

Slavegirl In Training 2

by

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Chapter I

New Owner

The trip was long and most uncomfortable for Tanya. In the darkness of her coffin prison, she could only pray that she would again see sunlight. She was naked, tightly bound with ropes, and strapped down to the bottom of a coffin. She did not know it, but the reason they had chosen a coffin was so that there would be no problem shipping an undocumented young woman across national borders. A little bribery and the normal reluctance of border inspector to open a coffin, assured that the slavegirl would be delivered safely into her new imprisonment.

It was hot inside the coffin and at times suffocating. Air holes had been provided but functioned only poorly. At times she became light-headed and faint while trying to suck in the needed air. After a few hours of bumping and moving, alternating with long periods of no motion, time began to blur to the imprisoned girl. Surely she had been in there for days, she thought. At other times she thought maybe it had been only a few hours. She was hungry, tired, hurting and drifting in and out of a troubled sleep-like state.

It has been most unexpected when her Master suddenly upped and sold Tanya. Seems he found a new plaything, one that looked like a Hollywood starlet, had a drop-dead gorgeous body, and was very expensive to purchase. A little short of cash but drooling to get his hands on the gorgeous blonde, he made a call to an old acquaintance and ownership of the raven haired, lovely young Tanya was transferred.

She remembered the face looking down at her before the coffin lid closed. The strap around her neck held her head against the satin bottom so she could see only out of the corner of one eye. The woman she had seen when she was brought in to be bound and dumped in the coffin was leaning over her. “We’re going to have such fun,” she had whispered. The dark eyes that looked down at her shone with evil intent.

Memories were all that Tanya had in the darkness; memories of her drunken father one night binding her hands and selling her to that terrible man in the castle. Memories of the constant bondage she had been kept in, ropes and chains and handcuffs. She remembered her first whipping, the horrid flash of pain that seared

her bottom like no pain she had ever felt in her young life. Scenes of the tortures that had been inflicted upon her body danced across the mind, each with the memory of the pain and suffering it had brought. She remembered her escape attempt, and the horrible punishment she had endured afterwards.

The thought of what life had become and would continue to be made her want to cry, but she tried to hold back the tears. With the ball gag in her mouth, it was hard enough to breath; she did not need a stuffed-up nose. But the painful memories would not go away. Like scenes from an old movie, they flickered across her mind's eye, almost as if she were reliving the agony.

Only half conscious, she was not aware that she had ceased being moved and the lid of her coffin was being lifted. Only when bright light fell upon her face did she slowly come back to reality. Then there were hands unlocking the small padlocks on the straps and lifting her from the box. She was set down on some hard surface then left for a few minutes while the coffin was closed and taken away.

Around her, as her eyes grew used to the bright light, she could see walls of polished oak. There was the woman she had seen just before she had been placed in the coffin; the woman who she understood was her new owner. Two men entered the room. Each wore a uniform of dark blue pants and red and white striped tee-shirts. Like a sack of potatoes, she was rolled over so that she was lying face down on the table. The woman came closer.

“Oh, my! Look at your hands. They are so dark! I do hope that no damage was done to them. The trip did take longer than was expected.”

Her voice held a definite French accent and was filled with mock concern. With her arms behind her, Tanya could not see them but believed this woman that they were discolored. She could not feel from her elbows down to her fingers, and she shared the hope that there was no damage done.

The male hands began working at the knots. It took a while to work them all loose, and longer to unwind the ropes from her body. As they were unpeeled from her flesh, they left deep red indentations. When the last of the ropes came off her arms, they fell to her sides like so much deadweight. As they began working on her leg bindings, Tanya started to moan. The moans increased as circulation returned to the limbs and nerves awoke. The moans turned to cries of agony as abused nerves screamed their protest. It was “pins and needles” carried to an extreme.

Eventually the feeling in her arms and hands approached something like normal and she found she could even wiggle her fingers. Perhaps she had escaped permanent damage – this time. Tanya had proven that she was very flexible and had excellent circulation, but every woman has a limit. She was certain hers had almost come.

The gag had been left in while her arms woke up, undoubtedly to silence the cries and protests. With her hands their normal color, the gag was removed. For a few seconds she could not close her jaw. During the long trip her jaw had been forced open by the ball gag, a most unnatural position, and a most painful one. It had started with a small ache in the muscles on either side of her jaw, and progressed as time went on to an almost unbearable agony.

As she lay there on her side, tears trickling down her face to fall upon the table top, Tanya looked up to her new owner in hopes of seeing some sign of pity on her face. There was none. Instead of concern for a suffering fellow woman, there was a wicked joy at beholding the pain. Tanya lowered her eyes in despair.

“My name is Yvonne but you will, of course, call me ‘Mistress’ at all times,” she told Tanya in an eerie repetition of what her old Master had told her when he first saw her. “It is my understanding that you have been trained as a slavegirl,” she went on. “I hope that your training was not as thorough as it could be. I do so enjoy training a slavegirl in my own way.” She leaned towards the naked girl cringing on the table. “Men think they know how it is done, but it takes another woman to really get into a woman’s mind and rearrange things so that she not only obeys but wants to obey. When I am finished, you will want to obey my slightest wish. You will be eager to debase yourself, to seek pain because it will please me, and receive your greatest joy worshiping at my feet.”

What Tanya wanted to do was spit in her owner’s eye. Perhaps that showed on her tear-stained face, because Mistress Yvonne casually reached out and slapped Tanya hard enough to make her see little flashes of light for a brief second.

“Take her to the dungeon,” Yvonne commanded the two men. “But first give her a shower. She’s been sweating too much in that box.” She turned and walked out without waiting to see if her orders were being obeyed.

One man had been coiling up all the ropes they had taken off her. He put them into a drawer and pulled out two pairs of handcuffs. Tanya looked at the shining steel bracelets with disdain. One man pulled her arms to get her into a sitting position, then off the table onto her feet. The other then took her arms and

pulled them behind her back to link them with one of the pairs of handcuffs. He slapped the open cuff against her wrist so that the hinged half swung around and clicked firmly shut. The second pair was then locked on her arms above her elbows.

With one male hand firmly holding her bare arm, she was led from that small room and down a passageway with windows along the left side. Tanya was surprised to see the ocean beyond the windows, with sunshine gleaming on the white-capped waves. A little farther on she saw some boats at anchor. That was when she realized that she was on a boat herself. It was most strange for the peasant girl from a landlocked country, who had never been more than ten miles from her home in her life, to now see the ocean stretching off into the distance. Having had little schooling and no real sense of geography, she had only the vaguest idea that the nearest ocean lay hundreds of miles from her village. It had, indeed, been a long trip in that coffin!

Down a hatchway and along another corridor then down another set of stairs they went. She had to wonder just how big this boat was. It seemed to be at least three decks. She was finally led to a door and made to stand before it while one crewman punched in a code on a keypad. The door opened obediently and she was pushed in.

The room looked like a lounge: wood paneled walls and a sofa in soft blue velvet, along with a couple chairs and a coffee table. The carpet beneath her feet was deep and soft. A window showed the blue ocean and a few white clouds. A second door opened to a different environment, one of harsh contrast to the comfort outside. There were three tiny cells much like jail cells but hardly big enough for a normal person to lay down. There were no bunks, no chairs, only the bare steel walls and the bars of the door. The floor was even stainless steel with a drain in the center. On the other side of the cells was a toilet and a shower stall. As one of the men opened the glass shower door, Tanya noticed that the walls in the cells were not totally bare as she had first thought. In the back wall of each cell was a steel ring a couple inches across. And another ring centered in the ceiling.

The shower stall was also steel walls and a drain, about the same size as the cells. It also had a ring set in the wall and another in the ceiling, along with a showerhead. Tanya was pushed in. As she turned to ask for her hands to be unlocked so she could cleanse herself, a blast of cold water hit her square on. One of the crewmen was holding a short hose and spraying her down. When she was nice and wet all over, he turned a handle and the cold water became cold soapy water. In a few seconds her body was lathered down from the top of her head to

her feet. The hose was then turned off and put on a handle inside the shower. From the overhead nozzle came streams of cold water, falling straight down upon her. She stood there, shivering and miserable and trying to keep the soap out of her eyes.

When the last of the soap had been flushed off her, Tanya was pulled from the shower and towed down by the two men. They worked the towels over her whole body, taking obvious delight in manhandling her breasts and rubbing her bottom long after all the water was gone. Her pubic patch had its share of attention, too.

With the slavegirl now clean and not shivering quite as much, they reluctantly put her into one of the cells. Tanya pressed against the back wall until the men had gone, and then she slid down to sit on the cold steel floor. The handcuffs were tight upon her wrists and elbows, but comfortable compared to the tight ropes and claustrophobic darkness of the coffin.

She had learned a lot from her time as a slavegirl of her prior Master, enough so that she recognized this as another situation of someone who had the ability and knowledge to keep a girl as a total and complete prisoner. With her old Master, every minute of every day she was watched, restrained or caged. Her Master knew how to make escape impossible. This new owner, this Yvonne, was the same kind. Only a massive stroke of good luck would allow Tanya even the slightest chance at escape.

She cried until the tears would not come any longer.

* * *

Chapter II

Tanya Gets the Point

They were at sea the next time that Tanya was on deck. It was a day later and not much had happened. She was fed, slept a lot to catch up after her ordeal of traveling in the coffin, and sat around in that tiny cage waiting for something to happen. It once again reminded her that one of the worst torments of being a slavegirl, or any kind of prisoner, was boredom.

In the afternoon of the second day of her new captivity, she was taken out of her cell and escorted up the stairs to the deck then along it to the fantail. There she found a rather large lounge with sofas, comfortable looking chairs, and a couple coffee tables. To one side was a bar and on the other was a complex, expensive looking music system. From the large speakers was coming the soft strains of a Debussy violin sonata. Yvonne was sitting on a sofa with a champagne glass in her hand. She smiled when she saw Tanya being brought in. She patted the sofa next to her with her free hand in invitation.

Tanya went to the sofa and sat down. Her wrists were locked in handcuffs behind her back but she wore no other restraints. Her clothing, as usual, was nothing but bare skin.

“Have you rested up now?” Yvonne asked politely. “I know it was a hard trip for you.”

“I am rested,” Tanya said cautiously.

“Good. You really are a lovely young girl. It is a wonder that the Count let you go, but then he is infatuated with that American girl.” She laughed. “That will end when he discovers that those big breasts are mostly plastic.”

Tanya did not understand what her owner was talking about, so she said nothing.

“The coast you see over there is Greece. I don’t suppose you’ve ever been to Greece. In a couple of days we’ll be reaching Italy.” She turned her eyes from the ocean view to the slavegirl. “I guess you don’t know much about Italy either.

The Count said that you came from a peasant family. He said something about your father selling you. How quaint.”

Tanya winced at the reminder of the night her father tied her hands behind her back and turned her over to some soldiers.

“Please feel free to talk,” Yvonne said. “I’ve had a little too much champagne. It is a failing of our race. We French like our wines too much. Well, nevertheless, I am feeling mellow so you may speak your mind. Let’s have a conversation.”

“I don’t know what to say, Mistress.”

“Did the Count whip you often?”

“Yes. He also tortured me in other ways,” Tanya said.

“I’m sure he did. He’s a cruel bastard.” Yvonne giggled slightly, “Of course, I am cruel too. You’ll find out soon enough.” Suddenly she shifted the subject. “How was your trip? Was the coffin comfortable?”

“It was terrible. I could not move and I could hardly breathe.” Tanya shuddered at the memory of the darkness like a tomb. “What would you have done if you opened the lid and found me dead?” she asked.

Yvonne smiled and said simply, “I would have closed the lid and given you a very nice burial at sea.”

Tanya believed her. “Why did you buy me?” she asked finally. “I know my Master bought me because he likes to hurt girls. And use them for sex. But you’re a woman.”

“Honey, have you got a lot to learn.” Yvonne grinned. “And I’ll teach you. Oh, boy, will I!”

Tanya shifted on the sofa. “Will you hurt me?” she asked.

“Why, of course! The Count, that bastard, began your training to be a slavegirl. I shall continue it. When I’m finished with you, you will obey instantly and totally. You will live only to please me. And that means in any and all ways.” She grinned again. “You’ll see. Hell, girl, you will even come to love it when I whip you simply because it shows you that I love my little slavegirl.”

Tanya did not see the logic in that but held her tongue.

Yvonne took another sip of her champagne. “I will show you what I mean,” she said as she put it down.

As her owner rose from the sofa, Tanya noted that this Yvonne had a very nice figure herself. A little more on the slender side but with full breasts and long legs. She went to the bar and opened a drawer. Her hand rummaged around inside for a moment then came out holding something too small for Tanya to see. But as she returned to the sofa, Tanya could make out that it was a needle.

Yvonne sat back down and showed the needle to Tanya. It was the kind used for hand sewing, about two inches long and with a small eyelet at one end. It looked very sharp.

“Gillbert, come here. Unlock her hands.”

One of the crewmen did as he was ordered. Tanya brought her hands around in front of her, rather puzzled as to why they were freed. If her Mistress planned to use that needle to cause her pain, why not leave her arms locked behind her?

Yvonne handed the needle to Tanya, who instinctually took it. When someone hands you an object, the first reaction is to take it. She sat there, looking at the sharp point.

“Slave, I want you to stick that into your left breast,” Yvonne said.

Tanya looked up with a frown on her face. Was this some kind of test? She did not know what to do; obey and be hurt or disobey and who knew what would happen. She just sat there, saying nothing.

“See? You are not yet trained. A properly trained slavegirl would immediately stick it into her breast.”

Yvonne took up her champagne again. “But one day,” she continued with a smile on her face, “you will be happy to stick it into your breast simply because I want you to. You will be happy to stick dozens of them into your breasts until you look like a... What is that word? Porcupine! Yes, until they look like a porcupine with those sharp things sticking out all over.”

Tanya felt herself grow cold inside, both at the thought of that sharp little point going into her flesh and at the idea that she could be so brainwashed as to become what Yvonne was describing. She told herself that it could never happen, but there was doubt nagging at her mind. Maybe... If the pain were strong enough and went on for what seemed like forever, she might be willing to do anything to please her owner. And that was a most frightening thought.

“You can put the needle down,” Yvonne said. “Gillbert, lock her hands again.”

Tanya set the needle down on the coffee table and stood to have her wrists again locked behind her.

“Slave, kneel before me.”

Gone now was the cheerful camaraderie, replaced by stern mastery. Tanya obeyed. “Come closer. Good. Now do not move or you will be whipped.”

Yvonne reached over to pick up the needle. She held it before Tanya’s face to be sure she saw it. Then she cupped one breast in her hand, lifting it slightly. The other hand came down with the needle, point downward towards the tender flesh of her nipple. Tanya whined and had to fight down the instinct to back away. Yvonne pressed the point, not into the nipple, but into the soft flesh just behind it. The skin indented as it resisted the sharp metal point, but finally gave way and the needle sunk in. Tanya cried out. The pain was really rather minor compared to others she had encountered, but still hurt.

Yvonne settled back on the sofa and smiled again. “See? It is hurt but not all that much. Now if I handed you another needle, would you stick it in next to this first one?”

Tanya did not answer. The needle sticking up from her breast had not gone in very far, maybe a quarter of an inch, just enough to hold it in place, but the idea was racing through her mind that it could be shoved in deeper. That frightened her very much.

“I can see by your silence that you would not,” her owner said. “Which is as I expected. But one day that will change.” Those words were spoken quietly but the next were barked out as stern commands. “Gilbert, take her back to her cell. Secure her so that she cannot move at all. Then put a dozen pins into each breast. Leave her that way. Now go.”

A strong male hand upon her arm lifted her to her feet and nearly dragged her out of the lounge. Tanya whined and searched desperately for something to say that might make her owner change her mind. But she was out of the room and moving along the deck towards fresh torture.

The afternoon sun was warm upon her bare skin. She noticed how it shone off the tops of the small waves as the boat made its way through the blue sea. For a brief moment she considered wrenching her arm free from this man and leaping over the railing to the water below. With her hands cuffed behind her she could not swim, but then, coming from a small village with no rivers or lakes around, she had never learned how to swim in the first place. She would drown and she knew it. But for that brief moment the idea that drowning might be preferable to a lifetime of pain and becoming a puppet and toy of such sadistic people. But the moment passed and she was being pulled inside again and down the stairs. She had lacked the courage leap to her death.

In the cell area, the handcuffs were taken off. She immediately reached for the needle still sticking in her skin, but her hand was slapped away. She stood still while Gilbert fetched a length of rope. Then she was pushed up against the bars of her cell and her left arms pulled out to the side. He bound her wrist to one of the bars, quite tightly and with some of the rope going to a crosspiece of metal so she could not move her wrists along the bar. He repeated that with her other wrist, leaving her standing there with widespread arms. Then he took one ankle and pulled it to the side, forcing her to spread her legs. He bound the ankle to another bar, and then repeated that with the other ankle. As her legs spread apart, her body lowered some, taking some of her weight on her wrists.

Tanya stood spread-eagle against the bars, but that was not the end of her binding. More rope was used around her chest, both above and below her breasts, and at her waist, to lash her body solidly to the bars.

Gilbert had to leave the room to find some pins, and Tanya used that opportunity to test her bonds. She quickly found that she could not move at all. When he returned, there was a small box in his hands. Without ceremony, he began sticking the pins into her breasts. These pins were shorter than the needle but just as sharp. And he pushed each in farther than the original needle had gone. Tanya moaned as each one sank into the soft flesh. The pain was most unpleasant and her fingers wiggled uselessly with each infliction of discomfort.

Each of the pins had a small colored ball at the top. Gilbert made a half circle around each nipple, just a little farther away from the nipple than the needle. When he finished, each breast had a colorful arch of tiny balls around the nipple. And they hurt!

He pulled out the original needle, and then stood there for a moment as if wondering whether he should shove it back in, perhaps much deeper than Yvonne had done. But in the end he carried it away with him.

Tanya was miserable as she watched his retreating back. She knew from experience that she would be unable to free herself of the ropes, and that reaching her breasts was also impossible. She did the only thing she could: she shook her breasts. But even in that effort she was thwarted by ropes – in this case by those holding her body to the bars. The tiny jiggle she could manage came nowhere near dislodging the vicious little pins, and actually made them hurt her more. She ceased her efforts and settled down to what she was sure would be a long, uncomfortable wait.

It was.

* * *

Chapter III

After Dinner Entertainment

Tanya was grateful when Gilbert returned hours later and removed the pins. She was also surprised to see that there were only a couple of the holes that had a tiny drop of blood. She had expected much more.

She was also untied from the cell bars and, surprisingly, not restrained with anything save for a strong male hand upon her arm, and taken to an adjoining room. The room appeared to be some kind of dressing room. There were closets and dressers and a table with a large mirror and a display of cosmetics. Tanya was measured by Gilbert, who then went to one of the closets and picked out a dress for her. It was a party dress of black satin, with a very low neckline and a hemline that was only a couple inches below her pubic patch. She would be decent when standing, but sitting down would be revealing parts best not revealed in polite company.

Tanya wiggled into the tight dress but had to let Gilbert zip up the back. Being a peasant girl, she was not used to such fashionable wear. He handed her a pair of shoes that she could only look at with wonder. Never had she seen shoes like those. Had she known more about fashion, she would have known them to be high heels, shining black leather with ankle straps. The heels were very slender and raised five inches higher than the toe. She sat on the chair while he put them on her. They were tight, and when she attempted to stand she would have fallen had it not been for his steadying hand.

“How the hell am I suppose to walk in these?” she asked. He said nothing but indicated with a wave of his hand that she was to walk towards the door. Before she did, she glanced in the mirror and was amazed by what she saw there. The woman looking back was very sexy; more so that Tanya would have ever thought possible. Her curves were accented very well by the tight dress, from the swell of her bosom to the narrow waist and down to the flaring hips. Almost all of

the top half of each breast was visible and looked as if it were being squeezed by the dress. And they were.

Gilbert's hand on her arm urged her towards the door. It took all her concentration to walk the first few wobbly steps. His hand was a big help otherwise she might have fallen several times. By the time they were half way down a corridor, however, she was walking a little more steadily. Still he held on to her arm, for which she was glad.

As they passed by a porthole, she saw a sunset painting the horizon with flaming reds and oranges while the ocean was turning a deep, dark blue. They came to a door and Gilbert halted her there. From his pocket, he withdrew a pair of handcuffs that he locked upon her wrists, but to her surprise in front rather than behind her back. She could see the shiny silver bracelets close around each wrist until the metal was snug against her skin. So secured, she was ushered into the dinning room.

The table could have held twelve people easily but at the moment only two sat there. One was Yvonne, resplendent in a soft blue velvet gown. Around her neck was a diamond necklace, the cost of which would have feed her entire village for at least ten years. Next to Yvonne sat another woman, a younger one, dressed in the feminine equivalent of a business suit. She had blonde hair was cut short in a pixie style that looked rather well on her. Her suit was a very conservative dark gray with a beige blouse and only a single, simple gold chain necklace.

