


MASTERS

Roman



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## Chapter 1

Another refusal. It was the tenth negative letter she had received. She had finished her literature studies in June and had given up teaching. She had asked her teachers. Teaching young people who were only interested in Manga and comics was not for her. So she had decided to try her luck with publishing houses.

She had applied by sending about fifteen letters of application. Nine replies had already reached her. All with the same spiel:

"Our staff is fully staffed, but if one of our staff members leaves, we will not fail to contact you, blah blah blah..."

Luckily for her, an uncle she had never heard of had left her a small fortune. This financial windfall from heaven allowed her to live without having to work a series of odd jobs.

She went to bed on Friday night with a good novel and found herself daydreaming that she might be the one to correct the future Prix Goncourt. She smiled at the childish thought. For now, she had to be content with reading.

She woke up late on Saturday morning. It was the last of October and the sun was shining in the Parisian sky. She stretched voluptuously and glanced at the book that had fallen on the floor. She had fallen asleep without knowing the name of the murderer.

She let out a long sigh and climbed out of bed and into the adjoining bathroom. She showered, pulled on a pair of bare-knee yoga pants, a tank top, and a track jacket. She slipped her feet into a pair of ballet flats and decided to go down to the bakery on the corner of her street to get some bread.

The postman had come by when she came back. She leafed through the envelopes, EDF bill, leaflets and... an envelope from a publishing house. She glanced at the letterhead. Patrick Nielsen & Bertrand De Villers publishing. Yeah, probably another rejection.

She shrugged, she would open it after she had breakfast. After all, there was no hurry. She went back up to the fourth floor, without an elevator, and threw the mail on the dining room table.

She went into the kitchen, a long room. But fully equipped. She made her coffee, toasted herself several slices of toast, buttered them and covered them with jam. Luckily, she could eat whatever she wanted without ever gaining an ounce.

It must be said that she forced herself to swim three times a week, ran every Sunday morning and went to Zumba one evening a week with her best friend Barbara.

She put her plate in the dishwasher, cleaned the counter, and went into the living room. Her gaze fell on her mail. The letter from Nielsen & De Villers was sticking out of the pile. She grabbed it, carefully unsealed it, and unfolded the typewritten sheet.

His heart leapt in his chest as he read the document.

“Dear Miss Clark,

Your application has caught our attention. We would like to meet you on Monday, October 31 at ten thirty... .”, followed the polite formula and the signatures of the two partners running the publishing house.

She burst out laughing and grabbed her cell phone from the table. She dialed her friend's number, not doubting for a single moment that she was awake.

– Barbie! I have a key! she exclaimed.

– Carole, what time is it? said the sleepy voice of her interlocutor.

- What, should I wake you up? It's almost eleven o'clock!

- I went out last night, me... I'm not being a moron! You should have come to that party, you would have met some nice guys!

Barbara Léger was a young woman with a free spirit and an even freer body. She posed for fashion magazines and advertisements while waiting for her modeling career to really take off. A tall blonde with green eyes, she made all the male heads turn as soon as she set foot anywhere.

– Oh, sorry, Barbie... but I wanted to tell you the news right away.

– Stop calling me Barbie, I hate that nickname, scarole ; she grumbled, deliberately mispronouncing her friend's first name.

- Ok, ok... I see you're grumpy this morning... see you later.

Carole cut off the call and smiled at the ceiling. An appointment at Nielsen & De Villers was not a job offer, but it was the first positive response she had received.

She threw herself into cleaning, so as not to let her mind wander too much. When she had made a list of publishers, she had been interested in the bosses of the publishing houses. As far as she could remember, Patrick Nielsen had a pleasant physique. Short brown hair, blue or gray eyes hidden behind glasses that gave him a severe air. She was eager to meet him. His partner, on the other hand, she had no idea what he looked like. She had not found a photo of him on Google.

– Well, he will certainly be there Monday morning; she said aloud.

She went to the Louvre to see a painting exhibition. Art had always attracted her. But her painting skills were more than mediocre. When she drew, they looked like the sketches of a five-year-old child.

She spent the afternoon wandering from room to room, bought Chinese food on the way home and ate dinner in front of the television. She could have gone dancing with Barbara but she wasn't interested in going to nightclubs.

At twenty-four, she thought she looked old! Her private life was a disaster. She hadn't slept with a man in months. Since her trip to Barcelona for the Easter holidays, in fact.

Unlike Barbara who never refused to get laid, as she said ; Carole dreamed of meeting a dominant man, who would force her to obey him, who would train her. She wondered where such a fantasy could come from. She zapped from one channel to another, finding nothing that could satisfy her.

She flipped to a cable channel, scrolled through the list of more or less erotic films, and raised an eyebrow when she saw a particularly explicit clip. The story took place in a small provincial town.

A young girl had fallen under the thumb of a wealthy landowner who intended her to become his sex slave.

After a few minutes, Carole felt her body react to the raw images. Her sex moistened and she ran her hands over her chest. Her right hand slipped under the elastic of her yoga pants and found her clitoris which she began to tease.

The girl on the screen was being punished. She was kneeling in front of a sofa, her legs spread wide, her forehead on the seat, her hands on the back of her neck. Her master was raising a whip and bringing it down on her reddened buttocks.

Carole sped up her finger movements and arched her back as she reached orgasm. She remained motionless for several minutes and then rushed into the shower.

Monday morning, she took a long shower, put on her makeup carefully, and stood in front of her dressing room. She wanted to make a good impression. She chose a wrap dress that came just above her knees, put on hold-up stockings, black lace panties, and her matching bra. She slipped her feet into stiletto heels and glanced at her reflection. She put on a red leather perfecto and fixed her cleavage.

Yes, like that, she was perfect. Sexy without overdoing it. She looked at her chest. The black lace appeared in the neckline of the dress. In any case, it was too late to change. She had to catch a subway and go to her appointment.

She walked down three blocks to the address of Nielsen & De Villers Publishing. When she reached the building, she stood across the street for a few minutes admiring the facade. The stone building had six floors.

Tall windows with glass shining in the sun, a revolving door topped with a glass roof gave the whole thing a retro look tinged with modernism, pleasant to the eye.

She finally crossed and pushed open the heavy door to find herself in a spacious reception hall. In the center of the room, a circular counter behind which two young women in navy suits and white blouses welcomed visitors.

Carole walked toward them, spotting out of the corner of her eye a man in a gray suit, a phone grafted to his ear. She looked him over carefully. Tall, slim, with wavy blond hair, the tips of which caressed the collar of his white shirt.

His back was turned to her, but you could tell he was full of ease from the way he moved his shoulders. She stopped in front of the counter, waiting patiently for one of the hostesses to finish answering the phone before she spoke to her.

– Hello, I have an appointment with Mr. Nielsen.

– Hello, who are you?

– Carole Clark.

The hostess, whose badge indicated her name was Nelly, consulted her computer before nodding.

– Yes, Mr. Nielsen is waiting for you. You take the elevator behind me and it's on the sixth floor.

At that moment, the man on the phone turned around and Carole met his gaze of an extraordinary blue. He stared at her for a long moment, then his gaze went down to her body. She supported the examination without flinching and looked him squarely at her when their eyes met again. She refused to lower hers, aware of the hardness of his blue gaze.

– Um... Miss Clark, excuse me, but Mr. Nielsen is a stickler for punctuality.

Carole turned abruptly towards her, more to escape contact with the blond than to listen to the hostess. She nodded, stepped around the man and headed with a step she wanted to be confident towards the elevators.

She felt the stranger's eyes fixed on her back and forced herself not to turn around. The doors slid open in front of her, she rushed into the cabin and only looked up when they closed.

She breathed a sigh of relief and pressed the six key. The car began to rise and she struggled to calm her pounding heart. The silent exchange had put her in a state of shock. She inhaled sharply and exhaled when she heard the elevator bell. It opened onto a hallway with walls covered in novel covers. She stepped out of the car, noticed a reception desk and moved down the hallway.

She introduced herself to the woman who was sitting in front of a telephone switchboard.

– Please wait a few minutes, Mr. Nielsen is on the line.

Carole thanked her with a smile and sat down on a white leather couch in what looked like a sitting area. A catalog of the company's books was on a coffee table. She leafed through it absentmindedly, her mind still troubled by her encounter with the blond stranger.

Pff... you're dreaming, my girl... a man that handsome can't honestly be interested in you. Stop with your girly dreams...

A door opened, making her jump. A tall, dark-haired man approached her. From the photos she had seen on Google, she easily recognized Patrick Nielsen. He was much more impressive in real life.

He held out a large hand to the young woman.

– Miss Clark? Sorry to keep you waiting, he said in a serious voice. An important phone call. Please follow me.

He led her to his office, standing aside to let her in, but not far enough for her to brush past him. She sniffed his perfume as she passed, a mixture of woody and spicy notes. She entered a magnificent room. The high ceiling was decorated with a rose window; a chandelier with tassels, probably made of crystal, hung from it.

A cherry wood desk occupied the left corner of the room. Two black leather chairs faced the desk. Behind the desk was a bookcase filled with leather-bound books. In the right corner was a living room furnished with an L-shaped sofa, two club chairs, and a rectangular coffee table.

Nielsen sat down in his high-backed chair and invited her to sit across from him. She crossed her legs with all the grace she could muster. The publishing house director smiled at her before clearing his throat.

"I am pleased to receive you, Miss Clark," he began in a low, serious voice. "I have carefully studied your application. Why did you give up teaching?"

– Simply because I'm not sure I'm made for it... I like literature and having to try to instill a taste for reading in children who swear by games consoles...; she replied, wrinkling her nose.

Nielsen burst out laughing.

"You're probably right," he retorted. "Or young people who only read Twilight..."

Carole smiled at him. He seemed friendly and outgoing. They chatted for a long time about his literary preferences, his attraction to painting and found they had many tastes in common.

However, she couldn't help but notice the way he was examining her body. She had caught his gaze on her chest several times, going down her legs or stopping at her lower abdomen.

A wave of heat was starting to take over her. Shivers were running through her stomach, her sex had started to throb. Shit, this really wasn't the time. He must have sensed her confusion because he stared straight into her eyes. His gaze went from warm to cold and hard. She finally looked down, feeling the red rising to her face.

She wasn't particularly shy though. Nielsen continued to stare at her before saying:

– When could you start? I offer you a three-month trial, we need a proofreader who is also able to do layout for our e-books, would that suit you?

Carole had to clear her throat before she could answer.

"I'm available immediately," she said, looking up.

From the way he looked at her, she had the feeling he was thinking about something else entirely.

– Perfect... Wednesday morning at nine o'clock?

– This Wednesday?

– Of course, I look forward to having you among us... ; he said with a smile.

We...

The ringing of his cell phone interrupted him, he glanced at it before answering .

– Yes, Bertrand?

Nielsen stood up and apologized to Carole before walking away toward the windows. She took the opportunity to examine him. He was tall, about six feet five, well built. An obviously athletic man.

Very short brown hair, a manly face and gray eyes.

What bothered her about him was his gaze. Cold and hard at times, warm and kind at others. It made her all flustered. Especially when he stared at her without blinking. She must have looked down at one point, unable to hold his gaze.

She had trouble making out what he was saying. He had his back to her and spoke in a low voice. She understood a few words but couldn't make out what they meant.

“Yes, that’s exactly what we need...”

She turned her attention back to the books shelved in the library. She leaned forward to try to decipher the titles. In the process, her dress opened, revealing the lace of her stockings. She closed the panels of fabric, but not quickly enough. When she looked up, Patrick Nielsen was staring at her thighs.

She blushed again and coughed. He walked over to her and held out his hand.

– Well, Miss Clark, my assistant will show you around the house. I would have gladly done it myself, but I have an appointment and I'm already late.

Carole nodded uncomfortably and stood up.

– Thank you for having me, Mr. Nielsen. See you Wednesday then.

She walked past him, straight as an i, and put her hand on the doorknob. Nielsen's fingers rested on hers and she shivered. The electric current that ran through her didn't escape her future boss. She hastily pulled her hand away and swallowed.

Nielsen opened the door and greeted her, a smirk on his lips. She avoided his gaze and found herself in the hallway, facing a tall brunette in a Chanel suit.

– Miss Clark? I am Eva Chambord... I will show you around our premises.

Carole shook the woman's hand and smiled at her. Half an hour later, she stepped out onto the sidewalk in front of the publishing house. She took a deep breath and headed toward the subway.

Still shaken by her interview with Patrick Nielsen.

## Chapter 2

She spent Tuesday leafing through the Nielsen & De Villers catalog. She pulled out several outfits for the next day, hesitating between a suit and a dress. She tried on about ten before giving up. She didn't want to appear too sexy or too serious.

She thought of Nielsen's assistant in a designer suit. The other girls she had passed had all been wearing fancy outfits. The men were in suits. That seemed to be the watchword of the house.

She would see when she got up. She called Barbara to tell her that she was starting on Wednesday. Her friend wanted to know everything about her future boss.

– Oh you know, I only saw him for a few minutes... he seems nice; she retorted.

- And physically? What kind is it? Barbara insisted.

Carole almost answered “domineering,” but it wasn't a physical trait. The way he looked at her, the way he forced her to lower her eyes, had unsettled her. She still shuddered when she thought of him.

– Tall, dark, gray eyes; she answered instead.

- Handsome guy? How old?

– Not bad, yeah... he must be about forty years old...

In fact, she knew perfectly well that he was only thirty-six years old. She had read it on the Internet. She didn't want to tell her friend more. She would be

able to come and see for herself. And given her lack of modesty, she was very likely to flirt with her future boss.

– Oh oh! said Barbara. You fell for him!

- What? But whatever... I remind you that I'm going to work with him; replied Carole, irritated.

– So, we can combine business with pleasure, right?

– Barbie, I don't know anything about him and he's probably married!

– Yeah, I hadn't thought of that... will you introduce me to him? her friend asked, laughing.

- Certainly...

Carole told herself that she could always dream. There was no question of making them meet. Barbara was her friend, but she irremediably attracted men. She had paid the price several times when she went out clubbing with her.

Although she had no complaints about her looks. She was as dark as Barbara was blonde. She had hazel eyes with gold flecks. She wasn't particularly small, five feet eight and fifty kilos. She had recently let her hair grow. It now reached the middle of her back.

– Well, let's meet up one of these evenings for something to eat? Barbara suggested.

- Great, that way I'll tell you about my new job; Carole replied. I'll call you.

She hung up and lay down on her couch. Her mind quickly wandered. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine Patrick Nielsen naked. Barbara is right, she told herself. You have a crush on him... Mentally, she began to undress him.

Her hands pushed his suit jacket aside. She had noticed that he was wearing a vest over a white shirt. She untied his tie and let it fall on his desk. She took off his jacket, vest, and shirt. She swallowed as she admired his pecs...

She sat up abruptly. What was she doing fantasizing about her future boss in the middle of the day? She got up and went to change. A quick trip to the pool and a few lengths would clear her head.

She took the subway, went to the gym where she was registered and put on her swimsuit. She greeted one of the lifeguards and forced herself to swim for almost an hour. When she got out of the water, a healthy fatigue descended on her. She showered, quickly dried her hair and went back to her apartment.

She arrived at the office a little before nine o'clock. Eva Chambord led her to her workspace, a spacious cubicle with an ergonomic desk, a state-of-the-art computer and a comfortable chair in flowered fabric.

“If you need anything, don’t hesitate to ask me. The dining room is down the hall. You can take your meal to go or buy a salad or a panini downstairs, around the corner. Most of us eat lunch there,” the assistant explained. “Do you drink coffee?”

– Yes, a lot; Carole replied, taking off her leather jacket.

– Well, there are two pod machines. We order them in bulk. You tell me your preference.

- All right.

– The HR department is expecting you at two o'clock to sign your contract. It's on the fourth floor. Mr. Nielsen will introduce you to his partner. You'll see, Bertrand is very nice.

Carole noted the deferential “Mr. Nielsen” and the fact that Eva had called her partner by his first name. This difference intrigued her. Was there something between De Villers and her?

She thanked the assistant for her welcome and asked her what she should do.

– Oh, you already have work. Here is your computer password... you can change it of course. We receive a lot of manuscripts by email; you will have to read what is sent to you, see if any corrections are necessary and then discuss with the team which ones could be published.

Carole was looking forward to it. She was going to do some very interesting work. For a moment, she had been afraid that she would have to correct spelling and syntax errors all day long.

– One last thing... Mr. Nielsen is very particular about schedules. If you are going to be late, take the trouble to notify him directly. He also wants his employees to wear proper attire... but I think there will be no problem as far as you are concerned; she said, looking Carole up and down.

She had opted for a lace dress, stockings and black Louboutins. A madness that she had offered herself for her birthday. She wore the dress with a fuchsia pink Perfecto. This morning, she had made an effort to put her hair up in a bun, had put on her makeup discreetly enough not to look too much like a femme fatale. A spritz of perfume and she was ready.

– Okay, I'll open the shared folder where you'll have to save the manuscripts before reading them. If you prefer to edit them, your PC is connected to a very fast and efficient printer. It's located in the cubicle next door. Any questions?

"Not yet," Carole retorted, raising her eyebrows.

– Well, my office is nearby. My door is always open. If you have any problem, don't hesitate to come and talk to me. The bosses are very demanding but the salaries are up to their standards.

She walked away and then seemed to change her mind.

– Are you single? Eva asked.

– Yes... why? the young woman wondered.

– Sometimes we have to stay late, when work requires it.

- No problem.

– Perfect. One last thing. Mr. Nielsen has a habit of summoning employees to his office by email. Keep your mailbox open at all times. Good luck and welcome to our office.

This time, Eva Chambord turned on her heels. Carole let herself fall into her chair. Wow! That was a lot to take in! She started by changing her email password, checked any emails and found about ten manuscripts saved in the shared folder.

Well, if she thought she would be bored on the first day, she wouldn't have been. She opened the first novel and decided it would be easier to read on paper. She printed it out and just as she was about to get up to get the printout, she got an email from Patrick Nielsen.

“I'll wait for you in my office.”

Carole huffed. It was peremptory. No please, no thank you... She stood up and walked to her boss's office across from the employees' cubicles. She ran her sweaty hands over her dress and knocked.

– Come in.

She opened the door and entered the office, a little anxious.

Since her interview with Nielsen, she had not stopped thinking about him. About his hand on hers, about his perfume...

She shivered even more when she realized he wasn't alone. The blond stranger she'd met in the hall was casually leaning against Nielsen's desk. Carole paused before stepping into the room.

– Come closer, Carole... I'd like to introduce my partner, Bertrand De Villers... Bertrand, this is Carole Clark, our new proofreader.

Carole held out a trembling hand and forced herself to smile. The blond took her hand and squeezed it while looking her up and down. The young woman's heart skipped a beat, she blinked and looked back at the desk.

"You were right," said De Villers. "She is exactly what we need."

Carole looked up at him and felt herself blush. She cursed herself for reacting stupidly to the two men.

"Hello, sir," she croaked, frowning.

De Villers went around her and came to stand behind her.

- Shy as well as being very pretty; he whispered close to her ear.

Carole clenched her jaw. She wasn't shy. Just a little flustered...well, a lot of flustered, all the same. She held Nielsen's gaze and then finally looked down. She felt unable to stare at him for more than a few seconds.

– Did Eva brief you? Nielsen asked.

– Yes, sir... I was about to get to work when you summoned me.

She had seen the quiver on her boss's mouth when he said "sir." He must have liked being called "sir," that one. She carefully avoided meeting his gaze again.

– Well... I would like to clarify one thing before I let you go to your office. I don't like to wait... when I summon someone, I expect to be obeyed immediately... you drop what you're doing, if I send you an email... understood?

- Yes...

An ironic glint passed through Nielsen's gray eyes. Carole didn't lower her eyes this time. She even raised her chin proudly.

– You may go, Miss Clark.

Carole smiled at him and turned on her heel. She stopped in front of the door, caught by Nielsen's voice.

– By the way, Carole... it's "yes sir"...

The young woman turned around, gave him a wry smile and said:

– Well... sir.

She turned the doorknob and left the office. As soon as she was in the hallway, she let out a deep sigh. She went back to her cubicle and slumped down in her chair. She was shaking all over.

She had lunch with the other proofreaders. One of them had taken it upon herself to go and buy the lunch. She hadn't seen the morning go by, busy as she had been.

- So, what are your impressions of the bosses? asked a redheaded girl named Jacqueline.

- A little strict, no? Carole replied with a pout.

- Yes... but we get used to it... if we work properly, there is no problem. We have to be available when they need us to give a helping hand but the rest of the time, we organize ourselves as we want.

Carole listened to her colleagues' comments.

A tall brunette named Sophie asked her opinion as a woman.

- What do you want to know exactly?

- How do you find them physically...

- Not bad at all; she answered without getting too involved.

She avoided asking too many curious questions about them. She learned, however, that neither of them were married. Sophie shared her suspicions about their sexuality with her.

- I think they're gay, she said. They often go out to dinner together, you never see them with a woman... I ran into them one Saturday night in a fancy restaurant, they were both...

Carole refrained from any comment. She was convinced that her new colleague was mistaken. They were certainly not gay. She would have rather classified them in the category of alpha males. At least as far as Patrick Nielsen was concerned.

She glanced at the wall clock and crumpled her paper napkin.

- I have to report to HR, she said, getting up from the table. See you later.

She left the kitchen and headed to her cubicle to get her papers. She reached the elevators and saw the doors close just as she reached one of the cabins. She pressed the call button and immediately regretted her action. The doors slid open and she found herself facing her two bosses.

- Are you coming down? asked De Villers.

– Uh... yes... I'm going to the fourth; she stammered, standing in front of the booth.

– Share the elevator with us... come on, come on; he added, noticing her hesitation. We have never eaten anyone before.

Carole entered the cabin and tried to control her heartbeat. She found herself stuck between the two partners. The cabin was rather narrow, she could feel their arms against hers. Fortunately, going down the two floors only took a few seconds. She stifled a sigh as she exited the elevator and looked around for a secretary to ask for directions without turning back to the two men.

She walked down the hallway, noting the names on the metal plaques as she went. She finally found the office she was looking for, knocked, and entered the human resources department.

The afternoon passed without her seeing her bosses again. At six o'clock, she was getting ready to leave when an email arrived. Patrick Nielsen asked her to come see him before going home.

She sighed, turned off her computer and put on her Perfecto. She went to knock on his door, worried about what he wanted from her.

– Come in.

She pushed the door open and was relieved to see him alone. He looked up from his computer and motioned for her to sit down.

– How was your first day? he asked in a friendly tone.

- Alright.

– Do you like your job?

– A lot. I spent the day reading, so yes.

– Well... I think you'll fit in easily with the team; Nielsen continued, standing up.

He walked around her desk and sat on the edge right in front of Carole. His knees were almost touching the young woman's. She stepped back slightly, embarrassed. He gave her a smirk before grabbing her elbow and forcing her to stand up. He pinned her against his chest, grabbed her by the neck and forced her to meet his gaze.

She shuddered and opened her mouth in surprise. Nielsen took advantage of this to kiss her and introduced his tongue into Carole's mouth. He pulled her hands back, holding them with an iron fist behind her back. She responded to his kiss in spite of herself, blown away by this sudden assault.

When he released her, she was panting, her heart pounding, her stomach tingling, and her sex wet.

"Look down," he ordered in a harsh voice.

Carole blinked before obeying him.

- Well... you're obedient I see... have you been trained yet?

It took her a few seconds to understand the question.

- Non...

- So much the better... I like to do it myself... that's part of the pleasure; he said while holding her firmly against him. I'm going to teach you to satisfy us, to obey the slightest of our whims, our orders... and if you're good, we'll give you pleasure...

She didn't even ask herself who this "we" was. She already knew.

"Be there at eight tomorrow morning," he said, loosening his grip. "Before your colleagues arrive."

Carole inhaled sharply. She felt his erection pressed against her stomach. Hard and huge. She hadn't looked up and didn't dare answer.

- Did you hear?

- Yes... sir...

Nielsen gave a satisfied chuckle and released her.

- You can go.

- Goodbye, sir.

Carole turned on her heel and rushed out of the office. Her dream was coming true. Her wildest fantasies were about to come to life. But would she be able to blindly obey two men? Because he was certain that the "we" Nielsen used included both partners.

### Chapter 3

She spent a good part of the night tossing and turning in her bed. To be at the office at eight o'clock, she would have to get up much earlier. It would not have occurred to her to disobey. She would not have been able to say why. Nielsen attracted her madly. His authoritarianism, his way of ordering her things...

Was she losing her mind or something? She stared at the ceiling above her. She had only had normal relationships with college friends. Simple sex, no frills, no invention, no inventiveness...

She slept with a guy, enjoyed it... or not, and forgot about it. She had never been with anyone for long. Some of her college friends were always with the same guy. She had been alone for too long.

With Nielsen, she was sure it would be something else. She finally gave up on the idea of understanding what she was looking for and fell asleep.

She got out of the metro at seven forty-five, walked the rest of the way, trying not to twist an ankle, and crossed the street, staring at the windows on the sixth floor. Light was streaming through the curtains. He was already there. Probably drinking coffee with De Villers.

She went through the revolving door and smiled at the security guard, who was surprised to see her so early.

"I have urgent work to do," she retorted before rushing into an elevator.

She went to put her bag in her office, took off her jacket and the vest of her twin-set. She had opted for a pencil skirt and a silk and lurex set with short sleeves. She had put on pumps with thin straps around the ankle and stockings.

She glanced at her watch. Five more minutes. She forced herself to breathe calmly and did a few yoga moves to relax. She was a bundle of nerves. She finally got up, walked slowly to Nielsen's office and stopped in front of the door. She automatically smoothed her skirt, checked her stockings again for fraying, and took a deep breath.

She knocked on the door.

– Come in.

She pressed the handle and entered the office. As she had expected, Nielsen was not alone. De Villers was sitting on a chair facing the desk, a cup of coffee in his hand.

– Lock behind you.

She turned the key in the lock and faced the two men, unable to move.

- Approach.

She forced herself to move forward and stopped a few steps from De Villers. All she had to do was reach out and touch her.

– Take off your skirt and sweater; Nielsen ordered in a calm voice.

Carole raised an eyebrow in surprise but ran her hands behind her back, slid the zipper down and took off her skirt. Then she got rid of the sweater. She faced them in her underwear.

– Nice... ; De Villers murmured, straightening up.

Nielsen stood and walked around the desk. He stood next to Carole and reached out to stroke her arm. She shivered at the touch and her body covered in goosebumps. She kept her eyes on the floor, staring at the slats of the floor.

– Take off your bra and panties...

She had a little more difficulty obeying.

"I won't repeat myself," Nielsen said icily.

The young woman unhooked the underwear and let it fall to the floor. Then she leaned down to run her hands through the elastic of her thong which joined the rest of her clothes. Her breathing had accelerated in spite of herself.

The two men circled her, running their hands over her body, weighing her chest.

– Place your hands on the desk and lean forward.

She complied without hesitation, excited and already wet.

– Move your feet back, again... now place your forearms on the wood and spread your legs...

She took the desired position and waited with her eyes closed. Two hands kneaded her buttocks and she did not know who they belonged to. The caresses became rough and she suspected Nielsen of being the author. De Villers seemed softer, more tender. They must have complemented each other. One being the implacable dominator, the other his less authoritarian alter ego.

A hand suddenly fell on her buttocks. She cried out in surprise. Another slap hit her in the same place.

– Put a gag on him, you never know; Nielsen ordered.

– Open your mouth.

She obeyed and felt a leather ball invade her mouth. Straps were attached behind her head. Nielsen spanked her conscientiously, tearing louder and louder moans from her. Then he stopped for a moment, ran two fingers over her sex before inserting them .

– Um... you're wet, you bitch... ; he whispered in a hoarse voice. Are you on the pill?

She nodded.

He began to spank her methodically again, right buttock, left buttock... When he finally stopped, she was in tears. She heard a rustle of fabric and felt Nielsen's erect penis caress her lips. He suddenly entered her with a great movement of his hips and began to work her savagely.

Nielsen gripped the young woman's hips, forcing her to ride at a steady pace. He growled into her neck as he came without caring about her pleasure. He eventually pulled out and was replaced by De Villers.

Carole slowly straightened up. The two men had used her body as they pleased. Nielsen approached her, lifted her chin with his index finger and looked her straight in the eyes. He untied her gag.

– You will arrive every morning at eight o'clock sharp. You will come to my office and do whatever is asked of you, understood?

– Yes, sir; murmured the young woman, still in shock.

- You will take off your panties before coming to join us and you will not put them back on.

Carole raised her eyebrows. She was going to work with her butt exposed? What if she had to go out?

- You have no choice, if I find out that you disobey, you will be punished!

- Yes, sir...

"Now go clean yourself up, get dressed and go to work," he ordered, pointing to a door near the library.

The young woman went to the small bathroom adjoining the office and washed herself carefully. She returned a few minutes later, her eyes still lowered, retrieved her skirt and sweater which she quickly put on. When she was ready, she stared at Nielsen.

– What? he said, sitting down behind his desk.

"Can I have my thong, sir?" she asked in a thin voice.

- No, I'm keeping it. Go away.

Carole turned on her heels and went back to her cubicle. Her colleagues hadn't arrived yet. She quickly put her makeup back on and turned on her computer. She was still wondering how she could have let them do it. They hadn't even made her cum. So she would be hungry all day. Unless she gave herself pleasure in the toilets.

She was reading a new manuscript when her colleagues arrived one by one. She endured the curious and questioning glances.

"I couldn't sleep," she said to the tall Sophie who was standing in front of her desk.

- What professional conscience! And you had the idea to come to the office?

"What else did you want me to do?" Carole said with a shrug.

- Note that this is the best way to make yourself look good to the bosses... I'm sure they'll appreciate it!

Carole couldn't tell if it was mockery that she had heard in her colleague's voice. She preferred to ignore it. She had enough questions as it was. Especially about the days to come. How would she manage to reconcile her work with her "morning romps"? She suddenly wondered if other girls had suffered the... whims of their bosses.

Caprice wasn't the right word but right now, she didn't know what to call it.

She worked until noon, took her lunch break with Sophie and another girl who was reading manuscripts. Carole took it upon herself to go downstairs to buy sushi. She was about to get into the elevator when De Villers got out. She immediately lowered her eyes as much to hide her embarrassment as to show her submission.

He stroked her hand as he passed and strode across the hall. The young woman went back up to the sixth floor, troubled by this simple contact. Once seated at the table with Jacqueline and Sophie, she casually brought the conversation to the bosses. She wanted to know if any girls had had problems with them.

"No, that's not the way the house does it," Jacqueline replied. "They never take an interest in an employee. I mean, outside of work."

- Good... Nielsen is a bit of a cold guy, isn't he?

- Did you notice too? Sophie said. I told you, he's gay...

Carole dug her chopsticks into her box of sushi. She could have assured them that Nielsen and his partner weren't gay. She'd had a particularly telling demonstration of that.

She went back to work half an hour later. Eva Chambord came to make sure she had everything she needed and invited her to attend the three o'clock meeting.

- It's on the floor below, in the conference room. Bring the manuscripts you've read. You'll have to make a summary of them.

Carole looked at her open-mouthed. She was going to have to present the novels she was studying in front of everyone? Eva Chambord understood her confusion and reassured her.

– It's going to be fine, Carole. Don't worry...

She turned on her heels and Carole heard them click on the tiled floor. The young woman took a deep breath. She was going to find herself face to face with the two partners after what had happened that very morning. Shit.

She forced herself to enter the conference room. Sophie and Jacqueline followed her. She glanced at the long oval table. Other colleagues were already seated and chatting among themselves. The bosses were absent.

Carole sat down in turn, between a young, blond, stringy man, dressed in a rumpled suit and the tall Sophie. She glanced at her watch. Almost three o'clock. The door opened behind her and they entered the room. The bosses each took their places at one end of the table and Carole felt De Villers' gaze on her.

The meeting lasted two hours, during which each presented the manuscripts they had read. She had to fight hard to get a novel she had really liked accepted. Nielsen tried to destabilize her several times. She held firm and finally won her case. However, he asked her to go to his office before going to hers.

She stifled a sigh and put away the documents she had brought.

– Well, it looks like the boss has you on his side; Jacqueline whispered to him.

– Do you think so? I rather feel like I'm going to get a telling off! Carole replied.

- Why, because you stood up to him? You defended a novel that you think is good... that's what you're paid for!

Carole raised her eyebrows. Maybe. She still wasn't convinced. She went back to her office, put down the manuscripts, and prepared to go confront Nielsen. She went to knock on his door and waited a few seconds. He apparently wasn't there.

She turned on her heel and ran into him. She hadn't heard him coming.

– Sorry... sir.

– Come in.

She followed him into his office, closed the door behind her, and stood there in the doorway. He gestured to a chair, and she had to force herself to sit down opposite him. He watched her in silence for a moment before speaking.

- Very good your presentation; he said calmly. You defend your opinion with obstinacy, I like that.

Carole looked up at him. He was staring at her with a smile on his lips. Then he stood up and walked around his desk.

"You were obedient today," he whispered in her ear. "You deserve to be rewarded... pull up your skirt and spread your legs."

Carole shifted on the chair, pulled her skirt up to her hips and exposed herself. Against all expectations, Nielsen knelt between her thighs and began to lick her sex. She leaned back against the back of the chair and gave herself over to the caresses. She came in his mouth, moaning softly.

She arrived early the next morning, put her bag and underwear in a desk drawer, locked it, and knocked on Nielsen's door.

– Come in.

She pushed the door open, closed the door behind her, and turned the key. The two men were leaning against the desk. They watched her walk toward them, their eyes lowered. She stopped a few steps away from them and bit her lip.

"This weekend you're coming with us... to our country house," Nielsen said in a tone that brooked no discussion.

Carole looked up and stared at him. He didn't seem to be joking.

"Do you have something to say?" he said with an ironic pout on his lips.

- No, sir...

Carole stifled a sigh. Even if she had had a say, he had decided for her.

- Take off your clothes...

She unbuckled the belt of her dress, pulled it over her head, and found herself naked except for her stockings and a lace bra. She heard them inhale sharply. At least she had an effect on them. That was something.

– What do you think? Nielsen asked his partner.

- You know what I think... I really want to fuck her on all fours, right there on the floor...

Carole swallowed. On the floor, like a... She preferred not to think about it. They had decided to make her their toy, their slave? She knew she would submit to their will. She wanted it without even understanding why. Deep down, she had always known she was submissive. Always wanted a man to treat her like less than nothing.

– On all fours, female dog...; Nielsen ordered.

Carole assumed the requested position and closed her eyes. What were they going to do to her today? She hadn't enjoyed the spanking the day before. Nielsen hadn't spared her. And yet, she had enjoyed being taken on the desk.

She huffed and waited for them to decide. De Villers leaned over and inserted a gag into her mouth. She nearly fainted. Were they going to spank her again? He tightened it efficiently, fastened the metal buckle, and slid a blindfold over her eyes. This time, she could neither speak nor see.

A foot made her knees spread. She felt a hand caress her then search her without foreplay. Without difficulty as she was already wet. One of the two men inserted a finger then two and finally three in her, spreading her apart, filling her completely.

She moaned and pushed her ass towards the hand that possessed her.

- You like that, female dog...; Nielsen's voice said.

As the fingers moved in and out of her, she felt cold gel on her anus. De Villers was lubricating her orifice. She moaned again and enjoyed the intrusion of a finger there.

"Looks like he likes it," Nielsen said, withdrawing his fingers. "Give me a plug," he added to his partner.

The object was slowly inserted until it filled her. She tensed before forcing herself to relax. The pain gave way to pleasure. Nielsen then penetrated her with a slow and continuous thrust.

#### Chapter 4

She arrived on time on Friday morning, stripped off her shorts, and headed to Nielsen's office. She had been wondering all night how she could refuse to spend the weekend with them. On the other hand, she had to admit to herself that she was attracted to the world they were dragging her into.

The only unknown in the matter was how far they were willing to go with her...and how far she was willing to go herself. She knocked on the door, waited a few seconds, and heard Nielsen's voice.

She pushed the door open and entered the office. The two men were drinking their coffee. She approached them, her eyes lowered, and took off her clothes. She faced them in stockings and pumps, her eyes stubbornly fixed on the parquet floor.

They were silent for several minutes and she hesitated to look up. She finally looked at Nielsen. He studied her carefully, his gaze lingering on her breasts. She inhaled sharply and could not sustain his inquisitive gaze.

– Did you bring a change of clothes? he finally asked.

– ...

– Answer! he ordered him sharply.

- Yes, sir...

- Well, so you have no objections?

- Well...

– Well what? his boss asked, getting up.

– I... I don't know if I can...

- If you can what? come with us? what do you think could happen to you? are you afraid of us?

– No... no, sir.

Carole stifled a sigh. She was still a little afraid of them, she had to admit it. Fear and a desire to spend more time with them. A desire to submit to their will, to their desires... Was she crazy ?

Nielsen slowly walked around her desk and stood in front of her. He tilted her chin up and stared into her eyes. She held his gaze, then blinked and looked at the floor. She had the strange feeling that he could read her mind when he looked at her with that intensity.

He slid his fingers down the young woman's neck, cupping a breast and running his thumb over the erect nipple. He watched her swallow and pinched it between his thumb and forefinger, drawing a moan from her. His other hand grabbed Carole's right breast and gave her the same treatment.

– Oh...

– Shh... this weekend, you will be entirely ours... we will do absolutely everything we want with you... you will not complain, you will not refuse anything and you will thank us... understood?

– Yes... sir...

- Good... now you're going to suck us one after the other... then you'll go to work.

Carole knelt down, undid Nielsen's belt, and slid his pants down his thighs. They were muscular and completely shaved. She freed his erect, steel-hard cock. He was particularly handsome. Carole noticed that he also shaved his testicles.

She placed her lips on the head, kissing it softly. She heard a sigh above her and began to lick it. Her tongue ran along the length of the member. Then she took it into her mouth and knew immediately that she wouldn't be able to swallow it all. It was far too big.

Nielsen grabbed her by the back of the neck, forcing her to take him deep into her throat. She tried to pull back to calm her retching. She grabbed him with one hand. De Villers grabbed her wrists, pulled them behind her back and held them firmly.

Tears welled up in her eyes as he pounded into her throat. She moaned and looked up at him pleadingly. The one he gave her was hard and cold. She closed her eyes and focused on what she was doing. She finally had him cum in her mouth and swallowed his cum.

Nielsen pulled back slightly allowing him to breathe.

"You're going to have to learn to suck me better than that," he said icily. "When you're done with Bertrand, you're going to get punished for refusing me..."

Carole swallowed and bit her lip. She had never really liked taking a man's cock in her mouth. The size of some of his members was far too imposing for her. She made a big effort to give De Villers pleasure. His cock was less thick than Nielsen's and she managed to suck it without feeling like vomiting.

When she was done, Nielsen ordered her to get on all fours on the couch and spread her legs.

He gagged her, tied her hands to the metal legs of the sofa and went to get an instrument from a drawer in the bookcase.

He blindfolded her before bringing a wooden paddle down on her buttocks. She screamed from the pain and tears ran down her cheeks. She stopped counting the strokes at fifteen and could not suppress the sobs that shook her.

He finally stopped. Her buttocks were burning. She rested her forehead on the couch, her body shaking with painful spasms. Nielsen untied her, removed the gag and blindfold, and ordered her to get dressed and get to work.

She complied without looking at him. Her colleagues were about to arrive and she didn't want to be seen in this state. She locked herself in the bathroom, wiped away the traces of tears and put on some mascara. She lifted her dress and glanced at her buttocks in the mirror. They were scarlet red.

She wondered how she would sit down without being in agony. She swore under her breath. She had spotted a medicine cabinet in the kitchen. She hurried to it, rummaged through the first aid box, and was relieved to find a tube of ointment for the blows.

She passed it over the faggot tracks and put the tube in her bag. She would certainly need it again. She had barely returned to her cubicle when Jacqueline came out of the elevator. Carole turned on her computer, opened her email and anxiously noted that she had received a message from Nielsen.

“Be ready at six o’clock. We’ll leave with my car.”

She hesitated to answer him. Could she still flee? Yes, on condition that she resigned and disappeared. She thought that they probably wouldn't come after her again. They would easily find another... submissive, toy, slave? There must be no shortage of girls ready to do anything to please them.

She looked at her screen without seeing him, put her hands on her keyboard and typed her answer .

“Good, sir.”

She clicked send and mentally called herself an idiot. Was she that needy? Did she enjoy being punished so much that she wanted more? Because she knew there would be more punishments. She had no doubt about it.

Her colleagues started leaving around five o'clock. They finished early on Fridays. Jacqueline stood in front of her desk and raised an eyebrow questioningly. Carole smiled at her and pointed to her screen.

- I have something important to finish. I'll stay a little longer; she said as if she were apologizing.

– Do you want to join us then?

– Actually I have something planned; the young woman refused. Another time...

– Ok, then have a good weekend.

Jacqueline turned on her heel and waved over her shoulder. Something planned... Yes, but what exactly? Certainly not a romantic weekend. Finding herself alone with two men she barely knew in a house she didn't know where, didn't really reassure her.

How could she escape if it got too hard for her? She didn't have a car. Once again, she came to miss her quiet little life. No lovers, no sex but not without security.

She suddenly thought of Nielsen's photos on the Internet. She had seen him at a party in a sort of castle outside Paris. She logged onto Google Images, typed her boss's name into the search engine, and a series of photos appeared.

She scrolled through them and came across what she was looking for.

A photo of Nielsen in a tuxedo and bow tie in the middle of a crowd of elegant guests. The caption spoke of the property. An old castle that had belonged to a landowner. Nielsen had acquired it about ten years before.

