

**RANDI'S**

**FATE**

**THE BLACK**

**WATCH**

**BOOK TWO**

Dark Visions Publications

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## CHAPTER ONE

Randi cried and cried until she had no more tears. She strained at her confinements until it was clear beyond disputation that she could not free herself. And then strained and strained some more out of fear and frustration and having nothing else that she could do. She opened and closed her eyes, the only part of her, besides her fingers and toes, that she could move, but her vision didn't change, everything was black, black, black.

That man had shined a light into her eyes, confirmed her identity through his little device. He had gotten a good look at her, had played with her breasts, squeezing and mauling them like they were fruit he was buying at the market. But she hadn't gotten a good look at him. The transition from utter darkness to even limited light had been blinding. And then he loomed in front of her, more of an ominous shape than a man. And his voice had been harsh, very harsh, and callous. Even Jimmy had been deferential to him. And then, moments after the light had been flashed in her eyes, the contents of the package confirmed, she had been closed up in darkness once again. Her box had been lifted, placed on something and custody of her had been transferred from Ma and Jimmy to callous, cruel, unknown people, people that even Jimmy and Ma feared.

Where were they going? Where were they taking her? How long would it take to get there? What would happen to her when they arrived? How was she ever, ever, ever going to escape? These questions ran madly through her mind. She didn't know how far away Jimmy and Ma's house had been from her home; she had been knocked out during almost all of that ride. Jimmy's car was from the next state, but that could have been a dodge so that if anyone ever went looking for him they would look in the wrong place. And how far away would they be taking her now? Miles and miles away, she felt sure. Would she be held prisoner in some harrowing basement like at Ma's, never knowing exactly where she was? Would she be used as a whore, having to fuck and suck dozens of men a day, or be kept prisoner by some psychopath, tortured and tortured and tortured until she begged for death. Begged to jump into the furnace, like Ma had said? And they would use her ass, like Ma had said they would. And maybe tattoo her like Ma did, this time etching the word 'slut' or 'whore' or something else humiliating and shameful on her forehead.

And then something would come over her and she would strain and strain at her bindings, yell as loud as she possibly could, rock her body, shake her head, grip

her hands into tight little fists, and howl, howl, howl her rage and her misery into the confines of her little box, screaming into her mind, "Let me out! Let me out! I don't want to be a whore! I don't want to be a slave! I want to be free! Free! Free!" But the sounds she emitted barely escaped her throat. The movements she was able to make were so infinitesimal so as to be practically nil. The screaming in her mind, pathetic and useless, just seemed to confirm the inevitability of her fate. All it sufficed to do was to plunge her deeper and deeper into depression and misery. And she would start to cry all over again.

She had no way to measure time. Sometimes she tried counting, one one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand, until she got up to two minutes, three minutes, once all the way to five. But then she stopped. She kept getting lost, forgetting whether she was on thirty one one thousand or forty one one thousand or maybe twenty one one thousand. And the fruitlessness of counting became apparent to her. They had been driving a long time. Much more than an hour, she thought. Maybe two.

And then she had to pee. She didn't want to. She knew it would make the box all smelly. And wherever she was going they might punish her for it. She held it for as long as she could, closing her eyes and trying to wish that feeling of immanency away. She felt it leaking out. And then she gave in. She released her water, expecting it to slosh all over the bottom of the box. She hadn't noticed the pad embedded in the bottom under her sex. It was very absorbent and killed the odor. Other than a slight whiff, it was as if it never happened. It was a small, small, comfort.

How far could you go in two hours? A hundred miles, a hundred and twenty? Surely that would be on the Interstate and surely the driver wouldn't want to speed. So maybe going 65 miles per hour in two hours they could be 130 miles from where she had been picked up. And Jimmy had driven her about three hours, three hours at least, she thought, maybe more. That was a 190 miles at full speed, assuming he went on main highways. So maybe they had already gone over 300 miles since she had left Ma's. 300 miles? That was more than the distance from New York to Boston, or Washington DC to Pittsburg, Chicago to St. Louis. And that's assuming they were going all in one direction. For all she knew they could have doubled back and then gone north or south or east or west. She could have no idea of where she was, or even if she had been right about how long they had travelled.

And then there was boredom, boredom, boredom. Time passing like molasses dripping off of a table. Or a snail crossing a football field. Or paint drying. She tried and tried and tried to think of anything except what was going to happen to her, but it was impossible to take her mind off it for very long, other than perhaps to remember the horrible things that Jimmy and Ma had done to her. But that

didn't help. It only made her think about how much worse it might be whenever she got to where she was going. And how Gwen had betrayed her. Every time she thought of that an iciness formed in her belly. They had been friends for years! Years! How could she ever do anything like that? Was there no one who could be trusted in the whole world?

The truck had stopped once or twice, for reasons unknown to her. It had slowed and swerved a few times, as if going down an exit ramp. But it had always started up again almost right away. Finally, the truck slowed, slowed, slowed, and came to a stop. Then it backed up. She was sure it was backing up! They were there! They were there! Wherever there was. A chill went through her and she began to cry again. She remained in place for a long time, 20 minutes, a half hour, maybe more, every moment a moment of terror as she awaited the removal of the box's lid to reveal her new owner to her and her to him.

And then she felt her box being moved. It was lifted up and placed on something. She screamed and sobbed. She was so frightened that she thought she might burst. Now it didn't seem a bad thing if the ride had gone on forever and ever. It was like when her father had sent her to her room to await a spanking when she was little, and then she heard his feet coming up the stairs. A vast emptiness opened in her belly and she felt herself plunging into it.

She felt the box being lifted again. Then she rolled some more. The floor or ground or whatever it was must have been rough since she could feel the vibrations from the wheels. And then she was lifted again and shoved forwards. What was happening?

The first clue she had that her ordeal was not over was when the oxygen was fixed up again to the box and fresh, cool air was blown in. She released a woeful sob. Anything had to be better than being confined like this! The second clue was when she felt the box begin to vibrate. But the vibration was different, stronger than it had been. And then they moved, slowly, slowly, slowly and made kind of a turn. Then the vibrations got very strong. She could almost hear the engine. And then they moved forward, fast and then faster and faster and faster. She felt her body pressed backwards. And then there was a sickness in her belly. She was tilted up.

They were in the air! She was in a plane! "Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!" she exclaimed inwards. Where were they taking her? Where were they taking her? It could be anywhere? Hundreds and hundreds, even thousands of miles from home. How fast could you go in a plane? 200 miles an hour? 300? She didn't know. They could be taking her anywhere from Maine to Alaska, Canada maybe. Or Mexico. It was wrong! Wrong! Wrong! How could they do something so mean? How could people be so cruel? What was going to happen to her? What was going to happen?

The permanency of what was being done came home to her. She would be a thousand miles away from home, all alone, in the power of ruthless and thorough people. If she didn't do what they said, they would beat her and beat her and beat her or maybe punish her in ways that were unimaginable.

A numbness went over her. Terrible things were always something that happened to other people. Now she was one of those other people, someone who something horrible had happened to. She imagined her box inside the passenger compartment of a very small plane. The pilot was no more than 5 feet away from her. Some unknown guy flying her to her terrible fate. He had to know what was in the box. Did he care? Even a little? Did he sometimes have rough nights where he thought that maybe what he was doing wasn't right? Or maybe she was in some bigger plane and her box was marked 'dog' or 'cat' or just 'pet' and nobody knew that there was a bound and naked girl inside being taken off to slavery. If she yelled and screamed, would they hear her? Could she rock the box to make it jump and make someone suspicious? And then she thought no. These were very careful people. They wouldn't risk anything like that, as unlikely as it may be. Any screaming or rocking or struggling she did would be fruitless and only serve to make her feel worse.

The flight was about 2½ hours. Randi had been right about the van doubling back, at least part of the way. It wouldn't do for a supplier to be able to guess where the airport was. And the plane flew at a steady 300 m.p.h. It was a Piper Meridian turbo prop, seating 3 passengers and a small area in the back for cargo. There were two passengers, a young, very attractive woman, about 30, dressed in a stylish, short skirt and blouse, who had just done a hit on a businessman in Terre Haute. The other passenger, a fiftyish, slender man dressed in a dark blue business suit had just embezzled \$21,000,000 from a mercantile bank in Chicago and was on the second leg of a trip that would eventually take him to Buenos Aires, a new identity and a new life. Neither commented on the black box with the little air hose going to it that was behind the passenger seats when they got in, or spoke a single word to each other or the pilot the whole trip.

Randi sensed that the plane was landing when she got a light feeling in her belly. She felt the plane falling, falling, falling and then felt the jolt as the tires hit the runway. The man and the woman got out first, the man to rush across the tarmac to another, larger plane, a small jet, that would take him to Miami. The woman got into the back seat of a waiting black Mercedes and drove off. Randi's box was manhandled from the passenger compartment of the Piper, carried over to a small delivery van waiting nearby, hooked up to a compressor and then driven away.

She was on the road again, she knew that. And she knew that it had to be the last leg of her trip. An unbearable despondency subsumed her. It was so horrible! She was too sad even to cry.

It was only a 20 minute ride from the airport. The van pulled into the parking lot, did a 'k' turn and backed into the garage. As soon as it was in, the large garage door came down. Two men dressed in black jumpsuits with the letters 'BW' printed on them in 3" high, white block letters over their hearts, opened the back of the van and slid the big black box out onto a small cart. The cart was rolled across the loading dock to a large freight elevator. Two other men had rolled a larger, longer cart onto it holding a wooden pallet loaded with small boxes. The men all looked at the box containing Randi. They all knew what was in it. A couple of them came in just about every other day, and others went out again. Nobody said anything. The Black Watch ran a bordello about 5 miles away from the way station just for the staff and the men would enjoy the attentions of one or more of its involuntary inmates later when they got off work. The elevator went down.

The men with the long cart got off on the next floor. They nodded to the other men friendlily, and they nodded back. Randi's cart was taken off of the elevator on the 2<sup>nd</sup> level down. The elevator door opened to a small vestibule with a sparkling clean cement floor and bluish gray colored concrete block walls. There was a large steel door. One of the men went up to it, flashed a company i.d. at the reader and then entered a code number. The lock to the door issued a metallic 'clang'. The second man pushed the door open and the cart was pushed through.

There was a long hallway on the other side. The concrete floor gave way to linoleum tiles, black and white. Wire covered light fixtures lined the hallway and there were several doors to the left and right.

They rolled the cart to the first door on the left. The first man repeated the security procedures and the door clicked open. They rolled the cart into the room. It was relatively small, about 20' x 30'. There was an island in the middle of the room about 4' high, 8' long and 4' wide. The walls, like the outside of the room, were concrete block. In the corner was a shower with a drain built into the floor and a chain hanging down from the ceiling. The room was lit by 2 bright fluorescent lights that had been bolted into the concrete ceiling. The men lifted the box onto the island and proceeded to unlock it all around. They drew off the top.

Randi felt like issuing the mightiest scream that had ever been screamed, but she was too afraid to do even that. Her eyes jerked back and forth looking at the two men. It was very bright in the room and she had a hard time making them out. They looked hard, one maybe in his late thirties with a thick, brown beard, and the other a little more heavy set, younger, maybe in his 20's, with a clean chin. She had been holding it in, but the sight of the men, the small room, the steel door behind the men, just caused her to lose it and she peed. One of the men saw it and

laughed, pointing it out to the other. Neither said anything as protocol demanded that they be absolutely silent.

The first man, the older one, took an electronic device off of his belt and entered something into it. He approached Randi, used his right thumb to raise her left eyelid and flashed the device into her eye. He then looked at the device. He was satisfied at what he saw, showed it to the other man and they both nodded at each other. They put the cover back on the box, connected it to an air hose and left.

Randi shook and quailed in her little box. What had just happened? Was she going to be shipped out again to someplace else? Was this her destination? Who were those men? She pulled and struggled at her bonds. She had, for the most part, been glad that she would be released from her little prison and was grossly dismayed that the lid had been put back on again. And the fact that an air hose had been connected didn't bode well for her getting out soon. She closed her sightless eyes and prayed.

It was about 45 dismal minutes later that she heard the lid being unlocked again. It was lifted off and she had to blink and squint her eyes in order to see anything. What she saw surprised her. It was a woman's face. A young woman. She had short, curly, reddish brown hair and was pretty. She tapped the side of her face and said, "Hello, Crystal. Are you all right in there?"

Another woman was behind her. She edged her way in. She had long blond hair, was young as well and had an attractive face. She was smiling, it seemed, ear to ear. "Hello, Crystal," she said merrily. "My name is Bridgett and this is Susan. We're going to be taking care of you a little while until we can get you shipped out to your new owner."

She paused for a moment to let that sink in. She tapped Randi's face a couple of times. "Are you with us, Crystal?" she asked. Randi was crying but she tried to nod her head a little bit.

That seemed to satisfy Bridgett. She spoke to her again, slow and stern, and just a little bit loud. "I need to tell you a few things, Crystal," she said, "so pay attention. As long as you are a good girl, nobody here is going to hurt you. We have just two rules. I'm sure you are familiar with them. The first is that you remain absolutely silent at all times. Any attempt at speech will be severely punished. The second rule is that you be absolutely, 100% obedient. Any attempt at struggle or resistance, or disobedience will result in very harsh, very painful discipline. Now, without speaking, tell me whether you understand."

Randi was on the verge of hysteria. These women, these beautiful, young women were going to be her jailers. She would have to obey them to the letter. She wouldn't be able to talk at all, to ask what was going to happen to her, to ask where she was, to beg and plead to be let go. The blond haired woman, Bridgett, had spoken with a little southern twang. Maybe Oklahoma or Texas. Nevada? But the



other one had had a northern accent, definitely big city, not New York but maybe Chicago. Cleveland? Milwaukee? How long was she going to be here? What were they going to do to her?

“Answer me, Crystal, or are we being a bad girl already?” Bridgett asked menacingly. Panicked, Randi did her best to shake her head, blink her eyes, look the harsh but pretty woman in the eyes pleadingly. Bridgett smiled and tapped her cheek again.

“Good girl,” she said. The two women were dressed in short sleeved black t-shirts, with BW in white block letters over the hearts, black jeans and black boots. They were both very shapely, maybe 27 or 28 years old, or maybe a little older. On their belts were little electronic gizmos, not phones, which were expressly forbidden on company property. The blond woman had a clipboard with a couple of pieces of paper on it. It had a little pen on a string. She looked at the device on her waist and put it back. She wrote something on the clipboard and hung it on a hook by the door.

Then she turned back to Randi. “Okay,” she said matter of factly, “let’s get you out of this contraption.” Susan, the brown haired one, came up to her side and she felt her releasing her right wrist from the lock that had held it in. She leaned over and spoke into Randi’s ear.

“We’re going to do this really slow, Crystal,” she said softly. “So you don’t strain a muscle. Don’t move your arm unless I guide it.”

Randi felt her wrist released. Immediately, the strain on her shoulders was lessened. Susan moved her hand downwards to her side and then slowly brought it out and towards her head. She felt a sharp pain in her muscle and cried out. “Easy does it, Crystal, easy does it,” Susan said gently. Slowly, she brought the arm up to Randi’s front. Bridgett was standing by. She had retrieved something from a cabinet under the island. Randi watched as something was wrapped around her wrist. It clicked closed. It was a leather bracelet with a ring in the bottom. Susan took her arm all the way up to the top of the island. There was a chain running from a ring in the center a few feet away from Randi’s head. She clicked it onto the bracelet and released her arm.

Bridgett performed the same procedure with her left arm. Randi groaned with pain as it was stretched. When it was fastened to the chain in front of her, Susan patted her on the head and said, “Good girl. Now we’ll do the feet.”

The legs were just as difficult. Randi groaned and cried several times as her legs were stretched out, one by one. When they were fully extended the women attached bracelets to them and then fastened them to chains in the corners.

After Susan had removed the harness around her head, the women teamed up, one on each side, to slide the apparatus she had been confined in out from under her down by her feet. When done, they placed it on the floor.

The women commenced to massage Randi's arms and legs to make sure that her circulation had all started up again. Their hands were firm but gentle. Randi was happy at the comfort it gave her, but uncomfortable that the women felt so free with her body. It was heaven to be able to move her head again and she let it lay down on the padded surface of the island and closed her eyes. The big monstrosity was still in her mouth. One of the women, she thought it might have been Susan clipped something around her neck. She didn't resist it.

After rubbing her down for a few minutes, one of them, she wasn't sure who, gave her rear a not so gentle slap and said, "Okay, time to get you all cleaned up."

They released her feet first, but placed an 18' long chain between them. Bridgett ordered her to roll over, which she was able to do because of the way her wrists were chained off. When she was on her back, they released her hands. The bracelet on her right wrist had an 8" long chain dangling from it. They ran the chain through a ring in the front of her collar and then attached it to the band around her left wrist.

The women helped her to sit up and then swung her feet over the side of the island. Holding on to her upper arms, they eased her off of it. Randi felt like she was going to collapse, but the women held her firm until she was able to maintain her balance. When she had steadied, they shuffled her over to the shower head. "We're going to give you a nice shower and clean you up," the blond woman said. "You'll feel a lot better when we're done."

They released her wrists from her collar and held them over her head. They connected them to the chain that hung there. Susan crouched down and released her feet, ordered Randi to spread her legs and then attached her ankle bracelets to chains in the floor while Bridgett turned on the shower. The shower head was on a long hose and when Bridgett felt the water had warmed up enough brought it over to Randi and held it over her head.

Bridgett had been right. The warm water felt like heaven. Randi closed her eyes and leaned her head back so that it ran all over her face. It felt so good running down her body. She released a long, deep sigh. The women let her stand there for a few moments, letting her enjoy it. There was no intent to be mean or cruel at the waystation. Business was business and the females were always to be strictly confined even when it was only a short transfer like from the island to the shower. And discipline, for obvious reasons, had to be maintained at all times. Although Bridgett and Susan, not their real names of course, were inured to the fate of their charges, naturally they were very well paid, and even though they took salacious enjoyment from the subjugation of pretty, young, naked women, they were not sadists and had some sympathy for the poor girls' predicaments. They were only human, after all.

Bridgett took the shower head and used it to wet a large, soft sponge in Susan's hands. Susan squirted some liquid soap into it. Without ado, she used the sponge to soap up Randi's whole body. Randi just kept her eyes closed and let them do whatever they wanted. She was tired and spent and had no power to resist even if resistance had been possible. It did not pass her by that the women had kept her continuously chained and confined since releasing her from the box. After all, she was worth over \$150,000 and they had to be careful with her.

She took no notice when Susan washed her crevasse and her breasts. Ma had done the same thing and she was getting used to it. Even when she ran the sponge along her crack in the back and pressed it against her little star back there, it didn't faze her.

Bridgett rinsed her off and then wetted her hair again, hair that Ma had cut short. Susan applied the shampoo, massaging her scalp very nicely. Bridgett rinsed her hair and Susan applied a conditioner. After letting it sit for a minute or so, Bridgett washed it out. Bridgett stepped up to her while Susan was drying her hair and her body with a large, fluffy bath towel. She tapped Randi on the face to get her attention.

"I'm going to pull this gag out now, Crystal," she said. "Remember, no talking."

Randi looked at her sadly. "My name's not Crystal," she protested to herself.

Bridgett took hold of the tag attached to the big ball in her mouth and started pulling on it. Randi obediently expended her mouth as far as it would go. It took some effort, but Bridgett was finally able to get it over her teeth and out.

She placed it on a little shelf by the shower head. She took a bottle of moisturizing soap, wetted a washcloth and poured some soap into it. She went up to Randi, ordered her to close her eyes and washed off all of her makeup. She rinsed the cloth and then wiped off all the soap.

There was a tube of toothpaste on the shelf and a fresh toothbrush in a cellophane wrapper. Bridgett took it out of the wrapper, placed some toothpaste on it and stepped back up to her. "Open up, Crystal," she said almost sweetly.

Getting bathed was one thing, but having your teeth brushed by another person was something else. It felt so invasive. But other than issue a little whine, she did nothing to resist it.

When she was done brushing her teeth, Bridgett took a bottle of mouthwash off of the shelf and poured some into a paper cup. She brought it to Randi and, after telling her to tilt her head back, poured some into her mouth. She instructed her to swish it around in her mouth for a bit and then spit it out. When Randi had spewed the mouthful onto the tiled floor beneath her feet, Bridgett poured her some more and the procedure was repeated.

While Bridgett put the mouthwash bottle back, Susan commenced brushing her hair. It wasn't difficult with it so short and it only took a moment or two. Bridgett came back to her holding a 12 oz. bottle of some light orange colored liquid. It looked like Gatorade or something. All of a sudden, Randi remembered how thirsty she had been in the box and how thirsty she was now. And hungry. Very hungry.

Bridgett turned the top off of the bottle, removed the paper safety shield and brought the bottle to Randi's mouth. "Drink it all up, Crystal," she said, and placed it at her lips. She gradually tipped it up and up and up as the bottle emptied. Randi drank it down thankfully. It felt so good going down her throat and into her belly. Bridgett shook the bottle while Randi tilted her head back so she could get every drop. When she was done, she tapped Randi on the cheek again and said, "Good girl."

Susan had something in her hands. It was a small jumble of leather straps with something attached to it. Randi didn't like the look of it. Susan shook it out. The straps were connected to a wide leather circle. Randi cringed as she realized what it was. It was a ring gag. She had seen them on the Internet. Men used them to stick their cocks into women's mouths. Was that what was going to happen to her? Was somebody going to fuck her mouth? She didn't want that in her, no way! She clamped her jaw shut and looked at Susan pleadingly. Susan just shook her head and frowned.

She placed the gag down on the island and opened a cabinet underneath it. She pulled out a 2' long wand. Randi had seen something like that before too. Ma and Jimmy had one. It was a zapper.

"Oh my god!" she thought unhappily. The nice, pretty young woman was going to punish her! She wanted to scream out that she would cooperate, that she would open her mouth and accept the gag, but she knew she couldn't speak. She began to shake and whine. She shook her head back and forth. Susan checked the wand to make sure it was fully charged. She adjusted something on it. She stepped up to Randi.

"Remember when Bridgett told you that we want 100% obedience, Crystal?" she asked. "Did you think she was joking?" Randi shook her head wildly.

"You're going to cut the shit right now," Susan said firmly. "I'm putting it on low for now, but for a second offense it will be much worse."

Randi shook her head vigorously and whined. She tried to pull her legs together, but her ankles were firmly affixed to the floor. As Susan brought the wand closer, she drew her hips back and groaned unhappily. Susan placed it against the folds of her sex. A second later it went, 'crack!' Randi's body jerked and she screamed in pain. Susan applied it again. 'Crack!' it went and Randi howled. She would have fallen had her hands not been confined above her. She

stared at Susan shaking her head miserably. She had her jaws clamped down tightly to resist the urge to beg and plead. Her widespread, tear-filled eyes did her pleading for her. But to no avail. Susan applied the wand once more to her sex. It went, ‘crack!’ again and Randi issued another howl and started to sob. Susan stepped back and let her go on for a while. Then she said, sternly, “That’s enough, Crystal! Cut the shit and open your mouth!”

Sobbing, Randi opened her mouth widely. Susan tapped her on the cheek and said, “Good girl.” She placed the wand down on the island and picked up the gag. She brought it to Randi’s mouth. It was difficult to get in. Randi’s mouth was a little small, something her orthodontist had complained about, and the ring gag was one size fit all. Bridgett had to help her, pulling down on Randi’s jaw, but they got it in. Randi’s mouth was spread wide open and she issued a miserable sounding whine that emerged from her spread lips as a kind of, “...ooooooooouuuuuu!”

“That’s the good girl, Crystal,” Bridgett said. Randi looked and saw that Susan had something else in her hands. It looked like a plug with a rubbery thing on the end. Bridgett held Randi’s head still while Susan addressed it to the hole in her mouth, sliding the rubbery part in and somehow attaching the base to the outer portion of the ring gag. It fit on snugly. There was a small bulb built into the base. Susan, smiling, held onto Randi’s jaw firmly and began pumping the bulb. As she did, the rubbery thing in her mouth started to grow. Randi panicked and her eyes opened as wide as saucers. “...ummmmmmpf!...uuuuuuumpf!” she moaned.

When the rubber bulb had filled her mouth, Susan stopped pumping. Tears were streaming down Randi’s face. The misshapen ball had been bad enough, but this was a thousand times worse. It felt like her mouth was going to explode. Susan looked at her for a moment, patted her on the cheek. “Maybe a little too much,” she said softly. She adjusted a little valve and for a second and a half and some air rushed out. The pressure in her mouth eased. Susan closed the valve. “Okay?” she asked Randi. Randi just spread her eyes widely and shook her head. Both Susan and Bridgett laughed.

Susan released her feet from the rings in the floor and reconnected her ankles with the chain. Susan released first her right hand and then her left and connected them with the little chain on her right bracelet through the ring in her collar. They escorted her over to the island once again. Randi shuffled over in little baby steps. They turned her back to the island and, grabbing her thighs and her arms, lifted her until she was sitting back down on it. They made her turn so that her feet were towards one end and told her to lie on her belly. They connected her ankles again to the chains at the corners. They made her arch up her back and lift her head. They released her wrists and attached them to the chain at the top.

Susan disappeared for a moment and then returned. She had a large plastic bottle of lotion. She squirted a large dollop into Bridgett’s hands and then into her

own. She put the bottle down on the end of the island. "You're going to like this," Bridgett said smiling.

They proceeded to rub the lotion all over her body. It was true it was comforting. The women had gentle but firm touches. But she knew it wasn't for her own benefit. It was so she would stay nice and smooth and soft for her new owner. That part made her sad. When they had done her back and the back of her legs, Susan released her legs and told her to turn over. They did her entire front, over her breasts, rubbing and massaging them a little more than was strictly necessary, and tarrying over her hairless mons, stroking the sides and her lower belly.

They rubbed the lotion into her now makeup free face, along her arms and even over her feet. Bridgett, her long blond hair flowing behind her, released her ankles from the corner of the island and moved them up towards her hips where she fastened them off again. She pushed her thighs apart and received a nice dollop of lotion from Susan. She gave Randi a sardonic smile and began to rub the lotion into the insides of her thighs. She did it slowly, slowly, slowly. Randi looked up at her. She was clearly enjoying her work. Despite her fear and her unhappiness, Randi's body felt all relaxed.

Then Bridgette's hands came down to her crux. She rubbed it along the sides. Susan crept up beside her and began to massage one of her breasts. Randi knew what was happening and she released an unhappy moan. It barely emerged from her throat. Bridgett ran her hands up and down her thighs, smiled, and dipped her head. Her mouth went to her crevasse.

Randi squirmed and moaned as Bridgette tongued her. Susan was playing with her breasts, massaging them, squeezing them, playing with her nipples. When Bridgette commenced sucking on her clit, Susan took a nipple in her mouth and began to suckle it, her hand massaging and kneading her other breast.

"No!" Randi thought. "Don't do this, please!" She wasn't a plaything, a whore, a strumpet a slave! She wasn't! Really! Really! You have to stop! Please! Please!" she called out in her mind.

But the pleasure was overwhelming. She closed her eyes as Bridgett's tongue lapped at her pleasure bud and then slipped up and down her crevasse, pausing to enter and circled around her womb's entrance. She did it again and again, driving Randi further and further along the road of passion. Susan suckled and stroked and murmured sweet sounding but lewd things in her ears. "Good girl, Crystal! Good girl! Enjoy it! Let your juices flow! Does your little cunny like it? Of course it does! You're a whore now, Crystal. Whores like you love to get their pussies licked. You like it, don't you? Don't you?"

And then she would return to suckling at her breasts, seizing her nipples with her teeth, running her tongue over it. Meanwhile Bridgette started flicking her

tongue wildly on her screaming little nubbin. Randi moaned and arched her back. She squiggled her hips. She tried to press her thighs together, but Bridgette's hands held them fast apart. A momentous surge was building in her loins. It built and built and built and she couldn't stop it. She yanked at the chains that confined her, she whined and moaned and struggled. She tried to bite down on the thing in her mouth, but her jaw wouldn't move an inch.

And then, like a switch being thrown, her pussy commenced a series of body wrenching contractions. She moaned and screamed and cried and sobbed as the pleasure ran through her, electrifying every part of her body. The mouth below went on and on and on, the tongue relentless and merciless, while Susan mauled her aching breasts and whispered in her ear, "Come on, whore! Come on! Give it to us! Give it to us! Come like the whore that you are!"

And just when she didn't think she could stand any more, Bridgette relented. She washed her pussy lips with her tongue, gently stroked her thighs and her belly while Susan gently stroked her breasts. "Good girl, Crystal, good girl," she crooned.

They ceased their ministrations when all of her aftershocks had passed. Bridgette got up and wiped her face on the towel Susan had used to dry her. Susan ruffled her hair affectionately. "You're a hot one, Crystal," she said sweetly. "You're going to make a great whore."

Randi cringed. She was shamed that she had come so easily for the women. Susan's voice echoed in her ears, "Whore, come like the whore that you are!"

"I'm not a whore! I'm not a whore!" she cried inwardly. But she knew that they were making her one. It seemed like anyone could touch her and she would cream. "And my name's not Crystal!" she exclaimed to herself sadly as she closed her eyes in shame and sorrow. She knew why they kept repeating it. So that she would get used to it. After months and months and months of everybody calling her that, that would become her name and she would forget all about Randi. Forget about her prior life. Forget that she was once free and happy. And settle down into being the whore called Crystal.

Bridgette dumped the towel and the washcloth in a little barrel. She came back to Randi and patted her belly. "Good job, Crystal," she said. "But that's enough for now. We've got to get you put away. Somebody will come by and feed you in a little while. I'll bet you're as hungry as hell."

Randi didn't like this putting away talk, but she did want to eat. Just at the mention of it her stomach rumbled. Bridgette released her ankles and restored her ankle chain. Susan released her hands from above her and fastened them to the ring on her collar. She ordered her to flip over. Randi hadn't notice it before, but there was what looked like an oversized wheelchair in the room. It was built into a squarish light green plastic frame. It looked like something from a Lego set.

Susan had gotten something out of a drawer in the island. She came up to Randi and Randi felt her rear cheeks pulled apart. Susan's fingers went into and around her little hole back there like she was greasing it up. Randi moaned and squirmed. What were they going to do?

They had her sit up and helped her off of the island. They shuffled her over towards the chair. When they got close to it, Randi realized why her rear hole had been lubricated. There, near the middle of the seat in the chair, a little bit towards the back, was what looked like a 4" or 5" long plug. It had a little lip at the bottom. It looked like it was made of hard rubber but had several narrow metal rings embedded around it. It was thick, thicker than she knew her rear hole to be. Were they really going to sit her down on that thing? Really? She stiffened and released a whine. The women gripped her arms tightly.

"Don't fight us, Crystal," Bridgette said sternly. "Or you know what will happen."

Yes, she knew what would happen. But she couldn't just let them impale her on that could she? Couldn't she just beg them a little not to, promise to be good, say whatever it took? Couldn't she do something?

But she didn't resist. She started to cry again, softly and mournfully. The women turned her around and brought her backwards to the seat of the chair. They pushed her down. The prong butted up against her rear cheeks.

"Hold her up," Bridgette instructed Susan. Susan held her in place by her upper arms while Bridgette squirreled herself underneath her. She placed a little finger on her rear entrance and then, with the other hand on her belly, guided her hole to the tip of the prong. She withdrew the finger from her anus and pushed down until the tip of the prong pushed against her slippery hole, guiding it into place. She withdrew her hand and grabbed Randi's hips.

"Slowly now," she told Susan. The two women pressed her down. Randi whined and moaned pitifully as the prong began to widen her little entrance. It stretched it just up to the breaking point and then she went down, down, down, until it was sunk deep within her. Her little ring stretched just a little more, causing her to whine with pain as it went over the little lip. And then it grew smaller again, but still widely spread.

She looked up at the two women piteously. Susan ruffled her hair. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" she said merrily. "You'll get used to it."

The women didn't bother to explain why they were treating her so cruelly. She wasn't going anywhere. Why were they doing this? Ma's words came back to her about ass fucking. Was that what this was all about? Were they getting her ready for ass fucking? Randi would learn later that that was only part of it.

Susan and Bridgette released her wrists from her collar. There were broad arm rests, slightly depressed, on the sides of the chair and they placed her lower arms in



them. They fastened her bracelets to rings at the ends. Then they released her ankles and fastened them to the chair. They pulled up little platforms from the bottom that she could rest her feet on. There were buckles for her upper arms, fastening them tightly to the chair and straps that went around her thighs, spreading them apart. One strap went over her left shoulder, passed between her breasts and attached to a buckle at her left hip. That was pulled tight. Another strap went from her left shoulder to her right hip. That was pulled tightly as well.

They placed straps around her knees, forcing them apart and rendering them motionless. Behind the seat was a head rest. Susan adjusted it into position. There was a ring in the back of Randi's collar and it fit neatly into a little hole there and was locked off.

Randi was fastened snugly into the chair. She could hardly move a muscle. Her knees were slightly higher than her hips and the seat she sat on went only about the length of her buttocks, like they had run out of wood or something. Her sex was hanging over the edge. She whined and struggled, but she could not move. Were they going to leave her like this?

Susan crouched down between her knees. Randi sensed her fiddling with something. A second later, something poked at the entrance to her womb. Randi couldn't see it, but she guessed what it was. It was slick and easily pushed the walls of her canal apart. It was long and thick, as thick as any cock she had ever had in there which was only 3 when you came down to it, Jimmy, Stu and Dennis, who had taken her virginity. Although Dennis hardly counted since she had not fucked him again. She had wanted to get it over with since, it seemed, all her friends had done it, and Dennis was as good a candidate as any. In truth, he was good looking, but a bit of an asshole.

The prong went in easily, but the feeling of being stretched was disconcerting. She squirmed and whined. Susan ran some straps from the device up over her thighs and fastened them to rings in the insides of the chair. She adjusted it carefully so that it fit snugly against her pussy lips, covering them. Something pressed against her clit. Randi squirmed, but she couldn't dislodge it.

"Snug as a bug in a rug!" Bridgette said merrily. The two women seemed pleased. Randi just whined and moaned. Her face was full of tears. She couldn't ignore the beast they had run up her rear nor the plug they had placed in her sex. And her mouth felt invaded and filled. And the only things she could do was maybe move her head a little from side to side and wriggle her hands and feet. Why did they have to treat her so mean? Why?

As if in answer to her question, Bridgette spoke. "I know it's uncomfortable, Crystal," she said. "But we've got to make sure you are in tip top shape for your new owner and you don't try and injure yourself. So we're going to keep you snugly bound until it's time to go. It won't be long, maybe a couple of days.

There's nothing you can do about it, so just relax and don't fight it. It's all for the best."

Bridgette went to the clipboard. Susan opened one of the drawers on the island and took out a little rectangular piece of cardboard attached to a thin chain. Bridgette went over to the clipboard, checked the device on her hip and wrote something down on it. There was a rectangular piece of paper on the clipboard with a smooth backer. She peeled off the paper. Susan handed her the piece of cardboard and Bridgette spread the piece of paper over it. She came back to Randi, leaned over and draped the chain around her neck so that it fell just below her collar. She straightened the cardboard so that the writing on it was face up and level, just above her breasts. There were three lines of printing. The first line said, "ABX392784-194." ABX was the designation of the facility. 392784 was Ma's account number. 194 meant that Randi was the 194<sup>th</sup> package Ma had sent on. Underneath the code was her new name in large, black block letters, 'CRYSTAL'. Underneath the name was a bar code.

There was a little electronic display on the side of the chair. Bridgette clicked it on and typed in Randi's stock number. She lifted the cardboard on Randi's upper chest to make sure she got it right and then dropped it back in place. She turned off the display.

Susan had gone back over to the island and pulled something from a drawer. When she approached Randi, she saw it was a little black cotton bag. Randi's blood ran cold. "Not darkness again! Please! Please, don't do that! Please!"

Susan ignored the pleading little eyes, spread the black bag open and unceremoniously draped it over her head. She pulled it tight around her neck. One of the women kicked at something on the base of the chair and it rolled free. She heard a clang of the opening of the door and the chair was put into motion. She cried as it turned to the left and travelled some distance, maybe 30' or 40' feet or more. They stopped. There was another 'clang' and the chair was turned to the right. Traveled another short distance, somewhat longer than the first, and then another clang and the chair was turned to the left. It travelled a short distance and stopped.

Randi heard a sound that sounded like the opening of a cage door. Her chair was turned and then pushed backwards. It hit against something and stopped. The back of the chair had a socket which matched a plug coming from the wall exactly. One of the women kicked at something at the bottom, locking the wheels.

The cotton bag was loosened around her neck and the bag was pulled off. Bridgette was standing leaning over her and Susan was behind her and to the left. She was in a large cage that went all the way up to the 10' high ceiling. It was made of steel and the bars were crossed and very close together, forming 2" squares. There was a space of maybe 5' or so on either side of her and about 10' in

front. Randi whined and her blood ran cold. They were going to leave her like this! They were going to leave her like this! Please don't! Please don't!" she thought madly.

Bridgette spoke to her. Her face was only a foot or so away from her own. "As long as you're good, the bag will stay off," she said tersely. "If you're naughty, you'll be punished and the bag will go back on. Someone will be by to feed you in a little while." She patted her cheek again. She smiled. "Rest up and enjoy your stay," she said and laughed.

Bridgette and Susan backed out of the cage. The door was swung closed and locked. Randi watched them as they walked down a 10' wide corridor to the shiny steel door. Bridgette waved a pass at it, punched in the numbers. Susan said something to her, draping her arm across her shoulders, and they both laughed. Susan looked back, smiling, and gave Randi a little wave. The door opened, they went through it and it closed again with a little, 'clunk!'

## CHAPTER TWO

Randi looked around. You could see through the thin, crossed bars of the cage, but not clearly. It seemed there was a line of cages on either side of the 10' wide corridor, maybe 5 on each side. She looked to the left. There was a girl in a chair like hers two cages down from her. She had black hair and was looking back at her, but that was all she could tell. Across the corridor and down to her left, she thought she could make out two other girls. They were very indistinct and she couldn't even tell what color their hair was, though the green of their chairs stood out. And there, right across from her, was a blond girl sitting facing her. She had strawberry blond hair that went down to her shoulders. Her face, like Randi's was obscure. She was bare-chested, like Randi, and it looked like she had big breasts. There were no cages to her right, there being about 5' of space and then the cinderblock wall.

The room was well lit, with long fluorescent lights running down the corridor between the cages, casting a bright light and giving off a faint buzz. There was music coming from speakers somewhere, soft, elevator type music. It made Randi sick just to hear it.

Suddenly, she screamed with all of her might. She yanked and pulled at all of her bonds. She shook her head from side to side. Her whole body shook and quivered. And then she stopped and started to sob.

She ran out of sobs before too long. She looked at the girl across from her. She couldn't see her eyes really well. Who was she and where did she come from? Where was she going? How many women had passed through this little assembly of cages, and how long did they stay? How long would she stay? Bridgett, or was it Susan, she forgot, had said a couple of days. Did that mean 2 or 3? Or could it be more and they just weren't telling her? And when would she eat? She was starving and just the thought of food made her stomach growl. She wondered whether they would make her eat from the floor like Ma did. Or would somebody come in and spoon feed her while she sat imprisoned in the chair?

She shook her head. She was tired and hungry and afraid. It was frankly unbelievable that she was here, somewhere in the United States, in the basement of some building, all bound up like some kind of astronaut ready for liftoff. It couldn't be real! It just couldn't! Someone would come by and say it was a big joke, or they had made a mistake. Somebody would say they were sorry and take

her home the quickest way possible. And she would hug her mom and dad, crawl up the stairs to her bed where she would fling herself down and cry, cry, cry.

But none of those things was going to happen. Ma had made that clear. Even if she escaped, those Black Watch people would hunt her down the rest of her life. She would have to hide in some dinky little town, change her name, get a fake social security number, never, ever, see or contact her family again. She would have to completely fall off of the radar of society. But she would take that risk. If only she could get free. If only! If only!

She struggled in her bonds again. There was no way she would ever get out of the chair by herself. No way! And then she would have to unlock the cage. And then the big steel door, and then at least one other door. Then ride up the elevator which probably needed a code or a key to operate, and then somehow get outside past whoever was upstairs. It was impossible! Impossible! She would never get free! She was going to be somebody's property! A slave just like in olden days! A pretty little slave girl with a nose just a mite too long.

She whined as loud as she could. She tested her bonds again. She shifted her weight slightly. There was a thing in her bottom! It was hard to believe that anyone could be so cruel. She couldn't ignore it for a second! It felt like she had to make a big poop. But it was more than that, something evil and sickening. The men were going to fuck her there. It would be gross and horrible and dirty and she would have to endure it.

And the prong up her pussy. That was hard to ignore too. She couldn't resist trying to squeeze her muscles down there and maybe expel it, but she knew that was just as unlikely as everything else.

And her mouth? Was somebody going to come along and fuck it? Would they get her out of the chair to do it or did they have some way to do it just as she was? That thing inside, it filled her mouth up completely. She couldn't move her tongue and the thing was butting up against the edge of her throat, keeping her just on the border of choking. The plethora of straps around her head felt like it had been seized by an amoeba, or maybe an octopus that was about to begin feeding on her. She could see, barely, the strap that connected just above her nose and went between her eyes. What horrible, horrible people to put something so horrible on her!

She shook her head again, side to side, it was all she could do, and tried to bite down on the mass in her mouth. But of course her mouth couldn't move because of the gag. Her lips were spread open like she was going to issue a mighty scream, or suck a huge cock. It was horrible! Horrible! And so unfair!

She closed her eyes and leaned her head back. There was nothing she could do. "All is lost! All is lost," she thought miserably. She was exhausted and tired of

fighting. Her fear and sorrow had taken everything out of her. A few moments later, she was fast asleep.

She woke when she heard the rattle of her door being opened. A young, slightly pudgy black girl came in. She had wild looking black hair. She was pretty and she smiled broadly when she saw Randi. She had on the same black t-shirt and pants as the other women. She came into the cage. She was towing some kind of machine. It had a large, round glass cover on top and some hoses leading from it. The girl, without saying anything, brought it to Randi's right and plugged it into the wall. She turned to Randi.

"Hiya, Crystal," she said merrily. "Hungry?"

Randi stared at her and whined. She didn't know what the machine was for, but it probably wasn't anything good. The girl had a device on her hip like Susan and Bridgett. She took it off her hip, turned it on and then waved the screen at the tag on her chest. The device released 3 small beeps.

"So far so good," she said. She flipped a switch on the machine and it started to hum. She leaned over and fiddled with the valve on Randi's gag. The air rushed out of the bag in her mouth. Randi gave a little sigh as the pressure in there was relieved. Then the woman unhooked the outside of her gag and removed it. All that was left was the yawning hole.

The woman reached into a side pocket on the machine and produced a cellophane bag holding a 3' long clear tube. There was what looked like a coupling at one end and it kind of rounded off on the other. The woman placed the bag on the side of the machine and reached into the pocket again. She brought out a small, blue cardboard box and drew clear, thin rubber surgical gloves out of it. She drew one over her right hand. Then she did her left. She kept looking at Randi and smiling like she was putting on some kind of performance for her.

She ripped open the end of the bag with the coupling in it. She attached the coupling to one of the clear hoses on the machine. She pressed her foot on a lever at the base of the machine and it began to make a loud 'whirring' sound. The tubes started to fill up with a gross looking mauve colored sludge. Randi watched it progress slowly up the tubes until they were both full. The woman took her foot off of the lever and the sludge stopped.

She looked at Randi. "Now don't give me any trouble Crystal," she said sternly. "This here thing is going in one way or the other. It'll be a little uncomfortable at first, but you'll get used to it."

Randi stared at the machine. She stared at the hose. She stared at the woman. She had been trying to figure out what was going on. She had had a suspicion about what the machine was for, but she suppressed it out of disbelief. Now it was clear and undeniable. The woman was going to put that thing down her throat and they were going to force feed her! "Oh my god!" she thought wildly.

She began to whine and cry. "Please don't! Please don't! Please don't!" she thought miserably. The woman released a plastic guard on the end of the tube and a little of the goop spilled out onto the floor. "Here it comes," she said with determination as she brought it to Randi's mouth.

It was more than she could take. She shook her head and howled. "Ooooooooooooooooooooo! Ooooooooooooooooooooo! Ooooooooooooooooooooo!" she protested. She looked at the black woman, tears streaming down her face.

The woman leaned back a bit with a frustrated look. "You naughty girl!" she drawled at her. "Well, I'll fix your wagon!"

She restored the plastic plug to the hose and then placed it back in the cellophane sleeve. She pushed the machine back and stepped close to the chair on Randi's right. She opened the little panel there, where Bridgett had made her entries earlier. A blue lighted panel shined up. The woman pressed a few buttons. "I see you've been bad before," she said as she examined the display. "Well, after this, you'll think twice about that!"

She stepped away from the chair and placed her eyes on Randi expectantly. Randi was shaking with fear. All of a sudden the plug in her rear started to vibrate. She had barely time to notice it when a vicious shock struck her down there. She jumped and screamed. "Ooooooooooooooooooooo!" she howled, "Ooooooooooooooooooooo! Ooooooooooooooooooooo!" louder each time. She looked at the young black woman piteously. "I'll do it! I'll do it!" she wanted to scream. She felt that vibration again and her soul sickened. An instant later another shock rocked her. A circle of harsh, vibrant pain emanated from her grossly filled rectum up to her hips and down her legs. She screamed again, "Ooooooooooooooooooooo! Ooooooooooooooooooooo!"

This was way worse than the electric prod! Way worse! And the fucking thing was inside her! She strained at her bonds, desperate to raise herself and expel the probe in her rectum. The vibration came again. Another body wrenching shock! She screamed and sobbed and howled. She looked at the woman. She pushed a button on the display panel. "Had enough?" she asked snidely.

Randi nodded her head vociferously. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" she wanted to scream. The woman paused a moment. And then she spoke, "Okay then. Let's get on with it!"

She closed the display panel on the side of the chair, whipped the cellophane off of the tube, removed the stopper and crept close to Randi. "Now just let this kind of ease down," the woman said. "Kind of like swallow it. It'll go a lot better."

Randi shook and quailed as the end of the tube approached her mouth. Then it was inside. She pressed her head back as far as it would go against the headrest, but she didn't resist. She felt the tube go across her mouth slowly. It butted up

against the end and then the woman pressed it a little harder. It popped into her throat.

Randi's whole body was shaking as the tube slowly snaked down her esophagus. She felt it go deep within her. She coughed and gagged. All she could taste was plastic. The woman placed her foot on the lever again and the goop started flowing into her belly.

The woman watched the progress carefully. It felt like some kind of animal had crawled down her throat. It made her feel chilled all over. She had the impulse to bite down on the tube, but her teeth were splayed widely apart. The tube felt huge and it was hugely uncomfortable. The sludge kept coming and Randi's belly was filling. It was warm but not hot. She began to feel bloated. She cried and kind of rattled her head, but did not shake it. She didn't want to do anything that would seem like resistance. Her body was still vibrating from the shocks in her rectum.

When the woman felt that enough sludge had entered the tube, she flipped a switch. The sludge kept moving, but now it was backed up by water. The water kept pressing, pressing, pressing the sludge until it was all gone. Then the warmth turned to cool as she received a water chaser to her meal. After a about half a minute, the woman took her foot off of the lever. The water that had not yet gone down her gullet slid back in the tube.

The woman unhooked the tube that was down Randi's throat from the tube that led to the machine first. The water had all gone past the linkage and she held the tube up and the rest went back into the machine. She put down that tube and turned to Randi. She slowly pulled the tube up from Randi's belly. Randi shivered as she felt it slithering up. When it breeched her mouth her whole body relaxed and she started to sob.

The woman tossed the used hose into a plastic bag on the back of the machine. She tore off her thin rubber surgical gloves and tossed them in too. She looked back at Randi and tousled her hair. "Now that wasn't all that bad, was it?" she asked. "All that fuss and all that punishment for nothing. We wouldn't do anything to hurt you girl! You're too important, to somebody that is. That stuff I gave you is chock full of nutrition and vitamins and such. It's all you need. I gave you a little extra since it's been so long since you ate. Your full belly will probably make you sleepy. I suggest you take advantage of it and rest. Okay?"

Randi looked at the woman dispiritedly. How could people be so cruel? How many times would she be fed this way? Were there any worse things that could be done to her? And she never, ever wanted to be punished again. She knew what those metal rings around the prong were for now. Her bowels seemed to be still throbbing. And she felt so full! And all she got to taste was plastic! It really wasn't very fair, was it?



The young black woman was wrapping up. She turned off the machine and unplugged it. When she had everything set she turned back to Randi. "You better get with the program, missie," she said to her. "I wouldn't want to be you if you fuck up again!" She took the base to her gag off of the machine and presented it to Randi's mouth. She had it in in a jiffy. She pumped the little button inside until Randi's mouth was filled. And then she gave it 3 more pumps, straining Randi's jaw and cheeks. Randi whined and tears drifted down her face.

"That's for being a pain in the ass!" the girl said rudely. She went over to the side of the chair and pulled the black bag that Susan had put on her out of a pocket. "And you get to wear the bag for a little while. See if you learn to be a good girl after this." She spread the bag and pulled it over Randi's head. Everything went black. Randi whined. The bag was drawn closed around her neck.

She heard the sounds of the unnamed woman leaving her cage. She unlocked it, exited, closed it and locked it again. Then she heard her across the way from her. That cage opened.

"Hello, Bonnie!" she heard the black woman say gaily. "Ready to eat? I'll bet you're starving."

Randi could hear the sounds of the woman getting ready to feed the girl across the way. She heard the machine turn on and the woman gurgle and cough and whine as the tube was placed in her throat and she heard the humming of the machine as it pumped. She leaned her head back. Her mouth was stretched just about as far as a mouth could be possibly stretched. It was uncomfortable in the extreme. And the loss of her sight again was very saddening. Although all she had been able to see were the cross hatches of her cage and the bare outline of the other girls, at least it had been something. She whined and rolled her head back and forth.

A sourness spread through her. How was she going to be able to stand it? How was she going to survive? But who wanted to survive like this anyway? It would be better if they killed her. But she knew they wouldn't. She was too valuable. And she was somebody else's property. They were only her temporary caretakers. And if her new owner decided to kill her, she was sure it would be long and agonizingly painful. She didn't want that either.

She listened to the woman service the other girls. She called one Candy and another one Lassie. Obviously those girls had been given new, insulting names too. Her body filled with torpor, all the blood going to her digestive tract. She fell asleep again before the woman was done servicing the last girl.

### CHAPTER THREE

She awoke some time later. She had no way of knowing how long. She tried to look around, but everything was black. Then she remembered why and released a long whine.

