sure, how my heart did a little jump for joy when I heard the door open.

It was not the blonde with the riding crop, nor was it Igor. It was the black girl who had given me food. She was carrying a tray with a wonderfully aromatic smell coming from it. But what made her entrance doubly wonderful was that I knew she would have to let me down in order for me to eat. Unless she intended to spoon-feed me...? I pushed the idea out of my mind.

She put the tray down and came around to where I could see her. Today she was not wearing that tiny, black leather pair of panties. Today she was wearing some chain and nothing else. I stared in disbelief. There was a shiny silver chain around her waist, pulled very tightly until it had almost disappeared into her dark skin. Attached to that encirclement was another chain coming down directly in front. I saw it disappear into the dark curls between her legs. That chain was also very tight. She saw me looking at the chain and smiled weakly.

“It is a form of punishment,” she said, but only after looking around as if she feared being overheard.

“Does that chain...?” I said.

“Yes.”

She reached down and parted her labia while thrusting her hips forward. The chain passed under those lips of flesh and was tight up against her clit and the entrance of her vagina.

“Isn’t that uncomfortable?” I had to ask.

“Yes,” she replied simply.

“You’re being punished?” I prompted.

“For failure to please the Master.”

“Oh...”

She turned around to show me where the chains came together in the small of her back and were secured by a small but solid-looking padlock.

“When you walk, does it hurt?” I asked.

“Some. But you get used to it.”

“I’ll bet.”

“You do,” she said, matter-of-factly. “I’ve worn chains like this for up to a week.”

“Ouch!”

“There are worse things.”

“Are you going to let me down to eat?”

“Yes. But I cannot untie your hands or feet.”

“That’s okay. Just get me down.”

She untied the rope from the hook on the wall and I fell to the bed where I moaned a bit as the circulation began to return to my feet. When I had recovered enough, she helped me down off the bed and propped me in a sitting position with my back against the bed. Then she proceeded to spoon-feed me.

The food was not bad, and she held up the glass so I could sip through the straw. Between bites, I questioned her.

“What is your name?”

“Shana.”

“That’s pretty. I’m Sandra.”

“No,” she quickly cautioned me. “You are Willow. The Master says so.”

“Oh, he can...” I held back just as I was about to tell her what the Master could do with his new name for me. “Are you a slave here, too?”

“Of course. You are the fourth slave of our Master. That is, the current count is four and you are the latest, so you are on the bottom of the list.”

“Did you get convicted of a crime in that phony court system?”

“I was bought from a slave-trader in Tanziela. I brought a good price.”

“What! You serious?”

“In my country, pretty girls are often sold into slavery. What else are we good for? A woman is nothing; she cannot vote, or own land or even go to school. All we can do is find a husband, work in the fields, and bear him children. I was caught by the slaver-traders and sold.”

“That’s terrible!” I protested.

“No. I am lucky. I live in a nice house instead of a mud hut. I eat good food. I am used by the Master but he does not want me to have children. Too many children wear a woman out.”

“But you aren’t free?”

“I would not be free in my country. I would be a slave of my husband.”

“But you are tortured!”

“Yes, but only when I deserve it.” She paused for a moment before adding, “Or if my Master wishes it. Or the Mistress.”

I could only shake my head. This black girl was very pretty and had a wonderfully full body. She could have made a lot of money as a model or something. But to be content as a slavegirl...! It was hard to believe.

The food finished, she helped me back onto the bed where I lay on my side. She did not try to hang me back up, for which I was grateful.

I wanted to learn more about this place. Knowledge is power, someone said. “That woman, the blonde who likes to wear that black leather outfit, what is her name?” I asked.

“Call her Mistress,” Shana said. “I believe her name is Marta. She is the Master’s daughter. In many ways she is meaner than the Master.”

Good. I got her talking. Now for something more important.

“Tell me, Shana, is there any way to escape?”

A flash of fear danced across her face. “Do not talk of it. Do think of it. And don’t ever try it.”

“Oh, come on now,” I told her. “You may think you’re better off here as a slave, but I came from a different world. I want to get back home. How can I do it?”

Shana gathered up the dishes and made for the door. It was obvious that such talk scared the hell out of her.

“What would they do to me if I tried to escape?” I asked. That little farce in the den with my trying to break some glass could not have been taken as a serious attempt.

“The first time you get whipped,” she whispered. “The second time you spend a week in the Box. The third time they cut off your breasts and sell you to slave traders to work on a farm until you die.”

Then she was gone.

Cut off your breasts! How barbaric! No, that was not a strong enough word. I could not think of one strong enough.

Then I felt a very cold sensation race down my spine. I had been whipped! I had already used up my first attempt!

Chapter VI

The Daily Life of a Slavegirl

The next few days settled into a pattern. At night I was secured down to my bed. The usual manner was to lock my ankles together with a chain and padlock, and then the rest of the chain went down and over the end of the bed to be locked down underneath someplace. My neck was then locked in a chain that ran up and over the top part of the bed. Between the two, I was stretched out and held down. Of course, that was not all they did to me. My wrists were locked in a pair of handcuffs. Since they were in front of me rather than behind my back, it was half way comfortable sleeping on my back – if you call being immobile for the entire night comfortable. But compared to some of the things they did to me, it really was comfortable.

In the morning, I was unlocked, usually by Shana, and my wrists handcuffed again, behind me this time. Another pair was locked on my ankles and, thus secured, I was allowed to shuffle with tiny steps and snubbed ankles down to the kitchen. No more being served meals by hand in my bedroom. I think that was an improvement.

Shana was sort of a trustee around there. I mean, she was sometimes sent to unlock me or untie me, or even to lock or tie me. She usually wore a pair of shackles on her ankles that allowed reasonable sized steps, not the tiny steps the handcuffs allowed me. I tried to talk with her every chance I got but that was very little.

Then there would be the manner in which I would spend the day. I quickly discovered that a slavegirl in that place had no freedom at all and was constantly restrained in some manner. That big brute, Igor, enjoyed securing me for the morning in some kind of strict bondage that both made it impossible for me to escape and assured that I would be very uncomfortable and bored out of my mind.

There were rooms in the basement that I could think of nothing to call them except torture chambers. And the whole damned basement was a dungeon. I mean for real! There were stone walls, dark corners, cobwebs, tiny cells to hold prisoners, and, of course, torture instruments. Plenty of those. Some were dust covered and looked like they had not been used in a century or so. But others were obviously used recently. Sometimes on me, I'm sorry to say.

Igor – what a name for a henchman in a place like that! – would take me down to the dungeon and secure me. Sometimes he just tied me up and left me in a small cell. But other times he would secure me in one of the torture devices. The first day I was there, I was actually stretched out on a rack! Big wooden platform with a windlass at one end and a bar at the other. My wrists were tied to the bar and my ankles tied together then down to the windlass. When Igor cranked the big spoke handle, my feet moved downward. But my hands stayed solidly bound to the bar. Results: stretched Sandra. That drum at the end of the rack clicked as he wound the rope around it. There were notches and a ratchet thing that held the rope taut even when he let go. When I could feel the ropes cutting into my wrists and ankles, and my joints felt like they would pop out of their sockets, he stopped.

I was left alone all morning like that. It was not comfortable, I can tell you! I tried to work my hands free but that was impossible; the ropes were simply too tight. Sometime around lunch (based on my stomach's call for food), Igor came back in. He looked over my body, for the first time seeming to notice that I was an attractive, naked woman, and then pulled the windlass two notches tighter. Either the rope had stretched or my body had, because although I had thought myself as stretched out much as possible, he had added two more notches!

Actually, as I lay there feeling very uncomfortable, I came to the conclusion that this was not real torture. That rack thing was meant to pull so hard that it dislocated shoulders, knees, maybe even hips. And I seemed to recall that in old days, a prisoner on the rack was also tortured with hot irons, pinchers and other goodies. So I guessed I was lucky that I was only stretched out and not being torn apart.

Being immobile in a place like that dungeon is not conducive to good mental health. The place was dark, only a tiny bit of light bouncing in from the corridor; it was cold, humid and smelled terrible. As the hours crawled by, I came to find that boredom can be a real torture, too. Us modern girls are too used to having something to occupy our attention all the time. We are either talking with friends on the cell phone, watching TV, listening to music on our MP3 players, or, for a few of us, reading a book. Most of my friends preferred to watch a movie but I still liked curling up in a soft chair and reading a good book.

There were no good books down there. No books. No TV. No MP3. Nothing. I tried to occupy my time planning what I would do when I got

free of that place. I would begin by getting a gun and blowing out some brains, starting with that bastard Reggie Hilton who got me into this whole mess in the first place. Then I would enjoy splattering Count Alucard's brains all over a wall of his castle, followed by the judge who sentenced me then that damned fat bitch who chained me to a chair and made me wear a chain gag for so long. Add Igor to that list. Oh, and Mistress Marta, the Count's daughter, too. If I forgot anyone, I'd add them later.

I thought of all the simple things in life that we take for granted and that were now denied me. Like walking along the beach, having a cappuccino, shopping for a new dress, teasing the boys at the beach with your new thong swimsuit; you know, those everyday things.

The rack was just one of the ways I passed the time of day in complete immobility. There were stout wooden posts. Igor was very clever and inventive at tying me to them. One time I would be standing with my arms pulled behind the post and lots and lots of rope welding me to the wood. Another time he would tie my arms behind me, sit me down and bind my ankles on the other side of the post. I would have to sit there for hours with my bare ass on the cold stone floor.

There was also the metal box that I hated from the moment I saw it. It was a simple box made of sheet metal, probably iron, with a front that swung open. He would bind my hands behind me, tie my ankles together, then fold me up into a ball and stuff me into that small box. Usually he would have to push on the door to get it shut enough so he could put the padlock into the hasp. There was either too little of the box or too much of me, because it was one damned tight fit. There were small air holes so suffocating was not too much of a threat, but I can tell you it was damned uncomfortable in there. I had to bend my head down until my chin was between my knees. The hard iron walls pushed in on all sides and there simply was no way to move or ease the cramps that eventually came. Did I mention I hated that box?