Carole noted that it was about twenty kilometers from Paris. Just outside Palaiseau. She sighed with relief. She could easily escape if necessary. She closed the app and glanced at the clock. In half an hour, she would have no choice.

She could still leave. But she knew she wouldn't. She was dying to continue this "relationship" with both men. Even if it meant regretting it later. She deleted the emails she had exchanged with her boss, updated her schedule for the following week, and recorded the corrections she had made to the last manuscript she had read.

She began to feel some anxiety. Then she remembered that she had not warned Barbara that she would be gone for the next two days. She sent her an email, partially lying to her.

What could she have told him anyway? It was still too early to tell him about the turn her life had taken. She wasn't even sure she'd ever be able to tell him about it. Barbara never asked herself questions about sex.

She slept with whoever she pleased. But she was sure her friend would disapprove of the way she let her bosses treat her, mistreat her, and degrade her. She imagined the look on her face when she told her she had let Nielsen spank her... and that she had enjoyed it.

She shrugged, turned off her computer, and pulled her small duffel bag out of the closet where she had hidden it. She pulled on her trench coat, slung the strap of her purse, and walked out of her cubicle. She walked down the deserted hallway, stopped in front of Nielsen's door, and knocked.

– Come in.

She entered the room, found him sitting alone behind his desk and slowly walked towards him.

– Sit down for a moment, I'll be done soon; he ordered.

She complied and put her bag on the floor. She avoided looking at him, feeling uncomfortable. Her gaze roamed the shelves of the library. She would have

liked to get up and leaf through the leather-bound books. Original works, most likely.

– You can go see them up close, if you want.

Carole jumped when she heard his voice. She glanced at him and gave him a small smile. She stood up and headed to the library. She grabbed a copy of Crimes and Punishments and opened it. She hadn't been mistaken. This one must be worth a fortune. She put it down gently.

She suddenly felt him behind her. She inhaled sharply. He still had an effect on her. A mixture of fear and attraction. He put his hands on her shoulders. She shivered. Had he noticed?

Nielsen gently stroked the back of her neck. He could be tender? He smelled her hair, placed his lips on her neck, just under her ear and placed a kiss there. Carole stifled a moan.

"You'll obey us, won't you?" he whispered.

- Yes, sir...

- Will you do whatever is asked of you?

–...

– Answer me; he ordered him.

– Yes... sir...

- Are you afraid?

- A little...

- For what ?

– Because I don't know...

- What then?

– How far can you go...

"Do you think we're new to this?" he asked.

– Uh... probably not...

– You're right, you're not our first submissive...; he admitted. But you're certainly the most ignorant... the one who has to be taught everything... the one who has to be trained to satisfy us... and we're going to take enormous pleasure in doing so...

- For what ?

– Why do we do this? Because we like to have a woman at our complete disposal, a woman who submits completely to us... whatever we ask of her...

Carole swallowed. Was she capable of giving her soul to the two men? Her body didn't matter. She could give herself physically without any problem. But losing her identity to become a... slave?

"You're asking too many questions!" he said, turning her back to him. "You'll learn to enjoy it... you'll see that it's not so complicated."

Nielsen leaned down and kissed her on the lips with a delicacy she thought he was incapable of. She opened her mouth a little but he pulled back.

– No, you have to earn it.

Carole stifled a sigh. He was not willing to make any concessions.

"You'll soon understand how it works," he said with a smirk.

– Can I ask you a question... sir? she said in a low voice.

– Enjoy it while you're not officially our submissive; he retorted.

– How... how can it work with two... I mean you and Mr. De Villers?

– Bertrand and I get along wonderfully... we like the same women, and have a strong taste for domination... it's our way of life and it suits us both.

Carole nodded. She had noticed that. Even if she thought De Villers wasn't a real dominant.

– Well, it's time to go. Bertrand should be waiting for us downstairs.

He turned off his computer, picked up his wallet from the desk, and led her to the door. He called the elevator as the cleaning service arrived. They went down to the ground floor, greeted the security guard, and walked toward a huge German SUV.

Nielsen replaced his partner at the wheel and the latter climbed into the back with the young woman. She had put her bag at her feet and fastened her seat belt. De Villers turned to her and stared at her.

Carole looked down, blushing.

– Come kneel before me; he ordered calmly.

The young woman suddenly looked up at him. In the dim light of the cabin, she couldn't make out his features, but she could feel his gaze on her.

She unbuckled the seat belt and slid down to the floor between his legs.

- You know what I want...

Carole reached for his pants. She undid his belt and pulled down the zipper. De Villers lifted his pelvis to help him pull down his pants. She ran her hands over his cock over his boxers. She inhaled sharply and swallowed.

Then she took off his boxers, stroked his erect member and leaned towards him. She began by licking him delicately along his entire length and felt him harden under her caress. She opened her mouth, swallowed the glans and sucked it.

De Villers moaned softly. She finally took him completely into her mouth and began to move back and forth on the erect shaft.

– Yes... keep it up... hum...

She applied herself to giving him pleasure, eager to gain his good graces. She still wondered how the two partners could share the same woman. Threesomes existed of course, but she doubted that they existed with two dominants.

She tightened the pressure of her lips, increasing the pace and De Villers finally came in her mouth. She swallowed his sperm and began to withdraw. He grabbed her by the back of the neck, forcing her to keep him in her mouth until the shudders that ran through him stopped.

Carole straightened up and looked up at him. He stroked her cheek tenderly.

– Come take my place; Nielsen's voice said from the front of the car.

De Villers opened the door and slid into the driver's seat while his partner got into the back seat.

## Chapter 5

Carole glanced outside the car. They had passed Palaiseau and were on a side road. A few minutes later, De Villers stopped the SUV in front of a wrought iron gate. He punched in a code on the opening control box and the doors slowly opened.

The car then followed a driveway lined with poplars. They parked on the central reservation in front of the castle. De Villers cut the engine and got out of the car. Carole slid out of the SUV, Nielsen hot on her heels.

– Come, follow us; he ordered, taking her elbow.

His partner carried the young woman's travel bag. They entered a large hall with a marble floor. An imposing staircase led upstairs. A Murano glass chandelier hung from the ceiling.

An elderly woman appeared on their left.

– Good evening, gentlemen; she said in a pleasant voice. Miss...

– Good evening, Maria. Thank you for staying so late; Nielsen retorted.

– At your service, Mr. Nielsen. I lit a fire in the fireplaces of the bedrooms and the living room. The dishes are in the refrigerator, you will only have to heat them up. The plumber came for the leak in your bathroom. It is fixed.

– Well, everything is perfect... we will leave again on Sunday at the end of the afternoon.

– I'll come and put everything away on Monday morning. Have a nice weekend.

The governess greeted them with a big smile and left the castle. Carole followed her with her eyes. She found herself alone for two days with two men who had decided to make her their slave. She stifled a sigh. After all, she could have refused.

– Let's go up to your room and put your things in your room.

The young woman said nothing and followed Nielsen upstairs. The walls were decorated with paintings, engravings and other red chalks. He opened a door with gilded moldings and pushed her into a room furnished with a large bed covered with a golden duvet.

Two antique bedside tables flanked the imposing bed. A cherrywood chest of drawers faced the window. She looked around the room. The room was magnificent, decorated with exquisite taste.

She faced Nielsen. He was staring at her. She looked down immediately.

- Okay, you're going to take off your clothes, all your clothes, and come down and join us in the living room; he ordered.

- Yes, sir...

He turned on his heel and left the room. Carole began to empty her bag and put the dresses she had brought in the dressing room. Then she undressed and glanced at her reflection in a mirror. Going downstairs completely naked?

Luckily Maria was gone!

She took off her clothes, unbuckled her shoes, and left the room. Her nipples hardened in the cool hallway. She went down the wide staircase. Where was she supposed to go?

Nielsen had spoken of the living room. She took a calm breath. Then she chose to turn right. She followed the corridor and saw an open door. She approached it and heard the voices of the two men. She entered the room.

They were sitting on a couch, wearing jeans and shirts over their pants. They stopped talking when she came in.

– Come closer; Nielsen said without taking his eyes off her.

Carole complied, her eyes lowered. Walking around like this, completely naked in front of them, made her uncomfortable. Even if it wasn't the first time they had seen her undressed.

– Get on your knees between us.

She knelt between their feet, her head bowed.

– Well, let's get this straight, Nielsen explained. From now on, you will call us “master” when you address us... it goes without saying that this only concerns our private relations... in the office, it's sir...

Carole nodded.

"We will instill in you the principles of submission," Nielsen continued. "You will obey our every command without hesitation, you will bend to our every whim, every desire... if we are satisfied, you will be rewarded, if not, we will punish you... what you have already suffered is nothing compared to what awaits you in the event of disobedience... is that understood?"

– Yes... master.

- Well... we'll put a collar on you, which you'll wear whenever we're alone... or at friends' houses.

Carole looked up sharply. They were planning on taking her to a friend's house?

– Yes... we hang out with people like us; Nielsen added. You'll see that you're not the only one, you'll learn a lot from the submissives you meet.

The young woman doubted it. She fleetingly wondered what she had gotten herself into. Nielsen leaned over to the coffee table, grabbed a black leather necklace, decorated with metal rings.

He put it around Carole's neck and tightened the loop at the nape of her neck. She inhaled sharply.

– You look very beautiful like this; Nielsen murmured.

Carole closed her eyes briefly. A submissive collar... All that was missing was a leash... Nielsen seemed to read her thoughts because he grabbed one from the couch and hooked it to the collar.

- There you go, you're perfect... you're going to pour us a drink, the bar is behind you... two whiskeys without ice and come back to serve us.

The young woman stood up and walked over to the walnut and zinc counter. She took out two crystal glasses, poured a shot of alcohol into them, and returned to the two men.

De Villers hadn't opened his mouth, but his gaze remained fixed on her. She handed them the drinks and resumed her kneeling position, head down. Even though it was humiliating, she felt excited.

– Turn around and get on all fours; De Villers ordered.

Carole frowned but took the desired position, blushing with shame. This was getting downright demeaning. She closed her eyes. They had a perfect view of her sex.

– Spread your legs...

Carole stifled a sigh. They were going to realize she was wet.

"I have a proposition for you," Nielsen said to his partner. "I'd like her to move in with us. That would allow us to have her available every night... and avoid possible conflicts at the office... I don't want to cause problems between the girls..."

"That's an excellent idea," De Villers retorted. "I can't wait to have it at hand every night..."

Nielsen smiled.

– She will terminate her lease on Monday, we will rent a place to store her furniture.

Carole almost replied that maybe she had a say in it. They were running her life as if it were their own. But surely that was the case, right? She didn't seem to have any other choice. And she hadn't done anything to refuse.

– She must have three months' notice?

"I'll take care of his landlord or his real estate agency," Nielsen decided. "That won't be a problem."

– Turn around; Nielsen ordered the young woman.

Carole faced them. Nielsen grabbed the leash and pulled her towards him.

- Did you hear?

- Yes, master...

- Well, you'll pack your bags on Sunday when you get back. On Monday night, you'll move in with us.

– And my friends? My family?

- You will see your friends when I allow you to... it will be your reward if you behave as we wish. Is that understood?

– Yes... master; she murmured, her eyes fixed on the Persian carpet.

"Are you planning on driving him to the office every morning?" De Villers asked.

– No, she'll keep taking the subway... no need for anyone to see us arrive together; Nielsen retorted.

– Will she sleep in the pink room?

- Sleep ?

Nielsen gave a small mocking laugh.

– We will change the layout of the large bedroom at the end of the corridor... , we will install two beds for us and a mattress for her... I have already planned a ring and chains...

Carole blinked at her boss's words. She was going to sleep on a simple mattress, chained like a... slave! Even in the middle of winter?

"I see she understands," Nielsen sneered. "Are you thinking of anything else?" he added, addressing his partner.

– Not at the moment... are you planning on taking him to Marianna's party?

– Of course... we must see her tomorrow; replied Nielsen. I would very much like to put rings on her... we would have her branded later.

- Yes, it will be even more beautiful pierced... hum... I'm getting hard just thinking about it; said De Villers. We keep our habits at the office?

– No... it would be more prudent to abstain from sex in the office... however I want to establish a ritual. She will come and prostrate herself at our feet every morning when she arrives, completely naked... she will wait until we allow her to get up to go to her cubicle...

– Hum... ; said De Villers.

The two men finished their drinks while discussing work. They had planned to go to the Strasbourg book fair in two weeks.

Carole wondered if she could take advantage of their absence to see Barbara. They talked without worrying about her for half an hour. Her knees were starting to hurt. She sat on her heels, her hands flat on her thighs. A slap on the buttocks forced her to resume her position.

She pricked up her ears as she heard them talk about the four days they wouldn't be in Paris.

– Is she going to stay alone in the apartment? De Villers asked.

– No, we will entrust it to Eva... she will like it very much.

Carole had jumped. Was Eva Chambord aware of her bosses' little habits? Then Nielsen's words spoken a little earlier came back to her.

He had said they hung out with people like them . Was she part of their inner circle? Whose side was she on? Dominant or submissive? Judging by her attitude in the office, she must have been a dominatrix. She imagined her wearing a leather corset, thigh-high boots, and armed with a whip. It must have suited her perfectly.

Carole shifted and tried to find a more comfortable position.

- Do you have a problem? Nielsen asked immediately.

- No... master...

– Then stop moving... you're going to have to learn patience; Nielsen ordered.

Carole resigned herself to not moving anymore. How long were they going to leave her in this position? To chat quietly as if she didn't exist? As if she were a piece of furniture or an object?

She had to wait another thirty minutes, gritting her teeth as the pain grew stronger. Her knees were numb. She would probably have trouble getting up. And yet she was athletic.

Nielsen finally stood up, tugged on the leash, and forced her to stand. She grimaced and struggled to her feet.

– You will set the table... for two; he ordered curtly. Madame Marboeuf has prepared the meals, you will find the menu on the counter. Take care of our dinner. The kitchen is on the right as you leave here. Hurry up.

Carole left the room without looking up and turned to her right. She found the kitchen, a vast room equipped with all the latest equipment. Worthy of a great restaurant.

She glanced at the menu, rummaged in the American fridge and took out what the housekeeper had prepared. Then she went into the dining room and set the table. She heard footsteps in the hallway and looked down.

Nielsen seemed to appreciate it and asked her to serve them. She disappeared into the kitchen and brought the appetizers.

– Sit at my feet; he ordered him.

Carole complied. She sat down on the floor. She was starting to get really hungry. She realized she was going to have to wait until they had finished their meal. She made them a coffee and took it to the living room.

– Go eat something; Nielsen finally told him.

– Thank you, master.

Carole went to the kitchen and made herself a snack. Then she put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher. Then she cleared the table and took a deep breath before returning to the living room.

The two men faced each other on the sofas on either side of the fireplace.

They had pushed the coffee table to one side so as to free up space between them.

– Come here; Nielsen ordered.

Carole walked over to them and knelt down next to Nielsen.

- Good little slave... obedient as I like them; he murmured. Go suck Bertrand... and spread your legs wide, I want to see you.

The young woman turned her back on him and approached her partner. She placed her hands on the leather belt, interrupted by Nielsen's voice.

– Wait... kiss her feet and lick them...

Carole looked up at De Villers and met his blue gaze. He was staring at her with the same hardness as his partner. How could she have believed that he wasn't a dominant too? She had imagined that he was just following Nielsen.

She looked down, undid the laces of his shoes and took them off. She took off his socks and leaned down. She placed kisses on his feet, slowly licking the tops and then began to suck on his toes one by one.

A blow from the belt on her buttocks made her cry out in pain. Tears welled up in her eyes.

– I said legs apart; Nielsen said.

She obeyed and leaned over De Villers' feet again. She applied herself until he ordered her to suck him. She stood up, her buttocks stinging. She undid the belt buckle, slid it around her waist and unbuttoned her pants.

She ran her fingers over the erection that was straining his fly. De Villers lifted his pelvis. Carole freed him from his garment and then his boxers. She gently licked the glans and ran her tongue over the erect member.

She grabbed him at the base with one hand while with the other she caressed his testicles.

He groaned in pleasure and forced her to open her mouth wide to insert his cock all the way to the hilt.

Carole closed her lips around him and began to suck him more vigorously. De Villers thrust his hips into her, hitting the back of her throat. Several times, she had to pull back but he finally came with a moan and she felt his sperm spill into her mouth.

Nielsen grabbed the leash and pulled her towards him. She found herself at his feet, her forehead on the ground, her ass in the air.

- My feet, slave...

Carole suppressed a sigh. She took off his shoes and licked his feet. She tried to please him, trying to avoid punishment at all costs. When she unzipped his shoes, he inhaled sharply. She knew she wouldn't be able to take him all the way into her mouth.

She licked the glans, his testicles before running her tongue all along his shaft. She felt a movement in her back. De Villers introduced two fingers in her and groaned. She was soaked.

She focused on Nielsen despite the fingers probing her. She moaned as he pushed his cock between her lips. De Villers pulled his fingers out. She heard a vague sound of tearing paper, he grabbed her hips and pushed his cock into Carole's slit up to the hilt.

She moaned under the thrusts, moving forward with each thrust, Nielsen's cock slamming into the back of her throat with each movement. Tears welled up in her eyes but she tried to please her boss, sucking him greedily.

He grabbed her head, stopping her from moving back. A long shudder ran through his cock and he came in her mouth, flooding the back of her throat with his cum. Carole swallowed quickly as DeVillers groaned as he came too.

They pulled out at the same time, leaving her frustrated and terribly aroused. De Villers slipped a hand between her thighs and stroked her clit, teasing and then pinching it until a spasm shook her and she came beneath his fingers.

She collapsed, her head on the couch between Nielsen's thighs.

– Come on me; he ordered, pulling on the leash.

She straightened up, straddled his thighs and he immediately impaled her on his sex. He seized her mouth, devastating it in a kiss that was anything but gentle. He searched her with his imperious tongue. His partner introduced a finger into her anus, spreading it apart without ceremony. He added a second finger and made them go back and forth quickly.

Carole arched her back as best she could, savoring the pleasure after the stab of pain.

– She likes it, that bitch...; remarked De Villers. Lie down; he added to Nielsen; I want to fuck her...

His partner pivoted on the couch, without breaking contact with Carole. De Villers lay down between her legs, presented his penis to the entrance of the young woman's little hole and pushed slowly.

She moaned into Nielsen's mouth, completely filled by both sexes. She gave herself over to the feeling of fullness, shaking all over her as the orgasm ravaged her.

## Chapter 6

Carole woke up with difficulty. She was lying between the two men in an XXL bed. They had used and abused her body until two in the morning. She had had to comply with all their desires.

She had an urgent need. She slid to the foot of the bed, moving as little as possible so as not to wake them. She got off the bed and went into the adjoining bathroom. She sat on the toilet and relieved herself. She dried herself quickly and was about to get up when Nielsen appeared in the doorway.

He stared at her with that stern look that didn't bode well.

"What are you doing here?" he asked curtly.

– I... I had to... pee, master; she murmured, embarrassed.

– Did you ask permission before?

– Uh... no, master...

- From now on you will ask for it whenever you feel like it, understood?

- Yes, master...

- Get up and wash your hands, I'm waiting to punish you... don't keep me waiting... .

Carole stifled a sigh. Ask permission to go to the bathroom? Should she ever beg for permission to breathe? She quickly washed her hands and returned to the bedroom.

Nielsen was sitting on the edge of the bed. De Villers had leaned against the headboard. She approached her... master. She still had a little trouble with that term.

He took her wrist and flipped her over onto his lap. He positioned her so that her chest was pressed against the outside of his thigh, her buttocks resting on the other thigh, arched well.

He raised his hand and slammed it down hard. Carole cried out in pain. The next blows made her skin heat up to the point of being unbearable. She cried hot tears, gasping with each new slap.

"You can cry as much as you want," he said icily. "It doesn't move me in the least..."

He continued like this for a long time. The young woman had stopped counting at fifteen. Her buttocks were sore and burning. She was convinced that she would not be able to sit down for several days.

Nielsen finally stopped but held her on his knees. He slid two fingers between her thighs and noted with a groan that she was soaked.

"She's wet like a slut," he said, moaning.

– You surprise me; said De Villers, inserting his fingers into her. Hum... delicious.

She felt DeVillers' mouth against her intimacy. He licked her greedily, sliding his tongue into her slit. Despite the pain she felt, she began to moan under the caresses.

– See how she likes it? Nielsen asked his partner. A real female dog...

De Villers agreed with a grunt and continued to probe Carole's sex with his tongue. He slid her to her knees, her head on the bed, and thrust into her roughly. Nielsen slid in front of her face, demanding that she suck him.

They had taken their places in the 4x4 and left the property a little before ten o'clock. Carole was in the back of the vehicle, looking for a comfortable position. Her sore buttocks did not allow her to sit down.

She had made them breakfast before she was allowed to eat. Then she had slipped into a warm shower. Dressed in a black wrap dress, hold-ups, and black pumps, she wore nothing underneath.

She had put on her pink Perfecto. Nielsen had attached the leather collar to her neck and secured the leash. Was she going to have to go out into the street like this? She had understood that they were going to a certain Marianna's house.

They crossed Palaiseau and reached a busy street lined with chic boutiques. De Villers parked the vehicle in front of a shop with windows covered in red velvet. Frilly outfits adorned the large bay windows. Feathers and naughty underwear were artistically placed on velvet cushions.

The sign advertised a tattoo and piercing parlor upstairs. Carole looked up and read “ Le Palais des délices ” on a pink and purple wooden sign decorated with black arabesques. She didn't doubt for a moment that she was in front of a luxury sex shop.

She got out of the car and glanced at the many passersby. Nielsen grabbed the leash and pulled her pointedly with it. Couples turned to look at them. She looked down at the ground and felt herself blush.

It was one thing to wear the leash in private, it was another to go out on the street like that.

They crossed the sidewalk under curious glances. Carole caught whispers behind her.

Nielsen pushed open a heavy, purple-painted door and they entered a hall with plum-colored carpet. A young man in black jeans and a T-shirt greeted them with a big smile.

– Mr. Nielsen, Mr. De Villers, welcome to the “ Palace of Delights ” ; he said in a friendly voice. Marianna is waiting for you in her office.

– Thank you, Christophe.

Nielsen tugged on the leash and they headed upstairs. Doors opened onto tattoo booths and the whirring of needles and sighs could be heard.

They headed down the hall to a door decorated with a sign that matched the storefront where the word “Private” was etched in purple letters.

Nielsen knocked and walked in. A tall brunette sitting behind a glass desk looked up from her computer screen. A beaming smile spread across her face.

– Ah, there are the two men of my life; she said in a suave voice.

She walked around the desk and kissed both men on the mouth without any embarrassment. She was very beautiful, long wavy brown hair, sparkling green eyes and a sensual mouth.

She wore tight pants tucked into riding boots, a leopard-print silk blouse barely holding back an ample bosom.

Her heady scent tickled Carole's nostrils, and she glanced at her quickly before looking back down at the ground.

A wide, soft leather belt was around his waist; from which hung a sort of martinet or whip with multiple leather straps.

– So here is your new slave; she whispered, going around Carole. Pretty, very pretty... is she trained?

"We've only had her a few days," Nielsen retorted. "We're training her..."

– Hum... it must be a real pleasure...; said Marianna, placing herself in front of Carole. Can I?

- Of course...

– Take off your dress; she ordered the young woman.

Carole complied by untying the belt of her dress and then she slid it over her shoulders. Nielsen took it off her and sent her over the back of a velvet armchair.

Marianna admired the young woman's body, caressed a breast and moaned as she saw the nipple harden.

– Very responsive...

She continued her caresses, pinching the nipples one after the other. Her fingers went down to Carole's hips, between her thighs.

– She's already wet; she whispered hoarsely. I love it... you're planning on marking her of course...

– Yes... at the party we're having next month; Nielsen replied.

- Perfect... so you want me to put rings on it...

– Yes, I want access to her clitoris to be free, two rings on the labia majora so as to spread them apart... with leather straps to hold them in place.

– Hum... yes, it will be absolutely magnificent... and the nipples?

– I'm still hesitating...

– I can pierce them and put removable rings on them...; said Marianna, weighing a breast...; you can hang weights, a plate or something else on them...

– I like the idea very much... what do you think? he asked De Villers.

"I would like that very much," the latter retorted. "She is only here for our pleasure, isn't she?"

– Right... but I think we'll stick to the bottom for today; Nie Isen decided.

– Sure, let's go to a cabin.

The quartet left the office and Marianna opened the door to a tattoo booth. A chair identical to a gynecologist's occupied the center of the small room. A glass cabinet contained a whole series of metal instruments. Pliers, scalpels, shears...

Carole shuddered as she looked at these torture devices. Nielsen removed the leash and made her sit on the leather chair. He attached the rings of her collar to restraints, imprisoned her wrists with leather handcuffs and then put a strap around her waist, immobilizing her completely.

Her feet were slid into stirrups and leather bracelets were fastened around her ankles and then around her thighs. She couldn't move. She swallowed hard, her throat feeling so dry.

Marianna had her back to him, rummaging through the closet. She came back to the armchair, placed metal rings on a steel tray as well as a kind of clamp.

Carole moaned at the sight of them. De Villers inserted a leather gag into her mouth, tightened the straps behind her head and closed the buckle with a sharp movement. She gave him a panicked look.

Marianna spread the young woman's feet as wide as possible and pulled a rolling chair between her thighs. She soaked a cotton ball in disinfectant and passed it over her labia.

– Well, we can go; she said, grabbing the tongs from the tray.

Its handle was equipped with a red light that turned green. Marianna brought the clamp closer to the young woman's sex and grabbed the flesh with one hand while she opened the teeth of the clamp with a flick of her wrist. She clamped the lip between the steel jaws and closed them on the flesh .

Carole screamed despite the gag and arched her back abruptly. The bonds that held her prevented her from escaping the operation. Tears ran down her cheeks. She gasped in pain. Marianna removed the clamp and inspected the hole. She nodded, visibly satisfied before doing the same on the other side.

She made a third and then a fourth puncture. Ignoring the cries muffled by the gag. Carole was on the verge of losing consciousness.

– I will put in temporary rings to prevent the holes from closing.

She grabbed a small metal ring from the tray and inserted it into a hole, earning a moan from the young woman. She did the same with the others and stepped back to admire her work.

Nielsen leaned forward and smiled.

– Great job; he appreciated. Are you planning on putting the straps on today?

– Yes; replied Marianna. She's wet like a slut; she added, running her index finger over Carole's sex. You chose her well, that one.

The young woman closed her eyes, her heart pounding in her chest. The pain had eased but was still there. How could she have let this happen?

She heard De Villers grunt with satisfaction as he moved between her legs to caress her.

– Hum... you're right, this female dog is soaked...

Nielsen kissed her forehead and stroked her cheek.

- That's good, slave... you're ready... ; he whispered in her ear. Next time, we'll mark you with our initials... indelibly.

Carole kept her eyes lowered. Her breathing finally calmed down and she took a deep breath. What more was he going to do to make her suffer and remember that she had given herself to them entirely?

How could she forget him after what she had just endured? Nielsen looked very proud. Of him or of her?

Marianna came back into the room; she was wearing very soft leather straps. They ended with very thin metal hooks. She hooked them to the rings and put them around the young woman's hips. She stretched them to the maximum, tearing another moan of pain from her.

She worked the spring that released the straps' attachment ring and attached them to the opposite ring. Carole's labia were now spread, leaving her clitoris within reach, exposed to view.

– Perfect; Nielsen murmured. How do you find it? he added, addressing De Villers.

- Gorgeous...

– Good; Nielsen agreed. Did you get my order?

– Yes... everything you wanted... ; Marianna replied as she put away her equipment. I even have a little gift that should please you.

They followed her into the hallway, leaving Carole tied up in the chair. At the back of the sex shop, a door opened onto a room reserved for a certain clientele. De Villers was interested in the whips whose straps ended in knots. One of them even had small metal spikes.

He stroked it with his fingertips, a smile playing on his lips. The instruments presented must have caused unbearable pain. Reserved, without a doubt, for extreme SM practices.

He walked back over to the counter where Marianna had placed a black leather box. Inside he discovered a thick, long, black double dildo.

"It's the exact size of your erect penis," she said, handing it to Nielsen.

Both parts of the toy were indeed large and realistic in size. Made of durable rubber, the surface reproduced every vein and crease of Nielsen's penis.

De Villers wondered how the casting had been made.

– If you want one, said Marianna, I have them custom made by a German manufacturer.

"I would like that very much," De Villers agreed. "I suppose you need to take the measurements?"

Marianna smiled and looked down at De Villers' clearly visible erection.

"Whenever you want, but I think now is the perfect time," she sneered in her hoarse voice.

"Give it a try," Nielsen said, putting the device back in its case.

- All right...

– Come, follow me...

They moved into a nearby room, leaving Nielsen to inspect the contents of the box. Besides the dildo, there were nipple clamps, a bottle of red liquid that looked like nail polish but actually contained a clitoral stimulant. Various sex toys, and a black plastic box that he opened carefully. Inside was a clamp made of two long jaws with spikes on the inside. A kind of key was attached to one end. He turned it slowly and watched as the jaws separated. Turning the key counterclockwise caused them to close.

Nielsen grinned. A labia clamp that was supposed to grip the clitoris at the same time. Holy Marianna, she had a knack for providing him with toys that were at least interesting.

De Villers returned a few minutes later, a satisfied look on his face.

- Did you have fun? Nielsen asked, seeing him smile.

– Hum... yes, she still sucks so well... and her mold!

Nielsen looked up at his partner. He burst out laughing. In the distant past, Marianna had been their mentor. She was part of a circle of friends who were very into dominant-submissive relationships.

She had introduced them to this famous group. They had met real, hard-core dominants, SM fans, and dominatrices too. They had learned their trade in a way and she had opened the doors to an environment where they had felt at home ever since.

Marianna had known all their submissives. She had provided them with all sorts of equipment, had tattooed or branded their slaves. She had always been there to train them.

## Chapter 7

She reappeared with Carole. The young woman had dried her tears and put on her makeup again. She was still naked except for her stockings and pumps. The leash attached to her collar. Nielsen looked down at her sex. Her clitoris was perfectly visible now, pointing proudly.

– Could you shorten the straps a little? he asked. I think they are a little long.

Marianna smiled and shook her head. She sat the young woman down and untied the leather straps on one side. She made sure to gain an inch and put them back in place.

Carole let out a moan as she felt her labia spread a little further.

– Perfect, like that, right?

– You are right; De Villers agreed. Within reach and always available.

Nielsen paid his bill and thanked the hostess.

"How about coming over for dinner on Friday night?" she suggested, handing the young woman her clothes .

– Get dressed, Nielsen ordered, nodding. With pleasure... are you planning on inviting the regulars?

– Oh, just two or three couples... Alain and Chantal, Louis and his new slave, Laetitia... and probably Raymond and Héloïse too... what do you think?

"It will be an interesting evening, indeed," said Nielsen, taking hold of the leash. "We will introduce them to our slave... I can't wait to be there, to see if she will be up to it."

"I'm sure she will be," Marianna said, eyeing the young woman. "I know a thing or two about submissives... I think she needs some training, but she's an excellent recruit."

– See you next Friday then... and thanks for the gift, I'm going to love it...

– Did you understand how it worked?

- What do you think?

- Did you see, the key is removable? That way you can fuck it without fear of getting hurt...

– Oh no...

- You see that you need me! I'll give you a little demonstration.

She forced Carole to sit on a bench, spread her legs and grabbed the clamp. She opened the jaws as wide as possible, closed them on the labia minora and the clitoris before turning the key to tighten the clamp.

The young woman moaned as she felt the spikes enter her flesh. Marianna gave a sharp tug, lifted the key upwards and removed it. The clamp was in place and gave full scope to penetrate the young woman.

– Great toy! DeVillers agreed. Can we leave it in place all day or night?

– No problem at all; Marianna acknowledged. Here's the key. You have two more in the box in case you lose them.

- THANKS.

The two men left the shop after hugging the owner.

– Let's go eat somewhere, Nielsen suggested, putting his purchases in the trunk of the SUV.

Still holding Carole on a leash, they walked down the street looking for a restaurant. The young woman kept her eyes fixed on the ground. They stopped in front of a large restaurant.

Nielsen entered a lobby decorated with absolutely exquisite taste. A butler in a tailcoat came to greet them ceremoniously.

– Mr. Nielsen and Mr. De Villers, welcome. Miss.

If he was surprised by the young woman's collar and leash, he didn't let it show. He smiled at the two men.

– Would you like to have lunch in a private room? he suggested.

– No, we'll eat in the great hall, Arthur; Nielsen retorted.

- Well, gentlemen... if you would follow me.

The man led them into a huge dining room. Silence fell among the guests as the newcomers entered. Businessmen, alone or in groups, couples occupied the tables.

They crossed the room and the maître d' pointed them to a table near a sumptuous fireplace. Carole had lowered her eyes to pass between the tables.

She had caught disapproving murmurs behind her. Conversations resumed as soon as they were seated. Men were casting her lustful glances. Others were looking at her with envy.

The women, for their part, seemed torn between pity and disdain. Some seemed downright hostile to her. She looked down at her plate.

The clamp was really starting to hurt, she fidgeted in her chair.

"Stop moving around like that, or I'll spank you in front of everyone," Nielsen threatened.

The young woman immediately stopped moving.

– Look up... I want everyone at the table to see your face; he ordered him.

Carole complied and forced herself to hold her head high. Nielsen nodded with a smirk and placed the leash prominently on the table, still attached to the collar.

A sommelier came to present them with the wine list. His gaze fell on the young woman's neck and he looked at her attentively.

"I'll let you choose," he said finally in a troubled voice.

– You have an effect on him; remarks De Villers, grabbing the card.

They ordered and soon their starters were brought. Carole tried to avoid the gaze of the men sitting at the other tables. She had set her eyes on two men in three-piece suits, seated not far from them. One of them wore a gold watch and tie clip.

He must have been in his fifties, with brown hair sprinkled with salt and pepper threads. His table companion was much younger. Thirty at the most. Brown too, with inquisitive blue eyes. He seemed genuinely interested in the young woman.

He didn't take his eyes off her while talking to the fifty-year-old. Carole looked away, embarrassed by his insistence.

– Do you like them? Nielsen asked suddenly.

“What?” she croaked, staring at him as if he had said something obscene.

- I want to know if you like them... you seem to interest them a lot...

Carole frowned. What was he getting at? She saw him get up anxiously, head towards the two men's table and chat with them. The younger one nodded several times while not taking his eyes off her.

The young woman turned to De Villers who was smiling. No! He wasn't going to dare...

Nielsen returned to the table, a satisfied smile on his lips.

"Agreed, after the meal we will go up to their suite and you will give yourself to them," he explained in a tone that brooked no discussion.

Carole swallowed and looked at him imploringly. She wasn't going to have to sleep with these strangers?

- You will do whatever they want... or you will be severely punished in front of them; he said, smiling.

The young woman blinked. She wasn't a... He really took her for a female dog in heat! She barely touched her fish plate, her appetite cut by the prospect of having to sleep with these men.

De Villers and Nielsen did justice to their meal without worrying about her any further. They asked for the bill before the coffee. The two men had disappeared. Then Nielsen grabbed the leash, forced her to stand up and asked her:

- Do you need to go to the bathroom?

- Yes... master...

- Then I'll come with you.

Carole followed suit, wondering if he would follow her inside. She got the answer to her question when she saw him push open all the cabin doors. He ushered her into one of them.

- Spread your legs so I can see you... arch your back... lean back, again... there you go...

Carole obeyed him once again and relieved herself, not without blushing horribly. She dried herself carefully, washed her hands and followed Nielsen out of the bathroom. A woman in a Prada suit was waiting in the hallway.

She glanced contemptuously at Carole and shrugged at Nielsen. They joined De Villers near the elevators. They entered an empty cabin, went up to the eighth floor, and walked down a hallway with a thick carpeted floor.

Nielsen knocked on the door of suite eight hundred and three. The fifty-year-old answered. He had taken off his suit jacket, removed his tie and rolled up his sleeves.

Up close, he looked older. He led them into a living room furnished with tan leather sofas, a cherry bookcase, and a desk area.

The younger guy had changed into black pants and a polo shirt.

"We've had some coffee brought up," said the older man, pointing to the set on the coffee table.

"That's perfect," Nielsen said. "Take off your dress," he added to Carole.

The young woman unbuckled her belt and pulled the sides of her garment aside. She slid it off her shoulders and faced the four men in hold-ups and pumps.

– Wow! exclaimed the younger of the two strangers. Beautiful... what's her name?

- It doesn't matter... she's a slave, she doesn't need a name.

The young man walked towards her and began to caress her.

"Can I do whatever I want with her?" he asked, without taking his eyes off her.

– Yes; Nielsen replied.

- Can she suck me?

- Did you hear, slave?

- Yes, master...

Carole knelt down in front of the young man, unbuckled his leather belt and pulled down the fly of his pants. His erection was straining his boxers. She freed him from his pants, slid his boxers to the floor and lifted his feet.

– Lick his feet; Nielsen ordered.

The young woman stifled a sigh and began to kiss the young man's feet, she licked them conscientiously. Then she straightened up, took his cock in one hand while with the other, she caressed his testicles. His cock grew and hardened again to become as imposing as Nielsen's.

She licked the head, running her tongue over the hard member before opening her mouth to suck it. The other three had taken their places on the sofas and were sipping their coffee while not missing a crumb of the show.

The young man cums in Carole's mouth while moaning.

– Fuck; he swore as his cum spurted out abruptly.

Carole licked him up every last drop before lowering her head.

- Approach...

She was about to get up but Nielsen's voice interrupted her.

- No... you come on all fours.

The young woman hesitated, then she ran the few meters that separated her from them like a dog. She stopped between the legs of Nielsen and the other stranger.

- Take care of him... then we'll go to the room and all four of us will take you.

The older guy received the same treatment as the younger man. She understood that they were Belgian and came to Paris once or twice a month for business.

"Well, if you still want her, just contact us," Nielsen said, holding out a business card.

– Magnificent... I have a large property near Namur; said the man whose name was Robert. You could come and spend a weekend.

– Excellent idea.

After cumming, he took the young woman by her leash and led her to one of the rooms in the suite. He made her get on all fours on the bed and admired Carole's sex.

– Can we remove the clamp? Nielsen asked.

- Of course.

He fished the key out of his pants pocket, ordered the young woman to sit down and spread her legs, then he released her sore little lips. She moaned in relief.

Robert had her put back on all fours.

- Can I spank her?

Nielsen smiled.

– Yes, on condition that I gag her, I wouldn't want to disturb the other customers; he retorted, laughing.

– Go get me a dressing gown belt; he ordered his young sidekick named Marc.

The latter went into the bathroom and returned with the requested object.

– Open your mouth; Robert ordered the young woman.

She obeyed, hoping he wouldn't hit too hard. He tied the robe belt behind her head, pulling the knot as tight as possible.

– Spread your legs, again... there you go...

As soon as she had taken the desired position, he began to bring his hand down on Carole's buttocks. She moaned into the gag and tears welled up in her eyes. He hit her about twenty times without letting up. The other three seemed to enjoy it. She caught comments about the color of her buttocks.

Robert finally stopped, knelt between her legs and penetrated her with one thrust after putting on a condom. He worked her roughly, grunting with each movement.

Nielsen came to kneel in front of her, his cock erect like a stake. He removed the gag and slipped between her lips, ordering her to suck him. Robert came with a moan and left his place to Marc who inserted two fingers into the young woman's anus.

He moved them back and forth quickly before removing them and replacing them with his cock, tearing a cry of pain from her. Each thrust eliciting a moan.

She eventually got used to the size of Marc's cock and managed to make Nielsen cum in her mouth. He pulled out immediately after cumming and De Villers in turn pushed his cock between her lips.

For two hours, the four men used her body as they pleased. They took her in all positions, forcing her to contort herself to suck them while the other two took her at the same time.

Robert finally suggested they take a break. They returned to the living room.

“Go take a shower,” Nielsen ordered, “and get back on the bed, arms and legs spread... and don't you dare move. We're not done with you yet.”

Carole stood up painfully. Her legs faltered beneath her. She slipped into the shower, grabbed a scented soap provided by the hotel, and washed away the smells of sex and sweat.

She rubbed her face under the hot spray and sighed. She closed her eyes briefly. How could she endure the assaults of the four men any longer? They had fucked her countless times. She felt like she had come a thousand times.

She couldn't take it anymore but suspected that Nielsen wouldn't admit any complaints from her. She dried herself with a large fluffy towel and returned to the room.

She dropped the bath towel and lay down on the bed, arms and legs spread. She eventually dozed off, exhausted.

## Chapter 8

The sound of voices pulled her out of her daze. She slowly sat up. All four of them were looking at her. She looked down and stifled a sigh.

They didn't seem to want to stop there. She rested her head on the pillow and prayed that they would soon be satisfied. Robert leaned over the bed, grabbed her by the ankles and pulled her to the foot of the bed.

Carole wondered what he was going to come up with next. He had spanked her, taken her in every hole, tied her to the bedposts. For his age, he seemed healthy and had a hell of a lot of stamina. She wondered if he took Viagra.

They used her for another two hours, stopping to get drinks or showers. It was almost dark when Nielsen asked her to get dressed.

The four men shook hands and decided to stay in touch. Carole climbed back into the back of the car and collapsed on the bench seat. Nielsen and De Villers were in the front, talking in low voices.

As soon as she got back to the castle, she had to prepare dinner. She served them at the table, ate in the kitchen after them and put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher. She went to bring them coffee and knelt down next to Nielsen.

- You can go to sleep; he said suddenly. Go to the pink room.

- Thank you, master; she murmured before getting up.

She left the living room and went upstairs. She ran herself a bath, poured in some jasmine-scented bubble gel, and slid into the water. She was exhausted, her body aching from hours of sex.