"Come in, slave. Come and have dinner with us," Yvonne called out cheerfully as if greeting an old friend.

Tanya walked carefully on the carpeted floor over to the seat opposite Yvonne. Suddenly, another crewman was there to pull it out for her. Not being used to such niceties, Tanya was surprised. She sat down and was immediately aware of how much the dress rode up her hips. She was sure that anyone in front of her could see her private part easily. She held her legs together and was glad for the table blocking everyone's view.

"Allow me to introduce my daughter, Angelique," Yvonne said with a wave at the other woman. Angelique said nothing, but was giving the handcuffed girl a

steady appraisal, such as only one young and beautiful woman can give another. “Actually, Angelique is my step-daughter, but I love her as if she were my real daughter. Although,” she paused to smile at Angelique, “at times we seem more like sisters than mother and daughter.”

Just then a crewman brought in the first course, bowels of onion soup made in the French style, with a piece of toast floating under a topping of melted cheese. Tanya was unsure what it was but followed the lead of the other two women, and quickly found that she liked the mixture of cheese and hearty soup.

The second course was a salad with an oil and vinegar, which Tanya did not like at all. Then the main course was served, something Yvonne called ‘coq au vin’. She translated it as rooster in red wine. It was rather good, although tasting like nothing Tanya had ever tried.

Dessert was crepe suzettes, another dish Tanya had never heard of, let alone tasted.

All during dinner the conversation was very light and mostly between Angelique and Yvonne. Tanya replied if asked a direct question, but for the most part she was ignored. Neither the other two, nor the crewman serving them, seemed to find it unusual that one of the diners had her wrists joined with handcuffs.

When the final dishes were cleared away, Yvonne turned to Tanya with a smile on her face. “It’s time for a little after dinner entertainment,” she told Tanya. Then she turned to Angelique to add, “You will, of course, join us.”

Angelique nodded agreement, but did not seem to find the prospect either pleasant or displeasing.

Tanya wobbled on those high heels after her owner all the way to the lounge at the fantail of the big boat. Angelique followed behind her. With a good meal filling her stomach and only the mild restrains on her wrists, Tanya was feeling half way good. She wondered what was to come, that was only natural, but she did not dread it. She should have.

In the lounge, Yvonne went to the stereo and selected some classical music, Chopin this time. Then she sat down on the sofa and motioned Tanya over to her side. “Come, sit between Angelique and me. Tell me, little slavegirl, did your old master teach you anything about how girls make love to each other?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Pity. Well, we will correct that oversight on the bastard’s part.” Yvonne put her arm around Tanya’s shoulders as if she were an old friend. “We will teach you. It is imperative that you be very skilled in pleasing another woman. Might as well begin now. Kneel between Angelique’s legs.”

Tanya looked over to the other woman and found that she had pulled up her skirt until it was bunched up around her waist. She wore neither panties nor nylons. But what surprised Tanya the most was the fact that this young woman had no pubic hair at all. Villager females where she came from would never have thought of shaving their pubes. That was too big-city for simple country girls.

Tanya knelt between the spread legs, and then shuffled up between the knees without being told to. She had a vague idea of how women made love but had never really thought about it. She wondered what she was supposed to do next. Angelique took her long black hair and gathered it into a ponytail behind her head. Holding that firmly with one hand, she pulled the head down between her legs. At the same time she slid down on the sofa and lifted her hips. Her other hand was spreading her labia.

Tanya did nothing as her face was pulled up until it almost touched Angelique’s pubic mound. She could smell a scent she had never smelt before, something strange and a little bit attractive. For long moments the scene held, two of them expecting something to happen, the third totally uncertain what should happen.

“Damn!” said Yvonne. “She doesn’t know a thing!” She rose from her seat and walked behind Tanya. Grabbing the hem of her dress, she pulled it up until it was bunched around her middle, exposing all of her legs and her smooth ass. “Where’s a whip? Damn it! There’s never one around when you need it.” She

went to the bar and rummaged through a drawer, coming up with a riding crop. “This will have to do,” she muttered and returned to the kneeling girl.

First she swung the riding crop so that it hit first the right cheek then the left of Tanya’s ass with loud smacking sounds. Tanya yelped and would have jerked her head up had it not been held in place by the hair.

“Now, listen, slut!” Yvonne hissed. “You use your tongue on her clit. Lick it. Now!”

Tanya felt herself tighten up inside. She could not bring herself to put her tongue on such a private place of another woman. She was sure that it was not right to do that.

A couple more swats with the riding crop and Tanya was crying from the sharp pains in her ass. Two more after that and she began to reconsider. A couple more later she slowly lowered her head in between the open thighs and pushed her tongue out. She jerked it back in when she touched the tender flesh. Angelique sighed at the touch, and then jerked her hair when the tongue retreated. “She’s not doing it,” she said.

A half dozen blows landed swiftly upon Tanya’s bare ass, evoking a half scream at the sudden burst of pain. Her ass felt as if it were on fire. The blows had been delivered with the full force of her owner’s arm.

As quickly as she could, she stuck out her tongue. It touched the exposed area. “Lick it!” came the command from behind her. She began licking the very smooth flesh there, lapping like a dog drinking water. “Don’t push so hard,” Angelique told her. “You want to tease the nerves there. Gentle, gentle.”

Tanya slowed down her tonguing and concentrating upon making each lap as light as she could. Apparently that was working better, because Angelique settled her head back and sighed. Tanya noticed that the whipping of her rear had stopped.

The two of them said nothing more for a few minutes, allowing her to continue her servicing of Angelique. But as Yvonne sensed that Angelique was

reaching higher levels of response, getting hotter as it were, she ordered, “Now suck at the little bud there. Gentle take it between your lips and suck softly upon it. And tease it with your tongue tip.”

Tanya did as ordered. She did not want more punishment upon her bottom. Besides, this was not as terrible as she had thought it would be. In fact, she was fascinated by the reaction she was sensing in Angelique. The girl was moaning and pushing her hips up against Tanya’s mouth. It took her a few moments to realize that what she was observing were the same feelings she herself had had when Randle made love to her back in the castle. She remembered that as the only good feelings she experienced during her captivity there. She wondered about what was happening. There was no man pumping away inside Angelique’s sheath. But she was acting as if that were happening. Tanya did not understand.

Suddenly, Angelique cried out loudly and clamped her thighs against the sides of Tanya’s head, holding it in a vice as she shook all over. Had the orgasm lasted longer than half a minute, Tanya would have had trouble breathing with her face hard against Angelique. She shook all over a few times, then the legs eased their pressure against Tanya’s head and she could pull back.

Looking up, Tanya was surprised to see that Angelique looked as if she were asleep. Her eyes were closed but her mouth was open in a small circle. Her face and neck were flushed and her breathing only now slowing down. Remembering the few times she had experienced an orgasm herself, Tanya envied what had happened to Angelique. And was surprised that it made her feel good that she had been the one who made it happen. It was a sense of power – of a sort.

“That was pretty good,” commented Yvonne. “Maybe you’re a natural. Let me see.”

Tanya turned to the older woman to find that she had divested herself of the dress and was standing here naked except for her high heels. “Turn around to face me,” she told Tanya. “Now stand up. Good. Reach down with your hands to touch your feet. Now step through your arms. You can do it. Just put one foot between them. Now the other. Now straighten up. See, your hands are now locked behind your back. Now kneel down again.”

Tanya did as ordered. It surprised her that it was so easy to change her handcuffed wrists from front to back. And she realized that it would be almost as easy to bring them from back to front – provided that her feet were not bound in any way.

Yvonne moved forward until she was straddling the kneeling Tanya. She took Tanya head and tilted it backward. Then she spread her labia and told Tanya to do the same thing to her.

Tanya stuck out her tongue and touched her owner's private place. The smell was a little different from Angelique. The taste, once she began licking, was also different; a little sharper maybe?

She tongued away, trying her best to do as she had the first time. She could sense the body straddling her tense when she began. She could not see, but Yvonne's head was lifted as she enjoyed the sensation between her legs. Soon she was moaning with pleasure. Damn, but this slavegirl was good! As she said, a natural.

The result was the same. Yvonne cried out and clutched Tanya's head tightly between her thighs. Her spasms and shuddering was not as strong as Angelique's had been, but impressive nevertheless. Finally she backed off and almost fell to the sofa.

Tanya knelt there for a while, watching both of the women enjoying the after glow of their orgasms. A part of her envied the obvious pleasure they had both felt. A part of her wondered at the power she possessed to be able to make someone else feel so strongly. And yet another part yearned to be feeling that same pleasure herself. If only one of them would do the same for her!

It was, of course, not to be. Tanya was a slave, a second – no, third or fourth-class citizen. She was something much less than these women. She was a piece of property, something owned. And, as such, she could not expect rational or even considerate behavior from her owner. She should have expected only pain and suffering. Which is exactly what she got.

Yvonne recovered faster than Angelique, who seemed to be spaced out on the sofa, not asleep but certainly floating around someplace else. Yvonne took a deep breath and smiled. “You’re good, you know that? You ever do that before?”

“No, Mistress. If I did, I would have had to go to confession.”

Yvonne laughed. “And a sense of humor!”

Tanya did not feel that she had made a joke.

Yvonne stood and stretched her rather good body. If she had ever had children of her own, it did not show. The tummy was flat and narrow, the legs long and lean. Her breasts were high on her chest and, while not as big as Tanya’s, they stood out nicely with good shape and firmness.

“I feel like screwing something,” Yvonne said. Tanya blinked and wondered what she was talking about. Surely, screwing was another term for sexual intercourse? How could a woman...?

Yvonne went to the bar and the drawers under it, from which came such interesting devices. She pulled out some rope and a handcuff key. Telling Tanya to stand, she unlocked Tanya’s hands but immediately bound them behind her, wrists crossed and tied very tightly. She then took another piece of rope and looped it around Tanya’s arms just above the elbows. When she pulled on that loop, the elbows were forced towards each other. But as the elbow neared, the forearms down by the wrists tried to uncross, prevented from it by the tight ropes around the wrists. The net result was that the more Yvonne pulled, the tighter became the ropes around the wrists. When she could force the elbows no closer together, she looped them several more times, cinched them down, and knotted the rope. Tanya was left with arms tightly bound and her hands becoming numb already from the extreme tightness of the rope around her wrists.

The one thought in Tanya’s mind was that she not be put away in her cell for the night tied like this. With her hands going numb already, she knew that spending the night tied like that would cause terrible damage to her hands. She was about to tell that to Yvonne when she was pushed down to her knees, then bent

over so that her chest rested on the sofa next to Angelique, who did not seem to notice.

Yvonne returned to the bar drawers for something else. Had Tanya been able to see, she would have found Yvonne with a very large plastic replica of a male phallus in her hands. The dildo had straps attached to it; straps that allowed her to attach the dildo against her venus mons and hold it in place. It stuck out like a male with a rampaging hard-on.

Yvonne, grinning like a Cheshire Cat, knelt between Tanya's feet and spread her legs apart with her knees. Then she grasped her hips in both hands and placed the dildo against the entrance to Tanya's vagina. Tanya had no idea what was going on until the dildo was roughly shoved into her. She gasped and cried out, her body tried to jerk up, and her bound hands reached backwards, none of which dislodged the intruder. So large was the thing that it actually hurt Tanya to have it shoved in there. The fact that she had not been "warmed up" and was hardly lubricated down there, made the impaling all that more painful.

For a few moments Yvonne held onto to Tanya, her hips pushing the dildo as far in as it would go. Then she pulled back some, just enough to make Tanya think that maybe the hurt would stop when it went all the way out. Then she shoved it back in, hard and fast. Tanya cried out again.

There began a parody of the male/female sex act. Yvonne pounded away at Tanya's pussy like a male in rut, banging against her bare bottom. One hand found its way up to the top of the dress, pushed it down, and clamped onto a breast like a claw. She dug her fingernails into the mound as she was pumping away. Tanya was confused and crying. She had been ravished by men before but it had never felt this huge inside her, nor hurt this much. And her simply peasant background did not include such things as strap-on dildos.

Tanya tried to straighten up, but Yvonne was able to hold her down. She tried to push away with her hands, but the binding of her arms took away any chance of that succeeding. All she could do was endure. And cry.

When Yvonne had come to another orgasm herself, this one caused by the pushing of the back side of the dildo against her clit and the excitement of

screwing her slavegirl like a man would, she finally withdrew to fall on the sofa and clutch herself tightly.

Tanya lay on the sofa and cried. The attack on her sex had been unexpected, sudden, vicious and brutal. In its own way, it was worse than some of the whippings she had received.

Eventually, Yvonne recovered enough to dress herself again and call for a crewman. "Take this slave back to her cell," she told him. "I'm done with her for the night."

As Tanya was being hauled off, she turned back to her owner and pleaded, "Please don't leave me tied like this. I can't feel my hands."

Yvonne grinned. "Very well," she said, "take her back and change her restraints to something a little less severe." She paused to enjoy the look of happiness and hope on Tanya's face. Then she destroyed it with: "After a couple hours. Let her enjoy this for a while. And get that dress off her. Slavegirls aren't allowed clothing."

Tanya was picked up and carried like a sack of potatoes back to her cell. The dress was removed but the high heels left on. After all, the boss had not said to remove them, only the dress. The crewman pushed her into the cell and locked the door. He grinned at her as he left.

Tanya sat on the floor and cried some more. Her arms hurt and her hands were totally numb. And her vagina was very sore. She also felt very abused and debased.

* * *

Chapter IV

A Lesson and a Whipping

Eventually Tanya was untied from the painfully tight position and locked in her cell with only a pair of handcuffs on her wrists (behind her, of course) and another pair on her ankles. It was a great relief to be restrained to such a mild degree.

The next day she saw Italy. Not the usual tourist route, but a bit of land seen through a porthole in passing as she was taken to the presence of her owner yet again. This time she was wearing a very tight pair of hot pants. They were the size of a pair of panties and made of a lovely dark blue velvet. It felt good against her skin but the garment was deliberately a couple sizes too small and really pressed against her venus mons. She also wore the handcuffs on her wrists that she had worn all night.

The slavegirl was still wearing the high heels from the night before and discovering that having your foot forced into an arch for hours on end becomes very uncomfortable. Actually, it becomes downright painful. She still had not acquired that knack of walking on those terribly high heels, and the fact that her feet hurt did not help.

So attired, she wobbled into the presence of her owner. Yvonne was seated behind desk, doing something on a computer. She glanced over as the slavegirl entered and absently waved a hand for her to come in. Then she pointed at the floor next to her. Tanya, having some experience at being a slavegirl by now, knew that it was an order to kneel. So she did.

After ten minutes or so, Yvonne finally shut down the computer and turned her attention to the almost naked woman kneeling obediently at her feet.

“You were very good last night,” she commented. “You have a lot of potential for being a woman’s slavegirl. You know what I mean, one that is

specially trained and talented at pleasing a female mistress. Doesn't mean that you can't be used by males, oh, no. But I have a few female friends that I would like to train you to serve. And, of course, myself and Angelique. She was quite taken by you. In fact, she wants to play with you today. I may let her.

"But I will warn you," she continued, "Angelique can be much meaner than I. I'm really too kind to my slaves. She, however, really enjoys seeing a woman suffer."

Yvonne leaned forward and cupped one breast in her hand. "Angelique really enjoyed the extra tight ropes on you last night. She could tell that they were hurting you. And when I screwed you, I looked over and she was playing with herself and her eyes were glowing. I expect if I turn you over to her, you can expect some of the same action from her. You lucky, girl, you!"

Maybe Tanya failed to look pleased enough at the announcement, because Yvonne added, "Well, girl, being screwed with a strap-on is better than being whipped, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Yvonne slowly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing that the breasts behind that silky cloth lacked the protection of a bra. "I feel like having my breasts sucked," she announced. "Crawl up here and do it, slave!"

Tanya shuffled forward on her knees until she was between Yvonne's spread legs. Then she leaned forward. "Kiss them both," ordered Yvonne in a stern voice. "Like you would a lover, with passion."

Tanya was not sure what that meant, but she kissed each one gently.

"Your lovers must be very disappointed," came the comment. "Lick them!"

Tanya licked one nipple for a minute then switched over to the other. Her licking was more of a lapping, like a dog drinking water from a bowl.

"You have a lot to learn," said Yvonne. "Run your tongue around my nipple. Then suck on it gently."

Under her Mistress's orders, Tanya soon had Yvonne moaning with pleasure. This went on for quite a while, until Tanya's tongue was becoming tired. Suddenly she was pushed away and fell to one side. "Assez! Enough! I will have you shown how it is properly done."

Yvonne rose and walked from the room, leaving Tanya to struggle back up to her knees. For many minutes she knelt there, expecting the return of her owner but finding only silence. She took the time to look around. In addition to the desk and computer, there were a few filing cabinets and a couple of padded chairs around a small coffee table.

When Yvonne finally returned, she had a wicked gleam in her eye. "Come, slave," she ordered, "I have something to show you."

Tanya was led to another room, apparently a bedroom to judge by the presence of a bed and a dresser. On the bed was a naked woman laying face down. It took Tanya a moment to realize that the girl was Angelique. She was totally naked and bound with very tight ropes into a compact hogtie. She was also positioned at the end of the bed with her head hanging over the edge. She looked up when they entered, with a strange mixture of anticipation and dislike on her face.

Tanya was pushed down to her knees at the end of the bed and then told to crawl forward until her breasts were right up in Angelique's face.

"Now show this slut slavegirl how a woman is supposed to service a woman's breasts!" Yvonne commanded.

As Angelique began licking Tanya's left nipple, Yvonne knelt down beside her. "Angelique normally would never do this for a mere slavegirl," she told Tanya. "But she wants to play with you, and I made it a condition that she is first to teach you how to suck a breast properly. After she finishes with this lesson – which will last long enough so that you will have no excuse for not doing it properly – she will get you for the rest of the day. See? It works out very well for both of you, no?"

Tanya did not reply. She was too busy enjoying the sensations that other woman's tongue and lips were creating in her. Tiny shivers of pleasure were racing down her spine as the very sensitive nerves there were stimulated most expertly.

Angelique alternated left and right, and showed Tanya some things that she would never have thought of herself. Like licking the underside of her breast where there were more nerves than she would have thought.

Tanya could not ignore the sexual excitement that this "service" was generating within her body. She felt a heat between her legs, and a strong desire to have hands that she could hold onto this girl's head with. She had to content herself with pushing her breasts forward.

Finally, when Yvonne sensed that Tanya was excited enough, she pulled the girl away. Angelique blinked a few times and turned her face up to Yvonne's. "*Merde*, that was horrible. I should not have to service a slavegirl! It just is not right. And these ropes hurt." She lowered her head as if exhausted by her efforts. But Tanya could hear her mutter to the floor, "She stop me too soon."

Yvonne sat on the bed next to Angelique and ran her fingernails along the girl's flank. Angelique shivered and tried to jerk herself away. Yvonne smiled, took an ankle in one hand and traced light lines on the sole of the bare foot with her fingernails. Angelique jerked about but could not pull her foot away from this minor torment. She whined and tried to twist her hands free, but refused to laugh even as her sole was tickled.

"Remember, little one, how I used to tie you up and tickle you until you were crying? You said you hated it, but I think not. How many times did you provoke me into doing it?"

"I hated it," Angelique said. "And I still do. It is cruel to tickle a helpless girl."

"Ah, yes, that is true. It is most cruel. But I do so love doing it to you." She ran her fingers along the girl's side from the hip up to the shoulder. Angelique squirmed. "Remember that time in the garden when you laughed so much that you

wet yourself? I had to use the garden hose to clean you off before I could untie you.”

Angelique remembered, and a scowl crossed her face.

“Well, another time for the reminiscing. And playing such delightful games. I did promise you could have this slave for the rest of the day and you did earn that privilege. I will therefore untie you.”

She proceeded to remove the ropes from her stepdaughter, slowly and with a great deal of tickling the naked flesh. Finally the last rope fell from the girl’s wrists and she sat up on the bed. Looking down at the red indentations on her wrists and elbows, she said, “You are so cruel to me. Look what you have done.”

Yvonne swatted her on the bare bottom and rose from the bed. “Have fun with this slave,” she said, “But no permanent marks. You know the rules. Hurt her if you wish, but do nothing that will not heal. *Comprends?*”

“Oui, ma mère, je comprend.”

“D’accord. Have fun.” Then Yvonne was gone, leaving her naked stepdaughter and slavegirl alone.

Angelique looked down at the kneeling slavegirl and grinned most evilly. Terrible plans were formulating inside the pretty head and Tanya felt a shiver of fear run down her spine. The last ten minutes had felt so good... Now comes the pain.

“I was forced to give you pleasure,” Angelique told her. “So now I will have to give you even more pain to make up. That’s logical, isn’t it?”

Tanya lowered her head and did not speak.