That was during the days. In the evenings, I got to eat a fairly decent meal with the three other slavegirls. We all sat at a table in the kitchen, our ankles chained to a bar under it, but our hands free to eat with. Oh, glorious freedom! To be able to pick up a piece of food and put it in your own mouth!

In addition to Shana, there was a small slavegirl with petite breasts, Mediterranean features, and probably didn't weigh more than ninety pounds. The other one looked to be French and was of average build. She never

looked up and seemed to lack any personality at all. I never did learn the names of those two. Speaking was forbidden at the table and I rarely had a chance to be alone with any of them.

After the evening meal it was fun and games times. Either our Master would decide on which of us to screw, or our Mistress Golden-hair would take us off to her bedroom for some girl-girl nibbling. Oh, don't think that was fun. Mistress' idea of lesbian sex was to have me bound up so tightly that I was hurting just from the ropes, whip my bottom to get me all warmed up, then forcing me to lick and suck on her various parts until she was satisfied, which usually took a long time. Sometimes she would just whip us because she liked to hear us squeal, cry out and even scream.

If neither of them wanted you for the after-dinner entertainment, you were hustled off to bed to be secured by Igor until the next morning, at which point the whole cycle would start over again.

I did have a chance to talk with Shana when we were alone, although that happened rarely. The other two slavegirls would not talk to me at all. I guess they feared punishments.

Shana admitted that occasionally the Count would have an important visitor. Then one of the slavegirls would be given to that visitor to use. Most of the visitors were male and tended to enjoy beating on or whipping their gift before screwing it.

This was the pattern of my life for the two weeks after I was convicted of drug possession and carted off: a constant pattern of tight ropes, chains, punishments and sexual abuse.

On the last day of the third week something happened that changed everything.

Chapter VII

Fleeing the Castle

It began the same as any other day. I was allowed breakfast sitting at the table with the three other slavegirls, silently eating our scrambled eggs, bacon and toast. There was even coffee, though not cappuccino. Hell, it was not even very good coffee at all.

After breakfast, I was taken to one of the torture chambers down in the dungeon where Igor decided to have fun with me. He showed me a room I had not seen before. The walls were lined with ropes, chains, handcuffs, legirons, and some items I was not sure of the name of but they certainly looked uncomfortable.

That day I was allowed a treat. My wrists had been getting pretty chaffed from the ropes and handcuffs constantly on them, so he unlocked them and secured me in a way that was startling, to say the least. He put me in a straitjacket! An honest, wrap-around straitjacket with long sleeves and straps and buckles all over it.

First, my arms were inserted into the sleeves. The straitjacket was made of black leather, thick enough to be solid yet thin enough to be supple. With my arms in those ridiculously long sleeves, he wrapped the main part of the jacket around my body then began buckling up the straps in the back. He jerked the straps so tightly that I thought he was trying to crush me. The leather squashed my breasts and even narrowed at my waist. When he was finished I could breathe only with some difficulty. Then he took my arms and wrapped them around my waist. There were straps built into the ends of the sleeves and he used those to secure the ends of the sleeves behind me. Actually, he pulled them until I thought my hands would meet in the middle of my back. My poor arms were pinned to my body quite solidly, thank you. The jacket had a strap attached to the waist belt in the front. He used that to strap my elbows together.

Then came the interesting part – for him, at least. There was an inch wide strap hanging down in front. He brought that between my legs and up in back through a loop. When he pulled on that, I had to stand on my toes. That narrow strap was cutting into me very uncomfortably. It was then that I realized why he had spread my labia as he brought that strap between my legs. It pushed directly onto my clit. In the back it was shoved up between

my ass cheeks. I was amazed that the same strap could feel so uncomfortable in the back but nice in the front – sort of.

That finished the straitjacket. But not my restraints. He had me sit down on a bench and pulled out a pair of the longest boots I had ever seen. When he put my foot into one and straightened it up, the top came to just under my knees. There were leather laces all the way up the front. It took him a long time to work the slack out of them, going from the bottom up, and then repeating until each lace was as tight as possible. The overall effect was to encase my entire leg with the tight leather. It was sort of a nice feeling – I mean, I have sort of liked leather most of my life. But this was something else! And the heels! The heels were thin spikes that lifted the back of my foot at least five inches off the ground. When he finished the first one and was reaching for the second one, I put my foot on the floor as flatly as I could and could not believe the arch it forced my foot into. There was no way I could stand on those! It would be impossible.

When both legs were encased in black leather – matching the black of the leather straitjacket, I might point out – he helped me to stand. And I needed the help.

“You don’t expect me to walk in these,” I told him. He only grinned. Which made him uglier than usual.

He backed off, leaving me teetering on those heels. Then he made a motion with his hand for me to walk towards him. I shook my head. No way! One step and I would fall on the floor.

He grinned some more, then walked around behind me and pinched my ass where the straitjacket did not cover the flesh. His fingers were strong and his nails dug in. I squealed and sort of took a step.

And fell right on my face!

Patiently, he picked me up, set me on those heels and we began again. This time I did not wait for his pinch. I tried a step. Very slowly and carefully I put one foot out and then shifted my weight to it. Then brought up the back foot and pushed it forward. It was like learning how to walk all over. On shaky feet, I took a few steps and then fell again, this time on my side. That stone floor was hard. It was also uneven, which did not help me keeping my balance.

With Igor’s encouragement, I managed to walk out of the room. He went around me, grabbed a couple things I did not see, and then took me by the arm and led me to another room.

This one was simple. There were four walls and a concrete floor. There were no windows, only the one door, and nothing but bare walls. Igor led me to the center of the room and told me to stand there. I was pretty sure I was not going to like what he did next, and I didn't. There was this leather bag in his hands. It was black leather, very supple and had laces down one side. When he lifted it, I realized what it was. Oh, I didn't know the name at that time (a discipline hood), but I did know that it was going to go down over my head and I would hate it.

It did fit over my head. There was one small hole for my nose to stick out. But the rest of my head was covered by leather. He took care with the laces in back, tightened them until the leather was smooth all over my head. For a while after he finished tying the laces off, he did nothing. Well, I heard nothing, but since I could not see, it was hard to tell if he were just standing there looking at me or had moved.

"A game," his voice came from behind me. "A game. I will leave you in this room like you are. All you have to do is stay standing. When I come back, if you are still standing then I will take you to your room and you may spend the rest of the day in comfortable bonds."

Okay, I thought. But what if...

"If you are not standing up, I will tie your ankles together and hang you by your heels. You will hang upside down for the rest of the day." He paused for dramatic effect. "And maybe all night."

I wanted to tell him that I would stay standing, but it was a promise I was not sure I could keep. Those heels were damned high! And without being able to see or use my arms, it would be much harder to keep my balance.

I heard the door close. Then a click and I knew that the light was turned off. Why leave it on? I couldn't see anyway.

Not being stupid, I immediately began taking tiny steps forward. The walls were only a few feet away, and leaning against the wall would be a lot easier than standing in the middle with no support.

I bumped into the wall and nearly fell. But a little shuffling around and I was leaning my back against the wall, legs spread and braced. Much better. Maybe I could make it. Then I remembered that he had failed to mention when he would return. An hour? Two? Four? In that damned place nothing was fair. He might just keep checking in on me until he found

me on the floor, and then he would come charging in to string me up by the heels.

I sighed into the leather. It occurred to me that he had not gagged me. But who was there to talk to? Scream for help? Not likely.

I had seen escape artists remove themselves from straitjackets many times. It looked easy. So I set about wiggling and pulling and testing. Nothing was loose, my fingers were useless, and I nearly fell down from my efforts to pull my arms out. I gave up.

As time passed (slowly) I became aware of a couple facts of life. For one, being tightly covered in leather can get hot. Even without exerting myself, I felt my body growing hotter and hotter. Especially my head. Inside that leather hood I was sweating. The only part of me that was not being heated up was my thighs and most of my butt. Those stayed cold from the dungeon air.

The second thing I found was that when a healthy young female is forced to wear a strap pressing tightly against her clit, she will feel stimulated. Yes, I mean that I was getting horny from that damned strap. It was pressing firmly on just the right place. I found that if I clenched my thighs and pumped my hips a bit, the strap felt a lot more stimulating. In fact, I found myself trying very hard not to get turned on. My body did not listen. Before long I was clenching my legs together and moaning. If I had had my hands free, I could have touched myself and probably immediately exploded into a decent orgasm. As it was, I was coming close just by the tightness there and my movements.

I don't know, but maybe the fact that I was tightly bound in that straitjacket had something to do with it. I did feel very helpless and that can be a sexual stimulation for many women. I guess I'm one.

I had to wonder if Igor knew this would happen. Maybe he had done it to other slavegirls and knew that they would soon be horny and "hot to trot", as the old saying goes. Maybe he was watching me silently and enjoying the show I was putting on.

At that point I really did not care if he knew I was heading for an orgasm. All I cared about was making sure that I stayed standing. I was pretty sure that if I fell, I would not be able to get up. Well, maybe. My legs were free but my arms were totally out of the picture. I could not use them at all. Could I work my way back to my feet? Just as I was thinking that maybe I could, I remembered the high heels. If it were just my getting to my

feet without hands, I could probably do it. But with those high heels I was not sure. So I tried my damnest not to give in to the sexual urge.

Just as I felt that maybe I was winning, there came a loud thump and the walls shook. It was not much movement but it was enough for me to lose my balance and fall to the concrete on my ass. I uttered a choice curse and began trusting my hips at an imaginary lover. Well, I mean, so long as I was on the floor anyway, why not...? That and clenching my thighs proved to be just enough. The orgasm I exploded into was pretty good. I pulled my legs up and tried to make myself into a ball.

It was only later, long after I came down from that high, that I wondered about that thump. As I wondered, I also began struggling to get back up on my feet. I found that if I put my back against the wall and planted my feet as flat as I could, it was possible to push myself up the wall, inch by inch. Eventually, after numerous falls, I regained my feet.

As far as I knew, Igor had not returned, so I was sort of the winner. When he came in, I would be standing. AND I had gotten an orgasm that I was pretty sure I was not supposed to have.