She began to drift off to sleep and decided it would be best to get out of the water. As soon as she lay down under the covers, she fell asleep.

She slept until ten in the morning. The sun was streaming through the openwork shutters.

Carole glanced at the clock. She sat up and yawned. She was surprised they hadn't woken her. Then she got out of bed and staggered to the bathroom.

Her body was covered in red and purple marks. She had bruises on her thighs and insides. Her clit was still sore from being bitten, licked, and teased for hours.

She wondered how long it would take her to recover. She took a long shower, savoring the caress of the water on her skin. She put on a short straight dress and ballet flats.

Carole barely put on any makeup and decided to go downstairs. She glanced into the kitchen and then into the living room. They were nowhere to be seen. She poured herself a large bowl of coffee, toasted some toast and buttered it.

She felt better immediately. She went looking for the two men. She hadn't thought to look in their room. She was about to go upstairs when she heard laughter outside.

She crossed the living room, looked out the French window and saw them playing tennis on a clay court. She admired their muscular thighs, their powerful arms molded into their T-shirts.

Carole felt her pulse quicken. Despite what they were doing to her, she was attracted to these men without really understanding why. She went out onto the terrace and headed towards them.

– Did you sleep well? Nielsen asked, wiping his forehead.

– Yes, master... thank you for allowing me to recover. Can I get you something?

– Thanks, I'll have a coffee; Nielsen replied... And you? he added to his partner.

- Me too.

Carole turned on her heel and went back into the building. She made two cups of coffee and came back to them. Nielsen thanked her with a smile. A rare enough occurrence that she thought about it.

They returned to Paris in the early afternoon. Nielsen dropped her off in front of her apartment building.

– Pack your bags, a van will come and pick them up tomorrow afternoon. Prepare everything you can, if you need boxes, let me know.

– Very well, master; she murmured, her eyes lowered.

– Be there on time tomorrow morning.

He closed the door after placing a kiss on her lips. De Villers gave her a real kiss before getting back in the car. Carole watched the SUV drive away then turned on her heel and went into her building.

She was still wondering how their ménage à trois was going to work. Apparently, they had been through this before. She had never lived with a boy.

She went up to her apartment and plopped down on the couch in the living room. Looking around, she figured she wouldn't miss her furniture. It was all from Ikea or Alinéa. Nothing of value. Not even sentimental.

She had no assets from her family. Her parents were humanitarian doctors in Southeast Asia. They had sold their assets to set up a hospital in an extremely poor area.

She suddenly thought that she hadn't seen them for almost a year. She missed them terribly at that moment. She grabbed her cell phone and called Barbara.

– Well, escarole ! I thought you were dead! Where have you been? exclaimed her friend in a tone of reproach.

- In the countryside in a beautiful castle; she retorted. Are you well?

- And you? Who is the owner of this castle? Are you going to introduce him to me? Is he rich?

– Oh, come on... calm down! Carole snickered. I'll introduce you to him, but you won't like him...

- What do you know about it? Is it ugly?

– No, quite the contrary... he is very... attractive.

– Hun, hun... so he's very handsome... I know you, scarole ! Are you in love?

Carole had asked herself the question many times. Was she?

- I don't know...

– What do you mean, you don't know? her friend asked. You must know what you feel for him? Where did you meet him?

– Let's get to work.

- What? You're sleeping with a guy from your job? And if you break up, that sucks, right?

Carole thought that she was not about to separate! She hesitated to tell Barbara more.

– So who is it? her friend insisted.

– Uh... his name is Patrick...

– Patrick? Like Patrick Nielsen?

- Yes...

- Are you fucking your boss? Are you sick? Can you imagine the day he doesn't want you anymore? What a nightmare it will be when you have to work with him and he sleeps with someone else!

– Barbie, stop! Carole replied. It's just beginning...

– Exactly, there is still time to back down...

- No, I don't think so... he wants me to move in with him... tomorrow...

– What? Barbara yelled into the phone. Are you crazy? You've known him for what? Two weeks and... wait a minute, you said 'he wants me to move in with him'... what have you gotten yourself into?

- What do you mean? Carole asked, fearing the worst.

- Where are you now?

- At my house...

"I'm coming," her friend said, cutting off the call.

– Shit, shit, shit! Carole swore.

She dialed her friend's number again.

- I need you to lend me some suitcases or boxes, can you do that?

– Yes, I still have my moving boxes... are you sure you want them?

- Yes.

– Ok.

Carole put her cell phone down on the coffee table and stood up. Her travel bag was lying in the hallway. She carried it to her room, emptied it, and turned on a washing machine.

She had just poured herself a drink when the doorbell rang. She opened it to a visibly worried Barbara. They kissed and her friend looked at her attentively.

- I don't know what you did this weekend, but you look exhausted... did you spend your time fucking or something? she asked, putting folded boxes in the hallway.

– It's a bit like that, yes; Carole admitted.

– Come, tell me this story; Barbara decided in a peremptory tone.

The two young women sat down on the sofa in the living room. Carole gave him a sweetened description of her relationship with Nielsen. She carefully avoided talking to him about the two Belgians and their sex. Just as she “forgot” about her time at Marianna's.

– Has he ever spanked you? Barbara asked suddenly. He's that kind of guy, huh?

Carole let out a long sigh before nodding.

- Okay, I see the type... and you like it?

In response, her friend shrugged one shoulder. Barbara stared at her for a long moment without saying a word, then shook her head.

- If I expected that from you! I who took you for a goody two-shoes! You're fooling everyone, scarole !

"It's not as bad as it sounds," Carole retorted.

– Oh yeah? A guy who spansks you and who will whip you one of these days? Who will make you his submissive... because that's what he wants, are you aware of that?

Carole stared at her friend with a smirk on her lips.

- Okay, it's already done from what I understand... are you ready to comply with all his whims? I hope he knows when to stop... I don't understand... you're super beautiful, intelligent... couldn't you find yourself a normal guy?

"I've slept with normal guys," Carole replied.

- And ?

– And that wasn't really it...

- And your Nielsen, does he fuck like a God? Damn Carole! I don't believe it!

– Listen, I'm not asking you to understand... but keep it to yourself, please; Carole begged.

– I'm not going to go shouting from the rooftops that my best friend gets off on being submissive to a dominant guy! Barbara replied. But still, it's dangerous... even if he knows what he's doing... there are limits that should not be crossed in this kind of relationship...

Carole reflected that she had crossed quite a few lines over the weekend. And that she would probably cross more. How could she explain to her best friend that she felt alive for the first time in a long time? That she was willing to endure physical punishment to continue feeling that way?

"Has he ever taken you to a swingers club or something?" Barbara asked, scanning her friend's face.

– No... not yet... ; replied Carole. Do you think he will do it?

"How stupid you can be!" Barbara exclaimed. "When he's trained you to obey him blindly, he'll do whatever he wants with you, believe me, I know what I'm talking about!"

Carole gaped at her. Barbara had known a dominator? She had never told her about it!

– What do you think? said her friend. That I'm a little white goose? I lived in London with a guy who was a pure dom ... it lasted six months then I got sick of it, I was crazy about him ... we went to parties at his friends' houses, he offered me to his friends ... I did everything he wanted, really ...

- What happened? Carole asked curiously.

– He slept with a woman at a libertine party and forced me to watch... he knew that I couldn't stand seeing him with another... he did it anyway... I left quietly and returned to France.

– Was he English?

– Yeah... a Lord of the House...

- You didn't tell me!

– I always get a little blue when I think of him...

- Were you very much in love with him?

– More than that; Barbara admitted. Since then I have radically changed my friends... I don't want to set foot in that environment anymore... your Nielsen, if he's a real dom , he's going to make you do things you have no idea about... when you're at his complete mercy, he'll lend you, rent you... you'll be his thing and you won't be able to say anything... is that what you want?

Carole thought that was already the case. He had offered her to the two Belgian businessmen without batting an eyelid. He intended to mark her at a party... she had no doubt that she would have to agree to sleep with his guests...

- I don't know anymore... what you're telling me is so...

- Yeah, you're bitten, aren't you?

Carole nodded.

- Sweetie, take care of yourself, that's all I want you to understand; her friend continued. If he wants to go too far against your will, run away from him without hesitation... these guys have no pity... they see women as slaves, toys that they can do absolutely anything they want with... and they can easily replace you with a snap of their fingers...

- Okay, I'll be careful; Carole said to reassure the young woman.

She thought to herself that she had already come a long way in a very short time. And that she was ready to go even further for Nielsen. She was really crazy .

They ate dinner in the kitchen and Barbara helped her fold her dresses and put them in the suitcases. They packed boxes of clothes and accessories, put the shoes in a large iron trunk and Carole went through her closets so as not to forget anything.

- Well, do you collect shoes or something? Barbara exclaimed, impressed by the number of stilettos, sandals and pumps of all kinds.

- I like pumps! Carole replied, pouting. You have as many as me, it suits you to say that!

- Do you think you'll have enough space at your Nielsen?

Carole wondered what her bosses' apartment was like.

Judging by the Palaiseau castle, they must have had a loft or a duplex. She felt a little anxious about being in their house all the time.

- You know you can still say no! her friend said, sensing her hesitation.

"I don't want to say no, it's just that I've never lived with anyone," Carole retorted. "It'll be weird, that's all..."

When the cupboards were completely emptied, it was past eleven o'clock in the evening.

- Thanks for the helping hand, Barbie, it was nice of you to help me...

- What's the point of best friends! Will you be able to sleep?

– Oh yes, I'm exhausted! I have to work tomorrow, at eight o'clock too!

- Well, good night... and keep me posted, I want to know that everything is going well!

– I promise...

Carole walked her friend to the entrance, they kissed for a long time and the young woman had to promise to call her very soon. She watched her friend disappear down the stairs.

Then she closed her door and glanced at the suitcases in the hallway. Her life was about to take a new turn and no matter what Barbara said, she couldn't turn back. She had already gone too far.

## Chapter 9

Carole arrived at the office a little before eight the next morning. She took off her lace panties, put them in a plastic bag, and took one last look at her reflection in a pocket mirror.

She took a deep breath before going to knock on Nielsen's door. She turned the knob and stepped inside. The two men were sitting facing each other on either side of the desk.

She walked towards them, eyes downcast, and took off her dress and then her pumps. She knelt down and prostrated herself at their feet, forearms on the ground, forehead just a few inches from the parquet floor.

Nielsen stood up and walked around her desk. With a kick, he spread her thighs.

– Arch your back better than that, I want to see your pussy; he ordered curtly.

The young woman obeyed and closed her eyes. The position was humiliating, degrading as possible.

If someone had come in at that moment, they would have seen only his penis.

- Well, you're perfect like this... I want you to get into this position every morning when you arrive; he continued. And stay like this for as long as I want... do you understand?

– Yes, master; she breathed in a hushed voice.

– Are your bags ready?

- Yes, master...

– Fine... you will leave me a copy of your keys, someone will come and get them this afternoon... this evening you will return to our place by metro, I will give you our address... when you arrive at the apartment, you will undress and wait in this position at the entrance to the living room... as long as necessary, is that understood?

- Yes, master...

Carole stifled a sigh. She was going to have to submit to this degrading ceremony every morning and every evening?

- Well... next week we have to go away... someone will take care of you, we'll talk about it again... get up and go to work...

Carole straightened up, quickly dressed and turned on her heel.

– Attend !

Nielsen's voice caught up with her as she reached the door. She spun on her heel, wondering what he could have forgotten.

– Come back here...

The young woman retraced her steps.

– Sit on the chair; his boss ordered, putting his hand in a pocket of his pants. Spread your legs wide...

She saw him approach the pliers he had brought from Marianna's. She looked up at him imploringly. Was she going to have to wear these all day? He gave her a smirk and knelt down in front of her.

He grabbed her already wet little lips, spread the jaws of the pliers as far as they could go before closing them with the key. The young woman leaned against the back of the chair, moaning.

Nielsen tightened the pliers making her moan louder. He removed the key and admired his handiwork.

– Very pretty... ; he murmured. That way you won't forget who you are... tomorrow I'll put a plug in you and you'll keep it in your pretty little ass until the evening. Now go...

Carole pulled her dress down and left her boss's office, wincing in pain. She wasn't sure she could stand the bite on her clit all day. And she had no way of loosening it.

She got to work, spreading her legs under her desk. At noon, she had lunch with Jacqueline and Sophie. The girls told her about their weekend with their boyfriends.

She had to lie about what she had done, saying she had gone to see an old friend. She didn't see how to explain what she had experienced. And besides, she didn't want to tell anyone about it.

In the morning she had received an email from Barbara. She was leaving for photos in Santo Domingo and would be back in three or four days. She wished her a good trip and told herself that she would have gladly gone with her.

The rest of the day flew by. She closed her computer at six o'clock, put on her jacket, and retrieved her bag from her desk drawer. She hadn't had any emails or contact with her bosses.

She sighed, stepped into an already full elevator and went to take the metro. They lived in the seventeenth. She looked for their street and stopped in front of a bourgeois building.

A glance at the doorbells told her she was at the right address, she punched in the entry code, entered a cobblestone lobby, and headed for the elevator. E

She went up to the top floor and was not surprised to enter a magnificent duplex.

She looked it over quickly, found her suitcases and boxes in a large dressing room adjoining a room that was clearly unoccupied. A terrace furnished with a glass and wrought iron garden furniture looked out over the rooftops. She quickly undressed and returned to the living room.

The walls were painted white, the black furniture and white sofas gave the room a chic atmosphere. A metal staircase went upstairs. She hesitated to visit the top of the duplex.

Nielsen hadn't told her what time they expected to return. She had every reason to be in the orderly position. She took one last look around, knelt at the entrance to the living room, and waited.

How would they know she had obeyed his orders? The room might have been equipped with cameras. She leaned forward, her forehead against the floor, her forearms flat and her legs spread.

She was probably getting paranoid but didn't want her stay here to start with a punishment. She took her time. Hoping they wouldn't be long.

The key in the lock made her jump as she had lost all sense of time. Her knees ached and she was cold. She heard the footsteps of the two men. They walked past her without a word.

She exhaled slowly, anxiously. She waited another half hour before hearing them come back into the living room. They had showered and changed. Nielsen was wearing jeans and a blue polo shirt and De Villers was in his pajama bottoms and bare-chested.

– Get up; Nielsen ordered.

He put the leather collar around her neck, attached the leash to the ring, and pulled her toward the nearest couch.

"Let's see if you've been obedient!" he said, sitting down.

Carole knelt at his feet, anxious. A laptop sat open on the coffee table. Her boss tapped away at the keys and images of the apartment flashed by.

She saw herself entering the living room, walking through the rooms downstairs before returning naked and kneeling at the door. She stifled a sigh. She had been right to be wary. The apartment was under surveillance.

– Hmm... seems like you took your time; he whispered. Come on my lap, I'm going to punish you for your curiosity... and your lack of obedience.

Carole came to place herself across his thighs, her breasts against his left thigh and her buttocks on the other, she gritted her teeth. He was going to spank her while she was still wearing the clamp. It might hurt.

Nielsen raised a hand and brought it down on the young woman's buttocks. She moaned and tears welled up in her eyes. He hit her about fifteen times, increasing the intensity with each new slap.

Carole was sobbing now, her ass on fire. Her boss continued like this until her ass was scarlet. She heard him gasp and he inserted two fingers into her soaking wet sex.

- You're wet like a slut... do you like being spanked?

The young woman shook her head.

- No? That's not what your body says, female dog...

He continued to move his fingers in and out roughly, adding a third. Then abruptly, he withdrew them, brought them close to his anus and pushed them in without any foreplay .

Carole cried out in pain before opening up and moaning in pleasure.

- Yes, bitch... you like... come lick my fingers...

The young woman slid between Nielsen's legs and implored him with her eyes.

- Lick it or I'll punish you again; he ordered sharply.

She complied slowly, running her tongue over Nielsen's fingers before engulfing them in her mouth.

- You see... when you want, you know how to be obedient...; he said, removing his fingers. Suck me now...

Carole undid the button of the jeans, unzipped the zipper and took out her boss's swollen and hard cock. She licked the glans, while with her left hand, she caressed his testicles.

She felt them harden under her hand and licked the erect penis to its base. She heard him moan and accentuated her caresses. She took him in her mouth, sucking him gently then she accelerated and made him cum. She received his sperm at the back of her throat, swallowed it and licked it up to the glans.

She looked up at him and noted with pride that he looked fulfilled.

"That's good, you've made progress," he said, smiling. "Take care of Bertrand now. Then you can serve us dinner. Maria has everything ready."

Carole wondered if the governess was staying in the apartment and what her reaction would be if she saw her naked. She stopped wondering and pulled down De Villers' pajama pants. He was hard as a donkey. The sight seemed to have excited him enormously.

She made him cum in her mouth and looked down as soon as he had ejaculated. Then she got up and went to the kitchen. The dishes were placed on the polished concrete worktop. She set the table, served them drinks and placed their plates in front of them like a real maid would have done.

When they had their coffee, Nielsen allowed her to eat. She then tidied up the kitchen and returned to the living room. Her suitcases were still waiting in the dressing room.

- Master...

- Yes ?

- Can I unpack, please... I... I wish I could settle in...; she whispered embarrassedly.

- Go ahead... tonight you will sleep upstairs, with us.

– Thank you, master.

She spun on her heel and headed down the hall to the bedroom. It took her a good hour to hang her dresses and put her underwear away in drawers. Although she doubted she would wear them much here.

When she was done, she joined the two men in front of the television and knelt between their feet. Nielsen had grabbed the leash and forced her down as far as she could.

He placed one foot on the small of her back, making her arch her back. Then he slipped a finger between her buttocks, pushed against her anus and entered her. She began to moan, pushing her buttocks against his finger.

- On all fours, female dog...

She raised her torso and placed her hands flat on the carpet.

– Look at that! Nielsen sneered. She's wet ass like a slut...

She felt him kneel behind her and press his cock firmly against her anus. He thrust into her with one thrust. She screamed and gritted her teeth until the pain subsided and pleasure replaced it.

De Villers came and slipped between her legs, grabbed her by the hips and impaled her on him. They began to move in rhythm, faster and faster.

Carole moaned louder and louder, on the verge of orgasm.

De Villers grabbed her by the nape of the neck and ravaged her mouth with his tongue, searching it greedily. She responded to his kiss. She moaned into his mouth and then came brutally, pushed to the limit by Nielsen's thrusts.

Both men came at the same time, crushing her between their bodies. Nielsen slowly sat up, still planted inside her. He forced her to sit up, kneeling above her partner.

De Villers stood up with a jerk of his hips. They switched places; Nielsen impaled her on his cock while De Villers took her from behind. They started going in and out of her again, giving her no respite. She came again, clinging to Nielsen's shoulders.

The week went similarly. Every morning she came to prostrate herself in her boss's office. Some mornings she had to endure the clamp, others he would insert a butt plug into her and leave it there all day.

She would take the subway, undress and wait in the lobby. She would have to serve them every evening and obey their every desire.

Monday of the following week came. They were leaving for Strasbourg the next day. Nielsen summoned her early in the afternoon. She went to his office, knocked and entered.

Her eyes widened in surprise. Eva Chambord was sitting on one of the chairs facing Nielsen's desk. De Villers was leaning against the edge of the desk.

– Come closer; Nielsen ordered.

Carole crossed the room and came to stand in front of De Villers.

"As you know, we will be gone four days," Nielsen began. "I want you to obey Eva as if she were one of us."

The young woman glanced quickly at the assistant before staring at the parquet floor again.

- Yes, master...

– Eva will sleep at the apartment, you will come to work with her and she will bring you back in the evening. If you disobey her, if you behave badly she has all the time she needs to punish you...

Carole raised her eyebrows. Her bosses' assistant was part of their circle? She could see her as a dominatrix, all things considered.

- You don't ask yourself any questions, she orders, you obey, understood?

- Yes, master...

– Get back to work; Nielsen ordered.

Carole turned around and left the room without looking back. Eva Chambord! She couldn't believe it. She sat down behind her desk and bit her lip. She had hoped to be able to eat or go for a drink with Barbara. Little chance that she would be allowed to go out with her best friend.

She hadn't expected that.

She spent the rest of the afternoon with her nose in her computer screen. She had a manuscript to correct due in three days. She had to do the layout for the e-books. She only got up to go to the bathroom and was getting ready to leave when an email from Nielsen ordered her to come to his office.

She sighed and walked over to her boss's office. They were both there, ready to leave as well.

– Come here... we need a treat before we leave... we'll miss you! he said, pulling her closer.

He kissed her more gently than usual, leaving her speechless. She had to suck them one after the other. De Villers caressed her face before sighing.

– Too bad you can't come with us; he regretted.

"I'll miss you too, masters," she whispered, looking up at them.

– See you Friday, Nielsen said, releasing her. And don't forget, Eva is your mistress for the next four days... I'm counting on you to satisfy her.

– Yes, master.

Carole took a seat in Eva Chambord's brand new Mercedes coupe. They drove in silence for a long time, then Carole turned to her.

- Can I ask you a question... mistress...? she said in an embarrassed voice.

– Sure... what do you want to know?

– You and the masters... I was wondering...

Eva Chambord smiled before telling him:

- Do you want to know if I was their submissive?

- Yes...

– At the beginning when I worked for them, yes... but it didn't last, my thing is rather domination... I prefer women, but I like dominating men... does that answer your question?

– Yes... ; replied the young woman.

Carole turned her attention back to the traffic. She wasn't sure she would enjoy these four days. She had never felt attracted to a woman. And she was convinced that she was going to have to satisfy Eva Chambord in bed.

She followed her into the elevator. The assistant had taken a Hermès travel bag and a black patent leather vanity case. They entered the duplex and Eva asked her to run her a bath.

– Take my vanity case... pour some rose bath oil. Then you will massage my body.

Carole looked down and ran into the bathroom. She already missed her masters. She realized that she was truly in love with both men. Despite their dominance, their propensity to lend her to others, to punish her for a trivial reason, she ... needed them .

She filled the bathtub, lathered up the bath oil, and lit rose candles around the tub. She was about to leave the room when Eva entered.

- Well... go to the kitchen and take care of the meal.

Carole obeyed without saying a word. She had become accustomed to taking orders. She set the table for one, glanced at the dinner prepared by Madame Marboeuf, the housekeeper, and poured herself a glass of water.

She hesitated to send Barbara a text message. Then she took advantage of the silence in the bathroom to type a few words. She then put her cell phone on silent.

Eva's voice pulled her out of her thoughts. She huffed and went to the bathroom.

- Take off your clothes... I want to see you naked; she ordered.

## Chapter 10

Carole untied her wrap dress, slid it off her shoulders and placed it on a rattan bench. She was wearing only her stockings and black patent leather pumps.

– Turn around a little... hum... I understand your masters... you are very beautiful; she murmured in a greedy voice. Come closer...

Carole turned around and took a few steps forward. Eva reached out and ran her fingers between the young woman's thighs. She caressed her lips, her slit before inserting two fingers inside her.

– Hum... delicious... I can't wait to taste you!... go pour me a glass of chardonnay and bring it to me.

– Yes... mistress.

The young woman left the room and went to pour the white wine into a crystal glass. When she returned to the bathroom, Eva had gotten out of the bath. Carole admired her voluptuous body.

Eva Chambord was tall, with high perched breasts and a flat, muscular stomach.

Her thighs didn't have an ounce of fat. She turned to Carole who blushed and looked down.

– Let's go to the room, I need a massage.

Carole followed the assistant into the hallway. Apparently, she knew the apartment well. She pushed open the door to the room next to Carole's and approached the bed. She dropped the terry towel on the floor, lay down on her stomach, and ordered Carole to massage her.

The young woman knelt on the bed, straddled Eva's goddess-like body and began to massage her shoulders.

– Hum... yes, it's perfect... keep it up...

Carole moved down Eva's body, massaging her back, her thighs and then her calves.

- Have you ever massaged your masters? she asked suddenly.

– No... they never asked me...

- They are wrong, you have divine hands; she purred.

She rolled over onto her back and fixed her green gaze on Carole's eyes.

– Caress my breasts; she ordered.

Carole hesitated for a few seconds; she had never touched a woman. Eva felt her hesitation.

– Give me your hand...

The young woman complied. Eva placed her hand on her breast and slowly brushed the skin. Carole inhaled. Her fingers passed over the nipple, it immediately hardened. Eva straightened up, took her by the nape of the neck to kiss her.

Carole parted her lips and let Eva's tongue caress hers. She shivered; her body was reacting when she would have thought it was incapable of doing so. She felt the heat go through her spine, her sex moistening.

Eva pulled her onto the bed, flipping her onto her back. The two women caressed each other, getting to know each other's bodies. Carole placed kisses on Eva's neck, licking the skin under her partner's ear.

Eva's hands roamed her body, caressing her breasts, teasing the nipples that pointed toward the ceiling. She leaned over her, grasping a nipple between her lips. Carole moaned beneath her. She arched her back completely when Eva's mouth reached her sex and lapped at her slit, nibbling at her clit.

The young woman squirmed and moaned, completely abandoned. She cried out in pleasure as the orgasm hit her and fell back onto the bed, Eva still between her thighs. Carole remained motionless for long minutes, trying to catch her breath.

Eva smiled.

– Well for a straight person, you're pretty responsive with a woman...

- Because you are gifted... mistress

– Forget the “mistress” for tonight, Eva said. And use the familiar form with me.

- All right.

Carole wondered how she was going to be able to give her pleasure. She bit her lip and launched herself. She licked Eva's body tenderly, slowly going down to her stomach before placing her lips on her sex.

Eva moaned and whispered:

- Yes, like that... lick my pussy... oh yes... fuck it's good...

Carole spread her labia between her fingers, licking the wet, hot slit. She teased her clit as her partner writhed beneath her. She grabbed the knob of flesh between her teeth and nibbled on it diligently.

A moan escaped Eva's half-open mouth. Carole's hands pushed her thighs away, she sucked her clit between her lips, sucking it ardently. Eva suddenly writhed and was seized with tremors as she came under the young woman's mouth.

Carole lay against her body and licked her lips. They were covered in Eva's pleasure.

"You've never done that with a woman before?" she asked when she had regained her senses.

– Non...

– Well, you're pretty good so... I loved it.

They ate dinner at the dining room table, dressed in silk bathrobes. Eva asked him about his family.

– My parents are humanitarian doctors, they built a hospital in the Philippines.

- And you didn't want to follow in their footsteps?

– Not in the least, Carole retorted. I always loved literature, I thought I would teach but frankly I don't think I'm cut out for it...

- You are gifted in any case at choosing the right manuscripts, studying them and correcting what is wrong; said Eva, raising her glass.

– Thank you, this compliment really touches me.

They ended the evening in front of the TV, discussing painting, music and literature. Carole thought fleetingly that if all evenings went like this, these four days would not be as terrible as she had feared.

The next morning they arrived late at the office. They had slept in the same bed, had caressed each other again, loved each other.

The week flew by. Friday morning, Eva stroked the young woman's cheek as she pulled into the publishing house's parking lot. She seemed to regret having to hand over.

“Too bad your masters are coming home today,” she sighed as she parked. “All good things must come to an end, alas... I hope we can still have some fun at the little party they’re having.”

– With pleasure, if they agree of course.

Eva smiled and got out of the car. Carole took her place behind her desk and opened her mailbox. An email from Nielsen had arrived during the night.

“We missed you. We’ll be back late this afternoon. Be at the apartment, naked at our disposal.”

The young woman sighed. Finally her life was going to return to normal. If being the slave of two men was a “normal” life. She had enjoyed her nights with Eva but knew that she was definitely straight. She needed the power of a man. His sex inside her, his sometimes rough caresses.

She replied to the email with a big smile on her face.

“I will be at your entire disposal, masters. Ready to satisfy you.”

She imagined Nielsen's satisfied smile. She had a hard time getting to work, her mind wandering to the duplex. What would they ask her after four days of abstinence? If they had spent four nights alone at all.

She pushed away the idea that they might have found a woman to satisfy their desires. Jealousy had no place in their relationship.

She was aware of it but couldn't help but wonder how she would react if they slept with someone else in front of her. Which would probably happen at a party.

She belonged to them, but the reverse was not true, far from it. She opened a file and printed a new manuscript. Better to immerse herself in work and stop imagining her masters with other women.

She kept an eye on her email all day, disappointed not to receive another email.

At six o'clock, she turned off her computer, grabbed her bag, and went to greet Eva before rushing to the elevators. Her heart was pounding, her stomach was quivering, and her sex was soaking wet.

She had been fantasizing about her masters all afternoon. Could it be that she was that addicted? In need? In love with both men at once? She shook her head, waved at the receptionist, and stormed out onto the sidewalk.

The subway was crowded, but she squeezed through the passengers. She arrived at the apartment thirty-five minutes later. She undressed quickly, showered even faster, and took a kneeling position in front of the living room entrance.

Her impatience grew as time passed. She jumped when she heard the door open. Her heart skipped a beat. She closed her eyes. Footsteps came closer and stopped in front of her.

– Get up; Nielsen ordered.

Carole straightened up and kept her eyes lowered.

"How beautiful you are," he murmured, grabbing her chin.

He pulled her to him and kissed her like he had never done before, with passion. De Villers slipped behind the young woman and began to caress her. She moaned into Nielsen's mouth. She felt his erection against her stomach and De Villers' against her buttocks.

Nielsen lifted her into his arms and led her into the living room. He had her lie down on the couch, while he unzipped her pants. He took her without foreplay, sliding his hands under her buttocks.

He suddenly rolled over onto his back, dragging her with him. De Villers knelt on the couch, spread her buttocks and ran his tongue up to her sex. Then he moved back up to her anus, licking it and inserting his tongue. He replaced it with his sex.

Carole moaned, stretched and filled by both men. They came together, moaning and grunting, their bodies running with shivers.

– Fuck! De Villers swore as he pulled away. I couldn't stop thinking about your ass! he added in Carole's ear.

- And me to your... tail, master...

- Hum... you are the most beautiful slut; he continued.

They found themselves in the shower, caressing each other frantically. Carole bent down and licked Nielsen's cock while she grabbed De Villers's and masturbated him. Her boss came in her mouth, his head thrown back.

They ate a late dinner, Carole serving, but Nielsen invited her to join them. There are no slaves tonight, he had told her, pulling her onto his lap.

- Eva is very happy with you, she has only said good things about us... if I were jealous, I would say that you seduced her; he whispered in her ear. But never forget who your masters are, understood?

– Yes, master; she answered, lowering her eyes.

– Well... go make us a coffee.

Carole stood up, cleared the table before returning with a tray and two cups filled with the steaming brew. She placed everything on the coffee table and took a seat between the two men, sitting on the Persian rug.

How she had missed them! Their presence was enough to soothe her. How could she desire their orders, their bullying and find it normal?

– Robert contacted us, he would like us to go to his place next weekend... what do you think?

Was he asking her opinion there? She looked up and saw that he was smiling. No, of course not, it was just a rhetorical question. She looked down again.

- It's up to you, master... I'll do what you want...

– Hmm... I love hearing that; he replied. It's decided then, we'll spend two days in Namur... I can't wait to be there and I'm sure he can too.

The weekend passed and she took the subway back to the office on Monday morning. She arrived before them, took off her silk panties in the bathroom and went to knock on Nielsen's office door.

When she entered, Eva Chambord was talking with the two men. She smiled at Carole who took off her dress and came to kneel naked between their feet.

– Hmm... what a pity I have to give it back to you, she sighed. Well, I think I'll get to work... Do you want me to book you some train tickets?

– No, we will go to Belgium by car. We will leave on Friday afternoon.

- GOOD.

Eva stroked the young woman's back before leaving the office.

"You can go to work," Nielsen ordered after a long moment.

She straightened up, put on her dress and was about to turn around when he called her back.

- When you leave this office, I want you to kiss our hands.

Carole stifled a moan, leaned over her masters' hand, kissed them before leaving the office. She returned to her cubicle and opened the last manuscript she was working on.

She worked hard all week, they had received no less than sixty novels, essays or collections of poetry. On Friday morning, she put a small travel bag near her desk and turned on her computer.

Barbara had just returned from a four-day trip to the West Indies where she had taken photos, she suggested they meet up and have dinner together. Carole grimaced, she hadn't seen her friend for several days.

“Sorry, I'm going to Belgium with my bosses. I'll call you when I get back. Kisses. ”

She set to work and was not surprised when she did not receive a reply from Barbara until early afternoon. Her friend was not an early riser.

“Too bad... I had lots of things to tell you... Aren't they eating up your life a bit too much? ”

Carole sighed, smiling. If you knew everything, she thought. But in the end, it suited her perfectly. They took charge of her completely. They managed her life with perhaps a little too much authority. A feminist would have cried out. She let herself live. She didn't worry about anything.

“Don't worry about me. Everything is fine. I kiss you.”

She deleted their emails, saved the changes to the manuscript she had just finished studying, and glanced at the wall clock. Three more hours.

A new email arrived. She opened it with a smile.

“Come to my office.”

Even if she hadn't read the sender's name, she would have known who it was from. Nielsen never bothered with unnecessary words. She stood up and left her cubicle, butterflies in her stomach. She knocked on the door to the director's office and went in.

Nielsen kept his eyes on his computer screen. Carole walked over to the desk, puzzled. Should she take off her dress and kneel beside him? She barely hesitated, pulling off her dress, tossing it over a chair, and walking around the desk.

She bent down next to the leather chair and sat at her master's feet. Nielsen finally deigned to look up. She heard him inhale.

- Did you lock the door?

- No, master...

- Then go ahead.

She stood up quickly, crossed the room, aware of her boss's gaze on her buttocks, and came back to him. He swiveled his chair and admired the young woman's body. He grabbed her by the back of the neck, forcing her to raise her head.

- Do you want to suck me? he asked dryly.

- Yes... yes, master... enormously...

- Then ask my permission...

Carole looked down. What new game was he going to invent? What new humiliation was he going to make her suffer?

- Master... I would like... to suck you, she said in a low voice.

- What? I don't hear... speak louder...

Carole swallowed before repeating her request.

- I really want to suck you, master... let me do it... please...

- Hum... that's better... go on female dog, what are you waiting for?

She knelt down between his legs, reached for the waistband of his pants, undid the two buttons and unzipped them. Nielsen lifted himself up to allow her to slide the garment off and spread his legs.

Carole stroked his thighs with her fingertips, slipped a hand under his testicles and massaged them gently. She heard him sigh and moan. She leaned forward, running her tongue over the swollen and hardened balls.

She licked them diligently, drawing moans from her boss. Then she licked the erect penis, sucked the head, followed a vein along the shaft with the tip of her tongue. She knew how to drive him crazy. She had learned to swallow him entirely in her mouth.

She delayed taking him between her lips as long as possible. Nielsen grabbed her by the hair and forced her head up.

"You want to make me wait?" he growled, staring into her eyes.

- No, master... I just want to give you as much pleasure as possible...

He gave her a smirk, released his grip, and ordered her to continue. She opened her mouth and began sucking him greedily, her eyes locked with his.

She saw the gray gaze turn cloudy. He quickened his pelvic movements, pushing his cock deep into her throat.

She felt the shudder announcing that he was going to cum, she tightened the pressure around his cock and received his sperm in the back of her throat. She swallowed it without taking her eyes off him and barely pulled out.

Nielsen leaned his head against the back of the chair, his lips parted.

## Chapter 11

Carole had taken a seat in the back of the 4x4. Her small travel bag shared the trunk with those of her bosses. De Villers was discussing work with his partner. She had plenty of time to look at the landscape.

The highway had been going by for almost two hours. They would need just one more to reach their destination. Nielsen had entered the coordinates of Robert's address into the GPS, all they had to do was let themselves be guided.

They reached Namur, following the route indicated in the early evening. Carole glanced at the enormous solid wooden gate that gave access to the property.

Judging by the red stone wall that surrounded the park, the property must have been huge. Nielsen pressed the call button on the opening control box.

A male voice asked him to identify himself. He did so and the doors slowly opened. The SUV pulled into a driveway lined with artfully trimmed hedges.

They came to a stretch of fine gravel and parked in front of a four-car garage. Robert came to greet them himself. He shook both men's hands and looked greedily at Carole.

– Hum... ; he said with a sigh. It's as delicious as I remember.

Nielsen gave him a wry smile before taking the young woman by the elbow.

"Did you take his leash?" Robert asked before leading his guests up the majestic stone staircase.

- Of course.

– Although we have all the necessary equipment here. Come, I will introduce you to my wife. Then, you will take possession of your rooms. I have planned a rather special place for your slave... unless you want her to sleep with you...

– Sleep? She is not here to sleep, Nielsen retorted. She is here to give pleasure to all who will desire it.

– Well, that's how I meant it; the Belgian sneered.

They entered a hall with a huge Persian carpet on the floor. Robert led them to a double oak door, pressed the handle and beckoned them in.

The room was a living room furnished with many sofas in shimmering tones. A fireplace took up an entire wall. Low marquetry tables held glass paste lamps.

A blonde woman stood up and held out her hand to them. Robert introduced her as the mistress of the house, Mathilda.

- So here is this charming slave that my husband has spoken to me so much about; she said in a suave voice. Hum... she is very pretty... our guests will like her very much... I will go and install her like the other slaves... sit down, Robert will offer you a drink.

“Here’s his leash,” Nielsen offered, handing it to Mathilda.

The woman smiled and hooked the leash to the leather collar around Carole's neck. She gave it a sharp tug and the two women left the living room. They walked down a long hallway, Mathilda pushed open a door. They went down a stone staircase, followed another narrow, dark hallway.

They finally stopped in front of a heavy door decorated with nails. The lady of the house pressed a switch. Lamps stuck in the walls came on and Carole shivered.

Chains hung from the ceiling, ending in leather bracelets. Metal rings were driven into the walls and the floor. Spreader bars were attached to them. A large wooden cabinet on the right caught the young woman's eye.

She shuddered to think that it must contain a whole array of paraphernalia designed to inflict pain.

– Take off your clothes; the lady of the house ordered him.

Carole complied. Nielsen had warned her to obey any orders she received or face severe punishment. She found herself naked and shivering. It was cool in the room and the apprehension didn't help matters.

Her bare feet immediately froze. Mathilda circled around her, slipped a hand between her thighs and caressed her sex roughly. She heard him growl behind her.

– Lean forward and spread your legs.

Carole took the position and clenched her jaw. The woman was not gentle. She moaned when she inserted a finger into her anus without warning. She moved it back and forth roughly before putting in a second and then a third.

– Hum... I see you've already served on that side... it's perfect.

She suddenly withdrew her fingers, went around Carole and ordered her to lick them. She hesitated and received a blow from the riding crop on the buttocks. She cried out in pain and sucked the woman's fingers.

- Well... you'll have to obey better than that... without any hesitation whatever is asked of you... you are here to satisfy all desires whatever they may be... you are only a slave, don't forget that.

She grabbed Carole by one arm, led her under the chains and put her wrists through the leather bracelets. She closed them carefully and wound the chains up as far as they would go using a crank.

Carole felt her shoulders pull. Mathilda put bracelets around her ankles, connected them to a spreader bar and roughly spread her. The young woman found herself spread, arms and legs crossed.

- Well, that's perfect...

She put a blindfold over his eyes before ordering him to open his mouth and insert a leather gag made of a ball and two straps which she closed with a metal buckle.

Thus harnessed, the young woman could no longer move, no longer speak, no longer see. She was at the mercy of the guests. The mistress of the house caressed her body with the tip of her riding crop then she gave her little blows on the buttocks, the stomach, the breasts.

So far it wasn't painful, it was tingling.

"It's just to warm up your skin, to make it more receptive," the woman whispered in his ear. "I can't wait to really whip you," she added.

Carole heard her walk away and open the closet. She came back to the young woman and pushed two fingers into her sex. Carole moaned and felt her sex get moist.

- Hum... you like that, slave...

Mathilda moved her fingers, moving them back and forth until she was on the verge of orgasm. She suddenly withdrew them and replaced them with a dildo of impressive size. Carole felt like she was being torn apart. She moaned again.

The lady of the house turned it two or three times before pushing it in completely and leaving Carole once again on the edge of pleasure. She heard footsteps, the door opening and a bolt sliding.

She forced herself to breathe deeply. Her arms ached, they were stretched to the limit. She didn't know how long she would have to stay tied up in this cave. But she knew the position would soon become unbearable.

She lost track of time, cut off from everything in this cellar. She suddenly heard the door open and the sound of footsteps reached her. Several people apparently. People circled around her, she caught snatches of sentences spoken in a low voice.

Hands caressed her body, cupped her breasts, pinched her nipples. She caught masculine scents. She wondered fleetingly if her masters were in the room. Someone stuck to her back and grabbed her breasts. He kneaded them, making the nipples point.

She moaned as another hand grabbed the dildo still inside her and pumped it in and out roughly. It was pulled out of her and pushed all the way in several times. She was on the verge of orgasm again.

Her blindfold was removed and she blinked. There were two men in front of her, both strangers. About forty years old, one with salt and pepper hair, the other was brown. They wore black pants and shirts open over their chests.

One of them approached her and stared at her intensely. His icy blue gaze made her shudder. She prayed she would never be alone with him again. He examined her body as if it were a mere commodity.

A voice behind her made her jump.

- So beautiful slave, ready to give yourself to each of us? Robert whispered.

She sighed and nodded. A young girl wearing a leather collar and laced corset leaned down at her feet, unfastening them and freeing her from the spreader bar. Robert lifted her by her legs and impaled her on his hard cock. The chains slackened slightly, taking the strain off her shoulders.

Carole moaned as the Belgian businessman came inside her, supporting her with his hands. She heard him grunt as he came, he gave her two or three more thrusts and ejaculated deep inside her vagina.

He pulled out and put the young woman's feet back on the ground. Then he removed her gag. The chains came down and she knelt down.