The time passed agonizingly slowly. She whined and struggled from time to time, just for something to do, but it had no effect on her predicament. It seemed like hours went by, slow, agonizing, helpless, forlorn, motionless hours. All was quiet in the cell block except for the insipid music and the faint buzz of the bright fluorescent lights. There was no singing, no human voices, just the music of some bland orchestra. Most of the tunes were familiar sounding, although she couldn't place them. One or two she recognized as a song that her mother or father liked. Every note of the music emphasized her powerlessness, but she had to admit it was to some extent calming and made the time pass less agonizingly.

She tried to remain silent. She could hear the girl opposite her sobbing from time to time, but not see her, of course, because of the bag over her head. She was mortified that the other girls had heard her hooting and hollering when she had been punished. When she thought about it though, she realized that most of them had probably been through the same thing.

All she could do is to close her eyes and try not to be afraid. At one point, maybe after an hour and a half or so, she really couldn't tell, someone came into the cell block. One of the cages down on her left was opened. Whoever it was said something to the girl that made her squeal. Randi heard the sobbing girl's wheelchair being brought down the little corridor, the clanging of the lock on the door to her right and then another clang when it closed. The girl didn't come back.

It was about another, long, hopeless, motionless hour after that that something dismaying happened. It started out as a little buzzing in the thing that had been placed over her sex, right against her clitoris. Randi stiffened when she felt it. It went on for about 30 seconds and it started to cause a trilling in her loins that she didn't like. But it was when the long thick cock in her chamber started to vibrate as well that she became more upset and started to squirm in her chair. That went on for about a minute. She was desperately trying not to let the buzzing excite her, but it was getting harder and harder.

It was then that the thick probe began to move. Randi felt it sliding out of her now slick pouch. She looked down and she saw that the machine like thing they

had put over her pudenda had caused it to retreat and it was now projected from her loins like a little horn. And then it slid forward again, all the way down. A trilling went through her that she could not deny. She shifted in her chair again and gripped her hands into fists. "No! No! Please don't do this!" she thought madly.

And then the prong retreated again. And then it went forward. And then back, and then forward. It was vibrating as it moved and suddenly the vibrations grew stronger as did the vibrations on her little bud. Randi whined and squirmed in her seat. "Please don't do this!" she thought again. But, of course it didn't stop. It went on and on. She began to whimper and tried to shift her hips. She bit down hard on the gag in her mouth and strained at her bindings. It got to the point that an immediacy was building up in her loins. She shook her head and jerked hard at her straps, but it did nothing. She felt a moan building up inside her chest. She tried to resist it, but it came out anyway, muffled and deep, but there all the same.

"Go away! Go Away! Stop! Stop! Stop!" she called out frantically in her mind. At one point she issued a loud, angry, anguished groan, part in protest at what they were doing to her and part forced out by the surging in her sex. Finally, she leaned back resignedly. She started to cry, but her tears were quickly overwhelmed by sighs of passion.

"Oh god! Oh god! Oh god!" she exclaimed inside as the force of her need spread all throughout her body. The pace of the thrusting had picked up gradually, so gradually that she didn't realize it until the prong was surging back and forth at an alarming rate. She closed her eyes. Now she wanted it! The feelings had gone way past the point where she would be grateful at their cessation. Her pussy, as if having a mind of its own, was trying to thrust back at the intruder. The buzzing on her clit was driving her mad. It was like the piercing squeal of the highest note you could ever hear. It penetrated every part of her body. She moaned again and again and again.

Then her puss exploded. Its repeated, hard, pulsing contractions made her groan. Her body shook. She bit down on her gag. She squirmed her body. Her mind screamed in anguished, shameful, pleasurable protest. It went on and on and on and she groaned and sighed and squealed.

She was grateful when the buzzing on her nubbin began to wind down. The thrusts of the prong slowed. As her groans wound down, she noticed the sound of the other women. They were groaning and moaning as well, or winding down from it. The computer, or whatever it was that controlled the devices on their loins, had started them all up at once so that all of the captives would be in heat at the same time. It was another indication of their status as products, items all being treated the same, carefully maintained to remain at a peak of lustfulness. The machine on her pussy must have had some way of determining whether its subject had come or not because one of the girls, who had apparently not finished, was still groaning

and moaning with all her might, going, “Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmpf! Mmmpf! Mmmpf! Mmmpf!”

The girl in front of her, the blond, was apparently finished and burst out into sobs. Randi felt like doing the same, but held back. She didn’t want to give them that victory over her.

The vibrations stopped. The prong sank back deep inside her and went still. And then, nothing but the music again.

A long time went by. Hours. Hours of nothingness but the stupid music and maybe an occasional sob or moan from one of the other girls. It just dragged on and on. The buzzing sound from the lights became very annoying. She wouldn’t notice it for a while and then it was almost that she couldn’t notice anything else. It was like the buzzing of a bee except a bee would stop every once in a while when it landed on something. She tried to concentrate on the songs in the background. After a while, her mind would deaden and she would forget about it.

She had given up struggling except for a desultory strain of her wrists from time to time out of compulsive habit. She fell into an occasional light sleep, which was a welcome relief from her miseries about what had been done to her, what was being done and what was going to be done to her. Or thinking about her lost life. Or bursts of hatred for Ma and Jimmy and Gwen. And sometimes just a fierce, debilitating sorrow that soured her whole body. And sometimes just nothing as she tried to empty her brain. It was hell not being able to see. It made everything much worse.

She had to pee several times and held it back as long as she could. She expected to be all stinky and wet when that happened, but apparently the chair was designed to whisk her urine away. It still felt funny dribbling down her crevasse around the plug inside her. She began to worry about getting a rash.

Every once in a while someone would come in and wheel one of the female captives out. Randi guessed that it was another young woman from the sound of her voice when she addressed the captive of her choice. A long time would go by and the girl would be wheeled back.

She was fed again, and this time did not make any trouble, even though she cried and sobbed as the evil procedure took place. Feedings were timed for every 3 to 6 hours or so, to keep the girls from relying on it as a measure of time. It was the same young black girl who had fed her earlier. She left her hood off as a reward for her cooperation. About a half hour after all the girls had been fed, the buzzing came on again and she and the others were subjected to another round of humiliating, shameful passion, howling their unwanted pleasures throughout the cell block.

Finally, one of the women came for her. Randi figured she had been locked into her evil chair for more than 5 or 6 hours. She was wrong, it was more like

eight. It was a pepper pot of a girl, with short brown hair, a Midwestern face seemingly bursting with joy and energy. When she entered her little cell she smiled and patted Randi on the cheek. "How's my little girlie doing," she asked merrily.

Randi panicked. Was it time for her trip to her new owner? A chill went through her and a pit opened up in her belly. Her eyes must have reflected her fear because the young woman said to her, "Don't worry, Crystal, it's not time to go. You'll be with us for a while yet. I'm just taking you on a little trip." She took the device from her hip and beeped it on the UPC code on the tag on Randi's chest. Then she put the black bag back on.

She pulled on the chair, disconnecting it from the wall. Then she got behind it and pushed the chair out of the cell. She closed the door behind them but didn't lock it. They moved the short distance to the door. She heard it 'clank!' open, and they went through it. It clanked closed. They turned left and went down a hall for a little while, not far, maybe 30' or so. They entered a room on the right. The door clanked closed behind them and the girl pulled the bag off her head.

Like the other rooms, this one had grayish blue cinderblock walls and a cement floor. The ceiling was high; the room was about 30' by 40'. Randi noticed right away a machine in the middle of the room up against the far wall. It was a treadmill. Above it hung a leather harness. There was what looked like a comfortable, black plastic chair off a little ways away from it on the left. In the left hand corner was a toilet with a small sink next to it.

"Oakly doaky, Crystal," the woman said to her. "We're going to take a little dump, if you can, and then we're going to have a little exercise. I don't want any trouble from you. You've already been punished twice and the next one will be a doozey. Are we on the same page here?"

Randi looked at the girl miserably and nodded her head. Resistance was futile and pain was horrible. It was a no brainer.

First, the girl released her wrists and arms from the chair and then locked her wrists to the front of her collar. Then she unstrapped her legs and placed a chain between her ankles. Then she unstrapped the rest of her, easing the prong out of her puss. She placed it in a compartment on the left side of the chair.

Next was the humiliating part. She grabbed her by her upper arms. "Okay, Crystal," she said. "Remember, first you got to go up and then out, okay?"

Randi nodded.

"Okay, here goes," the woman said enthusiastically. She pulled her up. Randi was able to assist her with her legs. Her little ring stretched uncomfortably as it went over the lip a half an inch from the base, but then everything went ok. It felt so good to have her ass unplugged. The woman guided her by her arm over to the toilet. She backed her up to it and sat her down. She connected a chain from the

wall to the back of her collar. She disconnected the chain between her ankles and stepped back.

"I'll give you about 5 minutes," she told Randi. "If you don't go, you'll get an enema. So if you want to avoid it, do your best right here."

Randi didn't have to wait 5 minutes. Her lower belly had been feeling cramped. She didn't want to do it in front of this girl, but she really, really didn't want an enema. She performed dutifully.

The girl, who had been standing there watching her, asked, "All done?" Randi nodded. "Good girl," she said. She came up to her and locked her feet together again. She released her collar from the wall and made her lean forward while she cleaned her. She tossed the paper in the toilet and made Randi stand. She flushed the toilet and washed her hands at the sink.

"Okie dookie," the girl said. "Let's get you up and over to the treadmill." She took hold of her elbow. She made her stand and then led her, shuffling, over to the treadmill. It may seem silly to have her ankles chained together for such a short trip, but the philosophy behind it was well formed. To the greatest extent practicable, their guests' freedom of movement was to be reduced to its absolute minimum, even if only for a few seconds. Number one, it enhanced security and reduced the chances that an assistant might leave a girl unfettered long enough to make a fuss. Second, it brought home clearly to the girl the hopelessness of any thought of escape or resistance. And third, and not the least in importance, it commenced the process in which the girl would learn that every aspect of her existence from now on would be carefully controlled and subject to the whim of others.

When they got to the treadmill, there was just enough play in the chain between her ankles to allow her to place her bare foot on the black mat. The girl, holding her elbow, gave her just enough assistance to bring the other one up as well. The girl turned her so that she was facing the front of the machine. The leather harness was dangling just in back of her. Quickly and expertly, the girl applied it to her torso, leather straps going around her waist and across her chest, beneath her bound hands. A strap went down between her naked breasts to the one around her waist. Straps went over her shoulders. The girl adjusted the straps until they were tight all around her. Then she released her hands from her collar and fastened her bracelets to rings on the strap around her waist, at the sides. She adjusted the chain that connected the harness to the ceiling so that it was taut. Only then did she crouch down and remove the manacles from her ankles.

The control buttons were at the side by the front. The girl stepped up to them and made some entries. Then she looked up at Randi. "The belt will start out slow so you can warm up, but it's going to get going eventually at a pretty good pace. Do your best to keep up. If I catch you dogging it I'll punish you and we'll start all

over again. You look like you're in pretty good shape so you'll probably do all right."

The girl pressed the start button on the machine. There was a whirring sound and the belt beneath her feet began to move. Randy, startled, stumbled a bit but then commenced to walk. The girl went over to a refrigerator by the wall and took out a 10 oz. plastic bottle of diet Pepsi. She cracked the top, took a long swig and sat down in the black chair.

Randi quailed as she stepped along the mat. How fast would it go? How long would she have to do it? How could this girl, who seemed otherwise nice and friendly, be so cruel? Why was this happening to her? How could all this be real? How was she ever going to get away?

After about a minute, the belt started to go a little faster. Randi quickened her pace. So far so good, she thought. It was a lively, but not yet brisk walk. But then, another minute or so into it, the belt speeded up again. Now she was stepping fast. It was much faster than you would normally walk, unless you were in a big hurry. She started to feel the strain in her legs. Her breath started to become labored.

And then it sped up again. It was just a little slower than an out and out run. Almost like a jog. Now she was scared. How much faster would it go? Her mouth, of course, was sealed and she had to draw her breaths in through her nose, which was becoming increasingly difficult. Her legs were beginning to tire. Coldness swept through her as she feared punishment if she faltered. She issued a long, unhappy whine.

She glanced quickly at the girl. She was sitting with her legs crossed, watching her calmly, sipping her soda. Then her eyes turned straight again and stared at the grayish blue, unforgiving concrete block wall.

The machine whirred again and, to Randi's horror, the treadmill tilted up. Now she was going uphill! The strain on her legs grew greater almost right away. She whined again. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly. Her breasts were jumping and swaying wildly. She slipped a bit and stumbled for a second, but the harness held her aloft. She regained her pace again.

For the next 20 minutes or so, Randi was forced to obey the machine's commands. After a while, it lowered again. Then it sped up into almost an outright run, but then slowed down again. The ramp rose again, for about 30 seconds or so, and then went even higher!

She was sobbing now, in between her labored breaths. She couldn't even think about how long she would have to run, or how cruel these people were. Every spark of her consciousness was devoted to forcing herself to comply with the machine's demands. Her body was covered with sweat, her heart was beating hard and fast, her breath was so labored that she felt she might suffocate. It went on and

on! Her heart gladdened when the ramp lowered or the belt slowed down but sunk again when it sped up or she heard the whirring denoting its rise.

And then the belt seemed to go even faster yet. The belt rose first one level, then two and then three! She was all out running now. She wanted to scream, but her demand for air wouldn't let her. It went on and on that way, longer than ever before. It was like she was sprinting up a huge hill. And then, just when she felt herself on the verge of collapse, the belt slowed and went down a level. Then, in a little while, it slowed and went down again. Then down to flat and the belt slowed to a fast walk. And then slower. And slower. And slower. Then there was a 'beep!' and it stopped.

She could hardly regain her breath. Her heart was still racing. Her legs felt like rubber. But it was over! It was over! She thanked the stars for the small benefit.

The girl got up, tossed back the rest of her Pepsi and tossed the plastic bottle in a small trashcan by the door. "Good girl!" she said to Randi exuberantly. "I knew you could do it. I set the level a little higher than I usually do since you looked like you were in great shape. Next time we'll go all out and see what you can really do."

Randi heard this with distress, but was too caught up with regaining her breath and slowing the beating of her heart to otherwise react. She wanted, more than anything else, to be able to sit down. She looked over. The black chair seemed perfect for her needs. But the confining chair she had come in on was close by and she knew that she would soon be placed in it instead. The insulting prong jutted up from the seat rudely as if it was waiting for her. It made her heart sink.

The girl stepped up on the belt. She patted the outside of Randi's thighs until she moved her feet close enough together for the manacles and then installed them. Then she removed her wrists from the sides of the harness and locked them again to her collar. She removed the harness and then helped the crying Randi to step down off of the platform. She made her shuffle to the chair and, as Randi had surmised, to her great dismay, reinstalled her in it. The hardest part was aligning her little puckered entrance to the dreadful shaft and then easing her down. A stab of pain coursed through her as her little ring spread out over the lip near the bottom and then narrowed again. Once she was sitting correctly in her chair, the girl strapped her in like before. The only thing she didn't do was slide the faux penis back into her vagina. She left it in the side pocket where she had placed it when Randi had come in.

It was almost like it had never happened. The machine was still and lifeless like before and she was in her chair, helplessly and cruelly confined. Only the tiredness of her body and the shining sweat on her skin were evidence that it had really occurred.



The girl released the inflated prong from Randi's gag and drew it out. Randi looked at her worriedly, fearing some new cruel indignity. The girl went over to a cabinet next to the refrigerator and removed a yellowish plastic bottle. She cracked the top as she stepped back to Randi. "Tilt your head back," she told her as she adjusted the headrest to the chair.

Randi's thirst struck her all at once when she saw the bottle. She tilted her head back as far as it would go. Her ringed mouth was yawned open. The girl brought the neck of the bottle to her lips and began to pour the tepid liquid in slowly. It was difficult to swallow and every time Randi gurgled and began to choke, the girl tilted the bottle back until she recovered. Despite being lemon colored, the liquid had almost no taste. Just kind of a mediciney aspect. It was almost like being force fed despite no tube down her throat. It was like she was just some empty shell that stuff could be poured into.

When the bottle was empty, the girl tossed it into the same can into which she had tossed the empty Pepsi. She patted Randi on the cheek, saying, "Good girl," and then adjusted the headrest so that her head was straight up again. She reinstalled the prong into her mouth, attaching it to the outer portion of the ring and then pumped it up full until Randi whined in distress. She took the black bag out of the side pouch of the chair and, before she installed it over Randi's head, tousled her hair, smiled, and said, "You're a cute one." She leaned over and gave her a kiss on the forehead. "See you again soon," she said and then spread the bag over her head and plunged her again into darkness. A second later, Randi felt her hands on her breasts, lifting and squeezing them. "Yeah, you're a cute one all right," she said almost wistfully. Then she turned her chair and pushed her out the door.

They moved a very short distance down the hallway, to the right, and a door clanged open. The girl pushed Randi's chair into the room and brought it to a halt a few feet in. There was a moment's silence and then Randi heard the 'beep' of the girl registering her phone-like device on the UPC code on the tag on her chest. The door clanged again and the woman was gone.

She sat alone for a while in the deadly silent room. She was nervous that the woman had brought her someplace where something new and nasty was going to be done to her. She almost yearned for the safety of her cage where at least she knew what to expect. She squirmed on the post she was embedded on, tested her bonds, slid her head from side to side, but mostly did nothing.

It was about a half hour later that the door behind her clanged open. She sensed someone approaching her on soft shoes and come near her. Then there was the 'beep' of her tag registering on a new device.

Whoever it was, and she was pretty sure it was another woman, didn't say anything to her, but wheeled her chair further into the room. Her hands were released and attached together below her chin, her feet were released and manacled

and then her torso was unbound. Strong, boney hands grabbed her by her upper arms and urged her up. She didn't need to be told anything. She pushed up with her feet until she was clear of the prong and then stepped out. A firm hand led her several feet forward. Her hands were released and locked off over her head. Her ankles were released, spread, and then chained off again.

She realized that she was in the shower when she heard the water being turned on. It was sprayed all over her body and then she was soaped up. It was disconcerting to be handled and her body touched so intimately without knowing who was doing it. The hands were strong and perfunctory, not lingering on her more salacious body parts, but just accomplishing a task in the most efficient manner possible.

It was disconcerting for the woman, she was sure it was a woman now, to not even remove her hood to see who she was. But that really didn't matter, she realized. She was just a commodity. And if the other women called her by her fake name, or tousled her hair and told her how cute she was, well that didn't mean much either. She was just an object being processed and maintained. Like watering a plant, or feeding a dog and taking it for a walk. Nobody here cared about her, where she had come from, how horrible she felt, how scared she was. None of that mattered at all.

The woman stood in front of her and finally pulled off her hood. She was tall, older than the other women, maybe 40 or close to 45. She had carrot colored hair that was tied off behind her head in a short pony tail. . She was dressed like the other women, black pants, black t-shirt. But while the other, younger women had seemed polite and, if not kind, at least civil and a bit warm, this woman seemed as cold as ice. She quickly released the valve on her gag and then pulled the prong from her mouth. Then she unhooked the gag from behind her head and, using what seemed like unnecessary force that made Randi squeal, yanked the leather ring from her mouth.

The woman looked at her hard. Randi trembled. The woman stepped over to the island and opened the cabinet underneath it. She pulled out the zapper that had been used on Randi when she first arrived. She stepped back and clicked it on. Randi shook and trembled and suppressed the whine that wanted to be released. When the green light went on on the zapper, the woman looked harshly into Randi's eyes. "I'm only going to tell you once," she said coldly. "Shut the fuck up." And then she brought the tip of the zapper to her sex, pressed it against her love lips and pressed the button.

Randi screamed and her body jerked as if someone had pulled it on a string. The pain went down her legs and all the way up her spine to her brain. She started to sob, but quickly brought it under control, terrified that she might induce the woman to zap her again. The woman waited for her to calm down, or at least get

calmer, because only being back in her cell, all locked in and cozy was going to calm her down, and even then, well, you know.

The woman stared hard into her eyes. Randi stared back pleadingly, her lips trembling, tears cascading down her face. "Get the idea?" the woman spat at her.

Randi nodded her head fervently. The woman didn't say anything else. She put the zapper down on the island, where Randi could still see it, and continued with her tasks.

She washed her hair and dried it and brushed it out roughly. She brushed her teeth, hard, hurting her gums, but Randi swallowed her whines of protest. She gave her the mouthwash to gargle and then ordered her to spit it out. Then the gag went back on, the prong went back in and it was pumped up until Randi thought her mouth might burst. She placed the bag back over her head.

She locked her up again as per protocol and dragged her over to the island. She helped her get up and then chained her to it. She administered the lotion to her body, like the other women had done, but there was nothing soft and soothing about it. She rolled her over and did her front the same way. Randi expected her to mouth her sex to pleasure, but she, instead, made her turn over again, her hands locked to the ring at the top of the table, and raise her rear end. Her ankles were chained to the sides.

Randi felt the woman's cold hand take hold of her pudenda. Her other hand was on her back, pressing her down. The hand on her pudenda started to work her crevasse. It wasn't harsh, but it wasn't soft either. It was more businesslike, like something the woman had done a thousand times before.

Randi doubted that such a cold, indifferent touch could get her excited, but she was wrong. It took a little longer, but her crevasse began to moisten and a familiar buzzing started to grow there. The hand was sliding up and down her inner labia, spreading her moisture all around and then a finger started to flick on her little bud. It was almost annoying at first, but did not take long to produce the desired result. The finger just kept flicking and flicking. Warmth started spreading from her loins to the rest of her. The flicking was disconcerting and passionless, but, despite her revulsion, was getting her hotter and hotter.

She tried to suppress a moan, but it escaped anyway and, for a moment, she expected the woman to zap her again. She hadn't heard the woman put it away and, as far as she knew it was still on the island somewhere next to her within easy reach. But moaning and sighing and crying out while being forced to pleasure seemed to be allowed. It was a good thing, since the next thing she knew a long, high pitched whine emerged from her throat.

The woman had plunged her thumb into her burning tunnel and was drawing it in and out while the flicking went on and on. Her clit seemed electrified and the pleasure was piercing her like a knife. "Please, please stop!" Randi wanted to beg,

but she knew better. The only thing she could do was to surrender and try and force her orgasm to come early, but that didn't help at all. The pressure in her pussy built higher and higher and the disabling, teeth gnashing stream of agonizing sensation went on and on. She whined. She rotated her hips. She bit down, as best she could, on her gag. She grasped her hands into little fists. She jammed her eyes shut. She groaned. She moaned. She trembled and shook.

And then, like a blow from a fist, it came. Hard, vicious contractions gripped her puss and she screamed. The hand didn't relent and the sensations went on and on as if they would never stop. Her whole body cringed as the bolts of pleasure shot through her. And then, even before the convulsions of her cunt began to wind down, the hand abandoned her and the woman stepped away.

Randi knelt in place, her pussy still pulsing, while the woman moved around. Randi couldn't see it, but the woman carefully washed the prong that had been up Randi's pussy and sprayed disinfectant on and wiped clean the prong on her seat. She put the cleaning liquid away and tossed the wipe she had used on the prong into the garbage and then washed her hands at the little sink. She put a rubber surgical glove on her hand and lubed up, to Randi's dismay, her little entrance. Without comment or apparent sympathy, she maneuvered her over to the chair, aligned her with the prong and then, pressing on her shoulders forced her down upon it. She belted her in very tightly.

She placed the black bag over her head and then moved around the room a bit, doing something or other. Then Randi felt her chair moving again. The door clanged, she was led through it and down the hall. A door clanged again and she was pushed through it. The sonorous sounds of music told her where she was. She was rolled to a cage, a different one this time, she was sure of it, and pushed in. She was spun around and her chair plugged into the wall. The bag came off of her head. The woman looked at her hard, said nothing, waved her electronic device at her bar code until it beeped, and left. Randi burst into tears.

The time dragged on again. A man came by with a bucket and a mop. He was old looking, small and a mite bent over with curly gray hair. It took him about 40 minutes to mop the entire floor, going in and out of each cage, doing the corridor in between. He barely looked at the girls, as if years ago he had lost interest, which was probably why they gave him this job. When he finished, he left without ever having said a word. It was the most entertaining thing that had happened for many hours.

The only other distraction was when girls came and went. She tried to look down the row of cells to her left, she was on the other side now from her original cell, two cells down, to see if the blond girl was still there. It looked like she was gone and there was a long haired brunette in her place.

It is hard to convey the debilitating experience of being bound into virtual total immobility, silenced, afraid and forlorn for long lengths of time with only the inane music and the occasional sob or moan from her unknown cellmates to distract her. While boredom generally ruled, the sickening emanations from fear, loneliness, regret and hopelessness were ever present. What cruel spin of the wheel of fate had brought her here, deep in the cold, sterile bowels of an unknown building, in some unknown location and awaiting a cruel, unknown fate? The casual cruelties of her tenders made everything worse, belying her former view of people as basically kind and good and civilized.

And the time went by so slowly. Part of her mind wanted to rush it along, to bring on the fate she feared so rabidly. Wasn't it better to have it come than to spend hours and hours and hours having nothing better to do than cringe in woeful fear of it?

Tick tock, tick tock, went an imaginary clock in her head. She would look around again and again at the other women. Sometimes they would be looking back at her. She felt a perverted kind of sisterhood with them. Sometimes, when she heard one of them sob or moan, a well of empathetic sadness would rise up in her and a mighty, despair laden sob or moan would generate inside her involuntarily and escape her overstuffed mouth in muffled, muted form. Tears would form in her eyes once again. She would struggle and squirm in her bonds uselessly and a soul chilling forlornness would seize her.

On the other hand, she knew that if she was offered the chance at freedom on the condition of her silence about all she had seen and experienced in the last week or so, she would allow each one of her 'sisters' to be taken to her fate as long as she was free, free, free!

After an hour or two, maybe more, two of the staff girls brought in a girl and installed her in the cell next to Randi's. Randi figured that she must be new because of the two girls with her. Once obedience and hopelessness had been imbued into them it only took one girl to handle them. She looked through the bars at her. She was thin and reedy and small and had small pointed breasts. Her hair was light brown and long. The two staff girls pulled off her hood and left. The girl swung her head from side to side, strained at her bonds mightily and then burst into tears.

She was still crying about a half hour later when the food machine arrived again. Just like Randi had done, when it was her turn to be fed, the girl sobbed and moaned through the hole in her gag and shook her head back and forth. It wasn't the black girl this time who brought the food machine, but another girl who looked and sounded Hispanic. She berated the new girl, calling her by her fake name, "Lulu", and proceeded to punish her. The new girl screamed and howled and sobbed woefully. Just the sound of it sent waves of icy cold fear through her. It

brought home the heartlessness of the people here and her own vulnerability. When the cart came to her, she cooperated 100%, although inwards she was screaming with dismay. When the cart left to go to the cell across the way and one down from her, she looked over at the new girl. She was hooded as a punishment and could be heard sobbing softly. She sobbed for a good hour.

## CHAPTER FOUR

More girls came, more girls went. Some came back crying and sobbing. For some reason it seemed like other girls were coming and going permanently, girls who came in after she did, although it was hard to keep track of them. The only ones she could see even moderately well were the ones next to or across from her. It made her wonder why she was being held so long. She was subjected, as were the other prisoners, to enforced sexual pleasure from time to time, there didn't seem to be any sort of pattern, fed numerous times and twice brought to the exercise room again. The staff girl there kept her promise and made her workout dramatically more difficult. She barely got through it and sobbed and sobbed when she was done.

Sometimes she slept.

All the while, through her boredom and terror, she kept thinking about where she was going. Ma had said that she would be beaten when she arrived and would fear her new master like the devil himself. Just thinking about it made her weak inside and brought tears to her eyes.

A sort of perverted normality sank in. She listened to the music, watched attentively whenever one of the staff girls came in for one of the other girls. She would feel a muted excitement when the food cart arrived since it broke the routine, even though the process of being fed was heinous. The songs sometimes repeated and she got to unconsciously humming them in her mind.

Life as a stored captive was harsh, the boredom deadening, but people can get used to anything. As far as she was concerned, her confinement could go on forever if the alternative was to go off to some other, more horrid captivity. But even so, ever present was her dismay at the cruelty of what was being done to her and every so often she would struggle fruitlessly at her bonds and then break down and cry and cry and cry, just like the other girls around her. Or she would curse and scream inside, and the torment of being bound into immobility, sunk deep beneath the earth, far, far away from anyone who cared for her, the unreality of it all, would become so painful and agonizing that she thought she might go mad.

What bothered her the most was the idea that all around the little storage room where she and the other girls were being held, there was a whole world of activity. People, free people, were, in terms of actual, straight line distance, no more than maybe 100' or so from her. They could engage in their daily activities, as nefarious

as they were, and return to their homes, their families, go out to a movie, watch TV, have a bath, sleep in a bed. And just beyond them were the people on the loading dock where they had unloaded her from the truck. And maybe 100 yards or so from there, maybe even less, there was a road. And people, regular people, doing regular people things were driving up and down on it, totally unconscious that a mere 100 yards away was a world of evil like they had never seen. If she were free, she could probably walk the distance to the road in maybe 2 minutes, probably less.

She imagined circles and circles of activity, ever expanding, all around the place where she was at. Within a mile there might be hundreds and hundreds, maybe thousands of people. Houses, stores, gas stations, restaurants, all kinds of things, in ever expanding circles. And here she was, with the other, unknown girls, destined for who knows where, right in the middle. In college, in her Lit course, her professor had read parts of Dante's Inferno to them. The people at the last, inner circle of hell suffered the most. That's where she was. In the last circle of hell. Tortured by an eternity of ever so slowly progressing, deadening minutes. Demons, disguised as ordinary, American girls who you would nod and smile at in the street, would come by randomly and torment her. It engendered a sadness in her so deep that it seemed to go to the center of the earth.

And time went on and on and on and nothing ever changed.

Eventually, she came to believe that at least 3 days had gone by since she arrived, but she couldn't be sure. It could be as much as 4, maybe 5. She had lost count of how many times she had been fed, and had given up on trying to guess the interval in between. Time was all screwed up and she had no real way to measure it. Part of what made her lose track of everything was that they never seemed to return her to the same cell from where they got her. New, unfamiliar girls would be next to or across from her. They, too, would be taken away and brought back to different cells or not at all.

And she couldn't lose the urge to talk. Every time the prong was deflated and pulled from her mouth, she felt compelled to beg to be let go. Or to be allowed to walk around for a little while. Or to be able to eat like a normal person. Or to have the fiendish prong removed from her sex. Or to be allowed to have a chair without that thing going up her butthole. But she was too frightened of punishment. She wanted to ask, at least, how long she would be kept there. Knowing that at any time they could be coming for her to send her away filled her with terror every time she heard the door 'clang!'

A couple times other girls, overcome with woe and fear and desperation, tried to talk when they were fed. They didn't really make words, but just went, "...ooooouuooooouu! ...ooooouuooooouuooooouu!" through the hole in their gags, and then burst into sobs. Whoever was feeding them would just continue with the



job, whether it was the black girl or the Hispanic girl or one of the white girls, and then punish her severely, making her howl for two or three minutes solid and then warning her that next time it would be worse.

She was washed every once in a while, and after each workout. It was then that they would empty out the little cavity in the chair where her pee went. And she would be made to move her bowels and, twice, when she couldn't, she was given an enema, which shamed her beyond belief.

Then, after she had been there a long time, how long she did not know, when she was taken, hooded, out of the cell block, the chair was not pushed a short distance and then into another room. Instead, they turned right and didn't stop until they reached the end of the hall. The door in front of them 'clanged', and then they went through.

They waited there for a minute or so. They were in the little anteroom by the elevator. Randi had figured that out. But why were they going this way? Was it her time to go? A chasm opened up in her belly. A shiver went through her. She pulled at her bonds and several whines escaped her throat. She heard the elevator door open and the chair was swung around and pulled in backwards. The door closed. The elevator rose.

They had come down two floors when they came in; she remembered the elevator stopping at one floor before they got to the one where they took her out. The elevator stopped. They were one floor up. Somebody got on. The door closed again. A man's voice spoke. "Hey Ella, what's cooking?"

"Same old shit," Ella replied. It was a voice Randi recognized. Was it the black girl?

The elevator stopped again. The man got out. "See ya later," he said as he exited. The woman remained silent.

The elevator went up again. She tried to measure the time. It seemed like they went up 2 more floors. The door opened again and she was pushed out. They rolled down a hall. From the feel of the ride, it seemed like they were on a carpet. They rolled down the hall for maybe 50' or 60' and then the chair was stopped. There was the sound of a deadbolt turning. Her chair was pushed forward. They went about 15' or so into the room and her chair was turned around to face the door. The woman who had been pushing her passed by the chair without comment. The door opened and closed again. The deadbolt was keyed closed. And then there was silence.

Coldness swept through her. What was she doing here? What was going to happen? She tugged at the bindings to her wrists and arms just for the sake of doing something. There was utter silence in the room. Her back was pressed hard against the back of the chair by the straps that came over her shoulders and in between her breasts. She pushed against them fruitlessly. There has to be

something she could do, she thought unhappily. There had to be some way to escape. Maybe someone would take pity on her. Maybe, maybe, maybe. It was so horrible.

After about an hour of utter silence, and sadness, loneliness, boredom and fear, in varying quantities, the key sounded in the lock again. Someone came in. The door closed and was relocked. She could sense someone standing in front of her, gazing at her. She was reminded again of her grotesque nudity. Her breasts had never seemed so bare and vulnerable. The person, whoever it was, came forward. The bag was loosened around her neck and was whisked off.

In front of her was a man. He was tall and broad shouldered, dressed, like the women, in a black t-shirt and black jeans. He looked older, maybe in his late 40's. He had wild black hair, mid-length, and a bushy black beard. He was gazing at her unapologetically, assessing her. He looked frighteningly hard. He stepped forward and took hold of her breasts, squeezing them, weighing them. His hands were large and strong, cruel and remorseless. There was a golden watch on his left hand, large and expensive looking and a large, gold and diamond ring on his right. His eyes were dark and piercing. His expression was matter of fact, of someone assured of his rights and power. There was no humanity in it and she was sure that he saw no humanity in her. Just something to be used, possessed.

He released her breasts and stepped back. He seemed to be satisfied with his appraisal of her as if she had met up with her picture from some catalogue, or perhaps Ma's photos of her on the Internet.

Having seen enough, he stepped past her. He went behind her and she heard something that sounded like perhaps his watch being put down on a dresser. A few seconds later, she heard the sounds of him stepping away and then what could only be the sound of him pissing into a toilet. She looked around her. She was in a large room, maybe 20' by 30'. To her left was a large bed. It had a four foot high dark stained headboard with a ring in its middle and a chain descending from it. There were large, fluffy pillows, a soft, baby blue colored blanket and the top sheet, plain white, was folded down over it like at a hotel. The walls were white, the ceiling about 8' high. In front of her was the door she had come in through, thick looking and hard with a gleaming brass deadbolt in it that keyed from either side.

On the other side of the bed was a double window with dark green curtains around it. It was barred, but she could see that it was night outside. How long had she been here, she thought unhappily. She didn't know whether she had arrived during the day or at night, so looking outside gave her no clue. It was discomfiting to be reminded that there was a world outside there where normal type things were happening to normal type people in normal-like surroundings. It made her want to scream.

It was obvious now why she had been brought here. The dark haired man was going to fuck her. She remembered Jimmy and how awful it had been to be used by him and how, to her shame, she had responded to him. She whined and pulled at her bonds. Wasn't there anything she could do to stop it?

The toilet flushed and the man came back. She could hear him behind her getting undressed. A sourness spread through her belly. She bit down on her ring gag, or tried to, out of fear and frustration. The man came around and stood in front of her. He was naked now. He had thick black hair strewn across his broad chest with a thin trail that led down past his belly button to the heavy bush between his thighs. He was idly stroking his flaccid but thickening pole with his right hand while his left dangled at his side. His gaze was piercing and knowing and cold. Randy squirmed in her seat, an awful dread filling her. Ma and Jimmy had drilled into her that she was a whore now and that anyone who wanted her could use her. Here was proof positive. It was the first step in a long, harrowing trail of degradation that was to come. A whine escaped her gagged mouth, which she regretted instantly when she saw the irritation furrow up in the man's dreadful brow.

He stepped forward. Randy cringed at the prospect of a punishing blow from his powerful hand, but he had apparently determined to overlook her indiscretion. She watched carefully as he released her wrists from the side of the chair and then connected them through the ring in the front of her collar. She trembled as he slid the prong out from her crevasse and placed the apparatus in the chamber on the side of her chair. He released her legs and then connected her ankles with a short chain. He unstrapped her torso from the back of the chair. She trembled as he, taking steely grips on her upper arms, lifted her up and then out of the chair. Her little rear ring slipped free of the thick prong on which she had been seated. He stood her on her feet.

Randy felt wobbly and unsteady as she stood there, the huge bed yawning in front of her, the scene of her soon to be ravishment. She knew there was nothing she could do to forestall it, but the urge to shuffle over to the thick door and try to flee came over her. She felt on the verge of emotional collapse and her eyes had become filled with tears. She watched as the man went over to a dresser and pulled a 2" wide leather belt from a drawer. He came over to her and wrapped it around her waist, fastening it on tightly. There were rings on the front on either side of the belt buckle, about six inches or so away, almost to her hips. The man disconnected her wrists from her collar and affixed them to the rings. He removed the necklace that Bridgette or Susan, she couldn't remember which one, had put around her neck with her name on it. He tossed on a little table next to the bed. He took hold of the ring in her collar and pulled her closer to the bed. She watched as he pulled down the covers to the foot of the bed, exposing the soft, white bottom sheet.

He crouched down and released her ankles from the chain that bound them together. He spoke to her for the first time. "Get up on the bed," he told her coldly. His voice was deep and strong. Powerful. She looked him in the face briefly as a knife of cold pierced her chest and her belly fluttered. Then she obeyed, crawling up as best she could without the benefit of her hands. She slid herself to the middle of the bed and lay down on her back. Without being told, she raised her knees and spread her thighs. There was a large lamp on a side table to the bed and the man turned it on. He stepped to the switch by the door and turned off the overhead. The room was subsumed in a soft light. He crawled up on the bed, stretching his long, thick, hard body next to her. Randy suppressed a sob as she felt his body's heat. He was on her left, lying on his side, and his left hand slipped over her belly, up and over her breasts and down again, not stopping until it had cupped her defenseless pudenda.

Randy trembled and resisted the urge to pull her thighs together. The man was close next to her and his chest was pressed against her upper left arm. His face was so close to hers that she could smell his breath. She closed her eyes as the hand drifted up again, heavy and hot. This time he seized her breasts, one by one, squeezing and mauling them, pinching her fear stiffened nipples. She uttered a muffled yelp as he fiercely twisted and turned her right nipple, her eyes popping open.

"That's right," he told her gruffly. "Eyes open. Don't close them again or I'll make you scream."

Randi, suppressing her whine of fear and pain, nodded her head in understanding. He released her teat.

His hand came up to her face and he released the valve to her gag, letting the air rush out of it. He pulled the prong from her mouth and then, after ordering her to lift her head, released the remnants of the gag from behind and pulled the ring from her mouth.

It felt good to have her mouth free, but she was under no illusions as to why he had done it. He dropped the gag onto the floor next to the bed, pressed her left leg down flat and draped his left leg over it, pulling it open. His left hand slipped up over her breasts again, squeezing and massaging them almost gently, drifted down her belly to her crux and alighted on her mons. A thick finger slipped along her inner portion, up and down, up and down several times. Randi's belly fluttered at the sensation of nascent pleasure. He leaned his chest over her, bent down his head and took her mouth with his. She spread her lips obediently and shivered as his tongue entered over them and began to explore her inner realm.

He kissed her long and hard. His right hand was draped over her head, holding it in place, while his left hand continued to explore her sex. Up and down, up and down the finger drifted. It was joined by another and she felt them slip onto her

tingling clitoris, rubbing it gently, circling, circling, circling lightly and expertly. The tongue, offensive and coarse, scoured her mouth, setting off waves of heat throughout her body, unwanted and despised.

She knew that the man was playing her. She was merely a tool to be used, a corpus of convenience. And just as a finely tuned luxury car runs best when warmed up and primed, he was warming her up, priming her, not to bring her pleasure, but to maximize his own enjoyment. And it was working. She didn't want it to work. She wanted the hand that was petting and manipulating her puss to stop. She wanted the thick, remorseless tongue in her mouth to stop. She wanted the hot, heavy body leaning against her to go away. She could feel his stiffened cock jammed up against her leg. Her hands pulled at their bindings uselessly. The tongue kept going and going and going and she felt a heat building down below, running up her belly and across her chest, down her thighs to her feet, making her toes curl.

Her pussy was tingling and the fingers were worrying her clit, smearing her juices over it, flicking at it, rubbing it, stroking it. She made a futile effort to pull her hips away, to sink them so far down into the soft mattress that it would envelope her and bring her away from the tormenting hand. But they went nowhere, and instead, as if on their own, they rotated slowly and pressed against it. She moaned. She moaned again. The fingers slipped from her love button and the hand slid up her belly, hot and hard and yet soft in its touch, seized her right breast, massaged it, squeezed it, pinched at her nipple. It drove a wave of lust through her. The hand shifted and seized the other, squeezing it, mauling it, kneading it.

This man! This man! This man who she did not know, who had hardly said a word to her, was mauling her, playing her, tuning her up. And it was a man. Not a boy. Not like Dennis or Stu or Jimmy, who were not quite there yet. This man was heavy, large, deliberate, knowing. His body was thick, muscular, so much bigger than hers. And he smelled like a man, pungent, musky, masculine. She had never been fucked by a man, not a fully grown up one, and she was afraid. The others had been impatient, almost manic in their fucking, but this man seemed in no hurry. He was at ease in savoring every moment of his delight, sure of his right to take what he wanted and of the helplessness of the object of his lust.

How many women had he fucked? Dozens and dozens, probably hundreds. Hundreds of young women probably passed through this place. Did he sample them all? Or was he selective, picking only the most desirable, the ones who took his fancy? Was he the boss of this place? The leader? Did he have an ounce of mercy in him? A speck of kindness?

Did he have family, children, a wife? Did he go home to them every day, treat them kindly and gently, even lovingly, and then come back here and focus his hardness, his unrepentance, his remorselessness on his victims? How could he be

so cruel? He clearly knew that she had been stolen from her life, had been reduced to merchandise. That her next stop was an abject slavery in which she would spend the rest of her useful life. That people would beat her and fuck her and abuse her, oh so unjustly, so, so unjustly. That she had never done anything to hurt anyone in her whole life, had never done anything to deserve her fate. That she had been torn from those she loved and who loved her and who she would never see again!

He surely knew these things. And it didn't make a bit of difference. Didn't faze him in the least. And, probably, did just the opposite. The fact that she was helpless, innocent, afraid, forlorn, stolen from her life and doomed to remorseless exploitation for years and years and years, if she was allowed to live that long, undoubtedly stoked his fires, ignited his desire, satisfied some deep dark urge to ravish and destroy. He was hard and cruel and depraved and craved the violation and destruction of innocence.

He was humanity at its most base. He and all the people like him. While most of humanity floated along on a river of decency and love and community that had grown greater and deeper as civilization had progressed and had blossomed into a world of order and law and family and respect and honor and kindness, he and his kind had followed a vein of rapine and evil and greed and hedonism that had flowed beneath it, sometimes hidden and furtive, and sometimes exploding into an epidemic which conflagrated the world.

But it was always there, lurking beneath the surface, every ready to claim new victims, to drag them under and into their evil world. As it had dragged her and the other helpless women downstairs. And the dozens of young, desirable women that Ma and Jimmy had taken. And people all over the world that fell into their clutches. People like her, her family, virtually everyone she had ever known, went along in their lives believing themselves safe, protected, secure in what they thought was a world inevitably progressing towards perfection and goodness, guaranteed by God and law. What fools they were! What a fool she had been! And now she was lost! Lost! Lost! And never would be found again!

All this rushed through her like an evil elixir that had been injected into her mind. It was a moment's distraction that sank her deeper into despair and misery. But the tongue that was scouring her mouth, hot and salty and feverish, filling it so wantonly, and the hand that had abandoned her breasts, to slide down her belly, over her thigh and then back to her burning center, dragged her back to her reality, back to the fact of her miserable fate, back to the heat that was growing in her body, a heat forcibly impressed upon her, a heat that she did not want, but could not avoid.

She felt his fingers, two of them, she was sure, press against her opening and slide easily within it. He was in her! He was in her! He was in her! "Stop! Stop! Stop!" her mind called out. But the fingers plunged into her depths. And then out.

And then in. And then out. And then in, easily and callously. She knew that it was proof that she was ready for him. She had been sautéed into softness and ripeness. In a moment he would fuck her. She whined and struggled and desperately yearned for the power to close herself up and bar his way.

She squeezed her muscles there uselessly, thrust up her hips as if she could push the hand away, dragged up her right leg, her free one, the one not crushed by his remorseless weight, as if to use it to strike him, to do something, anything to forestall what was coming, but too intimidated by his force, his strength, his determination, his retribution to use it in that way.

And then the hand left. She felt him shift. He broke their kiss and centered himself between her legs. He was towering over her. He pushed up her thighs with his knees. His hand went down. He was staring down at her and she was staring back, cementing in her mind for the rest of her days the fevered face, the evil of it, the hardness of it, the cruelty in it. The black, dead eyes, the fierceness of his features. She would never forget him.

And then she felt his cock slide up along her now sloppy crevasse, up and down, up and down and then center on her entrance. “No, oh god, don’t do it!” her mind screamed. She felt the head lodge there, poised, as if waiting for a signal from its master to proceed. And then it moved forward, expanding her, slowly, slowly, slowly, as if relishing every moment of its envelopment. The man released a deep sigh. She felt his belly press up against hers, his wiry pubic hair press against her hairless mons, and she knew that he was in. All the way in. And she was doomed.

He paused for a few seconds. He took a deep, satisfied breath. And then he began his motions. He drew himself out long and slow and then back again. And then again. And then again. Randi, her eyes watered with tears, suppressed the moan that had arisen in her belly, but she couldn’t help the long, soft, high pitched whine that escaped from between her compressed lips. The man had his forearms on the bed to either side of her, and his eyes were searching her face, looking for signs of lust. She wanted to look away, to close her eyes and let her mind, perhaps, take her somewhere far away, but she dared not. He went on and on, unhurried but deliberate.

Each long, slow thrust and retreat inched up her need. Again and again and again he slid along her fevered passage, as if he had all the time in the world. He was so big. And she was so small. He was so strong and she was weak, weak, weak. His presence within her, unignorable, filling, demanding, wrong, so wrong, sent chills through her, made her quiver. It wasn’t right that he could do this. It wasn’t right that he could enter her despite her not wanting it, and be there, be there, be there, way deep inside. It wasn’t right that he could make her yearn so for more, to crave the tremulous pleasure she was receiving from his efforts. She

wanted to beg him to stop. She wanted to cry and plead to be set free. She wanted to close her eyes and awaken in her bed, at home, and for it all to be a dream.

The moan she had suppressed was building up again. She fought it and fought it and fought it. The movement of the cock as it slid back and forth, back and forth along her canal produced a vibrating, electrified feeling that flowed from her cunt and suffused her entire body. It was like the waves of a lake, small, rippling, each one followed by another, so close that she could sense the next one even as its predecessor spent itself on the shore. Part of her wanted to close her eyes and just enjoy them. But she was not permitted to shut out their source. The man stared down at her, his pleasure and his enjoyment of her cunt clearly written upon his face. His lips were upturned into not quite a smile and not quite a sneer, but with the elements of both.

She sensed that he was well aware of her struggle. That the organ which he had so assiduously tuned and prepped was transmitting wave after wave of pleasure to her that she did not want. That every cell in her body was vibrating with need. That every ounce of her soul wanted to expel him, to flee, to fade away, to dissolve right there beneath him and ease itself through the cold, resolute stone walls of her prison and be wafted away by the wind. That she hated him, hated what he was doing. Hated herself for succumbing. Despised herself for her weakness, her powerlessness, her servility. That a sour sickness was pervading her. And that she could do nothing about it. He was in charge. He was the master. Her virulent dismay, her unwilling, shameful cooperation in her debasement, was precisely the effect his hard, staring, piercing eyes were looking for. He was the human being and she was nothing, nothing, nothing, valuable only as a casement and support system for the organ he was invading, tormenting, working, using.

The need to moan grew greater. Her body shivered. Her heels dragged back and forth along the bed. She tried to push up. She tried to retreat. She tried to deaden the nerve endings of her canal. She tried to fade away into nothingness. Tears were flowing down the sides of her eyes. She fought it and fought it and fought it until she could not fight it any longer. She moaned, deep and long. And then she moaned again. She drew in her breath deeply. She blew it out again. Her hands strained at her bindings. The cock went on and on. Then she released another moan. Deeper and louder than the others. She felt her eyelids flutter. Her eyes rolled back. She squirmed her hips. She raised her knees and pushed down hard on the bed.

The man grinned. He sank down on her, pressing his broad, heavy chest against her breasts. He took hold of the hair on the top of her head and pressed his lips onto hers. His tongue entered her mouth again. She moaned and welcomed it.

His thrusts took on a new determination. They grew faster and harder. Randi moaned and struggled as a fearsome immanency grew in her loins. "No! Don't



come! Don't come! Don't come!" she screamed inside. Not to him, but to herself. Once she came, she knew she would be lost. There would be no stopping her and the cock would go on and on and on. And the tongue would go on and on and on. And her pussy would go on and on and on.

But the immanency would not go away. It grew bigger and bigger and stronger and stronger. The cock kept scouring and scouring, thrusting and thrusting. It wasn't fair that she couldn't make it go away! It wasn't fair that she couldn't make it stop! It wasn't fair that every iota of her being was being driven unwillingly to an explosive conflagration! "Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!" her mind kept yelling and yelling.

And then it hit. She groaned loudly into the man's mouth. Her pussy contracted hard. And then harder. And then harder. And then commenced a series of convulsions that sent painful pleasure shooting all through her again and again and again. Her hips were thrusting madly back against his. Her tongue fought with his fiercely. Her hands balled into fists and her legs curled up over the back of his in an attempt to thrust him deeper, deeper, harder, harder, as far into her as he would go.

The convulsions passed and a wave of relief passed through her. It lasted only an instant as she realized that he had not slowed his thrusts nor softened them. Her pussy buzzed and buzzed and buzzed. She felt another orgasm coming. She squirmed and whined and tried to turn her head so she could expel the man's fever driving tongue, but his grip on her hair tightened. "Oh god, no!" she moaned inside her head. "Please! Please! Please! Please!" she pleaded inside.