“I asked you a question, slave!” said Angelique harshly. “Answer me! Is it not logical that I should now give you much pain?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Tanya said, trying to sound as if she meant it.

“Humph! My stepmother wants to train you. She thinks the best way is a combination of being nice, she calls it ‘Positive Reinforcement’, and pain, sort of mixed together. I, on the other hand, want only to hurt you.” She smiled sweetly. “A lot of pain.”

Angelique rose from the bed, stretched, looked at the rope marks on her wrists and ankles, shook her head, then put on a pair of slacks and a blouse, no panties or bra, and all in black satin. She slipped into a pair of shoes then turned her attention to the kneeling slavegirl. “Come with me,” she ordered.

Tanya rose to her feet with difficulty, mostly because of the high heels. She meekly followed Angelique out of the room. Their destination was a room down deep inside the boat. The walls were bare metal with no portholes and very little of anything except for some rings set in the walls and ceiling, and a few metal bars, also on the walls, one that was mounted not far off the floor. There were a couple of cardboard boxes to one side; one had a length of rope sticking out.

Tanya could feel a strong vibration in the metal floor. If she had known more about yachts, she would have known that meant she was very close to the massive diesel engines, right next door, in fact.

“Turn your back,” Angelique said. When Tanya obeyed, she unlocked one cuff of the handcuffs. She pulled her arms around in front of her and locked the cuff again. “Now lay down on the floor on your stomach. Put your feet by that wall there.”

Tanya did as she was told, finding the floor to be very hard but not as cold as she expected. She backed up until her feet were touching the wall right below one of those bars. “Bend your knees and lift your feet,” was the next order. “Now back up some more. Until your ankles touch that bar. That’s it. Okay, now stay like that.”

Angelique took some rope from a box and bound Tanya’s ankles together and to the bar set in the wall. She tied them very tightly. Then she took another piece of rope and ran the end through the link joining the handcuffs. She pulled both ropes together and stretched them out to the opposite wall. There she ran

them through a ring and pulled until Tanya's arms were stretched out on the metal floor and the cuffs biting into her wrists. The ropes were tied with several knots.

As she pulled a small leather whip from a box, Angelique was talking to the bound slavegirl. "Do you have any idea how many nerves there are on the bottom of the human foot?" she asked. "Quite a few, actually. And I'm going to make each and every one of them scream with pain." She knelt down and removed the high heel shoes from Tanya's feet.

While down there, she ran one hand along the back of Tanya's leg all the way up to the bottom edge of the hot pants. "Such nice, soft skin you have." She poked Tanya's breast in the side where it was squashed against the floor. "Such nice breasts you have."

She stood and flexed the whip. It was not very long and ended in stiff, braided leather strips. She lowered the whip until the tip was tickling the soft instep of her left foot. Tanya wiggled her foot but could not move it away at all.

Without warning, Angelique swung the whip downward directly across the instep she had just teased. Tanya yelled and the foot tried to curl up. A red line appeared on the bottom of her foot. "That hurt!" she cried.

"Of course," said Angelique calmly. "It is supposed to. Did I not tell you that there were a lot of nerves there?"

She slashed the whip across the other foot and was rewarded with another loud cry of pain. She then settled down to a prolonged, slowly paced whipping of both soles. Tanya was crying almost from the first stroke and the tears wet the floor under her face. With most of the blows, she jerked her arms even though she tried not to. With each jerk the metal edges cut into her wrists painfully.

The whipping of the bottoms of her feet continued without end, or so it seemed to Tanya. She made no attempt to count the strokes, but she was certain the number would have been well over a hundred had she done so. The blows ranged from the toes down to the heels. The skin was turning a very nice red and beginning to swell up in the softer middle.

Angelique enjoyed very much when a particularly painful cut made the tied down girl jerk and try to lift herself up. She also enjoyed the wonderful sobs and pleas coming from that pretty mouth. She continued the whipping even when her arm became tired. She simply switched the whip to the other hand. The bottoms of her feet were becoming rather ugly. The flesh was visibly swollen and turning from red to black and blue where the bruising began.

As the bottoms of her feet became more and more sensitive, even the lightest strokes brought terrible pain. Her hands clenched into fists and pounded on the metal floor. Her cries edged into screams as the pain shooting down her legs became more than she could stand. Between screams the sobs took on more than a hint of desperation. She shook her body, jerked her head until her long hair was flaying the floor, and pulled so hard on her handcuffed wrists that there was blood where the steel cut in.

Angelique stopped the whipping. Not because she felt that enough pain had been delivered, but because her arms were both too tired to even lift the whip again. She pulled her pants down and settled down to the floor to lean against the wall so that she could watch Tanya's cries and struggles from the side. One hand went down to spread her labia while the other stroked her clit with loving fingertips. Within a minute she was crying out herself but with ecstasy, not pain. Her moans of pleasure mixed in the small room with the slavegirl's moans of pain.

* * *

Chapter V

Angelique's Loving Attention

After having obtained her satisfaction, Angelique left the sobbing Tanya stretched out on the floor for the better part of the afternoon. When she did come back, it was only to release the girl from one position and rebind her in another. This time she hung her by her wrists from one of the overhead rings, leaving her toes a good twelve inches above the floor. Fortunately for the slavegirl, she took off the handcuffs and hung her with rope. It still clamped tightly around her wrists when all her weight was taken by that binding, but was far better than being hung by the handcuffs would have been.

Then she left Tanya hanging there for a couple hours. She did not, however, simply leave the slave to simply hang – no, that would be too easy. She bound Tanya's ankles together then placed a sliding loop of the nylon rope around her neck. The end of that rope went down and wrapped around that already on her ankles. When Angelique pulled, Tanya was forced to bend her legs and lift her feet behind her. The loop around her neck tightened to the point where it was cutting off her breathing. Angelique knotted the end of that rope and stood back to view her creation.

It was simple. It was diabolical. Tanya had to keep her legs bent at the knees and her feet half way between her knees and her butt. If she let them sag down, the noose around her neck tightened and she could not breathe. The noose was not a hangman's noose, rather just a simple loop that would loosen when the pressure was taken off it.

Tanya was looking very worried when she realized the predicament Angelique was about to leave her in.

"Please, Mistress, don't leave me like this," she pleaded. "My legs are already tired. I won't be able to hold then up like this. I'll strangle!"

Angelique stood before Tanya and took a nipple between her forefinger and thumb. She squeezed until Tanya yelped. "I'm going away now. I would suggest that you do keep your legs bent. If you strangle, you'll miss tonight's dinner. And the cook says it should be really good." She turned and headed towards the door.

"Mistress Yvonne will be mad if you let me die!" Tanya called out.

"Maybe," replied Angelique sweetly, "but dear Daddy has plenty of money. Mommy dearest will simply buy another slavegirl. Sorry I cannot stay and watch you, but we're leaving for the Chateau tomorrow morning and I have things to do. Have fun!"

The metal door slammed shut with a loud clank. Tanya whined in despair and wondered if this young woman really wanted her to die. Her legs were really very tired from the struggling she did during the whipping. Her feet still hurt terribly on the bottoms, but that was minor compared to the threat that rope around her neck presented.

For the moment, she was able to keep her legs bent and the pressure off her neck. But how long would that last? She tried to work her hands out of the rope holding her off the floor, but with all her weight clamping down on those ropes, it was an impossible task. A little exploration convinced her that there was no way she could get the noose off her neck. She would have to have a lot of slack and both hands free to do that.

Time was a relentless enemy that threatened to choke the life out of her. For ten minutes it was not hard. The next ten minutes saw an occasional lowering of her feet, followed by a jerk back up when the rope around her neck tightened. As the minutes slowly crept by, she could feel the strain building up in her legs. The light had been left on, but it was of no use to the hanging girl. She tried to think of other things besides how near death might be. She remembered the village she was raised in, the farmlands and the foothills beginning just beyond the stream. Thinking of that prior life made her think of her father, and that only filled her with despair. He was a poor farmer, a drunk, and never felt anything like love for his only daughter. There were times when he told her that she was at fault for her mother's death, and the poor living they had because she had not been born a man.

A strong young man could have helped around the farm, she was repeated told. Then the bastard had sold her. She hoped that he had used the money to drink himself to death.

With a start she realized that the rope was cutting in and she jerked her feet back up. The rope loosened but slowly. Tanya had no clock, so she did not know when the halfway point of one hour was reached. She only knew that the muscles in her legs were trembling and on fire.

There came a point, near the end of the two hours Angelique had deemed sufficient to punish the slavegirl, when Tanya could simply no longer hold up her feet. The muscles in her legs burned and trembled. Her feet lowered and it became harder and harder to jerk them back up. The rope tightened around her neck and was very reluctant to loosen. Her breathing came in ragged gasps.

In her fear-filled mind, the thought came that perhaps it would be better if she did strangle. What did she have to live for, after all? A lifetime of slavery, constantly tortured by sadistic owners, sexually abused in countless ways, and eventually, when she aged enough to lose her youthful beauty, an end that was too terrible to think about. There was no retirement plan for slavegirls, she was certain.

But the will to live which is at the core of us all, prevailed. She fought to keep her legs bent, fought for each tiny breath she could pull in, and cursed the woman who thought so little of her life. The rope was very tight and her vision darkening at the edges when the door opened and Angelique walked in.

For a few long seconds, she simply stood there, watching the discolored face of the slavegirl, listening to the ragged gasps, and enjoying the tale told by those trembling muscles. Finally, as Tanya's face was a blotchy bluish color, and her eyes were rolling upwards, she walked around behind the hanging girl and cut the rope between her ankles and neck with a knife. The legs immediately dropped down to hang limp.

Angelique loosened the noose and took it off.

“I see you were enjoying yourself,” she commented casually, as if she were only talking about an afternoon tea.

“I nearly died,” choked out Tanya. “I hate you.”

“Slavegirls do hate their mistresses at first. But with the proper training, mother always tells me, they come to love every bit of pain their owners inflict and beg for more.”

Tanya did not answer. She did not believe that; so great was her hatred for both Angelique and Yvonne that she could not imagine ever loving either of them.

“Of course, I don’t really care. Mommy can train all the slavegirls she wants to. I just want to be able to hurt them now and then. Now, before I let you down and drag you off to dinner, you should thank me for the interesting experience I granted you this afternoon.”

Tanya looked up into the blue eyes and wanted to spit in them. She managed to hold back a bitter retort, but her feeling was obvious in her eyes.

“Come now, little slavegirl, thank me,” Angelique urged. When that evoked no response, she swung her arm with all her strength in a hard slap to Tanya’s breast. The impact sent the hanging girl spinning partly around and brought forth a cry for her lips.

“I can easily put this noose back around your neck and tie it to your feet again, slave bitch,” she said sweetly. “Do you think you can take another couple hours of that?”

“It would kill me,” Tanya spat out.

“Maybe. But it would be you who did it, no?”

Tanya only glared.

“Now be a good slavegirl and thank your Mistress.”

The mental pain was almost as bad as the throbbing in her abused feet, but Tanya forced out a, “Thank you, Mistress.”

Angelique considered whether the thank you was sincere enough. Perhaps a little more slapping around, or a bit of whipping on other parts of the gorgeous body hanging there would help. But in the end, she accepted it and untied the girl. She knew that her stepmother would really be mad if she actually were to let this one die. She had gotten very upset and punished Angelique for a week when she accidentally let that American girl, Karen, strangle. And she liked this one a lot more than the plain Karen.

Tanya cried very loudly as her weight came to rest on her bare feet. Both were swollen and sent shooting pains up her legs at the slightest touch. Angelique handcuffed her wrists behind her and used the same small whip she had used on her feet to urge her along back to her cell. Each step was an agony and Tanya was again sobbing by the time they reached their destination.

* * *

Chapter VI

Traveling to the Chateau

Dinner, when Tanya finally got it, was, as Angelique stated, quite good. In fact, she might have enjoyed it had her feet not been throbbing constantly. She was allowed to eat with Yvonne and Angelique, wearing her hot pants and with her hands cuffed in front of her. The conversation was light and mostly about coming up to their home port of Nice where they would leave the yacht and drive to their chateau. Tanya did not join in on the conversations. Between eating and trying not to cry when her feet were in serious pain, she really did not follow what was being said.

Afterwards, Tanya was led to Yvonne's bedroom where her restraints were changed from handcuffs to tight ropes holding her arms behind her and crushing her elbows together. Yvonne left Tanya's hot pants on the slavegirl but divested herself of all clothing. She lay on the bed, spread her legs wide and bid her slave to crawl up between her legs and service her. Tanya did as she was ordered, wincing as her feet bent when she knelt on the bed. She leaned down and used all the skills she had been taught upon Yvonne's breasts and pussy. Before long Yvonne was moaning and muttering encouragement, mostly in French. Tanya did not speak the language but the idea was pretty clear. She brought her Mistress up to a fairly good orgasm. Her reward was to be able to stretch out by Yvonne's side and rest as her Mistress enjoyed the warm afterglow. The minor pain of tightly bound arms did not really bother her. It was her aching and throbbing feet that worried her.

Eventually Yvonne was in a mellow mood and wanted to talk to her slave. "What exactly did Angelique do to you?" she asked. "I can see that you're limping."

Tanya told her exactly what was done to her, adding that she was sure that her feet were permanently injured.

“Not too likely,” Yvonne told her. “It takes a lot to really cause damage. You will hurt for a few days. Angelique has done that before. There was one slave she whipped so hard that the poor thing could not walk at all without screaming. Her feet were much more swollen up than yours.”

“And what about her leaving me alone with my feet tied to my neck?” Tanya asked. “I could have strangled.”

“Probably not. Angelique is wonderfully cruel but usually knows just where the limits are.”

“What would you do if she did kill me?” Tanya asked.

“Oh, nothing. I might cut off her allowance for a week. Maybe whip her ass. Depends on how much I liked the slave she let pass away. In your case, I would certainly have whipped her ass so she couldn’t sit for a few days. I like you. It has been and will continue to be so much fun training you.”

Tanya did not take that as a compliment. Angelique might get punished, but Tanya would be dead.

“Come on, don’t let it bother you. Just keep it in your mind that slaves are property, not people. I own you the same way I own a pet dog. Tell you what, I’ll let you sleep with me tonight. Sort of a way to say I’m sorry that Angelique hurt you so much.”

“Angelique said that you train slavegirls by alternating punishment with being nice. Is this one of those nice times?”

“Angelique has a big mouth. But she’s right, and my ways work. I have trained some very obedient slavegirls.”

“What happened to them?” Tanya asked. “These well-trained slavegirls?”

Yvonne sighed. “A few of them I sold to people who don’t have the talent or patience to train their own. A couple others... Well, I had to get rid of them.”

“Not sold?”

“No. I only sell those that will reflect well upon my training. Sometimes a girl will go bad.”

Yvonne did not seem inclined to elaborate but Tanya felt she had to know. “How did the girls go bad?”

“One went crazy. Training can be a little rough at times. Some girls are simply weak minded.”

“And what did you do to this slave who went crazy?”

“You would rather not know.”

“Yes, I would. I have to know what may happen to me.”

Yvonne sighed. “I got rid of her. The simplest way. I threw her off this yacht in the middle of the Mediterranean.”

“And I suppose she could not swim?”

“Honey, she sank like a stone. That happens when there is an anchor tied to your feet.”

Tanya felt herself go all cold inside. It was as she feared. Not only was her owner a sadist, but she actually thought nothing of killing a slave who did not train properly. She shifted uneasily on the bed. “I will not go crazy,” she affirmed.

“I don’t think you will. You are not like she was at all.”

“I promise to be a good slavegirl,” Tanya said simply. In a way she meant it. She did not want to earn additional punishment or worse. But she also knew inside that she would always be looking for a chance, even the slightest chance, to escape.

Yvonne knew these games far better than Tanya did. She smiled and told the bound girl, “I know you will. Because you will be trained to the point where you cannot even imagine doing anything else. Your promise right now is from fear. Someday when you say the same thing, you will mean it with all your heart.”

Tanya said nothing.

“Stand up. I will change your bondage,” Yvonne told her. “Unless you want to spend the whole night tied like that.”

Tanya crawled off the bed and winced as she stood on the carpeted floor. Yvonne peeled the extra tight ropes from her flesh, then replaced them with a very simple and comfortable tie: wrists crossed and tied firmly but not overly tightly. Her ankles were also tied. In that condition she spent the night sleeping rather comfortably next to her owner.

In the morning, she was awoken by a few hard slaps on her breasts. She was then forced to service her owner with oral sex again, which she did. Then a crewman was called and she was escorted off to be prepared for the trip to their chateau.

First they sat her down in the same room where she had been given the lovely dinner dress. Her hot pants were taken away and she was left for a while with nothing on except for a pair of handcuffs. The door to the room was locked from the outside, so even if she tried (and she did), she could not make a dash for the outside.

Finally Yvonne came in, dressed in a fancy looking pants suit of scarlet material with a jaunty little pillbox hat. With her were two crewmen.

“Time to get you ready for the drive to the chateau,” she told Tanya cheerfully. “Gaspard, please remove the handcuffs. Stand up, slave. We have a lot to do to you.”

“Am I to go to this chateau tightly bound and locked in a box?” Tanya asked.

“Oh, my, is that sarcasm?” Yvonne asked back. “I certainly hope not. Slavegirls simply do not get sarcastic with their Mistresses.”

“No, Mistress, I did not mean it sarcastically,” assured Tanya.

Yvonne looked at her for a long time. “Another time,” she finally muttered. The other crewman had brought in a cardboard box. On the top were lengths of rope, Tanya could see.

“No, actually, slave, you are going to be sitting next to me in the Bentley as we drive across southern France. You will get to see the sights.”

Tanya did not know what to say. Her Mistress appeared to be serious. Sitting in a luxury car seat certainly was much nicer than being tightly bound and strapped into a coffin to be hauled like so much cargo in a truck.

Under Yvonne’s orders, the crewmen bound Tanya’s arms behind her but in an unusual manner. Each took an arm, twisted it up behind her back and pushed them together so that the wrists forearms were against each other all the way from wrists down to elbows. Then thin cord was used to bind her arms that way. Tanya heard Yvonne refer to it as a “Reverse Prayer,” and it certainly would look from behind as if she had her hands together in prayer.

A little thicker cord was used to crush her arms against her torso from near the elbows at the bottom up to the wrists at the top. Along the way many windings of rope passed above and below her breasts, a few even crisscrossing them. When they were finished with that part, there was absolutely no way she could move her arms at all. Wiggling her fingers was all the motion left to her.

Then they pushed her legs apart until she was standing in a straddle. While one spread apart her labia, the other prepared a large dildo by smearing it with a lubricant. It was then roughly shoved into her vagina. Since she had not been “warmed up” sexually, it was a good thing that the huge plastic dildo had been lubricated, or the act would have caused considerable pain. As it was, she gasped with the discomfort of having her sheath suddenly pushed open and filled. Ropes were then tied around the narrowest part of her waist and down between her legs to secure the dildo tightly inside her. Without hands, there was no way she could push it out.

Then they began dressing her. A pair of nylons were slipped onto her legs and held in place by a garterbelt, an article of clothing she had never seen before. For that matter, she had never seen nylons, either. They felt very nice on her legs

and made them look even better. Then a pair of high-heeled boots were placed on her still-sore feet. They laced up the front and came all the way up to the top of her calves. The men laced them on very tightly. Then a black dress was placed over her head and pulled down. It covered from her neck down to below her knees. The sleeves of the dress were filled with fabric so they looked as if they held arms within. The ends of the sleeves were fitted with black gloves sown on. Both of the false arms were brought together and pinned to the front of the dress as if she were holding something in her hands. A small bunch of white flowers was then pinned to the gloves. The dress was zipped up in back.

When they paused to get some additional items, Tanya had a chance to see herself in the mirror. From the front it looked exactly as if she were simply wearing a black dress and holding a bunch of flowers in front of her. There was no sign of the bound arms unless she turned sideways. The dress had been designed so that it fitted snugly over the bound arms.

She was then sat down in front of the table and mirror. First a rolled up piece of cloth was shoved into her mouth. Then her chin was pushed up so that her teeth and lips closed around the cloth gag, and silver duct tape wrapped round her head and over her lips several times with care taken to hold her long hair up and out of the way. Over that tape went another layer, but of flesh colored medical tape. That was smoothed down to the contours of her face. Yvonne stepped forward at that point to use a lipstick to carefully draw lips on the top layer of tape.

Tanya looked at herself in the mirror. The effect was surprising. It did not look as if this woman was gagged. Up close it could be seen, but from more than a few feet away, a casual glance would not arouse any suspicion. Her long black hair was brushed down her back. Over that went a black lace veil pinned to the dress. Then they had her stand so they could check the overall effect.

It was a good job of having a bound woman not look as though she was bound at all. With the lace veil and the flowers, along with the black dress, she looked like a widow in mourning, not a helplessly bound slavegirl.