"She's yours, Paul," said the master of the house, unzipping himself.

The blue-eyed man approached her, grabbed her chin and ordered her to suck him. He freed his cock from his pants and caressed the young woman's lips with his glans.

Carole shuddered at the size of his penis. Long and thick, hard as steel, ribbed. She opened her mouth and began to lick him, wondering how she was going to be able to take him all the way.

She could taste his slightly lemony soap. She sucked him as best she could, tears welling up in her eyes as he hit the back of her throat. She tried to pull her head back but the man grabbed her with an iron hand, forcing her to speed up her movements.

He finally came with a moan, his hand still clenched in his hair. Carole swallowed his cum and gasped. She took a deep breath through her nose. Paul finally pulled out and spoke in Flemish.

Robert bursts out before replying in French:

- If you didn't have such a big cock, you'd have less trouble finding a good cocksucker!

– This one is a little out of practice with me, but by the end of the weekend she'll be sucking me perfectly.

Carole closed her eyes. Her throat was sore, she wasn't sure she wanted to suck him again. However, she wouldn't have a choice. Her masters had made it clear, she was here to obey all orders, whatever they were and whoever gave them to her.

The other man ordered her to suck him and she complied. His cock being smaller, she had no trouble making him cum. She wondered what else they had planned for her when she recognized Marc's voice.

He forced her to stand up, untied her wrists and dragged her into a nearby room. A two-metre-wide mattress lay on a high bed base. Rings were connected to chains that were attached to the legs of the bed base.

Marc had her get on all fours and thrust into her with a lumberjack's han. He worked her roughly, his hands buried in her hips. Paul had positioned himself in front of her and was watching her carefully.

Suddenly he knelt on the mattress.

- Suck me, slave; he ordered sharply.

Carole flinched but he grabbed her by the hair and forced her mouth open.

– Open wide...

She complied once again and made him cum.

Marc enjoyed himself in turn and withdrew, leaving room for another sex. She lost track of time, forced to comply with all the desires of the four men.

They took her again and again, using her body roughly and without concern for her pleasure. She suddenly collapsed, exhausted. The men caught their breath.

"Let's go have a drink," Robert suggested. "I think we've earned it . "

- You're not attaching it? Marc asked.

– No, Vanina is going to come to wash it...

They went out, leaving the young woman alone, lying on the mattress. The door opened again and the young slave in the corset placed a basin of warm water at the foot of the bed. She cleaned Carole, ridding her of the traces of sperm that stained her thighs.

Carole opened her eyes and looked at her carefully. She must have been about twenty years old, brown hair tied in a braid, intelligent blue eyes.

- What's your name? she asked.

– Vanina...

- Are you Robert's slave?

– Yes, and from Mistress Mathilda...

Carole nodded.

- Do you live here permanently? the young woman asked, curious.

– Yes... for three years; the girl admitted. They are very good teachers with me... they saved me from the street... before I took drugs...

– Ah... and their guests, this Mr. Paul and the other man?

– South African friends of Master Robert... I don't like Master Paul... he is...

– Cruel? Carole demands.

– Yes... he likes to whip women or beat them with canes until they pass out... then he... takes them and starts beating them again; the girl whispered.

Carole shuddered. She had judged him well.

- Has he ever hit you?

– Yes... but Mistress Mathilda stopped him; replied Vanina. He is a savage; she added in a frightened voice. My masters are not like him... sometimes they punish me if I do something stupid but not like him...

– Why are they inviting him then?

– Because my master is in business with him... and they are friends...

The door opened abruptly and the lady of the house entered.

– Go serve the guests, she ordered Vanina curtly. You're not here to lounge around.

The girl disappeared with her tub and towel. Mathilda examined Carole's body.

- You too, you go up...

She handed him his leash and gave it a sharp tug. The young woman followed her into the living room. Her masters were sitting on the armchairs, a drink in their hands. Carole immediately lowered her eyes and came to kneel at Nielsen's feet.

– So? he asked Robert. Satisfied?

– My dear friend; he replied. That is a good start. Do you plan to mark it?

– Sure... but I'm still hesitant about the method.

– Nothing beats a good branding iron, explained the Belgian. It is more indelible than a tattoo. And prettier... Vanina comes closer, he added to the young girl.

She came and knelt at his feet and waited.

– Get on all fours and show your marking.

She turned to the guests and spread her labia. Two initials were imprinted in the flesh of her sex. An R intertwined with an M; she wore the same ones on the lower back, just where her buttocks started.

– Hmm... indeed, it is very beautiful; Nielsen approved, running a finger over the initials. We could engrave both of ours; he added thoughtfully.

– You can also mark her breasts...

They talked for a long time without paying attention to the two young women. Then Mathilda came back into the room and invited them to sit down at the table in the dining room.

The two slaves served and when dinner was over, they ate in the kitchen before serving coffee and digestifs. Several times, Nielsen caught Paul's gaze fixed on Carole.

- Do you like her? he asked suddenly.

The South African gave him a dazzling smile.

- That's a very beautiful slave you have there, Robert told me she works for you?

– Exactly; Nielsen retorted. And she lives with both of us...

– Isn't it too complicated to combine work and private life?

– No, we treat her like an ordinary employee in the office and at home she is our slave.

An ordinary employee? Carole thought to herself.

You bet, they weren't spanking anyone else and she was the only one who had to kneel naked at their feet!

– Hum... not bad...

- You can take it if you want...

Paul Van Hoover didn't need to be told twice, he jumped up and leaned over to grab the young woman's leash.

- Can I whip her?

"I'd rather not," Nielsen replied. "You can use something else, a whip, a fly swatter, a paddle... but I don't want any whip marks..."

– Ok...

The South African led Carole into the hallway. Despite the pleading glance she had given her master, he had not given in. He had not even made a show of following them. She was at the complete mercy of this stranger and did not feel the least bit reassured.

Vanina's words were still running through her head. They went down the stone stairs, turned into the narrow corridor and he pushed her into a dark room. He flicked a switch and the young woman discovered with horror what surrounded her.

## Chapter 12

In the center of the room, a metal frame with handcuffs at each corner. In one corner, a padded leather bench with metal bars and stirrups. On the wall, iron collars, huge rings and chains.

From the ceiling, ropes, chains, and spreader bars hung in various places. In the opposite corner, she looked with growing fear at a rack holding wooden canes.

She backed away slowly and bumped into the man. He grabbed her by the wrists and pulled her under the spreader bars. Then he seemed to hesitate and

pushed her onto the bench. He made her lie on her stomach, spread her feet and secured them to the stirrups with leather handcuffs. He did the same for her hands. Finally he hooked two chains to the rings of her collar.

"There, you can't move anymore," he whispered in her ear. "And you can scream as much as you want, this room is completely soundproof and padded."

He blindfolded her to heighten her terror. He caressed her back, her buttocks before inserting two fingers inside her.

– Mmm... is it fear that makes you wet?

He left her like that for several minutes without touching her, enjoying the show. Then he struck without warning. A slap on the buttocks. Then another and so on until she lost count and sobbed.

– Please... stop... ; she hiccuped between two sobs.

- Already? I'm sure you can endure much more than that... your master is too tender with you... he should teach you endurance... if you were mine, I would beat you every day...

He started hitting her again, switching tools from the paddle to a riding crop that bit her buttocks and back. She screamed outright, begging him to stop to no avail.

She felt like she was turning him on even more. He walked away to a dark wooden cabinet and came back with a wooden paddle in his hand. He brought it down on her thighs, her already burning buttocks, and her lower back.

Finally, he unbuckled his leather belt and gave her about ten blows. He straddled her, sat on her back and struck her private parts several times. Carole almost fainted from the pain.

Then he leaned down to her sex and licked it vigorously, making her moan .

- You see you like it, female dog... I'm going to fuck you now...

He straightened up, dropping the belt and kneeling behind her. She heard the zipper squeak and he pushed himself into her to the hilt. He pounded into her roughly, his hands gripping her hips.

Carole cried out in pain at first, then pleasure took over and she moaned with each thrust. She could hear him growling behind her. He grabbed her shoulders, pushing harder and harder, and came with a guttural grunt.

He collapsed onto his aching back as a veritable earthquake ran through her.

He pulled away suddenly, making her cry out.

- I'm not done, female dog... I like your little hole a lot...

She moaned as she thought about the size of his cock. She felt his tongue lick her orifice, spread it and penetrate it. He slid one finger in, then two, and moved them back and forth. Then he withdrew them and presented his glans. With both hands, he spread her buttocks and penetrated her slowly without stopping despite her cries and tears.

He pushed hard until he filled her completely.

– Mmm... yes, it's good... do you like it, slut? he asked in her ear... answer me...

- Yes...

- Yes, who?

– Yes... master...

– Hum...

He began to move in and out of her, faster and faster. He ran his hands under her, pinching her nipples that were irritated by the padding of the bench. He pulled out almost completely before penetrating her deeply again and cumming, flooding her orifice with his sperm.

Carole heard him get dressed after a few minutes. Her body was sore all over. Her arms and legs were stretched out and hurting excruciatingly. Her buttocks were burning and her sex seemed to have doubled in size.

She wondered if her master would like it. The door opened and she heard a whispered exchange. Someone entered the room and for a moment she feared she would have to endure the same ordeal.

"You went a little strong, didn't you?" Nielsen's voice said nearby.

– Sorry... I really wanted to... give him some numbing ointment ...

– Hum... I don't know...

"You should punish her more often, she would gain endurance," the South African replied. "She would give you even more pleasure, believe me..."

She listened to his footsteps fade away and heard Nielsen's ragged breathing.

- Master, I beg you, untie me...

- Who are you to ask?

– Excuse me, master...

– Answer me, who are you? Nielsen insisted dryly.

- Your slave, master...

- It seems like you forgot it! I think you'll stay here... this position suits you very well... and besides, other guests want you...

He walked away and she heard the door close. Tears began to run down her cheeks, wetting the blindfold. She eventually dozed off, losing all sense of time.

But judging by the time they had taken to eat dinner, it must not have been far from midnight. She jumped abruptly when she heard the door open behind her. The sight it offered must have been to the visitor's liking because she heard a long moan very distinctly.

Footsteps approached and a male hand caressed her sex. She moaned and squirmed on the bench.

– Don't move; De Villers ordered him. Magnificent...

He knelt between her wide open legs and brushed his fingertips over her slit.

His tongue came to replace them and he penetrated her. Carole moaned as much in pain as in pleasure.

Then he finally untied her, massaged her arms and legs, and helped her up. He removed the blindfold and wiped the tear stains from her face. Her breasts were red from rubbing on the bench.

– Come on; he said, grabbing the leash.

The young woman followed him, staggering. Her feet were asleep from being tied up for so long. De Villers took her in his arms and carried her upstairs where they were sleeping.

He gently placed her in the bathroom, stepped into the shower stall with her, and began to wash her. She winced in pain under the hot water. He lowered the temperature, and she thanked him with a faint smile.

He gently dried her body, led her to the bedroom and made her lie on her stomach. He gently rubbed ointment on her buttocks and back.

– Take these pills; he said, handing her two tablets.

– Thank you, master...

– Patrick exaggerates sometimes; he said, shaking his head. I would never have left you alone with a stranger... try to sleep.

He tenderly stroked her cheek before turning off the light and leaving the room.

Carole woke up at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. Someone had covered her with a sheet. Her body was no longer in pain, but she had difficulty sitting up because she was so numb.

She slid out of bed and went into the bathroom. She glanced at her back in the mirror. There were purple marks on it. Nothing that would fade quickly enough.

She took a shower and put on a dress and ballet flats.

She went down the grand marble staircase, poked around the hallway before finding her way back to the kitchen. The lady of the house was drinking her coffee. She looked up at Carole and stared at her.

- Hello, did you manage to sleep? she asked affably.

- Yes... madam.

- Well, have lunch and join us on the terrace.

Mathilda set her cup on the sink and left the room. Carole made herself some breakfast and took a seat at the concrete counter. After finishing, she put the dishes in the dishwasher and prepared to go face her masters.

She hoped they weren't planning on lending it to the South African again. She walked through the house and took a breath before going out onto the terrace. Robert and his wife were sitting on deckchairs, Vanina at their feet.

De Villers and Nielsen occupied the other deckchairs. No sign of Paul and his friend, nor of Marc. The young woman stifled a sigh of relief and came to kneel next to Nielsen.

He took her chin and forced her to look up.

- How are you ?

- I'm fine, master...

- Take off your dress and show me your back.

Carole stood up and took off the garment then she turned around, head down. Nielsen ran his fingers over the belt marks making her wince.

- Get on your knees, I'll put your collar and leash back on.

She obeyed immediately and lowered her head so that he could close the buckle. She glanced at Vanina. The girl avoided her gaze.

She must have been punished for telling him about the South African.

- Go get us some coffee; Nielsen ordered him.

Carole stood up and went back into the house. If she had thought for a single moment that the marks on her back would move her, she was very wrong. She prepared four coffees, put the cups on a tray and went to serve the masters.

As she approached Mathilda, she saw the whip marks on the girl's shoulders and back. She took her place again and looked down.

– How about playing golf? Robert suggested.

– With pleasure, is there a course nearby? Nielsen asked.

– Yes, very close to here...

– Let's go then.

The men stood up, followed by the two young women.

"What do we do with them?" Nielsen asked, grabbing Carole's leash.

"Mathilda will take care of her until we return," Robert decreed with a small smile.

- Perfect.

They all went back into the house, climbed into the Belgian's luxury 4x4 and left the property. The young women waited in the entrance hall. Mathilda grabbed the two leashes and they went down to the cellars.

Carole shivered as she passed the door leading to the room where Paul had beaten and fucked her savagely. She hoped she would never have to deal with him again. The lady of the house flicked the light switch.

They entered the large cellar, the one where the large bed stood.

– Vanina!

The girl took a gag out of the cupboard and put it in Carole's mouth. Then she led her to the bed, made her get on all fours and tied her to the feet of the box spring.

Carole shivered with apprehension; she could not bear to be hit again. She felt the mattress move and Mathilda's fingers searched her roughly.

– Hum... you get wet quickly, female dog...

She grabbed his head and forced him to twist. She was naked and had put a harness around her waist and thighs. An impressive black dildo hung from it, like an erect penis.

She grabbed Carole by the hips and presented the glans against her sex. She pushed vigorously and pushed it in all the way. She worked her with great thrusts of her hips, perfectly imitating a man.

Carole began to moan. She wondered how a woman could take pleasure like that. Mathilda forced her to rest her forehead on the mattress and the young woman saw Vanina between her mistress's thighs. She was greedily licking her sex from behind.

The mistress of the house began to moan, increasing the violence of the thrusts. Carole was on the verge of cumming, she spread her legs a little wider and arched her back to better receive the dildo.

Mathilda let out a high-pitched scream and collapsed on the young woman's back. She remained lying on her for several minutes. Then she removed the dildo and made her stand up.

– Vanina, put some lubricant on it; she ordered the girl.

Vanina coated her finger with gel before inserting it between Carole's buttocks.

- That's enough...

Mathilda presented the dildo to the entrance of her anus and began to push it in. When she had it all the way in, she grabbed her nipples and pinched them hard. Carole moaned and wiggled beneath her, trying to escape the fingers that were twisting her nipples.

– Vanina... go get me some pliers and put them down... tighten them well...

The girl complied without looking Carole in the eye. She tightened the clamps as much as possible and stepped back. Carole moaned, the nipple clamps were particularly painful.

Then Vanina went behind her mistress again and penetrated her with two fingers.

– Put another one in; the latter breathed;... another one... louder...

She came quickly but continued to go back and forth with the dildo until Carole came too. She remained still, the time to catch her breath.

The three men returned a little after one o'clock. The two young women had set the table. Mathilda had taken care of the meal.

Nielsen scanned Carole's face. From the way she blushed, he knew something had happened. He took her by the leash and led her away.

– Tell me; he ordered the young woman.

Carole looked up at him and raised her eyebrows.

- You're hiding something from me... tell me what!

Carole sighed and began to tell him what had happened in the cellar. She searched for words.

– Mistress Mathilda led us downstairs...

- And ?

– She made me get on all fours on the bed... she put on a harness with a...

– A what? Go on, I want to know everything; said Nielsen more dryly.

– A harness with a dildo...; Carole murmured, embarrassed.

- Did she penetrate you?

The young woman nodded.

– Say it...

– Master... I beg you...

– Say it... I want to hear it from your mouth...

She took a deep breath and spoke the rest in one go.

- She penetrated me and made me cum twice.

– In both holes?

- Yes...

- Did you like it?

– Yes... master...

- Well, when I offer you to someone, you belong to the person as much as you belong to me... I will not tolerate any refusal, any hesitation... but I want you to tell me everything afterwards without me having to ask you... is that understood?

- Yes, master...

- You deserve punishment for taking so long to answer me... I'll deal with you later.

The two young women served lunch and then the guests and their hosts went to the living room. Carole made coffee before she could eat in turn.

Vanina put the dishes on and sat down on a stool to have lunch.

- You were punished last night, why? Carole asked, staring at her.

The girl looked up at her and hesitated. She bit her lip before whispering:

– Because I spoke about Master Paul.

"How did they know?" Carole asked, frowning.

– They always know everything that happens in the house...

Carole nodded.

- I'm sorry...

- It's not serious...

Carole gave her a fond smile. How could one be punished and say it was no big deal? She suddenly remembered Nielsen's promise to punish her for her hesitation in answering him.

She sighed and finished her meal with a coffee. It was almost three o'clock. She quickly washed her cup and prepared to go to the living room. Nielsen beckoned her over. She knelt at his feet and looked down.

– Are you ready for your punishment? he asked, tugging on his leash.

- Yes master, if that is what you wish...

- Okay, follow me.

Carole stood up and followed Nielsen into the basement. She prayed that the punishment wouldn't be too harsh.

### Chapter 13

Nielsen tied her to the leather handcuffs and pulled the chain up. Carole closed her eyes. What was he going to do to her? He ordered her to open her mouth and gagged her.

She shuddered. This didn't look good. When he placed a blindfold over her eyes, she moaned.

- Are you scared? he whispered in her ear.

Carole nodded.

- So much the better, I want you to be afraid every time you disobey me... until you obey to the letter...

The young woman stifled a sigh. He caressed her breasts, her hips and then her buttocks. He slid two fingers inside her and noticed that she was already wet.

"Is it fear that makes you wet like that?" he whispered into her neck.

The young woman shook her head. Nielsen smiled. He moved away from her, she heard him open the cupboard and come back behind her. Apprehension squeezed her throat. What instrument had he gone to get? What was he planning to punish her with? He ran the handle of an instrument across her back. She flinched and arched her back.

A whip cracked beside her. She whimpered and shifted in her cuffs. It was probably the instrument that frightened her the most. She had seen the marks on Vanina's back. Thin, red and painful, no doubt.

Carole jumped when he cracked the whip a second and then a third time, closer to her this time.

– Do you want to taste it? he whispered in her ear.

She shook her head vigorously, frightened.

- No? ... it's up to you to choose your punishment?

New energetic denial.

– Really... so I can do whatever I want with you?

She forced herself to nod. This was no time to upset him.

Without warning, he brought the leather strap down on her buttocks. She screamed despite the gag. Tears welled up in her eyes and she writhed in her chains. This was even worse than she had imagined. A burning, excruciating, stinging pain.

Two more blows hit her on the buttocks, leaving fiery furrows on her flesh. The next blows streaked her back and shoulders. She counted eight blows and then he stopped.

Tears were streaming down her cheeks, under the blindfold. She sobbed without moving him in the least. However, he let go of the whip and removed the blindfold. She lowered her tear-filled eyes and gasped.

When he untied the gag, she burst into tears.

- You will learn to obey, or next time it will be much worse... understood?

– Yes... master...; she mumbled.

He lowered the chain and unfastened the handcuffs. Carole collapsed to the ground, shaken by sobs.

– Stop crying; he ordered her. Come...

They went back up to the living room. Robert glanced at her back as she passed him and smiled a little. He really liked this Frenchman. He had thought he was too tender. He was pleased to see that this was not the case. He tugged on Vanina's leash.

– Go suck master Patrick; he ordered the young woman.

- Yes, master...

Vanina moved closer to Nielsen, looked up at him for his assent, and reached for the fly of his pants when he nodded. Carole flinched and closed her eyes. He was going to force her to watch someone else give her pleasure?

Nielsen tugged on his leash.

– I want you to watch... until the end...

Carole gave him a pleading look. She could never stand this.

- If you look away for even a moment, I'll take you back down, understand?

- Yes, master...

The young woman swallowed. She did not want to repeat the experience of the whip. She pursed her lips and clenched her jaw. Vanina licked Nielsen's glans, kissed his erect penis and caressed his testicles.

Carole had to force herself not to look away. When the young woman took him in her mouth, she heard him moan softly. She wondered if he liked Vanina's mouth more than her own and tears welled up in her eyes again.

Nielsen didn't take his eyes off her until he came in Vanina's mouth. She carefully licked him clean of the last drop and pulled out.

Robert smiled seemingly satisfied.

Carole was torn between pain, anger and jealousy. When she sucked Nielsen, he didn't make a sound. It was as if he didn't like her sucking him. She lowered her eyes to hide her tears and her feelings.

She had accepted everything from him, his punishments, his humiliations... the fact that he lent her to others... She swallowed her saliva with difficulty. It hurt like hell. Even worse than the whip. The physical pain was nothing compared to the pain in her heart.

They hit the road again in the late afternoon after inviting the Belgian couple and their submissive to the party they were giving a few days later. Carole had curled up in the back seat.

When De Villers turned to her, she pretended to be asleep. She didn't want to answer his questions. Nor Nielsen's. He hadn't made a single move towards her after cumming in Vanina's mouth.

She wondered what she really meant to him. A toy to be relegated to a corner when he had enough of her? She should have expected that one day he would sleep with someone else or take pleasure in a mouth other than hers.

Nielsen pulled the SUV into its parking space and eyed the young woman as she got out.

"What's wrong?" he asked, lifting his chin with his finger.

- Nothing, master... I'm just a little tired...

- You're not hiding anything from me?

- No, master... I assure you...

They made it to the duplex and Carole took charge of serving them dinner. She ate quickly in the kitchen hoping they would let her sleep in her room.

Her wish was granted and she went to bed as soon as she had brought them the coffee. As soon as she lay down under the covers, she let the tears flow.

She complied with their every wish over the next few days. Swallowing her jealousy. One afternoon, the receptionist told her she had a visitor. She went down to the ground floor and stood there speechless as she got out of the elevator. Barbara paced the lobby.

– Barbie! But what are you doing here? she exclaimed, taking her friend in her arms.

- Since you don't come to see me anymore, I'm here!

– Listen, the bosses are out but I don't know if I can get you up...

At that moment, Nielsen and De Villers entered the building. They headed towards the two friends.

– Carole, will you introduce us to your friend? Nielsen asked, staring at Barbara.

– Of course... m...

She almost said “master.”

– Barbara Léger, my best friend, Patrick Nielsen and Bertrand De Villers, my bosses...

Barbara held out a hand to them, mincing, and gave them her special fashion photo smile.

– Nice to meet you... I came to see if Carole wasn't chained to her desk, so I never see her again!

Nielsen held her hand between his fingers far too long for Carole's liking.

"We have a lot of work at the moment," he said, a smile on his lips. "But come and have dinner with us one evening. We can get to know each other..."

– With pleasure; Barbara retorted. Are you calling me? she added to Carole.

- Of course...

The young woman watched her friend exit the building and turned on her heel. Barbara at their place? She pressed the elevator call button and avoided Nielsen's gaze. She crossed her arms over her chest and exited the elevator as soon as the doors slid open.

Nielsen's voice caught up with her in the hallway.

– Carole, I would like to see you in my office.

The young woman stopped dead in her tracks and turned around. The two men were standing in front of Nielsen's office door. She turned around, knowing she was about to be punished.

She entered the room, her eyes lowered. De Villers locked the door behind him.

"Would you mind telling me what you're playing at?" Nielsen asked curtly.

– ...

- So? Don't make me wait...

– It's just that...

- What?

– Barbara doesn't know... that I live with you two, master.

- So what's the problem? I can very well invite my partner to dinner... there's something else... you've been acting weird since Namur... is it because of Vanina?

Carole hesitated to answer.

– ...

– Answer!

- Yes, master...

- Are you jealous?

Carole nodded.

- By what right? You are only a submissive, a slave... and who is your master?

- You... master...

"If I want another woman, you have nothing to say, understand?" he replied. "I do what I want and you keep your little jealous fits to yourself... I hope I don't have to tell you again. Go back to work."

Carole returned to her office with her head down. She sank into her chair and put her face in her hands. She tried to concentrate on the manuscript she was correcting without success. The theme was a love story in the 22nd century, romantic as can be.

She pushed back her chair and went to make herself a coffee in the kitchen. She jumped when she heard footsteps behind her. Eva Chambord stared at her for a moment before walking towards her.

- It doesn't seem okay, do you want to talk about it? she asked kindly.

Carole shook her head.

- No, it'll be fine...

- You know you can tell me anything, right?

The young woman hesitated for a long moment before speaking in a low voice. She told her about the weekend in Namur, the punishments and Vanina. Eva nodded.

- You know, I think he's doing it on purpose to test you; she said after a moment. I know him well enough to say that he cares about you but he doesn't want to show it... He wants to make sure that he can ask you for anything, even if it hurts or displeases you... he's a pure and hard dominator, you have to deal with it and accept it, otherwise you'll be unhappy...

Carole raised her eyebrows. Nielsen cared for her? The way he had treated her in Namur made her doubt. As for agreeing to see him with another woman, that was inconceivable to her. She knew she would never be able to.

She smiled sadly and thanked Eva for her kindness. Too bad she didn't like women, she probably would have been happy with her. She rinsed her cup and after a last smile to the assistant, she went back to her office.

She finished proofreading the manuscript, turned off her computer, and decided to head to the gym she was enrolled in. After all, she had a life before her job here, which she had completely abandoned since she had been living with the two men.

She waved goodbye to the receptionist and left the publishing house without seeing Nielsen again. She took the subway to her old neighborhood. She opened her locker and took out a sports outfit that she put in the changing rooms. She chose a treadmill and forgot about Nielsen, Vanina, and the Belgian couple.

She took a taxi home, was relieved to find the apartment empty, and hesitated to undress and assume her submissive position. She went to the bathroom, took a long shower, while thinking about the invitation Nielsen had extended to Barbara.

She wasn't sure she could trust her best friend to refuse her master's advances if he made any. Barbara wasn't shy and slept with a man very easily. Much too easily for her liking.

She dried herself, glanced at her reflection in the mirror, and sighed. Nielsen's words played over and over in her head. She didn't mind him having sex with someone else, as long as she didn't see it.

But he seemed to want to make her witness his antics. She ended up going to kneel on the threshold of the living room. She did not know how she would react to Barbara. She inhaled sharply and preferred to focus on Eva's words.

After all, the invitation might fall through.

They returned two hours later, took the time to shower and put on indoor clothes before ordering her to pour them a drink. Carole complied without saying a word, poured them a whisky and came to kneel at their feet.

- Call your friend tomorrow, I'd like her to come to dinner on Thursday night; Nielsen said suddenly.

The young woman looked up abruptly.

- Do you have anything to say?

- No... master...

- That's perfect then... she's very pretty... you say she wants to be a model?

- Yes, master... she poses for fashion photos for magazines, advertisements...; she murmured, swallowing her jealousy.

"She doesn't seem very shy to me," said De Villers. "But I doubt she's the submissive type..."

– You're right, but with a good master... she could be trained; Nielsen retorted. It must be a real pleasure...

Carole clenched her jaw but couldn't help but react physically. She flinched and let out a grunt.

"You don't agree with us?" his boss asked in a smooth voice.

–...

- Speak, you know I don't like to wait...

- No, master...

- No what?

– No, she couldn't submit...

"You think so?" he asked mockingly. "We've trained you well... although you still resist at times, but we'll manage to subdue you, believe me..."

Carole stifled a sigh. She was going to have to warn her friend to stay away from her bosses. Not for Barbara's sake, but for her own. She didn't want to get angry with her. But she knew too well how she acted with the men she liked and didn't doubt for a single moment that she was attracted to her masters. And then she remembered Barbara's confidences and her English dom .

So she called Barbara the next afternoon and suggested they come over for dinner on Thursday evening.

– Wow! great! she exclaimed, making Carole fear the worst. They are so... cute!

- Barbara, I remind you that I am seeing my boss... and it is not platonic... hold on to this meal; Carole retorted dryly.

– Wow... you're jealous, I swear! Learn to share!

The young woman stiffened as she heard her friend confirm her worst fears. She understood that she would not heed her warning if the opportunity arose. She almost hung up on her, then thought better of it.

"Barbara, if you're having fun with this, I don't know you anymore," she said icily.

She cut off the connection and wondered how she could escape this dinner. She couldn't pretend to have a sick relative since they lived on the other side of the world and she had no other family.

She watched Thursday come with anxiety. She took care of ordering from a Japanese caterer. She left the office early to pick up the food and set the table. They had exempted her from the daily ritual and she had chosen her outfit carefully.

She knew Barbara would be super hot. They were settled in the living room when the doorbell rang.

– Go open it; Nielsen ordered him.

Carole stood up from the couch where she had taken a seat and took a deep breath before placing her hand on the handle. She remained frozen in the entrance. Barbara had pulled out all the stops.

#### Chapter 14

“Hello, escarole !” she said, giving her a dazzling smile.

– Hello, Barbie...

"You don't seem to like my outfit!" her friend exclaimed as she entered the apartment.

– Oh yes... she is perfect for walking the streets! replied Carole with a big fake smile plastered on her face.

She turned on her heel and walked down the hallway without looking back. Barbara followed her in silence, stunned. Both men stood up at the same time, their eyes fixed on the young woman's legs.

She was perched on twelve-centimeter heels. She wore an ultra-short black pleated skirt and a white blouse that left no doubt as to the color of her lace bra.

– Barbara; Nielsen said, holding out his hand. You are... a feast for the eyes; he added, glancing at Carole.

De Villers greeted him with a little less effusion and resumed his place on the sofa. Carole had prepared cocktails.

She set the glasses down in front of each person and sat down next to Nielsen.

Her friend was scrutinizing her intently. Carole concentrated on her drink. Nielsen must have sensed the tension between the two young women because he suddenly asked:

- Is there a problem?... Carole, is everything okay?

– Of course... everything is fine... ; she lied with a smile.

As they sat down to eat, De Villers brushed Carole's hand. She looked up at him and he caught the flash that passed through them. A mixture of anger, frustration and jealousy. Pain too...

Nielsen had pushed Barbara's chair back gallantly. Too gallantly, judging by the sigh that escaped Carole. She went into the kitchen and returned with a tray of sushi and Japanese beers.

Nielsen had set out to seduce Barbara. He spent his time asking her questions about her career, her tastes in music, literature and cinema. Carole had to be content with conversing with De Villers.

Not that she didn't like his conversation but she felt irritation rising inside her. Barbara laughed at every word Nielsen said, completely forgetting the other two guests.

At the end of the meal, she noticed Nielsen's hand on Barbara's bare thigh. Barbara didn't seem bothered in the least. Quite the opposite. Carole's warning had had no effect on her friend.

She stood up to clear away and set the empty plates on the counter. She was literally boiling. Either Nielsen was playing her or he was really interested in Barbara.

Anyway, she couldn't think anymore, her anger clouded her mind. She made some coffee and went back to the living room.

She was shocked to find Barbara sitting on Nielsen's lap.

They were kissing each other full on the lips. Carole slammed the tray down on the table, making her friend jump. She glared at her, formed the word "slut" on her lips, and turned on her heel.

She strode to her room despite Nielsen's angry voice calling out to her. She turned the key in the lock and fell onto her bed, crying.

There was a knock at her door. De Villers ordered her to open it but she didn't answer. He finally gave up and she heard him walk away. She wouldn't set foot in the living room again as long as her soon-to-be ex-best friend was there. No matter what price she would have to pay later.

Two hours passed during which she packed clothes in a suitcase, put her toiletries in a vanity case and changed. She put on jeans, a tunic sweater and ballet flats. She put on a leather trench coat. Then she pressed her ear to the door. She decided to wait another hour.

She finally opened the door silently. The apartment was plunged into darkness. Not a single sound. She crept toward the living room, froze to listen to the sounds coming from upstairs.

Finally, she walked down the hallway, disconnected the alarm, and left the apartment. She hesitated between the subway and a taxi, opted for the taxi, and had herself driven not far from her old apartment.

She rented a small two-room apartment in an apartment hotel and curled up under the covers. She didn't know what she would do the next day, but at that moment she felt the need to get away from the duplex as quickly as possible.

She spent the next three days in this apartment, enjoying a prestigious hotel service. She had sent an email to Eva Chambord from an Internet café. She had simply written her that she would not come to work on Friday without providing further explanation.

She thought about resigning. Leaving Paris, at least for a while. She would never admit Barbara's betrayal, never forgive her. Her friend had deeply hurt and disappointed her. As for Nielsen... She preferred not to think about him.

She called Eva on Sunday evening from a public telephone. She had preferred to turn off her mobile.

- Carole, my god, what's going on? Do you want to come to my place?

- No, that's nice but... it's better not to see each other... I don't want to get you into trouble with Nielsen.

- He can't do anything to me, come on... tell me what he did to you at least...

She told him about her best friend's visit to the office, her meeting with Nielsen and De Villers, and the dinner.

- What an idiot! What did he think! Eva fumed. And your friend, well done! What a bitch!

- Yes, I didn't think she was capable of doing that to me... it's...

She burst into tears and apologized.

- No, Carole... don't hang up, tell me where you are, I'm coming to see you...

Carole finally gave in and gave her the address of the apartment hotel. She hoped that Eva was really on her side. If she warned Nielsen, she would suffer a punishment like she had probably never received before. The assistant arrived an hour later, alone. They fell into each other's arms and took a seat on the small sofa in the living room area.

"What can I do for you?" Eva asked, taking the young woman's hand.

– Honestly, I don't know... I don't know what I'm going to do myself. I don't see myself going back to work tomorrow...

"You have to make a decision quickly," Eva said, grimacing. "Either you resign or come to the office tomorrow... you must expect to be punished... Nielsen is not going to let this go... you can imagine... such disobedience, he must not have liked it..."

– Sure... but I couldn't just watch them kiss like that... he knew it hurt me...

- Yes, he knows it and he did it on purpose.

They talked for more than two hours and were served dinner.

- So, what are you doing tomorrow? Eva suddenly asked.

– I think I'll come to work...

– OK... I'll try to limit the damage... come before they arrive. I'll be at the office at eight o'clock. We'll meet there.

- THANKS...

– Please... I don't promise to fix things, but I'll do my best.

Eva Chambord left a moment later. Carole locked the door behind her and went to bed, a ball of anxiety in her stomach. She had acted impulsively, but at the time it had seemed to her that it was the best decision.

She slept badly and woke up early in the morning. She took a long shower, got ready carefully and had breakfast. In the taxi that took her to work, she thought about what awaited her.

She set her course, glanced at the windows on the sixth floor, and took a deep breath. In the still-empty lobby, she hesitated. She walked slowly toward the elevators. Her index finger froze a few inches from the call button.

She looked at him without seeing him and then she pressed it. In the corridor of the sixth, she saw a ray of light under the door of Eva's office. She went straight to her door, knocked on it and entered.

The assistant looked up and Carole felt her heart stop. She grimaced as she wanted to change position in her chair. A bruise adorned Eva's right temple, barely hidden by her makeup. The young woman wanted to step back but bumped into someone. She immediately recognized Nielsen's perfume.

– I'm sorry, Carole... I couldn't help but tell them that I saw you...

The young woman nodded. Had they hit her to make her talk?

– I think we need to have a little chat, the three of us... don't you think?  
Nielsen whispered in his ear.

He grabbed her by the wrist and made her leave Eva's office. He dragged her down the corridor to his own, opened the door and let her in. De Villers was standing at the window. He turned around when he heard the key turn in the lock.

- Did you have a good weekend? he asked her in a friendly voice.

Carole looked down and was careful not to answer.

“Undress,” Nielsen ordered icily. “And bow down before us... Then you will get on all fours on the couch to receive your punishment... and believe me, it will hurt...”

Carole complied without hesitation. She knew when she came back that she would be entitled to it. But to imagine that they would attack Eva... She took off her clothes, knelt down before placing her forearms and forehead on the parquet floor. She spread her legs and waited.

They kept her waiting for more than a quarter of an hour, discussing the upcoming publications as if they were alone. Then Nielsen approached her.

– Lick my shoes; he ordered.

Carole looked up, taken aback.

– I said the shoes...

She finally obeyed, well aware that she had no choice. She closed her eyes, humiliated. Nielsen finally removed his feet.

– On the couch...

The young woman straightened up and took up position on the chaise longue. DeVillers slipped her wrists into the leather handcuffs, connecting them to the chain attached to the legs of the sofa, forcing her to lean over as much as possible. She rested her forehead on the seat, her arms spread.

Then he tied her ankles in the same way. She found herself with her ass in the air, her legs spread wide, offering her privacy to the gaze. Nielsen put a blindfold over her eyes and inserted the leather gag into her mouth.

Carole shivered. They were planning to hit her when the other employees were about to arrive? They suspected that her screams would be heard from the hallway. For several minutes, she heard nothing.

Had they decided to scare him?

Suddenly, the straps of a whip came down on her buttocks. She screamed despite the gag, tears running down her cheeks. He struck methodically. From the thighs to the shoulder blades.

Carole sobbed. She could neither ask him to stop nor protect herself from the blows. Nielsen dropped the whip and grabbed a dildo from the couch. He coated it with lubricant before inserting it between the young woman's buttocks.

She screamed again. The toy was similar in size to Nielsen's cock. He pushed it all the way in and held it there for a good while before pumping it in and out of her, ignoring her moans of pain.

De Villers replaced his partner and chose a new instrument. He opted for a wooden swatter. He began to strike her, starting at the hollow of her knees, where the skin was so sensitive. He followed the same path as Nielsen to finish at the top of her back.

Carole screamed continuously under the gag. They suddenly stopped and went to sit in front of Nielsen's desk. She continued to cry. Her back was burning. Her buttocks must have been scarlet. She heard them come back towards her and moaned louder.

"We have an appointment outside," said Nielsen, patting her back. "We'll be back in an hour or two. You'll stay here and wait for us," he added.

Was she going to stay tied up like that? What if someone came into the office? Did any other employee have the key besides Eva? She had trouble thinking, the pain was so intense. She had to breathe in short bursts.

She tried to think of something else. Suddenly she heard the key turn in the lock. Shit! They were entering the room, they were going to see her in this humiliating position, her ass in the air, tied up like a piece of meat.

She waited for the person to show up.

– Fuck! the woman swore as she approached.

Carole sighed in relief. She had just recognized Eva's voice. She felt it untie her.

The assistant removed the gag and blindfold.

"They didn't go easy on you," she whispered. "I'll give you some numbing cream before they come back, but I'll have to tie you up..."

- No, please... I can't take it anymore... ; Carole begged her in tears.

– I can't help it... I got it last night... when I came back from seeing you, they were waiting for me downstairs at my place. They must have read your email... I didn't know they were monitoring our emails...

- Did they hit you?

– Yes... I got the treatment I reserve for my submissives... the whip... my back and buttocks look like yours; said Eva, smearing the whip marks with cream.

- Do you think they'll punish me again? Carole asked in a small voice. I can't stand it if they do it again...

"I'm afraid so," Eva said with a sigh. "You openly defied them, you disrespected them, you disobeyed them... so, yes, I think they'll do it again and you'll spend the day on that couch..."

Carole began to sob again. She managed to sit up a little and took a deep breath. The pain was starting to fade.

"I'll have to tie you up, if they come back I'd rather not be here," Eva said, grabbing a leather bracelet. "I'll try to come back if they're out for lunch."

Eva reattached the handcuffs to the chains and kissed Carole on the shoulder before leaving the room and locking it. The young woman remained as still as possible so as not to pull on her arms.

The pain was completely gone. She eventually dozed off and jumped when Nielsen's voice rang in her ear.

-You're taking a little nap, slave...; he sneered. I might have to wake you up...

Carole shook her head and whined. Was he that heartless?

- No? ... do you know how much you disrespected us? how much your affront was hurtful to us? you are our slave, you must obey us no matter what it costs you... we will invite your best friend again and I will fuck her in front of you... you will not have the right to say anything, not to show the slightest jealousy, the slightest resentment... is that understood?

The young woman nodded vigorously. She would do anything they wanted as long as they stopped hitting her.

– Um... I don't know if I can trust you; he whispered. You will be punished every night... until I lift your punishment... we will not fuck you again while you are punished, you will have to give us pleasure without receiving any, understood?

Carole nodded again. She found herself praying that he would untie her. But he dashed all her hopes.

"You're going to stay here all day," he said. "If anyone comes into this office, they'll see you like this... what do you think?"

She moaned and shook her head.

- No? You don't like it? I like it a lot, on the contrary; Nielsen sneered. I think I'll organize a little meeting in my office...

Carole started crying again. She wouldn't dare come to work if one of her colleagues saw her in this position.

– Hum... I see you don't like my idea... too bad...

He ran his hand between her thighs, caressing her sex before pressing the dildo. The young woman groaned. Nielsen moved the sex toy making her moan. He played with her for a moment before removing the gag and ordering her to suck him.

She complied and sucked him diligently. She would comply with all their orders to avoid further punishment. She put so much ardor into it that she made him cum quickly.

– Hum... better and better, female dog... you'll have to settle for that until further notice...

## Chapter 15

They spent the rest of the morning without worrying about the young woman anymore. Her shoulders were hurting, her legs would not support her much longer in this position.

They went out to lunch in town. Eva took the opportunity to sneak into the office.