And then it struck her again. She tried to scream but her voice was muffled by the man's mouth. Her legs flailed, her hands yanked and pulled at her sides. The man went on and on and on as blasts of intolerable ecstasy shot through her. He went faster and faster and harder and harder. He was going to come! Her torment was going to end! "Come! Come! Come! Come!" she screamed inwardly, this time at him. His body tensed. He groaned. He thrust harder and harder. She knew that when he came inside her and shouted out his pleasure that she would come again too. Everything in her body poised for that moment. Her lust grew as sharp as a knife. "Now! Now! Now!" she shouted inside.

And then, to her surprise and shock, the man stopped. He pushed down on her hips and held her motionless. He broke their kiss. He lay there tense and hard, all of his weight upon her. He was breathing heavy. Her pussy yearned for his motions and her loins screamed with need.

What was he doing? What was he doing? He lay there for a few moments. His breath slowed; his body relaxed. He raised his head. He moaned and then sighed, smiling at her evilly. And then his hips shifted, he took a deep breath, and he began again.

Slow and long. Slow and long. Randi released a sob. He had stopped himself from coming so he could fuck her some more. It wasn't fair! It wasn't right! She had wanted it to stop, had been ready for it to stop. Needed it to stop. Stu and Jimmy had never done this. They held on as long as they could and then they came. "Oh god, please stop!" she cried out within.

He took her mouth again. Trilling vibrations emanated from her sex and ran all through her. He was taking his time. He went on and on. She whined and squirmed and pleaded with the fates, but to no avail. She came twice more. Not thunderous, body wracking orgasms, but small, throbbing convulsions that released long, languid moans from deep within her. She gave in to them and let the pleasure waft through her.

And then he went faster. And then faster. And then faster. He released an anguished sounding groan. That dreadful immanency began building in her again. Her passion grew and grew. No one had ever fucked her like this! Fierce tendrils of pleasure shot all through her. It was if someone had injected her bloodstream with some ecstasy producing fluid and it was travelling all over her body, through her fevered brain, down to her fingers and toes. Her need grew bigger and bigger and bigger and the man kept thrusting harder and harder and harder. Her mind spun off to some other world. Her pussy burned and burned.

And then the man broke their kiss. He released a great shout. His body went rigid and he released a series of fierce grunts. She could sense his cock throbbing and spurting within her, her innards awash with his hot spume. She shouted and screamed and her pussy hammered home intolerable pulses of pleasure. It went on and on and on as if it could go on forever.

The man gave out one last, long, loud groan and his body collapsed onto her. Her pussy's pulses began to wind down. Her eyes had closed during her ordeal and she kept them closed while swirls of eminences from her pleasure befogged her brain.

The man thrust himself inside her a few more times. He lay there for a while recovering his breath. As her mind returned to normal, a wave of misery flowed through her. Another strange, evil man had dumped himself inside her, had befouled her with his sordid discharge. Another load of slimy, viscous spume to mix with her innards. His cells would ooze into hers, permanently debasing her. She bit her lip and started to sob. She turned her head to the side, away from his. Anyone could use her now and pour their gunk inside her. She would never be pure again, but, instead, a mongrel debased by the millions and billions of squirmy cellular creatures that strange, cruel, hard men would jet into her depths.

## CHAPTER FIVE

The man was heavy atop her and she was straining to breathe. She almost wished that his chest would crush her, suffocate her, drive all of her miserable life out of her.

He finally began to move. He lifted himself up. He looked at her. The ironic smile was gone and only hardness remained. He pushed himself off of her and got out of the bed. His chest and pubic hair were matted with sweat. There was a long credenza on the other side of the room and he stepped over to it. There was a clear, crystal decanter there. Next to it was a small glass tray with a heavy, crystal tumbler. The man poured some of the liquid in the glass and took a long sip.

Randi glared at him with hatred and detestation. From the back it was even easier to see how strong he was. Black hair covered his back and spread down his thighs. He ass was tight and hard, his thighs thick. He had fucked her. A man had fucked her and made her scream with pleasure. An adult, fully developed man, hard, cruel, callous, big, oh so big, and powerful like some fierce beast from another species. She cringed with shame. Her pussy still glowed from its use. She could sense his slime leaking from her crevasse and oozing down over her perineum.

He came back towards the bed. He set his drink down on the bedside table and opened the top drawer. He took something in his hand. He stepped over to her fiendish chair and retrieved the black hood she had been wearing when she had arrived. It seemed that now that he was done with her he was going to get her ready to go. But that was not what happened.

He crawled back up on the bed and came over to her. She saw that he had a small black ball in his hand. "Open your mouth," he told her gruffly. She realized immediately what the ball was for and she suppressed a whine of dismay. She opened her mouth without delay nonetheless. He pressed the ball against her teeth until it popped past them and into her mouth.

"Move over," he snarled. She shifted her hips and feet until she was on the far side of the bed. He took the black bag and put it over her head, drawing it closed around her neck, plunging her into darkness.

He arose from the bed once more and then came back. He fluffed up some pillows and lay against the headboard. She heard the television at the foot of the

bed click on. Then she heard the click of a lighter and heard the man sigh out the first puff of a cigarette.

The man changed channels several times. Commercials whizzed by and short clips of dialogue from TV shows. He settled on a channel. It sounded like some kind of cop show.

Randi lay there in sorrow. It was obvious that the man was not done with her. He was taking time out to recharge his batteries and then he would fuck her again. She suppressed a whine of misery. It was cruel of him to cover her head with the black bag, but she knew why he did it. The less he saw of her face, the less of a person she was to him. She was just an anonymous cluster of cells with useful parts. And to keep her in darkness served to further her lesson that she lacked even elemental rights.

The show went on. She could hear him drag on his cigarette and sigh each time he took a sip of his drink. Scotch or brandy or something like that. Hearing the commercials, signs of the everyday world, some of which she was familiar with, deepened her misery. There were three hundred million people out there who weren't being turned into sex slaves. Three hundred million people who could sit and watch TV and drink liquor and smoke cigarettes and do anything that they wanted. They could fuck who they wanted, or not. They could leave the house, go for a walk or a drive. Eat regular food. Sleep in a bed. Have friends, lovers, family. And then there was the population of one, her, who couldn't do any of those things. Everything had been taken away from her, even the right to see and speak, or to use her hands or hide her nakedness. It seemed like forever that she had been permitted to wear clothes, but she still couldn't get over the embarrassment and shame from being naked in front of strangers. And not just strangers, people who meant her harm. And the man was naked next to her.

She was lying flat down on the bed. He had taken all of the pillows, and his thigh was rubbing up against her left arm. She wanted to shift herself away from it, but she was too frightened. His right hand came down on her and took hold of her left breast. He didn't maul it, but just kind of absent mindedly played with it, tweaking her nipple from time to time, or gently squeezing it. Mostly he just kept his hand circled around it, keeping possession and ownership of it.

She shivered from time to time from sadness and fear. He was going to fuck her again; it was just a matter of time. Her body lay proffered and still for him for any time he wanted it. She yearned to lower her hands and cover her exposed, hairless, defenseless pudenda but of course could not move them. Her mouth was stretched by the rubber ball and her jaws distended. It was so cruel to keep her this way. If he hadn't put it in she still wouldn't have made a sound. She knew better than that. But she could see the point. If her mouth was unconfined but she kept quiet, she would still be exercising her will, the will to remain silent. But like this,

her mouth blocked and filled, she had no will to exercise. Silence was imposed on her. She would be forced to remain silent and dormant as if she was a lifeless body.

The show ended and he played with the channels some more. He settled on a nature show, something about lions in the Serengeti. It was probably public TV since there were no commercials. He got off of the bed and she heard him pouring himself another drink. When he got back on the bed, he put down his glass and then reached down and took hold of her collar.

"Get up," he growled. She struggled to her knees, following the lead of his hand. He pulled her up next to him and then pushed her face down over his lap. Her breasts were just on the outside of his left thigh. Her rear end was forced up, her bound hands were underneath her. His hand slid up and down over her naked back a few times, wandered lazily over her upward thrust rear mounds and then settled in between her legs from behind.

Disorientated, afraid, blinded, she instinctively pulled her legs together. A second later, the man's heavy hand came down across her buttock with such force that it shook her whole body. A fierce jolt of pain coursed through her and she screeched through her ball filled mouth.

"Open your legs, you stupid little cunt!" he yelled. Before she could respond his hand came down again jolting her and sending a burning pain across her rear. She screeched again and started sobbing. She spread her legs wide, as wide as she could get them. The hand took hold of her nether lips and gave them a vicious squeeze. "Whores like you never put their legs together!" the man barked. "Understand?"

She nodded her hooded head forcefully, rapidly, even while suppressing the whine of pain that had formed in her throat.

"Okay then," the man said, calmer now. He released her puss and ran his hand over her ass, over her back and back down again. He placed his hand between her legs again and gave her pussy a delicate rubbing. Randi struggled to stifle her sobs. Her head was raised and swaying back and forth unconsciously. She felt his left hand on her neck, gripping it tightly, and he pressed it down until her forehead was on the bed beside him. "Don't move until I tell you to," he ordered.

She tried to calm herself. The man's fingers were dribbling over her sex, teasing it. A voice, sonorous and officious, was emanating from the television. She closed her eyes inside her hood and remained as still as she could.

Once and again the man reached over to the night stand and retrieved his drink. He lit another smoke. His right hand continued playing with her pussy almost absent mindedly. His touch was light. She tried to refuse the sensations the hand was causing her, but she soon felt a warmth there that portended lust. His fingers slipped up and down her slash and she knew she was wet again when she felt him slide his now oily finger over her nubbin, giving it a good rub.

He alternated cupping her pudenda, his large hand surrounding it and rubbing it, to squeezing her outer lips together gently, to stroking up and down between them, and then back to the start again. She had never felt more that her vagina was a separate part of her. The man seemed to be treating it that way. His fingers dribbled from time to time over her clit, which was stiffened by now and was as sensitive as a sore tooth. Then he flicked it rapidly for a full 20 seconds or so, causing rivulets of pleasurable sensations to run through her. It was the kind of touch that feels so good you can't bear it. She bit down on the ball in her mouth and unconsciously squiggled her hips. The man kept going until she released a whiny moan. He laughed. He removed his hand, rubbing it over her ass, her back and down again, and then over the backs of her thighs. "You're such a whore," he said chuckling. His hand went back to her puss.

She wasn't listening to the show anymore. The heat from her loins shamed her, but all she could think about was the sensations he was bringing her. Her hands, bound to the belt he had installed, were underneath her, pressed against his thighs. Every once in a while he released the back of her neck, took a drink, and then brought his hand back, holding her hooded head down forcibly.

The show had ended. His attention seemed to be now devolved solely on her puss. She was having difficulty stifling her shameful moans and whines, or keeping her hips still. The hand was merciless and kept driving her deeper and deeper into passion. He drove two of his thick fingers into her channel and thrust them back and forth again and again. She whined and twisted her hips. The man responded by pressing her neck down even harder and saying almost gently, "Easy now. Easy. Just be a good little whore and keep yourself still."

She needed no further reminder of his willingness to punish her. The feeling in her puss began to be intolerable. She wanted desperately to shift and move her hips and it took all of her effort not to. When he slipped his fingers from time to time from her canal and rubbed her ass, her back and her thighs again she could feel her sex yawning, demanding attention. When the hand returned she issued a bittersweet moan, wanting it and not wanting it at the same time. This time he slipped his thumb into her tunnel. His fingers began rubbing her clit. Pleasure shot through her. She felt the same imminence she had felt before, the one she knew so well, and she hated herself for it.

She felt so shamed to be used this way. Making her moan and squirm with unwanted pleasure clearly amused the man. It was a clear sign of his mastery over her, if any were really needed. Darkness surrounded her. Her mouth was rudely stuffed. Her hands were bound and pressed down under her. And, although every part of her wanted to move away from the relentless hand, to squirm and dodge it, to close her legs to it and bar its way, she knew to do so would bring immediate

and severe retribution. All she could do was lay there, endure the exquisitely pleasurable suffering and let the hand and her cunt master her.

Her pussy was her enemy now. It had been a lifelong friend, but it had turned its coat and betrayed her. It was an evil, malicious thing between her thighs in league with her tormentors. It was a nasty, dirty, perverted organ without a conscience or an ounce of pity for her. If she could have torn it out and thrown it away, she would have.

Cunt! Cunt! Cunt! Cunt! It wasn't a pussy, something that conveyed warmth and softness and friendship. It was a nasty, dirty fucking thing, a curse, a traitor, a mass of rebellious flesh. A cunt! "Cunt! Cunt! Cunt! Cunt!" she called out in her mind even as wave after wave of pleasure was shooting through her. The trilling on her clit was so intense she bit down hard, hard, hard on the ball in her mouth. She screamed. She sobbed. She cursed the world, God, Ma and Jimmy and this fiendish, cruel, depraved man who was doing this to her. All of a sudden her pussy exploded. She could feel its walls clamping down around the man's still sliding thumb. Pulse after pulse of sensation jolted through her and she screamed and whined and moaned and sobbed.

The man let her wind down, slowing his efforts. Her body jerked several times as aftershocks of her orgasm struck her. The man slid his thumb from her chamber and pulled his hand away. He ran it again over her proffered rear mounds, her back, her thighs and back again. The evil, evil, evil hand. She felt worn and shamed and saddened, but her evil cunt glowed with satisfaction.

He gave her a not so gentle slap on her left buttock and told her to get up. He assisted her by grabbing the ring on the back of her collar. She didn't fool herself into thinking he was done with her. She had felt his stiffened wand poking into her belly while she lay there. When she was kneeling up, he took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and pulled her forward. She had to scramble over his right thigh. He brought her to rest between his legs, on her knees, facing him. When she was stable, he loosened the bag around her neck and pulled it off. She looked up at him and then down on his jutting cock, thick and long. His large, hairy balls sat tightly beneath it. She knew what was coming. A sourness spread through her belly. She had triggered his lusts and now she had to serve them.

He reached his fingers into her mouth and, with some difficulty, pulled the black ball from between her teeth. He tossed it onto the bed beside them. He took his cock in his left hand, stroked it once or twice and pointed it at her. Then he grabbed the hair on the back of her neck and forced her head down towards it. She didn't have to be told. She spread her lips and let the evil man's member enter.

Her pussy still burned. Her loins felt greasy from her discharge. Her breasts were jammed into her thighs. Her back was curved awkwardly and an ache rose up in it almost immediately. She tried to spread her knees to give herself a lower base,

but they just jammed up against his thighs. It took her a moment or two to start her motions. His cock filled her mouth, hot and thick and salty, pressing down her tongue and jamming up against the roof of her mouth. She could smell the sweat from his loins. She whined softly and became nauseous.

He was in her mouth! A foul, evil, predatory man had his cock in her mouth and there was nothing she could do about it! He would jet his come down her throat and poison her belly with it. It would throb and throb in her mouth and spray its spume all over it. It was so horrible. Worse than her worst nightmare. A wave of dismal sorrow passed through her.

The man grew impatient. His grip tightened on her hair and he pushed her head down until his hot, thick, steely, soft skinned tube struck the back of her mouth. "Come on," he said gruffly. "Start sucking!"

She clamped her lips around the thick stem and raised her head. She brought it down again. She raised her head again and brought it down. Her eyes were jammed shut. She didn't want to see what she was doing. The man suddenly pulled her head off of his cock, released her hair and gave her a fierce slap that made her screech.

"Eyes open, cunt!" the man growled. "Don't make me tell you again!"

Her cheek burned and tears flowed from her eyes. She grimaced and nodded her head.

"Keep your eyes looking up at me," he told her. "Got that?"

She nodded again dolefully.

He took hold of her hair again and forced her down. She opened her mouth just in time with a little squeal as he pushed her down so that his cock struck the back. He left her there for a moment and then lifted her head slowly. She kept her lips pressed hard against his salty skin and laid her tongue against the base, making a snug tunnel for his meat. He pushed her down again slowly until her nose touched his belly. Then up again, slowly, slowly, slowly. When the cock was at the edge of her lips she swirled her tongue around its head.

The man released a little sigh and held her head there for a few moments. Then he pushed her head down again.

She suckled on his wand the best that she was able. It was better than suffering another slap. She wanted to go fast, to get it all over with, but he was not in the mood for that. He kept raising and lowering her head at a snail's pace, sighing from time to time, holding her head still at that top for a few seconds so that she could pay adoration to his crown. She kept her eyes on his face as best she could, making her eyes roll up as far as they would go when she was near the bottom of his stroke. When she reached the bottom, all she could see was the scraggly black hair on his belly. And when he pulled her to the top, she looked him directly in his black bearded face.



He was not always watching her. Sometimes he had his head leaning back, his eyes closed as he relished her work. Sometimes he stared back at her fiercely, daring her to challenge him or his mastery over her. He started to vary the strokes, going slow, slow, slow and then going faster, then faster and then faster until he was jerking her head up and down that she had trouble applying her best efforts to his wand. It would seem that he would get near a crescendo, his face all scrunched up, his breathing deep; her face would be churning up and down, colliding with his belly. She didn't even have time to catch her breath and would start whining and coughing, but always attentive to his meat.

And then he would stop. He would hold her still for 30 or 40 seconds or so. She kept her lips tight against his flesh, her mouth a sensuous tunnel. She would snort in air through her nose, her breath short and labored. And then he would start again, slow, slow, slow.

She didn't know how long she had been sucking him. It seemed a long, long time. Her back ached and her jaw became sore. The cock was a massive, evil presence, hard and soft and salty and unrelenting as it slid along her tongue, along the roof of her mouth. It demanded all of her attention, all of her focus and there was nothing else in the world than this mass that had invaded her personal space, her innerness. A thick, repulsive log of flesh which demanded her utter adoration.

"Please come! Please come!" she begged in her mind. Every time he would speed up, she became hopeful, but then he would stop just short of crisis and she would whine and a chill of despair would fill her.

Then, maybe the fourth or fifth time, he was going on so fast and long that she was sure this was the time. He struck hard against the back of her mouth causing her to issue a whiny glugging sound. Again, again, again, again, again, as fast as she thought a hand could go, he went. He was groaning and his face had turned red. His whole body was straining. She readied herself for his discharge. All of a sudden, to her shock, he yanked her head off of his tool. He yanked her head towards him and he scrambled to his knees. He pushed her down on her back. She released a little yelp. He pulled her thighs wide open and descended onto her. He prodded his cock at her entrance, still gooey and slick. In a second, he was in.

He began pounding at her fiercely, harder than before. He was groaning and puffing. He grabbed her hair with his right hand and forced his lips on hers, jamming his tongue into her mouth. It was like she had been jumped by a vicious animal intent on devouring her. She cried and moaned and struggled as he pounded away. Despite herself, her passions started to rise. They rose higher and higher and higher and higher. "No! No! No! No!" her mind exclaimed. But her traitorous cunt didn't listen. It wanted more! "More! More! Faster! Harder! Faster! Harder! Faster! Harder!" her depraved, evil, insatiable organ demanded.

The man growled fiercely. He lifted her knees with his arms, turning her cunt upwards and commenced viciously hard, downward thrusts at her. He groaned and shouted, “Yaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Yaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Yaaaaaaaaaaaaah!” Her cunt exploded, throbbing, pulsing, contracting again and again, so hard that it hurt. She screamed too, “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeie! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeie! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeie!”

And then he stopped. He lowered her legs and collapsed upon her. He was panting heavily. She was panting heavily. She burst into tears. He thrust his softening cock along her trilling canal a few times and then stopped. Suddenly he rolled over onto his back. He took several deep breaths. He stroked his flaccid cock a few times. He lay there for several minutes. Randi jammed her lips together and smothered her sobs. Was this what it was going to be like to be a slave, she thought miserably. Strange, evil people would fuck her raw, use her body until it was weak and sluggish, like a dirty rag. Her pussy actually ached, it had been used so hard. There was a resonant burning emitting from it and flowing all through her body. It was reveling in its mastery of her, gleeful and satisfied for now. “Bring them! Bring them! Bring them all!” it was saying. She just closed her eyes and cried softly.

Suddenly, the man grabbed at her hair again. He made to get out of the bed, dragging her behind him. She cried out and screeched. He yanked her off the bed and she fell to the floor. He pulled her to her feet with his left hand, pulling fiercely at her hair. She started sobbing again and he reached back with his right and gave her a vicious slap. “Shut the fuck up!” he barked at her.

The blow drove her head back and her face burned fiercely. She jammed her lips together and stifled herself, tears flowing river-like down her cheeks. She looked at him piteously. He released her and she almost fell. First he put the chains back on her ankles. Then he released her hands from the belt and fastened them to her collar. He removed the belt and tossed it aside.

Her gag was on the floor next to the bed. He scooped it up. “Open up!” he snarled. He took the ring and jammed it in past her teeth. He went behind her and buckled the gag closed so tight she thought her jaws might break. He picked up the prong and poked it through the hole, attaching it to the outer portion of the ring, and then pumped it up until she felt her mouth would explode.

She didn’t know what had caused this fierceness in him, but she was terrorized and panicked and her whole body shook. He took hold of her collar and spun her around so that her back was to her chair. He backed her up until she was leaning up against it. He pulled her down by her collar until she was in a crouch over the heinous prong that sat in the middle. Sneaking one hand under her, he lowered his right and took hold of her sex. He thrust his thumb in her hole and then pinched it hard, the rest of his hand underneath it. He used her pussy as a handle as he pushed her back and then down, coordinating her rear end with his left hand,

and settling it on the prong. He moved her around until the prong was centered on her delicate, little rear hole and then, once it was seated, pushed her down rudely upon it.

Randi released a sob as the prong was jammed into her. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed as the man connected first her legs, then her hands, then her arms, then her torso to the chair. He placed the necklace with her name on it around her neck. The black bag he had used on her was on the bed. He grabbed it and brought it over. Before he put it on her he tapped her face harshly several times with his open hand. "Enjoy being a whore, cunt!" he said sternly. Then he pulled the bag over her head and plunged her once more into darkness.

## CHAPTER SIX

The man moved away from her. She heard him punch a button on the wall. A scratchy male voice responded, "Central!"

"This is Beretsky. I'm all done with the slut. Send somebody up right away. "

"Roger," the voice responded.

It took several minutes for someone to come. She heard the man piss into the bowl in the bathroom and then come out and pour himself another drink. He flicked the TV channels until what sounded like a movie came on. He lit a cigarette. Meanwhile, she sat there sobbing silently, peering into darkness, filled with sorrow and shame and despair.

The man had a name. Somehow that made it all worse. He probably had a first name too, like Mike or Tom or Larry or Igor. When he walked out there in the world people probably thought that he was just a normal guy, filling up his tank at the gas station, buying groceries, dining out in restaurants. He probably had a girlfriend too out there somewhere. Some girl who liked that he was hard and rough and was maybe just more than a little afraid of him. She squirmed in her chair, bound once more into immobility. Suddenly she was filled with such a rabid sadness that she thought she might explode. What right did they have to do this? Why had this happened to her? What was going to become of her?

The man had sat back down on the bed. A knock came at the door. The man walked over and opened it. As far as she knew he was still naked unless he had put on a robe or something. No words were exchanged. Someone came behind her chair and pushed it towards the door. As she was wheeled down the hallway she heard the door to the man's room shut. They reached the elevator and she was taken down 3 floors. This time no one else got on. Her transporter remained completely quiet. The elevator door opened again and she was wheeled out. Down the hall through 2 more doors and then she heard the music again and her heart sank. She heard a door to a cage open. She was wheeled in, turned around and her chair was married to the slot in the wall.

The man, Beretsky, had forgotten to reinstall the prong in her pussy. The person who had transported her took notice. A feminine feeling hand brushed along her pussy. She shifted in her chair and whined. "We can't have that," the woman said to no one. She went to the side of the chair and Randi heard her pulling the prong and its mechanism from the pouch. The hand came back and

played with her pussy a bit, thrusting in two fingers. "Nice and loose," the voice said. She felt the tip of the prong push up against her entrance. It slid right in. She cringed and whined when she felt it re-expand her tunnel. It was pressed all the way in and the vibrating mechanism pushed up against her nubbin. The mechanism was strapped in place.

"You're lucky," the woman said merrily. "You're due for an orgasm in about 20 minutes."

A second later the cage door shut and she heard it lock. The outer door clanged open and then shut.

Whoever had transported her had left the hood on her head. Was it laziness or was she being punished? It really didn't matter which, of course, it was just as miserable to spend hours and hours blinded either way. It was so unfair!

She sat there for a long time. All she could hear was the syrupy music. The other girls, assuming they were still there, were being absolutely quiet. But for her tired pussy, and the recollection of the man's fierce blows, it was like her interlude with him had never happened, had been a terrible nightmare. It was so unreal! It was horrible! Horrible! Horrible!

The twenty minutes went by very slowly. She cringed and squirmed in her chair in dreadful anticipation. After all she had been through, couldn't they just let her rest a bit? She squirmed and whined and miserated. When she felt the vibration begin, she released a baleful moan.

It took her a long time to reach orgasm. The other girls were done way ahead of her. She cried and squirmed and pulled at her bonds as the thrusting prong and the vibrating mechanism drove her to the edge of madness. She teetered, teetered, teetered on the edge of climax for the longest, agonizing time. And then, finally, she came, a dull, throbbing orgasm that shook her innards.

She slept. Someone came around and fed her. They left the hood off. She was taken for exercise. She was showered, and mouthed to orgasm again. They shaved her pussy. She was brought back to a cell. She slept some more. She waited a long time awake. She was fed again and later driven to unwanted ecstasy. All of this took place over many, many hours. Dead, motionless hours during which nothing happened. She was getting to know the girl attendants. Some by name, some not. Prisoners came, prisoners left. At one point there was only her and another girl in the cells. She was several cells down and across the way. All Randi could see of her was that she had long chestnut hair. She cried a lot.

Some more girls were brought in. They went through the crying and sobbing and punishments that all the other girls went through. Randi cringed each time she heard them scream in pain, a chill going down her spine. One girl broke out into sobs every time an attendant came into the cells. She had to be punished three times before she learned to hold herself in, each time worse than the last.

Randi was taken from the cells, on average once every six hours, sometimes much less than that and sometimes, a considerable bit more. As a matter of protocol, there was no regular pattern. Each time she knew that it could be the last time. A hollowness would fill her belly as she was wheeled out, only to be assuaged when she was taken to the exercise room or given a shower. She knew something was up when her hood was pulled off in the shower room and there were two girls there. One was Susan from her first day, and the other was the black girl whose name she had learned was Shakira.

She quailed and started to sob. Susan patted her on the head. "That's right, Crystal," she said somewhat sadly. "It's time to go. We had a little difficulty arranging your transportation, but now everything's all set. We're going to get you ready and then you'll be on your way."

Shakira came over and kissed her on the forehead. "Don't worry, Crystal," she said. "Everything's going to work out. You'll see. As long as you're enthusiastic and obedient, I'm sure you'll do fine. Now don't give us any trouble. I wouldn't want to have to punish you on your last day after you've been so good."

Randi didn't give them any trouble. She couldn't help crying and shivering though. After the shower, they put her up on the massage table shaved her pussy like they always did, whether she needed it or not, and after massaging her and working lotion into her skin, the two women alternated kissing her pussy and kissing her breasts until she exploded into one last orgasm. She burst into sobs afterwards. They rolled her over to her belly and chained her limbs to the corners of the table. Susan, smiling sweetly, took something out of the drawer. She put on rubber surgical gloves and then unwrapped it. She spread Randi's rear cheeks with one hand and pushed a long, light green medicine looking thing into her bottom. She had a plug she had taken out of the drawer at the same time as the other and she inserted it into Randi's little hole. She came around to her front end as she was taking off the gloves. "That's just a little soporific to calm you down a little before we box you up," she said. "Just let it relax you. We'll be back in about 20 minutes."

The women left. Randi watched the door close with sorrow. She pulled at her chained limbs, but they were, as usual, implacable. She tried to expel the suppository, but the plug kept it in. The women had regagged her and she released some muffled sobs as she lay there inert. The 20 minutes went slow. Her mind started getting foggy. She drifted off to sleep.

She didn't hear the door open. All she knew was when hands released the chains on her limbs and she was eased off of the massage table. They had taken out the plug without her even noticing. She looked at the women. The black girl, Shakira, had come back, but not Susan. She liked Susan. She was always very sweet to her. The other girl was the Hispanic girl. Randi didn't know her name.

She had long, black hair and coffee colored skin. He face was regal, like a contessa or something, not someone you would think would aid in enslaving other girls. She was always smiley and bright, but she rarely said anything to her except to give her orders. The black girl was okay too, but she had punished her and Randi couldn't forget that.

She saw, on the floor, a framework like the one she had come in. The black lid was off of it and sitting a few feet away. She released a loud whine and tried to pull away, but the two experienced women soon had her on her belly on the floor. The Hispanic girl took her legs and pulled her back until the vertical pole bumped up against her vulva while Shakira took her arms and helped lift her up. The Hispanic girl had her ankle bracelets off in a jiffy while Shakira held her down. She felt her legs, one by one, bent back and raised and then a clamp going on around her ankles. She was starting to get very upset now and was blubbering through her gag. Shakira patted her head a few times, saying, "Sssssssh, Crystal, sssssssh. Just relax. It's all going to be fine."

Even through her befogged state, Randi knew it wasn't going to be fine. They were sending her somewhere where she would be treated cruelly and used like a whore. Like that man had done. It had to be somewhere remote and hard to get to or they wouldn't have taken so long to send her off. Shakira held her left arm down while the Hispanic girl removed her bracelet on her left wrist and pulled her arm back and fastened it to the frame. Randi whined and shook. Shakira calmly and efficiently removed the bracelet from her right wrist and then pulled it back as well.

Now she was bound like she had been before. Her legs were pulled back, lifting her pudenda off of the bottom. Her wrists were pulled back, lifting up her torso so that her breasts hung free, pulling at her shoulders. Shakira gave her breasts a little caress. "That's the good girl," she said sweetly. Then she removed the necklace with her name on it from around her neck.

When Shakira removed her gag, Randi tried to talk, to beg them not to send her, to let her go. Just as she opened her mouth to say, "Don't send me away! Please! Please! Please!" the Hispanic girl, whose name was Irina, and had been ready, poised, pushed forward the large ball that Ma had made from a mold of her mouth. All Randi got to say was, "Don...." and the ball was jammed against her lips. The girl had a little difficulty getting it past her teeth, but she placed her left hand on the back of her head and pushed it in intently with her right. It popped right in. Randi shook her head and wailed and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

The shield went on next. Shakira held it firmly against her mouth while Irina buckled it behind her head. Then she attached the straps that led back to the small pole behind her, one in the middle and one on each side. Randi's head was held up and firmly still.

Her pretty eyes begged forlornly for mercy. Shakira was touched. Everybody liked Crystal and they would miss her. A week was a long time to be in the quiet room, as they called it, and hardly any of the prisoners ever stayed that long. Shakira stroked her head. "Poor little Crystal," she said. She squeezed her breasts again. "You're going to make a great whore, Crystal," she said gently. "Don't worry about a thing."

Shakira and the Hispanic girl stood up. Randi was facing the door. The Hispanic girl went over to the clipboard, looked at the electronic device on her belt and checked something off. Shakira used her device to waive at the tag on the cardboard panel that had been hanging on her chest with her name and UPC code and it beeped. She retrieved a small pair of scissors from the drawer in the massage table and cut it up. She tossed it into the wastebasket. Then she fiddled with her device and came over to Randi. She crouched down and used her right hand to draw back her left eyelid. She pointed the device at Randi's eye. She thought too late to move her eye away from it and the device gave out a little flash.

Shakira stood and looked at her device. She nodded to Irina who nodded back. Shakira looked at Randi as if she wanted to say something. Randi looked up at her pleadingly. The door behind Shakira clanged open. "Come on, girl," Irina said. Shakira gave out a little grimace, took a deep breath and left. The door clanged closed.

Randi lay there for about an hour filled with dread. She cried and struggled and cried and struggled, all to no avail. She knew it was useless, but she had to do it anyway. And then she just lay there looking forcibly, forlornly ahead, a million terrible thoughts going through her mind.

Finally the door clanged open. Two men walked in. One was pushing a little cart. They were dressed in black just like the girls had been. The first man was white and had short, dirty blond hair. The second man was black and had short, curly hair sprinkled with grey.

They were nonchalant. The black man stepped up to Randi and took a device off of his belt. The other man picked up the black lid. The black man crouched down and lifted Randi's left eyelid. He held up the device to her eye. Randi, panicked, moved her eye all around so that the man wouldn't get a good reading. The man leaned back on his heels.

"Shit, girl," he said laconically. "You want to fuck around, I'll hurt you till you scream. What you wanna do that for?"

Randi looked at him. She believed him. He leaned forward again and lifted her eyelid. This time she gave him no trouble. The little flash went off and he stood up and looked at the device. "Roger dodger," he said musically.

The white man came over with the lid. Randi shook and moaned and sobbed and screeched, but the men didn't pay her any mind. Her voice was mostly



muffled, the sound reverberating through her throat. The lid went over her, nice and snug. Her nose was about an inch from the inside and her knees the same. There was about 2 inches between her shoulders and the sides. Darkness descended on her. She screamed and shook and wailed. As soon as the lid was well seated on the base, her noises, such as they were, were cut off from the outside.

The men buckled the lid tightly to the base all around. After they had checked each connection twice, they lifted the container and placed it on the cart. Randi felt herself being moved and cried and cried and cried. She sensed them pause, but she didn't hear the door clang as they wheeled her out, nor the opening of the next door or the next. Her belly sensed when they were rising in the elevator. It went directly to the ground level without stopping. Earl and Bill, that were their names, passed Frank wheeling in a large thin crate. He brought it into the elevator. Inside the crate was a Jackson Pollock stolen from a mansion outside of Norwalk, Connecticut. It was going to a buyer in New Delhi and would have to wait a few days until transportation could be arranged. "Hey Frank," Earl said.

"Hey, Earl," Frank replied. The elevator door closed and Earl and Bill continued on their journey.

They reached bay three on the dock. A large brown van was backed up to it. The driver, in a brown uniform, was standing by the rolled up door. They brought the cart to a halt. Other men were unloading a truck a little bit down the way. Pete stayed there chatting with the driver as Earl went to the office. He came back with a clipboard and some papers. He pulled the top item off of the clipboard and handed it to Bill. Bill peeled off the backer and applied a large sticker with a UPC code on it to the side of the container. It ran over the lip of the bottom. If the box were opened before delivery, the label would have to be torn and the customer would know. Earl took his device and waived it at the UPC code and the device beeped. He looked at it, nodded, and showed it to Bill. Bill nodded too.

The driver took out his device and did the same thing. He hooked the device back to his belt. He and Bill carried the container onto the truck way up by the nose. They placed it on the floor perpendicular to the length of the truck. There was a small compressor there and the driver turned it on. He checked the hose to make sure that air was coming through and then he fastened it to a nozzle in the front of the container. Bill opened a small panel, maybe 2" by 2" on the top in the back. It was baffled so you couldn't look in and so no noise could get out. But it would accommodate a nice air stream in the interior.

Bill walked to the back of the van while the driver placed three straps over the container, one lengthwise and two across, and hooked them to the floor. The container would stay right where it was put and wouldn't shift in traffic. The last thing that he did was pull down a panel from the ceiling. He connected it to the

floor. Anyone who looked in the back would just see an empty van, at least if they looked quickly and didn't get in.

To add effect, Earl pushed over a pneumatic hand truck with two large forks in the front. On the forks was a wooden pallet and on the pallet were several boxes that had been strapped to it. The hand truck was pushed onto the van and the pallet was laid right at the fake wall. Earl let the pallet drop and pulled the machine back onto the dock.

Earl presented the clipboard to the driver. The driver signed it, tore off a copy, and handed it back. Earl shook his hand. Bill shook his hand. The driver jumped down from the dock and walked to the front of the van. He slid open the door, got into the driver's seat and buckled himself in. He started the engine, released the brake, put the van in gear, gave it some gas, and it was off.

Randi knew that she had been loaded on some kind of a vehicle. She felt the movement in her box. The men had handled the container rather carefully, but still it jostled her a bit and made her queasy. She had stopped crying and was just lying there morosely. There was nothing she could do and she knew that it would probably be some time before she was moved again. The drive from the airport when she arrived had been about a half hour and she expected the same on the way out.

But the local airport this Black Watch facility used did not accommodate international flights. For that they needed an airport at a major city. The nearest city with a decent sized international airport was 3 hours away. Randi was in for a long ride.

The van trundled along the local streets until it reached the entrance to the Interstate. It was clear riding all the way to the airport. It was about 3 in the afternoon (Randi had no idea what time it was. She knew that her fuckfest with the man had occurred at night, but she had lost track of time since then.) The flight was at 7:30. There was plenty of time and no need to rush. The driver had on one of those twangy country stations. He kept the window open and there was a nice breeze. He wasn't allowed to smoke in the van so he popped in a Nicorette.

They got to the airport about 6:30. He had the proper clearance for the freight area and was waved in. He pulled down the length of the terminal. The plane he was looking for was on the end, parked away from all the others. It was long and sleek with four jet engines. It was carrying a not quite legitimate load of electronics and machinery parts. He backed the truck up to the loading door near the back. Three men were waiting. One was the customs official. He had to sign off on all shipments. He was, of course, on the Black Watch payroll. He didn't know what was being shipped and he didn't care. All he was there for was to sign the driver's papers and put a 'cleared' sticker on the waybill. He performed his task and left.

They didn't have a hand truck that would deal with the pallet so they had to unstrap the packages and place them by the side. The driver propped the empty pallet on the side of the van. He went back, raised the false panel, unstrapped and unhooked Randi's container. One of the other men helped him carry it to the tail, hopped down and, with the other man, placed it on a cart. The driver reloaded the packages onto the pallet and strapped them in. When done, he hopped down. He took out his device and scanned the box. He handed the waybill to one of the other men who signed it and gave a copy back. He took a device from his belt and he scanned the container.

While the van pulled away, he and the other man wheeled the container to the loading door of the plane. They hefted it in and walked it up to the front of the freight area through a narrow passageway between the crates that had been loaded previously. They strapped the container in place on the floor. A hose there led to a spigot that was connected to the cooling system that serviced the cockpit. They made sure it was working, connected it to the container, exited the cargo compartment and shut the door.

It was 10 to seven. The pilot was already on board going through the checklist. The engines were not on yet. Her name was Yvonne and she had been flying for the Black Watch for about 15 years. She had no idea what was on the plane and she didn't care. Neither did her copilot, Barry, who was off filling their coffee thermoses and getting some sandwiches.

Barry came back at about 7:05. He put the thermoses and the sandwiches into a compartment behind their seats. Yvonne started the engines at 7:15. They made the whole plane vibrate. Barry went back to check the cargo compartment. He made sure that all the crates were strapped in securely and were evenly distributed. He saw Randi's container. He realized what was in it, but he didn't care. He checked the straps, disconnected the air hose to make sure air was flowing and then hooked it back up again. He held his hand by the little panel in the back to make sure that air was coming through. For a second or two he contemplated what was sure to be the delectable contents. He felt a small twinge of sympathy for whoever was inside, but then shrugged it off. Life was tough all over. He was paid well to mind his own business.

He hopped out of the cargo compartment and shut the door, making sure that it was locked in place. He climbed back into the cockpit and Yvonne gave him a little smile. They had a little thing going although Barry was married. Yvonne didn't mind. She didn't want to be tied down to anyone. Barry made her laugh and he was great in bed. They had a three day layover when they landed and Yvonne and Barry had plans to make the most of it.

At 7:25, Yvonne began to taxi the plane to the runway. She stopped just by its edge. Another jet came rolling down and lifted into the air. Yvonne checked with the tower and asked for clearance. She was told to stand by.

At 7:38, the tower called and gave her clearance for runway three. Yvonne taxied to the end of the runway and put the plane into position. She did a final check on all the dials and gauges as Barry read off the list. She let the tower know she was ready and she got final clearance. She revved up the engines. She gave Barry another smile. She released the brake. A few seconds later the jet started to inch forward. She opened the throttle, slowly at first, and then all the way as the jet picked up speed. The jet barreled down the runway. She and Barry were pressed back into their seats. She adjusted the flaps. The nose tilted upwards. The plane gave a great shudder and lifted off of the ground. Yvonne pointed it straight up. Within a minute, it was at 2500 feet and still rising. It was 7:55.

Randi knew they were in the air. She had been disconcerted by the long drive, but then got to thinking that maybe they were taking her to some place you could drive to rather than someplace far away as she had feared. If that were true, maybe there would be a chance of escape and she could get home. She tried not to cry too much or feel too sorry for herself, but it was hard under the circumstances as you can well imagine.

No noise entered her box except the hissing of the air hose. But she could feel the vibration of the road. She let it lull her into semi consciousness from time to time. Each time she nodded off she awoke with a start soon afterwards. Her torpor produced a dreamlike state and waking up jerked her out of it. Each time she experienced anew the misery of where she was and what was happening to her.

It was so horrible to be able to hardly move a muscle. She could flex her hands and curl her toes, but that was about it. And she could blink her eyes, but that didn't do much since she was in complete darkness. And the time went on so slowly. Miserable thoughts kept running through her head from the horror of being kidnapped, Ma and Jimmy's abuse of her, the long, tortuous periods of inactivity and confinement she had just gone through and the callous and hateful way the man had used her. And her traitorous cunt. It was down there behind her, jammed up against the pole. Wherever she was going, they would use it and use it and use it. How many men would she have to fuck? How long would she be a prisoner? Would she ever escape? Would anybody ever be kind to her again?

When the truck stopped, a coldness swept over her. Where they there? Was she at her destination? She swayed and her breasts jiggled as they carried her container off of the van. She realized that her journey wasn't over when the container was set down again and another air hose was connected to it. She whined and struggled. Was she on another truck, or was she on a plane? She waited

impatiently, terrified to know. She was still for what seemed for a long time. When the engines came to life she knew she was on a plane and her heart sank.

She felt it when they took off. The press of the g-forces was unmistakable and the sickening feeling in her belly. Something about the takeoff scared her. She remembered the takeoff of the other plane she had been on. Somehow the force of takeoff had been a lot less. And the vibrations were a lot stronger this time. Before she had imagined herself on a small commuter type plane. This time it was different. She was on a real plane, a jet, a large one. And that could only mean one thing: they were taking her really, really far.

She cried and struggled. Deep despair flowed through her. If the plane was as big as she thought it was, they were probably taking her to another country. Her original supposition had been right. "Oh please, oh please, oh please, God, don't let this happen," she thought miserably.

Hours and hours went by. Sometimes she cried. Sometimes she raged. Mostly she just lay there sad and despondent, full of fear and foreboding. Were they taking her to Africa where she would be the slave of some dictator or general, black as night and mean and depraved? She had nothing against black people, but she never wanted to be fucked by one. She knew it was wrong to think so, but that was just the way she was raised. They were them and we were us. Jeremiah Brown had been nice in high school and she had dated him once. The reaction she got from her friends convinced her not to have a second one.

Or were they taking her to Asia? Maybe China or India. They could be taking her anywhere. Yellow men and brown men. They treasured white women, didn't they? It would be a great status symbol to have a white woman as a sex slave. They would put her in a brothel and charge exorbitant fees to fuck her. And those Orientals, they were into all kinds of depraved things, weren't they? She shuddered to think of it and the more she thought about it the worse she felt.

It was so horrible, and the plane just kept flying and flying and flying. They hadn't fed her for a while before she left. There had been a feeding and they had skipped her but she thought maybe she was being punished for something. She was thirsty too. They hadn't given her anything to drink. And she was stiff and achy and bored and scared. And it was so dark and she couldn't move and they were taking her somewhere far, far away.

Up in the cockpit Yvonne was finishing her second sandwich. Chicken salad and bacon on a hard roll. Barry was at the controls. There was breezy jazz coming from her iPod connected to the speaker system. Five hours down and one to go. The jet did a little better than 650 miles an hour and they had had a great tailwind. They had already alerted the airport of their estimated landing time. It would be a little after 8 a. m. local time when they landed. The airport was near the capital and there was a great luxury hotel downtown where she and Barry had reservations.

They had a great spa and a great restaurant. They had booked an excursion to the lake country for the next day and would be staying at a beautiful lodge overlooking a bright blue lake. Two nights there and then back to the capital and home.

Barry was thinking about the same thing. But he wasn't thinking about spas or restaurants. Yvonne gave great head. And she loved to do it. He looked over at her and smiled. He looked at her mouth and her plump, red lips and the way she was devouring her sandwich. He couldn't wait.

They landed without incident about an hour and a half later. The control tower had kept them flying in circles for a little while until they could clear the runway for a landing. Yvonne was an excellent pilot and the jar of the plane at landing was minimal. They taxied to a remote portion of the cargo terminal and shut the engines down. Yvonne went to shut down the electrical systems, but Barry stopped her. "We've got a package back there," he told her. Yvonne looked at him quizzically for a second and then she realized what Barry meant.

"Okay," she said, "but let's get it off first thing so the batteries don't run low."

Yvonne completed their log while Barry hopped out of the cockpit. He went to the back of the plane. There were two trucks waiting. Their drivers were standing together between them smoking cigarettes. Next to them was a customs official.

The customs official approached the plane. Barry showed him the bills of lading showing the plane's contents and the clearance from US customs. The customs official didn't give a shit about that. All he cared about was the monthly payment the Black Watch sent him. He initialed the documents and placed his stamp on them. He went away.

Barry motioned to the driver of the small van that he would go first. He was lanky and tall, with a shock of wild black hair. He was wearing faded and torn blue jeans and a red t-shirt that said University of Arizona on it in black letters over a faded seal. "You first," Barry told him. The man just smiled.

"No English," Barry thought.

Just then a rotund fellow wearing a khaki uniform and wide black suspenders came out of neighboring building. A thin youth of about 16 or 17 was following behind him. He was in jeans too and wore a faded yellow t-shirt with Cyrillic writing on it. The big man came up to Barry. Barry confirmed that he spoke English and conveyed to him the importance of removing the container from the plane as soon as possible, without saying what was in it other than that it was 'perishable'.

The fat man gave instructions to the boy and the van driver and they both leapt to their task. Within a minute, they were struggling with the container and manhandling it out the cargo bay door. They carried it over to the van and slid it in the back. Barry had a computer device on his belt as did the driver. Barry scanned

the package first and the driver scanned it second. Barry didn't bother to shake hands, but walked back to the other men.

The driver stepped into the van. There was a compressor bolted into the floor. Part of the delay for Randi's transshipment to her destination was in getting a suitable compressor sent out from the States and installed in the van. Niegev, the driver, didn't own the van. It belonged to his cousin Galish. It was somewhat beat up and needed new tires, but it was serviceable. Niegev had practiced turning on the compressor 3 times last night. Now, however, he was having a hard time getting it started. It would run for about 15 seconds and then would stop. It was a long drive to his destination and Niegev wanted to get going. His band, whose name translated as "The Filthy Rabbits", had a gig that afternoon at a wedding. With 3 hours out and 3 hours back, he would barely make it.

He had no idea what was in the container other than it was something live. He figured it was some kind of exotic pet or something. He was half tempted to open it and see, but there was that seal on it and he knew he would never be able to get it back on right. Besides, Galish had been emphatic that he was not to fuck with the package and that he was to follow instructions to the letter. He had said that big, important people had hired him and if they fucked up there would be hell to pay. Galish would have done it himself, but he had other irons in the fire. Besides, it was such a simple job that even an idiot couldn't fuck it up. Or so he thought.

Niegev tried to decide whether to get going without the compressor or not. He placed his ear to the side of the container to see if he could hear what was inside. No sounds emerged. He saw the little open panel at the top and he put his ear to that. He listened very carefully. There was a kind of squeaky noise coming from in there if you listened real hard. He wondered what kind of animal would make a sound like that. A cat maybe? But who would ship a cat thousands of miles in a box like this? There were thousands of stray cats in the city. They had nine lives, didn't they? If he couldn't get the compressor to work it would probably be all right. Maybe a little hot and stuffy, but cats were tough, weren't they?

He decided to risk it. He got out of the van and shut the rear door. He got in the driver's seat, put the van in gear and drove off.

Inside the container, things got pretty bad right away. There was, at best, maybe 20 minutes of air in it. But even before asphyxiation, the occupant would begin to suffer from carbon dioxide poisoning. First brain damage, and then death. But Niegev didn't know that. And it was getting very, very hot.

Randi knew that they had landed. She knew that she was probably on the last leg of her journey. She was dreadfully afraid and whined and cried and struggled fruitlessly with her bonds. And Randi, better than anyone in the world, knew how small a space she was confined in. She knew the importance of the little air stream coming from the bottom of her container. When the van started and she couldn't

sense the flow of fresh air, she panicked and began to scream and yell as loud as she could, which wasn't much. After a while, she began to get a little dizzy. She knew that she was probably going to die. But wasn't that a better ending than the one planned for her? Wasn't just nodding off to sleep better than being whipped and abused and treated like the lowest whore you could ever imagine for years and years and years?

The van trundled along for a few minutes. Nievev stopped at a red light. He got to thinking. Maybe he had made a mistake. Maybe whatever was in the box would die and he would be in a world of shit. Maybe he had better try to get the compressor started one more time. He pulled the van over on the busy street. He hopped out of the driver's seat and went to the back of the van. He opened the door and crawled in. He went to the compressor. There was a button on the side that started it. He pressed it, and the compressor when, "wirrrrrrrrrrr..." and stopped. He did it again. It went, "wirrrrrrrrrrrrr..." and stopped. He did it a third time and got the same result.

“Why does this shit always happen to me?” Nieghev demanded of the world angrily. He should maybe call Galish and see what he should do. But Nieghev knew that that something important that Galish had to do was to fuck that good looking married woman he had met whose husband worked in an office downtown during the day. There was no way that Galish would answer the phone.

He sat there for a minute. Maybe he should open the box, he thought. But Galish had been emphatic on this. “Fuck!” Nieghev swore out loud. There was a crowbar on the floor of the van lying amidst some other tools. In frustration, Nieghev picked it up and gave the compressor a mighty blow. He looked at it. Should he try it again? But maybe he had broken it and now he would really be in shit since they would blame the thing not working on him. There was a dent on it where he had struck it.

[illegible]

It was working! Nievev gave his thanks to God. A few seconds later, he had the hose hooked up. The compressor was just wrrrrrrring along. He patted the box, smiling. “Good little kitty,” he said.

He got back in the driver's seat and drove off.

Randi heard the hissing of the air right away. Despite her thoughts about death, she really wanted to live. Somehow she would escape. Somehow. You never knew what could happen. But her heart saddened a little. For a little while she had lost her fear of the future. Everything would go dark and it would be over. Now her fear returned. Soon she would be at her destination. Soon she would find out what



kind of hell she would be in. She struggled and cried and whined. It was so unfair! So unfair! So unfair!