Yvonne nodded approval and left. One of the crewmen clamped his hand upon the back of her neck and marched Tanya out of the room.

The climb up the stairs and the walk in general hurt her sore feet. When they reached the deck, she was surprised to see that they were tied up alongside a dock in a busy harbor. Dozens of smaller boats moved about the harbor, and dozens of people could be seen on other boats. The crewman switched his grip from her neck down to the padded arm and escorted her along the deck to a ramp and down to the dock. It looked to anyone watching as if he were helping a grieving woman to her car.

For Tanya it was a most strange journey. She had never seen such a big city before, nor all the cars and trucks parked and moving about. She also felt very strange walking along on heels that she was still not used to, but mostly she felt strange because she was out in public. She could see all sorts of people moving around on other yachts and on other parts of the dock. It would have been easy to call out of help had it not been for the cloth gag stuffed into her mouth and taped in place. She tried but found that she could not push the cloth out; the tape, especially the duct tape, was simply too tight.

Trying to attract attention by struggling to free her bound arms occurred to her, but there was this crewman holding on to her. She was certain he was ready for any escape attempt she might make. Still, she considered running away from him. She would not get far, that she knew, but perhaps she could make enough fuss to attract attention.

She was just getting ready to kick him and run when a voice behind her ruined her plans.

“Lady Carlson, I am so sorry about your husband’s death.”

Yvonne walked up to stand next to Tanya. “But I’m sure that he went a happy man. If only you hadn’t made such an old man have sex four times a night.”

Tanya did not know if she wanted to laugh or cry. Yvonne continued the charade all the way to the waiting car. “He did have a smile on his face in the coffin,” she added. “By the way, is it true that you and the upstairs maid took turns forcing him into strange sexual acts?”

Tanya shook her head.

“Oh, you didn’t? But that’s what the gardener’s daughter said. She described some of your games most vividly. Especially the one where you two gave him a blow job on one side while the other side was being reamed with a strap-on dildo.”

As they approached the car and the door was opened for the two women, Tanya realized something. She was getting hot between the legs! And it was not all this nonsense about her deceased husband; it was the huge dildo inside her pussy, and the tight ropes pressing against her clitoris. With each step, her shifting hips made the pressure from the rope change just a little. It was like a couple fingers pressing on her clit. And it was really heating her up!

Yvonne leaned over just as they were reaching the car to whisper, “Don’t you dare have an orgasm. If you do, there will be severe punishment as soon as we get to the chateau. Would you like the bottoms of your feet beaten again?”

Tanya quickly shook her head.

The crewman helped her get into the car. The back seats were real leather, very soft and more comfort than this slavegirl was used to. As she settled back, Yvonne put the seatbelt across her chest. “Want you safe,” she said with a smile.

Tanya settled back in the seat. Her arms were a little numb and not very comfortable, but she had been in worse positions. The dildo seemed to press in more when she sat down. She had to concentrate on not letting that monster get her too hot. It did feel so damned good though, that it was a difficult task. And her Mistress sat there, watching carefully to see if her slavegirl showed any signs of obtaining unauthorized sexual satisfaction.

When Angelique joined them and sat up with the chauffeur, they were ready to begin.

Yvonne reached down and locked a pair of handcuffs on her ankles. Then the car pulled smoothly away from the yacht. As they drove through the city, Tanya tried to concentrate on the buildings and all those people. Several times they passed men in uniform that must have been policemen. If only they knew that there was a prisoner in that car!

Yvonne shifted herself on the seat so that her hip was pressed against Tanya's. As they drove out of the city, her hand pulled up the black dress to expose the roped sex. The same hand then reached down and tugged on the rope holding the dildo in place. Tug and release. Tug and release. The changing pressure made Tanya's breath come faster and, made her grow hotter all over. She wanted to say that this just was not fair, but the gag prevented it.

The other hand found a breast and was squeezing it through the dress. There was nothing Tanya could do about it; the stimulation was too much for the bound woman. Her head leaned back and her hips pushed forward as much as the seatbelt allowed. She began thrusting her hips against the hand holding the rope. In a surprisingly short time she was gasping and trembling all over in the hold of a very nice orgasm that she had tried to not have.

"I do believe you disobeyed orders," Yvonne said with real disappointment in her voice. "It wasn't all that difficult an order to obey. I said you should not let yourself have an orgasm. But you did, you slut! Now you can spend the rest of the drive wondering what your punishment will be." She smiled most wickedly and patted Tanya on the taped cheek.

* * *

Chapter VII

Twice the Pleasure, Twice the Punishment

It was a long drive, taking almost eight hours. The car stopped several times for gas and even once for a lunch. Tanya was left in the car with the chauffeur while Yvonne enjoyed a lengthy lunch at what looked to be a very expensive restaurant. In the car, she shifted her position now and then and waited silently for the return of her Mistress.

She was hungry, her arms hurt and were partly numb, and that damn dildo tied inside her refused to stop stimulating her sex. Trying her hardest to ignore the full feeling inside her vagina and the pressure of the ropes against her clit, Tanya was fearful that if she had another orgasm her Mistress would double the coming punishment. Had she been alone, she would have probably gone ahead and wiggled and squirmed enough to bring on a much appreciated orgasm. But there was that chauffeur sitting in the front seat. He did not look back at her but she knew he was very much aware of her presence. He was not a bad looking Frenchman, and Tanya fantasized that he would come into the back seat and begin fondling her helpless body. His strong hands upon her breasts, and his fingers pulling that rope holding the dildo inside her, would easily bring her to an orgasm. Unfortunately such thinking was making her hotter and hotter. If she had not been gagged, she would have tried talking to him, maybe making a suggestion or two.

But she was gagged. And with him not even looking at her, she could not make suggestive moves with her body to entice him into doing something. It was very frustrating. The fact that people were walking by the car, going into and from the restaurant, made her more horny, for some reason she could not understand.

Had the lunch not taken so long, she would have been saved by the return of her Mistress and the continuation of the drive. But time was against her. The longer she sat here, completely helpless, the hotter she became between the legs. She found herself clenching her thighs tightly, an action that made the tight rope

over her clit masturbate her. Finally she could hold off no longer. The pure pleasure blossomed in her pussy and spread its heat through her body. She lowered her head and tried not to make any noise that would give her away. She hoped that the tiny moans escaping through her nose could not be heard in the front seat.

The orgasm was very nice. One of the tortures of being a slavegirl is that your Master/Mistress never really cares if you have satisfaction or not. It is their satisfaction only that counts. But you are often sexually excited, forced into sexual acts, and usually naked, all of which make a healthy, young woman sexually excited. Then, when you are denied satisfaction, the frustration becomes a torture. Tanya realized that was one of the reasons she was usually handcuffed or tied with rope when left alone in her cell. She could not escape from the steel barred cell, so the fact that her arms were tied behind her back was not necessary for security. It was, she came to the conclusion, so that she could not touch herself and obtain relief and satisfaction. Frustration was an incredible torture.

For maybe ten minutes she sat there, basking in the warm glow of sexual satisfaction. Hell, she told herself, I'm going to get punished anyway. Double hell, I'll get punished even if I totally obeyed.

While she sat there, a puzzling thought came to her. Her arms were very tightly bound behind her, her ankles were shackled by a pair of handcuffs, and there was even a seatbelt across her chest and around her waist. And there was the fact that she could not talk with that gag taped into her mouth. She was a totally helpless woman. The puzzling part was that she was finding that condition not all that unpleasant. In fact, she found herself admitting silently, it had made her excited enough to have an orgasm!

It is just the damned dildo inside her, she told herself. And that damned tight rope pressing on her clit, she added. It is not the helplessness that is making you horny, her mind insisted.

Sure, that's it. Just the damned rope and dildo that Mistress Yvonne had deliberately added to her bondage. She knew what it would do to her slavegirl. It was not the helpless feeling that was turning her on, she insisted to herself.

She felt strangely warm and contented as she sat there on a very comfortable seat. It was a snug, comfortable feeling she was having. There was discomfort from them, but the ropes holding her arms tightly behind her and around her hips were also making her feel as she did when lying in a warm bed in a half asleep state. Had she been more experienced with men and lovemaking, she would have compared the feeling to that of being held firmly in the arms of a lover.

The contented feeling lasted only until her Mistress returned. That made her remember that punishment was promised when they reached their destination.

When Yvonne and Angelique were settled in, and the car cruising down the road, the chauffeur spoke a single sentence without even looking at his boss. Yvonne's eyebrow went up but she made no comment.

Tanya wondered what "*Elle avait un orgasme*" meant. But she suspected she knew.

Yvonne and Angelique chatted now and then during the rest of the drive but there were long periods of silence. Tanya napped, even though the countryside they were passing through was very beautiful.

Awaking from one of her naps, Tanya realized that night had fallen. There was little to see beyond the trees illuminated by the headlights. She wiggled a bit, having been tied and sitting there for over eight hours, and needing to visit the little slavegirl's room.

The journey continued for another hour. By the end of that time, Tanya was making little moaning sounds through her nose in an attempt to alert her Mistress to her need. Yvonne simply leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Don't you dare. Mess my car seat and you'll wish you were never born."

Tanya squeezed her thighs together and prayed that the trip would not last much longer.

The car slowed and Tanya could see a huge iron gate before them. Slowly the gate swung aside and they went on through. It was a moonless night and the car headlights did not show much as they pulled up to the huge three-story building. All Tanya cared about was getting out of that car before she earned more punishment.

Yvonne and Angelique left the car, leaving the chauffeur to unlock Tanya's ankles from the handcuffs and assist her out of the car. She was making whining

noises through her nose, urgently begging for him to hurry. She was walking with her thighs squeezed together as he led her into a side door of the house.

Apparently the chauffeur understood her problem. As soon as they entered a room, he unzipped the dress and pulled it up until it was draped over her head. Then his hands led her into a bathroom and pushed her down onto the toilet seat. When she sensed what she was sitting on, she let go with a sigh of relief.

The man showed more kindness to the bound slavegirl than most anyone had for a long time. He wiped her, then removed the dress. He untied the rope from around her waist and between her legs then allowed her to squat until the dildo slowly emerged from its hiding place. Tanya moaned as the invader left her, both relief and a little bit of regret. She had been getting use to it and even finding that she liked that full feeling down there.

The tape was pulled off from around her head and the cloth came out of her mouth. Then he began unwinding the ropes from around her chest. They left deep red grooves behind as they came out. The ropes around her arms did the same. For a while, Tanya could not bring her arms down from behind her back. The muscles seemed to be locked up in that position. But the muscles relaxed and the dark colored arms did come down. There began the usual agony of when her arms were removed from prolonged, tight bondage. The pins and needles feeling was intense. She was soon crying. The man, who had not spoken a word to her during all this time, patiently waited while she recovered.

During that time, a phone rang, surprising Tanya. The chauffeur picked it up and spoke a few quiet words, but mostly listened. When he hung up, he motioned Tanya to stand and come with him. There was a short walk to a doorway and stairs that led down to the basement. From a number of doors, he picked one and led her into that small room.

It was somewhat like a cell, but without any bars. Instead there was a hook hanging down from the ceiling and what looked like a small square rug on the floor. The walls were bare cement. The door, she noticed, was very thick with a very large hasp on the outside and a large padlock resting open in it.

From his pocket, the man took a short length of rope and bound Tanya's hands in front of her. He touched a button on the wall and the hook in the center of the room lowered. He took it and pulled it over to where Tanya stood. He used the end of the rope to tie her wrists just below the hook, and then pushed the button again and the hook started back up towards the ceiling. Tanya was forced to move

over to the center of the room as her arms were lifted higher and higher. Soon she was standing directly under it with her arms stretched out above her. Then the hook ceased rising.

The man knelt to remove the boots from her legs. It took a while because he had to unlace them. As soon as her first bare foot touched the floor, she realized that the little rug below her was not a rug at all. It was a square of metal with spikes sticking straight up. They were short spikes but wickedly sharp on her bare foot. She had to put all her weight on one foot while he lifted the other leg to take the boot off. Then she was free to put both feet down.

He adjusted the height of the hook so that she was forced to stand just the slightest on her toes with her heels only an inch above the spikes. Then he left her, turning off the light behind him.

In the dark, Tanya began to wonder if this was the punishment Yvonne had ordained for her. It was most uncomfortable to stand on those spikes; especially with her feet still swollen and hurting from the whipping Angelique had given her. In the dark, she tested the rope on her wrists and found that with most of her weight pulling it tighter, she could not get her wrists out of it. With the boots gone, she was again totally naked and finding that the basement room was not heated. The air was cold against her bare skin. The darkness was complete; not the slightest hint of light came from anywhere.

As long minutes passed, Tanya became sure that this was the punishment her Mistress had ordered. She would semi-hang there for hours. Maybe all night, who knew?

As time passed she found that she could lower her feet until she was no longer on her toes but almost flatfooted. She realized that the tiny distance had come from the rope tightening around her wrists. It meant that the spikes would not dig in as sharply as they did when she was on her toes, but it also meant that more of the bottoms of her feet were in contact with the spikes.

There was a way for her to ease the pain in her feet. She could lift her feet totally off the floor and hold them that way. It eased the pain in the bottom of her feet but made the muscles she was using to hold her feet up burn and tremble as time went on. Eventually she had to lower her feet again. Additional relief could be obtained by lifting only one foot and taking her weight on the other foot and her wrists. That lasted a while but eventually she had to put the other foot down. She switched the feet in contact with the spikes and occasionally lifted both of them.

The net result was not as much pain as there could be, but it was still most uncomfortable. As time passed she came to realize that she could simply not keep up the shifting of her feet and the pulling her body upward. Muscles grew tired and could not hold as long. She was not a happy camper.

Having had naps in the car, she was not overly sleepy but as time went on, she became convinced that she was indeed doomed to spend the entire night there. That meant that she would eventually fall asleep. As she grew more and more tired, she let both feet rest on the spikes. It felt as if the spikes were poking holes in the bottom of her feet although she could feel no blood.

While Yvonne and Angelique slept comfortably in warm beds, their slavegirl hung by her wrists and suffered.

* * *

Chapter VIII

Welcome to *Chateau de Douleur*

Tanya was amazed when the light came on. Her body was icy cold and her hands numb. From the hunger in her stomach, she knew that a long time had passed while she hung in the dark. She blinked and looked, expecting to see Yvonne standing there. Instead there was an older man.

The man standing there looked to be older than her father. He was mostly bald, with just a fringe of white hair around the shiny skin. Slowly he walked around the hanging girl, looked carefully up and down the nude body, and paying particular attention to the spikes under her feet. After his circuit, he stopped before her and looked her in the eye. "Hurt?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," Tanya said in a despairing voice. "Very much."

"Yvonne says that you disobeyed orders. That's why you're being punished. Is that right? Did you disobey a direct order?"

The man seemed kindly and so Tanya decided to be honest with him. "I was told not to have an orgasm and then Mistress Yvonne teased me into one. Then she said I would be punished for disobeying."

"Sounds like my Yvonne. She's always doing things like that. She told one slavegirl that she would be set free if she swam the river in the middle of winter. We had to break the ice so the poor girl could get in the water. When she emerged she was blue and shivering like you wouldn't believe. She was naked, of course, you see. When she could talk without her jaw shaking, she asked Yvonne for some clothes so she could leave. Yvonne laughed and told her that she was only kidding. Then she ordered the girl to be hogtied and had her thrown into a snowbank! That's Yvonne, she's quite a kidder!"

Tanya did not tell him what she thought of the little joke. Instead she asked him the question that was uppermost on her mind. "Is my punishment finished? My feet hurt so much. My hands, too."

“Oh, no! You have to stay there until Yvonne says you can get down.”

“When will that be?”

“Well now, that’s hard to say. She was up late last night with her chauffeur and usually sleeps very late after he and she fuck late into the night.”

Tanya sighed and told herself that it probably made no difference anyway. Her hands were without feeling and so was the bottom of her feet. The rest made up for their lack of pain by aching loudly.

“You seem like a nice man. Please have some mercy and let me down.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, but I can’t do that. Rules are rules. And you are a slavegirl, after all.”

“Oh, hell! And I thought you were a nice man.”

“Oh, I am. Well, sort of. I guess. Look, missy, I wish I could take you down. I would lay you on the floor and spread your legs and fuck the hell out of the pretty body of yours. Oh, would I!”

Tanya only hung her head.

For a while the man simply looked at her. Then he pinched a nipple hard enough to make her squeal.

When he left, he turned off the light again. Tanya felt like crying, but tears would not come. She was too tired to even feel sorry for herself.

A long time later another man came in. Tanya kept her eyes shut against the bright light and did not really care who the man was. She only opened them when she felt the hook over her hands lowering. As her arms came down before her face, she was shocked at the blotched and purple appearance of her hands. Shortly after the male hands removed the ropes from her wrists there began the usual pins and needles and screaming reawakening nerves. This time tears came to her eyes.

The man was the same chauffeur who had strung her up the night before. Even before her hands were fully awake, he pulled them behind her and locked them in handcuffs. He then lifted her to her feet and aided her in walking out of the room. She needed the aid because her feet hurt terribly, with sharp pains shooting up them. She was surprised to see that there was no blood on the spikes

she was standing on for so very long. Some genius had figured out just how sharp to make them to delivery maximum pain while doing no real damage.

Much to her delight, the first stop after leaving what she considered to be a dungeon was a small room next to a kitchen. There she was sat on a hard wooden bench and allowed to eat a breakfast. The silent man even changed her handcuffs to the front to make it easier for her to eat. Tanya pondered this while she rushed the scrambled eggs and bacon into her mouth. This man had been considerate and even kind to her sometimes, but then he had also snitched to her owner about that second orgasm (which Tanya figured he did not have to do) and had been the one to hang her by her wrists on those sharp spikes.

The cook, or maybe it was just a serving girl, placed a cup of black coffee before her half way through the meal. She had been very grateful for the glass of water that was first served and asked for another, having not had a chance to drink since the prior morning's breakfast. Tanya looked at the coffee with distaste. She had been served coffee when she was lucky enough to dine with her Mistress, and found it to be bitter tasting. In her village, tea was the only drink besides milk, water and strong spirits. She pushed the cup aside.

A strange thing happened then. The chauffeur, who had been simply sitting there, watching her eat, reached over and put his hand on the coffee cup. "*S'il vous plaît?*" he asked. Tanya looked up at him. He had the nicest dark eyes. Then she realized that he was asking if he could have the coffee. Which was surprising because Tanya had become used to people taking from her and not asking permission for anything. She nodded.

With obvious pleasure, the man took the coffee, blew on the surface a bit, and then sipped it. He seemed very happy to drink the bitter stuff, though why Tanya could not figure.

Her breakfast finished, she expected to be hauled off to some new torture. Instead the chauffeur took his time to enjoy his coffee, allowing Tanya the chance to digest her food. It then occurred to her that she was sitting completely naked before a man she did not know. She had gotten so used to being naked and bound or chained that there was no longer anything unusual about it. Not that many months before, she would have been terrified of being naked before strangers. Now she only blushed a little bit when his eyes regarded her nudity with appreciation.

A woman knows when a man appreciates her body and looks. She also knows when a man is leering, interested only in satisfying his crude animal lust.

“What is your name?” she asked.

Apparently he knew what she was asking for he replied, “*Je m'appelle Maurice.*”

“Maurice. Nice name. Maurice, would you like to run away with me and live happily ever after in some distant land?”

Maurice smiled at her, apparently not understanding a word.

“Guess not. Too bad.”

Her hands were locked behind her again and she was led away from the kitchen. As they walked along a corridor, they passed some windows and she could see that the grounds of this house were filled with lush green trees and bushes and flowers. Around the house, a chateau they had called it, the grass was cut short and the flowers well tended. Beyond that, the greenery took on a more untamed look, the trees being quite dense. The sun was shining down on a landscape much greener than she was used to.

Tanya expected to be led to the presence of her Mistress. It was, therefore, a surprise when she was taken instead to a den or study where the older man who had visited her was waiting. The room had many bookshelves filled with books, a couple padded chairs, a small fireplace and a huge desk, all in well-polished dark wood. The man sitting at the desk rose when she was brought in. He spoke a few words to Maurice, who then departed, leaving Tanya alone with her Mistress's father.

“You seem a little happier now,” he told her. “Please come by the fireplace and sit down. I want to talk with you.”

Tanya did as she was told. The older man knelt by the fireplace, turned a knob and lit a fire. Tanya was puzzled when the fire was briskly burning immediately. She had never seen a gas fireplace before, only the kind that burned real wood.

“My name is Honore. Please, sit down. That's better. Just so you'll understand our little family, I'll explain. Yvonne, whom you already know, is my wife.”

“What?” Tanya interrupted. “I thought Yvonne was your daughter!”

“Well, she is young enough to be my daughter. But we have been married for almost four years now. She married me mainly for my money, of course, and what she can do with it. You, for example. To continue, my first wife was Cosette. Angelique is my daughter by Cosette. I also have a son, Severin, by that marriage. Cosette died a few years ago. I still miss her.”