- Are you okay? Did they hit you again? she asked worriedly as she approached the young woman.

Carole shook her head. She felt dizzy and her stomach was growling. Eva removed the gag.

– I'm starting to lose feeling in my arms and legs, I feel like I have thousands of ants crawling around in my body; said Carole. If they don't untie me soon, I won't be able to move...

- I can't do anything about that... are you still in pain?

– No, with your cream I don't feel any pain anymore... this product is magic...

– Yes... fortunately it exists and I have a submissive pharmacist who provides it to me without a prescription.

- Could you untie me for a few minutes?

– I don't know, Carole... if they came back...

"Just a minute, please," the young woman begged. "It's becoming unbearable..."

Eva gave in and untied Carole's legs. She slowly brought them back under her, they were numb. She winced and had to resume her initial position.

They heard noise in the hallway, Eva froze. The heels' footsteps moved away and she turned to the young woman.

"I have to tie you up," she said in a sorry tone.

- All right...

The two men returned an hour and a half later. Carole was on the verge of fainting. Her bladder was about to burst and she couldn't speak.

Nielsen approached her, lifted her chin with his finger and removed the blindfold. He scrutinized her carefully and saw only suffering in the young woman's eyes. Resignation too.

"I'll untie you," he said finally. "But you're still punished... you'd better obey without hesitation, understand?"

Carole nodded. De Villers entered the office at that moment. He was not alone. Robert, the Belgian businessman, accompanied him.

– But look at this charming slave! he exclaimed. Hum... she makes me hard...

Nielsen gave him a big smile.

– Enjoy it; he said. She is yours... oh, she is punished, she has no right to enjoy...

Robert licked his lips, walked over to the couch and stood behind the young woman.

He unbuttoned his pants, unzipped his pants, and knelt on the chaise longue.

He buried two fingers in her sex, growled and pushed his sex in without foreplay. He fucked her savagely, tearing moans from her. He grabbed her hair, forcing her to raise her head. With the other hand, he spanked her brutally.

He came quickly, pulled out immediately and blew.

– Hmm... she's still as good... what did she do to be punished? he asked, adjusting himself.

"She disrespected us," Nielsen retorted. "Is our party still okay?"

– Oh yeah, I can't wait... I hope you'll let me enjoy that beautiful pussy... and her ass isn't bad either...

The three men burst out laughing.

"She'll be yours as long as you want her," Nielsen said. "We'll make an exchange with Vanina... that little girl is an outstanding cocksucker..."

These words hurt Carole. He never missed an opportunity to put her down, to hurt her. She closed her eyes and let the tears flow down her cheeks. She suddenly felt bad. Her heart was beating too fast, her forehead was covered in an icy sweat.

She started to moan, hoping to get the attention of the three men. They pretended she didn't exist. They talked for a long time before Robert greeted them and left the office.

Carole moaned and shifted in her bonds.

"Stop moving like that or I'll leave you tied up until tonight," Nielsen threatened.

De Villers had approached and was the first to notice his livid complexion and the sweat on his forehead.

"She's not well," he said, immediately untying her feet.

- What ?

– Look at her... she's sweating, she's white as a sheet...

The two men worked on the handcuffs. Carole collapsed on the chaise longue.

– Need... go... toilet... ; she managed to stutter.

- Can you walk?

The young woman shook her head. She knew her legs wouldn't carry her. De Villers lifted her in his arms and carried her to the toilet. She sat on the bowl, relieved herself, and wiped herself.

She washed her hands, turned to look at her back and her legs gave out on her. She collapsed to the floor, unconscious.

The two men rushed into the bathroom. De Villers knelt down beside her and took her pulse.

– Shit... his heart is beating a hundred miles an hour...

He patted her cheek hoping to revive her. Then he picked her up and laid her on the couch.

- We need to get her dressed, she's freezing.

They handed her her clothes including her bra and thong. Nielsen came back from the bathroom with a damp towel in his hand. He placed it on Carole's forehead. When she opened her eyes again, he stroked her cheek.

– How are you feeling? he asked in a worried voice.

– Not well; the young woman murmured. I'm cold...

Nielsen opened a drawer in the bookcase, took out a blanket and covered the young woman with it. He dug his cell phone out of his jacket pocket and dialed a number.

– Hello, Andre? Nielsen speaking... could you come to my office? I have a... my girlfriend just fainted...

- I'm on leave, old man... call the ambulance...

- No, I prefer that it be you who comes... André, in memory of our friendship, please...

A big sigh answered him then:

– Ok, I'll be there in twenty five minutes.

Carole had closed her eyes but she hadn't missed a word of Nielsen's conversation. Was he really worried about her? Or did he want to avoid having to answer for the traces on the young woman's body at all costs?

De Villers dabbed his forehead with the damp cloth. He pulled the blanket up over Carole's shoulders. She was trembling. He rubbed her back.

"It'll be okay... a doctor will be here," Nielsen said, sitting down on the edge of the chaise longue. "He's a friend, he knows about our lifestyle... even if he doesn't approve."

The famous André arrived a moment later. He was tall and thin, well into his forties. He was carrying a large tan leather satchel. He shook hands with both men, put his bag on the ground and took out his blood pressure monitor.

He pulled up the young woman's sleeve and took her blood pressure. He raised his eyebrows, it was a little too low. He examined her and asked her to sit up. The young woman grimaced but managed to sit up.

- Would you mind taking off your dress? I'll listen to your heart...

Carole bit her lip and glanced at the two men standing by the couch. The doctor sensed her hesitation and understood immediately.

- I'll help you remove it...

He untied the belt of the dress, slid it over Carole's shoulders and groaned. He shook his head without saying a word, finished examining the young woman and asked her:

- What exactly happened?

Carole hesitated and Nielsen answered for her.

- We left her tied to the chaise longue... probably too long...

- And the marks on his body? Are they recent?

- Yes... we punished her...

- Patrick... one day you will go too far...; he grumbled. I don't understand how one can do this kind of thing.

- How is she? Nielsen asked to cut short the doctor's complaints.

- Her blood pressure is too low... she's exhausted, has she eaten today?

"I had breakfast," Carole answered for Nielsen.

- And since then?

"I didn't eat anything else," the young woman admitted.

"She needs to eat and rest," said André, peremptorily. "I'll prescribe her something for her blood pressure and give her a sick note until Friday."

- Understood; Nielsen retorted. It's not serious?

- No, she just needs to regain her strength... avoid mistreating her for three or four days; he replied in a reproachful tone.

The three men shook hands and the doctor left the office shaking his head. This wasn't the first time Nielsen had called on him to treat one of his submissives.

André had never been able to understand what drove seemingly sane men to behave this way in their intimate relationships. He and Nielsen had been high school buddies.

They had lost touch during college, and then one evening Nielsen had called him during a party that had gone a bit wrong. A young girl had injured herself trying to escape his whip.

She had broken her wrist trying to get out of the handcuffs. They had seen each other several times since then, but André was content to watch.

– Bertrand will take you back to our place; Nielsen decided. You will rest...

– My stuff at the hotel...

- We'll pick them up before we go home. Give us the key to your apartment.

An hour later, she slipped under the covers and fell asleep immediately.

They took great care of her in the days that followed. Nielsen would call her in the middle of the day to make sure she was okay. She thought about Eva's words. Nielsen seemed to really care about her. The worry had given way to relief.

Late Thursday afternoon, she decided to make them dinner. She asked the governess to leave early and ran herself a bath. Afterward, she put on a bare-skin wrap dress, hold-up stockings, and pumps. She closed the leather collar around her neck.

She combed her hair carefully, barely applied any makeup, and went to rummage through the huge refrigerator. She set to work and set a pretty table. When they arrived two hours later, she saw surprise in their eyes.

Nielsen stepped closer to her, lifted her chin with two fingers, and forced her to look him straight in the eye. What she saw in the gray gaze brought tears to her eyes.

There was tenderness, emotion, and a wild, raw, animal desire. He ran his thumb over Carole's lips, she licked and sucked it gently.

– Did Mrs. Marboeuf prepare dinner?

- No, master...it's me...

- You? You cooked? Nielsen asked in surprise.

– Yes, master...I...I wanted to please you...

– Hum...and you know what would please me, right now?

– Tell me master...

– That you get on your knees after taking off your dress and suck me...

The young woman smiled and complied without being asked. She had been dying to do this for several hours. She had had plenty of time to fantasize about her masters. Especially since they had had to abstain for several days, just like her.

Carole undid the leather belt, unbuttoned the pants and slid them down Nielsen's thighs. She stroked him over his boxers, feeling his cock grow and harden.

Finally when she freed him from his boxers; he sprang out, hard and erect. She gently licked the head, ran a hand between his thighs and took his balls between her fingers.

With her tongue, she followed a blue vein and slowly moved up. She finally took it in her mouth, sucking it like a popsicle stick, a greedy pout on her face.

She heard Nielsen moan and smiled inwardly. She looked up at him and met his gray gaze troubled by desire.

He grabbed the back of her neck, forcing her to swallow him deeper.

Carole breathed through her nose, and sped up the movement of her lips. She felt him shudder and knew he was going to cum. She tightened her grip and his sperm spurted deep into her throat.

Nielsen made a half-moan, half-groan sound before slowly pulling out. She took the opportunity to lick the entire length of his shaft.

– Tell me thank you; he ordered.

Carole raised her eyebrows.

– Thank me for letting you suck me... you'll do it every time...

– Thank you master... for letting me suck you; she repeated obediently.

- Well, now take care of Bertrand...; then we'll have dinner.

He turned on his heel, unbuttoning his jacket and taking it off as he went upstairs. Carole turned to De Villers and looked up at him. He nodded and she complied with Nielsen's orders.

“What have you prepared for us?” Nielsen asked, sitting down at the table after showering and putting on jeans and a T-shirt.

– A roast veal and potatoes with porcini mushrooms, master...

- You spoil us... I can't wait to taste it.

Carole smiled as she looked down. She had always loved cooking and this dish was her specialty. She went into the kitchen, served two plates and came to serve her two masters.

She placed their plates in front of them and waited patiently for them to taste their food.

– Hum... that's excellent; De Villers enthused.

– Thank you master... can I get you some wine?

- Yes...

The young woman filled the crystal glasses and was about to kneel down when Nielsen said to her:

– Grab yourself a plate and come and have dinner with us.

Carole raised an eyebrow in surprise before going to get her plate. She sat down with the two men and noticed that her roast was cooked to perfection and extremely tender. She looked down at her plate. This was the first time she was able to eat at the same time as them. The first time they allowed her to join them.

She felt a certain pride in it. They discussed the party they were planning to give at the castle. Carole shuddered as she imagined what was going to happen there. Apparently there would be about thirty people.

Dominants with their submissives, dominatrices, mere spectators... Robert, his wife and... Vanina. She hoped they wouldn't invite Barbara. She had no desire to see her again. Never.

Her friend had sent her text messages that she hadn't responded to. She didn't want her apologies. She had deleted them without reading them.

She offered them coffee and cleared the table under the lustful gaze of the two men. They had allowed her to put her dress back on. She put the dirty plates in the dishwasher, took two cups out of a cupboard and chose two pods.

She returned a few minutes later carrying the black, burning beverages. Her masters had taken their places on the sofas in the living room. She placed the small tray on the coffee table and handed them the cups.

She sat down at their feet and her gaze fell into the fireplace. Her mind wandered.

She jumped when she heard Nielsen call out to her.

– Excuse me, master... what were you saying?

- You were in the moon... take off your dress and get on all fours... facing Bertrand.

Carole obeyed without hesitation.

- Good... spread your legs... what a pussy...

She shuddered as he inserted two fingers inside her without warning. She moaned and arched her back. Nielsen's fingers searched her roughly. She moaned again and spread her legs as wide as they could.

## Chapter 16

They spent the weekend at Nielsen Castle. Carole returned to the office on Monday morning. Eva greeted her with a big smile.

- My dear, how are you? Is everything okay? she whispered, taking her in her arms.

- Yes... they were a little less harsh... and you, are you okay?

- Oh yeah, don't worry about me, the assistant retorted. I'm a tough cookie. You're going to have to work extra hard this week. The publishing schedule is very busy this quarter.

- No problem, I can stay late if I have to; Carole said. Then I'll get to it.

She smiled at Eva and thought how lucky she was to have her as an ally. The other girls had no idea what the bosses really were. She could only discuss that aspect of their lives with the assistant.

The week passed without her noticing. They had planned to leave on Friday evening. Carole had put some things in a suitcase.

Although she doubted she would have to dress up much.

They got into the SUV and drove off. Carole was sitting in the back seat. She was wearing a short dress, stockings, and black leather boots. The two men were talking in low voices. The young woman listened but couldn't catch what they were saying.

They got stuck in a traffic jam and Nielsen decided to let his partner drive. He moved to the back and ordered Carole to suck him off. She slid between his legs. When she was done, he moved back to the front and De Villers came up next to Carole.

They pulled up to the castle steps two hours later. The housekeeper had lit the fireplaces, prepared the rooms and the meal. She got into the carriage after a wave.

Carole slept alone in her room. She had raised her eyebrows in surprise but figured they wanted her in good shape for the next evening. She had no idea what they were planning to do with her.

Although, come to think of it, they were probably going to offer it to whoever wanted it. She wondered how many submissives there would be. Who would serve, who would prepare the buffets.

She got up early and put on a pair of jogging pants. She needed to let off steam, to channel her excess energy. She went out to the park and started walking briskly before starting to run.

She hadn't gone five hundred meters when the two men joined her in shorts and T-shirts despite the cold. They slowed their pace to match her strides.

“Need some exercise?” Nielsen asked. “You don’t think you’ll get enough exercise tonight?”

Carole gave him a small smile.

– I think so, master... but I was too nervous to sleep.

They ran for three quarters of an hour and returned to the castle. After taking their shower, they had lunch in the kitchen. While drinking their coffee, they discussed the organization of the evening.

They had ordered from a caterer. The food would be delivered late in the morning. A buffet would be set up in the grand formal living room and submissives would be in charge of serving. Carole wondered how many there would be.

Should she also serve? She cleared the breakfast table and followed her masters into the living room. A team was already moving the furniture and removing any that were superfluous.

After rearranging the room, the two men took a last look at the guest list. The Belgian couple were due to arrive for lunch. They were scheduled to stay until Sunday.

Carole stifled a sigh. Seeing Vanina again upset her. The images of Nielsen getting sucked off jumped out at her. She took advantage of the two men's momentary absence to read the guest list.

Apart from the Belgians, Eva Chambord and Marianna, the other names were unknown to her. She jumped when she heard footsteps in the corridor and hastily put the sheet down.

– Go get dressed, Nielsen ordered. Our guests will be here shortly. Put on what is on your bed.

– Yes, master...

Carole looked down and left the room. For the evening, her masters had chosen an ultra-short black dress for her. She would only have to bend down a little for her buttocks to be seen. She went up to her room and found the black maid's dress with a white apron spread out on the bed.

Black patent leather ballet flats, collar and leash.

She pulled on the bare-skin dress, slipped her feet into the ballet flats, and buckled the collar around her neck after attaching the leash. She glanced at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. The outfit was sexy. She went back downstairs and heard voices in the living room.

She immediately recognized it as Robert's, the Belgian businessman. She pushed the door open and entered the room.

– Hum... here is our dear little slave; he said, smiling. She seems perfectly recovered to me.

– Yes, she will be perfect tonight; Nielsen agreed.

Carole came and knelt at his feet and cast a quick glance at Mathilda. Robert's wife did not take her eyes off her. Vanina was sitting at her feet, her head bowed.

"She's still as attractive as ever," she said. "I'd like to enjoy her a little."

"She's yours, dear friend," Nielsen said, smiling.

Mathilda stood up immediately, grabbed the young woman's leash and forced her to stand. She dragged her out of the living room, headed to the basement and into a dark room. She fumbled for the light switch and closed the door behind her.

Mathilda made her get on all fours on the mattress. She handcuffed her and attached chains to the leather bracelets. Then, she tied the young woman's ankles. As in Namur, Carole found herself spread out on the mattress.

The Belgian caressed her buttocks, passed two fingers between her thighs before inserting them into her anus.

– Hum... this ass is perfect... ; Mathilda murmured.

Carole heard her walk away and then come back a few minutes later. A smack made her cry out in surprise. It was followed by several more that made her buttocks warm. Mathilda finally stopped, slipped a hand between the young woman's thighs and groaned when she saw how wet she was.

- You are a real female dog... I'm going to fuck you with a huge dildo; she said, inserting the sex toy roughly.

Carole moaned and tensed her buttocks. The toy was spreading her. The Belgian moved it back and forth in the young woman's sex before bringing it closer to her other orifice. She screamed when the glans penetrated her. It was much bigger than any toy Nielsen had used up until then.

Mathilda pushed it all the way in before standing up. She put a harness ending in a dildo around her hips and got back on the mattress. Then she inserted it into Carole's sex, pushing the dildo even further into her anus.

The young woman screamed again, filled on both sides. Mathilda worked her carefully before cumming with a small cry. She immediately removed the toys, leaving the young woman on the edge of orgasm.

Guests were walking through the lounges. About ten submissives dressed in ultra-short black dresses were providing service. As soon as a guest chose one, she was replaced by the one who had just satisfied another guest.

Nielsen held Carole on a leash and proudly exhibited her. She had to offer herself to several men before being tied to the bench where the South African had whipped her. A leather gag prevented her from speaking and a blindfold had been tied over her eyes.

She had been waiting for more than a quarter of an hour when the door opened behind her. She heard the bolt slide and shivered with apprehension. She had no idea what guest had just entered the room.

From the steps, she understood that it was a man. She felt a large hand caress her back and then her buttocks.

The man leaned down to her ear, nibbling on her earlobe before sliding an imperious hand between her thighs.

She moaned and knew immediately whose hand it was. She shuddered and hoped she was mistaken.

- So, beautiful slave, you are at my disposal again; Paul murmured, checking that she was securely tied up.

Carole whimpered and clamped her jaws around the gag. She hadn't seen his name on the guest list. How could he be there? Invited by the Belgian businessman?

- I would love for you to be mine for a whole weekend... what do you think?

Carole moaned and he chuckled behind her.

- You're afraid of me, huh? Do you know that it excites me terribly? What am I going to do to you tonight?

He walked away from the young woman and went to choose an instrument from the wooden chest of drawers. He returned armed with a whip.

- I'm going to start by warming up the pretty skin of this superb ass a little...

He hit about ten times, not too hard. Then he changed instruments and increased the intensity of his blows. He had opted for a wooden paddle. He struck the young woman's buttocks and thighs several times with it.

- Hum... I want to whip you; he murmured in a hoarse voice. You make me hard...

He traded the paddle for a riding crop. This time, Carole screamed despite the gag. Tears flooded her blindfold. The South African took sadistic pleasure in hitting twice in the same place.

He dropped the riding crop, unbuttoned his pants and knelt between the young woman's legs. He pushed two fingers into her sex before penetrating her roughly .

Then he pounded her savagely, his hands gripping her hips.

He suddenly let go of her and grabbed the tips of her breasts, pinching and twisting them violently. Carole moaned and heard him snicker.

"You like that, slut, don't you?" he growled in her ear. "If you knew what I want to do to you..."

He came suddenly, his body shaking with tremors. Then, he collapsed on the young woman's back, out of breath.

- Fuck, you're the best female dog I've ever fucked...

He grabbed her hair and forced her head up. He kissed her neck and bit her shoulder, leaving the mark of his teeth. He pulled out suddenly and removed the dildo from her other orifice. He presented his glans to the entrance of her anus and pushed it in without consideration.

Carole screamed. The South African pounded her for a long time before cumming again. The young woman felt a wave of heat run down her spine. The orgasm shook her like an earthquake. She would have collapsed if the chains had not held her firmly.

- You like it, female dog... having a big cock in your ass, huh? Tell me...

Carole nodded, still in the throes of her orgasm. She slowly came back down to earth as he stood up. She heard him adjust himself. He smacked her ass before leaving the room.

Her back ached like hell. Her buttocks must have been scarlet. She jumped when the door opened again. A hand gently rested on her ass. She moaned.

– Chut...

She felt something cold running down her neck. She was slathered with numbing cream.

Whoever was slathering her with cream, she mentally thanked them.

– There you go... you won't feel anything anymore soon; said De Villers' voice. Wash it; he ordered another person.

He removed the gag and blindfold, tenderly wiped the tears that ran down her cheeks and placed a tender kiss on her lips. Carole parted her lips. Her tongue sought her master's.

A submissive in a black dress came back with a tub of warm water and a glove. She cleaned the sperm that had flowed down Carole's thighs, dried her carefully and left the room.

- I've had enough... master... I can't take it anymore, please...; she murmured, straightening up.

De Villers stroked his cheek.

"The party isn't over yet," he said firmly. "Come with me."

He grabbed the leash and led her down the hall. They went back upstairs. The men examined the whip marks on her buttocks and back. Robert was sitting on a couch. A submissive was kneeling between his legs and sucking him.

Couples had formed, threesomes where a submissive sucked a man while a second took her from behind. She didn't see Nielsen anywhere. De Villers led her into a small living room. Two men had tied another slave to rings planted in the mantelpiece. Her legs were handcuffed to a spreader bar, her torso bent forward.

The girl screamed despite the gag at each stroke of the whip. Carole shivered with fear. De Villers wanted to whip her? She slowed down and he pulled on the leash to make her move forward. They stopped near the men.

Carole had never seen them before. They were tall and their powerful shoulders rolled with each blow. They backed up a little and the young woman had plenty of time to see the poor submissive's back. It was streaked with red marks. She also had some on her buttocks and thighs. She was sobbing.

De Villers lifted Carole's chin with his index finger. He read the fear in her eyes and tears began to flow down her cheeks again. He rewarded her with a wry smile before turning around, much to the young woman's relief.

– Patrick wants to be the first to whip you; he said calmly. He won't let anyone else do it... then I'll do it too...

– Yes... master...

- Well... you're a good little slave... let's go find him...

He led Carole down the long hallway that led to the basement. They went down the marble staircase and entered a room lit by torches. A circular bed sat in the center of the room. A girl was spread out on her stomach. A man was taking her from behind while another guest pushed his cock into her mouth.

Nielsen sat on a low sofa. A girl was straddling him, impaled on his cock. Carole looked away. De Villers pinned her against his chest, took her head in his hands, and forced her to watch. She barely stifled a sob.

– Shh... ; he whispered in her ear. Look...

The young woman met Nielsen's gaze. She saw him veil himself as he came. She moaned and closed her eyes. She felt De Villers' erection against her buttocks. He slipped one hand between her thighs, while he grabbed her throat with the other.

The submissive knelt between Nielsen's legs and licked his cock. Then she stood up and walked over to a man who grabbed her leash before leaving the room.

De Villers pushed Carole towards his partner and handed her the leash. With a sharp tug, he forced her to kneel in front of him.

– Look at me; he ordered him.

The young woman looked up with tearful eyes. He stared at her for several minutes without saying a word, then he brought his face closer to hers.

- You didn't like looking at me, did you?

Carole shook her head.

- You're going to have to get used to it though... I told you I'd fuck your friend in front of you... I always keep my promises; he said in a dry voice.

– Yes... master...

– Suck me; he ordered.

The young woman stifled a sigh. She saw the submissive licking him a few minutes before.

- I'm waiting... you know I don't want to see you hesitate...

Carole reached for the fly of his pants and slid them down. He wasn't wearing anything under his garment. She pulled out his cock and leaned over him. She cleared her mind and began to pleasure him.

De Villers knelt behind her and pushed his penis into her vagina.

A few minutes later Nielsen called for silence. He invited the participants to go down to the basement. The branding ceremony was about to begin. He grabbed Carole's leash and dragged her down the stairs.

The young woman still didn't know what the marking decided by her masters consisted of, but she was convinced that she wouldn't like it. They had chosen Marianna as mistress of ceremonies.

The couple approached a stone altar. Carole caught sight of the leather handcuffs hanging from chains along the stone. On the ground, leather bracelets were connected to a metal bar.

She shivered and it didn't escape Nielsen who leaned towards her.

– You'll see, the pattern drawn by Marianna is completely appropriate.

Carole looked down. She had heard of branding. It must have been extremely painful. She wondered if she could back out any longer.

The guests had gathered around the altar. Marianna, dressed all in black, was heating a small device whose use Carole did not know. Her masters made her lean over the altar, her chest resting on the stone.

The young woman shivered. The contact was cold and hard. Nielsen grabbed one of her wrists and put them in a handcuff, then did the same with the other hand. Then he connected the handcuffs to the chains and pulled them as hard as they would go to completely immobilize her arms.

De Villers had taken charge of tying his ankles to the metal bar. A leather belt was attached to his waist and connected to two iron bars fixed in the altar. His collar was also attached to the altar by metal hooks.

## Chapter 17

She found herself helpless, unable to move. Nielsen stroked her cheek before turning to his guests. He made a short speech in which he thanked Carole for being their submissive, for obeying them in all circumstances and for the feelings she had for them.

Then he made a gesture with his hand to Marianna. The latter nodded and put a gag in Carole's mouth. Finally, she grabbed a bucket stuck on a wooden handle and approached the young woman.

“Take a deep breath,” she whispered in his ear before applying the seal to the small of his back, just above the base of his buttocks.

Carole screamed despite the gag and began to cry. The pain was excruciating. She felt as if someone had driven a red-hot spike into her lower back. Which was not far from the truth.

Marianna finally removed the seal and everyone could admire the drawing. Two intertwined wedding rings in the center of which the initials of the two men had been engraved.

They untied the young woman who suddenly collapsed. De Villers took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

– Let's sit down for a moment; he whispered to her.

He took her hand and led her into the next room. He sat her down on a low sofa and stroked her back. Carole was hiccuping softly.

They finally went back up. The men admired the drawing, probably dreaming of marking their submissive too. Nielsen approached the young woman and looked her straight in the eyes.

- You look very beautiful with our initials on the lower back, it's terribly exciting.

He took her chin and forced her to raise her head. He captured her lips and kissed her greedily. Carole felt his erection against her. De Villers came to press himself against her back. She was sandwiched between the two men.

They backed up to a couch, De Villers lay on his back, grabbed the young woman's dress and pulled it over her head. He impaled her on my steel-hard member.

Nielsen knelt between his partner's legs and unbuttoned his pants. He freed his swollen cock; with both hands he spread the young woman's buttocks, licked her little hole before inserting his tongue. Then he caressed it with his glans before gently sinking into the orifice.

It was broad daylight when she woke up. She glanced at the alarm clock on the bedside table. It was almost noon. She had slept for seven hours. Her body was sore. She went into the bathroom, filled the bathtub, and slipped into the water. She

closed her eyes. The party had ended very late. The first guests had left after one in the morning.

She hadn't told her masters about the South African. Had the Belgian couple invited him in secret? She didn't want to know, much less see him again. His words made her shudder. She could easily imagine what a weekend entirely at her disposal would be like.

She lingered in the tub until the water was lukewarm. She dried herself carefully and examined the small of her back. The pattern was clear and still very red. She pulled on a short dress and ballet flats. She took a deep breath before exiting the room and heading downstairs.

In the kitchen, she saw the housekeeper preparing lunch. She was surprised by her presence.

– Good morning, miss; she said in an affable tone.

– Hello, Maria... do you work on a Sunday?

– Yes, exceptionally, Mr. Nielsen asked me to come. I won't stay long...

Carole smiled at him and made herself a coffee. She felt embarrassed. Did the governess know about her bosses' predilections?

– Carole! said Nielsen's imperious voice.

The young woman jumped and put her empty cup in the sink. She grimaced at Maria and left the kitchen, her eyes downcast. She walked past Nielsen and waited in the hallway.

– Follow me...

Carole followed suit. They headed to the living room where they found Robert, Mathilda and De Villers. Vanina was kneeling at her mistress's feet. They looked up at the young woman and smiled.

What were they going to do to her next? She stifled a sigh as she took a seat at Nielsen's feet. He put his collar and leash on her and pulled her close.

– Master Robert wants you to spend the weekend in fifteen with them... as we have to be away, I accepted; he said in a peremptory tone. You will take the train on Friday evening and you will return on Sunday early afternoon.

– Yes... master...

Carole didn't dare look up. A shiver of apprehension ran through her. Would their South African friend be there? Were they inviting him to offer him to this

man? She bit her lip. How could her masters leave her at the disposal of the Belgians for an entire weekend?

"I can't wait to be there," said Mathilda in a sweet voice. "You have found a pearl... truly, my dear Patrick. You are incredibly lucky!"

"I know it, my dear friend," Nielsen retorted. "And we intend to enjoy it for a long time to come."

De Villers sighed. There had been Diane, a young business student... beautiful and with the body of a goddess. But she had fled the day they wanted to whip her. She had left them quietly and they had not managed to find her.

Her resemblance to Carole was quite striking. They were the same height, had the same hair color, the same eyes. They had trained them without much trouble. They were born submissives.

They returned to Paris in the middle of the afternoon. Carole looked at the landscape without seeing it. Her mind wandered to Namur. She had a bad feeling. Which kept her awake for a good part of the night.

She took the subway on Monday morning well before her masters set off. She arrived at the office before her colleagues, took off her thong and put it in a bag in her drawer.

At eight thirty, she knocked on Nielsen's door and entered. The two men were drinking coffee. She took off her dress and complied with the ritual. Nielsen walked around his desk and looked at the young woman's back. The whip marks were clearly visible. The wedding rings engraved in her skin caught his eye.

He leaned down and stroked them.

"I like to see marks on his skin," he said to his partner. "The whip marks will look even prettier on his back..."

– Yes... unfortunately next weekend we won't be there; De Villers regretted.

Nielsen gave him a wry smile.

– No... but we could whip her a little tonight...

– You should wait until the marks fade a little... they are still too pronounced...

"You're right, Bertrand," Nielsen agreed. "That would spoil the effect."

They left Carole on her knees for over half an hour. Then Nielsen ordered her to go to work. She kissed their hands before leaving the office. She went to greet Eva who was worried about her.

- How are you? How was the end of the weekend?
- It was; replied the young woman. I was hoping we would see each other...
- Yes, me too, but Nielsen forbade me from approaching you...
- Why? Carole wondered.
- I don't really know, he probably didn't want to share you with me...

"I'm going to work," said the young woman. "I don't want to be caught lazing around."

- Shall we have lunch together? suggested the assistant.
- My pleasure.

The week went on like the previous ones. On Thursday evening, while the young woman was serving them dinner, Nielsen informed her that they were leaving the next day for three days at the Venice Carnival.

Carole raised her eyebrows. They would leave her alone for a weekend?

"You're coming with us," Nielsen said, seeing her puzzled expression. "We've booked a suite in a grand hotel. We're invited to a costume party at the home of a Venetian viscount. Every year he gives a grand reception during Carnival..."

Carole smiled inwardly. She had no doubt about the kind of party their Italian friend could throw. She was careful not to ask any questions, but Nielsen continued:

- There will be many couples with their submissive, very rich people who like to have fun... you will be perfect dressed in a period dress... I can see it from here...

Friday dragged on. She was eager to leave. Her masters had not told her how they planned to get to Venice. She had packed a small travel bag, although she doubted she would need many clothes.

They took a private jet early in the evening that dropped them off at Marco Polo Airport. From there, they boarded a water taxi specially hired by their host. The hotel was one of the grandest establishments in the city. Carole admired the city from the lagoon.

She had always dreamed of Venice but had never had the opportunity to go there. Even if the purpose of the trip did not escape her, she hoped to be able to take advantage of it to visit a little.

They settled into their lavish suite. Nielsen hadn't lied. It had two large bedrooms and a smaller one, a dining room fit for a prince, a bathroom twice the size of his old apartment.

A gigantic bathtub took up the entire right side of the room. Carole counted an incalculable number of nozzles and jets of water. A walk-in shower faced it. It must have been big enough to hold four people. Two marble basins, a Venetian mirror across the width of the bathroom. Drawers galore, benches covered in white leather.

The young woman glanced out the window. They had a splendid view of the Doge's Palace and Piazza San Marco. Carole returned to the living room and collapsed on a plum velvet sofa. A champagne bucket containing a bottle of Dom Pérignon sat on a coffee table. A basket of fruit and three crystal flutes on a silver tray.

She suddenly thought that money was good. To be received like a queen was very pleasant, even if it was illusory. Her masters were in their rooms. She took advantage of this respite to admire the furniture.

"You want to go change for dinner?" Nielsen told her, making her jump.

– Uh... yes, master, sorry...

She went into the small bedroom and chose a short lace dress. She put on stockings and Manolo Blahnik pumps. She put her hair up in a bun, put on diamond stud earrings, a gift from her father, and returned to the living room.

Nielsen looked her up and down for a long moment.

"Lovely," he murmured at last. "I'd put your collar on you, but I doubt the hotel guests would appreciate it."

Carole looked down, as much to hide her smile as out of submission. She took a deep breath.

Nielsen had given him little indication of the party that would take place on Saturday night.

She had learned, however, that it was taking place in a palazzo belonging to a wealthy Venetian family. Viscount Giacomo di Caraballo... if she had caught his name correctly. His wife was French and, according to Nielsen, a direct descendant of the Bourbons.

They owned this magnificent palace and held parties there that were famous throughout Europe. Carole had no doubt about the nature of these parties. Libertine, no doubt.

They dined in the hotel's sumptuous dining room. Many guests looked up as the trio passed by. Some of the looks were simply curious. Others inquisitive. Carole noted the pouts of some of the women in passing. A pretty girl accompanied by two men seemed intriguing.

They spent the next day sightseeing and returned to their hotel in time to get ready for the party. Carole took a long shower and returned to her room wearing a cozy terrycloth bathrobe.

A period dress lay on the bed. Carole frowned. Dressed as Marie Antoinette? She stroked the silky fabric. A cream satin corset lay next to the dress, along with a loose petticoat, white stockings and garters as well. At the foot of the bed, she found a pair of cream satin pumps.

Wow. She wondered for a moment if she would keep the dress on all evening. There was a knock at her bedroom door and a young brunette woman approached her.

– Sinorina , I have to do your hair; she said with a strong Italian accent.

– Uh... yes of course...

The girl sat her down at a dressing table and began to brush her hair. She took a curling iron out of her case and transformed Carole's wavy hair into a mass of curls that she pulled up into a bun. Ringlets hung down on either side of her face.

When she was done, Carole smiled. She really did look like a queen.

- Now I'll help you get dressed.

The young woman followed her near the bed.

– Take off the bathrobe, please.

Carole complied and let it fall on the bed. The young Italian woman motioned for her to sit down and grabbed one of the white stockings. She slipped it over the young woman's foot, slid it up to the top of her thigh and tied the garter to hold it in place. She did the same with the other stocking then grabbed the corset.

– Please stand up.

Carole found herself corseted a few minutes later. She was wearing neither panties nor a bra.

– I don't put any...

– No... put on the petticoat...

Carole lifted the petticoat and passed her feet between the different circles of tulle sewn to hoops. The young girl tied the ribbon around her waist and grabbed the dress. She put it over Carole's head and carefully lowered it. Finally, she buttoned it in the back and smoothed out a few wrinkles.

- Go well ...; she said with a satisfied smile on her face.

She handed the pumps to the young woman and greeted her after checking that everything was in order. Carole approached a large mirror and was speechless. The generous neckline revealed a good part of her breasts and shoulders.

She spun around and the skirt swirled around her legs. She found herself daydreaming about the time when women wore dresses like that.

She smiled at her reflection and walked out of the room.

The two men also wore period outfits. They wore tight, satin shorts, buckled shoes and white stockings.

Above, a midnight blue velvet frock coat for Nielsen and plum for De Villers over white jabot shirts, a brocade waistcoat sewn with gold thread.

Carole looked them up and down, amazed. A surge of desire took hold of her. Fuck , she thought. How beautiful they are...

"This dress suits you wonderfully," De Villers said, approaching her.

- You are very handsome too, master... if I may...

De Villers walked around her slowly, caressing her shoulders with his fingertips. His index finger lingered over the base of her breasts pushed up by the corset. She heard him inhale loudly.

"It's time to go," Nielsen said, a smirk playing on his lips.

He handed her a cape, which she wrapped around herself. They left the suite, took the elevator to the ground floor, and walked through the lobby past a crowd of costumed people. Most of them wore masks. Carole wondered if she should wear one, too. Nielsen answered her unspoken question by handing her a satin mask that matched the dress, trimmed with lace.

She put it on her face and glanced at her masters. They were also wearing masks that matched their outfits. It made them look even sexier. They climbed aboard a water taxi and followed the stream of boats that seemed to be heading to the same destination.

A few minutes later, they were docking along a wooden pontoon. Nielsen took her elbow and they followed in the footsteps of costumed couples. Carole admired the Harlequin costumes, the crinoline dresses, the Empire outfits.

Every era seemed to be represented. They arrived at an ornate iron gate. Two uniformed footmen were checking the invitation cards and checking the names of the arrivals on a list.

Carole crossed a paved courtyard, escorted by her masters. A large stone staircase led to flower-filled balconies. They were greeted at the top of the steps by a couple dressed as Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette.

The young woman could not tell their ages. They did not wear masks but their features were hidden under thick makeup.

– Ah... my dear Patrick; said the host, seizing Nielsen's hand. I am happy to see you again... Bertrand...

– Giacomo, it is a pleasure... Arabelle, you are divine, my dear; he replied, kissing the Viscountess's hand.

– Patrick, you naughty flatterer... here is your new submissive; she said in a deep voice. Hum... very pretty... I can't wait to see her naked...

"You'll have the chance very soon," Nielsen replied, smiling. "I'm sure you'll like it very much..."

– I have no doubt about it... come in and have a look around the rooms, we have some surprises in store for you.

## Chapter 18

Nielsen took the young woman by the elbow and led her into a corridor lit by Venetian lanterns. The notes of baroque music reached their ears.

They entered a living room furnished with velvet sofas, low tables supported Murano glass lamps. A little further away, a buffet was set up against a wall. Footmen served the guests with champagne and white wines.

They passed from room to room, discovering alcoves where couples sat chatting on low sofas or velvet armchairs. They passed through a series of sumptuous rooms and Carole thought that the guests must be hand-picked.

She heard French, English, German, Italian of course, and wondered how many nationalities were represented. In a Gothic salon, an orchestra was playing pieces from the Rondo Vénézianno .

For now, the guests seemed content to drink and chat. Nielsen took her by the waist and leaned down to her ear.

- You'll see, the following pieces are much more interesting; he whispered to her.

He led her into a room with a closed door. He turned the handle and pushed Carole in front of him. She shuddered as soon as she entered. Velvet pouffes were placed here and there. Chains with handcuffs hung on each side. But what struck her most were the wooden pillories in front of each pouffe.

She swallowed and looked up at Nielsen. He gave her a wry smile before explaining how the instrument worked.

– The submissive kneels on the pouf, her feet are tied so that she cannot move and she puts her head and hands through the holes. Then, the board is closed and the padlock is closed. As you can see, the pillories are low enough for the captive woman to suck a man who would stand in front of her.

Carole could easily imagine the picture. A woman held by this straitjacket, forced to give pleasure to men who would use her mouth and her sex at the same time.

She shivered with apprehension. Her masters had surely planned to attach her to one of these instruments.

"You'll experience it later tonight," he said, as if reading her thoughts. "Come on..."

They resumed exploring the rooms open to guests. In a living room where small sofas were arranged, couples were kissing and caressing each other. The evening had begun. Carole froze when she saw a man in a Harlequin costume whose penis was enormous, entering and exiting the sex of a woman naked except for a leather belt that tightened her waist so much that she wondered how she could breathe.

They walked back to the buffet room and had a glass of champagne. A young brunette maid approached them.

– Sinori , I must take your submissive's dress... she must not wear any clothes.

Nielsen nodded and turned to Carole.

– Take off the dress and the petticoat; he ordered her.

The young woman complied and let the young Italian unbutton her dress. She faced her masters in corset and stockings, uncomfortable. Her buttocks attracted lustful glances. Her proudly erect breasts rose as she inhaled loudly.

- Well, now you will go with anyone who asks me...

The young woman stifled a sigh. She saw several young women as scantily clad as she was. Some were wearing only their stockings. In a neighboring room, a

girl dressed in a leather corset was kneeling on a purple velvet chaise longue. A man was sodomizing her with great thrusts of his hips while another pushed his penis into her mouth.

Two other guests approached and showed off their erections. She took them in her hands and began to masturbate them. Carole bit her lip. She wondered what the girl could possibly feel. Was she capable of cumming when she had to satisfy four men?

"Would you like to be in his place?" De Villers whispered in his ear.

- I... I don't know, master... but if that's what you want...

– Hum... good little slave... I really want to see you do it...

– That's an excellent idea; Nielsen agreed. Come here...

He took Carole by the elbow, made her kneel on a sofa and turned towards the guests busy watching the show. Two men left the girl on the chaise longue to approach Carole.

They were so hard that the fabric of their pants was stretched to the point of bursting. Nielsen handed them condoms from glass cups.

"She's yours," he said to the two men.

One of them smiled under his mask and stood in front of the young woman. She unzipped him and freed his cock, which was hard as a stake. She licked the head. It tasted like perfumed soap. She felt the sofa move behind her. A man spread her legs and pushed two fingers into her sex. She moaned and arched her back.

Nielsen motioned to another guest dressed as the Marquis de Sade. The man moved to the sofa and pulled his pants down to his thighs. He took Carole's right hand and placed it on his erect penis.

She was off balance, leaning on the sofa with one hand, masturbating the man with the other. It took a considerable effort to concentrate. A fourth man joined them and the young woman moaned as the man behind her thrust into her roughly.

The cock of the one she was sucking hit the back of her throat. She recoiled but he grabbed her neck. She managed to make him cum and swallowed his sperm. The other two cummed on her body. The man behind her grabbed her breasts and began to pinch her nipples. She screamed and came in turn. The man gave her two violent thrusts before collapsing on top of her, moaning.