Randi got sadder and sadder as they went along. She would be beaten. First thing, to show her who was boss. That's what Ma had said, and she knew what she was talking about. She had zapped her over and over again when she first had her tied to the beam in the basement. And she had been right. From that point on her fear of her was rabid. They would do it to her now, soon. As soon as she arrived. Beaten and tortured and then fucked and fucked and fucked. There would be no kindness ever again, for the rest of her life. She gave her hands and feet a little tug. She was tired and aching, and hungry and thirsty and so, so afraid. How could people do things like this? What made them so mean?

Niegev just trundled along. He was trying to make up for lost time. The four lane road had gone down to a narrow two lane one. On either side of the road were broad, dusty steppes. Twice, slow moving, old, beat up cars had appeared in front of him. He passed them quickly in the opposite lane. The second time he had almost crashed head on with a van coming in the opposite direction. He had just made it back into his own lane and his van swerved and almost ran off the road. Now that would have been a mess. Galish would be pissed and the kitty cat would die. Maybe he would die. He fumbled for his pack of Troikas and pulled one out. He had trouble lighting it at first because his hand was trembling, but he managed it and the first deep puff calmed his nerves.

He reached the country's second city in a little over 2 ½ hours. It wasn't as big as the capital, but it had several tall skyscrapers and a population of six hundred fifty thousand. He skirted the city on a bypass and drove on for another half hour. The road got even narrower and had turned to mostly hard packed dirt. Vast wheat fields spread out on either side of him and the occasional tractor could be seen laboring away. The sky was deep blue and looked like it went on forever. The sun was bright and everything was awash with color. It was a beautiful day.

The GPS from his phone told him when to turn. It was a narrow dirt road on the left. He drove down it a few miles, avoiding the ruts when he could and, when he couldn't, holding on for dear life to the steering wheel. A cloud of dust rose up behind him.

The road ran out at a large gate. Tall fences stretched out for 40' or so on each side, more as a discouragement than a real barrier. Above the gate was a large framework with the name of the owner on it over a painting of a snarling red wolf's head. He knew the name well. Everybody did. It was what had made him more than a little apprehensive about taking this job when Galish had proposed it. The country was ostensibly a democratic republic, but it was really run by guys like this. Powerful and ruthless. He had heard the stories, stories that never got printed in the newspapers. But he had nothing to worry about, right? He was just a

guy delivering a package. And thank god he had gotten the compressor working. They would have buried his remains somewhere way out on the steppes where nobody would ever find him.

He stopped the van before the gate. He placed it in park and stepped out. There was a security camera perched on the right hand corner of the upper framework looking down. It made him nervous to think that some cold hearted bastard was watching him. On the right side of the gate, affixed to the side post, was a little box. It had a speaker in it and a button to push. It was an old piece of technology and rusted a bit from probably years of exposure. He pressed the button and waited. Nothing happened. He pressed it again, longer this time. After a few seconds, a gruff, tinny voice came out of it.

“State your name and your business,” it said.

“Niegev Karimov,” he replied. “I’ve come with your little kitty cat.”

There was silence on the other end. He looked up at the camera. It made him feel creepy that someone up there was looking at him. A few seconds later, the voice came on again.

“OK. I’ll open the gate. Make sure you close it all the way after you go through. Pull around to the back of the house.”

The lock on the gate buzzed and the gate jarred open about a foot. Niegev pushed it open the rest of the way, swinging it all the way to the other side. He got back in the running van, pulled it ahead about 40’ or so, and then came back to the gate again, swinging it shut. He gave it a hard kind of shove at the end, making sure that he heard it click closed.

Back in the van, he eased it up the driveway. It rose up a little hill and then went down. He could see the mansion up ahead of him, three stories tall, covered with light pink stucco and frilly curlicues around all the tall, wide windows and on the tops of the walls near the roof. It kept looking bigger and bigger as Niegev got closer to it.

When he was 30 yards or so away, the driveway forked. To the right it approached the front of the house. A rococo style fountain was encircled by the driveway. There were five or so pinkish steps up to a wide portico and two wide wooden doors.

Niegev knew that the front door was not for him. He kept going straight and there was a turnoff behind the building. Behind the house was a long garage about 100’ long, with a large courtyard separating the two buildings. There looked like there were 10 bays in it. Two of the bay doors were open and he saw fancy looking cars parked in them. In front of the garage, a thin youth dressed in jeans and a t-shirt was washing a large, black Mercedes Benz. He gave Niegev a cursory glance as he passed.

Just beyond was a loading dock. Niegev pulled past it, stopped the van, and the backed up very slowly until there was maybe 10' between the back of the van and the dock. He shut off the engine.

He went around the back right away and opened the rear door. He scrambled inside and unhooked the black box from the compressor. He dragged the box to the tail of the van and hopped out.

There was about a 3' lift between the bottom of his van and the bottom of the dock. He looked at the box, considering its weight. "How heavy could it be with just a little kitty cat in it," he thought. But when he went to lift it, he realized that if it was a kitty cat, it was a very large one. Nonetheless, after taking a deep breath, he lifted the box up, giving it the old heave ho, and dropped it onto the concrete dock. When he looked up, a small statured man was looking at him disdainfully. He was stern looking. He was wearing black pants and black shoes, a white dress shirt with an open black vest and a thin black tie. His hair was longer than a crew cut, but still short, and dark black. He looked maybe 45 or so years old. There was something about his face that conveyed unkindness. Niegev realized that he was probably the steward or something for the house. He gave him his most ingratiating smile.

"One precious little kitty cat, as ordered," he joked.

This did not amuse the man. "Go get your papers and come inside," he snarled.

Niegev was hoping to just drive away, but he reluctantly went back to the front of the van and retrieved the papers the man had given him at the airport. There was a set of concrete steps to the side of the loading dock and he climbed up. A bulky man dressed in black jeans and black turtleneck sweater had come out of nowhere. He was pushing a wooden cart about 4' high. As Niegev approached, he picked up the black box and put it on the cart. The mean guy said to Niegev, "Follow me," and walked into the house through the back entrance. Niegev reluctantly followed him, the man with the cart pulling up the rear.

They went down a long hallway with green colored walls and red tile. Off to the left was the kitchen. To the right were several doors which Niegev assumed were storerooms. They went through a wide doorway and into the living portion of the house. Niegev was agog with the luxury. The floors were of dark polished wood. The walls were light blue. They walked past a set of broad, winding marble stairs that led to the upstairs. They were at the front hall. It had a tall ceiling and paneled walls. A large chandelier was overhead. A large, rectangular, red and black oriental rug sat before the bottom of the stairs, with polished wood all around it. The huge front door was made of light colored oak.

The mean man brought the parade to a halt. He turned and waited for the bulky man to catch up with the cart. He brought the cart to a stop in the middle of the rug, facing the door.

Randi was shivering with fright. She had, of course, realized that she was at her destination. The manhandling of her container had shaken her back and forth and her body had jerked when the box was plopped down hard on the loading dock. She had been raised up and rolled some distance and then brought again to a halt. She was tired and hungry and thirsty and so, so afraid. Who would she see when her box was opened? Would it be leering black faces? Brown ones? Inscrutable Oriental ones? Was she in a whorehouse, or in some place where she would be slowly and agonizingly tortured to death? Would anyone here ever be kind to her? Smile at her? Have mercy on her? Would she be fucked and fucked and fucked by dozens of men a day? Tortured and beaten? She screamed inside and squirmed and struggled with her bonds. "Please make this go away!" she asked the universe. "Please don't let this be real!"

She heard the sides of the box being unbuckled. In a moment all would be revealed. She bit down hard on the ball in her mouth and started to sob.

Niegev watched as the box was opened. He was curious to see what was inside it, but more anxious to get his papers signed and get the hell out of there. It was a long way back to the capital and he didn't want to be late.

Finally, the seal was ripped and the top of the box lifted off. Niegev stared down at the contents amazedly. It was a girl not a kitty cat! All scrunched up and gagged and trussed like a goose. Her pleading eyes were darting back and forth, taking in her new, strange surroundings. A whine of fear escaped her mouth. A chill went through him as he realized what would have happened if he had delivered the girl dead. He thanked his lucky stars that he had gotten the compressor working. His cousin Galish was a fucking cocksucker who had involved him in something terrible. He would curse him out when he saw him and demand double what he had been paid.

He looked at the mean man who was also staring down at the girl. He knew that the lord of the estate was a cruel cold bastard and there were always rumors flying around about the terrible things that he did. Would there be a repercussion to him for seeing what should not have been seen? Niegev knew one thing for sure, he would never tell a single soul what he had been involved in. Except Galish, that fucking son of a bitch!

Randi looked up at the mean looking man. Her belly went sour and her whole body chilled. "Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought madly. "Please don't let this be happening!"

The mean looking man smiled evilly. He reached down and took hold of her dangling breasts and gave them a firm squeeze. It seemed like that was the first

thing everybody wanted to do when they first saw her. The hands were cold and boney and frightful and she shivered and whined at the touch.

After a few seconds the man seemed to be satisfied. He pulled an iPhone out of his pocket and tapped at an app. His left hand went to her face and pulled back her left eyelid. He pointed the iPhone at her and it flashed. He looked at it, nodded, and smiled again. Identity confirmed.

She watched as the mean looking man snatched some papers out of the hand of a tall, thin man standing next to him. Randi realized that he was the driver of the truck that had brought her here. He seemed stupefied and dazed. The mean man stepped over to a half table set up against the wall and took a pen out of the drawer. He set the papers down on the table, signed them, and ripped off a copy. He handed the papers back to the skinny, stupefied man and said something to him in a guttural tongue that Randi didn't understand. His voice was sharp and curt. The skinny guy took back the papers, gave Randi another stupefied look and then turned and fled.

Randi looked up again. Was this her owner? Was this the man who had spent over \$150,000 for her and had her shipped to him thousands and thousands of miles away from her home? She sobbed and stretched in her bindings. She was so afraid and sad and miserable that she thought she might explode.

There was a heavyset man standing next to him. He was eying her salaciously. He was dressed in worker's clothes and clearly was not the boss. The mean man said something to him in his strange language. The workman nodded deferentially and left.

That left just her and the mean looking man. He was sizing her up. Was she as desirable as she had been advertised? Did she meet his expectations? Would he beat her and then fuck her and demand all kinds of scurrilous things from her? Was he as mean as he looked?

And then, he seemed to have seen enough. He went back to the table and fiddled in the drawer for a moment. He pulled out what looked like a small matchbox. He came back to her and picked up the cover to her box from the floor. Randi shivered and cringed as he lifted it up over her again and brought it down. A second later, he pulled the front of the cover up a few inches and stuck the matchbox between its edge and the bottom, propping it up. Then he walked away.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Randi wondered unhappily about what had just happened. She realized that she would not be released from her prison just yet. Darkness covered her heart and she began to sob. The only good thing about arriving at her destination was the thought that she would be freed. And now she would have to wait and wait and wait until the mean man saw fit to remove her. Why would he wait? Why wasn't he letting her out?

And then the answer came to her. She realized that the mean looking man wasn't her owner. He was his butler or something like that. Her owner was yet to arrive. She would stay as she was until he came. Who would he be? Would he be even meaner looking than the butler? How long would she have to wait? And what would he do to her when he got there?

It seemed a long, long time that she was waiting there, but it was only about 45 minutes. Unlike before, there was a crack of light coming from the bottom of the box, but that didn't comfort her much. She had the distinct impression that a couple of people, or the same person more than once, had passed her by a couple of times. She had only gotten a brief view of the room she was in, but she had distinctly seen the door opposite her, tall and thick looking, and a bit of the luxurious surroundings. Whoever owned her, she realized, must be very rich. Very rich and powerful enough to keep a young woman as property without fear of the law. And she was definitely in some strange country. Where? How far had they flown? How would she ever get home again?

It was a little after 1:15 that Akmal, the butler, steward and major domo of the estate, came back to the foyer. He stood next to the big black container and looked toward the door. His shadow crossed the little gap in her box and Randi realized that he had returned. That could only mean one thing. Her real, true owner was about to appear. She started to shake and sob all over again.

She heard the front door open. There was the sound of a deep, strong, somewhat surprised, but pleased voice. The mean man said something. There was a pause and then the lid was lifted off again. Randi looked up into the sudden light and tried to focus. What she saw did not comfort her.

It was a very tall, very broad shouldered man. He looked about 50 or so. He was wearing a golden polo shirt and khaki pants. His hands looked as large as a bear's paws. He was well over 6' tall, probably 6'5" or 6'6". His face was broad,

with a very strong, aggressive nose and a thick, prominent chin. He was plain shaven. He wore a thick gold chain around his neck from which hung some kind of medallion. He had starry blue eyes that looked as cold as steel.

He was smiling broadly. The mean man said something to him and he replied. He stepped closer to her, towering way above her. She whined and shivered. As had the mean man, he reached under her and took hold of her breasts. His hands were strong and hot. He squeezed her breasts almost brutally, making her moan. It made him laugh. He released her breasts and gave the mean man an instruction.

Swiftly and deftly, the mean man undid the straps that held her head still and unbuckled the leather shield from the back of her head. He pulled it away. The big man took hold of her chin and moved her face this way and that. He seemed pleased. He brought his face down close to hers and said something that was supposed to sound sweet, but which sent a chill through her. His heavy hand tapped her face a few times. He seemed to notice for the first time the plug in her mouth. He took hold of the tag on the front of it with his thick fingers and pulled on it hard and then harder until it popped from her mouth. She squealed as it emerged and the big man leaned over again, his face inches away from hers. He tapped her face again with his hand, a bit harder this time, and said, "Shhhhhhhh!"

He looked at the plug with some curiosity and then handed it to the mean man. He took hold of her face again with a vice-like grip and squeezed her cheeks, forcing her mouth open and her lips into a pout. He inspected her mouth for a few seconds and something seemed to cross his face. When he raised himself to his full height again, and lowered his zipper, Randi knew what the something was.

He fished out his cock. It was long and thick and rubbery. Randi's stomach turned sour immediately. She closed her mouth involuntarily and gave the man a piteous look. The big man smiled again and patted her face again and said something to her. He placed his thumb on her chin and his finger on her upper lip and spread her mouth open. Shivering, and on the verge of breaking out into woeful sobs, Randi did not resist. He crept closer to her, looming over her so that his loins were practically thrust up against her face. Holding her mouth open with his right hand, he placed the head of his cock into her mouth and then moved even closer. Its foulness was inside her and lying on top of her tongue.

A wave of revulsion and self-pity ran through her. But she knew why she had been brought here. She knew why the man had paid thousands and thousands of dollars for her. And he was so big and strong and brutish, and she was so small and helpless and powerless. She didn't want to, and all of her soul rebelled against it, but she closed her mouth around his member and began to suckle it.

The man rested his hand on her head and released a sigh. Tears were flowing down Randi's face, and her body tremored with sorrow, but she attended to her

task with alacrity. It didn't take long for the man's instrument to grow to hardness. It was thick and heavy and salty and hard. She went to move her head back and forth so she could scour its length with her lips and tongue, but the man's heavy hand held her head still. Instead, he commenced a steady thrusting in and out of her. Dutifully, tears flowing down her face, she maintained a small, tight, soft tunnel for his meat.

Misery filled her. He was her owner. He could do anything he wanted to her. And he was demonstrating his ownership of her right off the bat, not even bothering to assuage her dreadful bondage, and without an iota of concern about who she was or how she felt. And the mean man was standing there next to him. Randi couldn't see him, her owner's bulk filled up her vision, but she sensed him there watching her, measuring her, evaluating her docility and servility.

The man thrust back and forth. He had a steady, moderately fast rhythm. She could hear his sighs of enjoyment. Her wrists and ankles strained at her bonds in her agony of shame. He would do this again and again and again, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred times. And he would fuck her again and again, and beat her, and treat her callously as property, negating all of her humanity. This was just the first of a long, long series of humiliations and degradations.

She kept her lips tight around his pole. Every thrust of his hips, each time his cock traversed her lips, a little bit of her soul was stripped away. He went on and on and on, and his thick, sawing meat filled her mouth revoltingly. "Please, God! Please God! Oh, please, please, please, God, don't let this be true," she prayed.

His motions grew faster. His hand gripped her hair tightly. His cock began to bang up against the back of her mouth. She whined and shivered and her heart grew sick at what she knew was coming. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh, please don't! Please don't! Pleeceeeeeeease! Pleeceeeeeeease!" her mind screamed.

And then he released an agonized sounding grunt and his cock began to throb and spurt in her mouth. She did her best to swallow it, its salty, slightly sour essence pouring down her throat. He grunted and groaned and thrust against her mightily. Her innards revolted at the thought of his spume befouling her. But she knew that she was destined to receive it, commencing this day, this hour, this moment, a thousand times, in her mouth in her cunt, and in her ass, like Ma had said she would. She cried and sobbed and a rabid misery rose up within her.

He released a great sigh and his thrusts slowed. She kept up her suckling, although easing her intensity. Finally, he remained still for a moment, his softening crank resting on her tongue. His grip eased on her hair and he pulled himself out.

He stepped back a bit and looked down at her. Her lips were trembling and tears were cascading down her face. He laughed and gripped her head with both hands, brushing her tears away with his thumbs and said something merry to her. He tapped her face again, rose to his full height and put away his glistening cock.



He reached out his large right hand and the mean man put her mouthpiece into it. Placing his thumb on her chin again, he forced her mouth open and, with a little difficulty, pressed it back in. He patted her on the top of her head and walked away into the house.

Randi closed her eyes and cried. This is how it was going to be. That man could do anything he wanted to her. Somehow she had to get away, to escape. But to where? She didn't even know where she was. It was all so horrible! Horrible!

She sensed the mean man stepping closer to her. She opened her eyes. It was just in time to see the lid of her box come back down over her again. It was all darkness again. She sensed her little cart being turned around and being wheeled away. Where was he taking her? What was he going to do to her?

Akmal pushed the cart along the back hallway and stopped at a shiny steel door. He pushed a button next to it and the door slid back. He pushed the cart in turned, pushed a button and the door slid closed. The elevator rose slowly. It stopped with a little shudder and the door opened. He pulled the cart out after him and pushed it down the hall.

The hall was finely carpeted in maroon. The walls were cream colored. Elegant paintings lined the walls on either side. They passed a shiny, mahogany credenza with a flower filled vase on top of it. A young maid with blond hair pulled back in a bun, dressed in a short black skirt with a frilly white hem and a sheer, white, sleeveless top, emerged from one of the rooms. She wore no bra and her loose, heavy, pink breasts could just be made out. She was wearing sheer black stockings and 3" black high heels. She had a set of used sheets bunched up in her hands and, seeing Akmal, held them against her chest and gave him a sad little curtsy.

Akmal paid her no mind. He pushed the cart until it was at the end of the hall. He turned the knob and pushed it open, dragging the cart in with him.

He flicked on the overhead fluorescent lights. They were in a large, tiled room, maybe 30' by 40'. The tile was rose colored. Half the room was carpeted with a reddish brown, soft carpet and the other half with tiles to match the walls. On the left was a long massage table made of dark oak with a sheeted pad over it. In the corner there was a chain descending from the ceiling and under it a circle of wood.

To the right was an open shower with a drain under it. There was a narrow closet with a louvered wooden door built into the wall, and a long silver colored towel rack. Against the interior wall, next to the door, was a small side table with a vase of colorful peonies on it, in between two padded wooden chairs. On the table was a white ceramic ash tray.

Akmal wheeled the cart over to the massage table. He stood between the cart and the table and hefted the case into his arms. Turning, he placed it on the table.

He pushed the cart away up against a wall and returned to the table where he whisked the top off of the container and placed it on the floor.

Randi looked up at him, her eyes squinting from the harsh light. Her head was free and she took a quick look around her to see where she was. The mean man peered deeply into her eyes for a few seconds and then stepped over to the wall opposite and sat down in one of the chairs. He drew a gold colored cigarette case from the inside pocket of his vest, removed a cigarette and put the case back. He took a gold lighter from his side vest pocket. He lit the cigarette and returned the lighter to its origins. He took a deep drag of the cigarette and released a bluish gray cloud throughout the room. His eyes came to rest on her face.

He was sitting directly opposite her. He was studying her, analyzing her. And he was proving to Randi a point. He would remove her from her bindings when he was good and ready, on his schedule, not hers.

Randi had stopped crying, but she was ready to break out into sobs again. She suppressed a whine of unhappiness and closed her eyes. Now that the shield that had covered her jaw and mouth was gone her head was free. It was good not to have her head bound into immobility, but without the support, her head tended to droop. She laid her head down on the base of her cage and closed her eyes. She desperately needed to find some private place for herself. Some place where the evil of those that controlled her could not go.

And then the mean man's voice rang out, as sharp as a whip. "Up!" he snarled. His voice echoed through the room, amplifying its harshness. She raised her head up and looked at him. He didn't smile; he didn't react. If there hadn't been anyone else in the room she might have thought that it was someone else who had spoken.

The need for release from her confinements suddenly became exquisitely intent. Here, in front of her, was the human being whose task it was to free her from her bonds, and he was just sitting there as casual as could be. She watched him take another deep drag on his cigarette and slowly release the smoke. "Please! Please!" she wanted to call out to him. His eyes pierced her, as if he was reading her soul. And she, in turn, staring helplessly back, was reading his as well. There was a terrible coldness there. A demonically intense will. He would have no sympathy for her suffering, no empathy for her plight.

He took a last drag on his cigarette and carefully squashed it out in the ashtray. He looked at her for a few seconds as if he was deciding whether he was good and ready to address her little problem. He rose from the chair and stepped over to her.

He unpacked her much like the women at the Black Watch waystation had done. She moaned and screeched in pain as her muscles were allowed to release themselves from their tenseness. Like at the waystation, the table was equipped

with rings. As each limb was released, the man encircled it with a leather bracelet and clipped it off to a ring. He slid the base of her container out from underneath her and set it down on the floor.

She was lying on her belly, her hands affixed to the ring in the center of the front of the table and her ankles spread and attached to rings at the corners. The man had said nothing as he worked to free her. Now that she was distended and sobbing silently from her ordeal, he ran his hand down along her back and then over her rear as if taking in her softness and desirability, weighing the quality of the goods his master had purchased.

Randi quailed at his touch. She was trying to stop crying because she knew that sooner or later someone would punish her for it. The man ran his hand up her back as he moved towards her front and then, as he crossed in front of her, took hold of her hair and lifted her head up. He turned her head side to side as if inspecting her. He released her head and went to the cabinet where he had gotten the bands of leather that encircled her limbs and pulled out a leather collar. He affixed it around her neck, buckling it in the back. He stepped down to the opposite end of the table and released her ankles. He brought them together and linked them with a short chain. He returned to the front and, after releasing her wrists from the ring, clamped them together.

Randi felt him take hold of the ring in the back of her collar and exert some pressure on it. She followed its lead and rose to her elbows. He kept pulling and she shuffled backwards. She reached the end of the table and placed one foot and then the other on the floor. He kept pulling until she was standing. Her legs felt weak and her knees buckled slightly. The man held her up by her collar. He pulled her back and back and back until she was about 10' away from the table and standing on the wooden circle. He released her and she heard him pulling something down from the ceiling above her. He went to her front and attached a chain to the linkage between her bracelets. Then he stepped away and she felt her arms being lifted upwards. They rose and rose until they were way above her head and she was forced to stand on her tip toes. She was frightened as she knew that he was doing this for some reason and that it probably wasn't something she would enjoy.

He stepped away from her and went over to the cabinet. When she saw him remove a long, tapered steel whip, a fierce coldness swept through her. Ma had said she would be whipped first thing by her new owner and she had been right. She released a squeal of fear and misery and danced on her toes. She wanted to beg the man not to whip her, to promise him that she would be obedient in all things. She would please him and that big man who had fucked her mouth, and do anything, anything that they wanted. "Just don't beat me, please, please, please!" she called out in her mind.

Tears were already flowing down her face. The man came close to her, tapping the 3' long whip into his left hand. He stood right in front of her, about a foot or so away and stared into her eyes. Randi bit into the rubber ball in her mouth and stared helplessly back. She was on the verge of breaking out into woeful sobs, but doing everything to hold them in. Her whole body was shaking. Then the man spoke to her. His voice was low and gravelly, as if his throat had been scoured with steel wool, and heavily accented. He spoke carefully and slow as if he had to search for the English words before he spoke them.

"My name Akmal. I servant Yegor Garzny. I in charge Pan Yegor house and property. You now property Pan Yegor."

This information, while not entirely new, she knew, after all, that she had been made into a slave, made that fact all too real. She was property now, not a person anymore. She looked at the man's whip and cringed. Her stomach was roiling and she suddenly had to pee again. Yet she stared back at the man, hanging on his every word as if her life depended on it.

The man stumbled on through his recitation. "You forget all past. Nothing past good now. You not person. You animal like dog or horse. Two duty now you have only. One: obey everyting all time, all tings, right away, down to little bit. Two: serve Pan Yegor pleasure and who he says. Serve good like best thing in all world. No fake. Whip I holding now," he said while continuing to pat it into his palm, "you know it good you be bad. You quiet all time 'cept when beaten. Den you yell head off. Make Pan Yegor happy. Or when fucking. But no word ever cross lip. You animal. Animal no talk. You talk an no learn, me cut tongue out. Den you no talk for sure. You fuck good. You suck good. Or you get whip real bad for sure. Unnerstan?"

Randi's eyes were as wide as saucers. She nodded her head vigorously. "I'll be good! I'll be good! Please don't beat me! Please! Please! Please!" she thought desperately.

"This last time I talk to you. Only orders. No American. Only Uzbeki. Learn real quick or get whip real bad. Today no beat you. Pan Yegor see you skin all smooth an pretty. After today, different."

A wave of relief passed through her. He was not going to beat her. She would be good, as perfect a slave as there ever was! And wait, wait, wait, for her chance to escape. She just had to escape! She just had to! She didn't know where she was, but she would listen and learn and she would somehow get free! Until then she would be the best slave that anybody ever had!

She looked at the man. He said he spoke Ooziki, or Oozecki or Ooz-something, whatever that was. Was it a hint as to where she was? Somewhere in Asia, one of those 'stan' countries? She could never get them straight. Katstan or Turkstan or Uberstan, something like that? Kakockistan? Whoopiedoistan?

Turkeystan maybe? Pakistan? Afghanistan? Iran? She was never good at geography, but wished she paid attention now.

Wherever she was, all those places were cruel and hated Westerners and placed little value on human life, other people's lives, that is. They were like dictatorships and people with power could get away with whatever they wanted. How would she ever escape? As soon as people figured out she was a foreigner, she would be cooked. And then they'd torture the life out of her until she died as a punishment for running away. She was never going to be able to get away! Never! Never! Never! And if she made one little itsy bitsy mistake, this man, this Akmal, would beat her and beat her and beat her. Or the master would. Or anybody else who felt like it. It was so horrible! Horrible! Horrible!

As if to emphasize his point, the man, Akmal, ran the point of the whip over her breasts, her belly and then her thighs. He inserted its tip between her thighs and ran it along the divide of her hairless crevasse. Terrified, she danced on her distended toes, suppressing the squeals and whines of unhappiness that were struggling to emerge. She bit down on the ball in her mouth.

There was something in the man's gaze that made Randi realize that he was regretful of the loss of this chance to make her scream and wail, to see the evidence of his cruelty and power emerge on her body as he flailed her mercilessly. Jimmy had been a bastard, but his cruelty was self-indulgent and careless. Not so for this man. His cruelty was inbred, deep and thick veined all through him. She was sure that he would not miss an opportunity to torture her if she gave him the least little reason for doing so. Or maybe even when she hadn't just as a method of maintain her terror and obedience, or maybe just for fun.

Akmal apparently decided that he had played with her enough. He stepped over to the wall and hung the whip on a hook. He came back to her and released first one hand and then the other from the chain over her head. He took her by the ring to her collar and pulled her over to the shower. He turned it on and the water poured out in a wide, forceful stream. He adjusted the temperature until he was satisfied and then pulled her until she was under the water. The heat startled her at first. He released her and then stepped back. He pointed to a shelf near the shower controls. She looked and saw a yellow plastic bottle. It had a white label on it with a picture of a beautiful blond girl with rich, long, flowing hair and some strange writing. Next to the bottle was a cream colored bar of soap in a little translucent plastic dish. She looked back at Akmal. He was standing there, his eyes driving into her.

The water was streaming down all over her. She knew what he wanted her to do. She wanted to be clean again after all those hours, cramped and sweaty. But she didn't want to wash herself in front of a strange man, and an evil and cruel one

to boot. But she knew she had no choice. She turned and reached for the bar of soap.

She turned her back to the man and started to wash her belly and breasts. He barked something at her. She knew what he wanted. She turned back towards him, facing him, and commenced to wash.

She kept her eyes downturned as if she could block the man out, but his presence was indisputable. She imagined what she must look like to him, all naked and small, her skin gleaming and shiny from the cascading water. There were little triangles of white where her bathing suit had been, contrasting with the light brown tan she had managed this summer. Her heavy, bulging breasts, breasts that Ma had described as being 'A-1', hanging very nicely, if you please, peaking up at the ends, were very pale, with just a hint of veins in a spot or two and they stood out starkly. And vulnerable, her cheeks puffy and her lips distended from the ball in her mouth. She washed her arms and her chest, then her thighs and her feet. She ran the soap over her crevasse shamefully, and then reached behind and washed her rear cheeks and the divide between them. When she was done, she lathered her hands up good and placed the soap back into its dish.

She stepped clear of the pummeling stream for a moment and washed her face. The soap smelled nice, rich and expensive. It was very creamy, like it was made from lanolin. And it smelled nice. She would smell nice when she was done. Nice enough to fuck. Rubbing her hands over her cheeks reminded her at how grossly and cruelly her mouth was stuffed, something that hardly ever left her consciousness. When she brought her hands away from her face the man's figure came back into her vision. He had disappeared for a moment and now he was back. She suppressed a whine.

Next she took the shampoo and dumped a little dollop into her hand. She reared her head back, getting her hair nice and wet and then applied the shampoo. It was strange to feel her shortened hair. The last time she had washed it herself, it had been long and it took a long time to make sure that all of it received the blessings of the shampoo. But now it took only a few seconds and her head was full of suds. She worked it into her scalp with both hands. When she lifted her hands, her breasts rose. The man's gaze shifted to them and then back to her face. She felt a shudder of shame at being so naked in front of him. She closed her lips as tightly as she could around the ball in her mouth and let it pass.

As she rinsed out her hair, she leaned her head back and closed her eyes. The heat of the water felt wonderful, soothing. It felt good to have become reacquainted with her own body. Ever since she had been kidnapped she had been prevented from touching herself. She was having an idyllic moment and her mind drifted off to some other place. It was a moment of freedom. Her mind took her somewhere

where no one else could go. "I am not an animal!" she thought to herself. "I'm a person!"

And then she heard a loud, 'crack!' She tilted her head forward and opened her eyes. Akmal had clapped his hands together. She was wasting his precious time. Her mouth downturned at her return to reality. "I may be a person," she thought unhappily, "but I'll be the only one around here that will think so."

Akmal nodded to the faucet. Randi turned and shut the water off. Akmal opened the cabinet under the large, long table and pulled out a large, fluffy mauve colored towel. He shook it out and then made an upward gesture with his hands, uttering something incomprehensible. She looked at him for a moment, befuddled. He gestured again, and spoke more emphatically. Suddenly, she got it. She raised her hands up over her head.

Akmal used the towel to dry her all over. He was not tender about it. He was rough and firm and made her body rock back and forth as he rubbed it over her breasts, her belly, her back. He brought the towel below her waist and spat out a command. Instinctively, she spread her legs and he dried off her sex. He motioned her around and dried off her back and her hair. He dried her ass and her legs and then her arms and hands. He didn't bother to brush her hair.

When he was done, he left her standing there for a moment, her hands still raised above her and he tossed the towel in an open, round hamper. He came up and ran his hand over her pussy. He was satisfied that it was smooth enough that it didn't need a shave just then. He motioned her to get back up on the table and to lie on her belly. He affixed her wrists to a chain at the head and then spread her legs and attached her ankles at the corners.

Just like they had done at the waystation, and Ma had done before them, Akmal brought out a bottle of skin cream. He squeezed it liberally onto her flesh and rubbed it in. Her legs, her ass, her back, her neck. Randi tried not to think about what the man was doing. She was valuable property and needed to be kept in tip top shape. The hands flowed wherever they wanted to go. No need to ask her. She closed her eyes and tried not to cry. He released her legs and barked a command at her in his rough language, tapping her firmly on her hip. She didn't have to be told what it meant. She knew the routine by now.

She rolled over and exposed her front to him. He shackled off her ankles again and began to apply the cream to her feet and then her shins and then her thighs. Her eyes were closed. The man's hands were hard, but his touch was soft. She couldn't help thinking about her naked, hairless coosh. He would touch it. He would touch her everywhere. Who touched her and when and how was no longer something she had any say about.

He skipped over her sex and applied the cream to her belly and over her hips. He worked his way upwards, circling around her breasts as if avoiding them. He

did her neck and arms and hands. There was a pause and she opened her eyes. He was squeezing a little of the lotion onto his right palm. He looked at her. She looked back at him and started to tremble. He said he would beat her. Just not today. She would make some simple, little mistake and he would beat her. The cruelty of his face made her stomach sour. He rubbed his hands together and brought them up to her face. She closed her eyes again as he spread the lotion all over her cheeks, her chin, her forehead, her nose. His hands left. Having him touch her face like that felt more insulting than anything else. But they had to keep her face pretty, you know. Or maybe no one would want to fuck her. No one would want to push their hard cocks between her lips and ejaculate themselves down her throat, deep, deep, deep into her belly.

There was another pause and she felt the man's hands on her right breast. But the touch was something more than the mere administration of lotion. He took his time to massage it, slithering it through his hands, tweaking at the nipple. And then the other, a long, languorous massage that made something stir in her belly. He leaned over her and took a teat in his mouth, the right one, closest to him. He suckled it gently and softly at first, while he rubbed his hand over her belly and her thighs. And then harder, nipping at it. And then the other. He cupped her left breast with his hand and squeezed it as he lapped his tongue over and around the nipple, and then sucked on it hard, flicking his tongue at the tip.

A heat was rising within her. She didn't want it, but there it was. She wanted to struggle, to twist and turn her body, to arch her back and thrash at her bindings. To jerk and scream and shout, "No! No! No!" But she didn't. She lay still, as still as could be. Ma had taught her. She was a slave now, with no rights, and certainly not the right to object to the use of her body. It wasn't hers anymore. It belonged to that big, big, dangerous seeming man who had fucked her mouth and then chuckled as he patted her cheek. And to this man, this Akmal, who had derivative rights to her, a license issued by her true owner to deal with her as he saw fit, to make her a better and more complaint devotee of her owner's pleasure.

Akmal abandoned her breasts. His hand slipped between her outspread thighs and covered her sex. He slipped a knowing finger between her love lips and slid it up its length. She could feel the wetness by the ease of the finger's traverse. It rubbed up and down a few times, tickling the little bud at the top with each passage. She tried to suppress the whine that emerged in her throat, but a little bit squeaked out somehow and slid past the ever present, distressing gag in her mouth. Suddenly the hand slipped over her vulva. Fingers pressed at the sides and the man gave it a mighty squeeze. Randi's body jerked and she issued a loud moan of pain.

He barked something nasty at her and squeezed harder. Randi bit her lip as she arched her back and tugged at her confinements. She smothered the next moan that had crept up her throat. Akmal released the tension. Her body sagged. His



hand still lay heavily on her crux. A message had been given. The master would not tolerate a sniveling, whining slave girl. Best to nip it in the bud. She opened her eyes and saw Akmal peering at her. His lips were turned into a sinister, slight, mangled smile. Randi suppressed a sob.

He moved his hand off of her sex and released her right ankle from its confine. Then he pulled it up until it was up almost next to her hip. He fastened a small chain to it there. He went around and affixed her left ankle in the same way. He brought a little stool to the end of the table and stood on it. He poured some lotion onto his hands and he leaned over.

Her knees were spread wide and her coosh was open to his depredations. He slavered the lotion over her sex, up the inside of her thighs and over the fleshy sides of her sex. He rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. She could see him through her raised and spread knees. He looked at her, smiled wryly again and his head dipped down.

His tongue slid along her divide from its base to its top. Once, twice, three times he went slowly, ever slowly up and back down again. He had circled his arms around the outside of her hips and his hands were holding firmly to her inner thighs, forcing her thighs wider still.

He lapped and lapped and lapped. She could feel the heat of his tongue along her crevasse. She jammed her eyes closed, swearing inwardly to resist his caresses, but the heat continued to rise in her loins and her blood began to rush through her veins, down to her fingers, her toes, across her thighs, through her belly. She pulled against the chains that bound her ankles, but she was held firmly down.

“Oh, please don’t! Please don’t! Please don’t!” she called out inside. It didn’t seem right that they could do this to her. Ma and Jimmy, the women at the waystation, the man who had fucked her so roundly there. They touched her and she creamed. All she did to resist it was in vain. Somehow, Ma had discovered the secret to her sluttishness and had passed it along like some code that could be punched in. Tap three times here, rub this twice and give this a little poke and she would be writhing with unwanted and irresistible passion. Or maybe whisper the magic word, a word that Ma had buried down deep in her somehow that she didn’t even know but had been passed on to everybody else. A whisper so low, so inaudible that only some perverse section of her brain could hear it.

When he took her love bud between his teeth a fierce bolt of pleasure tore through her. She could not suppress the moan that rose from her belly and through her throat. Her naked heels pressed down hard on the table top and her hips struggled to rise. Her hands twisted and clasped together tightly. His tongue was flicking at her bud a million miles an hour, shooting rabid pulses of electrifying torment all through her. He sucked, he licked, he flicked, relentlessly pushing her further and further towards apotheosis. She arched her back. She gritted her teeth

hard against her gag. She clasped her hands tightly into little, agonized fists. She felt the impulse rising, rising, rising inside her loins. "Go back! Go back! Go back!" her consciousness commanded. But her body didn't listen. It was her lustful, disobedient, rebellious inner essence that was in command. "Oh, yes!" it shouted. "Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! More! More! More!"

Suddenly, her pussy exploded into deep, violent contractions. "Oh!" she shouted. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Her rebellious inner essence screamed with delight obliterating her consciousness. Her muffled exclamations echoed throughout the room. It kept going and going and going, her pussy kept pounding, pounding, pounding at her innards.

Then, mercifully, the mouth that was tormenting her relented. Her contractions wound down. He gave her nubbin a few final flicks with his stiffened tongue and she shuddered in response. Then he rose, patted her belly and laughed.

As her suppressed consciousness returned, her mind released a woeful lamentation. She started to cry, but held back the sob that rose in her throat. Akmal busied himself with putting things away for a few moments and then he came back and released first her ankles and then her wrists. He clapped his hand loudly and barked something. Randi slid her body to the side of the table and let herself down. Her knees buckled slightly and she had to hold onto the table to prevent a fall.

Akmal opened a drawer in the table. He pulled out two round, black things made of leather. He put one down on the table and approached her. He took hold of her right arm, the one closest to him and pulled her hand up to about waist level.

Randi saw that the leather thing was a kind of glove or, more properly, a small mitten. Akmal pressed at her hand until it formed a tight fist and then covered it with the mitten. It was a snug fit and took some effort to apply. When he had encapsulated her fist, he buckled it tightly around the base of her hand, just above her leather bracelet. He released her hand and then pulled up the left one. He covered it with the mitten and buckled it tightly closed.

Randi realized what the gloves were for. Without her hands, she was helpless. There was nothing that she could do for herself. She couldn't open a door, pick up a weapon, feed herself. She wouldn't even be able to wipe herself when she peed. Animals didn't have hands, they had paws. And now she had paws, just like an animal. Her eyes filled up with tears. Akmal ignored her.

He quickly went behind her and pulled back her wrists, joining them together. The clips were on the inside of her wrists and so her hands were confined palms in which drew back her shoulders, making them strain. He took her by the ring on her collar and drew her over to a small sink. There was a small mirror over it and she got the first good look at herself she had had in days. It made her want to break out into woeful sobs. She looked grotesque with her mouth all distended and her cheeks puffy. Her long brown hair was all gone, her beautiful, wonderful hair.

What was left was wild and unkempt. Her eyes were sad and reddened. She could see her naked breasts, hanging plump and invitingly. They had been a source of pride to her, but now that they were just somebody else's playthings, they shamed her. The man, the big man, what had Akmal called him, Pan Yegor? He had played with them, squeezed them harshly. They were his now and he could do anything he wanted to them.

Akmal reached toward her lips and took hold of the little tag on the surface of her ball gag and pulled it with some difficulty out of her mouth. The mirror hid a medicine cabinet. Akmal opened it and pulled out a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste. The toothbrush was new, still in its plastic package. Akmal drew it out and tossed the packaging in the little garbage pail next to the sink. He rinsed then new toothbrush under the water for a few moments and then applied some toothpaste. He turned her towards him, grabbed her chin from underneath, and proceeded to brush her teeth.

He was firm but not harsh. He brushed all over while Randi stood there despairingly. He would do this every day she was a prisoner here. Probably at least twice a day, unless he detailed someone else to do it. He made her spit when he was done. There was a little cup dispenser there and he filled one with water and had her rinse. She had forgotten how thirsty she was until the water entered her mouth. She gurgled the water all around her mouth obediently and then spat it out regretfully. Akmal filled the little cup again and this time let her drink. She took it down greedily. He gave her another cupful and then another. The water was icy cold and tasted fresh and good.

When he was done, she crushed the cup and dropped it into the waste can. He picked up her gag from the edge of the sink where he had placed it and jammed it back into her mouth. She accepted it unhappily. Her mouth would be purely utilitarian from now on, she realized sadly. Any opportunity she would have to utter a word, a real, live human word, would be extremely limited. She would be able to whine and screech and make ugly, distorted sounds from her throat, as any animal could. But that was all.

Akmal put the toothbrush away in a little holder on the sink and the toothpaste back in the cabinet. He pulled her away from the sink and reopened the cabinet in the long table she had lain on earlier. He pulled out two black objects. They were each about 5" long. They looked like knee braces. He left one on the table and then crouched down in front of her. He tapped her foot and said something. Randi realized that he wanted her to lift her foot and she did so. He slid the brace-like thing over her foot and up her leg. The black, stretchy nylon tube had a thin rubberized pad in the middle on one side and he centered this on her kneecap. He stood up, retrieved the other tube and, crouching down, slid it over her other leg.

When he rose, he gave each tube a little tug as if to make sure that it was placed correctly. Satisfied, he went behind her and released her mittened hands. He gave her a sharp order and pointed to the floor while tapping his foot. Randi looked at him. It took her a second, but then she understood. She slowly sank down and got on her hands and knees. He stepped to the front of the room and took hold of a four foot long leash hanging on the back of the door. He came over and clasped its end to the ring in the front of her collar. He stepped back to the door. There was a set of keys on a retractable chain on his belt and he pulled it out and unlocked the deadbolt on the door. He pushed it open and gave her chain a yank. She followed him out on her hands and knees.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Akmal made her wait while he relocked the door. When he moved off, he gave the leash a little yank and Randy followed him. They passed several rooms with finely stained oak doors. There were pictures on the walls and dark stained little half tables and credenzas with vases of brightly colored flowers on them. The man walked briskly and Randi had to hurry to keep up with him. It was strange to be walking on her balled up fists. The pads on her knees gave her good traction on the rug without burning them. She shot her gaze from side to side as she crawled, taking in as best she could her new world.

They passed a wide staircase that seemed to curve down to the lower level. It looked to her like it was made from white marble. They stopped at a smooth, polished, brown stained door. She watched while Akmal pushed a button on the wall next to it. The door slid open. It was the elevator they had brought her up in. Inside was all shiny steel. Akmal pulled her in, turned, pushed the button for the ground floor and the door slid closed.

When they arrived at the ground floor, they turned left and Akmal pulled her down a long, narrow hallway. The walls were painted dark green and the coarse rug was brown. The walls were bare except for small sconces on either side that lit the way.

At the end of the hallway was a door. It had no handle. Akmal pushed it open and stepped through it. He held the door open to let Randi advance and then let it swing closed after she passed.

They were in a large kitchen. The floor was made of reddish brown ceramic tiles. The walls and ceilings were bright white. Ahead of her was an island with a rack above it from which hung an array of shiny copper bottomed pots and pans. Akmal pulled Randi to the right. When they reached the end of the island, he brought her around it and stopped.

On the other side of the island was a large, long black stove. A tall, hefty woman with grey hair pulled back into a bun was standing at it, stirring a pot. She was wearing a grayish blue shirtwaist dress covered by a stained apron. She wore black, low heeled shoes. When Akmal came to a stop, the woman turned to him. Akmal turned to Randi. He gave her leash a harsh tug and spat out a harsh sounding word. He kept pressure on the leash, raising it upwards, forcing her head to rise with it. She realized that he wanted her up on her knees and she scrambled

to obey. He barked out another command and made a motion to place his hands behind his back. Randi understood at once and she crossed her wrists behind her.

She glanced nervously at Akmal and then at the woman. She had gotten almost used to being naked in front of Akmal, but was shamed that the woman should see her like this. The woman wiped her hands on the apron and smiled. Her face was round and not particularly forbidding. Was this someone who would show a kindness to her? She said something to Akmal as her eyes floated over Randi's naked form. Akmal said something back and she laughed.

Akmal had brought with him the long steel whip he had threatened her with in the bathroom. He placed it under her chin and patted it, while murmuring something that sounded like, 'utt, utt'. Randi raised her chin and then raised herself higher and higher, straightening her back, getting as tall as she could on her knees. He then lowered the whip and snapped it down across her thighs, making her squeal. He grumbled some words at her and poked the tip of the whip between them and batted it back and forth. Randi took his meaning and edged her knees further and further apart until her legs were well spread. He moved the whip up under her breasts and gave them a series of not quite light taps. Randi curved her back, raising her breasts and causing them to jut out. This seemed to satisfy Akmal. He patted her on her rear end with the whip and muttered what sounded like, "oot, oot."

She strained to maintain the unnatural pose. The cook lady seemed to like it since she smiled again and said something gaily to Akmal. It was Akmal's turn to laugh. He said something that they both found amusing.

He said something to the woman that sounded like an instruction and the woman nodded her head and moved off. Akmal gave Randi's leash a sharp tug and he made that sound that he made back in the room they had been in when he wanted her to get on all fours. She obeyed instantly and looked up at him expectantly. He led her over to the wall to the right of the stove. There was a cage there, about 4' high and 3' wide and deep. It had narrow black steel bars, crisscrossed up and down and across, forming 3" wide squares. Next to the cage was a rubber mat. Akmal maneuvered her around the mat until she was between it and the wall, facing the stove. He gave that command again, "utt, utt," and she quickly rose to her knees and approximated as best she could the position he had taught her, her wrists crossed behind her back. He lashed out at her quickly with the whip, striking her rear and shouted something. Randi squealed and did her best to kneel up taller and to thrust her breasts out further. He put his right boot up against her left knee and gave it a hard tap. Randi understood what he wanted. She spread her knees wider. This seemed to satisfy him.

He unhooked the leash from her collar. He hung it on a nail on the wall. He leaned down behind her and hooked her wrist bracelets together, palms in. There

was a bright steel chain connected to the wall by a small ring. It descended to a little pile upon the floor. Akmal took the end of the chain and fastened it to the back of her collar.

He stood there, looking at her. Randi was trembling with fear. After a moment, after having said nothing, he turned and left.

Randi was glad to see him go. Her eyes darted to the woman. She was apparently in her custody for now. Would she treat her as cruelly and callously as Akmal? It didn't seem to bother her to see her naked and chained, and even struck by the whip when she had displeased him.

The woman had taken a big bowl of something from the large, silvery, commercial style refrigerator. She pulled a smaller, yellow ceramic bowl, somewhat like a soup bowl, from a cabinet, removed the lid from the larger bowl and spooned something out into it. She took the smaller bowl and placed it in a microwave built into the wall next to the stove. Randi heard it beep as she pushed some buttons, and then it began a familiar whirr.

As the woman put the bigger bowl back into the fridge, Randi took the opportunity to look around. The kitchen was 'L' shaped. Along the wall behind her were a bank of windows running down its length, about 6' off of the floor and running another 4' or so up to the tall ceiling. To her left, against the wall opposite the stove, about 10' or 12' away from her, was a set of steel shelves loaded with kitchen supplies and utensils. The cage sat immediately to her right. Beyond that was a long white tiled wall. A 12' long, dark brown wooden table ran along it with similar benches on either side. All the way down there were two doors, one, a large wooden door with a deadbolt on it that looked like it was a door to the outside, and the other a swinging interior door that she imagined led to a dining room.

The microwave dinged. The woman removed the bowl, stirred its contents with a large steel spoon and then put it back into the microwave, setting the timer. While that was heating, she pulled another yellow bowl from the cabinet and placed it on the counter. She went over to the fridge and removed what looked like a bottle of milk. She poured some into the bowl and put it back. The microwave dinged again. She took out the bowl and placed it on the steel island. She stirred its contents again with the spoon and then brought a bit close to her mouth and sampled it. She seemed satisfied. She tossed the spoon into the sink at the far end of the stove, making a loud, 'clang!' She picked up the two bowls and brought them over to Randi.

She had hardly realized how hungry she was. She didn't know how long it had been since she had eaten, but knew it was many, many hours, maybe even a full day. She trembled as the woman approached her. She carefully placed the bowls on the mat in front of her and then stood back and placed her hands on her hips. She gave her a long look, her eyes delving up and down her body, lingering on her

breasts and the fulcrum of her thighs. She smiled and said something and then reached out and tousled her hair. Then she placed one hand on her chin as she took hold of the nubbin at the end of the ball in her mouth and gave it a good tug. It stretched Randi's jaws and then popped out. The woman placed it into a pocket in her dress. Then she tapped her foot on the floor next to the mat and said something curt and sharp. Its meaning was clear. "Eat!"

Tears came unbidden to Randi's eyes. Ma had fed her like this. Like an animal. And now she would do it again in front of this new stranger. She was wider than Ma and a little taller. There was no doubt in Randi's mind that despite the woman's smile and friendly sounding laugh, she was as capable of cruelty as anyone else. Clearly there had been other women prisoners before her. She was merely the new one, the latest in who knows how long a line of them. How long did they keep them? What happened to them afterwards?

She looked down at the bowls in despair. She was no longer a person, she knew that. Akmal had told her that and Ma had more than intimated it. She had been right. How many meals would she eat here in this kitchen like a forlorn dog, this woman as audience to her shame and humiliation? How long before she got used to it, that it became the new normal? Why had this happened to her? How was she ever going to stand it? Would she ever escape?