“I’m sorry.”

“At least I have a son to carry on the family name,” he continued. “Severin is a good boy, but I fear a little on the wild side. He and Yvonne really make a pair. They’re both sadists, love teasing and torturing slavegirls, and both have an imagination like you wouldn’t believe when it comes to handling slaves.”

“Isn’t it illegal to have slaves?” Tanya asked.

“Of course it is. But, like most laws, if no one knows you’re doing it, you can get away with anything. Our family has been owning slaves since back before the Revolution. When it became illegal, we simply owned fewer and fewer. Now we usually have only two or three at any one time.” He paused to stretch his neck and take a breath. “I used to be the one who owned and used slavegirls the most. But I’m sixty-eight now, and I content myself with occasionally screwing whatever slavegirl Yvonne has at the time.”

Tanya looked around at the opulent surrounds and sighed. Even back in her poor village, the few with money ruled and had all the luxuries. In this country, instead of an extra cow or a tractor, having enough money meant you could own a slavegirl.

When she looked back to Honore, he was staring at her breasts. She knew that look. Before he could go down that path, she asked a question that had been on her mind for a long time. “What will happen to me?”

“Right now you’re going to get fucked,” was his reply.

“I mean in the long run. What will happen when Mistress Yvonne finally has me trained the way she wants? How long do you keep a slavegirl?”

Honore lifted his eyes from the lovely breasts to her face. “Depends,” he told her. “Some we sell. There are other rich people who collect slavegirls. It is a lot more common than you might think. And if we don’t find a buyer that we trust

to keep the slave and not let her ever get away, we sell her to a brothel somewhere. There are countries where a well-trained slavegirl will bring a good price. And where they are used to keeping woman prisoners. Then the slavegirl works for her new owners. Maybe a high priced brothel and she'll only have to service a few wealthy clients a night. Or it might be a lower class house where they will have a dozen customers a night."

"And when she is no longer pretty?"

"Ah, well, that depends. Actually, I don't know what some of those places do with... shall we say, worn out girls? Others, I have my suspicions. But it is none of my business. I sell a girl and then she is no longer a concern of mine."

"Do they kill girls?" Tanya persisted.

"Maybe. But you're young and very pretty. You don't have to worry about that for many years."

Tanya did not like these answers. But the handcuffs joining her wrists behind her back reminded her that she had no choice. She was a slavegirl.

"Now I think it's time that you earn your keep. Get on your knees."

Tanya slipped off the chair and onto her knees on the thick carpet. Honore unzipped his pants and settled back in his chair. "Do your thing, slave," he told her.

Tanya knew what he was demanding. She had been forced to learn while owned by her first Master. She shuffled forward and lowered her head. With her hands behind her, she could not move aside the material, Honore had to do that. But the penis hidden within came out to play. It was nothing as big or hard as she was used to from Gunther or Randle, but she took it in her mouth and began teasing it with her tongue. That helped some. It was easy work for her – distasteful but easy. She slid her mouth up and down the shaft, sucking gently and teasing the tip with her tongue as she had been taught to do.

She knew it was working by the moans coming from above her head. She sped up her pumping until he cried out and she felt the warm fluid shooting into her mouth.

She would have happily jerked her head away and let him shoot his load anyplace else but in her mouth. But she knew that she would be punished if she

did that, so she swallowed every last drop. And felt like gagging on it. It did not help that she remembered the tales the women in her village told of sluts who did exactly that and became pregnant from the male seed inside them. A couple other women had told her that was nonsense, but some of the women truly believed it, which explained why most of the village girls would never allow a male prick into their mouths. Tanya hoped that she would not get pregnant.

For a while Honore rested. When he finally zipped up his pants, he seemed disappointed. “You did a good job,” he told her. “But I was hoping that you would only make it hard for me, then I could stick it in that hot, tight little cunt of yours. Well, maybe another time. You’re just too good.

“Stand up. Turn your back. Now bend over and spread wide your ass. Oh my, what a nice little asshole! When I was a little younger I would have rammed that little hole so hard you would cried out in joy. But now it doesn’t stay hard long enough for a good fuck. Sigh!”

Maurice was sent for and Tanya taken away.

* * *

Chapter IX

Filling up the Holes

The rest of the morning, what was left of it, she spent in a tiny cell in one of the numerous basement rooms. It was small, not really long enough for her to lie down in, and cold. But being from a village where none of the houses were heated by anything other than a fireplace or stove, she was used to cold weather although usually she had clothes on. There was also no window, so she had no way of judging the passage of time. Hers was one of four cells in that room, and the next to smallest one. There was one that was so small it was more of a cage than a cell. A prisoner in it would have to be standing and could barely turn around.

Sometime around lunch, Maurice came in and gave her a small meal, mostly some sliced meats and a baguette. And a glass of wine. She eagerly ate everything on the plate and would have asked for more but did not think it would do any good. Maurice watched her as she ate, after having unlocked her wrists from behind her.

She was then handcuffed again and taken from the cell. The destination was an upstairs bedroom. It was large, had its own fireplace, currently cold, very soft-looking covers on the large bed, and a wonderful view out of the windows. The walls were an eye-grabbing pink, and most of the covers, drapes and such were in shades of pink and lavender. The colors and the room made Tanya uneasy. Pink was not her favorite color.

Angelique was waiting for her. As soon as the slavegirl was inside the bedroom, Maurice was dismissed and Tanya taken by the arm over to the bed where she was pushed down and sank into the plush softness. Angelique removed the handcuffs but immediately began binding her arms with rope. She looped the elbows and pulled them tightly together, along with the wrists. Only when that was finished did she speak.

“Did my dear poppa screw you?” she asked. “He usually does with a new slavegirl. Or at least tries to. Was he able to get it up for you?”

Tanya did not answer. Which earned her a slap across the face. “I asked you a question. Answer, slave!”

Tanya told Angelique in simple terms how her father had demanded and received oral sex. “No, he did not screw me, as you put it,” she concluded.

“I’m not surprised. The old fart hasn’t been able to screw a woman since he got my mother pregnant with me. And sometimes I wonder if it was him at all.”

Tanya was standing at that point, head bowed and trying to look very submissive. Angelique was busy divesting herself of clothing. Then she bounced on the bed and ordered the slavegirl to join her.

“You know what to do. Get your face down between my legs and suck like your life depended on it. It just may, after all.”

Given such wonderful encouragement, Tanya could only obey and do the best she could with no hands. Angelique helped by thrusting up her hips, and continuing to make threats of horrible punishments should she fail to bring her Mistress up to a satisfactory orgasm. “Make me cum heavy and hard, slut!” was the way she put it.

She must have done a good enough job, because Angelique gasped a few times, trembled all over and then clamped her thighs against Tanya’s head while she had her climax. When she finally let go, Tanya fell to the bed, gasping herself because her nose and mouth had been buried for so long in Angelique’s sex.

For a while both women lay there, resting. Angelique was the first to get up. “My stepmother will be looking for you soon. She usually sleeps all of the next day after making Maurice screw her for half the night. God, but that Maurice is good! I’ve had him, and I can tell you that he is really, really hung! Like a horse! And he isn’t one of those ‘wham, bam, thank you ma’am’ men. He can screw a bitch for so long that she’ll think she’s died and gone to heaven!”

Tanya had felt a sexual attraction for the chauffeur, so it was not hard to believe Angelique’s claims. Maybe someday, if she was lucky... But then, slavegirls don’t get lucky, they get whipped.

“Before Mommie Dearest comes walking in here, demanding her slave back, I’m going to have some fun with you.”

Tanya was sure that whatever was to happen, she would not think of it as “fun”.

“I could whip your ass,” Angelique said as if going through possibilities in her mind. “Or your breasts. But that would leave marks Mommie is sure to see. Ah, I have it. Something that will hurt you but not leave a single mark on that lovely body. God, but she really picked a good one this time. Not like that plain old Susan a few months ago, or that drab Karen girl. We were both tired of Susan in a few weeks. Even Severin only screwed her a few times, and he usually screws the hell out of a new slavegirl. We got rid of her real fast.”

“What happen to her?” Tanya asked since her eventual fate was of importance to her. Quickly she added, “Mistress.”

“She was a lousy slave. She never said anything, never objected to anything done to her! No fire, no rebellion, nothing. It was like playing with a damp washrag! I could whip the hell out of her ass and all she would do was cry, and not very loud. It was so damned hard to get a good scream out of her. But I figured out a way. I had Maurice tied her spread-eagle and face down on a plank of wood. I even had him tie down her fingers spread wide. Then I took one of those big chopping knives from the kitchen, you know, the big, thick ones you use to really chop up meat. Then I chopped off an inch from her little finger. When she stopped crying, I chopped off another inch – same finger. And told her that I would work my way up that finger, then the next and then the next. When that hand had no more fingers, I would start on the other hand. Then I chopped off another inch. There wasn’t much more left on that little finger when she started really screaming.”

Angelique paused to lick her lips.

“She screamed and screamed, and I chopped and chopped! Gosh, it was fun! Especially when I started on the toes.”

Tanya had a very sick look on her pale face. She backed away from Angelique as best she could with no hands. She only got a little distance before she slid off the bed and thumped onto the carpet. She sat up and began backing away by pushing her feet into the carpet and sliding on her bottom. Angelique, grinning wickedly came towards her. Tanya’s bound arms hit the wall behind her. As Angelique approached, Tanya began breathing hard. Then she screamed.

Angelique began laughing hysterically, finally falling onto the bed, holding her side.

Tanya ceased screaming, but was still looking very, very frightened.

“Oh... My.... God... You believed me!” Angelique forced out when she could control her laughing. “Severin will never believe this! Neither will Yvonne. You idiot, I was just kidding!”

She paused to wipe a tear away from her eye. “We sold Susan to some guy in South America. With all her fingers!”

Tanya shut her mouth firmly. She did not think that Angelique’s little joke was very funny. A good part of that might well have been because it was a little too close to the truth.

Angelique was calming down from her laughing fit. “Stand up, slave. I’ve got something to show you.”

It took Tanya a few tries to get to her feet with no arms. At least her fear was calming down, but she had to wonder about this woman who could even think of such a horrible thing.

“This is a butt plug,” Angelique said as she held up a plastic shape that looked a little like a dildo. It had a blunt point that tapered wider then suddenly narrowed near the base. Tanya was puzzled by the shape. She was also a little surprised at the size of it. It was nowhere near as large as the dildo Yvonne had shove inside her pussy.

Angelique was busy covering the plug with some kind of ointment. When it was covered, she approached Tanya, holding it by the base. “Bend over, slave. More! Get your head down by your knees.”

Tanya tried to obey, but it was hard to bend so far over with her arms bound. She felt as if she was going to lose her balance.

“Spread your legs wider. More. Good. Now don’t move.”

Tanya could see Angelique’s legs between hers. There was a little pressure as something touched her asshole. Angelique’s hand was on her hip, holding her in place. Then the pressure increased drastically as Angelique shoved hard against the end of the butt plug. Tanya squealed as the plug pushed open her anus and entered. Just as suddenly her anus closed around the narrow base of the plug. Angelique let go of the plug. It stayed in place.

“What the hell is that?” protested Tanya. “It hurts!”

“It is a supposed to hurt. Well, some. But mostly it is supposed to make you feel used and abused. You probably won’t be able to push it out. But if you manage to, I’ll just shove a bigger one in there and punish you.”

Her hands lifted Tanya up. “Oh...” the slavegirl said as the position change made the plug move inside her. “Please don’t leave that inside me. It hurts. It’s so big!”

“This one is not all that big. I have a whole set of them, each a little bigger than the last. They’re used to train your asshole to take larger and larger plugs. Eventually I’ll be able to shove a very big object in there and you’ll hurt but be able to take it.”

She returned to the dresser drawer from which she had pulled the plug. “I think that maybe I’ll fix your other holes. Now where did I put that... Oh, here is is. And the other one. Ah, there!”

She came up with two dildos, Tanya could see that much. But one was small compared to the one that Yvonne had placed inside her. The other was almost as large.

Angelique looped a rope around Tanya’s waist and pulled it tight. Then she ordered, “Spread your legs again. Good, now stand still while I shove this in.” She put the nose of the large dildo to the entrance of Tanya’s vagina and pushed. It reluctantly moved in, and Tanya whined. “That hurts!” she said. “I’m not ready for it.”

Angelique ignored the protest and shoved the dildo all the way up to its base, filling Tanya’s sheath. She pulled the rope hanging down across the base of the dildo, between the legs and across the butt plug. It went over the waist rope in back and between the legs again to be tied in front. But only after Angelique had pulled as hard as she could, driving both plugs deep into her.

With both holes plugged, Tanya felt strangely filled. It hurt some, especially the butt plug, but not all that much. In fact, it felt sort of good in a way. At least the dildo did. She was not sure that she would get used to that thing in her ass.

Angelique was humming to herself as she picked up the small dildo. As it approached, Tanya realized that it was attached to a leather strap. The resemblance to some of the gags that had been used on her told her what it was. That was confirmed when Angelique ordered her to open her mouth. As the penis replica went into her mouth, Tanya was reminded of Honore’s penis in her mouth just that

morning. However, this one was much larger and harder. Angelique buckled the strap in back after pulled it down tightly.

Tanya could feel the head of that dildo pressing against the back of her mouth and had to fight to keep from gagging. She tried to push it out with her tongue to no avail. As Angelique had promised, all her holes were plugged up.

As Angelique put her clothing back on, Tanya looked at herself in the mirror over the dresser. She saw a naked woman with her mouth filled, her breasts sticking straight out, and ropes cutting into her waist and crotch. She turned half way to look at the ropes binding her arms. They looked very tight – as tight as they felt. That helpless feeling she was so used to was returning.

Angelique was dressed and putting on her shoes. “We’re going to take a little walk around the grounds,” she told Tanya. “You will like the place. It’s big, filled with trees and good places to hide tightly bound slavegirls, and very private.”

She tied a short length of rope to that around Tanya’s waist and tugged on it. Tanya felt the dildo and butt plug pushed in just a little more. Angelique tugged a few more times before Tanya realized that she was being told to come along. She began walking. Angelique turned and led the way, the leash to Tanya trailing behind her.

The first thing that Tanya noticed was that simply walking made the dildo and plug shift inside her. So long as she was walking, she would be constantly reminded that she was filled up inside. The base of the butt plug rubbed against the insides of her thighs, but she found that if she walked with her legs spread just a little bit more than normal it did not hurt.

The walk took them down stairs, along part of the house and out a back door. The sun was shining and felt very warm on Tanya’s bare skin. The grass beneath her feet reminded her of being a barefoot girl in her village. Those days seemed like so long ago that it might have been another life.

Angelique led her around the grounds as she said she would. She showed off the tennis courts, the rose garden, the twelve-car garage, and then took her into the woods. There was a dirt path leading between the trees. Soon they were out of sight of the house. Still the forest went on. As she walked along, Tanya was coming to realize that the dildos inside her were turning her on. The one in her ass less than the other two, but still it was contributing its own little part.

Most strange to her was that the dildo filling her mouth should have been a source of embarrassment and humiliation but was not. In fact, it made her think how nice it would be if that were Maurice's penis instead of a plastic one. She found that imagining it was Maurice who had bound her, filled her holes, and was filling her mouth with his penis was really making her hot. She could imagine that she was in his bed, his strong hands crushing her breasts as she sucked on his rod. When she had him excited enough, he would rip out the dildo and shove his real penis deep inside her and fuck her until she lost her mind.

"Where the hell are you?" came a voice intruding on her dreams. Angelique was tugging on the leash, an action meant to get her attention but that actually sent shivers of passion racing into her body. "I'm talking to you, slave!"

Tanya looked up to find that they had stopped in a small clearing. Some open sky above showed a few white clouds drifting slowly by. There was bare ground for a few yards, and, in the middle of that, a wooden post set into the earth. The post was only about three feet tall and had an iron ring set in the top. It was maybe four inches thick. As Angelique pulled her closer, she could see that the post was set in a cement base. She was sure that it would not move.

"This is one of the punishment posts," Angelique was saying. "There are several of them around here. There is one over there that is seven feet tall. You can be tied standing to that one. This one you can be tied to while kneeling. There is one place where there is a ring set into cement. You can be chained to that one. And there are a few specialized ones that I'm sure would amuse you.

"Can you imagine what it would be like to be tied to this post and left here all night? It's not the same as being tied in one of the rooms in the basement. This is the forest. There are animals out here. It is kilometers to the nearest house or town. I've seen all kinds of animals out here. Some of them would love to find a naked girl all tied down and unable to prevent them from doing anything they want to her."

Tanya looked around at the dense forest and shivered. Angelique was quite right; this would not be the same as being tied for the night inside the house. She could only hope that this bunch would not want any real harm to come to their property.

"I'll let you try this as soon as I can. But right now I have to get you back to the house. Yvonne will be looking for you. After a night with Maurice, she

always wants to hurt another woman. I want her to find you. It will keep her from picking on me.”

“Would your mother, stepmother, I mean, really do that to you?”

“You bet! You would not believe the things she had done to me.”
Angelique grinned. “Or the few times I’ve gotten to her.”

Tanya did not know what to say. These people were so different from the people she knew back home. So very different.

Her ass hurt and she stayed hot and horny all the way back to the house. Yvonne liked what Angelique had done to the slavegirl and ordered that the dildos remain in place for as long as possible. Then she whipped the girl’s bare bottom with a thin strap that raised swollen ridges but did not break the skin. Tanya cried a lot.

* * *

Chapter X

Angelique's Big Brother

Tanya met Severin that evening. She was eating dinner in the small dinner room off the kitchen when he walked in, all six foot two of handsome Frenchman. His features were sharp, his nose prominent and well defined, and his eyes sparkled with childlike delight. A very Gallic mustache adorned his upper lip. The trim body in the casual clothing was also pretty good, was Tanya's immediate impression. He made no mention of the naked slavegirl sitting there, sipping her onion soup with handcuffed wrists. It was apparently a very common sight around that chateau.

He also brought in with him a young lady on a leash. She was short, dark complexioned, and was wearing a very brief thong bathing suit that showed off her figure very nicely. She also had her hands cuffed behind her back, so Tanya assumed that she too was a slave of this strange family.

Severin spoke with the cook, whom Tanya had just met and who was a man, then he sat down next to Tanya. The slavegirl with him knelt beside him so that she was just touching his leg. The look she gave Tanya was positively possessive about this man who she probably had to address as Master.

The cook brought in more food. Severin was served first, naturally, and only after he had finished his soup and the main course was served did he allow his slavegirl a little food from his plate. Her food, Tanya noted, was served on a plate set on the floor before her. She knelt and very expertly ate with no hands, and without spilling a bit of the food. Tanya had to wonder if her being allowed to sit at the table was a mark of special attention. She allowed herself a small smile. If that was the case, then she was one point up on the other slavegirl.

Dinner was excellent, as usual for this family. As they ate, Severin suddenly took notice of the naked woman sitting next to him and gave her body a thorough once-over with his eyes. He smiled sweetly in approval. Tanya noticed that the kneeling girl frowned, not sweetly.

“My name is Severin,” he told her. “You’re new here.”

“Yes, Sir,” she said.

“Too new to know that you should address me as ‘Master’, not sir?”

“No, Master.” She kept her eyes downturned, not wanting to meet his directly. That might be taken as being too bold for a slavegirl.

“That’s better. What is your name?”

“Tanya.”

“Have you been a slave for long?”

“Too long.” Tanya immediately realized that was a mistake and winced. But Severin only laughed.

From her position on the floor, the other girl stared daggers at Tanya, which made her feel good. It was interesting to be talking to this handsome young man, and she was feeling very attracted to him.

“This doggie eating her meal on the floor is Slave Joelle. I’ve gotten her pretty well trained, but there is still some to go. Mommie bought her from a dealer in Egypt.” He paused to reach down and scratch her behind the ear, an act that the auburn haired girl did not like. Tanya had the impression it was mostly because she did not want to seem lower than the other slave in the room. Had Tanya not been there, she probably would have purred at the attention from her Master.

Severin returned his attention to Tanya. “So, has Mommie been training you?”

“Yes, Master. And your sister Angelique, too.” Tanya could not help but put a little something extra into her reply, just because Joelle was listening.

“Yvonne trains, Angelique punishes,” said Severin.

“Yes, Master.”

Again he laughed. “And if I said the Pope was Jewish, would you agree with me?”

“Of course, Master.” Tanya hoped that reply would gain her a few points in this strange contest of slavegirls. She had no idea who this Pope fellow was.

Severin finished his meal. Tanya hurried to finish hers. Joelle had already finished, having been given not nearly as much food to begin with. For a while he just stared at Tanya, a faint smile teasing his lips. Joelle leaned over to press her breasts against his leg. With a sigh, he rose from the table and took Joelle's leash in his hand again. "Time to wash down the slavegirl and put her away," he said to Tanya. "I'll see you later."