Carole sank onto the sofa, panting. When she looked up, Nielsen was wearing a satisfied look. He took her arm and forced her to her feet. He led her into

another room. She staggered on her heels and feared he would lead her into the pillory room.

They stopped in a living room furnished only with leather benches. Carole glanced around. Submissive women lay on the benches. Some on their stomachs while guests whipped or spanked them. Others on their backs, thighs spread wide, men kneeling and taking them roughly.

Nielsen had her lie face down on a black leather bench. He tied her wrists under the bench to its metal frame. He spread her legs and put her feet in stirrups.

Bad memories immediately came flooding back. She closed her eyes, trying to chase them away. Nielsen caressed her buttocks tenderly and then spanked her violently. She cried out in pain and tears welled up in her eyes.

The intensity of the blows changed and she realized that Nielsen had pulled out. She screamed repeatedly. Her buttocks were burning. She began to cry and begged for the blows to stop.

She was answered in Italian and didn't understand a word. The blows finally stopped. She heard the rustle of paper being torn. A rough hand caressed her buttocks, the inside of her thighs before feeling her sex. Two fingers entered her and moved back and forth quickly before being replaced by a long, hard sex.

She moaned and endured the assaults of the Italian who grunted while whispering incomprehensible words in her ear. He came quickly and withdrew. Nielsen untied her and kissed her on the lips.

The young woman opened her mouth a little but her master stepped back.

- No... tonight you belong to everyone; he said, smiling. You won't get anything from me.

Carole stifled a sigh of frustration. Her masters had decided to give her unlimited pleasure. She followed Nielsen into another room. A woman was kneeling on the floor, her arms handcuffed at the elbows. Her buttocks in the air bore whip marks. Her master stopped next to the woman. They watched as one man sodomized her before being replaced by another and then another.

She moaned under the assaults. She cried out when a thick member pierced her brutally. The man disguised as a musketeer worked her savagely until he groaned his pleasure and collapsed on the submissive's back. Without worrying about her enjoyment, he withdrew, stood up and adjusted his pants.

Nielsen took Carole's elbow and continued his exploration of the rooms. Couples were making love in every room, some in threes, men were taking submissive women in groups.

Carole reflected that she had never seen so much lust. Her master led her into the pillory room. There were two or three left free. They approached a deep red leather pouffe.

– On all fours; he ordered him.

The young woman complied. Nielsen tied her feet to the handcuffs and spread her legs as wide as possible. He connected the handcuffs to chains held to the ground by strong metal rings. He lifted the pillory board.

– Put your head and hands in the notches.

Carole looked down and was relieved to see that the hollows were padded with foam. She rested her neck on the padding and her wrists on either side of her head. Nielsen closed the instrument and padlocked it. She couldn't move.

He pulled a lever that forced her to bend over. Then he walked past her and smiled, seemingly very pleased with himself.

Carole's face was level with his cock. Her buttocks were spread wide, within reach of his hands.

- Well, do you have any idea how hot you are in this position? he whispered in her ear.

- Then take me master...

"Is it up to you to decide?" he asked curtly.

- No, master... forgive me...

"I think a lot of people are interested in you," he murmured, stepping aside to make way for a plump man dressed as Louis XVI. "I'm going to watch all these men take you."

Louis XVI unbuttoned his pants and brought his sex close to Carole's lips. A slight smell of urine made her shudder. She wanted to move back but the pillory immobilized her completely. The man forced her lips through and she sucked him despite her disgust.

A hand spread her ass cheeks and caressed her slit. Nielsen had positioned himself so that he could see her face. Carole's eyes widened when a submissive knelt in front of him and began to suck him. She closed her eyes and thought only of the men taking her.

Louis XVI came suddenly in her mouth, she swallowed with a grimace and inhaled deeply as he withdrew. She had no idea who was taking her from behind but he was giving her impetuous thrusts. He moaned as he came and clenched his hands in her hips.

It was replaced by a long, hard cock as a young man grabbed her by the hair before shoving his cock into her mouth. She couldn't tell you how many men she had to suck before her jaw ached.

Her throat ached from being hit by the glans of those she was sucking .

She felt like she was just a toy for everyone to play with. Which she undoubtedly was.

Finally, Nielsen freed her from the binder and she collapsed onto the ottoman. He grabbed her wrist and dragged her after him, visibly angry. She staggered on her heels, struggling to keep up with him.

He opened a door, pushed it into a room. Gagged submissives were tied to chains hanging from the ceiling. Men were whipping or riding crops on them. Screams rang out despite the gags.

- Do you know why I'm going to punish you? he asked, leaning over to her ear.

Carole took a few seconds before answering.

- Yes... master...

- For what ?

- Because I didn't watch you... get sucked; she whispered.

- Okay... raise your arms.

The young woman obeyed, her eyes full of tears. He handcuffed her and went to get an instrument on a grid running along the walls. He caressed her tenderly before continuing:

- You know I like it when you look at me... I refuse to let you close your eyes, I'm going to whip you and I'm going to take great pleasure in it...

- Master, I beg you... I will obey...

- Of course you will obey...; he whispered.

He stepped back and raised his arm. Carole clenched her jaw; she hadn't expected him to spare her. She waited for the first blow. The whip cracked on the ground several times before hitting her buttocks. She screamed and burst into tears. The next blows hit her thighs before moving up to her buttocks, the small of her back, and then her back.

She squirmed in her handcuffs. She pleaded with him repeatedly. When he finally stopped, she was moaning continuously. He untied her and held her before she collapsed to the ground.

She gasped and breathed harshly, her breath taken away by the pain. He took her elbow and they walked back into a living room furnished with sofas and coffee tables. Nielsen had her kneel beside a black leather sofa.

A submissive approached him with a wave of her hand and began to unbutton his pants.

- Look carefully... and if you look away or close your eyes, I'll punish you again, understand?

- Yes... master...

The girl stroked Nielsen's erect cock before licking it. She opened her mouth wide and swallowed him to the hilt. Carole didn't take her eyes off her, restraining her jealousy. Her master took her chin and forced her to look into his until he came in the girl's mouth.

He gave her a satisfied smile then pushed the submissive away.

- Lick me; he ordered Carole.

The young woman straightened up and began to clean her sex with her tongue. She held back her tears, unwilling to show him the pain that was hers.

"That's enough, we're leaving," he finally decided.

An hour later, she slipped into the shower. They had returned without saying a word. She let the tears she had held back for too long flow down her face and curled up under the stream of water.

When she finally returned to her room, Nielsen was sitting on her bed.

- Come closer; he said, holding out his hand.

Carole joined him on the bed. He caressed her face and pulled her to him. His mouth seized the young woman's, he threw her back on the bed, covered her with his body and penetrated her immediately.

For the first time in a long time, he made love to her tenderly. De Villers joined them and the two men took her together. She forgot the pain of the whiplashes, enjoying herself without restraint.

They spent Sunday morning in bed, spent part of the afternoon sleeping, and went to dinner in Piazza San Marco.

In a jewelry store, they bought interlocking rings. Nielsen put them on the young woman's finger. The ring consisted of three wedding bands in pink, yellow and white gold.

- Each ring represents one of us; he said, placing a kiss on the ring.

Carole looked up at him. She had trouble grasping this man who was going from the greatest tenderness to the harshness he had shown in whipping her. Her back and buttocks were streaked with red despite the ointment De Villers had coated her with.

– Yes, master...; she whispered, looking down at the jewel.

They took the private jet back on Monday morning, returned to the loft and went to the office early in the afternoon. Carole would have preferred to stay at the apartment to recover from the weekend but they gave her no choice.

She set to work as soon as she arrived. Eva Chambord stuck her head through the half-open door and invited herself into her cubicle. She sat down opposite the young woman.

"You look tired," she said without preamble. "How was Venice?"

"I didn't have much time to visit," Carole retorted, shrugging her shoulders.

Eva gave her a wry smile.

- I'm not surprised, are you okay?

- Yes, I'm fine...

"Are you sure?" Eva asked worriedly, scrutinizing her carefully.

- Yes... you know what these parties are like... you don't have time to breathe for a minute... exhausting...

– Are you going to Belgium this weekend?

- It seems... they didn't ask my opinion; Carole retorted. I have a bad feeling...

– About what? Eva wondered. I know Robert and Mathilda, they are special but not particularly mean...

– No, it's about their South African friend...

– Paul ?

Carole just nodded, her brow furrowed in worry.

- You have my cell phone, if he hurts you, call me I'll come get you, ok?

- Okay, thanks...

Eva smiled, placed a kiss on the young woman's lips and turned on her heel.

Chapter 19

The week flew by and Carole watched Friday arrive with growing anxiety. De Villers and Nielsen were leaving for a trade fair in Germany. She had to go to Namur while they were away. They put her on the train in the late afternoon and took theirs.

The young woman arrived at the Namur train station where Robert was waiting for her. He smiled as he saw her get out of her carriage. He took her elbow and led her towards the exit. His 4x4 was parked in front of the doors.

He put his luggage in the trunk and made her get in the front.

– I'm glad to see you; he said as he got behind the wheel.

He slid his left hand between Carole's thighs. Nielsen had ordered her not to wear underwear and she had obeyed. Robert searched her sex roughly. He withdrew his fingers roughly.

– Suck my fingers; he ordered.

Carole complied and he started the engine. They crossed Namur, took the small street that led to their property and the young woman saw the heavy gate close behind the car. She felt like a prisoner and anxiety tightened her throat. She was at the mercy of the Belgian couple.

Robert stopped the vehicle in front of a four-car garage and got out. He walked around the SUV and grabbed Carole by the elbow. They entered the building. Mathilda smiled as she saw them enter the lobby.

– Ah... here you are; she said, visibly impatient. You didn't put his leash on him?

– No... it must be in her suitcase.

Mathilda opened the luggage, took out the collar and leash and immediately put them on the young woman.

– Ah, that's perfect.

She grabbed the leash and tugged on it. She turned on her heel, dragging the young woman after her into the hallway that led to the basement. They went down the stone stairs and entered the room Carole already knew.

– Take off your clothes...

Carole complied and found herself naked under Mathilda's sharp gaze. She caressed her body and pinched a nipple. It immediately stood up.

– Hum... you are so receptive; appreciated the Belgian. Get on all fours...

The young woman walked over to the bed and knelt down before placing her hands on the mattress. Mathilda caressed the young woman's buttocks. Then she ran her fingers over the slit, spreading the globes of flesh with both hands. She licked her anus, inserting her tongue which went down to her sex.

Carole arched her back. Mathilda's caresses were exciting her terribly. The Belgian stood up and went to get the harness which she attached around her hips.

– Vanina, come lick me; she ordered sharply.

The young girl knelt behind her mistress and ran her tongue over Mathilda's sex. She moaned under the caress of her submissive and pushed the black dildo into Carole's vagina.

The young woman moaned. The Belgian did not spare her, she worked her with ardor, giving violent thrusts. They moaned in unison louder and louder. Their jerky breaths echoed each other. Mathilda ordered the young girl to finger her.

Vanina pushed two fingers into her mistress's sex and moved them back and forth quickly. The latter cried out as the orgasm pierced her. She sped up her movements, pushing Carole to cum after her. The two women collapsed on the mattress, trying to catch their breath.

They went back upstairs and passed through the dining room. The sound of male voices called out to Carole. Did they have a guest? She shuddered as she imagined it was the South African and stifled a moan. Robert was sitting on a couch, a drink in his hand. Across from him, on the opposite couch, Paul was smiling. He looked at Carole and inhaled sharply.

– Come and bow down at your master's feet for the weekend; Robert ordered him.

The young woman looked up at him. Had they planned this with her masters? Or did Nielsen not know? She obeyed nonetheless, came to kneel between the South African's legs and placed her forearms on the ground, her forehead a few centimeters from the Persian carpet.

Paul straightened up and placed a foot on the back of the young woman's neck. She grimaced and pressed her forehead to the ground.

– Spread your legs wide... so we can see your pretty pussy...

Carole suppressed a sigh. Paul's foot was still firmly placed on her.

– How did you manage to have him for a whole weekend? asked the curious South African.

– I knew that her masters were to participate in a show in Strasbourg. I asked them to lend her to me... Nielsen was a little reluctant, but I managed to be convincing! retorted the Belgian, laughing. I have the idea that you're going to have a lot of fun...

"You know I like her very much," Paul admitted. "Do you think they'd agree to sell her to me?"

– No... if you want my opinion, Patrick cares a lot about her. I understand, you don't find a submissive like her every day...

– Too bad; his friend sighed.

The two young women served during dinner, completely naked. Each time Carole put her plate in front of the South African, he took the opportunity to pinch her nipple or insert a finger into her sex.

He got up from the table before coffee and grabbed his leash.

– What a man in a hurry! mocked the Belgian. Have fun...

Paul pulled the young woman behind him and they found themselves in the basement again. They passed the first room, followed the corridor that seemed to stretch under the house and stopped in front of a studded door.

Carole shuddered. She had never set foot in this place before. She swallowed as she saw the equipment hanging on metal racks. There were impressive whips, some with many straps. Beaters like square ping-pong paddles, some made of two pieces. Braided riding crops, leather paddles.

She glanced quickly at the wooden canes stored in a rack along one wall. They were of different lengths and thicknesses. She remembered Vanina's words and began to tremble.

– Come here; Paul ordered, pointing to a metal frame in the center of the room. Raise your arms...

Carole obeyed, swallowing hard. She was scared to death. The South African closed leather bracelets on her wrists and hooked them to each side of the frame. He spread her feet and connected them in the same way to the bottom of the frame.

He came to stand in front of her and gave her a cruel smile. Then he ran his thumb over the young woman's lips.

– Suck...

Carole opened her mouth and closed her lips around the finger, sucking it vigorously. She saw the man's pupils contract.

– Hum... brave little slave... I'm going to blindfold you but I won't gag you... I want to hear you scream... it makes me hard, you can't know how much...

Carole was plunged into total darkness. She moaned with fear. She didn't know how far he intended to go with her. But she was convinced that she couldn't cross certain limits. The canes scared the living daylights out of her. The whips too.

Paul began by caressing her. He grabbed her breasts with both hands, the young woman's back pressed against his bare chest. She felt the fabric of the jeans against her buttocks, swollen by an already imposing erection.

He pinched her nipples making her moan and continued to twist them slowly. He pulled on them as if he wanted to lengthen them. She screamed when he pinched them violently.

- Yes, that's it, scream... I want to hear you scream even louder...

- Pity...

– I'll whip them later... ; he whispered in her ear. I'll love to see you writhe under the bite of the whip...

– Please... not the whip... I won't stand it...; she begged him.

He snickered behind her back.

- Do you think you have a say? Didn't your master teach you to obey without complaining? If you were mine, you wouldn't disobey anymore, believe me...

His large hands moved down Carole's body, found her sex and his thumb crushed her clitoris. He teased it roughly before pulling out and letting go of the young woman.

She felt him move away and shivered with apprehension. She heard clicking. He was selecting an instrument on the grates. He moved closer again and she felt a shift in the air. He stroked her back with the handle of what he held in his hand.

Carole stiffened.

– Let yourself go; he whispered in her ear. It will be less painful... if you tense up, it will hurt even more... breathe slowly...

He slammed his instrument on the ground several times before bringing a whip down on Carole's buttocks. She screamed as the multiple straps touched her skin. He struck her again as she wriggled in her cuffs, trying to escape the whip.

"It's a cat o' nine tails," he said in a sweet voice. "One of my favorite instruments... along with canes..."

He struck her a dozen times, from her thighs to her mid-back. The young woman screamed with each new blow. She sobbed and gasped, her breath taken away by the pain.

He circled around her and began to hit her on the stomach, the ribs and finally the breasts. She lost consciousness and her body sagged, held by the chains. A violent smell hit her nostrils. She opened her eyes and met the South African's mad gaze.

He held a small vial in his hand. Salts to revive her.

- Enough... I'll do whatever you want but stop whipping me... I beg you...; she managed to say between two sobs.

– Hum... but you're going to do whatever I want anyway...

He untied her feet and for a second she thought he felt sorry for her. He grabbed her by the knees, lifted her up and shoved his hard cock inside her. He pounded her roughly, making her go back and forth like she was on a reverse swing.

Every movement made her scream, her arms were strained to breaking point, her shoulders hurt excruciatingly. He dug his fingers into her thighs to hold her down. He came with a grunt and gave two or three powerful thrusts before pinning her against him.

She could hear his heartbeat against her back.

"Do you know how good it feels to fuck a woman like that?" he whispered in her ear. "I'm not done with you yet..."

He lowered her feet back to the ground, put the handcuffs back on and attached them to the chains. Carole found herself stretched out in the metal frame again. She heard the door open and silence fell over the room.

Her back was on fire, her muscles frozen with pain. She wanted to die right then, certain that this ordeal was only just beginning. How did the Belgian couple intend to justify their attitude to her owners? And what state would she be in at the end of the weekend?

She eventually dozed off, losing all sense of time. A sound of a door opening made her jump. She didn't know how long she had been hanging there.

Her shoulders were numb, she couldn't feel her arms anymore, and the muscles in her legs were hard. She felt a hand on her buttocks and she started to cry.

– Please... stop...

– Shh... I'll give you some cream...

– Vanina?

- Yes... I shouldn't be here... if they catch me, I'll get a whipping...

– Why are you doing this, then? Carole whispered.

- Because there are limits... you don't belong to Master Paul... he shouldn't treat you as if you were his...

The girl covered the whip marks with a local anesthetic.

- Could you lower the chains a little bit? I can't feel my arms anymore...

- No, I can't do that... he'll come back and notice...

Carole sighed. The cream was starting to take effect. The pain was fading quickly. She thanked Vanina for taking so much risk for her.

- It's normal, you would do the same for me...

- Yes... go before we notice you're here...

- All right...

She heard him open the door and close it behind her. She took a deep breath for the first time since the South African had started whipping her, she was breathing without pain. She jumped violently when the door opened again.

Paul's hands rested on her.

- So, slave... have you recovered?

Carole clenched her jaw. Was he going to whip her again? She bit her lip. There was no point in begging him, she had understood that it turned him on even more.

He caressed her for a long time, his chest against the young woman's back.

- Let's see how you react under the bite of a cane...

– Non...

She had screamed in spite of herself. She heard him snicker behind her. Then she felt a wooden cane brush against her breasts, her stomach and her thighs. He circled around her and began to caress the skin of her buttocks and her back again.

He gave her quick little blows, not very hard. But her already injured skin reacted to the slightest shock. A more violent blow hit her on the buttocks. She screamed again. She counted ten and lost consciousness again.

Like the first time, he made her come back to her senses and fucked her with the same ardor. He stopped before he came and pushed his cock into the young woman's anus. She moaned and endured his thrusts until he came again, her body filled with long shudders.

She couldn't tell you how long she remained tied up in the basement. She had lost consciousness several times and he had brought her back to it each time. Her body was nothing but pain. Her mind could no longer process any thought. She was floating in a total fog.

She regained consciousness as she lay on the ground, curled up in a ball. She had been untied without her realizing it. She was cold and her throat was so dry she could barely swallow.

She moved her legs and immediately a violent pain took her breath away, running down her spine like a cloud of flaming powder. She dragged herself across the floor, grabbed the doorknob and managed with a huge effort to straighten up.

She clutched the doorframe and staggered to the end of the hallway. She had to fumble for the exit and found herself in the darkened foyer. The house was silent. She walked to the living room, found her dress and flats and pulled them on, grimacing.

Her luggage was left in the hallway. She picked it up, took her handbag and left the house. She still didn't know where to go but she knew one thing, she couldn't stay in this house for another minute.

She turned on her cell phone light, walked slowly toward the gate and disappeared into the night.

Lying face down on the bed, she finally opened her eyes. The pain had eased, but she had trouble sitting up because her body was so stiff. She didn't even remember how she had managed to walk to the city, find a small hotel in the middle of the night, and go up to this room where she had been lying for three days.

She had hung the "do not disturb" sign on the doorknob before collapsing in tears on the bed. She made the effort to get up. She hadn't eaten since Friday night and her stomach was complaining.

Carole staggered to the bathroom, looked at herself in the mirror. She looked scary. Her hair was tangled, dark circles under her eyes highlighted the paleness of her cheeks. Her body bore the marks of the whip and the cane. Thick, purplish marks that would probably take days to disappear.

She took a shower and stood under the warm water for a long time. She dried herself quickly, put on the clothes she had packed for the weekend and left the hotel discreetly.

At the station, she bought a train ticket to Paris. She had to redo her wardrobe before disappearing for good. She still didn't know what she was going to do, but an idea germinated in her mind as she watched the landscape go by.

It had been over ten months since she had seen her parents. She would contact her father by email and ask him to get her a visa. She needed to get away from France.

She wondered fleetingly how much responsibility her masters had for what had happened to her. Were they aware of what the Belgians had planned for her?

Carole pushed them out of her mind. She wanted nothing more to do with them, never to see them again. She arrived at the station, got off the train and headed for the taxis.

She had no roof over her head, no clothes. The only friend she could have contacted was Eva Chambord. And she didn't want to put her in danger. She got out of the taxi and entered a luxury hotel.

She wanted to get lost in the crowd of tourists and businessmen. She took a room for two or three days and settled in. The shops of the Champs Elysees were just a few blocks away.

## Chapter 20

She went to the hotel's computer lounge and sent her father a long email. She was careful not to mention the weekend, just telling him that she had broken up with her boyfriend and was thinking of coming to join them for a while.

Then she left the hotel and went shopping. She bought a complete wardrobe, beauty and makeup products, and a large suitcase. She returned to the hotel and her heart leapt with joy when the receptionist informed her that an email had arrived for her.

She opened her father's message and tears welled up in her eyes. He was taking care of the visa, which should only take a few days, and was looking forward to her coming.

She went back up to her room, her spirits boosted.

To say the trip was relaxing would be a complete heresy. She changed planes twice, waited more than three hours in a hot and noisy departure lounge and landed in Manila after dark.

She passed through customs without any problems, collected her luggage and was heading towards the exit when a young man called out to her.

– Miss Clark? Your father sent me to get you... my name is Jeremy.

– Good evening, I'm Carole.

She shook Jeremy's hand and he took her bags and led her to a minivan. He put her bags in the trunk and opened the front door for her.

“You work with my parents?” Carole asked as he started the engine.

– Yes... I am a doctor... I work for Doctors Without Borders...

Carole smiled. Her parents had always been involved in humanitarian work. Her father had taken Catherine Clark to the other side of the world. She had little contact with her mother. It was her father who called her. Her father again who sent her emails for her birthday or for Christmas.

Her mother was a brilliant geneticist and biologist. Her career meant everything to her. She had had a child to please her husband but had never really been interested in it.

Carole had been raised by her grandparents most of the time. She had understood very early that Catherine Clark was not maternal. She was not from the same world. She lived on another planet. That of medical research.

Carole turned to Jeremy.

– And you, how did you arrive in this country?

– Oh... I've known your parents for a long time. Your father asked me if I wanted to come help him here and I said yes.

– My father is very persuasive...

Jeremy smiled, revealing nice, bright white teeth. He looked kind.

– And you, what are you doing in this country? Tourism?

Carole grimaced.

– Not really... I needed to get away from Paris for a bit...

"We are very far from Paris!" said the young man, scrutinizing her.

– Yes... well, I needed to get away a lot...

Carole sighed and settled back into the seat. She stared at the road in front of the car's headlights. She didn't want to talk about why she had fled France. Jeremy respected her silence and drove without speaking until they reached their destination.

The hospital founded by her parents was located in the suburbs of the Philippine capital. They arrived shortly after nine o'clock local time. Carole jumped out of the vehicle and threw herself into her father's arms. She burst into tears.

- Hey my dear, am I the one who makes you cry like that?
- No, dad...
- Come on... are you tired... are you hungry?
- No... not really... I need a bath and a bed more.
- I have it at your disposal...

He led her to a bungalow set back from the main building. It consisted of a kitchen, a living room, three bedrooms and a bathroom. A wooden terrace faced a flower garden that sloped down to the sea.

- Here, your room is here.

Carole thanked the young doctor as he dropped off her luggage in her room. She flopped down on the bed and had to endure her father's inquisitive gaze.

"You look exhausted," he pointed out. "Do you want to talk to me about it?"

- Can't it wait until tomorrow? The flight was really bad...
- My sweet... I feel that something is bothering you; he said, sitting down next to her. You know that you can tell me anything...

The young woman hesitated. She told him a very watered-down version of her relationship with her boss, kept quiet about the abuse she suffered in Namur and concluded by saying that they had separated.

"Did he hurt you?" Charles Clark asked, searching his daughter's face.

- Never mind, Dad... it's in the past...

Her father took her in his arms and placed a kiss on her temple.

- You can stay here, as long as you want... I have friends in the Philippine government. I got you a six-month visa.

- Thank you... and mom?
- Your mother won't be long; she finishes her shift in a few minutes.
- And how are you both doing? Carole asked.
- Oh, very well... your mother is the same as herself...

Catherine Clark arrived a quarter of an hour later. She raised an eyebrow when she saw her daughter on the couch, one hand in her father's.

- Well, honey... you're already here...

- Yes, mom... good evening...

The young woman stood up to hug her mother.

- I'm glad to see you, darling... did you have a good trip?

- Yes.

- Well, I'm going to change for dinner.

Carole sighed. Her mother hadn't changed. Still as beautiful, still as... cold. A Grace Kelly beauty... Tall, blonde, light eyes... Miss Iceberg, her work colleagues had nicknamed her... they weren't wrong.

The young woman turned to her father who shrugged a shoulder, as if to say "and yes, it's your mother". Carole took her place again next to her father. She would have liked Catherine Clark to take her in her arms.

As far back as he could remember from childhood, this had never happened.

Charles Clark had cut back on his schedule so he could spend as much time with his daughter as possible. He often found her sitting on the beach, her knees pulled up under her chin, her arms around her legs. He could tell this was wrong. But Carole evaded his questions.

When he asked her why she didn't wear a swimsuit, she replied that she hadn't brought one. He was still staring at her late in the afternoon. She was wearing Bermuda shorts and a T-shirt, even though it was thirty-five degrees in the shade. He was certain that his daughter had been beaten. He decided to find out for sure.

As she showered before dinner, he pushed open the bathroom door silently. He held back an exclamation of surprise as he discovered the young woman's striped back. Yellow, green, and black marks covered him from his shoulders to the hollow of his back.

He turned around, poured himself a drink, and waited for her to finish. When she reached the living room, she grimaced at her father's stern expression.

"You lied to me, my sweet," he reproached her. "I saw your back..."

- Dad!

- Come here and tell me everything; he ordered her kindly.

– Dad, finally... I'm not ten years old anymore! Carole exclaimed, irritated.

– Carole! I'm your father and what's more I'm also a doctor... so come closer and show me your back!

The young woman sighed loudly before walking up to her father.

– Enlève your stuff...

- What? But...

- My dear, I want to examine your back. Consider that I am a doctor like any other.

She knew he was as stubborn as a mule. She shrugged, pulled her dress over her head, and turned her back on him. Charles Clark carefully examined the marks on his daughter's back, feeling them with his fingertips to make sure there were no bruises under the skin.

- Okay, put the dress back on and sit down.

Carole sat down on the couch. She was going to have to explain to her father where these marks came from. How could she tell the man who had conceived her, loved her, and raised her that she had entered a world beyond her control?

- Well, tell me my sweet... who did this to you? Your boyfriend? Is that why you left him?

- No, Dad... it's a guy at a special party...

– Special how?

The young woman took a deep breath and told her father everything. From her job interview with Nielsen to that fateful weekend in Belgium. Not to mention the punishments, the rituals established by her masters and the fact that they lent her to their friends.

- Do you hang out with SM people? his father asked.

– Some of Patrick's friends are part of these circles, yes.

- And him?

– He's more what we call a dominant...

- Sweetheart, what have you gotten yourself into?

– I know dad... it's not so bad... well until that guy lost his mind and used his canes on me... I left Paris because I was mad at Nielsen. I needed to take stock, to recharge my batteries.

"Okay, let's not talk about this anymore," his father said, taking his hand. "But promise me one thing..."

- What, dad?

– Run away from this kind of man when you return to France, understood?

- Yes, dad... anyway I don't intend to come back tomorrow... I think I'll stay here for a few weeks...

Charles Clark kissed his daughter on the cheek. He suspected that she had hidden part of the truth from him. But after all, she was an adult.

The few weeks Carole had planned turned into four months. She felt relieved to talk to her father. He had invited Jeremy over several times, hoping that he and his daughter would hit it off.

The young doctor had been flatly refused by Carole. She had told him she wasn't ready for another affair. To tell the truth, she was still deeply in love with her masters. Not a day went by without her thinking about them. Not a night without her dreaming of them.

She decided it was time to move. She wanted to make a detour to Sydney before returning to France. A couple of friends had moved there after their studies. She bought a plane ticket and informed her parents that she was leaving.

"Take care of yourself, my dear," her father said, hugging her near the boarding gate. "And keep me informed of your life..."

– Yes, dad... kiss mom for me.

Charles Clark watched his only daughter disappear down the hallway to his plane. His attempts to push her into Jeremy's arms had failed.

He had to admit that she was as stubborn as he was. He turned away and walked back into the hospital.

Carole spent a month and a half in Australia. Her friends were delighted to have her. They had set up a French restaurant in Sydney that was doing great. She visited Sydney, Canberra and spent a few days in the bush. Then she flew back to Paris.

Carole had taken a room in a large Parisian hotel. She had not yet made a decision about her future. She had no intention of not working. But the publishing world was small and she did not want to meet her former bosses.

She went out on Friday night to dinner at a small restaurant she had frequented before meeting Nielsen. She sat at a table in front of the bay window. The waiter came to pour her a glass of chardonnay and handed her the menu.

– It's been a long time, Miss Clark, I'm glad to see you again.

– Thank you Arthur, I went to see my parents in the Philippines; she explained with a smile.

– Oh, and are they okay?

– Yes... they founded a hospital and are working very hard. What's good tonight?

– I recommend the scallops with saffron, miss...

– Thanks, I'll have the scallops.

The waiter walked away and the young woman looked back out into the street. Her heart skipped a beat. A big German SUV was parked about ten meters away. She called herself an idiot. How many cars of that model were there in a city like Paris?

She sighed and shook her head. Since returning to France, she hadn't contacted any of her friends.

She had definitely cut ties with Barbara. She suddenly felt alone.

She shivered suddenly and felt a presence at her side. She thought the waiter had returned and turned her head. Her heart stopped beating, her skin covered in goosebumps and her sex throbbed.

They stood there, both of them. Their eyes fixed on her, literally devouring her with their gaze.

– Good evening, Carole; Nielsen said in a soft voice.

The young woman's gaze shifted from one to the other. She swallowed hard.

– Can we sit down?

She gestured to the chairs. The two men sat down opposite her.

– How... how did you find me? she stammered.

- We knew you had returned to France. We went around the places you like.

– And how...

– How did we know you were back? We hired a private detective when you left... we learned about Robert's friend... from Vanina. She called us when you disappeared from Namur. We asked Robert for an explanation and decided not to see him or his wife anymore...

Carole nodded. So they had been looking for her? She was still angry at them for sending her alone to the Belgians.

"Carole, I understand why you're mad at us," Nielsen said. "We never imagined they'd leave you in the hands of that psychopath..."

She raised her hand.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore," she cut him off. "And how did you know where I was?"

– Our detective informed us of your departure for the Philippines; we asked him to monitor the airline lists in case you returned to France... He called us four days ago to tell us that your name appeared on an Air France list...

Carole nodded before saying:

- Who is it...

– Come back to us. We need you...; said De Villers.

This confession left her speechless. She searched their faces carefully. They looked sincere. For a moment, she wondered if they had replaced her.

"No, since you left, we haven't had another submissive..." Nielsen explained, reading his thoughts.

- For what ?

– Because we care about you, a lot... we missed you during these last months...

Nielsen looked down at Carole's hand as she reached for her glass. She took a sip and put the glass down. He took the opportunity to take her hand and bring it to his lips. He delicately kissed her wrist and then the inside of her palm.

The young woman shivered. Her stomach quivered. Nielsen gave her a big smile. He had felt her reaction.

"Listen, will you please think about our proposal?" he asked in an almost imploring voice.

– I...I need time to think about it...

– You've had almost six months; De Villers retorted.

Carole glared at him. Then she softened. He wasn't wrong. Not a day had gone by that she didn't think about them.

"I promise I'll think about it," she said with a sigh.

## Chapter 21

She already knew her mind was made up. She just didn't want to answer them so quickly. The waiter came and placed her plate in front of her.

"Do these gentlemen wish to dine?" he asked affably.

– No, thank you...we are expected; Nielsen refused, getting up. You have our phone number; he added to Carole's address. Call us.

He leaned towards her and placed a tender kiss on her lips. De Villers leaned in turn but kissed her greedily. When the two men turned on their heels, Carole became aware of the silence that reigned in the room. All heads were turned towards her.

She felt herself blush and looked down at her plate. To say she was flustered would be an understatement. Seeing them in front of her had shaken her up. Feeling their lips on her mouth had lit a fire in the pit of her stomach. Her sex had grown moist just from that simple contact.

She finished her meal and paid her bill. Her mind was in disarray. She left the restaurant and stood on the sidewalk.

The SUV had disappeared. Were they expected? A pang of jealousy pierced her. She scolded herself.

After all, they weren't going to wait in their apartment for her to call them. Then she wondered how they had lived these last six months. They hadn't had a submissive, but that didn't mean they hadn't had relations with one or more women.

She finally moved and hailed a cab. She had decided to go to the movies. Anything to keep her mind occupied and avoid thinking about her... masters. She watched two movies in a row. She knew she wouldn't be able to sleep. Her mind was constantly on them.

When she finally decided to go back to her hotel room, she took a long bath. The faces of the two men kept coming back before her eyes. She went to get herself a drink, maybe the alcohol would help her sleep.

She slumped onto a couch, staring at the ceiling. Her cell phone was on the coffee table. She picked it up, ran her index finger across the screen, and scrolled through her contacts. Nielsen's name appeared on the screen. She hesitated, then put it down.

She took advantage of her freedom to get back into jogging and swimming. She went for a run early in the morning and spent two hours at the hotel pool. She had logged on to the Internet several times to look for a job. She didn't think she would be able to return to work at Nielsen & De Villers.

Especially since she had sent them a letter of resignation before leaving for the Philippines. Nothing tempted her. She loved reading manuscripts, correcting them and preparing them for digital publishing.

She typed up a job application letter and sent it to various publishers. She spent the next four days pacing in her hotel room. One thought was haunting her.

On the fourth night, she couldn't stand it any longer. She took a long shower, dried herself carefully and put on makeup. She put on hold-up stockings, a black wrap dress and Louboutins.

She opted for her leather trench coat, belted it, grabbed her bag from a dresser and asked the front desk to order her a taxi. The doorman held the door open for her and wished her a good evening.

She really didn't know if the "evening would be good" but she needed to see them. She gave the address of the duplex and tapped nervously on the bench. She wondered fleetingly if they would be there and how they would react to her showing up unannounced.

The taxi stopped three-quarters of an hour later in front of their building. Carole paid her fare and stood for a long time on the sidewalk, staring at the lit windows of the top floor. They were at home. Perhaps in good company.

What would she do if they weren't alone? If they had guests... or just a guest? Anxiety knotted her stomach. She crossed the street, approached the entrance of the building and punched in the opening code. Luckily, it hadn't changed.

She pushed open the heavy door, entered the lobby, and walked slowly to the elevator. The doors slid open and a couple stepped out. She smiled at him and stepped into the cabin.

She pressed the button for the top floor and struggled to breathe. She jumped when she heard the bell above her head, left the temporary shelter of the elevator and headed for the door of the duplex.

Carole stood for several minutes facing the door, her hands at her sides, unable to move at all. Then she shook herself and rang the bell. She listened to the three notes of the chime ringing on the other side of the door.

She waited a few minutes and was about to turn on her heels when she heard the bolt being pulled and the door opened. She stared at the man in front of her, surprised at first, then a big smile lit up his face.

Carole looked down.

- Good evening, master...

– Come in; said De Villers, holding out his hand.

He led her into the living room. Nielsen was on the phone. He raised an eyebrow, then turned his attention back to the person he was talking to.

- I have to leave you, I'll call you back.

Nielsen stood up and joined Carole, still with her eyes downcast.

– Take off your clothes; he ordered her.

The young woman obeyed without the slightest hesitation. She took off her dress, which she let fall on the back of a sofa, and took off her pumps. She was now wearing only her stockings.

She knelt between the two men, prostrating herself before them according to the ritual imposed by her masters. She heard them inhale sharply.

- Okay... get up.

Carole sat up, her heart pounding. Nielsen lifted her chin with his hand. He looked at her carefully.

- Have you decided to come back? he asked.

- Yes, master...

– Go get your necklace from your room.

The young woman turned on her heel. She wanted to smile. It didn't matter if they punished her for running away, for disrespecting them or causing them worry... whatever the reason, she was ready and eager.

She grabbed her collar from the bed, the leash hanging from it, and she went back into the living room.

The two men were sitting on a couch. She handed the necklace to Nielsen and knelt between them. Then she lowered her head and offered the back of her neck.

Nielsen attached the collar and tugged on the leash. The young woman's face was inches from his. She held his gaze and then looked down. Like in the early days of their relationship, she couldn't maintain eye contact for more than a few seconds.

- Well... you know that you deserve to be severely punished? he said in a calm voice. However, given the circumstances, I am inclined to let it go; he added, leaving the young woman stunned.

– Thank you master...

"You will return to your post at the office," he decreed in a tone that brooked no discussion.

– But... I resigned... master...

"Your letter is still in a drawer in my office," said De Villers. "You can come back without any problem. We will find a reason for your prolonged absence for your colleagues."

- Yes, master...

- Now you're going to suck us off... then you'll thank us properly, understood?

– Yes... master.

Carole quickly obeyed. She unbuttoned Nielsen's jeans, saw that he was wearing them next to his skin, and pulled his cock out of the fabric. She placed her lips on the head and licked the entire length of his cock.

She looked up at him and met his gray gaze. He expressed so much emotion that it troubled her. Nielsen was not a man to let his feelings show. If he had any for her at all.

She felt him grow and harden under her tongue, she opened her mouth and took him in completely. She heard him moan and smiled inwardly. She slid a hand between his thighs and caressed his balls.

Nielsen grabbed the back of his neck.

- Keep it up... I forgot how good you suck... damn, I missed it...

Carole accelerated the movements of her mouth, she felt him shudder and tightened the pressure of her lips. She received his sperm at the back of her throat and swallowed it. Then she licked the penis before withdrawing.

– Hum... ; he said, adjusting himself.

Carole turned to De Villers. He hadn't taken his eyes off her. She moved slightly to kneel between his legs and noticed that he was hard. She made him cum in turn and thanked them.

– Thank you, masters, for allowing me to suck you...

– Well... you'll come back and live here; Nielsen decided. And on Monday, you'll go back to work.

- Yes, master...

– I want you to tell us everything that happened in Namur...

Carole looked up sharply.

- Master... what will it do? What's done is done...

- Do you have a say?

– No, master; she murmured.

– So we are listening to you.

The young woman took a deep breath and began to tell the story of her stay with the Belgian couple. She left out no detail, from her arrival at their house to her departure in the middle of the night.

She felt them flinch several times. She thought that they had not imagined the ordeal she had lived through.

- From now on, you will never leave us. Wherever we go, you will come with us.

She arrived on Monday at exactly eight o'clock. The security guard raised his eyebrows as she entered the building but smiled when she waved.

She stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for the sixth floor with ardor. She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes. Images from the weekend flashed under her eyelids. She let out a long sigh and smiled blissfully.

They had left for Palaiseau in the middle of the afternoon on Friday. She had settled her hotel bill, taken her clothes back to the duplex and let them use her body as they pleased.

In the SUV that was driving towards the castle, she wore only her leather trench coat over stockings and pumps. Her collar was attached to her neck and the leash hung between her legs.

De Villers had taken the wheel but was frequently glancing in the rearview mirror. Carole had spent a good part of the journey on Nielsen's lap. He had impaled her on his penis and immobilized her.

- Don't move, I want to feel you around my cock...; he had told her in a peremptory tone.

She had smiled as she looked down. They had made love tenderly, for a long time for two days.

The elevator bell pulled her from her reverie. The doors slid open and she stepped out into the hallway lined with novel covers. She had missed this place.

She had missed her masters, too. She had long since given up trying to figure out what it was about them that attracted her.

She went to her cubicle. Nothing had changed. She turned on her computer, typed in her password, and opened her email. An email appeared on the screen, sent by Nielsen a few minutes earlier.

“Wait for us in my office...”.

She smiled. No need to elaborate on what he expected of her. She took off her satin panties in the bathroom, slipped them into a bag in a drawer of her desk and headed to the director's office.

She turned the key she found in her purse and closed it behind her. Her gaze swept around the room, Nielsen's desk was perfectly tidy, the couch neatly in place waiting for her to come and kneel on it.

She took off her dress, placed it on a chair in front of the desk and took a position facing the desk, her back to the door. She rested her forehead on the wooden floor and took a deep breath. She had promised her father that she would be careful with her.

“Sorry, Dad,” she whispered. “As crazy as it may sound, I love both of those men with all my heart and soul.”

She waited for long minutes, shivering with impatience. She jumped when she heard the key turn in the lock. She heard their footsteps and smiled. You're crazy, my girl ; she said to herself.

The footsteps stopped behind her. She held her breath.

– Get up and go to the couch; Nielsen ordered him.

Carole straightened up and stalked over to the couch, head down. She knelt down there.

- On all fours...