Randi's hesitation to demean herself by lowering her face to the bowls angered the woman. She clapped her hands together sharply several times, the sharp sounds echoing off of the tile walls, and shouted out the word she had spat at her a few moments ago. Her friendly face had turned red and distorted. Quickly, Randi leaned over, spreading her thighs as wide as she could, crouched down, her wrists pulling at the bindings behind her, making her shoulders strain, and put her face near the bowl of food. It looked like some kind of stew and actually smelled good. There were large chunks of meat that looked like lamb or beef, shards of potatoes, carrots and onions all covered with a dark brown sauce. She could feel the heat as she brought her face to it. She nibbled out a piece of meat and brought it into her mouth. It was hot and she had to leave her mouth open for a moment or two before she started chewing, sucking air in and out. She raised her torso and looked at the woman forlornly. She didn't dare spit it out. She could feel the tears flowing down her cheeks.

She bit into the meat. Despite its heat, it tasted delicious. She let it cool for a few moments more and then began to chew. When it was masticated sufficiently, she swallowed. The woman was still staring at her intently. She crouched back down and sorted out a piece of potato. She could feel the gravy spreading over her face. She looked up at the woman again as she began to chew. The woman seemed to calm down. She stepped back to the stove.



Randi tried to block out the presence of the woman and to suppress the shame she felt at being treated this way. Each time she took a lump of something, she raised herself up while she chewed it. The woman was actively chopping something up on a cutting board. From time to time, while Randi ate, she would glance over to make sure of her obedience. The milk was cold and refreshing. She had to place most of her mouth in the bowl to get anything of significance. Sucking it up was better than lapping it like a dog or a cat. She kept wanting to pull her hands in front of her, to balance her as she leaned over precariously, her back straining.

Her belly started to get warm. It felt so good to eat. For a second, she had considered refusing. But the thought of the beating she would receive caused that thought to dissolve. Anyway, she could not bear to be hungry, and all they really would have to do was lock her up in the cage long enough and she would beg for food. That is, make begging sounds, which is all she could do with the lump of rubber Ma had made for her in her mouth.

She got down to the bottom of the bowl. She decided that she would probably be punished if she didn't leave the bowl completely clean so she licked up all the remnants of sauce and vegetable matter. When she got near the bottom of the milk bowl, she had to lap up the rest like a little doggie after all.

When the bowls were completely clean, she looked up at the cook. She was sautéing something and she could hear it sizzling. She decided that the woman would probably expect her in her 'at attention' position when she took another look at her and so she raised herself high and thrust out her breasts.

It was a couple of minutes before the woman noticed her. She took the sautéing pan off of the fire, wiped her hands on her apron and walked over. She looked at the sparkly clean bowls and smiled. She tousled Randi's hair again and said something. She leaned down and picked up the bowls and brought them over to the island. She returned with a wet dishcloth and, not harshly, but a little roughly, wiped Randi's sauce smeared face clean. She returned to the stove area and Randi heard her running the water in the sink. When she came back, she had Randi's ball gag in her hands and was drying it with the towel. She came up to Randi and said something sharply. Randi knew what she wanted. She opened her mouth as wide as she could. The woman presented the ball gag to the gap between her lips and pressed it forward. She put her other hand on the back of Randi's head and pushed it towards the gag. The rubber ball popped past Randi's teeth and seated perfectly in her mouth.

She released the chain from the back of Randi's collar, took hold of the ring in the front and guided her on her knees over to the cage. The key was mounted on the bottom of the windowsill about 6' up and about 4' away from the cage. You would have to have really long arms to reach it from inside, even if you could get

your hand through one of the 3” squares formed by the crossed, narrow steel bars. The woman unlocked the cage and made a motion for Randi to get in. She shuffled over on her knees and sort of rolled herself in, pulling her feet in behind her. The woman swung the door closed. It locked automatically. She hung the key back up and went back to her work.

Randi closed her eyes, formed herself into a little ball and started to cry. Nothing Ma had said had prepared her for the way she was being treated. She had expected to be free of the dehumanizing routine that that woman had imposed on her. But it seemed that everything she had gone through at Ma and Jimmy’s was a prelude to what was happening to her here. Except for one thing. Ma and Jimmy had talked to her. They had treated her like a person, although a captive one without human rights. Here they were going to treat her like an animal, only speaking to her, or rather at her, with one or two word commands in a language that she didn’t understand. The only difference between her and a dog was a dog wouldn’t know that they were speaking words. She would know that and that knowledge would make everything the worse since she wouldn’t be able to understand it. It would be like a person who had had a stroke and couldn’t discern language anymore.

And she would be caged. And chained. And led around like a pet, although even a pet you would let run around free in the house. A woefulness ran through her so terrible that it threatened to turn her inside out. Why couldn’t she just make herself disappear? Why couldn’t she just wish it all away? Why was this happening to her? How could people be so cruel? How was she ever going to be able to survive?

She began to feel torpor come over her. She was tired. So tired. “Make everything go away,” she prayed softly in her mind. “Make everything go away.” She repeated it three more times. And then she was asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she awoke, the cook was sitting at the large, long, wooden table to her right. She was facing her, on the opposite side. Next to her was a thick coffee mug, a small creamer, a bowl of sugar, a spoon and an ashtray. She was reading a newspaper and didn’t notice Randi coming awake.

She kept totally still, not wanting to attract the woman’s attention. Her shoulders ached from leaning on them and she wanted to stretch out her legs in the worst way, but the cage was way too small for that. It was barely big enough for her to turn around in, and then only if she really worked at it. The narrow, cross hatched bars made it almost seem that she was behind a barrier that would

camouflage her from anyone who looked at her. But she knew that was false. She was sure that if the cook looked over she could see her real fine.

What it was actually like was a barrier between two different worlds or dimensions. There existed only two kinds of things, those things that were on the outside of the barrier, and those things on the inside. And the only thing on the inside was her. She was alone in a separate universe, cut off from everything and everyone in the world. She had an inkling that this would become her natural habitat, that she would be outside a cage only when her services were wanted, or when necessary for her proper functioning, such as to eat or shit. She would be the denizen of a lonely, lonely world. Her voice would be stilled except for whatever grunts or moans she could make from deep in her throat. And her hands were taken away from her, so that she could not even comfort herself by wrapping her arms about herself or caressing those parts of her that seemed the most desired, to soothe them and protect them. She was like an armless astronaut floating in space, cut off from her capsule, silenced, the rest of the world looming large over her, but so far, far away.

She closed her eyes again. It was better not to look. If she kept her eyes closed she could imagine she was anywhere in the world, happy, free, loved. She could be at home in bed, her mother downstairs making breakfast, her brothers tumbling down the narrow stairways, racing each other to the breakfast table. And she could imagine herself, stretching out and yawning, looking forward to the coming day, the sun shining brightly through her bedroom windows. She would wolf down a cup of coffee and some toast and be off to school. There she would see her friends, talk to them, joke with them, plan all kinds of things, parties, outings, going down to Garner's Diner and ordering large, thick chocolate milkshakes. Her best friends would be there, Dolly Huber, Cindy Roberts, Maddy Bertram and, of course, Gwen.

Gwen, Gwen, Gwen. The thought of her and her betrayal brought her out of her reverie. A dark pain formed inside her. She opened her eyes. The cook was leafing over a page of the paper. She had lit a cigarette and it was dangling from her lips. This was the cruel world that Gwen had condemned her to. It would have been one thing if Ma and Jimmy had just swept her off the street like they did the others. It would have been just a matter of bad luck. The wheel of fortune would have turned and spun and spun and spun and landed on her number out of all the millions of possibilities. That would have been hard enough to take, the idea that somehow God or the fates, or nature itself, or the universe, had it in for her. But to be betrayed! To be pointed out by her best friend in all the world. "Take her! Take her!" she imagined Gwen yelling as she saw Jimmy's car drive by.

Could it be really true? Surely Ma and Jimmy weren't the most trustworthy of sources. Ma had said that they could learn all about her with their computers. It

wouldn't have been hard to learn that Gwen was her best friend and make up a story about her just to make her even more miserable and forlorn at her captivity. But they didn't need that. They had full control over her and she was capable of only the feeblest efforts of resistance. And Ma had never mentioned it again. If they had just told her that to make her feel bad wouldn't they have rubbed her nose in it every chance they got?

No, it was almost certainly true. It was the most horrible, horrible, horrible thing to have happened. She would have to live with it. And she hoped that Gwen had to live with it too, that it tormented her for the rest of her days, deprived her of all peace and happiness, and that something terrible would happen to her like being paralyzed in a car crash, or getting the grossest and ugliest scar possible across her face so that no man, not Stu, not anyone, would ever want to talk to her again. And then let her suffer, suffer, suffer until she caught some vile disease that ate away at her painfully over years and years and years until she died horribly and alone and went straight to hell to suffer for all eternity.

But even if all that did happen, did come to pass, she would never know of it. And it wouldn't alleviate her suffering one little bit. She would be used and abused and treated like an animal regardless. And no one would shed a single tear of sympathy for her.

The cook looked up from her paper while she stubbed out her cigarette in the ashtray. Her eyes passed over her confined, cruel helplessness like she hardly noticed it. How many girls had occupied this cage? Dozens and dozens? And where were they now? What happened to them? It was as if her role as a fuckbeast was institutionalized. Didn't every smart household have a fuckbeast? It is all the rage. Come down to the fuckbeast store and choose your very own. Or trade yours in for a better, newer model. And if she made any trouble, you can punish her with the complementary whip that has been provided. And all kinds of accessories are available too. Chains, confinements, gags, cages, and a hundred of the latest inventions to make a fuckbeast obedient.

She continued to stare at the cook as she read her paper and drank her coffee. The cook looked back casually at her a couple more times, but looked away again just as easily. After about a half hour, she finished her paper and her coffee and got up from the table. She went back to the area where the stove was, out of Randi's view, and she could hear her opening the oven as if she were checking on something. A waft of air carried an aroma towards her. It was a warm, comforting smell. Bread! The woman was baking bread. Suddenly she had a yearning for a slice of warm, fresh baked bread smothered with butter. And a cup of that coffee. Wouldn't it be nice? She would agree to be as obedient and cooperative as ever, if she could only have a warm piece of bread with some butter on it. But she knew she would never get it and she started to cry softly again.

About 10 minutes later, Akmal came back. He must have smelled the bread because he said something taunting to the cook and she said something brusque back, flipping him off. They both laughed.

He came over to her cage. She looked up at him miserably. He took the key from the wall and opened the door. He said something sharp and motioned for her to get out. She crawled out as best she could and assumed the attention position he had taught her. He didn't comment on it. He went behind her and loosened her wrists. He said something rough that sounded familiar and pointed to the floor. Randi immediately fell to her hands and knees.

He affixed the leash to her collar and gave it a yank. She followed him on her padded knees and closely mittened fists back down the hall from which they had come. They went back on the elevator to the second floor and he led her down to the room where they had been before. He unlocked the door and ushered her in.

He led her back to the sink where he had brushed her teeth. He released her collar and pulled over a steel frame chair with a padded back and seat. He motioned for her to get up onto it. She scrambled up and sat down, feeling somewhat strange to be seated like a normal human being. But not totally normal. Akmal connected her wrist bands to hooks in the arm of the chair and her ankles to the legs.

He went over to the closet and brought back a large white towel which he placed around her neck and draped over her shoulders. He pulled over another chair and a small wooden table which he placed to the right of the chair, which was facing her. The sink and mirror was to his left.

He went back to the closet and brought over a small ceramic mug and a small black leather men's toiletry bag. He set them down on the table and pulled out a hairbrush, a black comb, a shaving brush, a pair of barber's scissors and a safety razor. Randi stared at the assemblage. It did not make her feel good. Something was going to happen and she was sure she wasn't going to like it.

Akmal wetted the brush under the faucet and used it to brush out her hair. It didn't take much. It was only about 4" long. He put the brush down on the table and picked up the scissors and the comb. Holding them both in one hand, he took her by the chin and examined her carefully, turning her head from side to side. Randi felt tears welling up in her eyes. She wanted to beg the man, "Please don't do this," even though she wasn't sure exactly what he was going to do.

Satisfied, Akmal stood up, raised up the hair in the front of her head with the comb, and began snipping away.

She struggled to hold back her sobs. Hair was falling down over her face. Gobs and gobs of it, like he was cutting it all away. He worked his way back past the midway on her head and went a little bit farther. Then he did the sides, making her turn her head first this way and then that. When he had finished cutting more

than half the hair on her head down to a little stubble, he turned on the hot water in the sink and let it run until he was satisfied that it was as hot as it would get. He picked up the shaving brush, wetted it, and worked up a nice lather in the shaving mug. He then brushed it over her head, soaping up all of her stubble. She broke out into soft, forlorn sobs despite herself while he shaved it away, leaving behind a bald, smooth pate.

He took off the towel and shook it out onto the floor. Someone undoubtedly would sweep it up later. He took a soft little brush from the toiletry bag and used it to whisk all the loose pieces of hair that had fallen on her face and breasts. He wetted the end of the towel and washed away all the remnants of soap. He applied a moisturizing cream to the bald spots. He made a satisfied sound and then picked up the scissors again. This time he snipped across the length of her eyelashes, cutting them down to a stubble. He then shaved them clean off.

He leaned back and looked at her, grinning. He ran his hand over the smooth front of her head and then circled it behind her. He took a firm grip of the just long enough hair at the back of her head and shook it roughly.

Randi knew what the grip on the back of her head signified. It would be a convenient handle for when she was sucking a cock, regulating the speed of her motions, or just holding her head still while her mouth was relentlessly fucked. A wave of misery passed through her. She knew what the man was doing. He was making her look less and less like a person. Without eyebrows her face would have a distorted look. And her half shaven head would make her seem like some kind of strange creature.

While Akmal packed up his instruments, Randi sobbed and sobbed. This time she went all out and couldn't restrain herself. Akmal just ignored her and brought the toiletry bag and the mug back to the closet. He returned with a narrow black case maybe about 18" long and wide. He placed it down on the table and opened it. Inside was an assemblage of makeup products all conveniently mounted in their little compartments. There was an array of lip gloss in variegated colors, Blush of several shades. Eyeliner pencils, eye shadow, mascara, several shades of foundation cream and several other instruments used and useful.

Tears were streaming down Randi's face. Akmal looked at her sternly. It only made her cry more. He reached out and took hold of her nipples. He gave them both a fierce wrench.

Randi screamed. He held them in a vice like grip and twisted them harder and harder. He spat out something to her firm and imperative. Through her pain she understood at once. He couldn't put makeup on her if she was crying, now could he? She had to stop. And right now!

She pulled herself together, a low moan reverberating in her throat. He released her nipples. She sniffled and held back her tears although her chest was

still heaving with her sobs. That didn't seem to be of any moment to Akmal. He wetted the towel and wiped away the tear stains on her cheeks and then dried them.

He checked over several jars of foundation and found one that he liked. He spread it over her face and worked it in. He applied a very light blush to her cheeks. He used an eyebrow pencil to draw thick black eyebrows where her real ones used to be. He shaded her eyes a deep pink. He made her close her eyes while he used an eyelash curler and then applied mascara to the lashes and under each eye. He pulled out her gag, placing it in the sink, and made up her lips with a shade to match her eyes. He applied a deep red lip liner to her nipples and then, releasing her ankles and forcing her to raise her knees up to her chest, applied some white powder to her love lips, patting it in and smoothing it, making her smooth, hairless pudenda seem pale and childlike.

She was now all made up and ready. Akmal turned her face back and forth to make sure that everything was perfect. He released her chin and sat back and smiled. Randi fought back her tears. She couldn't imagine what she looked like. Akmal put away the makeup case, tossed the towel in the hamper and moved the table and chair back where he had gotten them from. He went behind her and lifted up her chair by the arms and plopped her down in front of the mirror.

She was aghast at what she saw. She wasn't her anymore. Her face had changed. He had made thick, curving lines with the eyebrow pencil. Her eyes and lips looked garish and slutty. Her eyelashes were long and curved and her eyes were outlined like a Turkish whore's. The lip liner had been applied broadly making her lips, already somewhat bee stung, prominent and pouty. And her head. It glistened. She couldn't see the hair on the back of her head and she looked completely bald. Her face cringed and she felt herself ready to cry again. Akmal was standing behind her and she looked up at him. Why were they being so cruel? She knew if she cried again he would hurt her. She fought back the tears and blinked her glistening eyes.

Akmal picked up her gag from the sink and washed it off. He went over to the table and opened a drawer. He had his back to her and she couldn't see what he was doing. After a few moments he closed the drawer and came back. He came behind her and circled his hand around her, presenting the gag to her mouth. There was something dangling from it. A small chain, about 6" long. She opened her mouth as wide as she could as he pressed the gag forward. It popped over her teeth and lodged in her mouth. The chain dangled over her chin. There was a clip on the end and he fastened it to the ring in the front of her collar. He looked at it for a moment in the mirror. Then he took hold of the tab on the end of her gag and pulled it out again. He let it drop. It fell down on her chest, between the rise of her breasts. He smiled. He picked the gag back up again and forced it back into her mouth.

A problem had been solved. Now, whenever anyone took out her gag there wouldn't be any inconvenience in where to put it while her mouth performed its limited functions. It would always be with her.

She looked back at herself in the mirror. The chain, descending from her mouth to her neck, amplified her grotesqueness. And the gag, which hadn't been in when she looked before, puffed out her cheeks and rendered her pretty, whore-like pink lips into a wide oval, as if she were about to scream at the top of her lungs, which was how she felt. Akmal patted her on her head and said something that almost sounded soothing.

He released her wrists from the chair and ordered her to the floor. He checked his watch. He seemed to make a decision.

They went out the door again, him taking broad strides and her hurrying to keep up. Down the elevator. This time when they got off they went to the right instead of to the left. Down the hall and through a door.

It opened into the foyer where she had first been received. He led her across the polished wooden floor, her little black mittened hands and rubberized knees finding good purchase. They went past the winding staircase and into what looked like a formal living room. There were elegant chairs and sofas, a soft, plush, turquoise rug, and light blue walls. A brilliant chandelier hung from the tall ceiling.

She didn't have much time to examine the room in detail as they rushed through it. They came upon two light stained wooden steps and entered the next room. It was like a sunken den. There was a very large, wall mounted, flat screen TV, a glass coffee table, a curved black leather sofa and a large matching easy chair all conveniently pointed towards the TV. On either side of the TV were elegant, dark stained credenzas, one with a vase full of flowers on it and the other what looked like a makeshift bar. There were large windows with elegant brown curtains with white floral designs on them and a sliding door that looked like it led out to a patio. The rug, also plush, was rust colored. There were large colorful, abstract paintings on the walls. The room was about 35' square.

Next to the black easy chair, facing the TV to its right, was a little platform. It was about 3' wide and 5' long and had some kind of contraption on either end. Akmal pulled her towards it and motioned for her to get up on it on her hands and knees facing the wall with the TV. He released her leash and put it aside in a little pile. There were short little chains leading to rings built into the platform and Akmal connected first her wrists, some 3' wide, just short of the edges. He went behind her and, pulling her legs apart, affixed her ankles. He came back to her front and popped out her gag. It swung down below her.

He addressed himself to the contraption at her front. He pulled up a 6" round, telescoping steel post. A long, thick, penis like, rubber prong stuck out from it at the top. It was red with purplish veins and a rounded head. The post was on a slide



and he pushed it nearer to her. The prong butted up against her lips. She clamped her mouth closed. She knew where the prong was going and didn't want any part of it. But all Akmal had to do was give her cheek a little slap with his heavy hand and she caved in. She opened her mouth and the prong slid past her lips, widening them and butted up against the back of her throat. Akmal locked the sliding post into place. He then inched the post up bit by bit until Randi had raised her neck as high as it would go. He then locked it vertically in place.

A dark cloud covered her as she realized what the contraption in the back was for. She felt Akmal place his hand on her naked rear and she heard something sliding up and then forward. She started to whine but caught herself. The prong was so far back in her mouth that she felt like she was about to gag. She pulled her head back as far as she could to relieve the pressure. Akmal had stepped away. When he came back she felt his hand slip between her thighs and slide over her coosh. She realized that he was applying some kind of lubricating gel. She felt his thick fingers probe her hole and then glide in and out. He withdrew his hand and paused. She could see him in the reflection of the black TV screen as he wiped his hand with a handkerchief. Then he stepped behind her again and she felt the prong edge up against her coosh.

She panicked. She released a muffled wail and rotated her rear end so that he couldn't slide the prong into her. She saw Akmal stand back up. Without notice, he swung his heavy mitt up and then down viciously on her rear cheek. A loud 'crack!' resounded through the room and fire spread along her rear. She screamed. He hit her again and again and again, alternating cheeks until she was sobbing heavily. And then he stopped. Her rear was afire. She didn't want any more. She held herself still as he slid the prong up against her sex again, moving it up and down until he found purchase in her hole. Then slowly, he edged the prong forwards. It was slightly angled and very long, and it entered her, spreading her tunnel widely, stretching her uncomfortably. Then he moved the prong upwards on the pole behind her, forcing her to raise her hips as high as they would go. He locked the prong into place.

He came around in front of her. She stared at him wide eyed. "Please don't leave me like this!" her eyes pleaded. Akmal studied her for a moment. He leaned over and looked closely at the prong that was in her mouth. He saw that she had been able to move her head backwards ever so slightly to ease its pressure. He loosened the slide on the pole and pushed it closer to her, forcing her head back almost into a tilt. And then he locked it off again.

He stepped back, admiring his handiwork. He gave her one of his mangled smiles. Randi felt an urgent need to beg and plead with him not to leave her like this, but she held it back, knowing that all the sounds she would be able to make were distressed, animal-like grunts and that it would be useless anyway. But her

mind kept pleading, "Please! Please! Oh, god, Please! Please! Please don't leave me like this! Please! Please!"

Akmal came closer to her and crouched down. He slipped his hands under her and took hold of her dangling breasts, squeezing and mauling them. He pulled hard on her nipples, stretching and pinching them until she squealed. He stood up again, patted her on her bald head and said something sarcastic sounding. Then he turned and left.

"Don't go! Don't go!" Randi's mind screamed. "Please! Please! Please!" Her whole body was trembling. She was pinned fore and aft like some pig on a spit. Her arms were stretched out straight and her back was curved awkwardly. She was leaning on her knuckles. The prong in her mouth was a fiendish intruder and its contact with the back of her mouth was making her queasy.

"How did I get here? Why is this happening to me?" she begged no one. She tried to move her body as best as she was able. There was little or no play in the chains that held her wrists and ankles apart. She could move backwards and forwards only microscopically. Her pussy was oh, so filled. She squeezed it as hard as she could in an instinctive but futile effort to expel the invader.

It was so strange and fiendish the way she was being held. Her body was wholly exposed. There was nothing at all around her. It seemed almost that all she had to do was rise up and she could walk away. But she couldn't rise up. She could hardly move at all. A sourness filled her, a sourness of despair and hopelessness. It didn't seem real! How could this be happening? Why were they so cruel?

In front of her she could see her reflection in the TV. It was horrid to look at. The post rose up just to under her nose and she could see her eyes and bald head clearly. She closed her eyes so as not to look, but the darkness just made everything seem worse. If she shifted her eyes to the right, she could see out into the fancy living room, or at least part of it. If she shifted her eyes to the left she could see the sliding glass door and the patio outside. She could just see the large black chair out of the corner of her eye, but had a good view of it from the TV.

She knew why she had been mounted like this. That man, that big dark, fearsome man, her owner, she was mounted here for his benefit. He would walk into the room down the steps to her right and sit in the big black chair to her left. He would get a drink from the bar and maybe watch some TV until he was ready to use his new pet. She would stay here, affixed like a butterfly pinned to a page until he came. When would he come? How long would she be mounted like this? Would they mount her here every day? Was this part of her destiny?

She shivered and began to cry again. She figured that Akmal had applied waterproof makeup since he undoubtedly knew she would do a lot of crying. She blinked her eyes and tried to shake her head, but the movement of the prong in her mouth sickened her. It all seemed so unreal, but then, too, too horribly real. She

thought of her prior life, when she was free, when no one had the right to mount her so cruelly and treat her like an animal, when she had beautiful, long, chestnut hair. When she could walk in the sunlight, stretch her body as she liked, sleep in her own, comfortable bed, be surrounded by people who loved her.

The time started to slip by. There was an overwhelming silence in the room. It was like she was the only person in the world and that in retribution for some unknown sin she was condemned to spend eternity like this, silenced, stuffed, immobile and alone, alone, alone. She tried to calm herself. Soon, soon, someone would come. They would release her. The man would release her so that he could fuck her. It was a measure of how awful it was to be so rudely held motionless that the thought of being abused, of having that cruel man touch her and use her body, thrust himself into her, spill his gunk into her, seemed preferable to her current predicament.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, the time passed by. It was like when she had been in that chair at the waystation. Totally under control, time crawling by unmercifully, a dreadful future awaiting her. Every once in a while a virulent rage would flow through her, a revolt against everything that had been done to her. She would issue an anguished growl from deep in her throat. She would shake her body. But nothing would change. Nothing would happen.

And then a frantic feeling would come over her. She couldn't stand a single second more of being confined like this. If another second went by without her being freed her mind would explode and she would go utterly, irretrievably mad. A frustration so piquant, so razor edged would fill her that she felt like her insides were going to boil, her body dissolve into a vast puddle of guts and slime. A queasiness filled her belly and her body shivered and shook. She couldn't stand it another minute, but then another minute would go by, and then another and another and another.

And then sadness, sadness, sadness. Who was that grotesque person she saw in the screen of the TV? Was it her? Was it really her? How was she ever going to survive? How was she ever going to get free? Never, never, never, that's when. She would die. She would dry up and die. Or when the big man was tired of her they would slit her throat and dump her onto a bonfire so that there would be nothing left of her but ashes and desiccated bone. Why couldn't she die now? Why couldn't she command her heart to stop beating or her lungs to stop filling with air? Or still her mind? Let a darkness envelop her and deaden her thoughts. Why? Why? Why?

It had gotten dark outside. It had been an hour, much, much more than an hour since Akmal had left her like this. The room had become darker and she could no longer see herself in the TV. Somehow it made everything worse. A darkness around her to match the darkness of her soul.

And then she heard footsteps. She darted her eyes to the right. Someone was coming. And then he appeared. It was a slender, gangly looking young man wearing a white jacket like a busboy or an attendant. He had wild, unkempt dirty blond hair and an angled face. He flipped on the overhead light as he walked down the two steps into the room. He was carrying what looked like an ice bucket and a small wooden bowl filled with something. He set the bucket down on the credenza to the right of the TV and then set the wooden bowl on a small table to the left of the easy chair. Snacks for the master. Pan Yegor, Akmal had called him. He would be here soon. The thought of it put hope in her that she would be soon released, but, at the same time, generated a fierce apprehension on what he would do to her.

The waiter or steward or whatever he was came and stood in front of her. She cringed in shame at her grotesque appearance, her grotesque confinements. He gave her a lugubrious smile and then took a nervous look over his shoulder. No one was coming. Like Akmal, he crouched down and took hold of her dangling breasts. He didn't maul her nipples like Akmal had. He took hold of her breasts delicately and gave them gentle squeezes. She could see a wave of lust pass over his face. Would she have to fuck him? Would Akmal or Pan Yegor allow him a treat and have her suckle his cock? She issued a small, forbidden whine as she stared into his face. He released her breasts and gave her a little pat on the head.

He rose and, walking around the room, turned on three lamps, one a floor lamp sitting slightly behind and to the left of the easy chair, and two table lamps with large opaque shades on either side of the sofa. He closed the drapes to the sliding door and the windows. He went over to the switch for the overhead light he had flicked on when he entered the room and turned it off. The room descended into a strange semi-darkness. He sneaked one more lugubrious glance at her and then left.

Randi looked about the room. The eerie half-darkness seemed ominous and foreboding as if what was going to happen here was furtive and forbidden. And it was, of course, by all rules of civilized society. She realized that her owner would come soon, but how long was soon? She felt like she had been kneeling there for hours, at least 2. When no one came after about another 20 minutes a void of despair opened in her belly. She fought back her tears. She closed her eyes and tried to think herself into some kind of calmness. Whatever happened, she would survive it. Whatever happened, somehow she would get away. "Don't panic! Don't panic! Don't panic!" she said to herself. "Be calm! Be calm! Somehow everything will work out!"

Another 10 soul killing, dreadful and starkly eventless minutes later she heard footsteps approaching. They were heavier than before. A few seconds later she saw out of the corner of her right eye the man appear. He stood at the top step for a moment looking at her. Up on the step he looked even larger than before, towering

over her. She shivered with fear. He came down the steps slowly, deliberately. He stepped up to her, a foot or two away and looked down on her. She looked back, her stomach roiling. He smiled. He crouched down. He rubbed his bear like hand over her smooth head and said something softly, something that sounded appreciative. He apparently approved of the job that Akmal had done erasing her humanity. He circled his hand behind her head and took a handful of hair. He gave a little grunt of satisfaction. He got up and walked to her left. He leaned over and ran his hand down her naked back, down to her rear where he gave her soft and smooth caresses. Inspecting his property. Did it meet manufacturer's warranty? Would he return her with a letter of complaint, or would he deem her worth the small fortune he had paid for her? Did the Black Watch give a money back guarantee?

But he seemed satisfied. He crouched down next to her and, one hand on her naked back, reached his other hand, his left, under her and found her breasts. He squeezed and mauled them, not like Akmal, with an intent to torture and humiliate her, and not like the steward all tentative and furtive. But like a man appreciating the finer points of his new acquisition. He tweaked her nipples until they were stiff and gave them little tugs. He circled his huge hand around them and squeezed them firmly, but not harshly. He issued a grunt of satisfaction.

She was shivering with fear, but the hand had a peculiar comforting aspect to it. If he appreciated her physical attributes maybe he would be kinder towards her. Maybe somehow she could make her humanity come through. And the heat of his hand on her breasts, the heavy hand on her back, the nearness of his maleness, his strength, his power, his freedom to use her any way he saw fit, created a strange, unwanted warmth in her belly. Here was a man who knew her magic buttons. He would make her pant and groan with pleasure. Soon, soon, very soon.

He released her breast, tapped her on the rear and stood up. He strolled over to the credenza, placed some ice in a crystal, short, round glass and poured what looked like scotch into it. He took a long sip and then turned and retreated towards his chair. He sat down, picked up the remote from the little table to his left and clicked on the TV.

The screen jumped into life. A commercial was on for an upcoming episode of CSI: Special Victims Unit. All the words were in that strange, guttural language they spoke. He flicked the channel quickly and the beginning of a news broadcast came on. The reader was a pretty young woman with reddish blond hair and a sexy blue blouse that was unbuttoned enough to display the nascent rise of her breasts and more than a little cleavage. There was a big map of what looked like central Asia with the various countries marked off in a strange writing. She was right, Randi thought, within a couple thousand miles that is, as to where she was. She

was in one of those countries marked off on the map. But which one? And what was its name? She could never figure it out from the writing.

The woman had a lively voice, pleasant and very clear. The screen shifted to a video of some important looking people making an announcement and shaking hands. Some of that strange writing scrolled across the bottom of the screen. The view shifted to a man holding a microphone and saying something important and earnest into the camera. And then back to the young girl.

The news droned on and on. She shifted her weight as best she could and glanced from the side of her left eye at the man. He was drinking his scotch and looking intently at the screen. He would make her wait until he was ready, with no thought for her discomfort and humiliation than he would have for a horse outfitted with a bridle and a steel bit in its mouth. She was just a thing, kept as still as possible when not in use, displayed enticingly, just another attractive part of the décor of the well-appointed room, like the vase of flowers or the paintings on the walls.

She was like an animal to him, a pet. But no animal outside of a pig or a chicken or a cow at one of those factory farms she had seen in a documentary on TV would be treated this way. And certainly no pet. Even a bird in a cage would be allowed to hop around and tweet, tweet, tweet to its heart's content. The fish in a tank would be able to swim back and forth monotonously, constantly exploring its little world.

Obedience. That was what Akmal had said was required of her. Absolute, complete and instantaneous obedience. But they would not have to rely on her will for her obedience. They would enforce it ruthlessly. Akmal could have ordered her to kneel as still as a statue on the platform and she would have obeyed him as best as she was able. But why rely on her voluntary if compelled compliance? Why give her any choice at all? It was better not to leave any thinking to her, better not to rely on her good behavior. And so they mounted her in a cruel immobility to take all the volitional aspects away. She didn't have to make the choice to obey. Obedience was forced upon her.

And the thick, rude gag, the prong in her belly, were ingenious devices for keeping her in place, but also forceful demonstrations of their power over her, the loss of all her privacy and physical integrity. They could occupy any of her voids at will. Their functionality had been cleverly expanded to serve as instruments of her humiliation, her shame. They owned them, or rather, the man sitting next to her casually sipping his whiskey and nibbling at the bowl of nuts did. He could use her orifices any way he wanted, even as instrumentalities of his will or, to put it more accurately, his convenience.

She heard a cell phone ring. The man answered it. He had a pleasant, animated conversation. He chuckled at something. He signed off. His voice was

fearsome and deep. There was a grating quality to it, something beastly, as if a bear or a mountain lion had learned to talk.

The news went on, interrupted by the occasional commercial for this or that. Randi stared at the newsreader as she spoke. She was a free woman. Nobody, later on, when her job was done, would mount her, pinioned in her mouth and cunt. No one would place her in a cage and make her eat and drink like a dog. No one would shave her head and make her up like a dizzy whore. And the women in the commercials. They were free too. They would go home tonight to their houses or apartments, to their loved ones, to their own beds, and nobody would fuck them unless they wanted it.

A video popped onto the screen. A man was making a speech to a large crowd. He was fiercely animated and the large crowd applauded him with strident enthusiasm. There was a close-up while he said something especially emphatic, demonstrating with a closed fist and an angry, powerful mien. Suddenly she realized who it was. It was her owner! Apparently he was somebody very, very important. Somebody with massive power who received, by command, the enthusiastic, sycophantic approval of thousands, maybe tens or hundreds of thousands!

She issued another small whine, one that could hardly be discerned over the speech of the man in the TV. She shivered with fear. Her apprehension of the mighty man's power quadrupled, more than quadrupled. It went off the scale! How would she ever be able to resist him? How would she ever be able to escape if he had a whole country to engage in her pursuit? If thousands and thousands of people obeyed his every command, how could she do otherwise, not even a real person anymore?

The video ended and the woman recited something to supplement her owner's speech. A headshot of him appeared on the screen behind her. He looked determined and fierce. She hoped and prayed that he never looked at her like that! A sour emptiness opened in her belly. What was she ever going to do? She had harbored a small hope beyond hope that somehow whatever lawful authority existed in this unknown country where she now resided would get wind of her embonded status and that lawful authority would raid the house and set her free. Every country had laws against slavery, didn't they?

But it was clear that this man, this Pan Yegor, was above the law. He was the law. Only a revolution would free her and from the looks of the crowd that applauded him so voraciously, the extravagant respect the woman newsreader gave his name, that no revolution would be readily forthcoming. Even that slim, slim, slim hope had been dashed. She had been handed a life sentence. She would never, ever be anything more than a fuckbeast. This man undoubtedly maintained his power ruthlessly, had sent countless enemies to the wall or had them extinguished

with a simple pistol shot to the back of the head deep in some dungeon-like prison. He had almost certainly condemned countless others to sentences of long, tortuous imprisonment or slave camps. He would be as unlikely to recognize her humanity as he would a mouse or a rat. And hopefully he would treat her as an obedient, treasured mouse, a mouse trained to do tricks and bring him pleasure, and that he would never come to think of her as a rat to be extinguished without mercy.

As soon as the announcer went on to the next story, something about a farm and a barn full of docile cows, the man's cell phone rang again. Some sycophant was giving him congratulations. He laughed and said something appreciative. He rang off and the phone sprung to life again. He dismissed the caller with a few thankful sounding words. And then it rang again. He looked at the screen, rejected the caller and pressed a couple of buttons, muting it.

He looked up at the TV. Disdainfully, he clicked the mute button. He downed the rest of his scotch and got up, a little laboriously, and went back to the credenza for more. When he turned back he seemed to notice her all over again. He went to his chair, put the drink down on the table and approached her.

She trembled as he drew the prong out of her sex and then released her ankles. He came to the front and drew back the gag that had pinioned her mouth and released her wrists. He took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and pulled at her somewhat forcefully. She scrambled off of the platform and he raised her to her feet. He moved over to his chair and sat down on it, pulling her onto his expansive lap.

Randi was filled with a scintillating fear. One of his mighty hands was on her back and the other was on her thigh. She felt like she was about to burst into uncontrollable tears and only her rabid fear of the man let her hold them off. He was well dressed and powerful. She was completely and utterly naked and powerless. He said something to her, soft and kind sounding as he tweaked her breast. Then he pushed her torso down until she was bent over, took hold of her arms and locked them behind her back. He then brought her up and let her rest in the crook of his right arm.

He looked her over carefully. Another inspection. He caressed her breasts and her belly and her thighs, sweeping his heavy, hot hand over them in an assertion of his ownership. He leaned her towards him and took her left nipple in his mouth, suckling at it gently but firmly. He flitted his tongue over it, sending a twinge to her sex. He did the other while his left hand wandered over her flesh, up and down, up and down.

He settled her way back and pried her legs apart. He placed his hand on her sex and used his fingers to spread her love lips. He peered at her opening, and then took the opportunity to stroke her inner flesh and tickle her little bud, which had stood up from passion or fear or both. He slid two fingers into her lubricated tunnel



and moved them back and forth, reveling in it. He looked up again at her face while his fingers slowly and gently fucked her. Her lips were trembling and her face was cringed with fear. He laughed and said something cooing and sickly sweet sounding like you would say to a child or a pet. He lifted his hand and used it to stroke her cheek, patting it softly while he cooed again. She could smell her aroma on it. "Don't worry," he seemed to be saying. "I won't hurt you. I'm not cruel and hard. I'm soft and sweet. Just relax and let me have my way with you."

It didn't relax her. She knew it was all lies. It made her want to cry all the more. He chuckled. He shifted her back again and spread her knees even further. His hand descended to her sex once again. This time, he began to stroke it in earnest.

The hand flitted up and down, up and down. He tickled her love bud, he stroked her outer lips, he probed her tunnel. All the while, he was staring in her face, looking for evidence of her growing lust. She clasped her lips together and closed her eyes, both to avoid the man's insistent gaze and to help blot out her shame at the man's callous use of her. She could imagine what he saw: the candied, whorish eyes, the matching, pouting fuck me lips, the clown like smear of black arched above her eyes. Her naked head. His hand stopped and he grabbed her love lips, pressing them together, giving them a forceful, but not yet quite painful tug. He issued a stern command. Her lips quivered in fear and her eyes popped back open. He smiled and said something like, "oot, oot," and then continued his depredations.

His vulva had begun to burn. She wanted desperately for the hand to stop, if even for a second. She stared the man in the face, as he had commanded, despite everything inside her that wanted to look away.

He was looking at her sardonically. His torture of her humored him. He was testing out his new toy, seeing if it met specifications: a lustful, obedient, compliant whore. No, not a whore. That was a person. A whore was still a person. No, she was a fuckbeast, from the fuckbeast factory. And if she didn't perform as advertised, woe to her.

But she didn't want to perform for him. She wanted the hand to go away. She wanted to escape from his grasp. She wanted to run away, burst from the house, dash across field and stream and hillock and mountain and escape, escape, escape! Someone would help her, wouldn't they? Somewhere out there there must be people who hated their fearsome leader, who would help her as an act of rebellion, a small, tiny step of resistance. Wouldn't there be such a person? Somewhere? But how would she find him or her? She would be running away, naked, bound, gagged, as she always seemed to be. Why would anyone want to help her at the risk of their life? They would take her by the arm and lead her to the nearest police station where there would be pictures of her with a posted reward.

Something was drifting up from her now excited loins, up through her belly, out to the tips of her breasts, through her chest and up, up, up into her brain. She whined and released an unwanted sigh. This amused her master. He removed his hand from her conch and took hold of her right breast, squeezing it firmly, pulsing it, massaging it. Then he leaned over and took her nipple in his mouth, sucking at it hard, teasing it with his tongue. Her hips moved involuntarily as a stream of sensation passed down to her puss. She moaned this time and took a deep breath, which she released slowly, slowly, slowly as her body tremored with growing lust.

He suckled the other breast and dropped his hand back down to her vulva. He teased, caressed, stroked, pinched, tweaked, rubbed, probed. He raised his head and the arm behind her rose. His hand took a grip on her hair and he pressed his lips on hers. She didn't fight, didn't have the slightest impulse to deny him, as he thrust his hot tongue past her lips. It swirled and swirled, hunting her own tongue down like a hound intent on its prey. The warmth below grew stronger and stronger. The hand on her purse kept going, going, going, more rapidly now. Her hips thrust her conch towards the hand and then back and then up and then back again and again. Her mind was barely conscious of it as it filled with the obfuscating steam of her lust.

He broke their kiss and stared at her face. She remembered the man, the man she would never forget back at the Black Watch place. He had looked at her like that, snide and sardonic and lust filled. Ma had trained her to be obedient, but that man had been the one to truly turn her into a whore, treating her harshly and callously as you might treat a zombie that you had spelled to your will.

His hand went into hyperdrive. He was saying things, cruel things, taunting things. She couldn't look away from his face even as deep, resonating moans emerged from her throat. And then she felt it, the immanency, the crest approaching. Misery flooded her, shameful, despairing misery. She was a tart, a whore, a strumpet, a doxy, all those things. She was a plaything, a fuckbeast, a humanlike creature whose principal attribute was raging lust lurking just below its surface. But one that needed to be controlled and confined and shamed and humiliated in order to optimize its response.

He was urging her on now, issuing little growly sounds. She couldn't keep it back much longer. It was like he had hold of some thick cord that was anchored deep inside her and he kept tugging, tugging, tugging, and the instant it broke free her body and mind would explode with consequential reverberations.

And then it snapped. A flood of ravenous pleasure spread all through her. Her pussy's walls were convulsing and contracting. She was screaming, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" She was squirming in his arms desperate to drive away the tormenting hand. Her eyes had closed of their own volition, but she could feel the burning of his stare as it lay upon her face.

“See the fuckbeast come! See the obedient fuckbeast! Maybe I’ll keep her! She’s fun to play with and she comes like a railroad train! What a good little fuckbeast!”

He was saying something to her as her orgasm wound down. She opened her eyes and looked at him in shame. “Good little fuckbeast, good little fuckbeast,” that was what he was undoubtedly saying. He removed his hand from her quim and ran it over her thighs, her belly and breasts. He held her head fast as he kissed her again, probing deeply into her mouth while he squeezed and tugged at her breasts. A foul sadness flowed within her as she dutifully received his attentions, her pussy giving off little shudders redolent of her climax.

He broke their kiss. He pulled her from his lap. He snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor. She fell to her knees, elevating her torso, thrusting out her breasts as Akmal had taught her. Yegor pulled over a 4’ long, 3’ wide hammock that had been hidden behind the couch. He brought in front of his chair. He took hold of her collar and pulled her up and turned her until her back was to it and then he pushed her down into a sitting position. He went behind her and released her wrists only to pull them up over her head and then down, forcing her to recline. He fastened them to a ring at the top.

He came around to the front and lifted one leg and then the other and affixed them to rings at the sides almost to her hips. She looked up at him, towering over her like a giant. She could see his hardness poking out against his trousers. He lowered his fly and drew it out, a large, thick, solid, angry thing. He smiled and lowered himself onto her. Her rear was about 6” from the end of the hammock and he was able to keep his feet on the floor. His belly pressed against hers. He loomed over her, his face a foot or so above hers. One arm rested on the hammock to her right as the other hand took hold of his crank and rubbed it up and down her soaking sex. He grinned appreciatively. She bit her lip, overwhelmed with shame and fear and powerlessness; her nerves were taut like stretched wires inside of her.

He was going to enter her, claim her irretrievably. She had heard of the coital act referred to as a “possession”, and the term had never had as much resonance as now. He was going to possess her, that tiny bit that he didn’t already own. That secret, tender, private place deep within her would be rent asunder, smashed to smithereens by his rampant, conscienceless cock. It would be empty but for the slimy jism he would shoot into her.

She felt the tip of his cock slip inside the entrance. She cringed and whined and her legs pulled at their confinements. “Please don’t do this,” a little, meek, powerless voice eked out within her brain. And then he thrust forward and he was in.

“Oh, god, he’s in me! He’s in me! He’s in me!” her mind screamed. “Get out! Get out! Please! Please! Please don’t do this!” She felt a disabling fullness down

below and her body soured as despair at her helplessness, her powerlessness poisoned her very being.

He gave her long, powerful strokes. He was so big that she felt like she was being fucked by a giant demon. His cock went on and on, long and slow, long and slow. His chest pressed down hard on her breasts, the fabric of his golden polo shirt rasping across her tenderized teats. The sides of his corduroy pants brushed up against the insides of her thighs.

He kept going and going, issuing satisfied groans as he scoured her innards. His hands grabbed the sides of her face as he rested on his elbows and he stared piercingly into her eyes. She dared not move them even as they filled with tears. He was smiling, but with a determination regarding his task that made his face look grim. Something shifted in him and he began to give her short hard strokes that bruised her thighs. The heat which had pervaded her mere moments ago was returning and she cursed her dirty, slutty cunt for betraying her.

All of her being wanted to expel the invader. It didn't seem fair or right that she couldn't. She wanted to squeeze her pussy's walls so hard that he would scream with pain and flee. She imagined ravenous teeth down their sinking deeply into his rude, cruel flesh, crushing and mangling it while he screamed in pain. But the cock just went on and on, totally beyond her control. A steady, gnawing trilling grew within her as his hot, thick cock plunged in and out and in and out and on and on and on, grinding her despair so far down into her that it would atomize and seep into her blood stream and corrupt every living cell in her entire body. It would forever be a part of her, a ghostly whisper in her every moment, a subtheme to her every act.

He slowed, he sped up. He gave her short strokes and long. He paused and took her mouth again, plunging his hungry tongue inside. She moaned into his throat. Her hands pulled at their bindings, her legs at theirs. He was sunk deep, deep inside her, totally still and encapsulated fully by her burning crevasse, a corrupting, evil presence. She moaned again. That voice, that creature that lurked within her emerged from its lair and shouted, "Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Don't stop! Don't stop! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

He emerged from her lips. He sneered. He began his motion again, slow and long, slow and long. His cock rode excruciatingly across her vibrating button. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned loudly. Not ceasing his motions, he raised himself up on one arm and took hold of the gag which was nestled between her breasts. He forced it to her lips and pressed it hard until it popped in, silencing her. Her mind crumbled in misery as her mouth was filled again. "Why were they so cruel! Why! Why!" she thought as a soul grinding sadness shot through her.

But the cock went on and on. It sped up again and the whirring cyclone within her conch resumed shooting out electrified flares, exciting her beyond her control.

“More! More! More!” the creature inside her shouted. She was emitting a low, steady, delirious moan from her throat as he fucked and fucked and fucked. Suddenly his body clenched and his thrusts became hard, harder than before. He groaned loudly. Her pussy exploded and then he gave out a fierce growl, long and steady and ferocious as he pounded away.

He was shooting his junk inside her, she knew it. Right through the fog of her orgasm, the knowledge plunged into her like a knife shoved deep into her belly. Poisoned forever! Befouled beyond redemption! His little, squirmy cells would burrow into her. Deep, deep inside her where she could never scrub it clean.

But the knowledge was of an instant. Immediately her body’s rejoicing overwhelmed her conscious thought. Her pussy throbbed and pulsed and the despicable, lust craving being within her dissolved into a million little celebrating creatures that permeated every little crevice of her body and her brain.

His motions slowed and his growls subsided. He raised himself back up again on his elbows and stared into her face, beaming a satisfied grin. She was a good little fuckbeast with a fevered cunt he could thrust himself into. She was crying again and he uttered what she supposed were soothing little words at her while he rode his still firm cock back and forth slowly inside her.

He would fuck her like this a hundred times, a thousand. She would have no say in it. And if she didn’t perform like a well-trained fuckbeast he would have Akmal beat her and beat her and beat her until she learned her lesson. His weight on her was like an evil force crushing every ounce of personhood out of her. Her pussy shuddered in an aftershock and she had to close her eyes. When she opened them he was smiling, amused by the remnant of lust he had induced in her. He said something wry sounding in his deep, guttural grating voice, tapped her bulging cheek and then rose off of her.

She lay back, drained and defeated. She watched him as he restored himself and zipped up his fly. He stepped over to his chair and picked up his whiskey and downed it in one gulp. He breathed a sigh of satisfaction. He looked down at her, smiled, and went back to the credenza to replenish his drink. He took a sip and placed it on the table. He opened a little drawer and pulled out a shock of black cloth. She saw what it was and her body cringed in sadness. He came over to her and draped the hood over her head, pulling it closed around her neck. She sensed him stepping away and, a moment later, the TV came back on.

## CHAPTER NINE

She lay there in darkness as the voices and the music from the TV droned on. She couldn't understand a word but she realized that he was watching some kind of drama from the tone of the voices. Her legs were still spread and she knew that she was giving him a bird's eye view of her hairless conch, prettily paled and ostensibly innocent, and it shamed her. But she was too frightened, too intimidated to move her knees of her own volition.

It went on like this for some time. She knew why he had blotted out her face. Since he was no longer in the process of humiliating her, there was no need to see it. Just the opposite, as the presence of her face might arise in him some inkling of her humanity. Better to have her a faceless beast. She wondered unhappily how long he would leave her like this and what would happen next.

Sometime later she heard a man's voice, a young man's voice announce something. She guessed that it was the same man who had come into the room earlier. Yegor issued a grunt and the TV snapped off. She sensed him rising and he came over to her. He released her from her bonds and pulled her up from the hammock. He issued a command, a word she had heard Akmal use and she fell to her knees. She felt him attach the leash to the front of her collar. He gave it a little yank and said something curt. She fell to her hands and followed the relentless urging of the leash. He urged her on softly when they came to the stairs, letting her climb them blindly. Then he pulled her on in a swift pace. She felt so helpless with her sight deprived of her, and personless as her humanity was concealed.

After a short trip they stopped. Yegor released the leash from her collar and barked a command. She remembered this one too. She rose to her full height on her knees, crossed her arms behind her and thrust out her breasts. She felt him nudge her thighs with his shoe and she realized that she had not spread them wide enough for his taste. She adjusted herself accordingly.

He came behind her and fastened her wrists together. She deduced that there was some kind of post or something behind her as she felt a chain connected to the back of her collar. It draped down her back and over her joined hands so she figured there was some considerable play in it. It wasn't really necessary. Where would she go, hooded and all and her hands fastened behind her back? But she realized the psychological value of it. She was tethered, as a fuckbeast should be. As long as she was a fuckbeast here, she would always be tethered to something.

She heard the rustling of a chair on the soft carpet and she figured that Yegor had taken a seat. But where? For what purpose.