I waited and waited and waited. It was hot inside the hood and how I wished I could get it off my head! The straitjacket, I'll have to admit, was more comfortable than most of the restraints they used on me.

When I heard a noise, I was surprised to find that I was lying on the floor apparently having fallen asleep. I cursed some but did not try to struggle back to my feet. I had lost. At least they could not take that orgasm away from me.

It was not Igor who unlaced the removed the hood. It was Shana.

"Willow, wake up," I heard her say.

"I am awake," I said, blinking at the bright light.

"Let me help you up." She did. I was unsteady on my high heel boots but with her help could walk.

"If you take these boots off, I could walk better," I told her.

"Not allowed to," was all she said. But she added, "I should not have taken off that hood. But I know how terrible it is inside there. I have worn it. You must have suffered."

I did sort of recall a lot of bad dreams during my little nap. And the fresh air on my sweat-soaked head did feel wonderful.

“Did you feel a thump?” I asked her. “Was it an earthquake?”

“No, an explosion.”

“What?!”

“Someone snuck into the castle and planted a bomb. I heard someone say that it was an attempt on our Master’s life!”

“Did it succeed?”

“No. He lives but is very mad. Some of his guards were killed during the attack.”

“Why would someone want to kill the Count?”

“I heard some of the guards saying that there is a rebellion going on. There is fighting in the main city. Some group is trying to overthrow the nobles who have run this land for centuries. The Count is an important man in politics there.”

“What’s going to happen to us?” I had to ask.

“I do not know. I was told to find you and bring you to the main hall.”

There was probably the entire staff of the castle there, about thirty people, mostly servants and guards. And four slavegirls. Shana was dressed in a loose skirt of silk that barely covered her hips and left her nice legs bare. She wore those shackles on her feet but no other restraints. Of the other slavegirls, one, the small girl, was standing there with her arms tightly bound behind her back, elbows together. She was shivering. The other girl was handcuffed on her wrists and feet. She did not look too happy, either.

I saw both of them look at the straitjacket on me and my damp hair, and you could tell from their expressions that they knew what had been happening to me.

From the top of the stairs, I heard out Master’s voice call out. He was speaking in a tongue I did not understand but could interpret from body language and tone. He was giving orders. He would bark out a set of commands and two or three of the staff or guards would rush out to obey. Finally, most of the people were off on assigned tasks. Then he noticed the four of us standing expectantly to one side. He came up to us.

“I have to be going to the capital,” he began. “Those peasants think they can run this country better than we can. The streets will run red before this is over!”

His eyes positively flared red with his anger. I could feel the raw strength of his personality making him more than human. At that point I was glad I was a slavegirl not a peasant.

“The four of you will be transported to my villa. Igor will keep you there until all is safe for you to return to my castle. Only a few people know of that villa; it will not be attacked. Igor!” The last was a shout that brought Igor running in.

“Get them ready for transport. Adalric will help you. I will send word to the villa when you may return with them.”

He gave one quick look at his slavegirls and then rushed off.

Igor grabbed a couple of arms and pointed towards a doorway. We all shuffled along, Shana helping me but the girl with the handcuffs on her ankles was slowing us all down. So Igor simply picked her up and carried her.

We were taken to a garage. There were numerous cars and trucks there, some of which were being loaded up with boxes and people. Apparently the Count was taking most of his guards with him.

A young man came running up to stand before Igor. I guessed that would be Adalric. Not a bad looking young man, probably not too many years older than I. He had the dark Slavic features and eyes almost as piercing as the Master’s.

Igor gave orders and we were hurriedly prepared for shipment. I had expected a coffin-like box or something along those lines. But it was not to be. Shana was the first to be packaged. Her silk skirt was ripped off and tossed aside. Her hands were pulled together behind her and a chain wrapped around them in one direction then at right angles to that. When the lock was put on, I could see that there would be no way she could pull her hands out of those chains. Then he wrapped a chain around her waist. It was in the shape of a “T”. Two of the lengths went around her waist, the other down between her legs and up in back. When the ends were padlocked, including her wrist chains, her hands were secured firmly in the small of her back. That chain tightly pressing into her pussy reminded me of the time she had shown me such a chain being used as a punishment.

Adalric was busy doing the same thing with the small girl. As I watched, I wondered if these developments might provide some means of escape. In all the confusion, who would miss one little slavegirl? Well, stupid question, I know. But still, chaos and confusion could be of use.

I was third to be chained up. It was nice to get the straitjacket off. Underneath I was wet with sweat, and the sleeves had to be pulled off my wet arms. The boots took some doing to get off, all those laces and such. But soon enough I was standing there, jay-bird naked and ready for packaging. My wrists were chained behind me, then to the chain around my waist and between my legs. When the final lock was clicked shut, I tested the restraints and found that I could not only not pull my hands out, I could not even move them from the small of my back.

Soon, all four of us were standing with our hands chained to our bodies but otherwise free and naked. I suppose that I looked as nervous as the other three. I don't think any of us failed to notice that many of the guards rushing into the trucks and cars were heavily armed and ready for combat. I had to wonder just how serious this rebellion was.

A small truck remained in the garage, more of a van really, but large enough to take half a dozen passengers. We were hustled inside then seatbelted down. In a way, I was surprised that we were not restrained to a greater degree. It was the custom of that place to make sure that any slavegirl suffered from overkill when it came to restraints. Just a chain holding our hands behind us and a seatbelt was hardly up to their standard.

Maybe Adalric was reading my mind, because he came into the van and placed a black hood over our heads. It was not the tight leather hood that I had learned was called a discipline hood, but a simple cloth bag. There was a drawstring to make it tighter around our necks to make sure it stayed on. I found that the material was porous enough so I could breathe. The main results of the hoods was that we could not see. I guessed they did not want us to know where we were going.

As the van started and drove from the garage, I had to wonder about this transportation. I mean, here were four naked, hooded and chained young women simply being driven around in a van. There were windows all around the van! Anyone could see in and at least see the hoods if not some bare breasts. They must have been really shaken up by that attack.

I could not see where we were going but could tell that we were turning to the right. I was pretty sure all the other trucks and cars had gone to the left, which meant we were not heading for the capital, Karkowa, I think it was called. That was the beginning of a long trip for us. Every now and then I could hear Igor and Adalric talking, but since they were not speaking English I could not understand anything beyond the nervous tone of their voices.

“Shana?” I said softly.

“Yes, Willow?” came a hard-to-hear reply.

“Stop calling me Willow. My name is Sandra.” I don’t know what made me suddenly insist upon that. Maybe it was a subconscious desire to reject the Count as my Master. That arrogant son of a bitch with the piercing black eyes could go to hell.

I felt something touch my bare leg and realized that Shana had moved her leg over until it touched mine. It was not much, but the touch of a friend was something good amid the suffering of being a slavegirl.

We drove along for a long time. I knew we were dropping down out of the mountains because my ears popped several times from the increasing air pressure. Twice I thought I heard noises of other traffic and even voices. At those times, the van slowed down and I thought we must have been going through a village or town or something. But we did not stop.

A lot of thoughts were dancing around in my mind. What would happen to us if the rebellion caught us? Would that mean freedom? What would some peasants want with four slavegirls? Then I laughed at myself for asking such a stupid question. Peasants were men, and we were four naked woman with our hands chained. It would not take long before the rebels figured out something to do with us. Probably repeatedly.

The van stopped. I heard voices outside and replies from Igor. Then, from the sounds, I guessed that we were getting gas. Apparently the gas station attendants were told to ignore what was in the van. Igor could sound pretty mean when he wanted to. And then I remembered that both Igor and Adalric had automatics on their hips. A .45 goes a long way to enforce your orders.

As the refueling finished, I heard what I was sure was gunfire. Fortunately it did not sound too close. We resumed our trip.

It was shortly after the fuel stop that it happened.

The hum of the motor was interrupted by an explosion. The van jerked and I was thrown to the left. The seatbelt was all that kept me from falling out of the seat. Then there was gunfire and even the thunk of bullets hitting the van! We jerked again, and suddenly the bottom dropped out on us. There was a brief moment of weightlessness, and then the van was rolling over. It seemed to me as if the van rolled ten or twenty times, all the while bouncing. I was jerked round as the seatbelt cut into me but held me

to the seat. The noise was a rumble and crashing mixed with female screams.

Chapter VIII

Escape! Sort of...

When the van finally stopped, we were lucky. It was upright. It would have been harder getting out of the seatbelt had I been hanging upside down. I twisted and was able to just reach the latch with my fingertips. It took an effort but I was able push the button and the seatbelt clicked open.

The first thing I did was to stand and turn my back to the seat next to me. I felt around with my chained hands until I found Shana's body. She was breathing, that was the first thing I noticed when my hand found one of her breasts. Then I worked my way up to the hood on her head. The drawstring was just that, a string, no lock or anything like that. I worked the knots loose and then pulled up on the hood. I managed to get it off. Then I sat back down and turned to Sharna.

"Shana! Can you hear me?"

A mumbled response told me that she was becoming conscious. "Willow?" she said.

"Sandra! Damn it, my name is Sandra." I fear I was rather sharp with my friend but I guess I could be excused, considering all the stress on me right then.

I turned my back to her and began feeling around. There was a lot of bare skin but I found the seatbelt and managed to unlatch it.

"Can you stand up?" I asked. "If so, can you get this hood off me?"

I heard a noise and sensed that she was standing, perhaps a little uneasily. Then I felt fingers touching my face. I leaned forward to make it easier for her. A few moments later the hood was lifted from my head. It was good to see again.

The first thing I saw was her face only inches from mine. There was shock in her eyes and confusion. Only to be expected, I guess, considering what had happened.

"Let's see if we can get out of this van," I told her.

Looking around, I saw that the van was pretty much a mess. Most of the windows were broken with tree branches stuck in through some. In front of me, in the next row of seats, I could see the other two slavegirls. Both

seemed to be unconscious. Farther up, there was the back of Igor's head in the driver's seat. It was not moving.