She laid her hands flat on his chest, her heart pounding. The wait had excited her, she'd had plenty of time to fantasize. Her sex throbbed as they got closer. A hand caressed his sex.

– Hum... she's wet, that female dog...; De Villers murmured. Do you think she thought of us, prostrated in front of your office?

– Who else would she think of?

De Villers chuckled. His fingers lingered between the young woman's buttocks. They slid down to her slit. She moaned and arched her back.

– Hum... brave little slave...

Nielsen coated her hole with lube and inserted a butt plug inside her.

- You're going to keep it in place all day... if you need to go to the bathroom, you'll come and ask me for permission, understood?

– Yes... master...; she managed to say.

Nielsen moved the toy back and forth between his ass cheeks before pushing it all the way in.

– Get up and go to work. We sent an email to all staff to justify your return. We talked about family issues and nothing more.

– Yes, master.

She kissed their hands before putting her dress and pumps back on and then left the room, a little embarrassed by the toy stuck inside her. She wondered how she was going to be able to work with the sex toy placed between her buttocks.

She opened the shared folder and printed out a manuscript received the day before, making sure no one was working on it. She glanced at the wall clock. Her colleagues would be here soon. She took a deep breath and began reading.

The first to arrive was Eva Chambord. She stopped dead in front of the entrance to her box and stared at the young woman for several minutes.

Then a big smile lit up her face, she entered the room, went around the desk and grabbed Carole by the neck.

She gave her a long kiss on the mouth. Carole parted her lips and they exchanged a real kiss.

"I'm not sure they'd appreciate seeing us like this," she breathed when the assistant released her.

– I don't care... I'm happy to see you back among us; Eva Chambord retorted. We missed you... will you tell me what really happened?

– Promise, if you keep it to yourself.

- No problem.

## Chapter 22

Time passed quickly. Her colleagues had greeted her with big smiles. Carole quickly got back into her stride and worked hard as if to make up for lost time.

She wore the famous three-ring wedding ring that had attracted many questions. She had evaded them by saying that she had met someone. She had told Eva about the ordeal she had suffered in Namur.

- What a psychopath this guy is! I met him two or three times but I never had anything to do with him; she had said about the South African.

- Well, I hope I never meet him again in my life; Carole added.

She resumed her normal routine, arriving early at the office to bow down to her masters, kissing their hands in the evening before running to catch the subway. They went out to a restaurant one or two evenings a week.

They had gotten into the habit of making her wear her collar even on those evenings. Carole no longer felt any embarrassment about it.

She even felt a certain pride in it. When a woman gave her a contemptuous look, she would raise her chin and look her up and down.

-- You like that; Nielsen remarked to him one evening when they were leaving a large Parisian restaurant.

- Yes, master...; she said, looking up at him. It is part of me... and reminds me every moment that I belong to you body and soul.

Nielsen cupped her chin and placed a kiss on the lips in front of about twenty people waiting in line to enter the establishment. The young woman grabbed the leash hanging under her coat and handed it to him.

They crossed the sidewalk in front of astonished or jealous looks, as the case may be. Carole climbed into the back of the car while her masters settled into the front. She glanced at the amused or contemptuous passers-by.

She didn't care what others thought, she had found a lifestyle that suited her perfectly. She had sent an email to her father telling him that everything was back to normal.

Weeks passed. She had signed her permanent employment contract and was now part of the circle of proofreaders at Nielsen & De Villers publishing. Moreover, her masters increasingly asked her to help them choose publications.

The weekly meetings often led her to clash with them. When she found a manuscript interesting, she would not let go unless she won her case. Nielsen would systematically summon her to his office afterwards.

He would spank her or fuck her on the couch, even if he thought it was detrimental to the smooth running of the household.

"You're driving me crazy," he told her one day as they returned to his office after a particularly heated meeting.

"That's why you care about me, master," she retorted, smiling.

- I'm going to punish you for your insolence, you know that, don't you?

– Yes, master.

– Hum... this is really not the ideal place...

- You'll have to wait until tonight then... master...

Nielsen narrowed his eyes as he thought. Then a smile lit up his face. He turned on his heel, reached into a drawer in his desk, and pulled out a large key.

- You're going to go down to the basement, there are cellars... here's the key to cellar 22, I want you to wait for me there naked and on all fours...

Carole grimaced, she had always had a panic fear of cellars. She had never understood why. These rooms made her shiver. As a child she imagined that they contained monsters.

She shivered and hesitated to take the key.

– Obey... ; he told him curtly.

– Yes... master.

She took the key from his hands and turned on her heel. The basement consisted of boxes where huge reams of paper, ink refills and all the equipment she didn't know the use of were stored.

She took the elevator and prayed that there were no employees in the basement. She stepped out of the elevator and looked around. She walked toward the cubicles, past the iron curtains, and pushed open a door that had the word "Caves" written on it in black letters.

She quickly found cellar number 22, turned the key in the lock and looked for a light switch. A faint glow illuminated the small room. The smell of damp caught her throat. She breathed slowly to familiarize herself with the air.

Shelves lined the walls with cardboard boxes. In one corner, she saw an armchair covered with a plastic sheet. She looked for something to put on the floor and had to give up. She took off her dress, laid it on the armchair, and knelt down.

The floor was hard and cold beneath her knees. She winced. How long would he make her wait? She finally heard footsteps stop outside the door. She sighed, what if it was a security guard?

She would look fine, on all fours, her buttocks exposed. The door opened and the key turned in the lock. She breathed and recognized Nielsen's cologne.

- Good, I like it when you obey me; he whispered. Spread your legs wider than that.

She complied with a smile.

– Open your mouth, I don't want you to be heard screaming, an employee might need some printing equipment...

He slipped a leather gag between her lips, tightened the straps around her neck, and fastened the metal buckle. Carole paid attention for the first time to the muffled noises above her head. The presses were turning downstairs.

Nielsen leaned over her and caressed her buttocks, then ran a finger between the lips of her sex.

– Hmm... it makes you wet to know that I'm going to punish you; he murmured in a satisfied tone. Perfect...

She heard him open the drawer of a metal filing cabinet. She had paid little attention to the piece of furniture, assuming it contained files. He came back to her and whipped the air.

The straps of a whip caressed her back, buttocks, and thighs. Carole took a deep breath, waiting for the first blow.

He suddenly fell without warning, she screamed despite the gag. More surprise than pain.

The blows intensified in force and speed. They hit her on the thighs, moved up to her buttocks, which soon burned her and moved up to her shoulders. The whip, however, was not the instrument she feared the most.

She had become more resilient over time. Her skin marked quickly but the pain was bearable. Nielsen went to put it back in the drawer and came back after her.

"That was just the warm-up," he said in a smooth voice. "I love seeing your red ass and the marks on your skin make me hard..."

Carole groaned. She had thought she had gotten away with it. Apparently, Nielsen wanted to punish her for real. She had learned to tolerate punishment even when it was uncalled for.

Her masters liked to punish her for their pleasure. They often whipped her before fucking her, it was part of their ritual, their game. She took a deep breath and waited for the rest. Which was slow to come.

She looked up and saw her master removing the tarp that covered what she had taken for a simple office chair. In fact, she knew what it was as soon as he brought it closer to her.

A sort of whipping chair. The seat ended in a gentle slope. Metal armrests on each side of the seat. Stirrups were attached on each side with leather handcuffs.

– Get up; he ordered him.

She straightened up, rubbed her sore knees, and walked toward him.

– On your stomach; he said, pointing to the chair.

Carole complied without hesitation. She didn't want to make the punishment any harsher than it was. She sat down on the leather upholstery, placing her hands on the armrests. Nielsen grabbed her feet one at a time and wedged them into the stirrups. He cuffed her ankles tightly, immobilizing her completely. Then he pulled her hands under the frame of the seat and slipped her wrists into leather cuffs.

She found herself tied up with leather restraints, her feet and hands bound, her legs spread wide.

– Hum... what a show... I'm going to send your photo to Bertrand... I'm sure he'll really appreciate it...

He grabbed his cell phone and filmed the young woman, then forwarded the video to his partner. His phone beeped two minutes later. Nielsen burst out laughing.

– He is coming down; he read, still laughing. We will wait for him then.

A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. Nielsen unlocked it and let De Villers in.

– Beautiful; he appreciated. We should use this cellar more often.

"You're right, I almost forgot about it," Nielsen replied. "To you the honor..."

De Villers rummaged through the filing cabinet for an instrument. He returned with a long wooden paddle. He lifted it and struck Carole's buttocks and thighs several times, drawing louder and louder moans from her.

He also slapped the inside of her thighs and her sex. Then he slid two fingers on her slit and growled.

- She gets wet so quickly... she's a real female dog...

He moved his fingers back and forth in the young woman's sex, bringing her to the edge of orgasm. She tensed her buttocks to accentuate the penetration.

– Oh, no... no way you're cumming... ; he whispered, leaning towards her.

He penetrated her other hole, still fingers making her moan again.

- She likes it, that female dog...; he noted with satisfaction as he removed the gag.

Then he pulled the footrests of the chair towards him, knelt down on them and thrust into her with a powerful thrust. He began to pound into her with ardour, growling behind her. He stopped abruptly when he felt the quivering of her stomach, announcing orgasm. He waited a few seconds for them to calm down and then he resumed his thrusts.

He came violently as he always did when he whipped a woman. He collapsed against the young woman's back, gasping for air. When he pulled out, she moaned in frustration.

Nielsen stroked her back tenderly before settling into his partner's place. He began by fingering her, running an index finger between her buttocks to insert it into her other orifice.

Carole arched her back despite the little latitude the handcuffs and chains gave her. He spread her anus, pushing two fingers into the orifice. She moaned again, on the verge of orgasm once again.

- Do you like it, female dog, having my fingers in your pretty ass? he asked her in a dull voice.

- Yes... yes, master... please let me enjoy...; she begged him.

"Why would I do that?" he whispered in her ear. "Do you have the right to ask anything?"

- No, master...

– That's what I thought...

Carole sighed inwardly. They had decided to deprive her of pleasure. She rested her forehead on the edge of the seat.

The position was becoming unbearable. His back was sore, his arms and legs were becoming numb.

She prayed that he would cum quickly and deliver her. Her colleagues must have been worried about his absence. Nielsen entered her without further foreplay, forcing the narrow passage. She cried out at the stab of pain that disappeared almost immediately.

Her master came quickly and pulled out without allowing her to reach orgasm. They untied her and massaged her shoulders before helping her straighten up.

– Get dressed and go back to work.

Carole put on her dress and left the cellar. She rushed to the bathroom as soon as she reached the sixth floor. She was finishing cleaning herself when there was a knock at the door. She cautiously opened it and let Eva Chambord in.

- Where have you been, I was worried! she said to him in a reproachful tone.

– To the cave.

The assistant raised her eyebrows and then she understood.

– I guess you weren't alone?

Carole grimaced.

– I see... did you try the chair?

The young woman stared at her, mouth agape. How did she know?

– I have been to that cellar before. Just out of curiosity. One day when I was talking to the printer, I saw Nielsen come out. I wondered what he was doing there...

- You found the chair...

– Yes, quite an interesting seat...

– Yeah, a little uncomfortable too... ; Carole laughed. Well I'm going to get back to work... if I can sit down.

- Show me...

Carole pulled up her dress and presented her buttocks to her friend.

– I'll get the cream, don't move.

She came back a few minutes later and covered the whip marks with the numbing cream.

- There you go... it'll be better...

She kissed Carole on the lips and left without looking back. The young woman took her place in her box and resumed correcting a novel.

She saved some corrections, turned off her computer, and prepared to go greet her teachers. When she knocked on Nielsen's door, she heard voices in the office.

She poked her head through the crack and saw two men deep in discussion with her boss.

– Forgive me, sir. Good evening; she said before closing the door behind her.

She breathed a sigh of relief. She would have time to go home without running for once. She entered the elevator at the same time as the big Sophie.

- Do you have time for a drink? she asked, pressing the button for the ground floor.

– Yes, why not... for once I'm not in a hurry!

The two young women greeted the security guards and went out onto the sidewalk.

– I know a nice bistro not far from here; his colleague suggested, taking his arm.

- My pleasure...

– So tell me, who is this mysterious man in your life? she asked curiously.

Carole raised her eyebrows. Big Sophie's invitation was not innocent. She wanted to get the truth out of her.

"He's a businessman," Carole retorted.

Out of the corner of her eye she spotted a black SUV driving slowly not far from them. She turned to her colleague and smiled.

- What do you want to know?

– Everything! exclaimed his colleague, laughing.

– Let's have a drink, we'll see later...

She let her sentence hang, determined to say as little as possible. They prepared to cross the street. Arm in arm, they stopped at the edge of the sidewalk. The light turned red and the SUV stopped a few steps away from them. They set foot on the road.

Big Sophie let go of her for a quarter of a second. At that moment, two men jumped out of the vehicle and threw themselves on Carole. They lifted her up and forced her into the back of the vehicle.

Sophie had time to take a picture of the plate with her mobile phone before seeing the 4x4 start up and disappear into the middle of the traffic.

Carole struggled but had to face the facts, the two men who had grabbed her were far too strong for her. She kicked them without managing to make them let go.

She was gagged and tied up before she found herself on the floor of the car between the two bench seats. Her heart was pounding. She was sure they could hear it pounding in her chest.

Her captors hadn't exchanged a word. It had all happened in a matter of minutes. She wondered what they could possibly want from her. Her parents weren't wealthy. She had money herself, but not enough to pay a ransom .

They drove for a long time, crossed a sort of rail and stopped abruptly. They pulled her out of the vehicle and she staggered on her heels. One of the guys picked her up and carried her on his shoulders to make her go up a staircase. She heard the sound of his footsteps on the metal steps.

He set her down on the ground and she frowned. It shook beneath her feet. A plane. She was on a plane. The man removed the blindfold that was blocking her view and Carole cried out in surprise.

She was in a private jet cabin facing a man she hoped she would never see again. He was standing three feet away from her, sitting in a cream leather chair. Dressed in a black three-piece suit.

– Come here, he ordered. Come sit down, we're about to take off.

Carole stared at him without seeing him. The images of that terrible weekend flashed in her face. She shivered with fear. This man was crazy. Quite simply. He was kidnapping her not to obtain a ransom. But to make her his slave, his toy.

"I want to go down," she said at last, lifting her chin. "I'm not going anywhere with you."

Paul Van Hoover gave her a wry smile. He shook his head and gestured to the chair next to him.

– You better sit down or Sean is going to put you in that chair and you're not going to like the way he does it.

Carole glanced over her shoulder. One of the two men who had abducted her was standing behind her, his arms crossed over his chest. His oversized, tattooed biceps bulged out of the sleeves of his T-shirt. They looked like they were pumped up on steroids.

The man took a step towards her. She stepped back and ran into a wall of muscles. The South African stood behind her. He grabbed her hair, forcing her to tilt her head to the side. He placed his mouth on the young woman's neck, kissing her softly before starting to nibble on her. His teeth sank into her flesh. She tried to escape him but he put a hand around her waist and pinned her against him.

"You're going to come with me and be very, very obedient," he whispered in her ear. "Otherwise, I'll punish you like you've never been punished before...understood?"

- No... I don't belong to you; my masters will look for me...

– Your masters? he sneered. I don't care about your masters, I have unlimited financial means, a veritable army at my beck and call, highly trained men that I pay a fortune so that they don't ask questions... do you think your two little publishers are a match for me?

Carole closed her eyes. She was in deep trouble. Van Hoover was completely crazy, irrational, and... dangerous.

"I want you and I won't let anyone get in my way," he said, forcing her into the chair next to his.

He buckled his seat belt and pressed a button on a control box.

- Yes, sir?

– We can take off; he said to the pilot.

- No... I don't want to go with you... I will never be your submissive or your slave, whatever you call it; she said dryly.

– You can believe me, he sneered, you will do whatever I want. I will train you in my way. You will give in if you do not want to suffer. Have you already forgotten Namur?

Carole closed her eyes. Oh no, she hadn't forgotten Namur. She would never forget it. She tightened her seat belt and looked out the window. Her heart sank and tears filled her eyes.

She had no choice. Suffering what she had suffered in Namur was out of the question. She would not bear it again. The plane began to taxi as she tried to make out the runways.

"We are not at Roissy," he said, a hint of irony in his voice. "But at a small private airfield."

Carole took a deep breath to calm her apprehension. She hoped that Big Sophie had been able to provide precise directions on the 4x4; even if she doubted that it would be of much use...

The vehicle certainly didn't belong to the South African. His henchmen could have rented it or stolen it. He probably wouldn't lead the police to him, and they'd be gone in a few hours anyway. No matter where they were going.

- Do you want a drink or something to eat? It's going to be a long flight; he said affably.

- No thanks... I'm not hungry; she retorted.

- As you wish, you will end up saying yes to me; he decreed while unbuckling his belt.

He stood up, went to the back and left her alone in the cabin. A steward appeared two minutes later carrying a tray on which was placed a glass full of an amber liquid and a plate whose contents escaped the young woman.

She tilted her seat and lay down on her side. She could only be patient. She closed her eyes and tried to fall asleep.

She opened her eyes abruptly. A blanket was placed over her, the cabin was plunged into darkness. She could only make out the night through the porthole and glanced at her watch.

They had been flying for three hours. She couldn't believe she had finally dozed off. Her stomach growled and she remembered she hadn't eaten dinner. She straightened the seat and stood up. She opened the door connecting to the front and found herself face to face with the man named Sean.

- I'm hungry; she said.

- Go sit down, we will serve you your meal.

Carole turned around and sat back down. She hadn't thought to use her cell phone. She looked for it in her purse and couldn't find it. When had it been taken from her? In the car while she was blindfolded? On the plane?

It didn't matter anyway. She had no way of communicating with the outside world. She was indeed a prisoner.

The steward brought her a meal tray and wished her a good appetite. She thanked him with a smile. She ate a delicious salad, a piece of roast chicken and a fruit salad. She placed the tray on the table in front of her and took a sip of water.

At least he didn't mean to starve her. Besides, she wondered where Van Hoover had gone. She assumed there was a room in the back and didn't go check.

The less she saw of him, the better she felt. She kept wondering about him. How could a sane man go so far as to kidnap a woman just for his own pleasure? It seemed completely insane to her.

"Would you like a coffee?" the steward asked, making her jump.

– No, thanks... do you know where we're going?

- Yes, miss...

"Can you tell me?" she asked hopefully.

"He can't tell you," Van Hoover said behind him. "Thanks, John. That's all for tonight."

- Well, sir. I wish you a good night.

The man in uniform slipped away discreetly.

– Come to sleep...

– Thank you, but I prefer to sleep in my armchair; replied the young woman.

"That wasn't a suggestion," the South African said, holding out a hand to Carole.

She looked up at him and realized that he looked serious. She stifled a sigh but stood up and joined him reluctantly. She didn't want to make him angry. She knew what he was capable of and the fact that they weren't alone would make it no problem for him to punish her if he decided to.

He took her by the elbow and led her into a small hallway. He opened a door, pushed Carole into the room, and locked it behind him. They were in a sumptuous bedroom with a large bed covered in a shimmering gray duvet pushed back to the foot of the bed. Two bedside tables matching the cherry wood headboard framed the bedding. A chest of drawers faced the bed.

Carole looked at the door to the right of the bed.

"A bathroom," Van Hoover said behind him. "Take off your dress," he added in a commanding tone.

The young woman bit her lip but pulled the garment off. She shivered when he placed his hands on her hips. Luckily, she had put her underwear back on. He ran his hands over her shoulders, unhooked the bra and let it fall to the floor. The lace thong followed suit.

– Shoes and stockings... without bending the knees...

The young woman barely bent down to remove her pumps but had to bend in two to slide her stockings down her legs. In this movement, her buttocks hit the South African. She felt his erection against her.

He inhaled sharply when she was naked and turned her around to face him. He looked her up and down, his gaze lingering on her breasts and then her stomach.

– You shave all your hair, that's good... go lie down on the bed, legs apart.

Carole turned on her heels and climbed onto the bed. She lay down on the sheet and adopted the requested position. He came to stand in front of her, admiring her sex.

Then slowly he pulled down the fly of his pants, let them fall to the floor and removed his boxers. His shirt followed suit and he climbed onto the bed, his cock erect like a stake.

The young woman closed her eyes and stiffened as she felt his mouth rest on her legs.

– Look at me; he ordered.

She opened her eyes and shivered. Her body became covered in goosebumps. She couldn't tell if it was from apprehension or excitement. She was afraid of this man, afraid of what he was capable of doing to her, and yet she felt drawn to him. Paradoxical...

He moved up between her legs, kissing the inside of her thighs and she had to hold back a moan. She didn't want to give him satisfaction at all costs. Her body was reacting in a completely different way than her mind.

Her nipples had hardened and her sex throbbed under the caresses. Van Hoover licked it, running his tongue between her labia, sucking on her clitoris. She writhed in spite of herself, biting her lips until they bled.

She heard him chuckle softly. He pushed his tongue into her slit, inserting it into her sex. His large hands cupped her breasts, rolling her nipples between his fingers.

A moan escaped her. She arched her back to meet his mouth. He quickened the movements of his tongue as he penetrated her with two fingers. She cried out as the orgasm hit her full force.

This man knew how to play with her body. She fell back onto the bed, her mind in disarray, her body shaking.

Van Hoover put on a condom and lay on top of her, he grabbed her face with both hands and kissed her deeply. His tongue explored her mouth shamelessly, playing with hers. She moaned into his mouth as he pushed his cock into hers with a vigorous thrust.

He began to pound her with great thrusts, slipping a hand under her buttocks and inserting a finger into her other orifice, then a second. Carole raised her knees and spread her legs wide.

The South African groaned with each penetration. He left her mouth and his teeth closed on a nipple nibbling it tenderly. He increased the pressure when he felt her belly quiver and her vagina tighten around his cock.

Carole cried out as a second wave washed over her like a tidal wave. She trembled beneath him, her nails digging into his shoulders. He came too, and she felt the hot cum spurt deep inside her.

Van Hoover remained planted inside her for a long moment before withdrawing. He scrutinized her face and rewarded her with a satisfied smile. Then his gaze lost its softness. He narrowed his eyes before saying:

– Don't think it'll always be like this; you're going to have to earn it. I'm not the kind of man to put a submissive's pleasure before my own. Let that be clear in your mind. Understood?

- Yes...

- Yes who?

– Yes... master; she murmured.

- Good. I want you to address me with deference, like my servants... you are nothing but a slave in my eyes, never forget that... if you satisfy me, I will know how to reward you, if not...

He left his sentence hanging but she didn't need him to continue.

She shivered and he gave that crooked smile she hated.

- I see we understand each other. Suck me, now.

Carole sat up as he lay on his back. She slipped between his thighs and obeyed.

She had finally fallen asleep, curled up on the edge of the bed. Van Hoover had made her cum several times after he had ejaculated in her mouth. Why wasn't he always like this?

They stopped to refuel. Carole glanced out the window of the room, unable to guess what country they were in. She was certain that he was taking her to his home in South Africa.

He hadn't informed her of the rest of the journey, but it didn't take a fortune teller. She wondered how long he planned to keep her prisoner. She stood up and went into the bathroom. She turned on the shower and let the hot water run over her body.

Van Hoover was a demanding man with a heightened libido. She noticed that her thighs were bruised. Her clitoris and breasts were sore from being sucked and licked relentlessly.

She picked a shower gel off the shelf and shook her head. His favorite scent. How did he know that? She suddenly thought that she wasn't at the end of her surprises.

She was drying herself when he entered the room without knocking. He admired her naked, wet body and she saw his mouth quiver.

– Look down; he ordered him.

Carole complied. Her breathing quickened and her stomach quivered. She couldn't stop the flood of emotions that took hold of her as soon as he laid eyes on her body.

He took a step forward and reached for his chest. He grabbed a nipple between two fingers and rolled it.

A moan escaped her. She heard him laugh softly.

"You're very receptive," he said in a dull voice. "You have a body made for fucking..."

He pushed her against the vanity, turned her around and grabbed her by the throat with his other hand.

– Look in the mirror; he whispered in her ear. I want you to see yourself cum...

While holding her with his left hand, he caressed her with the other, his fingers moving from one nipple to the other, kneading them gently before pinching them harder and harder. Carole moaned and closed her eyes.

– No! snapped the voice in his ear.

She forced herself to look at her reflection in the mirror, her mouth agape, gasping for air as her excitement built inside her. Her sex grew moist. The South African's hand slid down her stomach, found her sex and spread her labia apart.

The young woman arched against him, spreading her legs without him even ordering her to.

- Well... do you like that, female dog? Getting fucked with fingers... do you like it, tell me?

- Yes... yes, master; she managed to whisper between two moans.

- You're lucky you're a good cocksucker, otherwise I'd stop you from cumming...

Carole felt the erection against her buttocks harden and take on imposing proportions. He was endowed with an extraordinary organ. At rest, his penis was already long and thick.

She opened her mouth to scream her pleasure as he pinched her clit and she was racked with earth-shattering jolts. Van Hoover held her against him until she calmed down. Then he laid her down on the resin furniture and penetrated her roughly.

She joined him in the cabin twenty minutes later. He was on the phone, speaking Dutch for what little she knew. Or Afrikans. He spent the rest of the flight working. She took the opportunity to plug in the headphones and listen to music.

Her mind wandered to France. What were her masters doing at this precise moment? A glance at her watch told her that it was six in the morning in Paris. How were they dealing with her disappearance? And above all, the question that had been nagging at her since she had boarded the jet: how would they find her?

## Chapter 24

They landed at the Cape an hour and a half later. Carole looked out the window. They had flown for almost thirteen hours. The jet pulled into a private hangar and Van Hoover unbuckled his seat belt, looking satisfied.

- Here we are at my place; he said to her, taking her chin. You'll like it, Cape Town is a very interesting city... and I have many friends to introduce you to...

The young woman stifled a sigh. She preferred not to imagine what he had in store for her. She got off the plane after him. He took her elbow and led her to a black Humer. Two other smaller SUVs flanked him. Men in black uniforms, weapons on their belts, saluted him.

He motioned for them to get in the car and pushed the young woman into the back. The convoy started moving as soon as Van Hoover's luggage was in the trunk. The vehicles were moving fast and she wondered if speed limits existed in this country.

They drove through the eastern suburbs and headed towards the City Bowl . Van Hoover explained that they were in the historic centre of Cape Town.

It was home to the business centre where he had his offices, the parliament, the garden district and the port.

They followed several avenues lined with colonial houses. The residential districts of Bo-Kaap, De Waterkant or Oranjezicht where he had his residence.

Carole admired the facades of the sumptuous houses before the Humer stopped in front of a tall wooden gate. A camera swung towards them and the doors slowly opened.

The vehicle entered a path lined with baobabs. Carole had never seen one up close. She marveled at the sight of all sorts of trees, plants and flowers. Van Hoover a nature lover? Hmm...

She was even more impressed when she saw the house. She had expected a colonial house like the ones she had seen on Belvedere Avenue . In fact, the building stood out in the neighborhood. It looked like a long rectangle of wood and glass.

The South African got out of the car and held out his hand. Carole looked up at the building. A large wooden deck ran along the front. She climbed the steps and walked along the deck to the right corner.

The view was breathtaking. Before his eyes stretched the city, the harbor, and the ocean as far as the eye could see.

- Do you like the view? he whispered in her ear.

– It's... splendid; she replied, amazed.

– One...

He took her hand and led her into a white hall. A black woman whose age she could not have guessed came to meet them. She lowered her head to him and smiled shyly at the young woman.

– This is Kandijha, my governess. She speaks English, if you need anything, see her.

The woman welcomed her in English and Carole thanked her in the same language. The housekeeper then addressed her boss in Afrikaans. A heated discussion ensued and she turned on her heel after bowing to him.

He took the young woman's elbow and showed her around the house. Stairs led to the different floors. Gigantic canvases adorned the walls. Modern and colorful paintings.

Van Hoover led her to his bedroom. It was gigantic and had a bay window that looked out over the ocean. From his bed, he could see the boats in the distance. On the right side of the room, a door opened onto a bathroom equipped with a whirlpool tub, a shower stall with jets, and two marble sinks.

The warm tones of the wood gave it a hint of Northern Europe. They then moved into a dressing room twice the size of the bedroom. Cupboards, shelves galore, rods where suit pants, ties and belts were hung.

A whole section of the dressing room was taken up with women's dresses, skirts and suits. She turned to him with raised eyebrows.

“I bought all this for you,” he explained, giving her a wry smile. “I think it should be fine. There are shoes and stockings on the right. The last drawers are for lingerie.”

The young woman glanced at the clothes. All the big names of French designers. The underwear bore labels like Aubade , Lise Charmel or Agent Provocateur .

She couldn't have chosen better. She bit her lip. What was wrong with her all of a sudden? Was she losing her mind or something? Had she already forgotten that he had had her kidnapped? And taken by force to his country?

She turned abruptly and left the dressing room. She walked to the bay window, went out onto the terrace and stopped at the end of the house. A wooden staircase led down to the garden. She was about to take it when an iron grip grabbed her elbow.

– Come here; he said in her ear.

He forced her to look at him and searched her face for a long moment.

– Try to take things as best you can; he said dryly. You know that I will not hesitate to punish you if you behave badly... I do not want any mood swings or untimely reactions... is that clear?

- Yes...

– Yes, who? he growled.

– Yes, master...; murmured the young woman, her eyes lowered.

- Well, that's better... but to prove to you that I'm not joking, I'll punish you tonight... I have to go to my office. You can read, watch TV or go swimming. The pool is behind the house...

– Thank you master...

Van Hoover finally let go of her arm and she stifled a wince. She would probably have the imprint of his fingers on her skin. He grabbed her by the back of the neck, forced her head back and kissed her roughly. When he released her, she ran her tongue over her bruised lips. The South African turned on his heel and went into the house.

She waited until she saw the Humer pull into the driveway before rushing inside.

She had in mind to find a computer to send an email to Nielsen. She opened several doors silently. He must have an office?

She put her hand on a handle on the first floor. The door was locked. She grimaced; he had thought of everything. She couldn't find a landline or a cell phone. She finally made it to the kitchen.

The housekeeper was talking to a young girl in a black dress and white apron. Carole had seen gardeners. All of Van Hoover's employees were black. She wondered fleetingly if he treated them like slaves.

Kandijha offered her lunch on the terrace and invited her to sit outside. Carole thanked her and sat down in a teak armchair. A few minutes later the young servant brought her a plate of skewers accompanied by corn porridge.

When the governess came to serve him water, she told him it was very good and asked what the skewers were made of. She told him they were ostrich. For dessert, the young girl served him a tart.

Carole raised her eyebrows. She hadn't expected such fine cuisine. The milk tart was called melkert . She thought she'd have to be careful if she were to spend time here.

After lunch she went back into the house and went looking for the housekeeper. She found her behind a small desk on the ground floor.

- I would like to go and rest, where can I lie down? she asked Kandijha.

"In the master's room," replied the governess. "That is also your room."

The young woman stared at her silently for a long moment before nodding. She turned on her heel and went up to the second floor.

Apparently, Van Hoover had no intention of giving him a room.

She pushed open the door and entered the room. The gigantic bed occupied the wall facing the bay window. The headboard was made of iron, with round bars. Handy for tying someone up, she thought. Me in this case.

She sighed and flopped down on the bed. Her gaze swept around the room. Masculine and sparsely furnished. Besides the bed, there was a leather armchair in the left corner.

A few shelves piled with books. A painting on the wall above the bed depicting a Dutch landscape, apparently. Two bedside tables with storm lamps made up the rest of the furniture.

The young woman closed her eyes. The previous night had not been restful. She curled up in the bedspread and fell asleep immediately. She dreamed of Paris and her masters.

A hand shook her vigorously. She wanted to push it away but the governess's voice reached her foggy mind.

– Miss Carole; she said to her. The master has just called. He wants you to wear one of the dresses from the dressing room as well as some pumps. He will be here in an hour. Go get ready.

Carole sat up, still sleepy. How long had she been lying down? She looked at her watch. She had slept for four hours. She got up and went to the bathroom. She started filling the bathtub, poured in some shower gel without trying to find out how he knew the brand of her beauty products.

Then she thought about the weekends she had spent in Namur. The Belgian couple must have told him about them. She shrugged and decided to banish them from her memory .

She lay back in the bath, turned on the whirlpool, and relaxed. She had no idea what Van Hoover had planned for the evening. She had no doubt that she would be agitated. Especially since he had promised her a punishment.

She finally got out of the tub, completely relaxed, and went into the dressing room. She stroked the dresses with her fingertips. Some were long. Evening dresses in satin, lace, or organza.

Van Hoover had very refined taste. Which contrasted with her brutal and dominant ways. She chose a short black lace dress, put on satin underwear, silk stockings and pumps with excessive heels.

She pulled her hair up into a bun, letting a few strands escape. She applied a light touch of makeup. Mascara and lip gloss. She was all set.

She made her way to the living room and stopped at the threshold of the room. The table had been set for six guests. She grimaced. He had decided to introduce her to his friends? Or to offer her?

She approached the bay window and went out onto the terrace. Evening was falling and she could make out the lights of the Cape. She suddenly shivered and felt a presence behind her.

– Hmm... very good choice; he whispered in her ear. Did you wear underwear?

– Yes... master...

– Go take them off... you won't need them tonight...; he ordered him.

Carole spun on her heel and headed upstairs. She removed the satin thong and bra. Just as she was about to leave, Van Hoover entered the room. From the look he gave her, she knew he was waiting for something.

She took a deep breath and came to kneel at his feet. She heard him inhale and unbuttoned his pants. She pulled down the zipper, slid the garment down his legs and stroked his erection over the boxers.

It grew thicker and harder under her fingers; she slid her fingers under the elastic and freed him from the underwear. His cock was straining like a bow, thick and hard. She licked the head of him, drawing a moan from him, then ran her lips along the shaft.

Van Hoover grabbed her by the back of the neck. When she opened her mouth, he pushed his cock between her lips and deep into her throat. She looked up at him imploringly. He pulled out slightly. She sucked him gently at first, building up the excitement, stroking him with the tip of her tongue as he almost came out.

She could hear him moaning and growling above her. He quickened his pelvic movements, still holding her with both hands. Carole slid a hand between his thighs and massaged his testicles.

– Yes... keep going like that, faster... yes... suck harder...

The young woman tightened the grip of her lips, sucking him greedily as he growled louder and louder. She felt the first quivers of his cock and swallowed him deeply. He roared as he ejaculated deep in her throat. She swallowed quickly and moved her head back to lick his entire length.

Van Hoover closed his eyes, his heart pounding in his chest. Finally he let go of the young woman and stroked her cheek.

"Don't move," he ordered as he headed toward the dressing room.

She took a deep breath, wondering what he had gone looking for. She sighed inwardly when he returned with a leather collar and leash.

He looked her up and down and motioned for her to stand up.

"Do you know what that means?" he asked, putting the necklace around her neck.

– Yes, master...; the young woman murmured, tilting her head.

– Well... my friends are eager to see you; he continued. You will do everything they ask you without hesitation...

- Yes, master...

- Good little slave... sit on the bed. I'm going to take a shower.

Carole waited while he showered and changed. He came back into the room wearing pants and a black shirt. The young woman took a deep breath. He was undoubtedly a very handsome man. Very tall, over six feet tall, a hundred pounds of muscle. Very short brown hair and icy blue eyes in a face with pronounced jaws.

He walked over to her, grabbed the leash and forced her to stand up.

– Let's go down, my guests must have arrived; he said in an authoritative tone.

They took the wooden stairs, passed the kitchen and entered the living room. Four men were sitting on the sofas chatting, drinks in hand. They fell silent when they discovered the young woman.

Van Hoover addressed them in English.

– This is Carole, a charming slave who will quickly become my slave; he said with a wry smile on his lips. She is French but she speaks English.

The men stood up and Carole looked down. Their gazes were shamelessly scrutinizing her. They approached and she shivered. A tall, bearded blond man lifted her chin with one hand.

– Pretty... ; he said in French. Very pretty... could she take off her dress?

– Did you hear? Van Hoover asked him, tugging on the leash.

– Yes master...; she murmured, running her hands behind his back.

She unzipped the dress and it slid down her legs. She took a deep breath. She wondered if the governess was still there and if the young maid would be providing service.

Carole felt manly hands caress her buttocks and back. Her nipples hardened to the great pleasure of these gentlemen. She heard comments in English, rather flattering.

Apparently they found her to their liking. She stifled a sigh. The evening was going to be hot and particularly tiring. Satisfying five men! She told herself that she had already experienced that in Venice.

Van Hoover tugged on the leash and she knelt down.

- On all fours, female dog...

Carole placed her hands on the floor. One foot dug into her lower back. She bent her back and rested her forehead on the floor. She spread her legs without being asked and heard whistling above her.

"She's well trained," one of the men remarked. "Whoever made her knows his job."

- Yes, he is a Frenchman, a friend of a friend, retorted Van Hoover. I... stole it from him.

"You mean you took her away?" asked a guest in surprise.

- In a way; their host agreed.

- And what does your pretty slave say about it?

- She has nothing to say... I wanted her since the first time I saw her... I admit that I fell for her... there's reason, right?

The men laughed before going to sit back down.

- Come here! the blond man with the beard ordered him. No, on all fours...

Carole sighed and straightened up. She joined the men, head down. She stopped between their feet, in the center of the rectangle formed by the sofas. She waited patiently, feeling their gazes on her body.

"She has a pretty sucking mouth," said one of the men in a flirtatious tone.

- Slave, did you hear my friend? Van Hoover asked, tugging on the leash.

- Yes, master...

Carole walked over to the one who had spoken and stood up between his legs. She reached for his pants, unbuttoned them and freed his cock. It was short and thick. She began to caress it with her tongue. It grew thick quickly and she had to concentrate not to listen to the others' comments.

One of her colleagues knelt behind her and ran his fingers over her sex.

"That female dog is getting wet," he sneered.

He inserted his middle finger into the young woman's slit, moving it back and forth quickly. He added another finger and she moaned.

– Hmm... what a pussy and ass... have you ever fucked her? he asked Van Hoover.

- Yes... I love putting my cock in his ass...

Carole closed her eyes.

The man she was sucking was about to cum. She could feel his cock twitching. She increased the pressure of her lips and received his sperm deep in her throat. The man groaned and grabbed her head. Then he pulled out and smiled blissfully.

– Looks like dear Markus enjoyed it; the bearded blond snickered.

– Yeah... she has a perfect mouth for sucking; replied the other.

– Let's go to the table, Van Hoover suggested. She'll serve us and then you can enjoy yourselves.

## Chapter 25

The evening was well advanced when they decided to take a break. Carole had sucked each guest. After having served them at the table. They had then won the basement. Rooms had been arranged allowing free rein to all fantasies.

Carole had shuddered as she entered a room equipped with a leather-covered St. Andrew's cross; chains ending in handcuffs hung from the ceiling. In the center of the room, a white leather whipping bench. On the walls, racks supported whips, riding crops, and a multitude of other instruments.

Van Hoover grabbed her by the wrist and led her toward the cross. She closed her eyes and the images of the weekend in Namur made her shiver.

"I'm not going to use any canes tonight," he whispered in her ear. "Just a few strokes with the whip and the flyswatter... I'm very pleased with you."

The young woman breathed. She lifted her arms. Van Hoover tied her wrists with the handcuffs to the corners of the cross. He caressed her buttocks and kissed her under the ear. Carole moaned as she felt his erection against her, she rubbed herself against him.

- No, tonight you only give pleasure to my friends; he said to her in a suave voice. I will have all the time to enjoy you...

Carole nodded. He grabbed a whip and his friends took their places on the armchairs arranged around the room. He raised his arm and stroked the young woman's back with the handle. The first blow fell on her buttocks. She cried out in surprise.

She clenched her jaw. The guests were betting on how many blows she could take. She counted to twelve. Her buttocks were starting to burn seriously.

She heard the whip fall to the ground and then a flyswatter hit her repeatedly. She screamed in pain. Her already heated skin was hypersensitive. She took about fifteen hits before begging him to stop.

Men stood up and untied her. They led her into a nearby room where a thick mattress stood. They made her get on all fours and fingers entered her sex.

She felt a hard, swollen penis enter her without foreplay. She moaned and the man began to pound her. The blond with the beard knelt in front of her, unzipped his pants and ordered her to suck him. She opened her mouth, licked his head and he pushed himself all the way down her throat.

Van Hoover escorted his guests home around two in the morning. Carole lay on the mattress in the basement. She was exhausted. The four men had not given her a minute's rest. He stroked her back and took her in his arms.

She slept until noon the next day. When she finally emerged, she found that the insides of her thighs were covered in bruises. Her back still hurt, but the pain was bearable. She took two tablets from the bedside table and swallowed them with a large gulp of water.

She stood up cautiously and went to the bathroom. She glanced at her back. The marks of beatings were visible but less than she had thought. She showered with lukewarm water and put on a light dress. Then she went to the kitchen. The governess looked her over from head to toe before offering her breakfast.

– Thank you; she said with a small smile.

She wondered if she knew about the parties her boss was hosting. She went out onto the terrace and sat at the teak table. The view of the harbor took her breath away as it always did. She thanked the young maid when she brought her meal.

Carole spent the afternoon by the pool. She had put on a light bathrobe over her swimsuit but didn't dare go swimming. Exposing her back seemed impossible to her. She tried to read without managing to focus her attention.

When the governess came to offer her tea, the young woman accepted with a smile and asked her the question that had been burning on her lips since her arrival.

- Do you live in the house? she asked curiously.

– No, the master houses the staff in an annex of the property. We have a large building at our disposal; each one has his own studio; she replied affably.

– Are there many of you?

– Enough. Besides me and Yana, whom you have already met, there are the housekeepers, the gardeners and the guards.