She heard a swinging door and someone came into the room. Swinging doors usually went to the kitchen and she reasoned that she was in the dining room and that Yegor was sitting at a table.

Something was put down and Yegor grunted. The door swung open and closed again and then again a few moments later. Whoever had come in stood there for a second as if waiting for permission for something. Yegor grunted and she felt someone come near her. A second later the hood was pulled off her head. Standing before her was the pretty young blond girl that she had seen upstairs earlier in the day. She was dressed as she had been earlier, in a short black skirt with a frilly white hem and a sheer white, sleeveless top. Randi cringed in shame at how she must appear to her. The girl, pretty, bosomy and seemingly shy didn't seem to know what to do next. Yegor gave her another rude sounding instruction and the girl advanced towards her. Randi could see her braless, pink, shrouded breasts sway as she moved. She grasped at the tab on her gag and gave it a gentle pull. When that didn't work she pulled on it a little harder. She gave Yegor a nervous glance and then she placed her left hand on Randi's chin and gave the gag a good yank. It popped free. She gently let it descend to the length of the chain.

Nearby was a tray stand with a tray on it. On the tray were two ceramic bowls like she had been fed from earlier. The girl daintily took out a mat which was stored under the tray stand and spread it out before her. She brought the two bowls over and laid them out before her on the mat. Then she stepped back.

Randi, of course, knew that the food was for her. But no one had given her permission to eat, never mind move from her enforced position. She kept her eyes pinned straight ahead and didn't look down. The girl just stood there nervously. Yegor said something, annoyance heavy in his voice. The girl looked at him and nodded tentatively. She turned to Randi and said something almost in a whisper. Yegor barked at her again, louder this time. The girl shuddered. She stood at attention as if summoning up strength and she shouted something in her sweet sounding voice. Randi believed she knew what the words meant. She bent over until her lips were at the edge of the bowl of food and began to eat. Yegor said something sardonic to the girl and she hustled away.

It was some kind of chicken dish. And the other bowl contained, like before milk. It was a little difficult to eat with her gag hanging down from her collar. It swung out when she bent over. But if she was careful she could make sure that it did not fall in the bowl and get in her way.

The chicken, mixed in with broccoli and carrots, tasted good, if a little bit spicy. There was a thick, creamy, yellow sauce. Yegor ate silently next to her. She could see a large hunk of rare roast beef sitting on the table in front of him along

with various other dishes. There was a dark wine bottle and she could see that he was drinking something colored a deep red. Perhaps a burgundy, or perhaps a local wine. He was eating not swiftly but determinably. She wasn't sure but she assumed that when his eating time was done, hers would be too. So she hurried and gulped down her meal as fast as she could.

As it was, she finished before him. She knelt back up in position. The chain descended down her back, the gag bounced on her chest. She made sure that she kept her knees spread wide. When Yegor finished he rang a little bell. A few seconds later, the girl appeared again and cleared away Yegor's meal, placing it on a tray. Yegor finished off his glass of wine and the girl removed that too, placing it on the tray. She came over to Randi and picked up the two empty and cleaned bowls. She put them on the tray and was about to cart it away when Yegor said something to her again. She gave him a little curtsy and brought over a napkin to where Randi knelt. She gently and delicately patted her face and chin until all the smeared food was removed.

The girl kept her head down and was obviously trying not to look at her. When she had finished wiping her face her eyes flitted up for an instant and Randi saw her blush. She went to hurry away again, but Yegor yelled something at her. His voice was loud and raging this time. Randi saw tears come to the girl's eyes and she gave Yegor another curtsy. She came over to Randi and delicately lifted up the gag from her chest, handling it as if it was some kind of little animal that might bite. She tentatively pressed it to Randi's mouth. She opened her mouth as wide as she could. The girl pressed it forward but couldn't get it past her teeth. She had to circle her hand behind her head and push in the opposite direction. Randi felt her warm breasts through her sheer top as they bumped up against hers. With a little more pressure the gag popped in. The girl turned, grabbed her tray and rushed into the kitchen.

She came back with a tray with a coffee pot, a small carafe of cream and a sugar bowl. There was also what looked like a generous bowl of ice cream. Vanilla. Randi watched as the girl put the dessert and the coffee and fixings on the table in front of Yegor and then dash away again, as if being too long in his company might transmit some kind of disease to her. Randi knew how she felt.

Yegor laughed. He poured himself a cup of coffee from the carafe and added cream and two spoonful's of sugar. He stirred it and sipped it and then attacked the ample bowl of ice cream.

Randi, erect and poised as was her duty, wondered about the blond girl. Was she a prisoner here and subject to Pan Yegor's depredations? If not, why was she so afraid of him and why did she wear that sheer blouse that advertised her sizable breasts so clearly? She apparently had not been in the mansion long if she hadn't had experience feeding the other fuckbeasts that had come before her. Randi felt a



twinge of sorrow for her. But at least she was a human. She could walk around, speak, wear clothes, even though the most revealing. She probably got to eat at a table.

She heard Yegor say something roughly to her. She looked over at him expectantly. He urged her to come closer with his hand. Reluctantly, she edged herself over on her knees. As she got to the side of her chair, the chain connected to her collar grew taut as it had been specifically measured to allow her to go so far and no more. She knelt up expectantly, her plump, beautifully formed, vulnerable breasts thrust up towards her master, proffered for his visual or manual delight. Yegor turned his chair towards her. He pulled her gag free and let it plop down on her chest between her breasts. And then he did something that surprised her. He spooned out a generous dollop of ice cream and presented it to her. He said the word she knew meant eat. She leaned over and took the ice cream in her mouth, sliding it off of the spoon. It tasted wonderful. He proffered her another and then another, smiling each time she gobbled it up.

Even though he was sitting, his hugeness dominated her and she felt like a little child being fed by a gracious uncle. The murderous one who killed people for a living. The ice cream tasted so good that she almost burst into tears. Ma had fed her nice desserts too. Was that going to be the high point of her day from now on, when her owner was in the mood to share some of his dessert with her? Yegor, like all dictators an egoist, probably misinterpreted her welling tears as tears of gratitude. He said some soft words to her and then gave her another spoonful. He then tapped her lightly on her cheek, restored her gag and waived her to return to her position.

She knelt there trembling. Erect, motionless, all her vulnerabilities revealed, the memories of the man's cock penetrating her to her very depths, his jism still lurking in her belly, all these things came welling up in her. It was only one day, and not a full day at that, and she was miserable, terrorized, despondent beyond all belief. And the delight of her day was four spoonfuls' of vanilla ice cream bestowed on her by a mighty, callous oppressor who owned her very flesh. She stared straight ahead, only occasionally casting quick, furtive, irresistible glances at the man. Each time his mass and weight and forcefulness impressed upon her her hopelessness, her weakness, her powerlessness.

Yegor had finished his ice cream and had poured himself another cup of coffee. He rang the bell again and the girl came out and received an instruction. She dashed back into the kitchen and returned with a small tray with a brandy bottle on it, a round, crystal snifter and a cigar. Yegor received the items without a word. The girl curtsied and fled.

He poured himself a few fingers of brandy and then lit his cigar, a thick, long thing. Randi's father had smoked cigars for a while until her mother made him stop

and she had always liked the aroma of a good smoke. Now the grayish smoke wafted towards her and she began to cry again. She missed her father, her mother, her brothers, everybody. And she would never see them again. She knew her parents and brothers had to be frantic about her disappearance. She imagined her mother crying herself to sleep every night, her father, shaken but stoic.

What shame she would feel if they could see her now? What shame she would feel if they knew what she had done, forced into it by the threat of a whip or not. Wasn't she supposed to hold onto her decency and her honor against all threats? Wasn't she supposed to prefer death to dishonor? She had given in so easily it seemed. Ma hadn't even thrashed her, just come on to her with a vicious slap or two, a few jolts of her wand and a threat of violence and she had followed Jimmy meekly to his room and let him fuck her, had taken his cock in her mouth and sucked him, given him the best blowjob she knew how. And here, Akmal had barely touched her, just a few smacks, and she was cowering like a frightened rabbit, eager to obey every order she was given.

She sniffled, trying to get these thoughts out of her mind, thoughts that would only make her suffering all the worst. Yegor had picked up his phone and was making some calls. On some he laughed and joked. On some he ranted ferociously at the person on the other end, no doubt promising all kinds of negative consequences. And on some he spoke softly and conspiratorially, as if planning some dastardly deed. He didn't look at her at all, at least from what she could tell. He had erased her from his consciousness as soon as he waved her away. And yet she knelt there submissive and rigid, bound in place by his words as if circumscribed by steel.

He had finished off two snifters of brandy and smoked his cigar down to a nubbin. He put down his phone and stretched. He rang the bell again. The girl came scurrying out and he gave her some instructions. The girl looked at Randi disconsolately and then back at Yegor. She murmured some affirmation of his command and curtsied again. Yegor got up and went to walk out of the room. As he passed her he gave her bald head a little friendly rub.

The girl waited until Yegor was fully gone to move. She came over to Randi and stood over her for a second as if trying to figure out how to carry out Yegor's command. Finally, she went behind her and released her wrists. Randi kept her hands behind her back. The girl picked up the leash which Yegor had dropped into a little pile on the floor and attached it to the front of her collar. Then she released the chain on the back of her neck and let it fall away. She stood there for a few seconds holding onto the leash and then she gave the leash a dainty little tug and said something short and faint. She moved off to the kitchen and Randi followed her.

They went through the swinging door. It opened up to the other side of the kitchen from where she had entered before. The girl walked her down past the wooden table and benches and up to the cage. She disconnected the leash from her collar and reached up for the key. She opened the door and gave out a sushing noise, like, “shush, shush,” in a low, timid voice, waiving her hand towards the interior of the small cage. Randi was about to enter when she heard the screech of the cook’s voice. She came barreling over came up to the girl and gave her a mighty slap across the face. The girl screeched and fell backwards. The cook screamed at her again and pointed to Randi. The girl, sobbing now, gave a meek, sorrowful response. The cook marched away.

Frowning, the girl came behind Randi and pulled her arms behind her back, fastening her wrists together. Then she sush, sush’d her towards the cage again. Randi had trouble maneuvering herself in and the girl lost patience. She shouted something out to her and gave her a fierce shove with her foot. She pushed and shoved and kicked at her until she was fully in, all squished up and discombobulated, and then slammed the door of the cage shut. She hung the key up on the hook and then came back and shouted something nasty sounding to Randi through the bars and then gave them a fierce kick. She stalked off.

Randi sobbed and sobbed. Even this girl was turned against her. Was there no one who would grant her kindness? Would her whole life be full of violence and cruel abuse?

She could hear the clatter of pots and pans as they cleaned up. The steward she had seen before came over and took a look at her. The cook yelled and called him back. The girl came back, sniffing and set four places at the table. She brought over the remnants of the roast Yegor had eaten, a bowl full of broccoli, a loaf of fresh bread, a large carafe of coffee and a small pitcher of milk.

Akmal came wandering in. He stood in front of her cage and looked at her. He could be proud. She had had a successful endeavor. She had performed like a good little fuckbeast.

He kicked at the cage and issued a familiar command. Randi scrambled and struggled to rise to her knees. She assumed the attention position her had taught her. Her head just brushed against the top of the cage and her knees abutted against the sides and the front. He toes were scrunched up against the back. There was just enough room for her to assume this position, as if it had been designed for her. He smiled and nodded.

The girl and the steward came around the corner and stood there for a few moments. Then the cook came, wiping her hands on her apron. The others took this as a signal to sit down. The cook and the girl facing Randi’s cage, next to each other and Akmal and the steward with their backs toward her.

The cook and Akmal and the steward engaged in a continuous banter. The girl kept mostly quiet except when asked a question directly by Akmal or the cook. Randi just knelt in her cage and miserated. Not one of them had an ounce of sympathy for her. And then something shifted in the conversation. Akmal was taunting the girl, saying things to her that made her blush and look down at her food. He asked her a question several times and she gave no answer. Then he gave her a stern command. She looked up at him, disconcerted. She mumbled something and he gave her the command again. Her eyes filled with tears and she began to unbutton her sheer white blouse. She unbuttoned it to her navel and then pulled the sides open until her breasts emerged, full and bouncy. Akmal made a sound of approval. The steward said something that the cook and Akmal thought was funny. The girl held her head down, her eyes all watery, and poked at her food.

They all finished. Akmal and the cook had a smoke while the girl and the steward cleaned up. The girl went to button up her blouse, but Akmal countermanded it. When they had finished, Akmal gave the girl a stern order and she blanched. Then she curtsied to him and fled, her large, firm breasts bouncing.

Everybody left the kitchen and all the lights were turned off except small ones over the swinging doors. Randi, somewhat trepidatiously, took the liberty of curling up as best she could and wallowed in her unhappiness. The dim lights and her loneliness ate at her. She was inconsequential when not in use. That was clear. She was startled about an hour and a half later when the swinging door that Akmal had led her through earlier swung open. He walked in and strode over to her cage. Frantic, she knelt up as before. He smiled at her. What a smart little fuckbeast! She only has to be told once. When he is in the room, there would be no slouching or lollygagging about. She would show him respect at all times. He opened the door and ordered her out. He released her hands from behind her back, fastened the leash to her collar and walked her out.

They retraced their steps to the little room where he had prepared her. He made her shower again, paying special attention to her soiled puss. He washed off all of her makeup. After he dried her again, he worked lotion in all over her body but skipped the orgasm. He undid her leather mittens, manipulated her hands as if to keep them limber, worked lotion into them and then put the mittens back onto her. He left off the knee braces.

Randi reacted sullenly, but cooperatively to Akmal's ministrations. When he had her hands wrapped and locked back behind her he escorted her over to the chair he had used earlier and made her kneel down before it. He sat in the chair opened his fly and took out his cock. Randi whined inwardly in distress, but she knew what was being called for. She leaned over Akmal's lap and took his cock in her mouth.

She worked him dutifully. Here was yet another dreadful thing that she had to look forward to. She tried not to cry and the stiffened pole filled her mouth with each descent of her lips. Akmal had his hand resting lightly on her head. He leaned back and closed his eyes to accentuate his enjoyment. The only sound in the room was Randi's sucking and slurping as she did her best to bring the cruel man enjoyment. She nibbled the head, she pushed the cock deep into her mouth. She stroked it rapidly with her lips, she gave her long, firm, languid strokes.

Akmal began to moan. His hand dropped to the back of her head and grasped her hair. He held her fixated for a few moments, as if pausing to prolong his enjoyment. His cock lay like a foul, rigid serpent in her mouth. She waited for his signal to resume, his girth widening her lips, his soft hardness lying on her tongue.

He released her hair and tapped her cheek. She went back to work, taking her time, doing everything to maximize his enjoyment. She thought of the episode down in the dining room when she had smelled Yegor's cigar smoke and her belly soured at the thought of her mother seeing her now. She wanted to bite and gnaw at the foul protuberance, but knew that that would only guarantee her torture and pain and she guessed that Akmal knew some very, very agonizing ways to punish a girl.

And she desperately wanted to show him that she was truly enthusiastic in her work. That she would do all she could to please and pleasure her masters. That he didn't need to whip her to crank up her enthusiasm. She would be obedient. She feared the whip more than anything, much more than she decried her abasement.

He released a loud groan and took hold of her hair again. This time he began pumping her head assiduously up and down on his crank. Faster and faster he drove her head up and down. He groaned some more and his grip tightened. He released a loud growl and his cock began to throb and spurt in her mouth. He flooded it with his jism and she had difficulty containing it. It slid down his cock and frothed as he pistoned her head up and down, groaning out his delight.

Then, finally, he slowed. His grip relented. He pushed her head down so that she could slurp up all of his discharge that she had let escape. He brought her up so that she could nibble on the head and coax out of him some pleasurable aftershocks.

When his cock had softened, he pulled up her head and released her. She looked at him dismally. Would he require this every night? How much discretion did he have in the use of her? Would he fuck her too? Would she ever be free again? She bit her lip to stop from crying.

He pulled her to her feet by the ring on her collar and dragged her over to the sink. There he brushed her teeth and made her rinse out her mouth with mouthwash so her breath would be nice and fresh. He let her have a long drink of water and then he sat her down on the pot so she could pee. He made her lean over while he wiped her and then ordered her to her knees. He washed his hands and returned

with her leash. He fastened it to the front of her collar, released her hands from behind her back and ordered her to all fours. He guided her out of the room.

## CHAPTER TEN

This time they went down the hall the other way. They passed several doors and went to the door at the end of the hallway. It was more ornate than the other doors, with extra trim and a highly polished, darkly stained wooden shield. The shield had a dark red, snarling wolf's head carved into it with curved silver laurels on either side. Akmal opened the door with a key to a shiny deadbolt over the doorknob, swung it open inwards and ushered her in.

The room was dark. Akmal flipped a switch on the wall and an elaborate chandelier in the middle of the room jumped into light. The room was big, about 30' by 40'. The walls were papered with in bright gold with white flowers etched into it. The floors were polished hardwood, dark maple. A 3' wide runner with Persian designs on it ran along the side of the room parallel to a large, king sized, four poster bed. The bed was covered with a thick duvet with swirly dark maroon and black designs. At the foot of the bed was a large Persian carpet matching the runner. A heavy, dark wine stained credenza with a mirror running its length sat on the other side of the bed against the wall. There was a large walk-in closet in the far corner and the open door to a bathroom next to it, opposite the bed. Next to the bathroom door was a seven drawer high dresser, stained like the credenza.

To Randi's left, as she entered the room was a bank of windows set off by dark yellow, floor length drapes. An ornate, golden framed mirror was on the wall just past the windows. Over the bed was a large painting of some immense battle scene. The headboard contained several shelves and little drawers built into it. Ominously, on the side of the bed closest to her, a shiny steel chain was embedded in the headboard and set into a little pile upon the fluffy, light blue pillow. Night tables with table lamps with tall cream colored shades sat on either side of the bed. There were two small overhead reading lamps jutting from the top of the headboard.

But the thing that most caught Randi's eye was a small cage, matching the one in the kitchen, just below the windows. Except it was smaller, much smaller. In the corner on the right, next to the door to the walk-in closet, a chain dangled from the ceiling that led to a pulley on the wall. Beneath it was a circle of reddish brown tile. Mounted decorously on the wall was an array of whips. A 3' by 3' wooden chest, stained like the other furniture, sat nearby.

All this was taken in by a momentary glance as Akmal pulled down the duvet to the foot of the bed. Then he pulled down the underlying, light blue silk sheet and a darker blue blanket. He snapped his fingers and motioned towards the bed. Randi understood the gesture and reluctantly climbed up onto it.

Akmal waved his hand and grunted something. Randi took this as an order to lie down and so she did. He released the leash from the front of her collar and affixed the 18" long chain that led to the headboard to the back. From the top drawer of the nightstand to Randi's left Akmal drew out a small foot long, golden chain. He connected one of her wrists, led the chain through the ring in the front of her collar and connected the other. He turned on the overhead reading lamp above her. It bathed her in light.

He stood back for a moment and smiled. He leaned over, ran his hand the length of her left thigh from her knee on up and then squeezed her breasts, one by one. He said something and then patted her on the belly. He turned and walked to the door. On the way out he shut off the overhead light.

A fierce unhappiness swelled through her. There was no question that she was in her owner's bedroom. She was on the left side of the huge bed nearest to the windows on her left. She tested the length of the chain that led through the ring on her collar. If she brought one hand up she was just able to lay the other hand on her upper belly, just above her navel. She was able to spread her hands apart just to her shoulders. She was able to bring them up to her face and could cover her eyes with her leather mittens. She looked at the clasps on the ends of the chain where it was attached to her bracelets. With fingers it might be an easy job to unhook them. But without fingers it was impossible.

She bit down on her gag and released a moan of woe. She didn't know what time it was, but sooner or later her owner, her master, would come into the room. He would shed his clothes and get up on the bed next to her, to her right. Then he would touch her, her belly and breasts, her thighs, her hips, her pussy. He would put his lips on her, suckle at her teats thrust his thick tongue in her mouth. He would enter her, fill her channel, like he had done earlier. And he would fuck her and fuck her and fuck her to his heart's content.

She lowered her mittened hands as far as they would go, just over her breasts if she lowered them at the same time. There down below, where she couldn't touch it, where she couldn't protect it, was her private place, her organ, her fulcrum. Everyone, it seemed, could touch it but her. Akmal had allowed her to wash it under his strict supervision, making sure that she did not dawdle there or do more than was hygienically necessary. Feeling its hairless surface, passing her fingers along and in between the folds had seemed strange as if she were touching something not really a part of her. It was an attachment, like something you would affix to an appliance to make it more useful. It was a thing separate and apart from



her. It had a mind of its own and desired touching and fondling. It craved piercing and pummeling. It was a nasty, rebellious thing that didn't care how much it shamed her.

She brought her hands up to her neck. She ran her mittens along her collar. She could just reach where the chain was attached in the back. She lifted her head from the soft, plush pillow to the length of the chain. There wasn't sufficient length to raise her to a sitting position. Just enough so her owner could move her around a bit when he was using her.

The light shined straight down on her. She looked up and it blinded her, so she looked away. The bed was surrounded by a circle of darkness except for a faint light which shone on the windows from the moon. It was like she was on a stage, ready to perform.

She began to cry again. How did I get here? What's going to happen to me? How will I ever bear it? She recalled the whipping stand in the corner of the room and the fierce whips mounted near it. "He will whip me there," she thought, a coldness rising from her belly and into her chest, down her thighs. "He'll whip me and make me scream and scream and scream and he'll laugh and laugh and laugh at my misery." She closed her eyes and a lump formed in her throat. "Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me!" she prayed to the empty heavens.

There was no god to protect her. She knew that now. She was all alone and no one cared how she felt, how sad she was, what humiliation and shame she suffered. In fact, just the opposite. Everyone seemed bent on increasing her shame, her humiliation. Even that girl who had waited on the table, who seemed so nice and fragile and timid, had reared back her hand and given her a mighty slap. The steward or waiter or whatever he was had mauled her breasts, smiling at her predicament as she knelt there mounted like the lowliest beast you could imagine. And she would never be able to escape. Even if she got out of the house somehow, she was always chained up so she couldn't see how she would ever be able to do that, where would she go? Who would help a naked and collared girl unable to speak a word of their language, clearly somebody owned by someone powerful. In a police state like this one, who would dare take a chance to offend the high and mighty, especially for someone they were not related to and didn't even know. A foreigner to boot.

She looked at the edge of the bed. If she threw her body off of it could she choke herself to death? Why should she live through all the torments she was bound to suffer if she could end it with a few moments of struggle as the chain drew her collar hard against her throat. How long would the struggle last? A minute, less? The blood would stop going to her brain and she would pass out. Darkness would swallow her and she would be free! Free! Free!

But she didn't want to die! She wanted to live and be free to do all the things that free people did. She wanted to go home and see her mother and father and brothers. To sleep in her own bed. To eat from a table. To touch herself all over whenever she wanted.

Besides, the chain was too long. The bed was really low to the floor and if she rolled off of the bed her legs and rear would hit the floor before the chain drew taut. She realized that it was probably planned that way. They wouldn't allow any circumstances to exist where she might harm their property. Her body wasn't hers anymore. Not a single part of it. She shivered and trembled and bit down hard on her gag in misery.

The time went by. Although her hands and neck were bound, her legs were free. It felt so strange to be half free and half bound. But if her lower limbs were free to move back and forth, they were free to be shoved wide apart so that the hole at their joiner could be plundered. Having them free just seemed to emphasize her vulnerability. When the hand came to ravish her pussy, she wouldn't be able to try and push it away. She wouldn't be able to deny the man its touch. In fact anyone could come by and fondle it or poke it or rub it. It was open to all comers but denied to her.

A dullness went through her and she knew that she would soon fall asleep. She had slept fitfully during her transport, but kept coming to startled awakeness. She had maybe an hour's nap in the kitchen. And all the tension and fear and unhappiness during the day had drained her of strength. She closed her eyes and turned on her side. "Please make this all go away," she thought. "Make it all go away. Make it all go away."

\* \* \* \* \*

She heard the sound of the door being pushed shut. She had been dreaming. She was in some kind of maze where the walls shot up a hundred feet above her. She was naked and she ran down corridor after corridor looking for a way out. At the end of each corridor was a door. But when she reached it, it would be locked and no amount of pulling and yanking would open it. She would pound on the door, screeching for help and then, when no one answered, dash back down the corridor to find another one and so on and so on.

She heard the deadbolt turned, locking the door. She heard heavy footsteps approaching. Then a tall, thick presence loomed over her. It was him. The man. Her owner. He was here to fuck her.

Her body shivered with cold as the man walked down the length of the bed and towards the bathroom. He flicked the bathroom light on and it shined into the bedroom. He was so big! So big! His body almost blocked out the doorway and his

head almost touched the frame above him. He walked over to the other side of the bed and turned the table lamp on. Now she could see him really well. He looked at her and smiled and said something. She trembled in fright.

He turned away from her and pulled off his shirt, tossing it aside as he stepped toward the bathroom. Before entering it, he sat on the end of the bed and untied his boots, plopping them off one by one. And then his socks. Then he stood and unbuckled his pants, drawing them down his legs and tossing them where the shirt lay. He was wearing black briefs which he whisked off and tossed aside.

He was naked. She could see his broad shoulders from the back, his firm, solid ass. His thick thighs. There was no hair that she could make out. He stepped into the bathroom and she heard him piss and then flush the toilet. She heard the sink running as if he was brushing his teeth. That sound ended and as he stepped into the doorway, the bathroom light went out, throwing his huge form into silhouette.

He stepped towards the bed and stopped at the credenza. There was a pitcher of water there and a crystal glass. He poured water into the glass, took a gulp or two and then placed the glass on the bed stand. He stood there looking at her for a few moments. Randi stared back, wishing with all her might that she had some place to hide. He turned off the table lamp and the room, except for the spotlight on her, was plunged once again into darkness. She felt the slight sag of the mattress as he got onto it. A half second later, he came into her view on her right as he shifted his body up next to hers.

She could feel the heat of it and her stomach quailed. She pressed her thighs together and realized that she was sweating as they slid on each other. His head was right next to and above hers. He didn't quite smile, but there was a look of pleasure on his face. A look that was pleased at the enticing flesh that it saw and, at the same time, was anticipatory of the pleasure it was sure would soon come.

He leaned on his left arm and placed his heavy right hand on her belly. He ran it down over her right thigh and back up her left. It was hot and made her tremble. It ran back up over her belly and lightly over her breasts, stopping only to give her teats light tweaks. She could smell his flesh, pungent and manly, a hint of perspiration. With the light pouring directly onto her she felt like some kind of exhibit in a laboratory. She imagined faces peering at her from all around, waiting to see the scientist make her perform for them. His nearness was overwhelming. His naked nearness. His thigh pressed up against the outside of her right thigh. His belly was pushed against her hip. She saw now that he had a light drift of black hair across his chest. His chest was broad and powerful and its nearness to her made her even more afraid than before.

His hand swept down back over her belly and centered itself between her thighs. She had jammed them close together when he had gotten on the bed and

she felt his thick fingers prying between them. She suppressed a whine and did what she knew she should do. What every enslaved fuckbeast would do. What every cruel, remorseless, powerful master would expect. She spread her legs and lifted her knees.

His hand covered her mons. He stroked it several times, again and again. He ran his fingers down its crevasse. He pinched the puffy sides together and then rubbed it again and again. He ran his hand up and down the inside of her thighs, down to her knees and back again and then centered it back on her mound, dribbling his fingers over it again and again.

That tingling had started. That tingling that she didn't want. That tingling that seemed to go deep, deep into her pussy as if it were a messenger from the man's hand sent to awaken that creature that lived there.

He leaned over and took her right teat into his mouth. She encompassed it with his lips, suckling on it gently, slaverling his tongue over and around it. His hand came up and seized her left breast, encircling it, massaging it. Kneading it. He took her teat between his fingers and pinched it lightly and then harder and then harder until she moaned and her hips shifted of their own accord.

He leaned over and took her left teat into his mouth and performed the same actions on it. His mouth was hot and the suckling sent tremors through her, tremors accompanied by trilling waves of sensation that flowed through her belly to her core. Her hands hung limply on either side of her breasts to the length of their confining chain. She closed her eyes and whined lowly, a whine that turned into an involuntary moan.

His hand rose to her face and she felt him tug out her gag and drop it to her chest. It fell to the side. His left hand descended to her pussy again and he covered his lips with his. She opened her mouth dutifully, fretfully and when his tongue entered, a thick unignorable presence that seemed to dwarf all other sensations, she moaned and began to cry.

The fingers of the hand slid along her now moistened gash. Up and down, up and down. She felt a finger slip into her chamber and then another. They slid back and forth, back and forth, gathering her moisture and then emerging to spread it all over her cunt. The fingers slid in again and his thumb found lodgment on her trilling bud. It began to rub and worry it.

A surge of lust filled her, as if the beast inside her had awakened and shook its mighty body. Her heels dug into the bed as she wished and wished and wished the tormenting hand away. The sensations from her vibrating pouch now rivaled the sensation of the hot, thick tongue pursuing and engaging with hers, entering into a mesmerizing duet as if competing for her attention.

"Here! Here!" screamed her cunt. "Pay attention to me! To me!" as her tongue shouted out, "No! Me! Me! Me! Feel me! Feel me!"

His weight was on her right side. He was naked. Here. In bed with her. She was alone and bound and powerless. He could do anything he wanted with her. She could feel his stiffened cock against her hip. Soon he would plunge it deep inside her. He would make her scream and moan and beg for relief. He would make her come and come and come and there was nothing she could do about it.

His hand left her pussy. He raised himself and got in between her thighs. His hands spread them wider and raised her knees even more. He ran his hands up over her belly, up over her breasts and down again several times, claiming every inch of her. His right hand reached out and took hold of her gag and pushed it into her mouth. He was done with that instrument for now. No sense leaving it open. A word might escape. That would spoil everything.

He shifted himself towards her. She felt his cock slip up along her slit and down again several times, collecting her ooze. Then it pressed forward, slid up and plunged into her womb.

She bit down on her gag and moaned. He laid his chest down over her breasts and lifted her thighs with his hands. She felt like he was burrowing into her as deeply as he could. His hand slid down her thighs and took hold of her ankles. He raised them until they were on either side of her head, pushing down hard until they touched her bound and mittened hands.

And then he began his motions.

He was high above her. He gave her long, hard, decisive strokes. Not slow and leisurely like he had started out when he fucked her in the living room, not fast and frantic, punishing. But steady, repetitive, long and firm.

She knew what he was doing. He wasn't fucking her. He was fucking her cunt. The rest of her was superfluous to her little, expanded, juicy hole. He was giving out a steady, low moan as he experienced her tightness, her softness, her fluidity. He was leaning over her, about a foot or so above her. His eyes were closed as if he were blotting her out, all except the only part that mattered now. The overhead light shined directly into his face, accentuating its creases and foibles, its immensity above her. His powerful hands gripped tightly around her shins just above her ankle bracelets, a grip so tight it seemed bestial.

The cock just went on and on. The beast within her had awakened and it relished every stroke. Her love bud vibrated with hot electricity as his member brushed along it. She felt so helpless and powerless, folded up like some rag doll, being plundered remorselessly, unable to move her legs or even shift her hips. Only her hands had relative freedom and she held the little black bagged things together underneath her chin, pressing them together as if in fervent prayer.

He was groaning now. Her pussy was shivering with ecstatic enjoyment. She closed her eyes as she felt her moment approaching. "Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought. "It's coming! It's coming! It's coming!"

His thrusts had become hard and hard and faster and faster. And then, suddenly, he stopped. He slid himself from within her and reached behind her neck and released her chain. He rolled over her right leg, taking hold of the ring in her collar and pulling her with him. He turned around and fluffed up his pillows. She was kneeling at his side. He pulled the gag from her mouth and leaned back. He took hold of her hair in the back of her head and he pulled her down over his loins. His thick, rampant cock stood up like a medieval impalement. He pressed her head down further, she opened her mouth. The cock slipped in.

She closed her mouth around it, whore-like, and pressed her lips hard against its roundness. He let his cock sit there for a few moments. Randi felt a sickness go through her as the member filled her cavity so rudely and so completely. It pressed up against the back of her throat and she was doing everything she could not to gag. Having the cock just sit there, a brooding, evil presence in her mouth was worse than actually sucking it. At least sucking it you could sense yourself progressing with each stroke to the act's completion, when your mouth would be returned to you again. The hand would leave its grip and you could have relative peace for at least a little while. But to kneel here, her ultimate humiliation and shame immanent but in limbo, the moment delayed indefinitely when her mouth would fill with his discharge and it would ooze down her throat to become a part of her essence.

And then he started. Slow and deliberate, slow and deliberate. She suckled and suckled as if he was delivering to her her life's milk. When he pulled her mouth free, she licked and kissed at the monster's tip, lathering her tongue around its head. When he pressed her head downwards, she tightened her grip on his rigid, hot skin and did her best to caress it with her tongue.

He went on and on as if he had all night, which he did. After a while, he tugged at her hair until she crawled over his left leg and insinuated herself between his thighs. His grip went from his left hand to his right and his left hand brushed up and down her curved back.

Her chained and balled hands were resting on his thighs. He began to shove her lower and lower on his cock, making her choke and gag until he finally thrust himself into her throat. He held her there while she gagged and coughed and whined and cried, until she began to struggle at his grip, frantic for air. He pulled her head up sharply, straight off of his cock and she heaved in desperately needed oxygen. And then down again she would go, pressing her down and just holding her there for the longest time until she began to struggle again.

He did this 10, 15 times. She lost count. Suddenly, as if he had tired of his game, he pulled her head up and then pulled her back over his thigh. He roughly maneuvered her until she was on her knees, her head down on her pillow, her thighs wide, her hips up. She had become confused at his instructions and he gave

her several mighty slaps on her thighs and her ass, roaring at her ferociously for her stupidity. She felt his cock slide up along her gash once again. A second later he was in her once more.

This time there was nothing artful in the way he fucked her. He pounded at her hard, thrusting his hips upwards at each stroke. One hand was in her hair, pressing her face down and the other was on her back, rubbing it back and forth. Her pussy came back to life as if there had been no interregnum. The beast welcomed the cock with open arms and began to shoot pulses of need and pleasure all through her. A small part of her brain, the teeny, tiny part of it that was not overwhelmed with ragged stabs of pleasure, thought woefully, "Is this how it is going to be? Is this how he is going to fuck me night after night after night?" That tiny part of her brain burst into woeful sobs, dreading her future.

She was just a thing. A warm, throbbing thing for him to fuck. He was so big and powerful and she was so tiny, tiny, tiny. His cock was a cruel monster, plowing her, ravaging her, pummeling her. His hands were mighty and without conscience as he gripped and poked and caressed and encircled any part of her that he so desired. The grip in her hair was powerful, pulling at her roots, vice-like, while the other hand rubbed and rubbed and rubbed as if she were a magic bottle and he was trying to awaken the genie of her lust.

And if that was what he was doing, he was succeeding. Her passion rose higher and higher. That little part of her brain that had engaged in sorrowful, purposeful thought winked out. All that rushed through her brain was a roaring train of pleasure. Suddenly he was out again. He spun her roughly around until she was again on her back. He pressed his knees hard against her thighs, spreading them widely. He entered her again and resumed her relentless, remorseless assault. Suddenly, as if a switch had been turned, her pussy erupted into a soul tearing joy. Pulse after pulse of hard throbbing pleasure went through her. Her pussy clenched and throbbed and wrenched her innards.

He was groaning and groaning mightily. His mouth had covered hers and his tongue had thrust deeply into her mouth scouring it. His chest pressed hard down on her breasts and her mittened hands pressed hard against his sides. Just as her pussy's convulsions had started to wind down, he gave a great groan and began thrusting madly at her. Her pussy erupted once more and her brain twisted and cringed as intolerable pleasure raged through it.

It took her a moment or two to realize that he had slowed down. Her pussy's walls were still gripping him tightly in slowly fading throbs. Her body went limp and her hands fell to her sides. The man pulled his head back, releasing a satisfied moan. He raised himself up, his detumescing cock still slowly traversing her canal, reached for her gag and forced it between her lips. He then raised himself and slid from her cunt.

He leaned over and took a gulp of his water. He then turned back to her and slid his hand over her breasts and belly and thighs, as if signaling his approval of the performance of his pet, his hand reminiscing over his enjoyments. He squeezed each one of her breasts and then reached up and turned off the overhead light, plunging the room into darkness. He pulled up the sheet and blanket, covering them both, and laid down beside her on his side, facing her. He pushed her on her side, facing away. He reached his right hand around her belly, pulling her in as he spooned into her. He leaned his face close to her head, gave her body a few appreciative pulls and devolved into a heavy breathing that pressed against her back. In a few moments, she realized that he was asleep.

Misery flooded her. The sensation of him encapsulating her made her stomach sour. Would she have to sleep with him every night? Even her sleeping hours would be subject to his dominion. Being here, having him clasp her like some living, breathing sleep aid drove home to her harder than it had even been driven before how he totally, completely and ultimately owned every little bit of her being. Nothing was to be left to her. Her soul was sodden with self-pity. Darkness was all around her. The only sensation was the heat and touch of her assailant's body.

She lay there for a long time, too afraid to move a single muscle or even to shiver in fear. The gag in her mouth was an ever present evil glob that she could not ignore. Her imprisoned, balled hands hung there helplessly, resting on her breasts. She felt like she had while mounted in the living room: if she had to lay there for a single additional moment, her mind and body would explode, each tiny second unbearable. He had fucked her callously, ruthlessly and with supreme indifference to feelings or her will. And would do it again and again and again and again as long as she was his prisoner. And no one would stop him.

There was no power in the world that would limit or mollify his transgressions on her. And she would respond each time like a whorish slut, obedient to his every expression of will, anticipatory even to it. When he pushed her head down, her mouth would open, ready to receive him. When he touched her belly, her legs would spread and her knees would rise. And when he touched her sex, it would trill and water and open itself up to him, ready to receive him when he finally deigned to enter her.

In spite of her fear and sadness, sleep mercifully came to her. During the night the man slid away and she was no longer imprisoned by his limbs. She slept deeply and darkly and without dreams.

She was wakened when she felt the man's hand slide down her side and over her hip. She had felt him rubbing her before she had awakened and only slowly came to realize what he was doing. He was leaning up against her and she could feel his hardness pressing into her rear. His hand circled around her belly and rose



up to her breasts, pushing aside her hands. He squeezed them both and pinched her teats hard making her squeal as if testing whether she was awake. She felt him rise above her. His hand felt up her back and reached her hair. He pulled on it, maneuvering her up until she was on her knees face down like before. She spread her legs without being told. He leaned over and pulled her torso up until she was leaning on her elbows. He was behind her and she felt his cock rub against her buttocks' divide.

His hands began rubbing and caressing her. He reached down between her legs and stroked her pussy until it was wet. He circled his arms under her and caressed her breasts, kneading and massaging them and tweaking her nipples, this time softly and gently. There was something about the fact that she knew that he was going to fuck her that made heat automatically rise up in her loins. She tried to deny it, her forehead pressed against the soft pillow, his heat behind her, his cock so clearly ready to wound her once again,.

His hand went back between her legs and he rubbed and caressed and massaged and twiddled his finger against her reveling bud until he was satisfied she was ready for him. He slid two thick fingers into her aperture as if to make sure and then his hand went to his cock and he poised it at her entrance. He glided in without resistance and she moaned softly through her gag. He was in no rush and stroked her slow and steady, slow and steady. He reached under her and played with her dangling breasts. He rubbed her back with his hands, he caressed her buttocks. He ran his hands up and down the outside of her thighs. That heavy immediacy was rising in her loins. She bit down on her gag, hopeful that the assault would soon be over.

And then he stopped. She felt him lean away to her right and heard him open a drawer in the headboard. Still embedded in her quim, he leaned back up, seemed to pause, and then she felt his fingers press against the rosette between her rear cheeks. She felt him smearing something on it and in it, circling around to make sure it was fully covered. His fingers left her and she heard him put something back in the drawer.

She knew what he was going to do. Ma had said that she would have to ass fuck. It had revolted her to hear it and it revolted her now at the thought of its immediate pendency. She whined. Everything in her wanted to break her posture, to roll about and scream, to do anything to forestall the penetration of her tender, little circle. He withdrew from her and then pressed her hips down to give him a better angle. When she felt his cock seek her opening, sliding up and down her divide until it was able to poke the tip of its head a few millimeters past the entrance, she moaned and her body began to tremble. She clenched her fists even harder within their mittens and bit down as hard as she could on her gag. "Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please!" she screamed inside. She

wriggled her hips just a smidgeon and the tip of the cock fell out. There was a pause and then she received three fierce blows from the man's heavy, open hand on her right buttock, one after the other in rapid succession. She screamed and her rear burst into fire. Her whole body cringed and she burst into sobs. But even though her chest was heaving, sobs filling her throat, when she felt the head of the cock slide up and around her entrance again and the head poke ever so slightly in, she remained perfectly still.

He pressed himself in slowly. There was no friction as she had been properly greased, not so much for her ease, but for his, but as her little circle expanded she felt a fierce burning as the muscles were stretched forcibly. He was big, thick, thicker than that thing they had put in her in the waystation, which she had sat on for seemingly days and days and days. She screamed and shuddered and sobbed and sobbed, but the man kept going. She remained motionless, all crunched up, her muscles as tight as they could be. It burned and burned and burned and she felt an immenseness back there and a fullness that sickened her. When he had sunk fully in, his belly up against her buttocks, he began his motions. He slowly, slowly, slowly drew himself back, relishing the tightness of her ring around his cock. He pressed forward again, slowly, slowly, slowly. His hands were on her hips and after five or six strokes, he began a steady, more purposeful rogering of her ruptured star.

The burning subsided, although it didn't wholly go away. But the fullness, the strange sensation of being probed by a man in a way she never had been before did not. And neither did the revulsion and the self-pity and the shame at being treated this way. Ma had said that some girls got to like it. She swore to herself that she never, never would. It was revolting and bestial. Only dirty girls did it, that was what Ma had said and she believed it was true. And now she would be one of those dirty girls. He would do it again and again whenever he felt like it. And Akmal, would he do it too? The thought made her mind dissolve into a gelatinous mire. "Oh, god, let it be over! Please! Please! Please!" she prayed.

He was slowly picking up speed and she heard him issue several moans. She was trying to think of something, anything else, home, school, Stu, being a little girl, being free, but the grossness in her rear could not be ignored. And then, subtly at first, it took her a little while to realize it was happening, a tingling started to flow from her ravished ring into her belly and down to her purse. A wave of misery flowed through her as she realized that the beast inside her pussy liked it. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" it was saying. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! That's nice! That's nice!" She tried to think it away. She tried to ignore it. She tried to fight it. But the pleasure kept on trickling down into her depths.

His thrusts became faster and faster. His groans became louder. Her mind cringed at the thought of him shooting himself inside her there, poisoning yet another of her apertures, the only one that had been unsullied. He began pounding at her making her body jolt at each forward plunge. Her belly soured and she screamed, screamed, screamed inside, her whole being in inner revolt at his shameful use of her. His grip on her hips became painful. Then he roared, "Arrrrrgh! Arrrrrgh! Arrrrrgh! Arrrrrgh!" again and again until he suddenly slowed and released a heavy sigh.

He was done. Randi was grateful, or as grateful as she could be under the circumstances. He thrust in and out of her a few times more and then withdrew. She felt him leaning into the drawer again and pull something out. He was wiping himself. He wiped his cock and then tossed the wipe aside and took a new one and wiped his hands. He then used it to wipe her little circle. He put the container of wipes back in the drawer and shut it. He rolled back down next to her and gave her rear a heavy, but not harsh slap and grunted something. She pushed back her knees and went down on her belly and then rolled to her side, curving into a fetal position, her back to him. This time, however, he did not embrace her. He pulled the sheet and blanket back over them, rolled over away from her and quickly dozed off.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

It was very early when she woke. Light was still trickling in through the windows. It took her a few seconds to realize where she was, and when she did, a feeling of forlornness swept through her. She was on her left side, her back to Pan Yegor. She rolled to her back and turned to look at him. He was on his belly, his arms underneath his pillows, his head toward her. He was breathing deeply and peaceably. His face looked almost kind as he slept, relaxed, at ease. But she knew better what cruelty and evil lurked behind that face. She shuddered and turned away.

She tried to go back to sleep, but could not. The events of the day before, the night before, kept running through her mind. Last night, after his second bout with her, she had lain awake for a long time, crying softly. She could not escape the sensation of having her rear passage filled and ravished. It felt like her little ring would never subside into its original shape. And despite having been wiped, she still felt greasy and slick back there and realized that it was probably the result of Yegor's slime oozing out of her.

The thought of probably hundreds and hundreds of nights like that in store for her kept running through her mind. Today she would begin her first full day as Yegor's fuckbeast. All day tomorrow and the day after that and the day after that. How long would it be before she lost her mind completely? Or would she slide into acceptance of her fate? Would the shame and humiliation she felt deaden? Would she get used to crawling around on her hands and knees, being bound all the time, to eating like a dog and being fucked and befouled several times a day? Would someone, anyone treat her with kindness?

She could hear Yegor's gentle snoring behind her. She rolled back over to look at him again. Was there some way to force him to kill her? Maybe if she refused all orders, rebelled against her treatment, fought and clawed and scratched and bit. But the thought of the pain they would inflict on her stilled all those thoughts. She wasn't brave. Ma had proved that when she had challenged her to attack her while her back was turned. She had shrunk back in her cage, terrified at the thought of Ma's retribution if she failed, knowing full well that she would.

And Ma could only go so far with her. She was being held for sale and she couldn't pass on damaged goods. But Yegor was under no such restriction. He could order her skinned alive and thrown into a fire if he wanted. He could maim

her and scar her and torture her until her mind descended into terrorized madness. She couldn't bear the thought of even one tenth of what he could do to her, not even a hundredth. Just the thought of being whipped made her stomach sour and her flesh creep. No, she was condemned to obey, to serve her master with all the enthusiasm she could muster. To remain silent and docile. To proffer her orifices on command.

"Don't despair," she told herself. "Something will happen! It's got to! Somehow I'll get free! I have to believe! Every moment of every day I have to close my eyes and remember to have hope and to let nothing extinguish it!"

She turned away from her oppressor once more, curled her body into a fetal position, her knees raised to her waist and closed her eyes.

She realized that she had fallen asleep again when she felt Yegor's heavy hand on her hip, shaking her. She rolled over towards him. He raised himself to his knees and reached behind her head, releasing the chain from her collar. He took hold of the front of her collar and pulled her over to the edge of his side of the bed. He made her sit on the edge of the bed while he released her wrists, leaving the chain that had connected them on the bedside table. He had brought over her leash from the other side of the bed. He held it in his hand while he snapped the fingers of the other and pointed towards the floor. Randi slid off the bed and got on her hands and knees. She felt the leash attached to the rear of her collar. Yegor gave it a tug and he led her toward the bathroom.

The bathroom was tiled in white with black accents. It was spacious and luxurious. There was a big, wide mirror over the sink, big, fluffy white towels in holders on the wall. The toilet looked almost regal. There was no shower stall. The shower head was mounted on the wall to the far left of the room with a drain underneath it.

Next to the toilet there was a ceramic hole in the floor. Yegor pulled and prodded her until she was squatting over it. She realized that she was expected to pee into it. She closed her eyes and spread her knees and let the water flow. She was shamed to do it in front of the man, but she realized that she had no say in it and would have to get used to it.

Yegor, still buck naked, his thick, long, cock and heavy balls flopping here and there, unrolled a few sheets of the thick, soft toilet paper and wiped her. He put his foot on a lever and water swirled around the bowl and descended below. When done, he led her back out into the bedroom, just on the other side of the door frame. He pulled on her chain and gave the order that she understood to mean that she should kneel up and she did so at once, placing her wrists crisscrossed behind her back. He hooked the leash to a ring on the wall behind her and then stepped back and looked at her. He wasn't satisfied. He turned his hand palm up and motioned upwards with it. "Oooooop! Oooooop!" he barked. She straightened her

back, thrust her breasts out as far as she could and spread her knees wider. He smiled, said something and then patted her on the head. Then he went back into the bathroom.

She heard him piss into the pot and then the shower turn on. It went on for a number of minutes, more than five but less than ten. She knelt there as he had left her, afraid to change her posture one iota. She didn't know if there were any cameras in the room or if Yegor might notice any little bit of change. The whips were on the wall off to her left and she could see them from the corner of her eye.

After a while, the shower ended. There was a pause and then she heard the water running in the sink. It ran for about a minute and a half and she assumed that he was shaving. He came out with a long, wide, white towel wrapped around his waist. There was just a bit of shaving cream high on his right cheek. He came to her, released the leash from the hook and had her crawl over to the foot of the bed and then kneel up. He removed the towel from around his waist, wiping his face clean with it and then sat down on the bed in front of her. Her torso was just at the edge of his knees and between them. He reached down and pulled her gag from her mouth, releasing it so that it dropped down on her chest. He spread his legs wider, gave her a smile of pleasurable anticipation, and held out his softened cock. He gave her an order in their gruff language. Randi didn't need to guess what it meant.

She leaned her body forward and bent her head. She gobbled up his limp meat and began to suckle on it. The sensation of his lukewarm appendage limp in her mouth revolted her. It felt like some strange, gross thing your mother gave you to try at a restaurant and insisted that you chew and swallow it no matter how awful it tasted. Only she couldn't swallow this and make it go away. And she definitely couldn't chew it. It was too limp to move her head back and forth so she just sucked on it and ran her tongue around it.

It started getting hard. His smell last night had been of sweat and manliness, but now his smell was a bit flowery from the soap in his shower. It was still too limp for her to begin to move her head up and down, but it was getting there.

She realized that she was almost certainly at the first instance of what would become a ritual. Didn't every guy want to start his day with a blowjob? She would do this day after day after day. Her belly soured and an ill feeling passed through her body. She started to cry.

Yegor had placed one of his hands on her head, but he was exerting no force on it. The cock had gotten hard enough that she could move up and down on it and she commenced the process. She did him slow and easy. He was still holding her leash in his other hand and she could feel it draping down her back and across her left arm, recording every movement of her head. An image of herself ran through her brain, naked, on her knees, hands crossed behind her, her bent, half shaved head addressing the huge man's protuberance and it disgusted her.

“I’m not a slave! I’m not a whore! I’ll escape! Somehow I’ll escape! This is not my future!” she tried to tell herself as the soft, hot rigidity filled her oral cavity, poked against the roof of her mouth and slid across her tongue like some insatiable beast. And then the man moaned and his hand took hold of her hair. He started to force her rhythm and the sensation of her involuntary, mandated movements, of her loss of control, of being so callously and brutally used, caused her hopeful affirmations to collapse like a dynamited tower. “I’ll never get free! I’ll never get free! I’ll never get free!” she screamed internally. A fierce woe ran through her, so fierce that she wanted to scream and shout and sob and cry, but all she could do was maintain a narrow, soft, wet passage for her owner’s rigid member and release a low, mournful moan that reverberated in her throat, stifled by the man’s thick meat.