I'm afraid from the shock and all, I was slow in thinking straight. As I finally settled down, I began to prioritize my actions. First off, I could smell gas. There was no sign of a fire, but getting out of the van might be a good idea. At that point I did not care if the rebels caught us. In fact, that might be the best thing that could happen.

I turned my back to the door and tried to open it. The handle turned but the door did not move, probably jammed. Looking around, I found a window that did not have broken glass. Maybe the window had popped out totally. I looked through it and found the ground was clear; mostly dry leaves.

Without hands to help, climbing out a window is a tricky business. I would have preferred to go out feet first but could not figure out a way to get my feet through the window. While I was bracing myself to dive out head first, Shana called my name. The smart girl had crawled over the seats and was in the row behind the driver's seat. She was looking at the two other naked women there.

"They don't look so good," she said quietly.

I wedged myself between the seats and saw what she meant. The girl with the olive complexion was beyond help. Apparently bullets had come in through the front of the van and one had caught her in the neck. I turned to the other one, trying to ignore the blood over her naked body. The smaller girl did not seem to be shot, but from the funny way her head was tilted I guessed she had broken her neck. Again, there was nothing we could do for her.

I turned to Igor. His head was not moving. Working my way between the seats, I managed to climb into the passenger seat and get a better look at Igor. I wished I had not. He had taken several bullets in the upper chest. Again, there was nothing we could do even if we had our hands.

Turning, I found the passenger door had been ripped off. It was easy to climb out, and certainly more comfortable than falling head first out of a window.

Looking around, I saw that we were at the bottom of a hillside. There were trees on the steep slope but not enough to call a forest. There were also a lot of rocks and bushes. Looking up the hillside I could not the road we

have fallen from. It seemed we had rolled over for an eternity. I guess whoever was shooting at us up there did not want to take the long hike down to see the results of their work.

Shana was doing something in the van, but I could not see properly. She saw me looking and smiled. “I’m going through his pockets looking for lock keys.”

Good idea! Wish I had thought of it. But then, it would be me who was up there, feeling around with chained hands, searching the bloody pockets of a dead man.

Eventually she climbed down. On the passenger seat were the few things she had found in his pockets. Mostly junk but, more importantly, no keys. I sighed.

“Where’s Adalric?” I finally asked. “Maybe he had the keys.”

We both looked around. With the door twisted off on the passenger side, he might have fallen out anywhere on the wild ride down the hillside. Maybe he had also been shot and lay dead up there somewhere. I pointed out that there was some blood on the passenger seat. Looking around, I found more on the ground, a dozen or so spots right next to the van then a few leading off into the trees.

I ventured, “Looks like he got out of the van but had been shot. He stood right here for a minute, probably looking around. Then he went that way.”

“Do we follow him?” Shana asked.

“And if we find him? What then? He works for the Count, remember. He considers us slaves and would keep us chained up.”

“Why didn’t he stay with the van,” she asked. “Or at least checked on us?”

I had to think about that for a moment before offering, “My guess is that he was afraid the men who attacked the van would come down the hill. They shot Igor and him – he had to assume that they would finish the job. So he took off.”

Shana walked over to a rock and sat down. She hung her head and I heard soft crying. Then she was trembling all over. Delayed reaction, I guessed. I felt rather weak-kneed myself. So I found a rock and joined her. I did not cry, but felt all the energy drain out of me. We sat there for a long time.

It was Shana who broke the silence. “Well, now what?”

I had been waiting for her to recover and had been thinking. “We go downhill,” I told her. “When lost in the mountains, you always go downhill or follow a creek; same thing. Eventually that will lead you to someplace.”

I wished I was as confident as I tried to sound.

She stood, and we began walking along the bottom of the hill. The ground sloped gently down in that direction, although there was no creek or stream to follow. For a long time we walked.

“We’re going the same direction as Adalric went,” she said.

“Yes, but I haven’t seen any blood or other signs that he went this far. Maybe he turned off somewhere back a ways.”

The ground was not too rocky and covered in many places with old, dried leaves. Still, the bottoms of our bare feet were sore when we stopped to rest. We were in a small valley, heading down hill. There were no signs of habitation and we heard nothing but insects and an occasional airliner very high up and faint.

I once heard a man say that there is a God who watches over children and fools. Maybe that’s true. Shortly after we resumed walking, we came to a creek, not a very big one but the water was cold and inviting to two thirsty girls. We had to kneel and sip up the water like dogs but that did not matter. It was still good.

After satisfying our thirst, we washed ourselves as best we could. Shana had blood over her hands from where she had explored Igor’s body looking for keys. I had some picked up when I was in the passenger seat. And there were a few small cuts here and there, undoubted from the flying glass in the crash. We were damned lucky that we were not cut up more. Of course, we were not without injuries. I had several bruises and sore muscles from the experience, but, again, thankfully nothing serious.

We followed the stream, keeping to the advice I had heard someplace in my past.

I was beginning to wonder how far we would have to go to find a village or something, when I noticed that it was getting cooler. Looking up, I realized that the day was slipping away and the sun was about to sink behind a mountain.

I told Shana, “Before it gets dark, we had better find someplace to settle down for the night. Someplace where we can stay as warm as possible.”

There were no caves in sight, no rocky overhangs we could hide under, in fact, nothing but trees and stream. I picked a place where we could crawl under the protective branches of two close trees. Then I told Shana we should gather as many leaves as we could. That would make for a more comfortable bed. If we could get enough together, we might be able to burrow into them and use them like blankets.

As the darkness was making it harder to find more leaves, we settled onto our pile. It was not huge but at least it was better than sleeping on the bare ground.

“I’m hungry,” she said in a little girl voice.

“Me too,” was my brilliant reply. “Maybe tomorrow we’ll find some berries or something. If we’re lucky, maybe a village. I’ve been thinking. If we can find a village, let’s see if we can find a church. That would be better than walking into a bar – considering the way we are dressed.”

“Probably shock the priest.”

“Yeah, but he’s not as likely to abuse us.”

“How could he?” she asked. “This damned chain goes right over my cunt. Any man would have trouble getting in.”

She was right, of course. These chains were locked on very tightly. Which had been a constant source of irritation during our long walk. You ever try walking with a chain up your ass?

Without having to say it, we cuddled amid the leaves, pressing our bodies together for both the warmth and the comfort of companionship. We were both tired after a long day and fell asleep rapidly.

In the middle of the night, I awoke with the strangest feeling of arousal. The reason was evident when I was awake enough to realize that Shana had moved around and was sucking at my breast. It felt very good and I arched my body to present my breasts better. She was good at it, and I was soon heating up and moaning.

I wished I had hands. I would have touched her and made her feel as good as she was making me feel. But we had to make do without hands. Shana slid down on our leaf bed and began burrowing in between my legs. I spread wide to accommodate her. When her tongue first lapped at my clit, I

moaned very loudly. Oh, that was good! She continued, displaying a talent I had never known. Especially considering that she had to slip her tongue past the chain guarding the entrance down there.

It was only natural that my tongue should seek out her sex. A little shifting and we were in a better position to make love to each other. I was not a skilled lesbian; in fact, my experience along those lines was very limited. But with Shana as a teacher, I soon had her moaning and could feel the tension in her body.

It would be nice to say that we managed mutual orgasms through teamwork, but truth is that she was much better at it than I, and I was exploding long before she. I curled up into a ball, or at least tried to. When I finally came down, I made it a point to crawl back to Shana and finished what I had begun. This time she was lying on her back and I knelt between her spread legs. Apparently I did a good job of it to judge by the strength of her reaction.

We went back to cuddling against each other and fell asleep again. I drifted off, wishing that I could have held her in my arms.

In the morning, two hungry women set off downhill again.

Chapter IX

What We Have Here is a Failure to Communicate

We walked many miles. My poor ass was getting chaffed something fierce by that chain through it. I was ready to scream, and I'm sure that Shana felt no better. But we kept on. There had to be some people in that damned country, somewhere. I dawned on me that we were not running into farmers because we were in the foothills not on farmland. What would we be likely to run into in the mountains? Hunters? Maybe. Hermits? Lost slavegirls? Two hungry, naked, chained slavegirls were about the only things moving around those mountains.

I got to wondering, in fact, where were the animals? Should there not be wild animals up here? Not that I wanted to run into a bear or mountain lion, but shouldn't we see some deer? Or even rabbits? I could only guess that they were hiding from these two strange creatures who had invaded their land.

I finally pushed aside speculation about the missing animal population. What good would it do us to find any of them? The mountain lions, bears and snakes we certainly did not wish to encounter. And as to deer, rabbits and such, we had no way to catch them, so that was out as a food source.

I keep looking around for berries. Maybe it was the wrong time of the year or we were just in the wrong place, but I could find nothing to eat. My stomach was grumbling to beat the band, as my dad used to say. Funny some of the old expressions you get from your parents. To pass the time, I asked Shana about that and was told that her mother used to often say, "Don't be a bad little girl or the lions will eat you."

Different culture.

When the sun was at its highest, we rested in the shade of a tree. For a long time we did not speak. I don't know about Shana, but my thoughts were mostly on food and wondering if we would die out here and someone would one day find two bodies with their hands still chained. Or maybe those forest creatures that were hiding would eat our bodies and all that would be found would be two sets of chains and padlocks.

Goes to show you how hunger can affect your mind.

Shana figured out a way to distract me from thoughts of food. I was sitting on a fallen tree when she came up to me and knelt before me. “Please spread your legs,” she asked. When I did, she shuffled up between then and was eyeing my chained pussy. That chain might have defeated a man, but a lesbian with a good tongue only found it a challenge not a barrier. I shifted my hips down and braced my chained hands against the log. Then Shana picked up where we had left off the night before.

I’ll say this for her: she was good! She was finding and hitting all the nerves down there and sending shockwaves of pure sexual energy up into my body. Kind of made me wonder what she could do if she didn’t have that chain interfering.

As she licked and sucked, I looked down and saw her back and the chained hands. There was something fascinating about looking at those imprisoned wrists. The way that chain wrapped both ways around her crossed wrists, the way that chain was locked into the one around her waist. There was a kind of beauty there.