Tanya bowed her head as submissively as she knew how.

Joelle glared hatred as she was led from the room, not even bothering to hide it from her Master. He, on the other hand, seemed to be amused by her attitude. They were gone for a while when Maurice came for Tanya. Her hands were again locked behind her and she was led away downstairs to the cell area. At first she assumed she was going to be "put away" for the night, but instead of the cell she had been placed in before, he led her to a room with a shower, a small table with brushes and some make-up, and wallpaper depicting Napoleon at the head of his army. Of course, not having any formal education, Tanya did not know who it was; only that it was some funny looking Frenchman on a white horse.

Maurice unlocked the handcuffs and waved his hand towards the shower. There were a few towels on the wall, and soap and shampoo in the shower. Tanya did not have to be invited twice. Eagerly she started the water and stepped into the shower. It was glorious! The water was as hot as she wanted, a rarity where she came from, and plenty of it. The shampoo smelled like roses, another luxury she had never experienced.

She really hated to leave the hot water, but finally there came a point where she had cleaned all of herself and her hair had been washed twice. She did not even care that while cleaning her private parts there was a man watching.

As she reached for a towel, she was surprised to see that there were more observers than just Maurice. Severin and Joelle were there, he grinning at Tanya, and her kneeling on the floor glaring. Gone was her flimsy bathing suit. She was naked as the day she was born now. As Tanya stepped aside and began toweling herself down, Severin nudged Joelle with his foot. She immediately shuffled forward on her knees, going into the shower just vacated by Tanya. She had a bit of trouble getting over the low lip of the shower but made it. It was then that Tanya noticed the girl had two sets of handcuffs on her arms behind her back. One was on the wrists, the other just above her elbows. That second pair seemed to be cutting into her flesh quite a bit. There was also a pair of them on her ankles, which explained why she had such trouble getting into the shower.

With Joelle kneeling in the center of the shower, Severin reached in and turned on the water. It immediately began pouring down on the shackled girl. A little of it was warm at first, that left over from Tanya's nice, hot shower. But since he had turned on only the cold water, the girl was soon shivering in the stream of very cold water pounding on her bare skin. Tanya could see goosebumps rising on her skin. Her long auburn hair became stringy and clung to her head and shoulders. She looked like a miserable, unhappy puppy.

The showerhead could be detached from the wall, and Severin used that to spray the cold water on all parts of Joelle. He even ordered her to spread her legs as wide as she could so he could direct the blast right up into her pussy. The shower seemed to go on longer than necessary. When it was finally finished, the poor girl was shivering. But she still knelt there, head bowed submissively and back straight, breasts thrust out.

Severin easily picked her up by the waist and put her outside the shower on her feet. Tanya expected to see him towel her down, or at least order Maurice to do it if it was too inappropriate for a Master to serve his slavegirl in that manner. But he did not. Instead, he slapped her on the bare bottom, a very loud, wet smack, and told her to get along to her cell. She began shuffling forward, having to take very tiny steps with her ankles joined by the handcuffs.

Tanya and Maurice watched as the shivering young girl slowly moved out of the shower room and into the room with the cells. Maurice stepped ahead and opened the door to the smallest cell, the one that had only enough room to stand up in. Joelle shuffled her way inside without saying a word. The door closed behind her and was locked with two large padlocks.

As Tanya watched the drops of water slowly crawling down the girl's skin, she had to feel sorry for her. This was not the same as a whipping, but it was most certainly punishment. It would be a long time before she was not shivering, and Tanya doubted that she would be warm at any time during the night. The basement was just not that warm anywhere.

Behind her back, Severin was selecting some rope from a big selection on the wall pegs. Without a word, he pulled Tanya's arms behind her and bound them quickly and expertly, elbows tight together and wrists tightly tied. He looked her up and down, smiled at the way her big breasts were sticking out, then gave a few orders to Maurice.

A pair of very high heeled boots were brought forth and placed on her feet. The boot tops came to just below her knees, much like the ones she was wearing when she was driving to this chateau, but these were white leather, not black leather like the others. They were laced up as tightly as Maurice could.

“I am amazed,” he said when the boots were on, “that neither Yvonne or Angelique has taken care of that patch of hair between your legs.”

Tanya looked down and wondered what he thought was wrong with her pubic patch. It was black and reasonably thick, and exactly what she had been used to every since she became a woman.

“Maurice, you know what to do,” he said. Maurice nodded and went to fetch a chair. He placed it behind Tanya and motioned with his hand for her to sit down. As soon as she did, he put his hands on her hips and slid her bottom forward until it nearly falling off the front edge of the chair. He pushed her back so that she was leaning backward. Then he spread her legs wide and straight out in front of her. With her positioned obscenely, he left.

“Stay like that,” Severin said when he saw that Tanya was looking around.

Maurice came back with a cup, a small towel, and a couple other items. These he put down on the floor between her legs. First he used a small, round bush to lather up the soap in the cup. Then he used the same brush to smear it all over Tanya’s pubic hair.

She was frowning. This was puzzling to her. Why soap up the hair there when she had cleaned it quite thoroughly in the shower?

Then he picked up the razor, and she gulped. Holding her skin stretched with one hand, he used the other to carefully begin shaving off her hair. The razor was very, very sharp and easily cut the hair right at the skin surface.

Tanya looked up to Severin for an explanation, but he was just grinning. Then she looked over to Joelle, who had turned around in her tiny cage and was watching the action. The girl had a smile on her face. Tanya glanced down and realized for the first time that Joelle had no pubic hair. She had missed that fact earlier.

So slavegirls at that chateau did not have hair between their legs. She wondered if he would want her head shaved, too. But Joelle had a perfectly good head of hair, so that probably would not happen.

When he was finished with the razor, Maurice wiped away the excess soap with the towel, checked to see if he had missed anyplace, and then departed with his tools.

Tanya felt strange. It had been a few years since she was last bald down there, and she had gotten used to having hair. Now it felt cold and she could even feel slight movement of air against the skin. Most strange! She was not sure if she should feel ashamed that these men had done that to her very private place. Was there maybe a reason for doing it?

Severin took her bound arm and helped her to her feet. Then he pulled her along and away from the sad looking Joelle in her cage.

His bedroom was totally different from Angelique's. The bed was as large, but the walls were covered in dark wood panels, the carpet was a deep forest green, and all the furniture was large and very solid looking. None of this dainty little French Provencal for Severin! He picked up Tanya and tossed her on the bed where she bounced twice before settling down on the black bedspread. She realized a moment later that the bedspread was actually fur! Short, black, and very soft fur. It felt very sensuous against her skin, and she began to hope this might be a fun night for her.

When she looked up, she saw that he had already taken off his shirt and stood there looking like a conquering male. Which, of course, he was. She felt a stirring in her loins at the sight of that muscular chest. Then he dropped his pants and she almost swooned. The rest of him was as athletic as the top part, and the phallus that was rigidly pointing at her face was of magnificent size!

She had not had sex with a man very often, and none of those times had been her choice. Her virginity had been roughly taken from her by her first Master, and then she was used several of his servants. Not counting the lesbian sex with the mother and daughter team, and the blowjob given Honore, that was about the extent of her sexual experience. But she was a fast learner, and the scene that was playing out was very exciting to her. She was ready to have sex with this handsome male. Oh, was she ready!

He did not, however, immediately jump on her body. From a dresser drawer he took two small metal devices. Without explanation, he reached over and attached one to her left nipple. Tanya cried out loudly. The small piece of metal had jaws and those were clamped very tightly on her flesh. But the worst part was

that the jaws had tiny teeth! They dug into her soft flesh with surprising strength to cause more pain than she had ever felt in that place.

She tried to back away, but he was too quick and in a second the other nipple wore a metal clamp. Tanya was crying, so much did the little things hurt her. "Oh, please!" she called out. "Take them off!"

"My, my, this little slavegirl forgot to call me 'Master', didn't she? We'll have to see about punishing her for that."

"I'm being punished now!" she cried, then quickly added, "Master."

"Well, a little bit," he told her. "It's just to get your body a little more excited." He flicked one of them with a finger. Tanya cried out as the sharp pain suddenly increased. "Of course, it also gets me excited to see my slave suffering for me."

He then took each breast in a big, strong hand and squeezed them. Ignoring the pain caused by those torture devices on the nipples, he kneaded the breasts, squeezed them, and flicked the nipples. All of which hurt Tanya terribly. She was sobbing and pleading, both of which were ignored. When this mistreatment of a lovely young girl had Severin about to burst, he pushed aside her legs and roughly shoved his massive rod into her.

Tanya let out with a big gasp at the rude invasion, but a part of her had not only been expecting it but been begging for it to happen. And the rough handling of her breasts apparently did have some erotic stimulus affect, because her vagina was well lubricated and ready to accept him.

The sex was fast and hard. He pumped her like she had never been pumped before. The whole bed felt as though it were rocking, so vigorous was the pounding. She closed her eyes and lost herself in the intense emotions that were flooding over her. There was a strange mixture of pain and pleasure, but her emotional being welcomed both of them. Lost in the action was the discomfort of lying on tightly bound arms. Also lost were any negative feelings about being used totally without her consent. She was rushing headlong into pure ecstasy. And when it came, it was wonderful!

After a long time, she drifted back to reality to realize that she was hurting. Her arms hurt and her breasts hurt. The metal clamps were still on her nipples, and, worse, Severin was lying on her! His chest was squishing her breasts and

making those clamps hurt her very much. Sharp pains were shooting into her and her breasts felt as if they were on fire.

She tried to wiggle out from under him, but apparently he had fallen asleep. His weight was enough so that, without arms to help, she was unable to push him off. The only way she would be able to get him to move would be to shout in his ear and wake him up. She decided that might not be a good thing to do, considering she was not his lover but his slavegirl. So she sighed and waited until he woke up naturally. Which was a long time later.

* * *

Chapter XI

Tanya is Invited to a Party

“You had better keep your hands off my Master!”

The words were spoken in real anger. It might have been more effective if the young girl uttering them had not been hanging upside down, completely naked and with her hands tied behind her back.

The scene was the cell area of Chateau de Douleur the next morning after Severin welcomed Tanya by screwing her vigorously that evening and again the next morning before taking her to her cell. He also had Joelle taken out of her tiny cage/cell and hung upside down in the middle of the room. Tanya was handcuffed foot and hand and locked in her cell.

After they were alone, the hanging girl twisted her body until she was facing Tanya, then she uttered her warning. “I’ll get you if you try to take him away from me.”

Stealing a boyfriend was not her original plan, but after the wonderfully intense double screwing by Severin, she was receptive to the idea. Of course, Severin was not exactly Joelle’s boyfriend... But apparently the young girl considered him her property just as much as he considered her to be his.

“May I ask what you intend to do about it?” asked Tanya sweetly. “You don’t seem to be in a position to do much of anything to me.”

Joelle spat out a couple words in a language Tanya did not understand, but she was sure were choice curses. She emphasized the words by jerking at her bound wrists. The ropes, of course, did not give way to her efforts, but it was not from lack of trying.

Tanya only smiled sweetly at the hanging girl. Inside, she was aware that Severin’s attentions to her were mostly because she was the new girl... ah, make that new slave. If he had been used to playing with Tanya and Joelle was the new one, she was sure she would be pushed aside so he could play with Joelle. But, while it lasted, she was going to enjoy her favored slave status. Then she

remembered how much those clamps had hurt her nipples and wondered if it might not be better to be ignored. Her nipples were still very sore.

As the morning wore on and the two girls were not disturbed in their solitude, Tanya began to wonder just how long Severin was going to let her hang like that. Tanya had been hung upside down a few times, but never for very long. She wondered if there might be some injury possible if you hung too long. Or maybe not. Joelle was young and looked very fit. Tanya leaned against the wall of her cell and stretched out her legs. For a while she played with the silvery handcuffs on her ankles, pulling her ankles apart as far as they would go, then pulling on one and pushing on the other to see if she could slip her foot out. They were far too tightly locked on for that, of course, but it helped pass the time.

Toward lunchtime, Severin came in. Immediately Joelle begged him, “Oh, please let me down, Master. This hurts and I want to please you so badly that I could cry! I’ll use my mouth on you and bend over for you to use my ass!” Her promises sounded very sincere. But then, Tanya reminded herself, what else did a slavegirl have to offer? Even then, she was only offering her willing service, not her body. That he already had and could use as he wished.

Severin, who had been staring into Tanya cage, turned suddenly to Joelle. In two steps he was across the room to the wall where restraints and other things were stored. Picking a black leather whip, he came back to the hanging girl and cut the wicked whip across her bare bottom. He must have put a lot of strength of his arm into that cut, because Joelle screamed loudly and her body arched away from the whip. A vivid red line immediately began forming on her ass.

“I. Did. Not. Give. You. Permission. To. Speak.” Each word was accented with a vicious slash across her ass. Red marks appeared and crisscrossed the soft flesh there. Tanya could see the skin beginning to swell up and knew how horribly painful those strokes must be. She also noted that Joelle did not try to cover her bottom with her hands. Better to let the padded flesh there take the blows than risk breaking a finger. It was a lesson Tanya knew from her experiences with the whip.

When he added the tenth stroke, he ceased. For a while he just stood there, looking at the sobbing girl. Maybe he was wondering if he should mark up her bottom more. Or maybe it was simply that his anger was subsiding. He calmly walked over to the wall and hung up the whip.

For a little while the only sound in the room was the sobbing of Joelle. Now her fingers sought and held her beaten ass, small comfort that it might have been. Severin turned to Tanya. As he was unlocking the door to her cell, he told her, “Remember this as a lesson. Do not speak unless told to. And don’t ever think you can manipulate me by offering what is mine already.”

“Yes, Master,” she said meekly. After witnessing the short but vicious attack on Joelle, she meant it.

He dragged her out of the cell and made her stand next to Joelle while he got some ropes ready. Tanya was close enough so that she could have reached out and touched the vivid red scores on the tortured ass before her. She could see the spots where tears had wet the cement floor beneath Joelle. That could be you, she reminded herself. Be careful!

Severin took off the handcuffs and bound her arms behind her. The idea of resisting him never crossed her mind, a fact which should have told her just how far down the road to being a trained slavegirl she was. He bound her arms with her hands pulled high up on her back, the wrists crossed and tied at the level of her shoulder blades. He added a few loops of rope over her shoulders and around her arms and chest to weld them solidly in place. Then he made her sit down while he took off the calf-high white boots she had worn all night, and replace them with shiny black ankle-strap high heels.

He looked her up and down, and then decided that something more was needed. He left the room but returned a moment later with a black garment in his hand. As it slipped it over Tanya’s head, she realized that it was some sort of lingerie, very sheer material that was almost see-through. It came down only to just below her hips, barely covering her freshly shaved pubic area.

He grabbed another length of rope and shoved it into his pocket. Then he took what looked like a leather sack from a drawer, along with a rubber ball gag. Holding that in one hand, he used the other to guide Tanya from the room. Joelle had ceased sobbing but was still making small whining sounds. Tanya wondered if it was because of the pain in her ass or the fact that her Master was heading off with another slavegirl in tow.

Their destination was on the ground level, a room with several comfortable looking sofas, chairs and a big fireplace. There were tapestries on the walls over polished oak panels. The carpet was very plush and gave her trouble trying to walk in those heels. He led her over by the fireplace, which at that point was

stacked with wood but not burning. He ordered her to kneel. When she did, he bound her ankles together with the extra piece of rope. Then he pulled out the ball gag and bid her open her mouth. She did and was surprised to find that the ball was actually smaller than others she had been forced to wear. It fitted easily into her mouth and even allowed her teeth to almost come together when she closed her jaw. He buckled the strap tightly behind her head. Tanya tested the ball by trying to push it out, with no success. Then came that leather sack. It was a discipline hood or helmet, though she did not know the name for it. The soft leather fitted over her head like a bathing cap, but came all the way down to her neck. There was only one small hole positioned so that her nose stuck out. Down the back were laces, from almost the top down to her neck. He laced those up tightly. Tanya could feel the leather stretching around her head until it was almost a second skin. She could see nothing, speak not at all, and even had a little trouble hearing where the leather covered her ears. He went back over the laces, removing all possibility of slack.

Tanya felt strange. She was used to being tied but this was something else again. The hood made her feel much more helpless than just the ropes – which, of course, was the main purpose of it. She could feel her long ebony hair coming out the bottom to lie on her shoulders all the way down to her bound wrists.

“I’m going to go away for a while,” he told her, loudly enough for her to hear. “You stay right here. If I come back and find you’ve moved from this spot, I’ll rip your left breast off. Understand?”

Tanya was not sure that he would really rip a breast off, but she nodded her acknowledgement of the threat. After that there was silence. She had not even heard him leave.

The first thought through her mind was how long? Would she have to kneel there all day? Maybe this was some kind of test; something set up so that she would fail the test and then be punished. But that did not make sense when she considered that he could punish her for no reason at all. Setting her up to fail would only be a mental game to make her feel that it was her fault she was being punished. Maybe. These people were very devious in their thinking.

Time went on and Tanya fidgeted some but remained exactly in place. She tried to stretch to ease the discomfort, and bend at the waist a little. But her knees were glued to that spot on the carpet. For all she knew, someone was watching her, just waiting for a mistake.

It would have been nice to roll over onto her side and go to sleep. The carpet was very soft and the room not nearly as cold as the basement. The way her arms were tied was uncomfortable but could be worse. Her ankles were feeling fine. The ball gag was small enough so that her jaw was not aching from being forced too widely open. And being blind was only an annoyance – for the time being. The thought did occur to her that perhaps she was simply going to be left alone for a very long period of time.

It must have been many hours before she heard a noise. A few times she almost lost her balance and fell, but caught herself in time. Without sight and without hands to help, keeping her balance was a major task. Actually the only task she had. She was certain she had missed lunch and was pretty sure that dinner was not far off. Was starving a part of this test?

With the leather covering her ears, it was hard to determine what the noise was that she heard. She tilted her head to the side and listened. Yes, that was a voice. But it was speaking French, which she did not know. Then there was another voice. It was expressing delighted surprise in words she did not know. But the tone was easy enough to make out. Then a third voice was added. Three different men were in the room with her. Then there was Severin's voice sounding like he was making an explanation.

She wondered if she should feel embarrassed by being on display before strangers. But what choice had she? Since this was all forced upon her, she could not be blamed for exposing herself to these strange men. That made her feel a little better.

She could sense that they were standing around her. With typical feminine pride, she straightened her back and thrust her breasts out proudly. Might as well put on a good display for her Master. It was not a thought that she liked, but it was the best way to avoid more punishments.

She heard different voices, most likely discussing her, and it gave her a sense of pride that the comments seem to be favorable. There were lots of sounds around her; men sitting down, someone doing something over by the fireplace, and conversation. It was difficult to follow it all. She felt the heat from the freshly lit fire before she heard the crackling of the flames. It felt good against her bare skin.

Things settled down for a while. The conversation continued but she was not sure that she was the subject any longer. They may have been talking politics

or wondering what was to be for dinner for all she knew. She continued to kneel with straight back.

After maybe an hour had passed, she heard Severin speak louder. The others fell silent. He made an announcement. There was some mumbling in agreement and a couple one-word comments from the others. Then there was a pair of hands on her shoulders. They took the lingerie and pulled it over her head. She did not think that the garment had really hidden her body. Actually, it probably made her look more sexy than had she been without it. Then another pair of hands were removing the ropes from her ankles. She was pulled up to her feet when they were free. Hands made her turn left then right, then in a slow circle. She was being shown off, and she wondered if those hands were Severin's or some stranger's.

A hand tapped the inside of her thigh and she obediently spread her legs as widely as she could. There were more comments as her shaved pussy came fully into full view. Then a hand grabbed her down there and squeezed. She squealed at the little bit of pain that caused. Another hand pinched her right nipple and she squealed again. She tried to turn away but without sight she could not tell from which direction the next attack would come.

A while was spent pinching her nipples and ass, while some others groped at her pussy. One pair of hands was stroking her leg. It was unpleasant, but she had certainly been in more uncomfortable situations than this group grope.

Severin's voice came in louder. All she could tell was that he was asking a question. For a moment there was silence and the hands left her body. Finally a voice from her left said something. She wondered what Severin had asked. Maybe he was asking if they had enough of feeling her body. Or...

She thought she heard the sound of a man's zipper being lowered rapidly. She hoped that was not what she had heard, but could easily imagine what would come next.

It did. A pair of man's strong hands gripped her shoulders and pushed her down to the floor. They arranged her on her back then spread her legs. As the male crawled between her legs, she began crying. It was one thing to be screwed by the man she considered her Master, quite another by strangers. This man was rough, his breath smelled of whiskey, and he did not bother to worry if she was turned on enough for sex. He positioned his prong and shoved heartily. She gasped because it hurt. She was somewhat sexually excited by the pawing of her body, but not enough. When this guy shoved it into her, it hurt. He pumped away,

uttering little animal-like grunts. Tanya was vaguely aware of encouragement being shouted to this man by the others. Even with his bad breath and rough manner, Tanya was starting to become excited. At which time he grunted loudly and shoved in hard to hold that position while he came inside her.