He gave a loud grunt and she felt the cock begin to throb in her mouth. The familiar, pungent taste assaulted her senses. She swallowed as best she could as her head was pumped up and down fervently. Despite the tight hold her lips kept on the pulsing member, his cum frothed on his shaft and spilled onto her chin.

He slowed the pumping of her head and then stopped it, leaving his cock encompassed by her cavity for a while as he sighed with satisfaction. He then pumped her head up and down a few more times and pulled her head up. She looked up at him, her lips trembling. “This is how it’s going to be,” she thought sadly. For days and days and weeks and weeks and months and months, and who knows, maybe years and years. Every morning he would have her on her knees between his thighs to service him. And each blow job would have to be at least as good as the last or he would beat her, or Akmal would beat her. Beat her until she learned her lesson and renewed a fervent devotion to her master’s pleasures.

Yegor smiled at her and tapped her heavily on her cheek, saying something in his rough tongue that she supposed was meant to sound nice. He was smiling at her and she had to do everything she could to prevent herself from bursting into tears. He noticed the smear on her chin and picked up the towel from next to him on the bed and wiped it away almost tenderly. He put the towel aside, lifted her gag from her chest and presented it to her lips. She opened her mouth sadly and obediently as wide as she could and he popped it in.

He rose from the bed and gave her leash a tug. She turned to her right, fell down on her hands and followed him. He led her to the cage by the windows. He motioned for her to kneel up again and took down the key from a hook on the window frame. He unlocked the cage and swung the door open. He released the leash from her collar and tossed it on the bed. Her arms were already crossed behind her and he clipped her wrists together, moving them palms in. He said something gruff and nodded towards the cage. Randi knew her duty and she quickly crawled in, turning so that her front was to him, her hands jammed against

the back of the cage. She drew her knees high and pulled back her feet. Yegor closed the cage door and locked it.

She watched him get dressed. His clothes from the day before were strewn on the floor. He pulled on a pair of black silk boxers and tan chinos. He selected a dark green and red polo shirt from the dresser drawer and he put it on. Next were the socks and boots. He was humming a soft tune as he dressed, oblivious to her presence no more than 15' away from him. As he stomped on his boots to set his feet properly, his cell phone rang. He had mounted it in a little stand last night as he was undressing. He walked over to the phone, picked it up and looked at the caller i.d. He made a gruff sound and silenced the ringer. Whoever it was, he would speak to him later, when he was in the mood.

He went into the bathroom and emerged with his short hair brushed. He picked up his golden watch from atop the credenza and affixed it to his left wrist, checking the time. He then dialed a number on his phone and began to speak into it. He walked past her still speaking and not looking down. In a second he was out the door, slamming it shut behind him.

Randi's emotions were split between relief not to be in the monster sized man's presence anymore and bereft sadness over her plight. The little cage gave her no room to stretch out and her shoulders had already begun to ache from leaning on her arms. She closed her eyes and tried to relieve her distress. She couldn't live long in a constant state of emotional turmoil. She had to develop some acceptance of her fate, at least temporarily, while waiting for that as yet unimaginable break that would liberate her.

She wondered what time it was. The light was coming in through the windows behind her pretty strongly now. Maybe 7:30 or 8 o'clock, she thought. Pan Yegor would have to be an early riser to manage his empire, to make sure that no one got the jump on him. She imagined meetings with his henchmen, the secret police, the arbiters of compliance with Yegor's decrees, of the citizen's ideological purity. Judgments would need to be made regarding those who had sinned or whose enthusiasm was insufficient. And money would have to be counted and accounted for, arbitrary and undoubtedly burdensome taxes and graft meant to enrich him and his most loyal lieutenants.

She tried to shift herself to a more comfortable position, but it was impossible. Why did he have to make her life more miserable than it already was? Even if her leather mittened hands were free, there was no way she would be able to open the cage, so why did her hands have to be fastened behind her back? And why did the cage have to be so small? Just a few inches more all the way around would let her stretch out a bit.

But of course, she knew the answers to these questions. It was all meant to impress upon her her powerlessness, his control over her. To deprive her of the



essentials of humanity so she would accept her role as less than a person. She was not to be allowed any autonomy whatsoever.

And her hands were no longer appendages meant to assist her in her daily living. Rather they were instruments of her oppression, tied off and neutralized, rendering her helpless unless needed for locomotion.

About an hour passed when the door opened. It was a thick boned, brown haired, middle aged lady. She was pushing a housekeeping cart. She pushed it deep into the room, passing by Randi's cage without a glance. She was wearing a gray housekeeping dress with white borders that buttoned up the front and ran down to her knees. When she had the cart in the middle of the room, she turned to survey her task at hand and caught Randi out of the corner of her eye. She stepped over, peering down at her with her heavy, boney hands on her hips. She didn't smile or frown, but rather looked at Randi neutrally, as if assessing her. Randi looked up dolefully, ashamed to be so naked and caged and bound before the woman. Finally, the woman just shrugged and got on with her work.

She picked up all of Pan Yegor's discarded clothes and put them in a hamper on the front of the cart. She made the bed, drawing up the chain that had confined Randi during the night and putting it on the pillow. She placed the leash on a hook screwed into the window frame next to her cage. There was a vacuum hooked onto the rear of the cart. The woman took it down and vacuumed the room, bumping it up against the foot of Randi's cage. The noisome, growling machine seemed like an aggressor trying to fight its way in and consume her. But then it went away.

The woman disappeared into the bathroom with a pail and some rags and returned about 15 minutes later. She dusted off all of the furniture and polished the large mirrors. When she finished, she looked around the room to see if there was anything left undone. Satisfied, she began to roll the cart towards the door. She stopped it just past Randi's cage and gave Randi another long look. She gave a little smirk and said something. Then she crouched down and came close to the cage, peering in. She said something teasingly and poked her finger through the bars as if trying to touch her. Then she laughed. She stood up and took something from the pocket of her uniform. It was a cell phone. She swiped at the screen and then brought it to her face, pointing it at Randi. By the time Randi realized that she was taking her picture it was too late to look away.

The woman checked out the photo on her phone and smiled. She leaned back down and turned the phone to Randi. Randi could make out the picture through the bars. Her eyes were wide open and her face was in a grimace. Her nakedness and helplessness were palpable. Her heart sank to think that the woman would pass the photo along to her friends as a source of amusement. And then to their friends and then to theirs, etc., etc. The woman stood up and put the phone away. She smiled and said something again to Randi, turned, and left the room.

She wallowed in her misery for about 20 minutes before the door opened again. This time it was Akmal. He strode over to her cage, unlocked it and gave her a sharp command. She crawled out of the cage with some difficulty and raised herself into presentation position. It felt good to stretch out. Akmal fastened the leash to her collar and had her stand. He administered the knee protectors she had worn yesterday and then ordered her back to her hands and knees. He pulled her into the bathroom where he made her pee. He then escorted her out the door down the hall and to the elevator. When it reached the ground floor, they turned left and entered the kitchen.

He brought her directly to the spot where she had eaten yesterday and made her kneel up. He fastened her hands behind her back, attached the chain that led to the wall behind her to her collar and left.

The cook was puttering around the kitchen and had only given her a glance. After a little while she brought over a large ceramic bowl filled with mush and placed it before her. She pulled the ball gag out of her mouth and let it plop on her chest. Randi didn't move until she said the word for 'eat!' When she did, she dove right into her meal. It was a heavy, thick porridge. It was filled with almonds and raisins and the cook had stirred a heaping spoonful of brown sugar into it. Randi was hungry and she ate it with relish, leaning her body over it and pushing down her face. It was actually kind of tasty and Randi was grateful that at least they were not feeding her dog food.

When she had licked the bowl clean, she knelt up again into presentation position. After a while, the cook came back over and removed the bowl. She came back a few moments later with a smaller bowl filled with slices of peaches covered with cream. She put it down in front of Randi, tousled her bald head, and said something sweet sounding. And then again the word for 'eat'.

The peaches were delicious and Randi gobbled them up. She felt a little guilty about her pleasure since she knew that she shouldn't be feeling anything like that, but she couldn't help herself. She chewed the peaches slowly, prolonging her pleasure and lapped up every last bit of delicious cream. The cook had mixed some sugar into it. She knelt up again when she was finished, making sure to spread her knees the right distance and to thrust out her breasts. She didn't want the cook to think she was ungrateful for the treat. The cook came back after a while, gave her a friendly smile and then wiped her face with a wet dishtowel. She pushed her gag back into place and then removed the bowl. She came back, disconnected the chain from her collar and made her shuffle over to the cage. When she opened the door, Randi crawled in. The door was closed behind her.

While not pleased to be caged again, the food was warm in her tummy. She closed her eyes and let herself relax and enjoy it. She could hear the cook rattling pots and moving about, but she could not see her around the corner. The blond girl

came in. She was wearing the same translucent blouse as yesterday, or at least another version of it. She was carrying a small tray holding two coffee mugs, a small cream pitcher and a coffee carafe. She gave Randi a nasty frown as she passed as if whatever had happened to her yesterday had been her fault. She left again.

After a while, the cook came over to the table opposite her cage and sat down with a mug of coffee. She sat with her back to the wall, facing Randi's cage. She lit a cigarette, blew out a large cloud of grey smoke and reached for her newspaper which was there folded up on the table.

The steward from yesterday came in. He said a greeting to the cook, crouched down at Randi's cage, saying something taunting and then went into the kitchen area. He came back with a filled coffee mug and a bowl full of porridge. He sat down opposite the cook and began to eat. Akmal came in a few moments later and he too helped himself to oatmeal and coffee and sat down at the table. Randi immediately rose to her knees and stiffened. He gave her only a cursory glance.

Three men came in, all in workingmen's clothes, two of them older and brawny and the third younger and somewhat slight. They all called out greetings to the others like this was an everyday thing and went and collected their breakfasts. The young one, maybe all of 18, stopped and looked into the cage for a bit while the other two got their bowls and mugs. When the other men came back, one of them said something mocking to the boy and everybody laughed. The boy, chagrined, darted off and then returned to the table sitting down at the far end. The blond girl came back, collected her bowl and coffee and stopped for a moment, trying to decide where to sit. One of the big men, who was sitting opposite his mate with his back to Randi, shoved himself over a bit and patted the bench next to him. The girl looked at the spot and then the spot opposite the boy. Ultimately, she decided to sit between the big man and Akmal, too embarrassed, Randi surmised, to sit in front of the boy flashing her tits.

The last to come in was the housekeeper, who gathered her porridge and coffee and sat down at the end opposite the boy.

The group talked wildly as they ate, laughing and sometimes shouting. Randi felt like she was in some bizarre universe, where some parts were normal, like the people eating and talking at the table, and some parts totally out of whack, as in her kneeling rigid and naked in a cage amongst them, bound and gagged.

At one point one of the older workmen said something commanding to the boy. He gathered up as many mugs as he could carry and returned with them all full again. Several of the people were smoking and the room was getting cloudy. The worker who was sitting next to the blond girl threw his arm across her shoulders at one point and gave her a big hug. His other hand reached over and

undid the buttons on her blouse. He pulled out her breasts and played with them, making the others laugh again.

Akmal rose first. He said his excuses to the group and then walked over to the cage. He drew the leash off of the wall, unlocked the cage and ordered Randi out. All the eyes at the table turned to her as she knelt up into presentation position outside the cage. Akmal released her arms from behind her back, attached the leash to the front of her collar and ordered her to her hands and knees. He led her out the way she had come.

They went past the elevator, down further along the hall. They entered a room at the end. It was a large room, with tall windows all around it as if it was the end of an addition to the building. The walls were painted light blue and there were mats on the floor. There were several exercise machines. Akmal led her up onto the mats and brought her over to an area which was clear of machines. He patted his toe on the floor in front of her and she bent down immediately, placing her forehead on the mat and crossing her wrists behind her. Akmal fastened her wrists together and then released her leash. He stepped up to her and placed his hand under her rump pulling it upwards. He kicked her legs apart. Her ass was raised high in presentation position.

He stepped away for a few moments. Randi tried not to think about what he was doing. When he came back, she sensed him standing behind her. There was a pause. There was the sound of something cutting through the air and a half second later a raging fire broke out across her rump. The force of the blow jostled her and made a loud ‘crack!’ She screamed into her gag and broke into sobs. There was a pause and then that short ‘wrrring’ sound again followed instantaneously with another scorching blow to her buttocks. She screamed again and her sobbing intensified. Why was he doing this, her mind screamed frantically. And then she remembered. Yesterday, when he was mounting her on the stand, she had resisted, moving her rear back and forth in order to frustrate him. It had only been for a few seconds and he had given her mighty slaps in punishment. Or what she thought was punishment. Turns out they were just to force her to his will. This was the punishment she had earned!

There was a third ‘wrrrrrr!’ and then another ‘crack!’ as he struck her again. She screamed and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She wanted to get up and run away, but deadly fear of more pain, more punishment riveted her still. She sensed him going away again to her relief. She prayed he did not come back with something more painful.

He sat down in a chair a few feet away from her. She heard him light a cigarette. She smelled the smoke. Her behind burned as if it had been set on fire. She kept sobbing and sobbing, not just because of the pain that she felt, but because of everything, the chains, the cages, the brutal exploitation of her body, the

loss of all that she had ever had or would ever have. Gwen's betrayal, the perverse cruelty of Ma and Jimmy, the harsh confines at the waystation and the way she had been used there, the long, interminable trip while being held rigidly still, in total darkness, with only fear as her companion. All this and all that her dismal future portended.

Akmal left her there while he smoked his cigarette. He was letting her punishment sink in. Yesterday he had told her that he would hold off whipping her so that her new owner could enjoy her pristineness. That was then and this was now. Now there would be fierce, red welts across her buttocks advertising her disobedience. As her sobs subsided, she pressed into her mind as forcibly as she could, "Obey! Obey! Obey!" She would do everything she ought to and nothing she wasn't! She would fuck and suck enthusiastically, hoping never to be beaten again! Her life to be was woeful enough without adding beatings to it!

Akmal finished his cigarette and stood up. He ordered her to her knees and then, taking hold of the ring in the front of her collar, brought her to her feet. She followed him dolefully as he led her to a treadmill and indicated to her to step up on it. He connected a chain from the front panel of the machine to her collar and then released her wrists. To her surprise, he undid the leather mittens around her hands. While he stepped away again, she spread them and looked at them almost as if they were novelties. "Hands. I have hands," she thought.

Akmal came back a moment later. He handed her two heavy, miniature weights shaped like barbells. She had to grasp hard at them to avoid dropping them. He then went to the machine and typed into the controls. A second later, the tread under feet began to move.

It was just like at the waystation where they had held her. It started out as a walk, and gradually sped up. She went from a brisk walk to a trot to a loping run. On the display of the machine she could see the line which indicated the level she was running on and an indicator of the speed. She saw the line going up and instantaneously the treadmill started to pitch upwards. The speed of the treads picked up.

Soon she was running as fast as she could. She was panting through her nose and her chest was heaving. The weights in her hands were getting heavier and heavier and she had to raise her hands up to her waist. They chugged back and forth as she sprinted. Her breasts were flopping and swaying. She felt like her lungs were going to burst and as if she were going to lose her footing when the tread began to slow and tilt downwards again. She was allowed to cruise a short while and then everything got harder again.

It went on and on. She had no idea how long Akmal had programmed it for, but it seemed way longer than at the waystation. She could not see him but she sensed him behind her, sitting in his chair, smoking cigarette after cigarette as he

watched. Her thighs were heavy, her arms ached, her chest was rising and falling rapidly. Her heart was thumping in her chest. Sweat was coursing all over her body. "Please stop! Please stop!" she prayed madly. The tread below her feet was relentless, slowing occasionally to let her catch her breath, but then speeding up again. It tilted up high and then higher and then higher still until she thought she would fall and choke herself, and then it would suddenly relent, as if it could determine just how much she could take.

Happily, her ordeal came to an end. The machine slowed down bit by bit until she was at a mere walk and then, after a short while, came to rest. Akmal was right there. He took the weights from her hands and put them away. He returned and readministered her mittens. Then he coaxed her off the machine and instructed her to go down on all fours. He clipped the leash to the back of her collar and led her from the room.

She felt limp and exhausted. She didn't know where he was leading her, but she hoped that it would be somewhere she could rest. Her arms felt rubbery and she had difficulty walking on them.

They went back down the hallway they had come and up the elevator. He brought her to the room where he had showered and decorated her and led her into it. He brought her to her feet, removed her mittens and the neoprene kneepads she was still wearing and led her to the shower. He turned it on, waited until it reached a proper temperature and instructed her to get under it.

A wave of relaxation flowed through her as the slightly hot water cascaded over her. She closed her eyes and tilted her head up so that the water ran directly into her face. Then she turned and let it fall onto her shoulders and her back. It felt so wonderful. Akmal let her revel in the waterflow for a few moments and then he clapped his hands. Randi's eyes sprang open and she realized that she was being instructed to get on with things.

She soaped her body down thoroughly. She bent and washed her legs and feet, rose and rubbed the soap all over her breasts. It felt strange to be able to touch them after being denied so long the sense of touch to anything. They had never felt more like appendages than they did now, something added on to her body for the sole purpose of amusing others. There was a grotesqueness to them that she wished would go away. She had turned towards Akmal as he had instructed her yesterday, so that he could watch and enjoy the show. She kept her eyes open but maintained her gaze downcast so she wouldn't have to look back at him. She had the most chagrin, as she had yesterday, when she washed her sex, carefully working soap all along and around it and in the slit between her outer lips.

If touching her breasts had been strange, this was stranger still. It was the most prized part of her. Its treachery was well established, erupting into passion and need whenever it was touched. And what the men could handle and besmirch at

their will, was beyond her touch for every moment of the day but for this slight interlude, where she could caress it lightly, shroud it briefly from the world's eyes, and reclaim it as her own.

Ma had never let her touch it, and she had not been allowed to use her hands at all at the waystation. Its smoothness was all new to her. It was unsettling to feel it all devoid of hair. She hadn't thought much about her pubic hair before, beyond trimming it to facilitate Stu's oral service to her or to accommodate her bikini. But now that it was gone, she felt sad, like some part of her had been permanently altered. When she was a young girl, she had watched it grow and thicken with some pride. She was going from a girl to a woman. And now she was back to a little girl again. Her adulthood had been negated, which, she assumed, was part of the point. It seemed perverse that the men would like it this way. She wasn't religious, but it seemed sinful. And it made her feel so much more nude, like a secret part of her had been revealed.

She looked up at Akmal as her hand lingered there for a moment. What if she could remove it and just hand it to him. He could have it. Pan Yegor could have it. If they would just then leave her alone. They could do anything they wanted to it and she would be free.

But no, there were other parts of her they prized as well. Her breasts, her mouth, and now her anus, that tight little star that had been sullied for the first time last night. And her moans and cries when she came. And her shrieks and sobs when she was beaten. And her humiliated face when she was ordered into her cage, or to present herself, or made to mount that monstrosity in the den downstairs. No, they wanted all of her and they would never let her go.

Akmal clapped his hands, signaling that her attention to her purse was at an end. She took the shampoo and cleaned what was left of her hair. When she had rinsed, Akmal turned off the shower and dried her with a large, fluffy towel. Like yesterday, he ordered her up onto the massage table, first on her belly, and then on her back, while he administered the soothing, pleasant smelling lotion all over. His hands were firm but gentle and the torpor which had overcome her after her bout with the treadmill became even deeper. He took the time to shave her legs and armpits and then, after placing a towel under her hips, raised her legs, spreading them out and removed the minute stubble that had grown on her loins over the last day. The intimacy of the act disturbed her and she had to look away. He rubbed more lotion on when he was finished.

She was lying on her back, her hands chained over her head. He pushed up her ankles as he had done yesterday and fastened them off at the level of her hips. He ran his hands up and down her thighs several times, over her belly and breasts, and then he bent his neck, lowered his head, and addressed his mouth to her crux.

It didn't take long to have her moaning and shivering. She didn't have the strength to resist, even mentally, and she let the waves of pleasure flow through her. By the end, he had her panting and moaning, her torso wrenching and twisting, her hands clasped tightly together. When she came her body bucked and her backbone shuddered.

Akmal lingered at her puss, drawing out of her additional, post orgasmic shudders and then withdrew. He went over to the sink and washed his cum covered face and returned. He unlocked her ankles from the side rings and drew her feet down to the base of the table where he locked them off again.

Randi just lay there, exhausted, her body limp. She didn't know what the man had in mind next for her, but all she wanted was to do was just lay there. Her eyes were closed when he approached the top of the table and she felt him applying something to the top of her head. She opened her eyes just in time to see the black bag descending over her face. He pulled it under her head and down over her chin. Pulling the string, he tightened it around her throat. He took one breast in his hand, mauling it and then covered her teat with his mouth, suckling at it hard. Then he did the other. In the darkness, Randi released a moan. He stood up and patted her on her belly. He said something and chuckled. Then he left.

Randi lay back in sorrow, the feeling of the man's mouth still on her teats. She was in darkness again, confined, alone. She pulled slightly at her bonds, as if to test them and then returned to stillness. Torpor soon suffused her. She had wanted to rest and the man had given her the opportunity. Her legs still felt rubbery and tired. Unhappiness swirled through her mind lazily. Soon she was asleep.

She awoke a little while later and it took her a moment or two to remember where she was. She blinked her eyes as if to remove the darkness, but it wouldn't go away. Then she remembered that this was how Akmal had left her. Her only option was to wait for him to return. She was locked in place and for all the movement she was capable of, she might as well as have been in a cage.

Was this to be her routine every morning? Exercise until she had exhausted all of her energy, a shower, an orgasm and then isolation? Akmal would, of course, have the responsibility of seeing that his overlord's property was kept in proper working order, her muscles taut, her skin soft and clean, her pussy exercised and alive. And trained. That too. And she was sure that leaving her here alone and in darkness was all part of that. To emphasize her dependence on him, to reinforce her powerlessness, to give her time to think about it all, to let everything sink in. And lying there confined, alone, in darkness, it was sinking in. She was just an animal whose holes were convenient for putting a cock into.

She had little ability to gauge time. It passed so slowly. But it seemed about 20 minutes later that the door opened again. She heard him step across the floor and felt him release her ankles and then her wrists from the table. He had her sit up



and then slide off. The first thing he did was to confine her hands again in the little leather mittens. Then he locked them behind her back. He lifted one foot at a time and slid the thin kneepads back on. Then he pulled her over to where he had made her up yesterday and had her sit in the same chair. It was only then that he removed her hood.

He ran the razor over her scalp and then rubbed in some lotion. He brushed her hair perfunctorily, since there wasn't much there to brush anyway. He removed her gag and brushed her teeth. He made up her face like he had the day before, making sure that, when he was done, she got a good look at her grotesque, garish face in the mirror. Once her lips had been painted more or less into a clown's smile, he reinstalled her gag. He painted her teats and powdered her crevasse, making it seem paler than it was. Then he had her get on her hands and knees again and led her from the room.

Down the elevator, down the hall, he led her past the elegant living and dining rooms to the atrium. Opposite the door was a small stand with a polished wooden post rising up from it about 5'. He led her over to it. He had her back up to it and then rise up to presentation position. He fastened her hands behind her back and connected them to a chain about half way up the pole, raising them slightly. He connected a chain at the top of the pole to the back of her collar, pulling it taut so that she rose up to her maximum height. He adjusted the chain that led to her hands, pulling it higher, just past uncomfortability, giving her shoulders a mild wrench. With her neck back and her hands up, the net effect was to thrust her chest out so that her breasts sat prominent and delicious. Then he connected her ankles to chains that extended from the stand's base.

He stepped back, rubbed her head and smiled. Then he walked away.

Directly in front of her was the large golden oak door that her owner had come through yesterday after she had arrived. It didn't take much intelligence to realize that she had been placed there so that she would be the first thing he saw when he came in today. She waited there a long time, uncomfortable, unhappy and all alone. Various people came past her, glancing at her nakedness and passing on. The blond girl carrying some linen, the steward. Two men in working clothes that she hadn't seen before. The blond girl and the steward came back the other way. Everyone looked at her and she was ashamed of her nakedness, her helplessness, her grotesque pose. Akmal came by at one point, just to check on her. He looked at her critically and then came nearer and kicked her knees further apart with his shoe. Then he left.

After a long while she finally heard the latch on the door click and the door pushed open. It was Pan Yegor. He smiled when he saw her, came over and played with her breasts and rubbed her head. His presence frightened her. The others could look at her, even touch her. And Akmal could use her and beat her if she

deserved it. But this man could do anything he wanted to her. She was his property and everyone else a caretaker. And he was so big, and so powerful, and she was so naked and helpless and miniscule compared to him.

He released her from the stand and attached the leash to her collar. He led her to the informal dining room off the kitchen where they had eaten yesterday. He chained her in place and disappeared for a few moments, undoubtedly to wash up and, perhaps, to relieve himself. The blond girl came out and set the table, eying her menacingly each time she came and went. Pan Yegor came back and sat at the table, about 10' away from her. She had remained kneeling up in position, her hands locked behind her. The blond girl came out with a plate with large sandwich on it and a bottle of beer. She set them down on the table and returned to the kitchen. Yegor poured out the beer into a large, rounded glass and took a deep pull on it. The girl returned with a steaming bowl and placed it in front of Randi. She approached her, pulled out her gag, stepped back and gave the command to eat. Randi bent her head and obeyed.

The meal went quickly. Yegor's phone went off a time or two, but he didn't answer it. When he was done eating, he returned the calls and smoked. The girl came out with a coffee mug, a carafe and a small plate of cookies. While she knelt there rigid and unhappy, Yegor continued with his calls, booming into the phone in his harsh language. The girl wiped her face and reinstalled her gag, pushing it in hard. After a while, Yegor motioned for her to come closer. She came as close as the chain allowed. Yegor removed her gag and proffered her a chocolate covered cookie. She took it readily. He smiled, and patted her on the head. When she had swallowed, he restored her gag and waved her away.

She knelt there, still and erect as he finished his coffee. When he was done, he pushed his chair back and stood. He disconnected her chain and, taking hold of her collar, brought her to her feet. He led her over to a frame that stood on the side of the room. He brushed his huge hand over her breasts, down over her belly and across her rear, saying something softly. Then he turned her toward the frame and made her first step up onto a little platform and then bend over it. He connected a chain to the front of her collar, locking her in place. He pushed her feet apart and locked them to the side of the frame.

Randi was bent in half, her head down almost to her knees. Her locked arms were raised up behind her. She felt the man's hand run over her proffered behind several times. She remembered the blows that Akmal had given her and realized that it was probably covered with welts. Yegor ran his fingers along the line of where she had experienced the lashings and said something that Randi imagined as, "Naughty girl!" Yes, she had been naughty and there was the evidence to prove it.

He ran his hands up and down the outside of her thighs, back over her buttocks and then one wandered between her outstretched thighs to her vulnerable quim. He rubbed it up and down, up and down and insinuated a thick finger between her labia. Randi knew what was happening. It was his postprandial fuck. He would dump his load and go back to work. She whined and pulled at her bonds, but could not move.

It wasn't long before he could slide a thick finger deep into her cavern. He ran it in and out a few times and then inserted two. The invasion of the two appendages made her moan and shift her hips. She glanced to the side. The blond girl had come in to clear away the rest of the dishes, but had stopped and was watching her. Randi's heart sank and she emitted a little whine. The hand left her puss and she heard the sound of a zipper being lowered. A second or two later, something hard and warm butted up against her gate. It ran up and down her gash a few times and then pressed against her opening. She gasped as he entered her.

Akmal had brought her off maybe a little more than 2 hours ago, but her pussy reacted with vigor nonetheless. Yegor had his hands on her hips and was plunging himself in and out of her slowly. She heard him releasing a humming sound, evidence of his enjoyment. She tried to fight off the rising heat in her puss, but it was of no use. There was something wrong with her. She knew it. There was something about being helpless, confined and being used against her will that triggered her lusts. She was perverted and dirty and hated herself for her response. She used all of her mental might to fight off the feelings, but they kept coming on stronger and stronger. Yegor ran his huge, powerful hands down the outside of her thighs, over her bum, along her sides, over her back. Everywhere they flowed her excitement grew. She released a moan, loud and impassioned and she quickly glanced to the side again. The blond haired girl was still there, staring at the spectacle. Randi cringed at the humiliation, but soon forgot it as Yegor began to pick up his pace and fuck her in earnest.

She felt the nascence of her growing orgasm. "Don't make me do this! Don't make me do this!" she pleaded to no one, ashamed that the blond girl would witness her degradation. She jammed her eyes shut to blot out the thought of it. Yegor's thrusts were coming harder and harder now. She groaned and whined as her senses overloaded with lust. The angle of the man's entrance caused his cock to rub directly across her little nubbin and it was screaming with trilling sensation as it was abraded again and again. Suddenly, like the bursting of a dam, her orgasm exploded. She moaned and yelled behind her gag. Her body shook and she strained at her confinements. Yegor, undoubtedly experiencing the contractions of her sheath, grunted loudly and pounded at the back of her thighs, his vice-like hands gripping her hips mightily.

He went on and on and, finally, he slowed. He released a great sigh and slid himself back and forth a few times, reveling in her moist warmth. He stopped, still lodged within her, and stroked her buttocks softly. He said something kind sounding, but Randi's mind rejected it as she wallowed in post coital shame. He slid out, zipped himself up and gave her rump a heavy slap, laughing. He walked away.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

And so it went. Akmal came by a little bit later and used a cloth to wipe off the leaking cum from her quim, but he left without dismounting her. She stood there bent over, her legs spread for about an hour as the activity of the house went on around her. The cleaning lady came by and vacuumed the rug behind her. People passed in and out of the room. The steward came by and, making sure no one was looking, slipped his hand between her thighs and stroked her until she was wet again and he could plunge his fingers in and out of her. Then, laughing, he slapped her rump, just as Yegor had done, and went away.

To say the least, Randi was miserable at her treatment, but even more so as she realized that this would be her fate for countless, countless days in the future. How she would ever stand it, she didn't know. Her back ached and her thighs were strained. When Yegor had bent her over he had forced her up on her tip toes and her feet ached so much that they burned. And she couldn't stop thinking of her exposed, displayed sex poking out behind her.

When Akmal finally came by and freed her, he led her back to the elevator. This time, however, they went to the third floor of the building. The hallway there was shabby seeming as compared to the opulence of the floor where Pan Yegor's bedroom was, but the rug was soft and the walls painted a dark beige. He led her to his bedroom and she realized at once that he was going to fuck her.

He made her mount the wide bed and he stripped while she watched dolefully. He used her for a long time, ravishing her mouth and sex. Before he started, he made her kneel on the bed with her legs spread and her head on the mattress. She heard a drawer open and close and then she felt him greasing her rear aperture. She whined when he slid a thick, smooth, cool object in there, spreading her little ring widely and making her cry. He wrapped a belt around her waist with one chain descending down the crack in her buttocks to the device and 2 chains down the front, riding on either side of her vagina and joining over her perineum and then going between her lower buttocks up to the thing in her rear, holding it firmly in place. He turned a switch on it and it began to buzz.

He left it in her while he used her and the buzzing, firm and violent, was distracting as she knelt over him and serviced his crank. And she could feel pressure against it when he laid her on her back and fucked her, slowly and deliberately, making her come twice. The buzzing had become more than

distracting and seemed to accentuate the trilling in her pussy as he plowed her and gave a strange, almost thrilling, resonance to her pussy's contractions while she came. Then he flipped her over and made her kneel head down. He removed the device and replaced it with his cock. She groaned as he entered her, although the device had prepared her well for him and he slid right in. While he was fucking her there, he snuck his hand under her belly and played with her pussy. He held his own orgasm back until he felt her shuddering again with hers, rasping his cock over her ring steadily and remorselessly all the while, and then groaned deeply as he unloaded himself within her.

He did not linger long with her. Leaving her bound on the bed, he went into his bathroom and cleaned himself. He got her off the bed and took her into the bathroom. He made her stand in the shower stall and he rinsed her off. He made her squat so that his cum would leak out and he cleaned it with a cloth. He let her pee.

They went back down to the second floor. He took her half way down the hall and led her into a small room. There was a barred window and a cage. The walls were dark red and there was a maroon rug. He led her to the cage and locked her hands behind her. It was small, like the one in Yegor's bedroom. There was a cupboard against the wall and he took from it a plastic bottle of what looked like Gatorade or something like it. He removed her gag and made her drink it. Then he reinstalled her gag and made her get in the cage. He closed the cage behind her.

Opposite the cage, against the wall, was a 27" television set. Akmal picked up the remote and turned it on. He flipped the channels until he came to what looked like an American soap opera. But they weren't speaking English. They were speaking that grating language the people in the house used. He turned off the volume and put the remote back on top of the TV. He looked at her piercingly and then left, locking the door behind him.

She sat there all scrunched up, her knees drawn up, her weight against her pinioned arms. At first she cried for a while and then just sank into despondency. She couldn't help but watch the people in the TV show. She found herself trying to follow the story, but it was only marginally possible without the sound. All she could think of was that the people were free, especially the women. They wore pretty clothes and had all their hair. And their faces were made up perfectly, not like some whorish slut.

When the commercials came on it was worse. Bright happy people selling products she would never use or have access to. People running and playing in parks, children smiling and laughing, people driving in cars or acting normally in what looked like a normal home. Good looking, polite looking announcers giving their pitches. She realized that she would be in this room for quite a while. Akmal apparently felt that it would be deleterious to what was left of her mental health to

be left here for hours without a distraction. But he left the volume off, she believed, so that she wouldn't start to understand too much of the language that they spoke. She was to learn only so much as she needed to obey commands.

When the show ended the name of it scrolled on the screen but it was in that strange writing they had so she couldn't figure out what it was. There were more commercials and another show came on. This one took place in a hospital and she recognized it as being one of the doctor shows she used to watch back in high school. That was followed by some kind of game show. She couldn't figure out the point of it and lost interest quickly.

She kept thinking about how she had been used that day. Especially by Akmal, who had fucked her for an hour. Her rear still glowed from its penetration and felt stretched and spread out. She realized that he was training her there. Soon, like Ma's dirty girls, she would learn to like it.

The places that had been used, been penetrated, were beyond her touch and she couldn't help but keep thinking of their nakedness and availability. She wanted to rub and comfort her pussy, but all she could do was squeeze her thighs together. And her mouth, so filled and silenced. The gag was almost always present on her mind, its rudeness, its invasiveness, its permanence. Even alone here in the little room she couldn't mumble soft words of comfort to herself. She made little humming noises as if testing out whether she still had a voice, but stopped when she thought that the room might be bugged. And when she looked around, she saw a small camera mounted in the corner of the room and pointed straight at her cage. Her every move was being watched. She closed her eyes and turned her head away from it.

The light from the window was beginning to dim when Akmal came to get her. Back downstairs they went and into the den where he mounted her on the platform again. This time she gave him no trouble.

Pan Yegor came in about 45 minutes later. As yesterday, he gave her a little caress and played with her breasts before getting himself a drink. And like yesterday, she had to kneel there forcibly still and pierced cruelly at either end for the longest time, awaiting his pleasure.

After the news, like yesterday, he released her from her bonds and brought her over to his chair. This time he draped her over the arm, her legs spread, and he massaged her pale, hairless pussy from behind, holding her still with his other arm wrapped firmly around her neck. He teased her and teased her and teased her, making her groan and whine. His touch was unusually deft and light for such a big man with such big, hard hands. At times it felt like a butterfly, a fly or a bee had landed on her pudenda and was crawling all over. It was an intolerable sensation that sent chills through her. But they were sensations that she could not swat away. She was condemned to endure them as long as it humored him. Finally, he started

moving his fingers faster and faster and harder and harder, flicking at her little, electrified bud, plunging his thick fingers in and out of her at an alarming rate. A surge of need went through her as her cunt celebrated wildly.

She groaned and shuddered when she came. Then, instead of fucking her on the ottoman, he had her kneel between his legs and suck him to completion, which she did dutifully and energetically. When he was done and had jetted himself down her throat, he reinstalled her gag and had her lie on the floor. He joined her ankles and connected them to her bound wrists and then placed the black bag over her head. She lay there hooded and hogtied until dinner. Afterwards, he went out again and she was caged in the kitchen until Akmal brought her to his bedroom for the night.

The next afternoon she was taken on a little trip. After her after lunch fucking on the frame, Akmal cleaned her up in the room upstairs and then brought her back down. To her surprise, he had wiped off all of her makeup. There, in the middle of the little dining room was a special cage. It was padded on the bottom and about 4' high and 5' long and was on wheels. Randi quailed when she saw it. Anything new was always something to be feared. Akmal urged her in and she reluctantly obeyed. The door to the cage was on a swivel, and when it was open, the back and the top were exposed.

When she crawled into the cage, she had to surmount two 3" round dowels that were stretched across it. One dowel crossed her torso just below her breasts, pushing up against her. The other stretched across her waist. Akmal locked her wrists and ankles to the bottom of the cage, pulling them apart so that they were spread as wide as they would go. Her knees were pushed forward so that she was in a bit of a crouch, her rear thrust out. She could barely move.

A chain was attached to the front of her collar and connected to a ring in the cage's floor which came through an opening in the padding. She was trembling in fear, speculating wildly about what was going to happen to her when Akmal placed his hand between her legs from behind and greased her vaginal opening. A second later she felt something butting up against her entrance. She whined as she felt it being slid into her, thick and cool. A hood was placed over her head. The top of the cage was lowered. As it was closed, she felt the prong in her rear adjusted as it was attached to the cage, spearing her in place.

She trembled and whined as she was rolled away. After a little while, she had the sensation that she was outside and that the cage was rolling on a rough surface. She rolled down a little ramp and then she had the sensation that the cage was being strapped into place. She heard voices all around her, one of them Akmal's as he gave someone a stern instruction. A few moments later, whatever she was on started to vibrate and she heard the sound of an engine. And then they rolled away.



She cried and tugged and pulled at her bonds as best as she was able, but she was locked securely in place. And what would she have done anyway? She was locked in a cage and she felt like they were traveling very fast. Where were they going? Where were they taking her? What was going to happen to her?

They drove for over an hour. She could tell that she was still outside so she figured that she was in the bed of a pickup truck. Could her owner have that much power that he could have his fuckbeast toted around civilization in a pickup truck, with all the world to see her caged nakedness? The thought deepened her terror of him.

She felt the truck pull to a halt. The engine stopped and she heard the driver and passenger's door open and close. A little while later she heard the tailgate go down. Someone got into the bed and undid the straps around her cage. It was pushed to the end and then someone pulled it until just the front of the cage was on the tailgate. The other man got off the tailgate and the two men lifted her to the ground. She was placed down on something solid. She could hear the sounds of street traffic all around her. They were on a sidewalk in a big city! People were probably passing them as they walked by. They would look at her and what would they think? Would they think, poor little girl, let's call a policeman and help her? Would they sympathize with her? Would anybody do anything?

It turned out that they would do nothing, although, privately, most people who passed her were appalled. But they saw the prominent, red wolf's head on the left upper chest of the men's black t-shirts and they said nothing.

She was rolled some distance down the sidewalk. Then she was turned and rolled over what felt like the transom to a building. They brought her a distance and then they waited. She could hear what sounded like an elevator door opening and then she was pushed forward. The door closed behind her. They started moving up. There were people in the elevator, she could sense it. The elevator 'dinged' as it went up past floor after floor. She heard a woman's voice, indignant sounding and shocked and she felt ashamed. The elevator stopped and one of the men who had brought her said something nasty sounding. The woman apparently got off. They went up a few more floors and, when the elevator door opened, she was taken out.

They went down a carpeted hallway, stopped and went over another transom. They were in what she sensed was a big room. There was a medicinal smell to it, like a doctor's office. There were other people there and she heard one of them draw in their breath. She squirmed and twisted and whined that people would see her like this. And even more so that no one would do anything about it.

She heard a glass slide open and the man who stood next to her said something in a gruff voice. A woman answered perfunctorily. The glass slid closed. A few moments later a door opened and someone came near her. She heard

a woman's voice, high pitched and efficient. The man said something. A few seconds later she was rolled away. Office policy was that any girl brought in like this, and, to be fair, they were rare, even though the office specialized in them, whether caged, or led on a chain, or what have you, would be immediately shown to an examining room so as not to offend unnecessarily the other patients.

They went through the door and along a tiled floor. Then through another door. The woman who had taken custody of her left, closing the door behind her.

Randi waited about 15 minutes before someone came into the room. She was trembling and her stomach was sour. She cried and tried to free her wrists and ankles, but the bindings wouldn't give. Something was going to happen and she knew she wasn't going to like it.

When the person came in, the cage was unlocked and the end of the prong in her belly was disconnected from the cage. The door was lifted up and she felt it being removed, leaving the top completely free. The prong was withdrawn from her crevasse, much to her relief. Hands, smallish hands, woman's hands, loosened the drawstring of the bag around her neck and drew it off.

She was in some kind of medical room. There was an examining table in it, white cabinets all around and counters. There were charts and posters on the walls with medical information and/or warnings on them. The walls were blue and tiled in white about half way up.

The woman who had removed her hood was dressed in a nurse's uniform. She had neck length blond hair that curled up at its ends. She looked maybe 40 or so and was wearing a white uniform, starched, white blouse and a white knee length skirt. She had on white shoes and white stockings. She was heavy breasted and short, about 5'3 or so, but looked powerful. There was a little medical pin on her left breast and a nameplate in that strange alphabet on her right. She came around to the front of the cage and rubbed Randi on the head, smiling, and she said something sweetly pleasant to her. Randi was crying, tears flowing down her cheeks and she was trembling. The nurse said something that sounded soothing.

A few moments later, the doctor came in. He was tall and moderately built with grayish black hair and black rimmed glasses. He was wearing a white lab coat, black slacks and black shoes. He said something to the nurse and she said something businesslike back.

The doctor took a clipboard with a form on it from the counter and started filling it in. He asked the nurse a question. Randi heard her answer, "Crystal". The doctor wrote it down. Randi's heart sank when she heard the alter ego that Ma had appended to her. "I'm not Crystal!" she said to herself miserably.

He put the clipboard down and gave the nurse an instruction as he opened a cabinet door. The doctor took something in his hand. It looked to Randi like the zapper that Ma had used on her. A terrible, cold feeling went through her. The

doctor went around behind her. She felt it press up against her pudenda. A second later there was a loud 'crack!' and a terrible pain shot through her there. She screamed and started to sob. The doctor came around to the front of her. She looked up at him dolefully. He wagged his finger at her and said something stern. Somewhere in the middle she heard her faux name, Crystal. Randi understood exactly what he meant. "Behave!" She nodded her tearful head as best she could.

The nurse released her collar and wrists from the cage floor and had her kneel up. She drew her arms behind her back and connected them. Then she released her ankles and had her back herself out of the cage. When she had her on her feet, she had her sit up on the examining table. She connected a chain that ran from the head of the table to the back of her collar.

While the doctor examined her eyes and ears, the nurse took her blood pressure. She wrote it down on the clipboard. She took her pulse from her neck and wrote that down too. The doctor pulled the gag out of her mouth, after wagging his finger at her and going, "Shhhhhh!" He looked down her throat and examined her teeth. The nurse placed a thermometer in her mouth while the doctor felt her glands under her neck. He examined her breasts, looking for lumps. The nurse took out the thermometer and wrote down the results on the clipboard. After taking a buckle swab from her mouth, placing the oversized Q-tip into a tall plastic pill container, he jammed the gag back in and then listened to her heart with a stethoscope. He acted out some heavy breathing and once Randi understood it and obeyed, breathing heavily through her nose, he listened to her lungs in several places before saying, "Goot!" He went over to the clipboard and wrote something down.

He ordered the nurse to release her wrists from behind her back and then join them in front. He had her lean back and the nurse drew her hands over her head and connected them to a ring. The Doctor brought her legs up, one at a time, testing her dexterity. While he wrote his findings down on the clipboard, the nurse raised some stirrups on either side of the table. She gently brought Randi's feet to them.

Randi offered no resistance while the doctor and nurse examined her. What could she do? Her hands were still wrapped in her little black leather mittens and the zapper the doctor had used was an arm's length away from him. There was no way she could disconnect the chain from the back of her collar. And it was clear, crystal clear, if you will forgive the expression, that the doctor and nurse had no thought of freeing her. Apparently, they had examined girls like this before. How many girls were enslaved like she was in this country? What an awful, awful place it was. She just remained in place, docile and disconsolate, tears running down her face at the shame of being treated this way by what seemed otherwise to be reasonable, normal people.

When the doctor examined her cleft she wondered if he would see Pan Yegor's jism in there. After skillfully lubricating her, he slid his finger in and felt around. He used a speculum, a metal one that was cold to the touch, and spread her entrance so that he could get a good look inside.

He drew back and cursed. He barked out some instructions to the nurse. He stood by impatiently as the nurse squirted something that looked like soap into a plastic bottle. She then went to the sink and filled the bottle with warm water. When done, she placed a cap on the bottle. It had a long, needle-like nozzle on it. She shook the bottle and brought it over to the doctor. Then she came over and stuffed several towels under her vagina.

The doctor leaned over and slid the nozzle into her cleft, holding the bottle upside down and gave it a good squeeze. Randi felt the warmth of the liquid inundating her channel. The doctor let it run out and did it again. He stepped back and let the nurse pat Randi's coosh dry. He handed her the bottle and gave another look deep into her widened purse. He seemed satisfied, shining a little pen-like flashlight into it. He took a swab of her mucous from deep inside. When done, he went over to the clipboard, clipped the flashlight back into his shirt pocket and wrote something down. The nurse removed the soaked towels and the speculum.

While her legs were up, the doctor measured the length of her gash. He used a caliper to measure the thickness of her outer labia, both singly and when pushed together, calling out the results to the nurse. He manipulated her until she was wet and moaning, her head turned away and tears flowing down her face in shame. The nurse brought out what looked like an expensive digital camera and took several close up shots of her excited pudenda with a flash. The doctor then used his fingers to spread her labia apart as wide as he could so that the nurse could get a few shots. He then let her pussy resume its normal shape and the nurse took some more pictures, a couple with the tape measure lying next to it for scale. The nurse put the camera down on the counter and allowed Randi to lower her legs.

The nurse next came back to the table and brought Randi's right arm out to the side and attached it to a board that swung out. She washed the crux of her arm with an alcohol pad and then took several vials of blood. The doctor was still writing things down on the clipboard. Then they had her sit up and locked her arms back behind her. The doctor brought over a loaded syringe. The nurse brushed a spot on her upper left arm with alcohol. He jabbed her with the point of the syringe and pushed the substance slowly into her. He slid the point out. The nurse swabbed the entry point again and put a little bandage over it.

Randi didn't like the idea of being injected with something that she didn't know what it was. Her distress was somewhat muted by the belief that she was too valuable for them to do any harm to her.

They brought her off of the table and over to a scale. It had an attachment for height as well. They weighed her and measured her and recorded those facts on the clipboard. 5'5"/122 lbs. They used a tape to measure her waist, her chest at the level of her breasts and her thighs. The nurse wrapped the tape around the thickest portion of her breasts and announced the result to the doctor. She measured her from nipple to nipple. She took out a device and weighed them, lifting them from her chest. She used another device to measure the curve from the base of her breasts, underneath them at their base, to the tip of her nipples. She measured the diameter of her areolas. And then the distance from the tip of her chin, looking straight ahead, to the tip of her teats.

The nurse brought the camera out again. She had Randi stand with her back against the wall and took several full body shots of her. The doctor removed her gag and she took several close up shots of her face, clicking away as a fashion photographer might do. She took close ups of her breasts, first together and then, closer, one by one. She used the zoom and took an even closer shot of her nipples. They made her stand sideways and the nurse took a few full body shots and then a close up of the profile of face and then her breasts, showing their graceful arc. They made her turn the other way and repeated the process. Her gag was restored.

The doctor released her hands and motioned for her to put them up against the wall. Once she had turned and done that, the nurse took several shots of her from behind. Then the doctor had her move back from the wall, her mittens still on it, making her bend over and spread her legs. The nurse took several shots from waist level, getting a good view of her pudenda from behind. Then the doctor spread her rear cheeks and the nurse took several shots of her little star.

The nurse put the camera down and exchanged places with the doctor. He put a surgical glove on his right hand as she spread Randi's rear cheeks again. The doctor greased his two longest fingers and then inserted them in her rectum and felt around for polyps or sores. The nurse noticed the cracks in her little circle caused by its ravishment, uttered a little, 'tsk, tsk,' and advised the doctor. He opened a cabinet, took out a tube of cream and applied it to her dainty rim with a Q-tip.

The nurse removed the leather mittens from Randi's hands and took close up pictures of them with her fingers spread out on the examining table, and together, palm up and down and then remitted them and locked them behind her. She took pictures of her feet, both from above and her soles from underneath, and her knees, which Randi had always thought a little knobby, although no one would agree with her.

Randi cried and sniffled all through this. She was being examined like a prize animal, all of her important features minutely recorded. Somewhere, somebody would maintain a case file on her. Every intimate detail about her physical self would be in it. This was much more thorough than Ma's examination, although

some of the same procedures were done. The pictures though, were of a completely different character. These were more like scientific, neutral recordations of her physical reality, while Ma's pictures were mostly salacious.

She was humiliated and shamed and utterly despondent. It all highlighted her new nature as a commodity. And the doctor and nurse were treating her as barely a person, conducting their examinations without a word of explanation, like she was some kind of docile animal. And she hated herself for her docility. She should have been fighting and protesting and scrambling to get free, especially once the nurse had removed her mittens. But she had just stood there, letting her take her pictures and stupidly let her put them back on her and confine her wrists again, returning her to helplessness.

The doctor said something to the nurse. She hesitated for a moment, as if discomforted by what he said, and then replied an affirmation. She left the room and closed the door behind her..

The doctor signaled for her to get on her knees. He removed her gag and let it plop on her chest. Randi watched, queasy as he lowered his fly. He removed his crank, short and stubby. She closed her mouth and her eyes watered. The doctor gave her a one word command. She glanced over at the counter and saw the zapper lying there. She looked back at the doctor. He had used it once when she had not even done anything wrong, and he would use it again. Did he have the right to make her suck him off? How far would he take it if she refused? What would Akmal do about it when she got back? How low and servile and ashamed would she feel if she did it?

The mathematics and calculations of probabilities and valuations of shame against pain ran through her head in a few instants. The probability is that she would experience pain and then do it anyway. The probability was that Akmal would raise holy hell with her if he heard that she gave the doctor a hard time. The reality was that she had little choice in the matter. She stifled a sob, leaned forward and opened her mouth.