I shook my head. Must be low blood sugar or something making me think strange, I told myself. Then I surrendered to the feeling and tried not to think about anything. Before long I was gasping, and without realizing I was doing it, I clamped my legs around Shana’s shoulders to push her harder into me. As often happens when I hit a nice orgasm, I tried to curl up into a ball. All that I accomplished was to fall off the log.

When I was able to, I struggled to my knees and told Shana to sit on the log and I would return the favor.

“No, it is not necessary. I am happy to pleasure you. You do not have to do it to me.”

“But it would only be fair,” I protested.

“No, it is fair this way. I am a slavegirl. I have been one for several years. This is my place. You are not a slavegirl. You are chained as I am but you do not have the...” she paused to search for a word. “The spirit of a slavegirl.”

I had to agree. I did not think of myself as a slavegirl. I was a prisoner of that damned Count, not his slave. Of course, I had to admit, if I were kept a prisoner as long as Shana had been, maybe I would become a slavegirl – in spirit, as she said. Horrible idea.

It was at that point we noticed that we have an observer.

He was obviously of local peasant stock. He had the Slavic features, clothes patched here and there, and a full beard of black hair. He was standing beside a tree, a rifle resting by his side, and looking at us with a big grin on his face. I had to wonder how long he had been looking at us. Had he seen... Of course, he did. Why else that big grin?

“Sir,” I began, “we were held prisoners against our will. Would you please help us?”

The grin never left his face, but he uttered a few words I did not understand. Oh, fine! He did not speak English. Why can’t these natives learn our language?

I tried a couple words of French on him, without result. Truth is, I was not sure what I said. I think it was “help us” but I might have been asking him for cabbage soup.

Well, back to body language. That can communicate, but in our case I was afraid it was communicating the wrong message. I turned my back and wiggled my hands. Then I showed that I was trying to get free. Maybe he would understand I was asking him to get those chains off. Maybe not. From the grin still on his face, he might have thought I was showing him how helpless I was in case he wished to do something to me.

I stomped my foot and shook my body. Instead of conveying anger, I suspect my bouncing breasts conveyed something else to him. I wanted to cry.

All though this, Shana stayed in the kneeling position, looking on as I tried to communicate.

Maybe she was just better with sign language than I was. She stood up, walked over to him, and thrust her hips forwards so he had a good view of her shaved pussy and the chain running through it. She half turned, pointed a finger at the bulge in his pants, and then pointed it at my pussy. Then she made motion as if she were pulling off the chain and throwing it away.

Blackbeard understood. If he wanted to screw us, he would have to get the chain out of the way.

Of course, if it worked and he did removed the chains, he would expect Shana and me to make good on that promise. Right then, I didn’t care. I would gladly trade my body for a good meal and to be free of that damned chain.

He picked up his rifle and motioned downstream with it. We began walking. I tried not to sway my hips too provocatively but that damned chain was making me walk funny. I could feel his eyes burning holes in my ass.

His cabin was not too far off, fortunately. It was a small thing, half hidden in the trees and made of the local stones. A good earthquake would bring it all down, I thought. Then my thoughts turned to other things. Like hacksaws and hammer and chisel – you know, things that would get those chains off.

The inside was small, holding a bed, a stove that appeared to be from a prior century, and some other things scattered around. Typical bachelor's pad; messy as hell.

He took me by the shoulders and, none too gently, pushed me down onto the bed. There I sat while he took Shana by the arm and led her out of the stone cabin.

What the hell was going on? I had to wonder. Was he just taking Shana to a place where he had the tools to take off the chain? Then why not take both of us? I'd be content to stand by and watch while Shana was released first.

A minute later he came back in. That silly grin really looked strange with the big, bushy beard. He took my shoulders again and guided me down to the floor where I knelt there facing the bed. I was getting an idea what was coming and didn't like it.

Yeah, he undid his belt and dropped his pants. A little more fussing, and his erection was out in plain sight. When he sat on the edge of the bed and positioned that ugly thing right in front of my face, I knew I was not going to like the next few minutes.

I didn't. I began by licking it as if I was checking the flavor. When I finally took the whole thing in my mouth, I almost gagged. Not that it was all that huge, but boy, did he smell! Apparently, bathing was not a part of his rustic lifestyle. Trying not to breathe in through my nose (a difficult task when you're doing what I was) I worked it as rapidly as I could, sliding my mouth up and down its length. I wanted to get this over as quickly as possible.

Fortunately it did not take too long. He apparently had not had a woman in a while and was more than ready for it. When I sensed that he was about to unload I tried to pull back, but he grabbed my ears and jerked

my head down, forcing his rod deep into my throat. It was amazing that I did not choke on that thing. As he pumped the fluid down my throat, I had to hold my breath. It seemed like it took a very a long time for him to finish unloading. When he finally pulled out, I had to gasp in air.

For the first time in my life, I had swallowed male cum. Ick! The few blowjobs I had been persuaded to do had ended with him shooting it all over my face or my breasts. Men seem to like to do that. It was icky and messy and I hated it, but would have hated more having to swallow the stuff. Maybe I'm too particular, but I just don't want to do that.

Well, that time I did. There was a little trickle on my lips when he came out, but most of it was headed for my stomach. Not at all the kind of food I was hoping for.

When he got his pants back up, he lifted me off my knees and pushed me outside. There I found Shana standing by a tree. He had tied a rope around her neck and up to a branch, forcing her to stand there. Another piece of rope and I was standing next to her.

"Did he...?" Shana asked when he had gone back into the cabin.

"Damned right he did! Bastard! He shoved it down my throat and I had to swallow it! I hate that!"

Shana looked puzzled. "It is right for a slavegirl to swallow it. That way the man knows you accept his offering."

Offering?! I was going to have to have a talk with this girl about her attitude.

Meantime, we stood under that tree and watched the sun lowering towards the mountains. There was nothing else we could do.

Chapter X

Escape – Again!

I will say this: he gave us dinner. It had been a long time since our meager breakfast, and the food was welcome. It was a simple meal of pan fried venison, potatoes and berries (where the hell did he find those?). He was not much of a cook but we did not complain.

The lack of communication continued. He made no attempt to remove the chains so I guess he liked them on us. We didn't like them staying there. After dinner, he got that look in his eyes and I knew one of us was going to have to satisfy his beastly sexual desires. Shana could sense this coming also, and she knelt before him to nuzzle his pants in the right place. It didn't take long before he got the idea. About one quarter of a second.

I was exiled to the outside to stand under that convenient tree branch. I guess he didn't like someone watching while he got his blowjob. From the sounds, it would appear that Shana satisfied him quite nicely. He was so mellow when he fetched me back that he allowed us to sleep on the floor next to his bed. Since he was generous enough to give us blankets, it was not as bad as it sounds. Besides, there simply was not enough room on that bed for more than one person. He did, however, apparently not trust us because he tied our ankles together before we went to sleep.

I waited until I heard him snoring before I whispered in Shana's ear. She also was not sleeping and apparently had the same idea. We slowly turned around so that her feet were up by my hands and mine down by hers. The only hard part about untying the ropes was trying to do it quietly. Then we crawled to the door, rose up on our knees and managed to pull the latch without too much noise. The door creaked when it opened but the man was a solid sleeper. We shuffled out, getting to our feet only when we were a little away from the house.

It was a dark night, no moon to light our way. Actually, no stars either. Apparently those few clouds we had watched creeping in at sunset had brought friends, for the whole sky was overcast. It was also cooler and the air smelled of coming rain. Perhaps not the best time to plan your escape, but if we waited for another chance, we might stay his prisoners

forever. We could hear a stream so it was not hard to find it and follow it even in the dark.

The sexual favors we had to do for Blackbeard were not all that bad. Well, I didn't like doing it but Shana did not seem to mind. It was just that we wanted to get those chains off and find some sort of freedom. So we set off again, hoping to find a village with a church. Weren't all these Slavic peoples as religious as hell?

Our progress was slow. Having to find your footing in the dark without stumbling or hurting your bare feet was a task. Of course, not having hands made it harder, but we were getting used to that.

I have no idea how far we had traveled or what time it was, but when the first heavy drop of water hit my face, I knew we were in for a miserable night. The raindrops came in great profusion after that first one, and soon we were both shivering in the cold rain. Finally, after both of us fell a couple times, we decided to wait until the rain stopped. The only shelter we could find was to crawl under a tree. The ground there was dry but only for half an hour or so. Then the branches and leaves above us had become so soaked with water that it was about the same under the tree as away from it.

We stayed where we were, huddled together and miserable. To help pass the time, I told Shana about that prick Reggie Hilton and how he had set me up and caused me to become a slavegirl. Shana did not know what "weed" was but got the idea when I described its effects. She agreed he was a bastard and deserved a horrible death.

I still do not know how it was that we both fell asleep. We were cold and wet, not to mention uncomfortable from the chains still on us. Still, we fell asleep while we were talking and awoke only when the rain stopped and a colder wind began to blow. We shivered and agreed that it might be better if we continued walking. The exercise might make us a little warmer.

We tried to follow the stream again. The wind shook the trees and that made them shower us with heavy drops of water, almost as if it were raining again. And the rain had turned the dry dirt into mud so we had to be very careful about our footing. Falling down with your hands chained behind you and a rocky streambed under you could be very unpleasant. We did not need any broken bones to add to our misery.

As we walked along, a thought occurred to me and I had to give voice to it. "Shana, when you searched Igor's pockets for keys, did you look at the ignition?"

“What is that?”

“The little hole where you put the key to start the van. He might have had all his keys on a ring.”

It took a few moments for Shana to realize what I was asking. “You mean there might have been the keys to these locks?” she finally asked.

It was a little depressing to think that the keys to our chains might have been only a few inches away had we only thought to look.

I began to realize that I could see better, so we knew that dawn was coming. It was still overcast totally, so the morning was a gray gloom with a cold wind. It reminded me of the day I had been sentenced and driven to my captivity.

We heard the village before we saw it. And the first thing we saw was an old wooden bridge crossing the stream. Gratefully, we climbed up the low embankment and peered through the bushes at the village. It was not big at all, maybe a couple dozen huts and two buildings that looked like a church and a store of some sort. We looked at each other and immediately made for the church.