He was quickly done and gone, leaving her breathing heavily and getting very warm between the legs but that was all. Which did not matter much, because another man took the first one's place and she was again impaled. At least this time she was more lubricated and ready. As he pumped away, Tanya realized that this was a better screwing than the first man. But neither could match what Severin had done to her. He was a real man, big sized and skillful in using that size to please.

Tanya was not surprised when the second man finished and was replaced. She simply went along with the scene, trying not to feel abused by this group fucking. All she concentrated upon was enjoying the good feelings as much as she could. But it was difficult. This was not the way she had envisioned sex would be when she was younger. There would be a handsome farm boy who would take her to the marriage bed and do wonderful things to her. This was about as far from that vision as you could get.

In the dark, Tanya wondered if Severin would also screw her. She was sure that she could tell if it was him. He would be different from these faceless, nameless men. But when the fourth had finished, she was sure that Severin had not taken his turn. It hurt her inside to think that he had only watched while other men used her.

For a long time she lay there, trying not to feel too bad about this turn of events. Maybe Severin would use her later. It was a comforting thought. Especially if he forgot those damned metal clamps for her nipples. There came voices around her, but she did not care. She was coming down from the sexual excitement and experiencing the depression that happens to a woman when she is turned on but denied satisfaction.

Tanya may have drifted off to sleep. When she became aware of male hands on her body again, she had the sense that some time had passed. What she did not know was that two hours had passed and these friends of Severin had eaten a splendid dinner while she lay naked on the floor of the den. Now they were back and feeling renewed by the passage of time and a good meal. Some fine cognac helped. The youngest and quickest to recover was spreading her legs and squeezing her breasts. This time he was slower and more gentle, attributes which

Tanya appreciated. But the coupling was still for his benefit totally and left her unsatisfied but horny. The second man built her up higher but still did not get her to the crest of the hill when he shot his load into her. Only when the third man was nearing his climax did Tanya reach what she very much needed. Almost like experienced lovers, they came at the same time. She shuddered all over and moaned loudly.

There were comments made about the third man's prowess. There was no fourth man. Maybe, thought Tanya, he was a little older and not able to screw twice in the same evening. Which did not bother her at all.

As she lay there in the warm afterglow, she heard Severin say in her language, "That's okay, Bernard. You know what they say: 'Once a king, always a king; but once a knight is enough!'" There was much laughing.

More wood was added to the fire, and Tanya curled up near enough to feel the heat. Her arms hurt quite a bit, and she wondered if the cum dripping from her vagina was staining the carpet. But she did not care. She had served as a good slavegirl and provided entertainment for her Master's friends. She was ready to be taken back to her cell and allowed to rest. Maybe after a bit of dinner, of course.

It was not to be. After much talk and laughing, none of which seemed to be directed at her, there came a silent period. Tanya wondered if they were leaving when one voice spoke up. This time she sensed that she was the target of his comment. There followed Severin's voice, sounding too much to Tanya's liking as if he was giving permission for something to that man. Am I to get screwed again? she wondered.

The answer was no. She was not screwed, not right then. Instead she was pulled up to her knees and made to bend down until her head rested on the carpet with her ass sticking up in the air. For a little while nothing happened, and she wondered again if she was going to be screwed but this time in the ass. She had become aware of that as an alternative target after Angelique's shoving a plug up there.

A sudden burst of fire in her ass told her that the sex was over for now and the torture was beginning. Someone had struck her bare bottom with a whip! She whined and fell over to her side. Her left ass cheek burned and she could imagine a streak of skin swelling up and turn red just as she had seen happen on Joelle's ass not long before. Hands lifted her to her knees again and positioned her for another blow. It came, and she cried out through the ball gag. But she managed not to fall

over. For some reason, she imagined that it would please Severin if she could take this punishment without falling over or trying to squirm away.

So she concentrated on holding her position, no matter how hard or painful the blow. And some were very painful. Apparently different hands were holding the whip because the timing, the direction of the blow, and strength varied. A small scream greeted each stroke on the bare skin. She was crying between the slashes. And wondering if the tears would ruin the inside of the leather hood.

A dozen cuts landed on her ass, then a dozen more. The whole surface of her ass was burning and stinging. Some of the blows seemed so hard to her that she was certain she would find blood trickling down her thighs. Without warning, the blows stopped. Strong hands suddenly grabbed her hips and a very rigid male rod was shoved inside her vagina. The whipping had revitalized the man, because he tore into her with gusto and eagerness. When he was finished, all too soon for Tanya, another man took his place. But this man did not aim for the same target. His sights were set higher. His finger was shoved into her vagina and then smeared the cum over her asshole. A moment later his rod was pressing against that smaller opening. It slipped right in and buried itself deeply inside her. Tanya screamed because it really hurt.

From this assault she tried to flee by falling forward. But the strong hands gripped her hips and pulled her back up. They held her ass in place while he pounded away at it. She could feel his balls hitting her vagina with each thrust, something she had never experienced before. When he shot her ass filled with cum, she was sobbing. He held her tightly to him while he spasmed a few times, and then shoved her away.

Tanya curled up into a ball and cried out her pain. Not that the pain was actually all that severe. She had certainly felt worse. But it did hurt, and the use of her body that way was enough to make her feel very degraded. Some of the old hatred for all those who had held her captive returned.

Later she was to realize that she had been changing. She had been thinking only of Severin and his massive penis. She was coming to want him, even if it meant as a slavegirl. She was, in fact, starting to become just what Yvonne had said she would: a well-trained slavegirl. She cried all the more harder because of that.

* * *

Chapter XII

Back in the Arms of her Owner

Tanya's ass hurt. Her vagina was not feeling too good, either, from the multiple impalements. And her anus was sore. Everything at the level of her hips was hurting. But worse than that was the emotional pain the evening had caused her.

She had been thinking of Severin as a rough but basically good Master with whom she could have something of a relationship. Then he had gone and given her to some friends to use and abuse. She had to wonder what she had been thinking. This was not a man who would care about her. This was a man who would use her and then toss her aside, as he had done with Joelle. She wondered if Joelle was still hanging upside down. She was soon to find out.

Maurice was called to return her to the cell area. Tanya did not know that the hands helping her up and guiding her along way down to the basement was Maurice until he took off the leather discipline hood. She gasped as the cold air hit her sweaty head. The leather had been tight and it had gotten very hot inside there. He removed the gag also, and then began to work on the ropes binding her arms.

As he did, Tanya looked over and gasped again. Joelle was still hanging there! It must have been five or six hours, and still she was hanging by her ankles, hands tied behind her, and her bottom showing the results of Severin's whipping. The girl looked to be unconscious. Tanya looked carefully and could see the signs that she was still breathing, but what a horrible way to spend the afternoon and evening!

"When will she be let down?" Tanya asked Maurice.

He looked up at her, then over at Joelle. His shoulder shrug said he did not know and probably did not care. The final rope came off. Tanya needed help pulling her arms down; they had been locked up in that position for so long. She cried as the joints hurt and then the returning circulation began making her nerves scream in pain.

As Tanya was sobbing and looking at her lifeless arms, Joelle's eyes opened. "Please..." she begged. "This is killing me."

"Is that true?" Tanya managed to force out. "Will she die if left like that?"

Maurice looked at her and tilted his head to one side. Tanya cursed that he understood only French.

Joelle's eyes had closed again. Despite the hostility between them, Tanya was worried about the girl. Was Severin so callous as to simply hang her up and let her die? It would seem that way. What then did that mean for Tanya's eventual fate?

She was regaining the use of her hands and arms by then, and she pointed to Joelle. "Maurice," she said to get his attention. She pointed to Joelle, and then she made motions with her hands as if she were lowering Joelle to the floor. Then she pointed to Maurice. It was clear that she was asking him to let the girl down. He shook his head and muttered something she did not understand.

Having tried the only thing she could think to do, Tanya sighed and was ready to be handcuffed and put away in her cell. But Maurice did not do that. Instead he checked her hands and then guided her to the room with the shower. He motioned for her to take a shower and made sure that she understood she was to clean out her vagina well. She gladly did as she was told. The hot water burned her bottom where the whipping had occurred not long before, but as she felt it she decided that there was no damage done. A dozen or so swollen ridges of flesh that would go down and heal in a few days, maybe less. No broken skin, no bleeding. Just another whipping on the ass of a slavegirl – nothing special.

After she toweled down, he was ready with a length of rope in his hand. Her arms were pulled behind her again and bound, this time with the wrists crossed, and with firm but not overly tight rope. Tanya wondered if this was just a variation for one night or if something else was coming up.

Completely naked, she was led from the basement. A backward glance showed her that Joelle was still hanging there.

The destination was Yvonne's bedroom. When she was brought in, Yvonne was pacing the floor before a fireplace with flames dancing merrily. She looked up at Tanya and immediately smiled. "You're all right," she said.

“Yes, Mistress,” she replied. “My bottom was whipped and the men used me. One in my rear. But that was all.”

“I’m very glad. One never can be sure what will happen when Severin’s friends come over.” She went over and embraced the naked and bound slavegirl warmly. It made Tanya feel good.

“Thank you, Maurice, that will be all.” The chauffeur nodded and backed out, closing the door behind him.

“Come over here and sit down next to me.” Yvonne patted the satin bed cover and sat down herself. “I worry so when Severin takes one of the slavegirls. Sometimes he just has sex with her, but other times he gets very rough. Too much abuse ruins all the careful training I do for our slaves.” She paused, and then added, “Tell me, how many men were there?”

“I think four.”

“You think? Could you not see them?”

“No, Mistress. He put a leather bag over my head and I could see nothing.”

“A discipline hood! He says that the slavegirl not being able to see them makes his friends enjoy the sessions more. Paashaa! He may be my stepson but sometimes he is an animal.”

“If you say so, Mistress.”

“Tell me, did you like the discipline hood?” Yvonne asked.

“No, Mistress. It was horrible. And very hot inside it. It was so tight around my head!”

“That’s why it is called a discipline hood. The wearer is supposed to be uncomfortable – very uncomfortable. A few hours in that thing and you’ll hate it. Spend half a day in it and you’ll be screaming your head off. Very effective little training device, really.”

“If you say so, Mistress.”

Yvonne stood up. “Did Maurice tell you to clean yourself out very good? I don’t want any of that stupid male seed in you. Good! I can always depend upon Maurice.”

“Mistress, I have a question.”

“Go ahead. But before you ask, the answer is no, I will not let you sleep in a discipline hood all night. I had one slavegirl who really liked it. She used to ask me to make her wear it all night when she slept with me.” She paused for a moment. “Of course, maybe she was just saying that because she knew I liked having her wear it. One can never tell with slavegirls.”

Tanya had heard enough from Yvonne about how a well-trained slavegirl acts to know that if she knew her Mistress liked seeing her in a discipline hood, then she would want to wear it as often as possible to please her Mistress. It made sense to her.

“No, Mistress, that was not what I was going to ask you. Are you aware that Joelle is hanging by her ankles downstairs? And has been since this morning?”

“Yes, I know that.”

“Will that not harm her?”

“Maybe. But she is young and strong. Mostly likely she will suffer a very bad headache but nothing more.”

“Wouldn’t it be a good idea to have Maurice take her down?”

“Oh, no! You don’t understand. Severin ordered her hung up; only he can order her taken down. You simply cannot have multiple masters and mistress running around, all giving orders. It won’t work. Severin took her with him so he would have someone to whip and screw while on his business trip. Until he is totally finished with her, I would not interfere.”

“And if his actions were to do damage to her?”

“Then that is the way it will be. We can easily get another slavegirl.”

Tanya felt herself go cold inside again. These people really think slaves are not people! They are pets or property.

Yvonne was taking off her emerald silk dressing gown. Under that she wore nothing. Tanya was surprised to see that she also had a shaved pubic area, a “bald cunt” as she had heard Severin refer to it.

Tanya stood up. "Mistress," she began, "I will do everything I can to make your happy." Then she turned her back and reached for Yvonne pussy with her bound hands. Yvonne allowed her to touch it, stroke it a bit, but when she began to push a finger inside, she pushed the slavegirl away.

"Not that kind of game tonight," she scolded. "Kneel before me. Now use your tongue to excite me."

The Mistress spread her legs to make it easier for Tanya to do as ordered. "As you wish, Mistress," she said as she lowered herself to her knees. She pushed her way passed the labia with her nose and began lapping at the soft flesh within. Yvonne sighed. After a few minutes, she sat on the edge of the bed, spread her legs wide and leaned back. Tanya obediently shuffled over between the legs and continued licking and sucking as gently but firmly as she knew how. She was rewarded with sighs then moans from her owner.

Before too long, Yvonne's legs lifted, clamped around Tanya's head and held her close while she shudder through a fine orgasm.

"Damned but you're good!" she exclaimed afterwards. "It would be a shame to waste that talent on a man's prick!"

"Yes, Mistress," Tanya agreed, but only because it was what she thought her Mistress wanted to hear.

Yvonne rose from the bed. "Get on the bed," she ordered. "Lie in the center on your back. That's good. Now spread your legs wide."

As Yvonne climb onto the bed, Tanya was getting excited. If her Mistress returned the favor, it would be wonderful!

But she did not. From someplace she suddenly had a length of rope in her hand. She tied one end to Tanya's wrist bondage, then ran it down to the end of the bed. Somewhere down below she tied that off after pulling it taut. Then she brought out more rope and tied an end to each of Tanya's ankles. Those were then run up to the top of the big, four-poster bed. First one, then the other were wrapped around the post and pulled. Tanya's legs were lifted and pulled back. Yvonne continued until Tanya's legs were almost touching the bed on each side of her in a very wide Vee. When the ropes were knotted off, her feet were up at the level of her head. With that simple bondage, Yvonne had the slavegirl pinned down to the bed, hips lifted up, and both her vagina and anus wide open for whatever she might wish to do to them.

Tanya felt the strain of this position, but she had been in much worse. And she was aware how wonderfully available her sex was!

Yvonne was doing something out of her sight. When she crawled onto the bed she was wearing a large dildo strapped to her hips. There was also a small bottle in her hand. Tanya looked at that rigid, large dildo and licked her lips. It was easily as large as Severin's real one, maybe a little larger. She was eager to feel it filling up her vagina.

That would have made for a pleasant evening, but it was not to be. Yvonne was grinning as she anointed the head of the dildo with cream from the bottle. Then she positioned herself before Tanya's upturned hips. The blunt head of the dildo sought and found the entrance to Tanya's anus. There it pressed. Tanya cried out in both surprise and dismay. It pressed harder. The tied down girl fought back by tightening her sphincter muscle as hard as she could to resist the invader. It did no good. With Yvonne's weight behind it, the dildo forced its way into Tanya, evoking a gasp and cry of pain.

Very slowly Yvonne pushed it into the helpless girl, grinning widely and knowing that Tanya was hating this. The moans and little hurt-animal sounds told her, along with the pained expression on her face. In it went, a fraction of an inch at a time but relentless in its purpose. Tanya was trying to shake her hips and wiggle out from under her Mistress, but she was tied down far too tightly for that.

From long experience, Yvonne knew that if the girl under her only relaxed, it would be much less painful. But she did not tell that to Tanya. If she found out by herself, fine, if not she would just suffer all that much more.

When, after a long time, the dildo was in as far as it would go and Yvonne's body was pressed hard against Tanya's, she held it there and ground her hips against Tanya, which made the dildo do painful things inside her.

When she tired of the grinding, she began pumping just like a horny male. Tanya cried out loudly. But after a while of this pumping in and out, she began to feel a heat growing in her sex. It was most confusing how this abuse of her anus could be sexually exciting her, but it was. It still hurt, but there was something else happening she did not understand. Fortunately for her, the raising excitement made her relax those muscles and that made the pain a bit less. Soon she was moaning with pleasure not pain. Yvonne grinned and pumped even harder. She reached over with one hand and squeezed a bare breast as hard as she could. The fingernails dug into the soft flesh. This extra pain should have made Tanya

scream, but instead it pushed her right into an explosive orgasm. Yvonne kept pounding away even as the skyrocketers were going off in the slavegirl's head.

Yvonne stopped eventually because she was tired. The mixed cries of pain and pleasure had excited her no end, and she would have continued far longer if her muscles had not given out on her. Instead she lay with her full weight on Tanya's folded-in-half body and her arms around her slave. She kissed Tanya, and the kiss was returned with passion.

For a long time the scene did not alter. Both women were content to just lie there, basking in the warm afterglow of sex well done. Eventually Yvonne pulled out of Tanya's ass and rolled over onto her back. Tanya moaned with displeasure as the rod left her body.

Yvonne finally untied Tanya's legs from the posts and disconnected her wrists from the bottom of the bed. But she left the wrists crossed and bound. She tossed aside the strap-on, and both of them fell asleep, Yvonne's arms around Tanya and their bodies pressed together.

* * *

Chapter XIII

A Long, Frightening Night

The next morning she had breakfast with Yvonne, but since she had to attend to some business in town, the slavegirl was taken back to her cell and locked in. Tanya was very happy to see that Joelle was no longer hanging by her ankles. The girl was nowhere in sight, and Maurice did not answer her question about where she had gone to. It was likely that he simply did not understand the questions, but it made Tanya uneasy, nevertheless.

For most of the morning, she was locked in her cell with handcuffed wrists and ankles, the normal attire for a slavegirl in that place. She wondered if she would be taken again by Severin, and then had to wonder if she wanted that or not. He was big, knew how to use that tool like a weapon, and she felt a strong need for him to be inside her. But she also remembered the bad things he had done to her, such as letting his friends whip and fuck her, and that made her less anxious to see him again.

After a simple lunch brought to her in her cell, she was visited by Honore. Unexpectedly he walking into the cell area and looked around. Seeing only Tanya there, he went to the pegs where the keys were kept and took the key to the padlock on her cell off its hook. After opening her door, he took her arm and urged her out of the cell. Shuffling on handcuffed ankles, she was taken to another room not far down the corridor.

It was a dungeon. There was no other word that could describe it. The stone walls must have dated back to before the current building was built. The floor was made of wooden planks, rough hewn and very old looking. And there were torture devices in there. Well, three at least. There was a pillory, a rack and a post, all devices useful in holding a victim still for punishments. He led her to the pillory. The top yoke was lifted and swung down. Then he pushed her down until her neck was fitted into the half circle on the bottom of the yoke. He closed it over her and locked it in place with a padlock much more modern looking than the rest of the room.

Tanya noted that there were holes for wrists but he had left her hands handcuffed behind her back. The pillory was at a height such that she was bent at

the waist with her torso parallel to the floor. She could not see behind her but heard the sounds of him moving around, and then the unmistakable sound of a zipper. His cold hands began kneading her ass. A few times he slapped the bare skin then continued kneading. Had her ass not been whipped just the day before, she would have found his slaps nothing more than an annoyance. But on the sensitive and sore skin, they hurt.

She sensed that he was trying to work her up to a high enough level of excitement so that he could screw her. And probably trying to get his rod stiff enough to do the job. Wanting to help him, she cried out when he slapped her and begged him not to hurt her. A sadist wants to know that his actions are hurting the victim, she knew, so she put on a show of reacting to the slaps. Also of moaning and wiggling her ass as his hands massaged the sore flesh. To help, she imagined that it was Severin's hands on her and his prick that was waiting in the wings to violate her roughly, long and hard. It worked, and she sighed when she felt his prick pushing against the entrance to her sex.

He was not big; he was not skillful in using what he did have, and he had trouble keeping it stiff enough to stay inside her. But he did have one factor on his side: this woman wanted him to have a climax. She wiggled and moaned and made like it was the finest screwing of her life. Eventually it worked. She felt him squirting inside her. Almost immediately he shrank and was gone.

She heard his zipper going up. Then there came a final swat on her ass, more of a love pat, actually. Then she was alone.

That part was unexpected, but maybe the screwing had taken all his energy, and the slavegirl was just a little too much for him. She sighed and tried to reach her handcuffed hand down in front of her. The fingers just missed reaching her pussy. It would have been nice had she been able to touch herself. Then she could have finished the job he had begun, thinking of Severin inside her as she did. But she could not reach that spot.

After a while she realized that both her hands were spread and clutching her ass. She squeezed just enough to make it hurt a little. It felt good. She squeezed a little more. Again it was that strange combination of pain and pleasure she was feeling. Squeezing increased her horniness but also the frustration level. She doubted that she could work herself up to an orgasm by hurting her bottom. Might as well stop it and let her body cool off.