Carole nodded. She had seen armed men patrolling before. She had wondered if they were there to protect their boss or to stop her from escaping.

– You don't work in the evenings, so...

The governess raised an eyebrow in surprise.

– No, the master only needs us when he gives receptions... about once a month.

Carole thanked her and Kandijha turned on her heels.

– Uh... excuse me...

- Yes ?

– Could I use a computer? I would like to write a novel...

– I can provide you with paper or pads if you prefer.

The young woman understood from the governess's grimace. She would never have access to a computer. Van Hoover must have been afraid that she would contact her former masters or the police. She felt like a prisoner all of a sudden. Which she really was. Even if she avoided thinking of her stay in those terms.

The South African had obtained a residence permit for him. Despite the fact that he had smuggled him into the country. His political support and wealth had allowed him to bypass the usual procedures.

Carole leaned back on the chaise longue. She had decided to write her story. She had read enough novels to know how to tell her story from her meeting with Nielsen and De Villers to her new life here.

She would just have to change the names of the characters. Ideas were teeming in her mind. She lost herself in contemplation of the bay. She ran every morning in the immense park and had become accustomed to crossing paths with the guards.

They didn't seem surprised in the least by her presence. She wouldn't have recognized those who had kidnapped her. Except Sean, who was Van Hoover's driver and whom she saw every morning when he opened the door of the Hummer for his boss.

The first few days of her stay, she had zapped French television channels looking for information about her kidnapping. The event had made headlines for

about ten days and then disappeared from the screen. As far as she knew, a search had been launched but given the lack of clues, it had led to nothing.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into three months. Her novel was progressing. She was immersed in writing about her kidnapping one late afternoon, sitting on a deckchair by the pool.

She was so absorbed that she didn't realize Van Hoover was beside her until several minutes later. She looked up abruptly. He was standing to her right, barefoot in jeans and a T-shirt.

– Uh... sorry, master... I didn't hear you coming; she said, swallowing.

"What are you doing?" he asked, sitting down on the nearby deckchair.

– I... I'm writing a novel...

From the smirk he gave her, she knew he knew exactly what she was doing. The governess probably gave him a daily report.

– Can I see? he asked, holding out his hand.

The question was purely rhetorical. Carole handed him the pad. Van Hoover leafed through the pages and read a few passages. Some carefully. Like the one where she described the ordeal she had endured in Namur. He said nothing until he reached the moment when his heroine, Anna, had been abducted in the middle of Paris.

– Very well written; he commented, handing the manuscript back to her.

He stared at her with such intensity that she had to look down.

His icy gaze always felt like it was piercing her, peering into her mind and reading her every thought.

- Are you still afraid of me?

– Sometimes, master...

- For what ?

–...

- Speak frankly, I won't punish you for telling me what you feel...

"I never know what your reaction will be," she said in a small voice. "I know what you are capable of..."

– Hum... but you know that if you behave as I want, nothing bad will happen to you...

- Yes, master... I am aware of that...

- Since you've lived here, I think I've been a good master, right?

– Yes... master; she acknowledged, looking up at him.

She bit her lip as she saw the burning desire in his eyes. He held out a hand to her. She stood up and walked over to him. Without him ordering her to, she knelt down and unbuttoned his jeans and stroked his cock over the fabric of his boxers.

Van Hoover lay back on the lounge and clasped his hands behind his head. He lifted his pelvis as she slid his pants down his thighs. She kicked them off and removed his boxers. Carole settled between his legs and leaned over him. She wondered briefly if anyone could see them. She felt him shudder as she placed her lips on the swollen head.

- My friends are coming over tomorrow night; he said nonchalantly after cumming in her mouth.

Carole straightened up and sat between his legs. The four men came once a week.

Friday nights were best. Van Hoover would just make sure they had plenty of alcohol, condoms, and toys. He never participated.

The young woman nodded. She had no reason to complain. They were distinguished, refined, and even if their own pleasure came before hers, they made her enjoy themselves without counting.

Come to think of it, she was happy. Van Hoover took her to the theater, to his charity galas, to business dinners. She saw people, the high society of the Cape. Industrialists like him, politicians, sportsmen.

They had gone to a rugby match and he had introduced her to several players. He had promised her that he would lend her to several of these young rugby players and she had shuddered at the thought of their muscular thighs.

The parties he threw once a month were nothing like the Friday parties. They were sexless. Almost banal, she thought.

That evening they dined in front of the television news. Van Hoover switched to a French channel. Images of apocalypse filled the screen. A cyclone had ravaged part of the Philippines causing dozens of deaths and considerable damage .

Carole let out a moan. Van Hoover grew concerned at her sudden pallor.

"What's wrong?" he asked, taking her hand. "Your hand is freezing!"

– My parents...

– Tes parents ?

– They live in Manila... they are humanitarian doctors... I have to contact them!

- Okay... come on.

He took her elbow and led her to the door he kept locked. He dug the key out of his pants pocket and opened the door. Carole entered a large office. Her eyes widened in surprise.

On the wall facing the glass and steel desk, a dozen screens lined up curves of all colors. Numbers were displayed. The words “gold,” “platinum,” “uranium,” “copper” appeared at the top of each screen.

Van Hoover constantly followed the price of each mineral. She knew that he also operated diamond mines.

– Come sit down; he suggested, pointing to the chair behind his desk.

He turned on one of the laptops on the glass top, opened the email and typed in a password.

- All my communications go through satellites, they are untraceable; he said.

Carole turned to him and held the icy gaze.

- I just want to hear from my parents, make sure they're okay... that's all... ; she said calmly.

– Okay... take my place.

He stood up and the young woman sat down in front of the computer. She typed in her father's email address, hoping that her message would reach him.

“Dad, I just heard about the disaster... give me news of you... tell me you are well. I left Paris... everything is fine for me... I love you very much and send you kisses... Carole.”

She looked up at her master. He was staring at the screens in front of the desk.

- I've finished typing, would you like to read it before I send it, master?

"No, I trust you," he replied, turning to her.

– Thank you... master.

She clicked send. There was nothing left to do but wait and pray. Anxiety gripped her. She hadn't contacted her father since he was kidnapped. How could

she? She was cut off from the world. She hoped nothing had happened to them. Living apart from them was hard enough. Losing them would be a tragedy.

Van Hoover turned off the computer and locked the door behind them. He led her into his bedroom, locked the door behind her, and ordered her to undress. Carole complied without hesitation. She had learned to obey him at all costs .

She took off her dress and let it fall to the floor. She was wearing hold-up stockings and pumps. He ran his gaze over the young woman's body.

"The marks are gone," he remarked, turning around her. "You know I like to see the marks of my whip on you... go get it..."

She spun on her heels and headed for the dressing room. Several drawers were filled with sex toys of all kinds. She took the leather instrument from the drawer dedicated to whips, floggers and other leather riding crops.

She grabbed the gag and the handcuffs. He liked to tie her to the bars of his bed to whip her. When she came back into the room, he had taken off his T-shirt and shoes.

She admired his powerful musculature once more. She always wondered how he managed not to gain weight between his business dinners, his lunches every noon at the restaurant and the days he spent in meetings or behind his desk.

He motioned for her to come closer. She handed him the instruments, her eyes lowered.

– Good little slave...; he murmured.

Van Hoover put the leather ball in his mouth, fastened the straps with the metal buckle, and sighed.

- You are so beautiful...

He then narrowed his eyes and looked around his room. Then he took her elbow and placed her in the center of the room. He flipped a switch and the false ceiling opened. A metal bar slowly descended, suspended from chains.

Van Hoover closed the handcuffs on the young woman's wrists and raised the bar so that her arms were straight. Then he secured her ankles to a spreader bar.

- There you go... you're perfect...

He caressed her buttocks, her back then slid a finger between her thighs. He moaned as he brought his wet index finger back and sucked it greedily.

– Hum... you still have such good taste...

He raised his arm, slammed the strap on the ground several times before bringing it down on her buttocks. Carole screamed under the gag. He struck her about ten times from her thighs to her shoulder blades, careful not to mark her shoulders.

He paused for her to breathe. Tears were streaming down her face and she was gasping. The whip was definitely not her instrument. She didn't care for the flogger and the paddles. It never hurt as much as the leather strap.

Van Hoover pressed himself against her back and ran his hands over her stomach and sex. He slid two fingers inside her and whispered:

- You're very wet... does that excite you, female dog?

She nodded despite the pain. Van Hoover moved his fingers in and out of her, teasing her clit.

He felt the first tremors of his orgasm and sped up the movements of his fingers. Carole moaned louder as the wave of pleasure washed over her. She arched against his chest as she let herself be carried away.

Carole spent Friday writing. Keeping her mind busy allowed her to forget the anxiety that had gripped her since she had seen the news. Her father had not yet answered her. She watched attentively every report relating to the events in the Philippines.

She knew she could go days without hearing from her parents. Emails were the only way to get answers to her questions. Phone lines were down, chaos reigned on many islands, and rescue workers were struggling to reach the disaster areas.

She rushed off to get ready in the late afternoon. Her master's friends were expected at seven o'clock. She spent half an hour lounging in the bubble bath. The marks of the whip were clearly visible on her body.

Van Hoover had marked her stomach and breasts, then coated the wounds with ointment made from the root of an African plant. The smell was unpleasant but the effect was particularly rapid.

The governess entered the room as she was getting out of the water. Carole grabbed a bath towel to hide her body.

"No need to hide," she said, smiling. "I know the master's... habits. I'll give you a massage," she added, taking the young woman by the elbow.

She made her lie on her stomach and then sat astride her buttocks. She began to massage her with a lotus-scented oil.

– There you go... your body is ready for tonight.

## Chapter 26

The guests arrived a little after seven o'clock. Carole had put on a very short black maid's dress. A small white apron was attached to it. Van Hoover had insisted that she wear neither stockings nor underwear. And she had slipped her feet into ballet flats.

He had put his collar around her neck and was holding her on a leash. He greeted the four men warmly. Each one patted the young woman's rump as they would a dog.

Carole stifled a sigh. They weren't mean but they were extremely demanding. She served them drinks in the living room after taking off their jackets. When they were seated, she knelt down among them, her eyes lowered.

"I think she's overdressed," said the bearded blond, running a hand over the young woman's buttocks. "Take off your dress..."

Carole straightened up and pulled the mini dress over her head.

"That's much better," he agreed. "Nice marks on her body... you know how I'd like to whip her," he added, staring at his guest.

"No, it's my privilege," Van Hoover retorted, smiling. "You know that."

– Hmm... what a pity; the blond sighed regretfully.

– William... I allow you enough things so that you won't be frustrated; said Van Hoover.

– That's right; admitted the man named William. Of all your submissives, she's the one I prefer... the one who makes me hard just thinking about her...

"A goat would make you hard!" snickered one of the other guests.

– Don't exaggerate! exclaimed the blond. I prefer this kind of female dog, by far...

– On all fours; one of the men ordered him.

Carol obeyed and spread her legs, giving a perfect view of her sex and anus. Immediately a finger began to search her, moving from one orifice to the other. She arched her back to better receive the caress and the owner of the finger laughed.

– Damn, she gets wet so quickly...

He inserted a second finger and then a third into her, moving them back and forth roughly. Carole moaned as he pushed them into her other hole. She heard the men inhale and one of them grabbed her by the leash and pulled her to him.

- Suck me, female dog...

The young woman put her mouth on the man's already exposed cock. A bank manager. Bothis something... She couldn't get used to the names of these guys.

She licked him slowly, making the cock harden under her lips. Someone pulled her hands behind her back and handcuffed them.

She leaned forward and closed her mouth around the erect stake.

They were demanding as usual; she had to comply with all their wishes before serving them dinner completely naked and having to endure their caresses or blows from the whip every time she put down a plate.

At one point, one of them made her lie down on his knees and spanked her for no particular reason.

– I love seeing that pretty ass blush; the man sneered. Her beautiful little ass; he added, pushing two fingers between her buttocks.

He pulled them out roughly and grabbed a plug from the table. He slowly pushed it in, pushing it all the way to its flared tip. Then he moved it in and out, drawing cries and moans from the young woman.

- She likes it, this female dog... spread her legs...

A hand searched her as the plug went in and out, then the hand withdrew and was replaced by a large black dildo. Carole screamed, torn apart by the toys. They pulled them out almost completely, then the man beneath her shoved them in abruptly. She came violently, shaken by a telluric jolt.

– Hmm... I think she came, that female dog; said the man, holding the toys deep inside her.

Carole tried to calm her breathing. The man removed the dildo but left the plug in place.

– Go make us some coffee; Van Hoover ordered him.

The young woman stood up and removed the dirty plates. She walked unsteadily into the kitchen, the sex toy still buried inside her.

They went down to the basement after drinking their coffee and the young woman was tied to the mattress. The position was particularly uncomfortable.

Legs spread as wide as possible, ankles imprisoned by leather handcuffs; wrists connected by straps to chains attached to the feet of the bed base.

She had to suck each of the men in turn while another took her from behind. They finally untied her hands to better connect them to her ankles. She had to arch her back, her thighs stretched to the extreme, her breasts pointing proudly towards the ceiling.

William went to get a leather paddle and came back to stand in front of her. He slipped a blindfold over her eyes and was about to gag her when the banker stopped him.

"No, I like to hear him scream," he said, sitting down in an armchair.

They had moved them closer to the bed to better appreciate the young woman's reactions. The blond snickered and raised his arm. He brought the flyswatter down on Carole's thighs and went back up to her stomach before hitting her breasts. He lingered particularly on the nipples. They were hard and swollen.

She was moaning and sobbing. She begged them to stop and got another round of blows. William finally let go of the paddle and climbed onto the bed. He pushed his fingers into the young woman's soaking wet sex before fucking her savagely.

Then they made her get back on all fours and left her there for a long time. Her tears had dried up. She was hiccuping softly, her body aching. Her breasts were burning and she thought that her body would bear the marks for several days.

They came back after what seemed like an eternity. They fucked her with toys of all sizes, making her scream several times. She screamed outright when a huge dildo was inserted into her anus. They moved it in and out until her body accepted it and left it there as they took her one after the other.

They left at four in the morning, leaving her exhausted and still tied to the bed.

To say that waking up was painful was an understatement. She didn't even remember how she got back to the room. She was lying on her back across Van Hoover's large bed.

She opened her eyes with difficulty to find that it was broad daylight. Through the half-open bay window, she could hear the birds. She turned her head and looked at the clock. She had slept for eight hours straight. She slowly moved her legs and placed her feet on the parquet floor.

Her body was covered in bruises, marks of various shapes and colors. Her nipples were swollen. She put a hand to her chest and grimaced. It was horribly painful. She was sure she could not bear to wear any clothing.

The young woman staggered to the bathroom and turned on the jets of the bathtub. A bath seemed more appropriate than the spray of the shower on her skin. She grimaced as she lifted one leg and slowly sat down in the water. She rested her head on the cushion and closed her eyes, savoring the caress of the warm water.

"Your father answered your email," Van Hoover's voice said, pulling her from her stupor.

Carole suddenly opened her eyes.

- Thank you, master... can I see his message?
- Sure... can you come down?
- Yes, master... but I'm not sure I can get dressed...
- I will apply a local anesthetic to the most painful parts.
- Thank you, master.
- Get out of the water.

The young woman straightened up and grabbed a bath towel. She grimaced when the material came into contact with her skin.

"Let me do it," Van Hoover ordered him.

He led her into the bedroom, laid the towel on the bed and made her lie on her back. With a thousand precautions, he coated her breasts, her stomach and the front of her thighs with the cream. His gaze fell on Carole's mouth and he kissed her greedily.

She wondered every time how he could watch his friends play with her without touching her himself or fucking her. How a man with such a sexual appetite could resist an entire evening in front of such a spectacle.

He released her breathlessly.

"Do you know how proud I am of you?" he asked, caressing her face.

- Can I ask you a question, master? she asked.
- Yes... what do you want to know?
- How can you let your friends have me and not want to participate...

He gave her a smirk before answering.

- I'm dying to do it every time. Believe me, I have to hold myself back from fucking you with them...

Carole's eyes widened in surprise. He must have had some serious control over his body to not give in to his urges.

– Turn around, I'll smear your butt.

The young woman lay on her stomach. The pain had already subsided. He rubbed the cream on her buttocks and put the cap back on the tube. She was about to get up but he pinned her hands above her head.

– That doesn't mean I don't want to now...

He kissed her again, wildly, greedily, searching her mouth with his tongue, playing with hers. Carole responded to his kiss with the same ardor. She sucked his tongue, tearing a moan from him. He covered her body with his and penetrated her without foreplay, making her moan.

Carole opened her father's email, a big smile on her face.

“My dear, we are both alive. The hospital held out and the wounded are arriving by the hundreds. Here it is chaos like after every disaster. Don't worry about us, we have nothing. Jeremy was slightly injured but he is fine. He kisses you. I am happy to finally have news from you. I was afraid that you had fallen back under the thumb of your domineering friend. Take good care of yourself. I will try to write to you as soon as possible. We love you and kiss you. Dad”.

– Who is this Jeremy? Van Hoover asked from behind him.

– A young doctor who works with my parents. They introduced him to me when I went to see them...

- And your domineering friend is Nielsen? Do they know about him?

– Uh... my father saw the marks on my body... I must have lied to him a little, he just knows about Nielsen's habits, nothing more...

– Good. You can write to him if you want; he said, straightening up.

– Thank you, master... I will send him an email in a few days... they are very busy right now.

- As you wish.

Van Hoover turned off the computer and sat down in his chair. He pulled her onto his lap and grabbed her by the back of the neck. His icy gaze made her shiver. He looked at her closely before saying:

– If you need the computer, ask Khadija. But if you try to contact anyone in France, the punishment will be as great as your fault.

- I won't do it, master...

- Are you sure?

– Yes... I... I don't want to leave here... at least not anymore...

Van Hoover stared at her intently.

"Do you agree to be my slave?" he asked in a surprised voice.

– Yes, master...; the young woman murmured, lowering her eyes.

- You won't try to run away?

- No, master...

- For what ?

- Because...

– Because what? he asked peremptorily.

Carole bit her lip. Could she tell him how she felt about him? Tell him she loved him when she had never told Nielsen or De Villers?

– Answer me, you know I don't like to wait...

– I think I... I love you, master; she said in a breath.

Van Hoover's eyes widened. Then his face lit up in a radiant smile, crow's feet appearing at the corners of his eyes. He stroked her cheek, then ran his thumb over her mouth. Carole parted her lips and sucked on his finger.

- You know that you will always have to obey me if you decide to be totally mine. I will not let any mistake go by... you will do what I ask you without hesitation...

- Yes master...

- My friends will have as much of your body as they want...

- Yes master...

- I will introduce you to other men... and I will offer you to them...

Carole stifled a sigh.

- Yes master...

– I want to erase the marking of your former masters to put mine; he said, running his index finger over the two rings in the hollow of his back.

- I... agree master...

– It will probably be painful. I have a friend who is a plastic surgeon, we will go see him. Now I want you to suck me.

– Yes, master.

Carole stood up and knelt between his legs. She unbuttoned his pants and freed his tense cock. Van Hoover lifted his pelvis to slide the garment off. She licked the head before caressing his testicles.

He moaned as she sucked them gently, rolling them under her tongue. He leaned his head back against the back of the leather chair, eyes half-closed. He thought about how to unite her with him.

His former masters had branded their initials into his skin. He wanted something different. Something that would show. He groaned as he felt his orgasm approach. His cock twitched in Carole's mouth. He grabbed her by the back of her neck, pushing himself deeper between her soft lips.

He thrust his hips into her roughly and his cum shot out like lava from a volcano, flooding her throat. She swallowed it and licked it all over. She pulled out slowly and looked up at him. He stared at her through his half-lowered eyelids.

– Thank me...

- Thank you master for letting me suck you...

– Good little slave...; he murmured. Place your hands and chest flat on the desk; he added in a peremptory tone.

Carole turned her back on him and flattened herself on the glass top. She heard him straighten up in the chair. His fingers spread her labia and his tongue licked her sex. It went up to the small hole and sank in.

The young woman moaned and stretched out her buttocks.

– Hum... do you like that, female dog... having your pussy and ass licked?

His raw words made her moan. She shifted against the mouth that was searching her.

– Answer me...

– Yes master... yes, I like that; she breathed between two sighs.

- Good... because I love licking your pretty little pussy; he said in a hoarse voice.

He stood up abruptly and pushed his cock into the offered slit. He moaned at how hot and wet it was. He slid easily into the sheath of flesh and began to work on it ardently.

Carole grabbed the other edge of the desk and held on tight. The thrusts made her slide on the glass. Van Hoover slid a hand under her; he teased her already swollen clitoris and brought her to orgasm.

He gave her two powerful thrusts before spilling himself inside her. Then he collapsed on her back, his mouth on her neck. They stayed like that for long minutes, their hearts beating in their chests.

"You're my whore," he whispered in her ear.

Carole moaned. His filthy words excited her. They were synonymous with pleasure to come. Even if that pleasure sometimes had to come through pain. She would harden over time. She would accept everything from him. She was convinced of it. Even if she didn't understand why. She loved this man.

## Chapter 27

Three days later, he drove her into town. He had made an appointment with his plastic surgeon friend. The man received them in a magnificent office with bay windows overlooking the bay.

Carole looked him over discreetly as he gave his master a manly hug. She had gathered that they had played rugby together. Lucius De Groodt was tall and solidly built. Like Van Hoover. Blond with blue eyes, a slightly smug pout on his face.

He turned his attention away from Van Hoover and looked down at the young woman's body. She felt like an animal in a cattle market.

– Very pretty! said the surgeon after a moment. You said she is French.  
 – Yes; replied his master. What do you say?  
 – Nothing to complain about, a perfect body... she must exercise; he said ironically.

Van Hoover gave him a wry smile.

"You know that very well," he replied, laughing.

– Okay, let's take a look at this marking.

The surgeon grabbed the young woman by the elbow and led her behind a screen. He motioned for her to take off her dress and turn around. His gaze fell on

her lower back and he grimaced. He had her lie on her stomach and ran his fingers over the pattern etched into her skin.

– You told me about branding, I thought it was a tattoo... not a branding iron; he said in a reproachful tone. I'm going to have to do a dermabrasion.

– Is that a problem? Van Hoover asked.

– No, it is feasible... it will take several sessions, I will have to use a grinder to remove the top layer of the epidermis. The healing will have to be monitored. It will be necessary to apply greasy dressings to allow the skin to reconstitute itself and avoid exposure to the sun.

– How long does it take to heal?

"At least a fortnight, during which the skin will be very fragile... no question of whipping it or anything else during this time," explained the surgeon, staring Van Hoover straight in the eye.

- No problem, I don't want her to keep that mark on her body.

– I suppose this is the marking done by his former masters?

- Exactly.

– And you intend to mark her too? De Groodt asked.

"I haven't decided yet," his friend retorted.

-you can get dressed again.

Carole straightened up and put on her dress. She had caught the gist of the conversation. The two men had spoken in English. They went back to the office and switched to Afrikaans. Van Hoover motioned for her to sit next to him.

She complied and looked down.

She felt the surgeon's gaze fall on her several times. She did not doubt for a moment that she was the subject of their conversation.

"Do you want her?" his master suddenly asked, returning to English.

"Who wouldn't want that?" the surgeon said, smiling.

– Go suck it; he ordered the young woman.

Carole stood up, walked around the desk and knelt between the surgeon's legs. She unbuttoned his pants without looking up, slid them down his thighs and shuddered as she stroked his cock over his boxers. It was already hard and swollen.

She slipped her hands under the elastic of the underwear and pulled it free. He pointed proudly. She lowered her head and began to lick him. The man leaned back in his chair.

He groaned as she closed her mouth around his stiff member. She barely heard Van Hoover inhale sharply, focused on her task. The surgeon grabbed her head, forcing her to take him deeper. He began to thrust hard, hitting the back of her throat painfully.

She felt the quivering of his cock, tightened the grip of her lips and received his sperm deep in her throat. She swallowed it then licked the member before withdrawing. The surgeon readjusted himself while Carole joined her master.

– Good sucker; said De Groodt, getting up. I would like very much to see her again; he added.

– No problem, come Friday night, Van Hoover suggested. I have regulars starting at seven o'clock. You won't be disappointed.

- Perfect.

The two men shook hands and the surgeon stroked Carole's cheek with his fingertips. He smiled and walked the couple out.

The next two days, the young woman progressed with her novel. She received an email from her father who reassured her about his health and that of her mother. They were exhausted by the influx of more or less serious injuries but they were holding up. Carole assured her that everything was fine for her.

It was the absolute truth. She was tempted to send an email to Eva Chambord but decided against it. She had promised not to contact France. She turned off the computer and went back to the living room.

Van Hoover was going to Johannesburg and Pretoria for several days the following week. He had planned to take her along. She figured it would be a chance to see the country. She spent the afternoon by the pool, leafing through the documents she had found on Wikipedia. Living in such a diverse country, she might as well take an interest in it.

She went up to the room in the late afternoon. Her master's guests would be here soon. She took a long shower to relax and combed her hair carefully. Tonight she would have to satisfy five men. She sighed as she thought of her quiet little life before meeting Nielsen. Quiet but empty.

The men arrived a little before seven o'clock. They were always punctual. De Groodt arrived shortly after in a Mercedes coupe. Van Hoover introduced those who did not know each other.

William, the blond bearded one, and Bothis the banker had already met the surgeon. No wonder, Carole thought to herself as she entered the living room, held on a leash by her master. They certainly frequented the same libertine clubs.

The young woman wore a short black dress and high heels. She kept her eyes lowered as they took their seats on the sofas.

"Here's our pretty dog," William said, inhaling loudly. "I definitely get hard whenever I see her!"

A gravelly laugh greeted his words.

– Take off your dress; Van Hoover ordered him.

The young woman obeyed immediately, she pulled the dress over her head and faced the five men in high heels.

– Come forward and take off your shoes.

Carole took a few steps and pulled them away.

– Well, gentlemen, how about a drink? Van Hoover suggested.

– That's an excellent idea, William retorted. Our little slave will be useful to us...

The young woman went to get the glasses on the bar counter. She knew everyone's preferences in alcohol. William drank single malt whiskey. The banker had a strong taste for bourbon. The two lawyers, Jerry and Walt, were into vodka.

She brought the glasses and turned to the surgeon.

"What can I get you, master?" she asked him.

De Groodt gave her a wry smile. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her to his feet.

– Get on your knees, he ordered. I don't drink alcohol, never... but I'll have a soda. Go get it for me, then you can suck me off.

Carole stood up, her head still down, and went into the kitchen. She came back a few minutes later, a can of soda in her hand. She knelt down in front of the surgeon and handed it to him.

Then she unbuttoned her pants, unzipped them, and slid the garment down her thighs.

She heard him blow above her and licked the engorged head. De Groodt sighed and set the can down on a coffee table. He stroked her cheek as she ran her tongue along his cock.

She closed her mouth around his penis, sucking it gently until it grew thick and hard as steel. De Grootd grabbed her by the back of the neck, forcing her to speed up her movements.

She heard him moan as the first tremors ran through him. She tightened her grip on his cock and pumped him vigorously. He groaned and his cum shot into Carole's throat. She swallowed it quickly and waited for the tremors to calm down before pulling out.

"Looks like our surgeon got his baptism according to dear Paul!" William sneered. "She's a good cocksucker, doc, don't you think?"

– That's true; replied the interested party. A good little submissive, very obedient.

Carole stifled a sigh. She should have been used to their demeaning, humiliating words. That was what bothered her the most about this relationship. Van Hoover insulted her, put her lower than the earth but he was her master.

She endured the hurtful words of others for him. To prove to him how submissive she was to him, that she was his slave even if the term disgusted her. William tugged on her leash and she knelt between his feet.

- I want you to kiss my feet; he ordered her.

– Yes, master.

She took off his shoes and socks and leaned down to kiss his feet.

A hand slid between her thighs and two fingers entered her.

She served them dinner, after sucking each of the men. Their hands brushed against her, feeling her up every time she placed a plate in front of one of them.

They went down to the basement after coffee and like every Friday night and she suffered the whims of these gentlemen. The surgeon seemed particularly attracted to her. She saw him talking with his master during the evening. She was convinced that they were planning something.

They took a break for a drink and a rest, and Carole took the opportunity to catch her breath. Her jaw ached from sucking on it, and her back ached from being whipped and hit with a flyswatter. Her bottom bore the marks of the whip that William had brought down on her about twenty times.

They left at about two in the morning. De Grootd lingered in the living room with Van Hoover. Carole showered and rubbed local anesthetic on her buttocks and lower back. She put on a nightie and went back downstairs. The two men were talking in Afrikaans.

She went to sit at her master's feet, fighting against fatigue and sleep.

– Are you tired? Van Hoover asked him.

– Yes master...; she murmured.

– Go to bed.

She thanked him, bowed to the surgeon, and walked away. She was asleep when Van Hoover entered the room.

They left for Johannesburg late the following Monday afternoon. Van Hoover had planned to stay there for about ten days.

He was to meet his partner and other men with whom he was in business and finalize the purchase of a uranium mine. They boarded his jet and took off for the economic capital around six o'clock in the afternoon.

Carole had planned several evening dresses. They were going to a charity dinner and Van Hoover had business lunches almost every night. She had wondered how he planned to introduce her to his staff or colleagues.

"We are to dine with the President tomorrow night at his private residence," he said once they were settled in the luxurious cabin. "I have no intention of treating you like a submissive in front of strangers."

Carole looked up at him in surprise. He gave her a smile before continuing:

- You are also my companion; that is how they will see you. The rest is private.

Van Hoover cupped her chin and pulled her closer. He kissed her tenderly, leaving the young woman stunned. He rarely made tender gestures towards her. She smiled back. As hard as he could be with her, as uncompromising in his treatment of her, she was deeply in love with him.

She had stopped asking herself questions. Despite Namur, she felt good in his company.

- I will do you honor, master; she said.

– By the way, you will only call me “master” in private for the next ten days, understood?

– Yes master...

- Okay, go to the bedroom, undress and wait for me on the bed, arms and legs spread.

– Yes master...

Carole unbuckled her seatbelt and went to the back. She crossed the part where he had set up his office and entered the room where she had slept during her trip from Paris. She took off her dress and underwear, put them on the dresser and lay down on the bed, completely naked.

She hoped he wouldn't keep her waiting too long. The flight time was very short. Barely two hours. She jumped when he opened the door to the room. He locked it behind him and took in the sight she offered.

– Hmm... I think I'll never get tired of looking at you naked; he said as he approached the bed.

He put one knee on the mattress while unbuttoning his pants. He started to stroke himself in front of her. Carole looked at his erection. It was already impressive. She bit her lip, she was dying to take it in her mouth.

She, who had never been a fan of this kind of practice, loved sucking him.

- Do you like watching me pleasure myself? he whispered.

– Yes, master... although I would prefer to give you some myself; she retorted, looking him straight in the eye.

- Really ?

– Yes master...but you already know that...

Van Hoover gave her a smirk before taking off his pants. He pulled his sweater over his shoulders and knelt between Carole's legs. He took his cock in his hand again and continued to masturbate without taking his eyes off her. She slid her hand on the bed, excited to see him do it.

- No... leave your hand where it is, I forbid you to touch yourself; he ordered in a peremptory tone.

Carole groaned in frustration.

– Look at me...

The young woman held back a sigh; she looked down at his erect penis. It was growing visibly. She bit her lower lip. Her hardened nipples were begging for caresses. She shifted on the bed.

– Bring your knees up and spread your legs a little wider. Grab your ankles and hold them.

Carole positioned herself as he asked. She held on tight, grumbling inwardly. She was dying to touch him, to kiss him.

– Hum... ; he said, speeding up the movement of his hand. I'm going to cum on you and then I'll lick you...

The young woman's eyes widened. Was he going to lick his own cum? She breathed faster. His sex was throbbing and she had a hard time keeping her hands from letting go of her ankles.

Van Hoover ejaculated on her sex and then on her breasts. He moaned, holding his penis there until her shudders subsided. He ran his tongue over his lips before leaning between Carole's thighs.

The young woman shuddered as he began to lick her sex with his tongue flat. He conscientiously lapped at the labia majora, then the clitoris. He moved up her stomach, sucking her breasts and sucking on her nipples.

She cried out as he felt his teeth bite into her. He increased the pressure. She cried louder and writhed. Van Hoover grabbed her ankles, lifted her legs and placed them on his shoulders. His mouth left her breast and he kissed her hungrily, devouring her mouth, playing with her tongue.

Carole grabbed him by the nape of the neck, kissing him back with ardor. She moaned against his mouth as he entered her. He began to work her until she tightened around him. She came brutally, letting herself be carried away by the wave that surged inside her.

Van Hoover came again, crushing her body on the mattress, short of breath, his mouth against her neck. They remained entwined for long minutes, the time it took to let their hearts return to a calmer rhythm.

– Go wash yourself and get dressed again; he said, breaking this moment of pure happiness. We will land soon.

Van Hoover straightened up and pulled on his pants next to his skin. He left the room, his sweater in his hand. He turned back to the young woman sitting on the edge of the bed. Their eyes met and he smiled at her before leaving.

## Chapter 28

The South African president's private residence was nothing short of remarkable: a grand Victorian house set in beautiful grounds. Van Hoover's limousine drove down a driveway lined with purple-flowered jacaranda trees.

Carole had never seen such beautiful trees. She admired the bougainvilleas in pink and mauve hues. Further on, she discovered giant canas. It was like being in a botanical garden.

“It’s beautiful,” she breathed.

Van Hoover smiled and took her hand.

"I'll show you around the city," he said. "You'll see Pretoria is full of wonderful buildings."

The vehicle stopped in front of the steps of the sumptuous residence. Footmen came to open the back doors and one of them held out a gloved hand to Carole. She grabbed the hem of her evening dress and got out of the car.

Van Hoover had come around the limousine. He placed a hand on the small of her back and she shivered. They climbed the stone steps and were greeted by a butler in immaculate white attire.

He led them into a large hall where mostly white couples were chatting. The President came up to Van Hoover and shook his hand warmly. Carole looked at him in amazement. Did the two men know each other?

– Mr. President, allow me to introduce Miss Clark, my companion; he said in English. Carole, this is Mr. President.

– Miss Clark, I am delighted to meet you, are you English?

– No sir, French.

– Ah... I love your country... your rugby team is not bad...

- Yes, but not as good as yours... you still won two World Cups; retorted the young woman.

The South African President raised his eyebrows and then smiled.

"Do you like rugby, Miss Clark?" he asked, scrutinizing her.

– Yes, sir, very much.

– Well, my dear Paul, cherish this charming young lady... and come and see the next national match in the official stand.

– It will be an honour, Mr President.

– Have a nice evening Paul, Miss Clark.

The statesman slipped away to greet other guests. A waiter approached and offered them glasses of champagne. Van Hoover handed one to the young woman and they clinked glasses.

- You fill me with joy; he whispered in her ear.

– Why? Because I like rugby? she replied in a mischievous tone.

He narrowed his eyes and led her into a gigantic reception room. He introduced her to businessmen dressed in tuxedos, accompanied by women displaying diamond necklaces or sparkling cuffs.

Carole thought that many of them had already had plastic surgery. She observed their snobbish manners, their haughty bearing. They looked Carole up and down with a smug air.

-Are you French? asked the wife of an investment banker.

- Yes, indeed.

- And what are you doing in South Africa? You are a long way from home; continued the woman.

The young woman held back a sigh. What could she say? Van Hoover came to her rescue by putting a hand around her waist and placing a kiss on her temple.

- Carole lives with me, Julianna; he said affably. And she's writing a novel.

- A novel? Are you a writer? asked a woman in a scarlet red dress.

- I don't have that pretension; it's my first novel. I'm not published yet; the young woman retorted with a smile.

- Hum...

He led her to another group of guests. Carole met businessmen, politicians and several sportsmen. She recognized some rugby players who had won the World Cup in 2007.

A man approached them and extended his hand to Van Hoover, a big smile splitting his face.

"Paul, old brother!" he said, embracing him. "What are you doing here?"

"I came on business," he retorted. "And you?"

- I coach a rugby team. How about introducing me to your lovely friend?

- Oh yes, sorry. Carole, this is Jan Van der Walt, a very old friend. Jan, Carole Clark.

- Nice to meet you; Van der Walt said, placing a kiss on the young woman's hand.

- Delighted; she retorted.

The man's gray gaze traveled down Carole's body, examining it shamelessly. He admired her curves highlighted by the black satin sheath dress. The boat neckline exposed her shoulders and Van Hoover had placed a diamond necklace

around her neck. She had tied her hair up in a bun from which a few strands escaped.

Van der Walt continued the conversation in Afrikaans, keeping the young woman in sight. She saw her master's mouth quiver and then he smiled outright .

"That's a great idea," he said, switching back to English. "We could arrange it by the end of the week. We're staying at the Sheraton. Call me to set the day and time."

- Perfect.

They parted ways and Carole didn't dare ask what they had agreed upon. She had a little idea, however. Seeing how Van der Walt had undressed her with his eyes and knowing her master's propensity to lend her to his friends, she didn't doubt for a moment what they intended to do with her.

Two days later, Van Hoover told her she was going to spend the next evening or even the night in another suite. She held back a sigh. Who would she have to please this time?

She showered, put on the dress her master had chosen for her, slipped her feet into pumps, and waited for him to finish his phone conversation . Van Hoover went into the dressing room and returned with his collar and leash.

"You know what that means, don't you?" he asked, closing the buckle of the collar.

– Yes, master.

- Good. I will take you to your masters for a few hours. You will do everything they ask you and you will be punished if you do not satisfy them, understood?

– Yes, master.

Van Hoover hooked the leash to the metal ring of the collar and led her down the hotel hallway. She prayed she wouldn't meet anyone. They walked about ten yards and he knocked on the door of a suite.

The door opened to reveal Van der Walt, all smiles.

– Come in, Paul, he said, stepping aside to let the couple in. They're here and eager to see the surprise I have in store for them.

Carole wondered who this “they” was and followed the two men into the living room. She stifled a groan when she discovered four young men who were obviously very athletic. The sleeves of their t-shirts barely contained their biceps and their tight jeans did nothing to hide their anatomy.

Van Hoover tugged on the leash and the young woman advanced into the middle of the room. The conversations had died down. She could feel their eyes fixed on her. She glanced at them furtively. They must have been between twenty-two and twenty-five years old. She held back a sigh. They would certainly be more enduring than her Friday night partners.

"Here is your surprise," said Van der Walt. "She is yours until tomorrow morning. She will obey all your orders. You may do with her what you like."

"You mean fuck her?" asked a blond guy with bulging biceps.

– Yes... in all positions, two, three... whatever you want.

"Only one condition," Van Hoover interjected. "I want no marks on my face and no permanent marks on my body."

– No problem; said a tall, dark-haired man, getting up. She will be treated like a queen...

The two men looked at each other and Van Hoover handed the leash to the brunette who was devouring Carole with his eyes. He pulled on it and she found herself pinned against him.

– You can order food and drinks. The hotel management will serve you without any problem. Any questions?

- What is her name?

– Her name is Carole, she is French but she understands English.

– Super...

"I'll leave you, I have an appointment," he added to Van der Walt.

His friend walked him to the door and assured him that he would find her in perfect health. The coach joined the boys and saw with a smile on his face that they looked very busy.

The young woman had taken off her dress and her pumps. She was only wearing her collar and her leash. Two of the young rugby players had sandwiched her. The tall, dark-haired man had grabbed one of her nipples between his lips and was sucking it greedily. While the blond boy had put one hand around her waist and the other between her thighs.

The other two boys had undressed and joined the trio. Van de Walt shook his head.

He would have liked to enjoy the young woman too, but he had obligations that he could not escape. He greeted them without them realizing it and left the suite.

The blond boy had lain down on the bed and impaled the young woman on his stake; one of the other boys came to caress his little hole before inserting a finger. He took a condom from a glass cup placed on the bedside table and unrolled it on his impressive member.

He took up position between his colleague's legs before grabbing the young woman by the hips.

"Peter, are you sure your big cock will fit?" the tall, dark-haired man named Harry sneered.

- Yeah... I'll have to, I really want to fuck him...; the person in question growled.

He pushed his cock against Carole's anus and spread her buttocks with both hands. She moaned and arched her back. Her cry was lost under the hand that gagged her. Harry pushed harder without caring about the young woman's moans. He penetrated her three-quarters of the way and stopped.

"You should have used some lubricant," said the one holding her by the hair.

– No problem, I'm almost there...

Indeed, he managed to penetrate her completely and began to go back and forth inside her. The third young man let go of Carole's mouth and came to kneel on each side of the blond boy's head.

- Suck me; he ordered the young woman.

Despite her uncomfortable position, she licked the head stretched out in front of her. Peter's thrusts pushed her forward; with each advance the sex banged against her throat. She moaned louder when a more violent thrust made her swallow the erect sex up to the glottis.

Pulling out was impossible for her, held down by four hands. She tried to make the young man cum in her mouth. They moaned almost at the same time and she felt their tremors throughout her body.

They ordered dinner and invited the young woman to join them. She was coming out of the shower when a waiter pushed a table on wheels. Stainless steel covers covered the dishes. The man slipped away discreetly, not without raising his eyebrows. The young men were only wearing their boxers.

Carole entered the living room and approached them. They were staring at her intently. They had been using her body for several hours, taking breaks to allow her to recover. Unlike her master's friends who only cared about their own well-being.

She sat on a couch, wearing an ultra-short dress. They wanted to know how long she had lived in Cape Town, how she had met Van Hoover...

They took great care of her, serving her a drink whenever her glass was empty. She enjoyed the evening and laughed heartily at the boys' jokes.

She learned that they had been playing rugby together for several years and that their dream was to win the next World Cup. They eventually returned to the room and the young woman complied with all their desires.