Being early in the morning and a miserable morning at that, I guess the village was not fully awake. We saw only three people, two women standing before the store talking, and a man pulling a cart down the dirt street. All three stopped to stare at the strange apparitions walking into their village. It was probably the only time that two naked woman had ever walked down the main street. We made for the church as quickly as we could without running. Maybe if we acted as if this were nothing special, we would be ignored. At least, long enough for us to find a priest to listen to our story.

The church door was closed. I turned around and knocked on it as best I could. Then we waited. To keep the scandal down to a minimum, we both turned our backs to the audience, thus not imposing the sight of our more private parts upon them.

When I glanced around I saw three more people standing not far off, looking at us. Strangely enough, no one seemed to be talking. They just stood there and looked.

I knocked again.

One of the men rushed around the side of the church, looking at us until he passed out of view. A couple of minutes later he returned with

another man. This man was apparently the priest for he wore a black robe with a cross hanging around his neck. It was also apparent that he did not like being woken up. He came to a halt when he saw us. For a long minute he stared, open mouthed, at us. Then he crossed himself and muttered something. Turning to the man who had fetched him, he gave some orders. The man rushed off.

The priest took a couple more steps towards us. I was trying not to show him too much, but also wanted to face him and look as sincere and needy as I could. I could see his eyes rove over our bodies as if he had never seen anything like that before. Hell, maybe he hadn't. Don't some religions require their priest to be celibate?

Then he spotted the chains and his eyes widened. He crossed himself again. It was as he swayed that I realized he was suffering, not from shock, but from a hangover. I had seen that look on my dad's face enough times when he had binged the night before: that swaying of the body and the greenish tint around the gills.

At that time, half a dozen men came rushing up. Most of them had not seen us before and that halted them in their tracks. A few crossed themselves. I had the feeling they were trying to protect themselves from some extreme evil – us.

The priest was issuing orders again. Four of the men came up to us and grabbed our arms. They looked as if they were touching a poisonous snake or something really icky. The priest opened the church door and we were unceremoniously hustled inside. Behind us, the priest slammed the door, cutting off the view of the small crowd that had gathered.

The church was not much, just a few rows of pews, an altar, a cross behind it and some tables with burnt out candles. The priest was still giving orders. Two men came in with wooden chairs that were set before us. The priest pointed to the chairs so we sat down. It was not the most comfortable seat considering the chain between our legs, but it was better than standing.

I noticed that Shana was shivering and wondered if that was from the cold or fright. These men were not projecting love and warmth and caring towards us. It was more like they were afraid of us. Imagine that! Big strong men afraid of a couple chained up, naked woman! Wow!

Some of the men returned with blankets. My hopes lifted at the sight of them. Careful not to touch us, they draped the blankets over us. It was not much in the way of warm clothing but it was better than nothing.

Without hands to hold it closed, the blanket kept opening in front and my breasts peeked out. Finally one of the more brilliant of them thought of pinning the blanket closed.

They talked. Well, mostly the priest talked. They listened, nodded agreement with whatever it was he said, and occasionally put in a word of their own. Boldly I cleared my throat and asked in a loud voice, “Does anyone speak English?”

That was met with silence.

“English!” I repeated. “I am an American.”

Still nothing.

I could understand them being confused and puzzled by two naked woman walking into town, but why did they leave us chained? Certainly there must have been some tools in town that could remove the chains?

The priest issued more orders and two men hurried out. For a long time nothing was said, as if they were waiting for something or someone. Which was exactly the case. The men returned with a young woman, around my age. She was dressed as if she belonged in that village. She looked almost as nervous as we felt. The priest spoke to her.

“Do you speak English?” she asked of us.

“Oh, joy! Yes, we speak English. We were prisoners of ...” I began my story again but was cut off by the priest. He shouted at us, and then looked as if he were sorry he had done that. Hangover, you know. His sharp words were translated for me. She spoke slowly as if not really all that used to speaking English.

“He wants to know if you come from that castle up in the mountains. The one belonging to Count Alucard.”

“Well, yes, we came from there, but we were captured...”

Again he cut me off. Apparently he knew that I was replying in the affirmative. He made a short speech, motioning to us a few times. Mostly he was talking to the men around us, but a few times he turned to the young girl with his comments. Finally, he stopped.

“Father Karloff says that you are proof that evil things are happening in that castle.”

“You got that right. Yes, evil things!” I was nodding agreement.

“And that the evil Count has sent you down to our village to tempt and corrupt our people.”

“What?”

“He says that you are demons working for Satan and his henchman, the Count Alucard.”

“You got that wrong! We were prisoners up there. Slaves! We don’t want to corrupt anyone. We just want to get these chains off and contact the American consul.”

“Chains?” she asked.

I stood up and pushed my leg forward to part the blanket, turning at the same time so she could see that my hands were locked behind me.

“These chains! Would the Count send us down to do evil with our hands chained like this?”

“I do not know of such things,” she said. “I will tell Father Karloff what you said.”

After another exchange between them and another speech by the good father, she told us, “He says that the chains are merely part of your depravity. I think that is the right English word. He says that if you look helpless it will make it easier for you to tempt men into lewd and evil acts.”

“You’ve got this all wrong!” I tried to explain. “We were prisoners, not demons. Please help us.”

“Father Karloff says that he had heard the righteous are rising up to overthrow the evil Count and his kind. He says that we must help them in that noble cause.”

“What do you mean? What does he mean by that?”

“You will be put to the torch.”

“What!!!”

The priest, his eyes now filled with a holy glow of self-righteousness, gave another little speech, which she translated.

“A long time ago, Satan tried to make this village his own. He sent witches and demons to plague us. He corrupted many of the people until they worshiped him and not the True Lord. But the villagers rose up and with the help of their priest, his great grandfather, they cleansed the village of the evil. The evil witches were put to the question and then burned at the

stake. It is the only way to cleanse their souls. The body must be purified by fire.”

“And what is this putting to the question?” I asked, very much afraid that I knew the answer.

She had to ask him for an explanation. “You will be tortured until you confess your sins. Only that way can you be saved.”

“Oh, shit!” slipped out of my mouth.

“He says that the questioning will be done tonight and the burning will be tomorrow morning. By then, the firewood should be dry enough to burn properly.”

“You can’t do this! We’re not witches! We’re not demons! I want...” I’m afraid I was becoming a little loud with my protests, which, in turn, seemed to agitate the men around us. I doubt they knew what I was saying but I guess it sounded as if I were cursing them. I certainly wanted to.

Suddenly a rag was shoved into my mouth by a man behind me and then tied in place with rope.

“Father Karloff says that the questioning will take place in the blacksmith’s place. Until then, you will be kept here and not allowed to temp any of the villagers.”

“Oh, shit!” I’m afraid I was a little louder that time, even with the cloth gag.

Chapter XI

Put to the Question

All of the men were dismissed save to two trusted assistants. Before I had been gagged, I begged the girl to do something to save us. She looked sympathetic but said nothing. I was sure that she could not go against the priest and the village men.

The two men brought in handfuls of rope, and I shuddered to think of what would happen once we were totally helpless and in their hands. Not that we were exactly fully capable right then, the chains and all, but once they had us tied down, they could do anything. And there was a difference between the Count and his daughter torturing us for the fun of it. They might have hurt us but they wanted us kept whole and healthy. These men – at least that priest – wanted us dead!

The ropes were used first to bind us to the chairs. Very tightly. I guess I had become used to Igor's skills but it seemed to me that they really did not know what they were doing. The ropes were generally tight but put on in such a way that I thought I could move some of them to create slack. In fact, I was pretty sure that if they left us alone, I could get out of those ropes. The chains on my wrists were a different story, unfortunately.

After we were bound to the chairs, they put the blankets back over us. It seemed to me that they were hesitant to cover all that nice girl-flesh again, but under the stern eye of the priest, they did.

With that girl gone, we were back to a lack of communication again. I did not even have body language to try. It was as if we were tightly bound on a runaway train heading towards certain doom. Nothing we could do would change that fate.

I considered trying to seduce one of the men. Offer him my body and favors if he would sneak us out of town. But they did not understand my language. And there was never a time when we were alone with just one of them. If the priest were to leave for a while... Well, Shana and I might do something with the two men. But again there was that language problem. The only way I could offer my body would make me appear to be exactly what we were accused of being: temptresses bent upon corrupting men.

It was a long day. The men took turns getting their lunches but, of course, we were offered nothing. Father Karloff stretched himself out on a pew and was soon snoring loudly. The two men looked at each other and then at us. I could tell what was going through their minds. It was the eternal battle: sex lust versus soul saving. They might crave our bodies more than anything else in the world, but if they gave in they would lose their souls and spent eternity burning in Hellfire. What a wonderful thing religion is!

Late in the afternoon, Father Karloff woke up. He almost crawled off the pew and staggered out to attend to bodily functions. That was something I wished I could also do. When he returned, he began issuing orders again. The nap seemed to have refreshed him and he was on full form now, alternating between ordering the men around and berating us for our evil ways. I sighed and did not argue with him.

The blankets were taken off and the ropes untied. First me, then Shana was made to stand while two ropes were tied around our necks. With a man on each rope, they could control us easily without having to actually touch our evil, wicked bodies. Heaven forbid they should have to do that!

Four men and Father Karloff escorted us out of the church, the good priest leading the way, one hand on his cross and a holy expression on his face as he turned it upward to the heavens.

It was raining again. The cold drops made us shiver, after the relative warmth of the blankets. The men tugged on the ropes, making us walk faster than we would have liked. The dirt street was muddy and walking in bare feet slippery. Apparently word had gotten out, for what was probably the entire village had turned out to watch us being marched to our doom.

The blacksmith's was on the other side of the village and we were soaking wet by the time we entered the stable-like hut. A fire was going nicely in the hearth. The hut has several posts holding up the roof, a classic metal anvil and assorted tools.