It was then that she remembered the night before when Yvonne had spread her legs and reamed her ass with that damned but loved dildo. Almost as if it had a will of its own, one of her fingers moved down as far as she could reach towards her anus. By twisting, she managed to reach that spot. Had her hands been tied with rope rather than locked in handcuffs, she would not have reached that far. She managed to force the end of her middle finger into her asshole. It felt good even though it hurt some. Then she wiggled it and was surprised at how good that felt. She began working her finger around, while squeezing her ass with the other fingers of that hand and the other hand higher up. Almost before she realized what was happening, she was working her finger in and out much as Yvonne had done with the dildo. As the excitement and heat between her legs grew, so did the speed of her finger. It was frantically jerking when she felt the tingle of the coming orgasm. Then it was upon her and she cried out with pure pleasure. Her hands clutched tightly the sore flesh of her ass, and that one finger pushed in as far as it could.

The rest of the afternoon was not as pleasant. The bent over position made the muscles in her back and thighs ache; a growing pain that no amount of moving could ease. She lowered her hips and moved her feet from side to side, but with her neck locked in place, there was little she could do to lessen the ache. And it grew worse as the afternoon wore on.

She heard a noise and looked up to find Maurice standing there, looking puzzled and surprised to find her in the pillory and not her cell. But he shrugged and figured that someone must have moved her. She certainly had not moved by herself.

She was very grateful when the yoke came off and she could stand straight again. She thanked Maurice, confident that he knew her meaning if not the actual words. Then she was led back to her cell and fed dinner. Not long afterwards Angelique came for her.

“You’ve been very popular, slave,” she told Tanya through the bars of her cell. “My brother, Severin, has been playing with you. So has my stepmother. Even daddy got his two cents worth in – into you, that is.”

“And now it will be your turn again?” she asked, then quickly added, “Mistress.”

“Well, yes, actually. I was going to torture Joelle a little bit. I missed her while Severin was away with her. But I can’t find her.”

“Severin hasn’t done anything bad to her, has he?” Tanya quickly asked.

“Probably not,” Angelique said as she fetched the key to the cell. “He is rough on her, but then he is rough on any slavegirl. It’s his nature. I could even tell you some stories about things he used to do to me back before Daddy decided he was old enough to play with the slavegirls. But I don’t think that he would really hurt her.”

Tanya told her about Joelle hanging by her ankles for most of a day.

“Oh, that isn’t so bad. I know. Maybe someday I’ll hang you up and let you see. I have seen slavegirls hang like that for a whole day and then some. I don’t think that Severin would deliberately damage her because he likes her. He says that she has a very tight cunt and he likes doing his best to rip it open with his huge prong.”

Tanya did not ask how Angelique knew that Severin was so well endowed in that department.

“She’s around someplace. Severin’s also missing, so I suspect that he’s off doing something terrible to her and enjoying it. Just as I’m going to do to you.”

She took Tanya from the cell, filled a bag with ropes and a gag, and then led her through the house and out one of the back doors. Had she not been so busy planning what she would do to Tanya, she might have noticed a pair of eyes watching her from the shadows.

It was early evening and the sky was still light as they made their way along one of the paths leading into the forest. Angelique had taken the handcuffs off Tanya’s ankles because she was in too much of a hurry to wait while she shuffled along. It seemed to Tanya that they went very deep into the forest. Even with the path, she was uncertain that she could make her way back. There were some paths leading off that one and others crossing it.

There was a clearing. It was not very big and only allowed a small patch of the evening sky to be seen above. In the center was a wooden post set into the ground. Angelique led her right up to it and halted there. She put the bag down and used her key to unlock Tanya’s wrists. For a brief moment all restraints were off her and Tanya considered hitting Angelique and running. Before she could convince herself to do it, the chance was gone. Angelique had knelt down and locked the cuffs on her ankles, making running impossible. Then she was able to take her time without worrying about the slavegirl doing something stupid.

Angelique was wearing a dress, a simple cotton summer dress of lavender with white trim. The bottom of the dress was at mid-thigh so there was not much to pull up to expose her bald cunt. She pushed Tanya down to her knees and then sat herself down on the grass. She spread her legs and pulled up the dress around her waist. Then she ordered Tanya to get between her legs and “kiss, lick and suck it,” as Angelique put it.

Tanya did as ordered. Usually when doing this, her hands were secured behind her, so this time was a bit unusual. She used her fingers to spread the labia and hold it aside while she bent her mouth down to obey. She was doing her best to please her Mistress, but was also wondering why. If she could knock this woman out, she could unlock her ankles and run. Hell, if she could do that, she could even take Angelique’s clothes and leave her tied to that post, which was most probably what Angelique had planned for her. But she looked around and saw no rock or stick she could use. It would have to be her fist that did the job, and she was none too sure that she could do it. If she failed to hit hard enough to knock her out, she would be punished. Attempting to escape had to be met with a terrible punishment, something to make the slaves so afraid that they would never consider even trying it. That was Tanya felt would be the results of a failed attempt.

She was, of course, totally correct. Attempted escapes were something that Masters and Mistresses could not tolerate. Her one attempt at fleeing from her old Master had taught her that.

So she kissed, licked and sucked until Angelique was withering around and moaning loudly. She came with a few loud gasps and a good shiver all over her body.

Tanya backed off and looked around. In the fading light she could see nothing that could be used as a weapon. The bag, she knew, contained only ropes and a gag, hardly enough to use as a club. It would have to be her hands that did the job, and in a tussle she was afraid that her shackled ankles would prove the deciding factor and her defeat. So she sat there meekly and awaited her fate.

Angelique recovered fast from her sexual swoon. Some women are over it almost as fast as a man. For others, such as Tanya, it lasted a long time. And multiple climaxes were quite possible, given the right stimulation.

Angelique pulled a couple candles from the bag and in rapidly fading light, lit them. She put them in the ground on each side of the post. With a curt order,

she told Tanya to get to her feet. She pushed the girl up against the post. The first ropes were used to bind her waist to the post. Angelique pulled the rope so tightly that it crushed Tanya's back against the wood and cut into her stomach hard enough to make breathing hard.

More ropes were tied around her chest, above and below her breasts, welding her back solidly against the wooden post. Tanya sighed inwardly. This was going to be another of those damned tight bondage positions in which she would suffer pain just from the tight ropes. And it would probably go on for the whole night. That was logical, because this was the beginning of darkness and Angelique was the kind to enjoy leaving her alone in the forest all night.

Angelique made her bow her head while she inserted the rubber ball gag and buckled it tightly in place. Her arms were pulled behind the post and bound. When it came to binding the elbows together, Angelique had to use most of her strength to get them to touch. The post was not huge but between her arms and body, it made it extremely difficult to get Tanya's elbows together. When the ropes were knotted, Tanya could feel her hands getting colder already. Long before morning they would be numb and her arms and shoulders would be aching something terrible.

Angelique, who was enjoying this whole process immensely, tied some rope around Tanya's neck and the post to hold her head upright and immobile. Only when Tanya's body was tightly bound against the post, did she unlock the handcuffs from her ankles. As expected, she tied the ankles together and the lashed them to the post. That process was repeated on her legs just above her knees.

By the candlelight, Angelique enjoyed the sight of this helpless slavegirl. In her mind, she was imagining what the girl would feel when she was left alone. Angelique knew that the forest had many creatures, none of which were really harmful to humans, but most of which would scare a bound, helpless girl. Just the darkness would be scary for a bound woman.

Angelique pinched the nipples as a way of testing the tightness of the ropes. Tanya cried out through the gag with each painful pinch, but could not move her body at all.

As an additional torture, and because she knew from personal experience how terrible it could be, she began teasing Tanya's body. She licked and sucked on the nipples, and used her fingers to massage her clit. It was not long before she

had Tanya panting and clutching her thighs together in a high state of sexual excitement. Then she pulled away her hands and stood there enjoying the look of frustration. Tanya moaned so nicely. Her need was obvious. With expert sense of timing, Angelique had halted the stimulation just before an orgasm. If she touched Tanya even once again, the girl would explode. But without that touch and with her totally unable to touch herself, she was doomed to slowly fading frustration. Angelique grinned, remembering how horrible that was during all the times that Severin had her tightly bound and gagged and did the same thing to her. The memories actually made Angelique shiver with pleasure. Maybe she could ask him to... But no, he was enough of a sadist that he would find some way to make it unpleasant for her, not the wonderful torture it could be.

She picked up one candle and blew it out. Then she shouldered the bag and held the other candle before Tanya. She could see the fear in the slavegirl's face and it excited her. "Well, I'll come back for you sometime tomorrow. And, yes, little slave, there are a lot of animals out here. There are ants that may crawl all over you. And bigger animals that might be hungry. Oh, and there are spiders! Lots of spiders!"

She could see the beautifully intense fear in Tanya's eyes. This was wonderful sport! Reluctantly she turned and left.

Tanya watched the dim light fade as it moved off into the trees and whined. The darkness was almost complete. And there was no moon tonight, a fact that had probably figured into Angelique's plans.

She tested the ropes but knew that it would be useless. Angelique was simply too good with them, and tied them so damned tight! Had she not been gagged, she would have begged Angelique to touch her again. She would have offered anything if she were only granted the satisfaction she so badly needed.

As she slowly, all too slowly, came down from her sexual high, she felt so very depressed. It would be a long night and already she was hurting. Those ropes were so tight! Her elbows were hurting and she knew that they would get much worse as the night went on.

The air was cool against her bare skin. She heard the buzzing of insects flying around her face. She even felt some landing on her and walking around. She could only hope that they would not bite her. She remembered how, during certain times of the year, the mosquitoes in her village attacked in swarms and bit every inch of exposed skin.

As time passed, she became aware of tiny noises in the forest. Rustling here and a slithering noise there. At first there were the stars in the sky granting the faintest light in her clearing. But it was not long before a cloud cover came in and that little bit of light was denied her.

She tried to sleep but found it difficult to get comfortable enough to allow that. There was the ache in her arms and shoulders from their position. and the general pains of the tight ropes cutting into her. A few times she began to nod off, but when her head lowered she was jerked awake as the rope around her neck cut in. Each time she awoke, there were more maddeningly itching bug bites.

Still, she was granted some small comfort in sort naps. The feeling of helplessness was overpowering, incredibly intense, and constant. It was a mental torture fully equal to all the physical tortures.

At some point in the night, she had no idea how long she had been tied there, she heard a noise that awoke her fully. Straining to hear, at first she wondered if she had only dreamt the noise. But there it was again. And a faint light through the leaves! Someone was coming!

Can't be Angelique, thought Tanya. She was sure that Angelique would leave her until the light of the next day. So who was it?

As the light came into the clearing, she still could not see who held it. Severin, come to add something to her torment? Or Yvonne wanting a bed companion?

The flashlight was placed on the ground where it could shine up at Tanya. Then Maurice stepped into the light and began untying the ropes. Tanya sighed with relief, and felt a flood of warmth and good feeling towards the Frenchman. He was going to save her! At least from the worst of a horrible night.

The ropes were coming off rapidly under his skillful fingers. Wisely, he left her torso bound to the post until after he had untied her arms and legs. If he had simply gone from top to bottom, it was likely that she would have fallen over when it reached the point where only her legs remained tied to the post.

She fell into his arms when the final rope was gone. "Thank you, oh, thank you," she repeated. His arms felt so strong around her. The tears in her eyes were both from happiness and returning circulation.

He picked up the flashlight and held it while he carefully placed the ropes around the post. Tanya was puzzled by this until he explained, “This will make it look like you freed yourself. That should confuse that bitch Angelique.

It took a few seconds for her to realize that he had spoken her language, not French.

“You can...” she stuttered.

“Yes, I can. Always could.”

“But why...?”

“Sometimes it is useful if a slavegirl does not know you can understand her. Now, come with me. I am taking you away from this place.”

Such happiness as Tanya had never felt flooded over her. She wanted to throw herself on this man but he was already moving out of the clearing and she hurried to follow.

The chateau was dark and silent as they approached it. He led her around the side and down the front driveway. Out of sight of the main building was a garage. In front of that was a luxury car waiting for them. He guided Tanya into the passenger seat and handed her a blanket. She gratefully covered herself with it. Maurice, meantime, had started the car and was driving away from the chateau with the headlights off. Only after half a mile did he turn them on.

Tanya felt such happiness that she almost cried.

* * *

Chapter XIV

Escape!

“She is gone!”

The scene was the breakfast table the next morning. Angelique was standing before the others, hands on hips and a very angry look on her face.

“The ropes are there and laid out like someone wants me to think that she freed herself. But I know that there was no way she could have done it herself. Someone took her!”

Yvonne and Severin both looked shocked. A slavegirl escaping from Angelique’s bondage was simply unthinkable. But so was someone else sneaking onto the grounds and stealing a slavegirl.

Suddenly Severin jumped up from the table and rushed out. Yvonne looked after him, puzzlement on her face. Angelique was still frowning, but she had an idea where her brother had gone.

A few minutes later Severin came back in, striding rapidly and with a very angry look on his face.

“Maurice is also missing,” he announced. “And one of our cars!”

“Maurice?” muttered Yvonne.

“Yes, Mother, our faithful and loyal Maurice.”

Yvonne sighed and said, mostly to herself, “Oh, dear, I’ll have to get another chauffeur.”

“Will he go to the police?” asked a nervous Angelique.

“I think not. He could have reached the nearest town and we would have police driving up by now. No, I think that he took her for himself.”

“Oh, dear!” said Yvonne.

“I’m going to track that bastard down!” vowed Severin.

“I’ll cut off his balls and fry them!” said Angelique.

* * * * *

“We will hide here for now.”

They had driven all of the rest of the night and a goodly part of the morning before Maurice pulled off the main road and onto a side road that was not paved nor looking as if it were often driven. They went many miles down that road passing a few diverging side roads and a few small farms. Finally they came to the end and a small farmhouse.

Inside, Maurice lit a lantern and brought a few bags in from the car.

“You planned this!” Tanya exclaimed.

“Yes,” he replied. “I knew that someday I would I would stop being a chauffeur and become something more.”

“Are you sure that they can’t find us here?” she asked.

“They do not know of this place. And we are many miles from their chateau.”

Tanya looked around her and held the blanket closer. The walls were dirty and the place looked as if it had not been lived in for a very long time. Her bare feet on the floor could feel dirt and leaves, and the windows were dirty.

“Will you take me home?” asked Tanya. Then she sucked in air. “No, not there,” she added. “There is nothing there for me. And my old Master might find me. And my father would just sell me again.” She turned to Maurice. “You’ve planned this out. Do you have a place to go to?”

Her main worry was that Severin and Yvonne and Angelique not find her again. She was ready to be finished with being a slavegirl. And starting a new life with the handsome Frenchman did not sound like a bad idea.

“You don’t have a job now. How will we live?”

“I have money,” he told her as he was taking some food items out of one bag.

Tanya felt very grateful towards this man. He had given up a job and risked who knows what to rescue her. She was certain that if the family caught up with him, the revenge would be terrible. They did not give a damn about slavegirls they paid money for; they certainly would not give a shit for a chauffeur who stole their property.

It was impossible for her to believe. After months of captivity and degrading torture, not to mention sexual abuse, she was finally free! She could not keep her emotions in. She stood up, let the blanket fall to the floor so he could see her naked body. “Is there a bed in this place?” she asked him with a smile on her face.

Maurice grinned back. “Of course there is. Come with me.”

He led her passed the kitchen and farther into the dark farmhouse. He seemed to know where he was going, but Tanya could not see a thing beyond the dim light of the lantern. She followed the lead of his hand on her arm. She heard a door open in front of her and then she saw stairs leading down.

“The bed is down there. I hide it in the basement.”

Tanya felt her way down the wooden stairs. The air was cold against her skin and she wished she had kept the blanket, at least for now. At the bottom of the stairs, she turned and saw him setting the lantern down on a table. The light was enough for her to see that the basement was mostly bare, and no bed was in sight.

“What?” she started to say when he stepped up to her and his strong hands were on her shoulders, turning her around. Roughly he pulled one hand behind her back and she felt the bite of a handcuff on the wrists. She tried to jerk away but his strength was too great for her. Quickly her other wrist was locked in the steel circle.

“What is this!” she cried out as he let go of her and she stumbled back against the stairs.

“You should know,” he said with a grin. “You’ve been a slavegirl long enough.”

She pulled and twisted her hands, trying to get out of the handcuffs. She was confused and feeling dread inside. “Is this a joke?” she asked. Then, taking another tack, she asked, “Do you want me this way for sex? If so, that is okay with me. You just surprised me.”

“I’ll fuck you later,” he told her. “Come here!”

Tanya started to cry. The shock of going from bliss to fear in a few seconds was too much for her. “Why? Why are you doing this?”

“Don’t talk so much, bitch,” he snarled. “And get over here.”

With hesitant steps she crossed the couple feet of dirty floor to stand before him. She was shaking as tears raced down her face to fall on her breasts.

He locked her feet in other pair of handcuffs. Then he stood, grinned at her, and pulled over a stout wooden chair. But instead of sitting down, he placed the chair in front of her, back turned to her. Going around behind her, he unlocked the handcuffs.

He went up the stairs, leaving her standing there, restrained only by the handcuffs on her feet. Once again Tanya was faced with a decision to attack or be meek. Her locked feet would be a terrible disadvantage but she did not know when she might get her hands free again. Being a slavegirl had taught her that often her hands were not free for days on end.

He returned with one of the bags from the car. She had only begun to look for some kind of weapon. All she could think of was to pick up the heavy chair and try to hit him with it. But he looked to be on guard against such things and she regretfully had to abandon that plan.

From the bag he took ropes, and Tanya’s heart sank. He was prepared to keep her just as much a prisoner as she had been back at the chateau. He bound her arms behind her, forcing the hands up on the back and tying them crossed between her shoulder blades. Then he pushed the chair up against her legs and bent her body over the back of it. He tied rope around her neck and down to the rungs under the seat, pulling enough to force her head down by the seat with the back of the chair cutting into her middle.

Then he went around behind her and unlocked her ankles. He tied each one to one of the back legs of the chair and added more binding just below her knees.

That held her legs solidly to the back legs of the chair. It also made her ass protrude nicely behind her.

Taking his time, he pulled another chair up next to her. Then he pulled over a portable barbeque half filled with charcoal. He poured some fluid on the charcoal and lit it with a match. The flames whooshed up. As they died down slowly and the coals began to glow, he began explaining things to Tanya.

“I have planned this for a long time,” he told her. “I have one of their cars but I’m going to dump that soon. More importantly I have a lot of money, courtesy of sweet Yvonne. She expected sexual favors from me, so I obliged. She thought I was pretty good in bed. But more importantly, I learned where she kept her jewelry. Slowly I took pieces of it and replaced them with fakes. There is a man in Paris who will make very good copies of any jewelry. Then I broke down and sold the originals. My bank account is very healthy, thanks to her.”

He checked the coals, which were beginning to glow red.

“I have thought it all out carefully,” he continued. “There is a country in the Middle East where enough money can buy you a new identity and anything else you might want. Including slavegirls. Which is important because I’m going to take you with me – as my slave. They don’t think anything of a man owning a woman there. Or of him whipping his slavegirl. Or doing anything else to her.

“If there is one thing I learned from Severin, it is how to enjoy having a slavegirl. After three years of serving them as if I were a slave too, I’m going to be free of them and have my own slavegirl. I rarely got to whip one of their girls, but I did find that it is a tremendous turn on! I’m going to enjoy whipping you every day. Or more often if I want to.”

He checked the coals again and found them glowing nicely. From a corner of the basement, he brought forth an iron bar. He thrust the end of that rod into the coals.

“At the end of this branding iron are my initials, MM. I am going to brand you so that everyone will know that you are my property. Where we’re going, they will understand and respect that.”

He turned the iron. “In a little while this brand will be glowing red hot. Then I’ll put it right on your ass. I suppose it will hurt, so feel free to scream if you want. There is no one for miles around and you are down in a closed basement.

Tanya was shaking with fear. Her hands were twisting and the fingers fluttering in dismay. "Please don't brand me," she begged. "I'll be a good slavegirl for you. I'll do whatever you say."

"I did learn from Yvonne a lot about training slavegirls. Most of what she said was right on. You will do whatever I say, but it will be because you really want to, not because you're afraid like you are right now."

He turned the iron again. "Almost ready."

"I was originally going to steal Joelle," he continued in a casual tone. "But she's really a devious bitch. And then you came along. You're really a much nicer piece of ass. I will enjoy hurting you as often as I want to."

He lifted the iron. The initials at the end were glowing red. They looked huge to Tanya. As the branding iron approached her and then disappeared around behind her, she was struggling and pleading as hard as she could. The chair creaked as she tried to throw her weight around, but held. She nearly strangled herself trying to straighten up.

Maurice, being a sadist at heart, brought the iron very slowly up to the flesh of her left buttock. He centered it on the globe and held it for just a second almost touching the skin. Tanya cringed from the heat. She was about to plead again, to offer anything he wanted if he could not do this to her, when he did it.

He pushed the iron into her flesh and held it there. Smoke came up and there was a sizzling sound. Tanya screamed. Then she fainted.

The End