I was led to one of the posts and pushed up against it. Ropes were wrapped around my body and the post to hold me there. Shana was taken over to another post. For a few moments there was some confusion. Apparently they had wanted to bind her hands up near the top of the post so that they could whip her back and ass. But the chain holding our hands behind us defeated them. They could not get her hands away from the small of her back. One man came over and looked at the chains, then shook his head. My guess was that he was the blacksmith and he was saying that he

did not have the tools to cut through the steel links. The priest seemed very upset by that.

One of the men made a suggestion and that made the priest happier. Shana was turned around and pushed up against the post. The ropes went around her now, much as they had with me but with her facing outward. I could see the look of fear on her face as they bound her torso tightly to the post, and then tied her legs together.

The blacksmith came forward with a whip in his hand. It was black and looked like a buggy whip more than anything else. It was more than a riding crop but less than a full-sized whip. It was slender and looked very flexible. Shana's eyes were fixed on the whip as he took his position in front of her.

The crowd became silent, awaiting the first stroke. Shana closed her eyes. I tugged at my chained hands. Suddenly the whip whistled through the air, followed by a sharp cry from Shana. I watched as a thin red line appeared on her upper left breast. She shook her body and stared in disbelief at the mark.

I know that she had been whipped before – many times. She told me of how the Count liked to mark up her ass. She even told me that her breasts were often whipped, though not as severely as her ass. So I knew that she was no stranger to such pain. Maybe it was the idea that after this whipping we would be burnt at the stake. That would fill most anyone with fear. It did me.

Then I wondered about the psychology of being whipped, and I understood why Shana was reacting as she did. This was not a whipping by a slave owner used to whipping girls. These people did not regularly whip a woman's breasts. But they wanted to see her hurt. So she made her reaction more than she had to. The louder the screams, the more satisfied they would be and the less likely they were to hit her harder or longer.

It was a good idea and I resolved to copy her actions. I would scream my head off like it was the worst pain any woman ever felt.

They whipped her breasts then switched to whipping her thighs. Some of the blows were directly upon her hips and sex. I wondered if I would find that the hated chain would actually help keep the full force of the blows from my clit, sort of like a protective shield down there.

Shana was sobbing and screaming each time the whip touched her. She was putting on a good show. Finally, she fainted. They threw a bucket

of cold water on her then continued the whipping. The second time she fainted, they could not revive her. Her being “put to the question” was over. Now it was my turn.

I was untied and turned around. I noticed that they left Shana limp in her bonds. The ropes went on tightly. The blacksmith took his position and I braced myself.

Maybe Shana had not been faking it. At least not as much as I thought she was. That first cut across my breast was a shock. I did not have to fake any scream; it came and it was real. The red line forming on my bare breast was burning like hell.

That was the way it continued. The whip hurt like hell. He marked my front from the tops of my breasts down to my knees. The whole front of me was one big hurt. I was sobbing and wishing I could faint. Then I was wondering if I could fake it well enough to fool them.

He stopped and said something to the priest. Angrily, the priest took the whip from him and cut it across my breasts. I guess his arm was not as strong as the blacksmith’s because it did not hurt as much, even though my poor tits were already tenderized by the previous whip strokes.

After a dozen strokes he stopped. Maybe he sensed that it was not being as effective. Or maybe he was tired after only that many. He handed the whip back to the blacksmith. For a moment I feared that man with his strong arm might continue, but he put the whip away.

At that point, a real fear struck at my heart. Father Karloff was looking at the glowing coals in the hearth. More specifically, he was looking at two irons sticking out. The end of those iron bars was in the red hot coals and would probably be glowing with heat if he were to pull it out. I knew in my heart that he had planned on more than just the whipping. Those irons were going to do some terrible things to our bodies! At that point I came as close to fainting as I ever have. If he pulled out one of those irons and brought it near me, I would scream – loud and long.

For some reason he backed away from the hot fireplace. Then he turned to me and came right up until he was almost touching me. He made the sign of the cross and muttered some words before me. I tried to look innocent and penitent. When he finished with me, he repeated the little ceremony before the unconscious Shana.

The priest uttered a pronouncement to the crowd and they began to disperse. Four of the men were left as guards over the two naked women

tied to the posts. Maybe the priest thought that four was enough to assure we would not corrupt them. At that point I did not feel like corrupting anyone. Even if I could.

Chapter XII

Hot Time in the Old Town

It was an unpleasant night. Shana awoke sometime later, after the crowd had left and there was only the four men guarding us. The rain pounded against the roof and sheets of water flowed down the windows and doorway. The fire had died down and no longer warmed my left side, the one closest to the fireplace.

Shana looked around, then down at her breasts. They were marked up just as mine were, with painful red ridges of swollen flesh. Both of us were still bound tightly to the posts. No bed for us that night, not even a spot on the dirt floor the hunter had allowed us.

We looked at each other and without words expressed our mutual sorrow and sympathy. We were two hurting women, totally helpless and condemned to a terrible death when the morning came. Ruefully I hoped the rain would be so hard and long that they could not find enough firewood to burn us. Fat chance! The good Father Karloff had probably stacked enough firewood in the church to roast us to a crisp.

One of the men looked over my way when my stomach growled in protest at the lack of recent food. Our last meal was the night before in the hunter's hut. I wondered what he was thinking when he awoke to find his two oral slaves gone. Well, it was his fault. He should have bound us better.

I told my stomach to shut up and went back to feeling sorry for myself. What a way to spend your last night on earth! Had I a choice, I would be drinking, smoking good weed and screwing away! Might as well go out with a blast.

There was a cold wind that came with the rain. It snuck into the hut, teased my bare skin and gave me the shivers. I wondered if I would catch a cold from all this exposure to the elements. Then I wondered why I was wondering that when I was going to be burnt at the stake in a few hours. Then, silly as it sounds, I tried to get some sleep. First, I had to let my body slump in the ropes holding me to that post. They held me up pretty well, so falling to the floor was not a problem. Ignoring the pain across my front was a different story.

I guess I managed to drift off, because I was suddenly aware that the good priest was back, along with a dozen other men. Under his direction, they untied us from the posts, retied those nooses to our necks and led us out of the blacksmith's hut. The rain had lightened along with the sky. The sun was not visible, only a gloomy gray overcast. Perfect day for a demon burning.

They had two posts set into the ground on a small rise next to the church. The ground around them was disturbed as if they had dug the holes and set the posts in only a few hours before. Each post was bigger than the ones in the blacksmith's hut. They backed Shana up to the first post and tied rope around her waist and the post. Then they added more rope around her neck and the post. They used a lot of rope and as tightly as they could, so much so that I could tell Shana was having trouble breathing. Too much constriction on your waist can do that.

I was a little surprised that they were using rope. I mean, rope burns, right? Maybe, just maybe, the ropes would burn through enough so we could break then and run before we were toast. Yeah, and maybe it will be snowing in hell when we get there.

Chains would have worked better, I thought. Of course, I did not give my suggestion to the bastards. During the night I had worked the cloth gag out of my mouth, so I could have given them a piece of my mind at that point. I could also have begged and pleaded, crying big tears and wailing something fierce. I said nothing.

There was a final little touch to add to Shana's misery. Her body was lashed to the post at the waist and neck. Two men each took one of her ankles, wrapped a rope around it and then pulled her feet up and backwards to tie them to the rope around her waist. That had the effect of hanging her body on the post. It also had the effect of tightening the rope around her waist even more.

Needless to say, I was bound to the other post in the same manner. The ropes were, as I suspected, tight enough around my middle to make it hard to suck in air. That one around my throat didn't help, either. When they pulled my feet up behind the post, I felt myself slide down a tiny bit. It was not very comfortable.

As they began piling very dry looking wood around the base of our posts, I realized that the men were looking at my cunt. Maybe they had seen cunts before, but never one with a chain passing right through it and digging

in. I would gladly have spread my legs and offered my body to every one of them if they would only let me down from that post.

A few of them looked as if that very same idea was running through their minds. But there was the black robed priest overseeing the operation. They seemed to greatly fear him. Guess he was the ruling power in that village.

The wood was piled up until the top came to just under my bent knees. I looked at Shana. The wood was just as high around her. Our eyes met and I saw her mouth the words, "I love you."

Well, I think that was what she said. At that point I was distracted by two men approaching, carrying torches. Looked just like a horror movies, the villagers carrying torches and going out to hunt down the werewolf. Or, in this case, burn the witch.

A strange calm came over me. I was afraid, but it seemed to have shrunk to a minor worry. Where I should have been screaming curses and begging, I was calm. The only thing that mattered now was the question of how long would it take and how much pain there would be.

A man with a thick black beard, who could have been our hunter's brother, approached me, holding that torch high. I could feel the heat from it on my breasts and face. He was slowly lowering the torch towards the wood. Father Karloff, like a good priest, was saying prayers for our souls.

Something happened. The man standing in front of me suddenly jerked sideways and fell to the wet earth. There was a puzzled expression on his face as he looked down to see blood pumping out of a hole in his coat.

Then I realized I had heard a shot. Confused, I could only stare down at the man who was about to immolate me and watch his life flow away. The torch sputtered in the watery mud and died about the same time as the man did.

Another shot rang out and I saw the second torchbearer fall backwards. Looking to the left, I saw a jeep at the edge of the town. Standing tall in it was a man holding an assault rifle up to his shoulder. A third shot sounded and I saw the muzzle flash as the bullet departed the weapon. Another man who was standing next to me cried out and flew backwards to land at Father Karloff's feet.

Everyone had been frozen by the unexpected intrusion and killing of three of them. But that lasted only a second, and then they were all heading away from us as fast as they could run in the wet and mud.

The man in the jeep lowered himself and drove the jeep over next to our posts.

When he stepped out of the jeep, I realized it was Adalric! There was a bandage wrapped around his arm and another around his left thigh. But his injuries did not keep him from aiming that rifle with accuracy – for which I was incredibly grateful.

“You two were hard to find,” he said as he approached us. “Looks like they were going to have a barbecue and you were the guests of honor.”

He pulled out a hunting knife and began slashing at the ropes. I fell into the mud at his feet but did not mind at all.

“Get in the jeep,” he ordered as he headed towards Shana.

I obeyed with alacrity.

A few seconds later, Shana was joining me. Adalric looked around casually, as if he rescued damsels in distress and killed people every day, then calmly got in the jeep and we drove off.

Shana and I were still chained, naked, cold and wet, but were happier than we had been for a long time. I think we were both crying tears of joy.

Chapter XIII

Return to Captivity

I scrunched down in the seat as far as I could go. Adalric was driving fast down the dirt road, and between the wind and rain I was shivering again. I had been naked and chained for so long that I would find clothes and freedom a strange experience.

We drove for a while until we came to a village. Adalric told us to stay as low as we could while he went into what might have been a store. There were few people out in the rain, and fortunately it was a few minutes before two naked women were noticed. Then a couple of older men stopped by the jeep and simply stared at us. I guess it was so long since they had seen a naked young woman that they were trying to figure out what to do.

Adalric came out with a bundle that he tossed casually into the back seat with Shana. Climbing in as if nothing was out of the ordinary, he nodded to the two men and drove away. A short distance out of the village, he stopped and opened the bundle. Inside were two blankets. Sitting me in the passenger seat, he wrapped the blanket around me, tucked it in as best he could, then put the seatbelt on. He did the same for Shana in the back seat.

The blanket was dry and began to warm me. There was still a drizzle coming down, so I had to wonder how long the blanket would stay dry. I used the time to try to catch up.

“What happened back there?” I asked. “On the road.”

“We were attacked by rebels,” he said. “The whole country is going to hell.”

“Thank you for the blanket, but could you take these chains off us? We won’t run away.”

“No, can’t.”

I was going to protest but the truth was that I lied. If he unlocked that chain from my wrists, I was going to kick him in the balls and run like hell.

“I made my way to a government camp. Using the Count’s name, I was able to get this jeep and come back looking for you. I found the van with Astra and Mellie. Then I followed you as best I could. I knew where

that canyon would come out and where the nearest village was. I figured that was where you would go.”

I told him of our adventures with Blackbeard the hunter, and how the village priest thought we were demons or witches or something like that.

“The villagers have no idea what goes on in the Count’s castle. Probably believe all kinds of things.”

“Well, in this case, they believed that we were pure evil. They whipped us both last night and were going to burn us alive at the stake. To save our souls, they said!”

He had finished wrapping Shana. For at least the present we were warming up and our naked and chained bodies were out of sight.

“Adalric,” I asked as sweetly as I could, “why won’t you unlock these chains? They hurt something terrible.”

“As bad as the whipping you got?” he asked as he began driving.

“Well, no...”

“Then why complain? It’s an improvement.”

Men! They have the damnest way of twisting facts around. I was about to argue that just because something might hurt worse did not mean that we had to suffer this lesser pain. Then I gave up. Logic does not apply when you are a slavegirl. Only your Master’s wishes count. Or, in this case, his duly authorized representative.

We drove for a long time. The dirt road improved to a narrow but paved road. Not that it was much more comfortable, with all those potholes and such, but we made better time. The blankets kept opening and threatening to blow away until Adalric stopped and put them on differently. Instead of wrapping them around our backs and trying to tuck them in front, he wrapped them from the front to the back and let us hold them with our hands. After that we had less stops to adjust our covering.

We even sat quietly in the jeep while he stopped for gas in one small town. The people we saw were a nervous looking bunch. It did not help that Adalric was driving a military jeep. But since an assault rifle was propped up next to him, nobody asked questions. We did get some strange looks, but again no one seemed inclined to question the two women who just sat there under a blanket. I think a couple of them noticed that our legs and feet were bare where they showed below the blanket.

I told him how hungry we were, so he ran in and bought some bread and a little cheese. A couple bottles of water also. Beyond the town, he pulled into a side road and stopped to feed us. The rain had ceased and the weather had turned from gray overcast to patching clouds playing tag across the sky. The sun was finally making an appearance, which helped dry off our blankets a bit.

He hand fed us the bread and cheese and even held the water bottles for us. Not much of a meal by most standards but I found it delicious. Adalric seemed to find it amusing to feed bits of bread to two helpless women.

“Where are you taking us?” I asked while he was feeding cheese to Shana.

“The Count’s villa on the coast. That is where you were going in the first place.”

“And what will happen when we get there?”

“My orders are to keep you two protected until the Count decides it is safe to return you to the castle.”

“Is that all who will be at this villa? Just you and the two of us?”

“Yes. It was suppose to be six of us originally. But Igor and the girls...”

He was putting the water bottles away when I asked, “Will we be tortured every day? Like at the castle?”

“Tortured? What do you mean?”

“Every day I was tied up in some horribly uncomfortable way and left like that to suffer. I call that torture.”

He laughed. “That’s not torture.” He pointed to my breasts. “That was more in the way of torture. You are pretty well marked up. Just tying you up for the day is simply normal procedure. The Count told us that we should continue the normal procedures at the villa.”

“Lovely,” I muttered. With some food in my stomach and the threat of immediately immolation passed, I was dozy. As the trip continued, I had to fight to keep from falling asleep. I think I slipped in and out of a half-asleep state.

The jeep stopped before a large wrought iron gate. Adalric used a key to unlock the chain on the gate, and then he drove us up to the villa. It was a

huge white house with several smaller building among the trees. We were stiff and could hardly walk when he took the blanket off and told us to get out of the jeep. That damned chain between my legs and through my ass was hurting more than ever.

Inside, the villa was spacious, well furnished and dry. Wonderfully dry! The carpet was thick and felt very nice under feet that had trod the wilderness for two days. Most of the main room was done in shades of red, perhaps the Count's favorite color. I found myself pulled to the large window commanding a panoramic view of the Mediterranean Ocean. At least I think it was the Mediterranean. With all that had gone on in the last few days, I was not too sure of anything save that I was tired.

Conveying that fact to Adalric earned me a nod from him, and then we were both being led up some stairs to a bedroom. Like my bedroom back at the castle, it was fixed with metal rings as anchor points and bars on the window. What was most wonderful was that it had a bath attached with a shower. He made us wait while he lit the water heater and for it to warm the water, but when I stepped into the shower, it felt wonderful! I did not even care that it was a man who soaped me down and rinsed me off. He even shampooed my hair, a nice bonus. Then he toweled me down, a luxury if ever there was one.

When Shana was also clean, he had both of us standing in the bedroom.

"You would normally be secured in separate rooms," he began. "But I get the feeling that you two care for each other. Would you like to share the same bed?"

Shana nodded. I blushed. This man was right on the spot.

So it was that Shana and I were placed in the same bed, our necks chained to the top, but by chains long enough to allow us some movement. He even covered us up with the sheets and blankets as if he were tucking in a couple of children. I had not felt so good in a long time.

There was still those damned chains on our wrists and between our legs but I tried to ignore that. Shana's body pressed against mine was oh so nice. I think we would have found some way to use our hands and mouths on each other, but we were so tired that we both fell asleep.

I awoke feeling rested. It was dark outside the window, so I guessed we had slept the rest of the day away. I twisted my body around so that my back was turned to Shana. She stirred but did not seem to awaken by my

movements. Then I felt around with my chained hands. When I found the chain around her waist, I followed it down, slipping my finger under it. Soon enough, I was gently stroking a very sensitive place on Shana.

When she woke, I felt her kissing the back of my neck and pressing her breasts into my back. It was not the easiest lovemaking I had ever done, but eventually I managed to stimulate her long enough and in the right place to be rewarded by a loud moan and shuddering of her body as she hit her orgasm.

I twisted around again so we were face to face, and kissed her. It was a gentle kiss, one of friendship and love, not passion. For a long time we lay together like that, then she kissed me and it was not one of friendship. It was a hungry kiss filled with passion and desire. I returned it, our tongues intertwined and probing. For the longest time that kiss continued. When Shana broke off, she told me to move up on the bed. She moved down as far as the chain on her neck allowed. When I was high enough up, I felt her tongue slipping past the chain. With uncanny skill, she managed to hit the right spot almost immediately and was I “off to the races,” as they say.

In the dreamy afterglow of a fine orgasm caused by my friend, I became aware of Adalric standing by our bed. How long had he been watching? I didn’t care. Let him look all he wanted. In fact, considering that he had saved our lives, he deserved much more than a show.

I twisted around again and crawled out of bed. The chain on my neck was just long enough to allow me to kneel by the head of the bed. I looked up at Adalric and smiled. “If you will open your pants...”

He caught my meaning and pulled his pants completely off. The underwear went next. Then he was standing before me with that very nice rod at full attention. I allowed him to guide it into my mouth then began to caress it ever so gently. It was good to feel the stiffness of him inside my mouth. I didn’t mind when it reached far in and I felt it up against the back of my throat. It was different when you wanted to give the man pleasure, not like before when I was forced into the act.

As I worked my mouth along his shaft, Shana was crawling out of bed. She knelt beside me, and for a second I thought she was going to try to take his prick right out of my mouth. But instead, she lowered her head and was doing something lower down. It took me a little bit to realize that she was licking his balls! I think she even took them into her mouth. Adalric seemed to be very pleased with our efforts. His eyes had a glazed look and his body was almost trembling.

When the inevitable happened, I swallowed it all, every last drop.

My action must have pleased him very much because he had us both stand before him, and then he unlocked the padlocks and removed the chains! It was so incredible to have my hands free! Even more so to have that damned chain out from my ass. I could tell that Shana was happy as I was. Adalric locked handcuffs on our ankles so we were still restrained and could only shuffle around with tiny steps, but we did not mind. We had our hands back!

I knew that Shana and I would be kept prisoners – no, make that slavegirls - for the Count, our Master. When we were returned to him, we would be punished, ravished in every possible way by people who did not think of us as persons but as sex toys. But for right now, there was Shana, who I loved, and this handsome man who kept us prisoner but treated us kindly. Until the Count called for us, we would live in this villa with Adalric in a state of constant restraint. But we would also be happy. We would make love to each other, Shana and I, and we would be happy to pleasure our temporary Master. Since he had taken those chains off, I would gladly lie down and spread my legs willingly any time he wanted it.

Being a slavegirl was not so bad.

For the moment, at least.

The End