The cock went from short and fat to long and fat as it gained rigidity. She worked on it dutifully, hating the feeling of it filling her, sliding along her tongue, abrading her lips and banging up against the back of her mouth. She closed her eyes to block out her vision of him, something she had already been taught never to do with Akmal or Pan Yegor.

The doctor began to moan and sway. He placed his hand on her head and grabbed her hair and started to time her thrusts. Just then, the door swung open. A pretty woman with long chestnut colored hair dressed in conservative office attire ducked her head in the room and said, "Doctor...."

She stopped right there. Randi looked at her sideways and felt immediate shame and revulsion. She tried to stop her movements but the doctor was in control

now and he kept her head pumping. She tried to block out the vision of what she must look like, naked and bound and with the doctor's thick stem running in and out of her mouth.

The woman paused, her face flustered, turned red. She looked as if she wanted to tear her eyes away from what she was witnessing, but couldn't. It took her a full 15 seconds to mumble something. Then she quickly yanked her head back out of the doorframe and shut the door forcefully.

It didn't bother the doctor. He just kept pumping away. In fact, he picked up speed and his moans became louder. His grip on her hair tightened and he started thrusting her head backwards and forwards furiously. Randi was whining and sobbing but desperately kept her lips clamped on the man's pole, not wanting to prolong this for a moment she didn't have to.

The doctor shouted once when he came, and then issued a series of low grunts as his cock throbbed in her mouth.

When he was done, he pulled himself from her lips and restored himself. He gave her a pat on the head and smiled. He connected the chain from the top of the examining table to the back of her collar and left the room.

Randi watched him go with rabid hatred. She got up and moved towards the sink as far as the chain would let her. Then she spat his cum into the sink. "Fuck you, you bastard!" she thought angrily. Then she returned to the kneeling position where he had left her and sat back on her haunches.

The nurse came back after a few moments. She stopped when she came in the door and took a look at the tears running down her face. She took in a deep breath and sighed, her hands on her hips.

She released the chain from Randi's collar and brought her over to the sink. She looked down and saw the mess of whitish gunk Randi had spit into it and looked back at Randi understandably, as if saying, "good for you!"

From the cabinet next to the sink she retrieved a bottle of Listerine and a paper cup. She poured some Listerine in the cup and presented it to Randi's mouth. Randi took it gratefully, swished it around in her mouth for a moment or two, gargled with it for a few seconds and then spit it into the sink. They repeated the procedure. Then the nurse gave her a long drink of water. And then another. She tossed the cup into a little garbage pail, flipping the lid open with her foot. Then she lifted her gag from her chest and presented it to her mouth. Randi sadly opened her lips and let it in.

The nurse had Randi squat down and spread her legs. She placed a bedpan under her and, by gesture, by stroking her pussy lightly, indicated that she should pee. Reluctantly, Randi obeyed. When she was done, the nurse wiped her and brought the pan over to a sink where she poured some of it into a labeled, plastic

jar and sealed its top. The rest she poured down the sink, running the water thoroughly afterwards. She washed her hands.

The nurse turned and smiled at Randi. She stood about half a head shorter than her and she reached up and patted her on the cheek saying something that sounded if it was meant to be sweet. The nurse indicated that she should get back into the cage.

Randi pondered this for a moment. There was no way the nurse, as strong as she looked, could force her into the cage. Maybe not her and the doctor combined. But there was the zapper and the two men from Pan Yegor's estate out in the waiting room. And then there was Akmal when she got back. And all the whips and other punishing implements that he possessed. And then there was the fact that she could struggle and fight, but there was no way she could even get out of the room. It would all be for nothing. It was horrible, horrible that this otherwise friendly woman would cooperate with the men this way. Didn't she have daughters? Didn't the doctor? And how about the men who worked for Pan Yegor? Didn't they have daughters, or nieces, or sisters? How could they let this happen?

In the end, releasing a great sob, Randi complied. She knelt down and shuffled forward so that the nurse could attach her ankles. Then she leaned over the dowels and let the nurse free her hands behind her back and attach them to the floor of the cage. But there she stopped. She didn't attach the chain to her collar or hood her or place the prong in her rear. What was going on? Was something else going to happen?

They waited a minute or so, the nurse busying herself with putting away the implements used in her examination. She hated it when Dr. Pavlovski had patients like this. He was well connected with the political world and all the top apparatchiks sent their embonded girls to him. He also serviced quite a few of the involuntary inmates of the jail-like brothels in the city. He made a pretense of maintaining a scientific study of them, recording every minute detail about their bodies, but she knew that it was mostly for show so that he could handle them and look at their pictures later. He was a bastard, but he paid well and he was treating her sister for free.

She felt sorry for the girls when they came in like this. But there was nothing she could do, especially with this girl, who belonged to Pan Yegor. She wasn't about to risk her life and the lives of her family members for her, no matter who she was or how she was treated. She had a young daughter, only 17, and she wouldn't want to see her end up in a cage like this, or in a prison camp, or held as a barracks whore. She had heard all the rumors. Besides, most of the girls who ended up like this had been arrested for political crimes. They knew the risks when they took them. Everyone knew how powerful the regime was and how awful their retribution.



She did say one thing, though. When the Soviet Union fell, there had been chaos. The communist leaders had stolen most of the public assets and were warring with each other. There were gunfights in the streets almost every night, robberies, drugs and burglaries everywhere, whores walking the street almost everywhere you looked, pimps stabbing and killing each other. No one had been safe. The economy went to hell. People could barely afford to feed themselves. There was no work, no money and all of the schools and public agencies were closed.

Pan Yegor and his gang, and the Leader in the capital, had taken care of that. They had stopped the gunplay and the street crime. They brought back jobs. The government ministries began to function again as did the schools. You could get medicines! All the whores were forced into whorehouses, where they belonged. True, Pan Yegor and his cronies were stealing the government blind, and for most things you needed a bribe to get it done. She had even had to give the meter reader at her apartment a little cash on the side so he wouldn't turn off her electricity.

But that was a small price to pay for law and order and economic progress. If this girl had her way, and the other girls like her, they would bring back disorder and conflict, and nobody wanted that. In fact, they were threatening everybody by their protests and conspiracies and such. So maybe, in the end, if they were turned into whores or even slaves, maybe they got what they deserved. In any case, it was no skin off of her nose.

One of the girls outside had said that the men who brought the girl told her that she was an American. What was an American girl doing fooling around with politics in this country? She should have stayed home and done her politics there! She might even be a CIA agent or something! If so, she was glad that they had caught her and she hoped that she got everything coming to her and more!

The blowjob, though, was a little over the top. But then, all men were assholes, weren't they? She had sent Marina, who was new, in with a message for the doctor on purpose. Everyone had gotten a great laugh out of it. You should have seen her face!

The doctor came back in. He was carrying a silver tray with a light green cloth draped over it. He placed it down on the counter and gave the nurse an instruction. The nurse nodded and stepped toward Randi's cage.

In a flash, before she knew what she was doing, the nurse had leaned over and circled her arm around her neck. She pulled her grip tight. She draped her other arm across Randi's forehead and pressed her head against her bosom. Randi whined and screeched. The nurse gripped her tightly. Her head was stilled and pulled up so that her face was pointing upwards.

The doctor came over with a small vial of alcohol. He had surgical gloves on. He dipped a Q-tip into the alcohol and pushed it into Randi's nose wiping it against

her septum on both sides. Randi screeched and struggled. She knew what was happening and she meant to resist it with all her strength.

But the nurse's grip was too tight. She could hardly move her head at all. The doctor came back with a tool that looked like a very short awl. There was a plastic shield over its working end and he withdrew it. He leaned over. Randi screeched and tried to move her head. The nurse's grip grew even tighter, choking her. The doctor put the awl to her nose with his right hand, the pointy blade nestling just inside of her right nostril. His left hand gripped her face across her cheeks. He said something to the nurse. She grunted back. Then, with an expert flourish, the doctor drove the pointed blade quickly through her septum, skillfully avoiding the piercing of her nostril.

Randi howled. Or howled as best she could considering her gag. The doctor went over to the counter and returned with another tool. It was a little stubby awl, the blade much thicker around than the first one. While the nurse held Randi still, the doctor inserted the new instrument in her nose and pushed it forward with just a little flick of his wrist, expanding the puncture. Randi sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

When he was sure that the awl blade could run back and forth with ease, he withdrew it. He went over to the counter and returned with what looked like a styptic pencil. Blood was running down over Randi's mouth and chin. The doctor thrust the end of the styptic pencil into the hole he had made. It stung like the devil and Randi howled again. He did it from the other side and ran it in and out until he was satisfied that the bleeding had been staunched.

Still, the nurse did not release her grip, but loosened it a bit. The doctor went over to the counter and she heard him opening what sounded like a cellophane package. He held the contents over the sink and sprayed it with an alcohol solution. He came back to Randi. He carried the object in his right hand. The nurse retightened her grip. The doctor approached her. Randi squealed and tried to shake her head, but the nurse held her firmly. The doctor placed the small object by her nose and maneuvered it into her nostril. It expanded the little hole, making Randi groan with pain. He released it and it held in place. The object burned in Randi's nose, rubbing up against the severed skin.

The nurse released her. The doctor looked at her face, holding her chin and turning her head from side to side, peering into her nose, and seemed satisfied.

He patted her on the head and left the room. The nurse started putting away the tools, putting them in a clear plastic bag so that they could be sterilized again before reuse. She came over to Randi who was still sobbing. She was carrying in one hand a little paper cup. She showed it to Randi. There was a little pill inside. Randi understood right away. It was a painkiller. The nurse made a "Shhhhhhsh!" gesture with her other hand and then placed the little cup on the counter.

She pulled Randi's gag free and then used a wet cloth to wipe the blood away from her lips and chin. Then she brought over the pill and a bottle with colored liquid in it. She made the gesture for Randi to open her mouth wide and Randi followed suit. She dumped the pill on her outstretched tongue and then let her drink from the bottle. It was medicinal tasting, but Randi greedily drank all of it. The nurse put the empty plastic bottle down on the counter and returned. She took hold of the rubber mass dangling from Randi's collar and presented it to her mouth.

Something came over her. Her face grimaced and tears cascaded down her face. "Please!" she wanted to beg. "Please! Please! Please help me!" she wanted to say. She clasped her lips together and her whole body shook. She looked up at the nurse beseechingly. How could she do this? How? How? How? She was a person! Didn't a person have rights? Wasn't it wrong for somebody to own another human being? Or to conduct a nasty procedure on them without their permission? Didn't she become a nurse so that she could help people? Didn't she have an ounce of kindness in her?

The nurse looked at her sympathetically and patted her cheek. She said something that sounded soothing. The girl rejected it. The doctor really was a bastard, she thought. He could have numbed the girl's nose easily, but he preferred to hear her roar and scream. He would give her hell if he found out about the Percocet. Even if she was a CIA agent, she couldn't stand to see her tortured. She only gave her a low dose since she didn't want her passing out or anything. But this would hold her for a couple of hours anyway.

Randi grimaced and held her lips firmly together. The nurse stood up straight and gave her an exasperated look. She went over to the counter and returned with the zapper. She showed it to Randi. Randi released a great sob, her lips trembling. The nurse said something stern. Randi nodded her head dolefully. The nurse placed the zapper on the examining table and then leaned over, presenting her gag to her again. Randi whined with dismay. The nurse stood up and glared at her. Quickly, before she could act, Randi opened her mouth. The nurse nodded at her, leaned back over and pushed the roundish ball past her lips. It popped in past her teeth.

Randi sobbed and shook her head. The thing in her nose, whatever it was burned and felt so, so strange. Why had they done this? What else could happen? "I've got to get away! I've got to get away! I've got to get away!" she screamed desperately in her mind. She looked up at the nurse sadly. What else could they do to her? What did they put in her nose? She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

The nurse patted her on the face again and gave her a little kiss on the forehead. "Goodbye, Crystal," she said in a heavily accented, sorrowful voice. She leaned down and connected the front of her collar to the chain coming from the bottom. She went over to the counter and came back with the black bag. She pulled

it over her head. Randi was in darkness again. She felt the woman probing at her exposed pudenda, applying some lubricant, and then the prong slid back in. She attached the top of the cage to the front and swung it down over her, locking it closed. She attached the end of the prong to one of the cross bars.

A second later, Randi felt her cage being moved again. It rolled out the door, down the hall and out into the waiting area. She heard a female voice speak and one of the men who had brought her responded. A few moments later she was back out in the hall, in the elevator and going down. They brought her outside the building, along the sidewalk to the truck and with a great big heave, raised her up and rolled her across the tailgate. She felt herself being strapped in, the doors to the truck open and close and then it took off.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Her nose still burned but the pain was starting to subside a little, due to the painkiller, Randi supposed. But what would it be like when it wore off? It wasn't fair that they could do this to her. Or do this to anybody. What was happening to her wasn't fair. Nothing was fair. She could hardly move an inch. Her breasts were dangling below her and recorded the sway and jostle of the truck, as did the thick prong they had run up her pussy, which made it impossible for her to sway her hips or move her rear from side to side. All she could really do was wave her hooded head around in the darkness, which didn't do anything and made the immobility of everything else more stark.

There was such an air of unreality about what was happening to her, had happened to her that she thought that her mind might explode. How could she possibly believe that she was really naked and bound and caged, riding in the flatbed of a pickup truck in a strange country thousands of miles from home, in the middle of the day, gagged and stuffed and hooded? And everything that had happened to her at the doctor's office. How could that possibly be true? But it was. She was subsumed with sadness, misery and fear. "Please, somebody help me. Please," she whined to herself.

Randi had expected that the men would bring her back to Pan Yegor's estate, but she was wrong. The truck went down the busy metropolitan street and then made a few turns. It stopped at a few traffic lights here and there and then sped up. They were on a four lane highway that led north of the city. They drove down it about 5 miles and then pulled into the gravel parking lot of what looked like a rundown body shop. It had its name in red neon letters above it. They drove around the side of the building to the back. The men got out of the car and entered the building, leaving Randi behind.

They were gone about 30 minutes. Randi whined and cried and pulled and tugged at her bindings, not from any hope of freeing herself, but because she didn't want to do nothing. Maybe there would be a miracle and she could get out somehow.

When the men came back out again there were three of them now, the extra man being associated, presumably, with the industrial establishment. Randi

couldn't see it, but all three men were holding half empty bottles of beer and smoking cigarettes. One of them lowered the tailgate and they all looked at the cage. One of them said something and they all laughed. They stood there talking and laughing for a while, finishing off their beers. Finally, one of them got up on the bed of the truck and unstrapped the cage. He rolled it to the tail and the two other men rolled it off and placed it on a little cart the third man had brought out.

Randi felt herself being rolled over uneven ground. Then she was halted for a second, rolled over a transom and onto concrete. The men tossed their finished beer bottles into a trash barrel nearby. She heard them clink. The two men from the estate shook hands with the third man and left. Randi heard them close the door behind her.

Where was she now? What were they going to do to her?

The top and back of the cage was removed. She felt hands unhooking her collar from the bottom of the cage. Her hood came flying off.

A rough looking man peered down at her. He took hold of the hair in the back of her head and pulled it back, making her face look up at him. He was thirtyish, with brown hair and a full faced beard. He was slight of build, but looked strong. He was wearing a pair of gray worker's overalls. Randi quickly glanced around. She was in some kind of industrial shop. There were benches all around and shelves of what looked like worn and used machine parts. The ceiling was high with crisscrossing rafters. There was the noise of clanging and hissing and men's voices talking loudly. The man smiled at her. He took a grease stained hand and turned her head this way and that so he could get a good look at her face. He reached his free hand down and took hold of her dangling breasts, squeezing them, like all the others had done.

He let her go. He reconnected her collar to the chain from the bottom and placed the bag back over her head. He left the top of the cage off. He went around to the back of the cage and she felt him take hold of the end of the prong in her belly. He ran it out and in a few times, making Randi squirm and whine. She heard him laugh. He then pushed it all the way back in and gave her rear a vicious slap. He walked away.

Randi shook and quailed. What was she doing here? What were they going to do to her? She couldn't even imagine, but she knew that it would be terrible. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" she begged, even though she had no idea what they were going to do.

The noise went on all around her. Every once in a while she sensed somebody near, looking at her. A couple of times she heard deep men's voices and laughs. Someone came around and rubbed her rear cheeks until she heard a sharp, deep voice yell and they stopped.

It was about an hour after she arrived that someone came over and her cart began to move again. It stopped after a while and a hand went down and released her collar. Her wrists were released and she was pulled up into a kneeling position. Her hands were fastened behind her. She sensed that there were two men handling her. Their hands were strong and determined. Her ankles were released and she was lifted out of the cage, one man on each side of her holding her ankles and her arms. She was carried a short distance and then placed down on something hard, like the top of a wooden work bench. She was stretched out on it belly down and she felt ropes going around her legs in the crux of her knees, tying her in place. A rope went around her waist, tying her down tight and then around her chest just below her breasts. Her arms were extended as far as they would go and then tied off just above the elbows palms down. A hand slapped her bottom, one of the men said something and the other replied. Then one of the men left.

There was a pause and then she felt her leather wrist bracelets being removed. Then her collar and then the leather bracelets around her ankles. The man worked quickly and efficiently. Randi whined and squirmed, fear running like a lava flow through her. At one point the man said something harsh to her and gave her a mighty slap on her behind that made her squeal. After that she remained still.

The man measured the distance around her wrists, neck and ankles. She could tell he was measuring them carefully. He placed something around them that he pressed down as if he was making an impression. When he was done, he tied her wrists and ankles to the bench and walked off.

She lay there for a long while. The noises of the shop echoed around her. Someone was grinding something, she could tell by the squeal it made and every once in a while she heard the sound of metal hitting on metal as someone hammered something. There was a lot of clanging and machine like sounds. She tested her bonds, naturally, but she was tied down tight. She cried and miserated and tried to put her mind at ease. They wouldn't do anything to harm her would they? She was valuable property. They might hurt her, but they wouldn't maim her, would they? She figured out that they were going to do something about her bracelets and collar. That was why the man had measured her. And the metal on metal sounds made her reason that they were going to put metal confinements on her. She didn't want that. It was too much like chains and whips and forlorn prisoners wasting away from hunger and loneliness. It was too permanent. And once they were on, how would she ever get them off?

Slowly, the sounds of the machine shop waned. She heard several men passing her. Each one gave her a little tap on her rear. Then the shop was absolutely silent. She became frightened. It was apparently quitting time. Were they going to leave her out here all night? "Please don't do that," she whined.

Finally, someone came over. The bonds on her wrists were loosened and something was placed around them. They seemed to fit, but seemed also a little loose. The same thing happened with her neck and ankles. She sensed that the man was testing out his creations. She sensed him making little marks on them where they didn't fit exactly right. The things clinked together as he put them down, probably into a box of some kind.

The man went away for a while and then he came back. She sensed again that there were two men. Her arms were loosened and one of the men crisscrossed her wrists behind her while the other tied them tightly with a rough feeling rope, going up and over and side to side twice before knotting it several times. Her ankles were freed and something clicked around them. When they freed her legs and swung her around she realized that they were shackles. They pulled her from the table and set her naked feet on the concrete floor. Each one grabbed an elbow and they started to frog march her along.

She didn't know how far they went, but it was a considerable distance. They forced her to her knees and she heard the sound of a cage opening. A second or two later, they pushed her in. It was small, but bigger than the ones at the estate. She was able to turn around quickly, just as the door was being shut and locked. Then the men went away.

She crouched there for a long, long time. There was absolute silence and darkness all around her. She cried off and on a little bit, tugged at her bonds some, but mostly sat there listlessly and forlorn. Her nose had been throbbing mercilessly ever since the painkiller had worn off and the pain made her queasy. It dominated her thoughts and was unignorable. She shook her head and nodded it up and down as if somehow that would help. It didn't, but it was something to do.

After a long time, someone came by. Whoever it was was walking on clickity-clacky shoes. She heard the person putting something down. She hoped and prayed that it was food. She was ravenously hungry, despite all that was being done to her. The door to her cage opened and she heard a woman's voice give her a command. The only command it could be was to get out of the cage and she struggled to obey. Once outside, on her knees, she naturally assumed the pose that Akmal had taught her.

Her hood was lifted. A young woman stood in front of her. She looked to be in her mid-twenties. She was pretty with shoulder length brown hair, well groomed, and she wore a pretty, knee length, floral dress, lavender and orange and blue. It had thin straps over her shoulders and displayed the tops of ample, but conservative breasts. She wore perfect makeup and very elegant, pale green high heels. She was wearing very sheer stockings.

Randi sensed that she was either the owner of the shop where she was being held prisoner or his wife. She had a dazzling diamond ring on her left hand. She



leaned over and unceremoniously removed her gag from her mouth. She let it plop down on her chest.

Randi was overwhelmed at the sight of this elegant young woman. She could help her! She could set her free! Didn't she have any qualms about what the men were doing to her? At the same time she was shamed that the woman would see her this way, naked and bound, her head half shaved, eyebrowless, like some kind of freak. Her face grimaced.

She started to tremble and shake. She wanted to beg for freedom, say something that would melt this woman's cold heart. They were in an area separate from the shop proper. There was a beige commercial tile floor and sheetrocked walls painted a light brown. There was a counter and some shelves with boxes of various sizes on them. There were no windows. The ceiling, white foam tiles, was about 12' high. The lights were fluorescent. They were all alone. Nobody would hear.

Randi looked up at the woman. She looked imperiously down. "P-p-p-plea..." was all she got out. The woman let loose a terrific blow across her face. It made Randi's teeth rattle and she stumbled sideways. She shrieked and looked up at the woman who was glaring fiery-eyed back at her. She shouted something at her and slapped her again. Then she grabbed hold of the hair behind her head and shook it violently, screaming something at her. Randi just blubbered and cried. She released her hair and stepped back. She pointed a stiff finger at her and said something sternly. Randi understood. "No talking!" She nodded her head miserably.

The woman took a big bowl off of the counter and placed it on the floor in front of Randi. She said the word that Randi knew meant 'eat!'

Randi sadly leaned over and placed her face in the bowl. It was chicken and vegetables in a tangy sauce. She cried while she ate. The whole world was against her, she thought miserably. She looked up at the woman from time to time. You could see she had little patience. She had lit a cigarette and was tapping her elegant foot. Randi ate as fast as she could. There wasn't a whole lot to begin with and she was finished quickly.

As soon as she had licked up the remnants of the sauce, the woman tossed her cigarette on the floor and crushed it out with her pointed toe. She whisked the bowl away and took a 10 oz. water bottle down from the counter. She opened it and presented it to Randi's mouth. Randi drank it down greedily. Some spilled down her chin and onto her chest. When the bottle was empty, the woman took it away and put it back on the counter. She took hold of her gag and forced it roughly back into her mouth.

She went back to the counter and put on a pair of surgical gloves. She came back to Randi and used the edge of her hand to tilt her head backwards. Her fingers

went to her nostrils and Randi felt the thing in her nose being pulled out. It burned and made her eyes water.

The woman went over to the counter and placed the white plastic object down on a piece of gauze. She came back with a little cup containing a thick white cream of some sort. She edged Randi's head back again with the heel of her hand and leaned over. She had a Q-tip and dipped it into the little cup, covering it with the pasty cream. Holding Randi's chin tightly up with the heel of her left hand, she used her right to apply the cream to the hole. It stung a little bit, but that quickly went away. She stubbed the Q-tip into the hole from both sides and then put the Q-tip and the cup back on the counter. She returned with the little plastic piece and reinserted it into Randi's nose. It only burned a little as it went in and Randi was grateful for that. The woman went over to the counter, quickly stripped the surgical gloves off of her hands and tossed them on the tray.

She came back to Randi and draped the bag back over her head.

She came beside her and grabbed at her arm. "Oot, oot," she said and Randi struggled to her feet. The woman pulled at her arm and brought her down the hall to her left. Randi shuffled along as best she could. The woman was impatient and made her stumble once or twice. They passed through a swinging door and Randi had the sense from the echo that they were in a bathroom. The woman shuffled her further into the room and maneuvered her into a stall. She lowered her down onto the toilet. When she saw the prong still protruding from her conch, she released a little sigh of disgust and pulled it out. The she let Randi pee.

When she was done, she had Randi lean forward and she wiped her from behind. She tossed the tissue into the toilet and flushed it. She escorted her from the stall and had her stand there while she washed her hands. Then she led her out, back down the hallway and to her cage. Once there, she had her kneel and ordered her in. Randi shuffled over as best she could and then kind of rolled into the cage. The woman pushed her feet in and closed the door. Randi listened to the tippity tap of her elegant heels as she walked away.

It didn't really matter due to the black bag over her head, but Randi had the impression that the woman had left the lights on. Somehow that disturbed her as anyone who came into the room would immediately get a good look at her. And it seemed callous and unkind as if whatever happened to her didn't matter. She tried not to worry about what the next day might bring, but she couldn't help it. She tested the rough ropes that held her arms bound behind her frequently, but they had been tied by an expert and wouldn't budge. She cried a little bit but mostly sat there morosely, leaning on her bound arms, her knees drawn up to her chest. Eventually, she fell asleep.

Sometime in the night she felt the sensation of her cage being unlocked. Somehow, even though her vision was blinded, she knew it was still night. She heard the voices of two men, the same men who had manhandled her earlier.

They grabbed her arms and pulled her out of the cage, standing her up. One of them stood to her left and she felt his hard hand wander over her breasts and belly and then over her pudenda. The other man said something sharp and kicked at her feet. She spread her feet as far as they would go. The hand covered her mons and she felt a finger trace the line of her gash. A terrible feeling went through her.

The men were talking to each other jovially. The hand kept going until she felt her slickness. She whined. One of the men, the man standing in front of her, gave her hooded head a swat and said something nasty. Randi remained silent after that.

Suddenly, they were on the move, one of them on each side of her. She sensed that she had been brought into the shop proper and they made a few twists and turns. Then she was brought to a halt and brought up to something that poked at her waist. The men pushed her torso over until she was leaning on something, her breasts crushed against something hard. Her rear end was slightly raised. While one of the men's hands held her down, the other one freed her legs from the shackles. She heard them clink as he put them down on the floor. A boot kicked at her feet and she sadly, but obediently obeyed, spreading them widely.

A hand went to her sex again. It was probing, probing, probing while the men chuckled and talked gaily. She knew the assault would come soon when two fingers invaded her tunnel and were able to move back and forth easily. She heard a zipper fall and one of the men moved up behind her. She felt a rock solid cock press against her rear. It slid down her gluteal divide and pressed against her sex. She could feel it rub along her gash and she suppressed a whimper of dismay.

Suddenly, the cock withdrew and the men had a little conversation. While one of the men held her down, the other stepped away. He came back a few moments later and she heard something placed down on the floor behind her. A hand rudely grabbed the back of her hair and she was pulled away from the desk or table, or whatever they had pushed her down on. She heard the object that the man had brought back slide forwards and bump against the table. The men brought her over to it and made her step up. It was a narrow board, at most, 2" or 3" high. She was pressed back down, her ass rising higher now. She had to stand on her tip toes. When the man approached her from the rear, she was at the perfect height. The cock probed at her hole and then slithered in, expanding her and making her moan.

He rogered her slowly. Randi cried and whined, but the men paid it no mind. Her mind revolted at her abuse, but she knew that she was powerless to stop it. That there were two men, men whose faces she had never seen, men who had manhandled her freely and tomorrow were going to do something to her not very nice, made her stomach roil and her heart deaden. The cock went on and on while

the men talked lowly. She heard a cigarette light and smelled smoke. The man who was fucking her pressed her torso down hard as if she might fight him, which was a near impossibility. Or maybe it was because it made him feel a little more excited that he had such power over her.

He went on and on and was in no hurry. After a while, his pace did quicken and he began to moan. Randi's pussy had begun to burn and she was suppressing concomitant moans of passion. The last thing she wanted was to give these men the satisfaction of making her come. It was not only because she detested them for what they were doing to her, but also that it would go to confirm her nature as a sluttish whore who, if she had found herself enslaved, probably deserved it.

Women who could not control their sluttishness deserved to be embonded, didn't they? They should have a test and all the girls who graduated high school, presumably all of age, would be lined up posed much as she was now, bent over, their arms bound behind them, legs spread, skirts raised high and their underwear removed. A specially appointed and qualified tester would go down the line and rub their freshly shaved, dainty little pussies. Girls who could not control their sluttishness, who lubricated too quickly, or who moaned or swayed their hips, or bent their knees, or shuddered and squirmed, would be immediately whisked off to a local slave center and sold at auction. The letters "EBL" would be tattooed on their body in front on their lower bellies, just above their cunts, and in back just above their rumps, so that it could be seen whichever way they were used. "Enslaved By Law" is what it would mean. And there would be no question but that every slutty girl who couldn't control herself deserved her fate.

The man groaned and picked up his pace. Randi strained mightily to control her passion, but was not having much luck. That little creature inside her that craved humiliation and abuse, yearned for the sensation of a rigid, hot cock plowing her depths, that conscienceless little creature which took control of her cunt and reduced her to a quivering, shuddering need, was doing what came naturally to it and driving her lusts higher and higher.

The man stiffened and released a loud groan which echoed throughout the workshop. He began pounding at her in earnest. She held her breath and prayed, doing everything she could to suppress her lust. He gave a loud groan, pounded at her a few more times and brought himself still.

A wave of relief passed through her that she had not disgraced herself, but then a suffusion of agony followed as she realized that yet another man had jetted his jism into her. She fought back a sob as she thought of all those microscopic creatures swimming around in her, melding into her flesh, becoming a permanent part of her.

The man stepped down, patting her on her ass. The next man stepped up. The men exchanged something they thought was funny.

She expected the new man to slide his rigid tool directly into her, but instead he grabbed the hair on the back of her head and pulled her into a standing position. He pressed himself up against her, his hardness abutting her bound hands, and circled her chest with his arms. His hands grabbed her breasts and began stroking and massaging them. He placed his lips on her neck and began to slurp his lips and tongue over her skin.

Her temperature began to rise. It had never really settled down after the first man had withdrawn from her, but the second man's actions seemed to boost her need. He mumbled something into her ear and his left hand descended her belly and found her crux. While the right hand worked her breasts, the left hand worked her pussy, teasing it, probing it, rubbing lightly and tantalizingly upon her throbbing clit.

She groaned with need and her body shuddered. She tried to squirm away from the man, but he held her tight. She tried to bring her legs together, but her feet were blocked by his big, heavy boots. She whined and shuddered and squirmed and cried. The man kept murmuring softly in her ear, his voice sonorous and seductive. A wave of passion went through her and her knees buckled.

This seemed to be the signal he was waiting for. He quickly and rudely shoved her back down on the hard surface. A moment later his cock slid up and down her crevasse and then, directed by his right hand, found her entrance and slid in.

He fucked her hard and steady. Wave after wave of ecstasy flowed through her. She cried and sobbed and fought back at the hands that were pressing her down. Her need built higher and higher. She squirmed her hips trying to dislodge him but he just continued thrusting back and forth hard and steady. She felt her cup overflowing. A tense tingling went all through her body and her pussy felt heavy and portent and was trilling madly. Suddenly it erupted into a rapid series of fierce contractions. She groaned and moaned and her whole body shuddered. It went on and on, encouraged by the repeated, relentless, conscienceless strokes the man was giving her.

Her contractions subsided, but her pussy continued to burn. The man's sawing was causing a reverberating outpouring of malign pleasure to shoot through her. She felt her orgasm rising again and she cried out through her gag, struggled and fought, but the man just continued, pinning her in place.

She came again, moaning and crying out between her sobs. As it wound down, the man altered his thrusts, from fast, short and hard, to long and slow. She released a sob of relief that his assault had tempered. Her mind struggled to recover her equilibrium. She bit down on her gag and cursed the man, cursed everyone and everything. Her pussy was still burning. Somehow, though, the deep, long, slow strokes the man was giving her deepened her passion, made its insinuations seep

into her pores. What had started as relief continued into pleasurable agony and she moaned and groaned and shook her body once again.

Suddenly, he picked up again. The trilling in her canal became intolerable. She released a pitiful, long moan that wouldn't stop as her fevered pussy roiled. She clenched her mittened hands tightly together. She bit down on her gag. She prayed through her fevered mind, "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!"

The man had accelerated into a maddening pace. He was slamming his taut belly into her buttocks. He gripped her joined arms tightly. He gave a long groan. He stiffened and began to call out, "Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh!" Her pussy exploded again and she groaned, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

He slowed his motions but her pussy was still giving her hard, body shaking contractions. As he slowed, the contractions subsided to a series of almost mellow pulses. She gave a great sigh and descended into misery.

The man released his grips on her arms. He was still in her, sliding his softening cock back and forth slowly. The men exchanged witticisms and laughed. She felt the man withdraw and her body subsided into torpor.

The men stood around a while smoking cigarettes and joking. After a while, one of them gave her a hearty slap on her rear while the other slapped her legs back together and applied the shackles to her ankles. They pulled her up by her arms, yanked her off of the short, narrow platform and started to march her back to her cage. She was of no assistance to them, sloughing in their grip, her legs not cooperating.

When they got to her cage, they had her stand there a moment or two while one of them grabbed and massaged her breasts, ran his hand down her belly and tickled at her crux. The contact sent a shudder through her and the men laughed. They pushed her down to her knees and rolled her into the cage, locking it behind her. They walked away and she heard the door slam as they passed out of the room.

She cried and cried. Unknown men had fucked her and made her scream with unwanted lust. Their foul seed was permeating her belly. She was ashamed and disconsolate. Why couldn't she control herself? Why had this happened to her? How long would she be a slavish whore? How many more men would fuck her?

Her pussy glowed and her legs felt weak. She pressed her thighs together to try and give her puss some comfort. She yearned to touch it and stroke it, to sooth it, to protect it. But her hands wouldn't move. Before the men had taken her away from where they had fucked her, while she was still leaning over the hard counter or desk or whatever it was, one of the men had loosened the rope around her hands. He then retied it seemingly tighter than before. There was no way she would get her hands free. She was helpless and alone and hooded and bound and confined to little more than a cubic yard of space.

Tomorrow. What would tomorrow bring? What would they do to her? How many more humiliations would she face? Desolate and saddened, she took a long time to go back to sleep.

She woke to someone kicking her cage. It was the woman again. Randi had the sense that it was very early in the morning. She had set a tray down on the nearby counter like she had last night. She unlocked the cage and ordered her out. When she had struggled free, Randi assumed the obedience position.

The woman pulled her to her feet and took her down the hall to use the bathroom again. Randi was happy that she did because her bladder was screaming and she didn't want to humiliate herself any more than necessary. When she was done, the woman led her back, made her kneel and drew off her hood.

She was wearing a white silk blouse with short sleeves. Underneath was a short, fluffy tan colored skirt with black lines running around it about six inches or so apart. She had on shiny, tan high heels. Her makeup, like yesterday, was perfect and she wore a colorful kerchief in her hair which tied her hair into a little ponytail. She was wearing mauve colored, translucent stockings.

Like yesterday, she pulled out Randi's gag and fed her. It was bland oatmeal, a little more than last night. When Randi had finished it, she let her drink a 10 oz. bottle of water and then restored her gag. She applied the salve to her nostrils again, reinserting the little white plastic piece when she was done. She rehooded her and prodded her back impatiently into her cage with the sharp toe of her right foot. She tippity tapped as she strode away purposefully. The door opened and slammed shut.

No one came to get her for a long time. She could hear faintly the sounds of the machine shop outside of her room. She just sat there, all scrunched up and awaited their pleasure. The memories of last night were still fresh in her mind and she dreaded being again in the presence of the men who had caused and witnessed her degradation. She wondered what the woman thought about the men coming out and fucking her like that. One of them was probably her husband. Maybe she was a cold, stuck up bitch who was grateful that her husband found his pleasures elsewhere and left her alone. Maybe, maybe.

After a couple of hours, the men came for her. They frog marched her across the shop floor until they reached the bench she had laid upon yesterday. They both grabbed her and lifted her up onto it again. Her legs and torso were tied down and then her arms by the elbows.

One of the men tried out the contrivances again on her extremities and around her neck. They seemed to fit well, but were just a tad loose and Randi wondered about that. Why go to all this trouble to design special confinements for her if they were going to be even a little bit loose?

When the man was done, he tied down her wrists and ankles and went away. She laid there confined and in darkness for the longest time. He came back about an hour later and tested the confinements again. This time they seemed to be lined with padding and they fit very snugly. Randy bit down on her gag and whined unhappily when the man went away again. Shortly she would be wearing the contraptions and she would be bound into slavery more than ever.

He came back a short time later. She heard him setting something up next to her that he had brought over on a cart. He freed her right wrist and wrapped something around it. It was stiff and had a crinkly surface against her skin. Then the new bracelet went on. It was hinged on one side. He pressed it hard together as it encircled her wrist and she heard a clicking noise that signaled its closure. The bracelet was kind of clam shaped and not round like a shackle and it fit her wrist snugly. He tied her wrist down again just above the bracelet and then her arm again in two more places, one on her forearm just short of the crux of her elbow and another around her upper arm. He tightened the other one. Her arm was completely immobile. She trembled in fear, for she felt that something bad was going to happen. She started to cry again.

She heard a rush of air and the sound of something being lit. The man approached her wrist. A few seconds later, she felt an intense heat on the side of her wrist. It frightened her and she tried to pull her wrist away, but it was going nowhere. The heat continued for about 5 minutes as he moved the flame up and down. She whined and squirmed as her wrist got hotter and hotter. Finally, the man stopped.

She realized at once that the man was welding the bracelet closed. She whined as a wave of unhappiness flowed through her. She had been right. She would never get her new bonds off. They would be a permanent part of her. She cried and tugged at her hand, but, of course, it remained in place.

He did the same thing to her left wrist, crossing over to the other side of the bench. Then he did her ankles. Each time he placed the insulating cloth around her limb before closing the bracelet. While it didn't stop the heat completely, it did prevent a disastrous burn which might have become infected and obviated this whole procedure. It was clear that the man had done this before by the way that he worked so deliberately.

When he came to her neck, he wrapped the insulating cloth around it and then clamped the collar down. He wrapped the cloth around her head so that her hood would not catch fire. This procedure worried her the most and she whined and sobbed and miserated the whole time it was being done. When he was done with the neck, he stood back and smoked a cigarette. He had tied her neck down just below where the collar had gone. Her face was pressed against the hard surface



underneath her. Her breasts were squashed against her chest and her limbs were tied down like the little people had done in Gulliver's Travels.

The other man came by and the two men examined the first man's work and commented upon it. They seemed pleased. They determined to roll her to her back and, after untying her, flipped her over and tied her down again.

The man followed his procedure all round. This time he was welding the hinges so that they wouldn't go loose. It got hot like before, and Randi cried and worried that she was being scorched. But the man knew what he was doing and no harm would come to her except for a little discomfort.

When he had finished welding all the seams, the man went away. This time he stayed away for a considerable period of time. Randi was splayed on her back, her limbs outstretched. Men walked by occasionally and she was conscious of the display of her intimacies. She cringed in chagrin.

She assumed that the man had gone off for lunch by the fact that the shop had turned relatively silent again. Her stomach growled and she wished that she had something to eat. Lying there in complete darkness while a world of activity went on around her had been most disconcerting. She yearned to see what was happening around her, even just to relieve the boredom of just lying there seeing nothing. The new implements of her enslavement were heavy on her limbs and neck and fit very snugly. She detested them.

The man came back. He started up a grinder and started smoothing out the welds he had made. The grinder made a loud noise that frightened her. He was very careful and precise. No one would be able to even see where the confinements were joined. It would be as if she had been born with them on or they had somehow grown there by themselves. After a while, the other man helped him flip her over to her belly and he did the other sides. He was expert and it didn't take him long. When he was done, he gave them all a nice polish and pulled out the thermal barriers between the implements and her skin. They slid out with some difficulty because of the tightness of her bonds, but he got them all. The bonds were a little less tight, but not by much. They exerted just enough pressure that it would be hard ever to ignore that they were there.

She held back her tears. What was the use after all? The second man came back. The rope around her neck that had secured her head was released. To her surprise, her hood was removed. One of the men, was it the one who had fucked her into oblivion or the other one, lifted her head by her chin and looked at her face. An emptiness filled her belly and she had to fight off her tears. He was tall and thin and had a boney face. His unkempt medium length hair was black and a little bit curly. He certainly didn't look very friendly. He looked about 45.

The second man was more heavily set had dirty blond hair and a matching bushy moustache. He looked a little younger. He didn't look friendly either. They

were both wearing the grayish overalls she had seen on the man yesterday when her hood had been removed briefly.

She got the first look at what they had accoutered her with. At the ends of her arms were two shiny 4" wide strips of golden metal. She drew in her breath when she saw them. They looked so implacable. She couldn't see a trace of the welds. Her black mittened hands were palm down. There was something embossed on the bracelets. They were upside down but she could see that were bold, dark green letters. The first character looked kind of strange, like one of the weird letters she had seen on the TV screen. The other she could make out was clearly a 'G'. She thought for a moment. Didn't Akmal say that her owner's name was Yegor something? And wasn't that something a word that began with a 'G'? She realized at once that they were her owner's monogram. She would carry evidence of her enslavement to him every moment of her life from here on in. Her eyes filled up with tears, blurring her vision and then she just closed them,

The men seemed to be waiting for something. The thin man lit a cigarette and the other one took a long swig from a soda bottle on the counter a little distance away from her. She opened her eyes and looked at them. Their cruelty was so casual it seemed second nature. Did their mothers know what they did for a living?

When the men's faces lit up and they shifted their stances, she knew that whoever they were waiting for had arrived.

It was the woman. She was carrying a tray. She put it down on the bench a little distance in front of her outstretched hands and greeted the tall, thin man with a peck on the lips. She was wearing a sparkly white apron that covered her chest and was tied behind her neck. The thin man showed off to her the job he had done on Randi's confinements, loosening her right wrist and twisting it around so that the woman could see the evidence of his skills. She looked at it admiringly and smiled. She ran her hand over it, all around and said something that signaled her admiration of her husband's work.

The thin man reconnected her wrist to the table by the ring on the underside and then showed her the collar. The woman ran her hand all over it admiringly and said something nice to her husband. Then she announced something and went over to the tray.

First she put on some surgical gloves. She said something to the heavyset man. He approached Randi and circled her neck with his arm, holding her head close to his body and tilting it up. She came over and removed the plastic piece from her septum. She tossed it into a nearby waste barrel. She brought over a little paper cup with some salve in it and a Q-tip. Like last night and this morning she wiped the substance all around the hole the doctor had made. Then she tossed the cup and the Q-tip into the barrel as well.

She went back to the tray. She picked up something that had been heavily wrapped in gauze. She stripped off the wrapping and Randi saw something that glittered. It was golden like her bracelets. The woman brought it over to her. The man gripped her neck tighter. She brought it up to Randi's nostrils. She tried to struggle, but the man had her gripped too tightly. She whined and bit down on her gag. She pulled at the bonds on her arms and legs. She tried to twist and squirm. The woman was going to put that thing through her nose and she wanted no part of it. Tears flowed down her face. The woman brought it closer and closer.

There was a little notch in it at the top. With some difficulty, the woman worked the notch past the beginning of her septum until the notch lodged into the hole the doctor had put there. She stepped back and looked at it. She fiddled with it some more as if she were straightening it out. Randi howled at the pain, her body stiffening and jerking. The woman went back to the tray and returned with a shiny pair of specialty pliers. She wiped the curved blades with a pad of alcohol and then she approached Randi again. Randi stared up into her face beseechingly, but the woman ignored her. She carefully applied the edge of the pliers over the bright, shiny thing and gave it a mighty squeeze. Pain shot through Randi like a poisoned arrow. She stared sobbing.

The woman leaned back and with her left hand gave the object a little jiggle. Burning pain shot through her. She said something to her husband and he took the pliers from her. He stuck the blades back into her nostrils and gave it another squeeze. More pain radiated from her nose all over her face and around her brain. The man handed the pliers back to his wife. She came forward, gave the shiny object a little flick and it bounced up and down on Randi's upper lip. She smiled, satisfied.

The big man released Randi neck. She tried to drop her head in shame and self-pity, but he held her up by her hair. The tall, thin man came closer to her and peered at the object. He formed a small smile and nodded at it. The big man released her hair, handing it off to the tall man and he came and took a look. He gave it a little flip and said something that indicated his approval.

The thin man went to place the black bag back over her head but the woman stopped him. She said something to the big man and he took a firm grip on her hair again. The woman fished under her apron and produced an iPhone. She looked at it for a moment or two, pressed its surface and brought it up to Randi's face. Randi panicked. She didn't want a picture of this! She squirmed and squealed and tried to pull at her head, but the grip was too firm. Instead, she darted her eyes all around, looking everywhere but in the camera. The woman released a sigh of impatience. She reached her still gloved hand forward and took hold of Randi's nostrils, giving them a big squeeze. Randi howled with pain. The woman released her nose and said something stern. Randi got the message. This time, when the woman raised

the iPhone she pointed her sad, tear filled eyes directly at it. The flash went off. The woman looked in her screen and gave a little chirp, smiling broadly. She showed it to the men, who admired it. Then she showed it to Randi.

Dangling from her septum was a shiny bright, oval golden disc. It was big enough to cover the entire space between her nose and her upper lip. It was thick and heavy and had a design on it. It was a snarling, dark red wolf's head surrounded by what looked like inlaid silver laurels on both sides and circling above it. She recognized it from Pan Yegor's bedroom door. It was his crest, or the one he had adopted. It was his mark of ownership on her. And she would carry it wherever she went. And everyone who saw her face would see it, couldn't help but see it. It was grotesque. And she would never be able to forget that it was there.

Randi grimaced at the sight of her now marred face. The oval disc was eminently prominent above her mouth. It was not long enough to interfere with blow jobs, but it would probably get into her food when she ate. It was a little more than the width of her nose, just big enough to be readily seen, but not so big that it would detract from her features or look grotesque. It was just the right size, almost demure. She grimaced unhappily.

And then she noticed something else. All along the front of her 4" wide golden collar, which reached halfway up her neck, fitting snugly, were English letters. It was her faux name, her slave name, written in wide, dark green letters, "**CRYSTAL**". She looked at the woman and started to sob. The woman just rubbed her head and said something gay. A second later, the black bag was drawn over her head.

They left her there for more than an hour. She alternated between bitter tears and abject moroseness. She pulled occasionally at her bonds lightly, knowing that it was just something she was doing to try and comfort herself. She could feel the medallion on her upper lip. She pictured herself on her knees with Yegor's cock in her mouth. He would be able to look down and see the evidence of his ownership on her as she worked his tool. Everyone would see it! The cook, the steward, the blond girl. Anybody who came to visit would see it. And when she knelt on the platform in Yegor's den, waiting for him pinioned and helpless, it would be at the front of her face peeking over the thick gag in her mouth, the first thing that anybody would notice.

Eventually, they came and got her. They dragged her some distance, her wrists locked behind her with the new contrivances. They were cleverly designed. All you had to do was flick a little lever on the dangling ring on the underside of either wrist and a little gap would open just big enough for the ring on the other wrist to slip in, just like the clasp on a necklace. Presto, her wrists would be bound together and there was no way she would ever be able to get them apart herself. They could be clipped to the end of a chain or another ring and it would be enough

to fasten her in place helplessly. The same with her ankles. There were two rings on each ankle, one on the outside and one on the inside. The inside ones could be used to force her ankles together or to connect her ankles with a chain. The outside ones were convenient for connecting her to anything and holding her legs wide apart.

On the bracelet on her right wrist was a golden chain that matched her bracelets. When not in use, it wrapped around her wrist three times and attached to the bracelet by little, golden swiveling clips to hold it in place and so that it would be out of the way and wouldn't dangle. All you had to do was turn the swivels, unhook the free end, run it through the ring in her collar and attach it to her other wrist. It would hold her hands under her chin nicely. No need to search around for a handy chain. It was also handy for hogtying her. It was long enough that you could run it through the rings in her ankle bracelets and then attach it to her left wrist to hogtie her. Very convenient.

They made her kneel and then they picked her up and put her in the cage she had come in. Her ankles were connected first, then her wrists and collar. They had connected the top and were about to swing it down when she heard the woman's voice again. They paused. Directly, she felt the woman's hand at her purse, lubricating her little hole. Then she felt the head of the prong addressed to it. The woman pushed it slowly in. Randi released a great sob. How could the woman be so cruel? How could she take such pleasure in subjugating her and mocking her grotesqueness? She couldn't resist making her indignity complete.

The cage closed and the prong was connected to the bar in the back. About an hour later, she was rolled into the parking lot and loaded into the pickup truck. The men strapped her down and drove away.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

When they reached the estate, Akmal had them take her cage directly upstairs. He supervised her release and slid the prong from her belly. After the other men left, he had her stand in front of him and show off her new decorations. He flipped the oval disc on her lip up and down a couple times and admired the skill of the welding on her confinements. He freed her mittened hands and had her shower making sure that she cleaned her pussy thoroughly, even using a nozzle from a bottle of soapy water to clean out the other men's spume. Akmal had sent girls to them before and he knew that she would not pass through their hands unsullied.

He had her get up on the table and he worked the skin cream into her all over. He massaged and manipulated her hands which had been continuously confined from since before she left the estate. Randi suppressed a whine when he had her turn over and get on her knees, her head down and her legs spread. He quickly and efficiently manipulated her into orgasm. All the while, Randi's heart rebelled. For almost 2 full days she had been free of his regulation and control. He was obviously reasserting it. She snorted and moaned when she came, cursing him, cursing her cunt, cursing the world.

He restored her mittens and her knee pads and brought her down to the kitchen where the cook had a pleasant time admiring her confinements and the disc in her nose. She was delighted by seeing her name emblazoned across her collar and practiced saying it several times, saying, "Crashtol," and then "Crosstoul," and then "Cresskool." Akmal corrected her and didn't give up until she said it correctly three times in a row. The cook beamed.

Akmal left her there to eat. After the cook fed her, she brought over a small bowl of fresh strawberries and crouched down, feeding them to her one by one. As Randi chewed them, they were full and ripe and very delicious, her arms confined behind her and chained to the wall, the cook caressed her breasts and pulled on her nipples playfully whispering sweet sounding things. When all the strawberries were gone, she crept up little bit closer. She put down the bowl, looked around and snuck her hand behind Randi's head. She pulled her head forward, married their lips and slipped her tongue into her mouth.

Randi suppressed a whine of dismay and unhappily matched the twirling of the cook's hot, thick tongue. The cook shifted herself and snuck a hand between Randi's outstretched thighs and started to caress her. Randi immediately felt a surge of lust, even as the advances of the old, grey haired woman disconcerted her.

After a few minutes, during which Randi's slice became slick and the woman was able to slide two of her fingers into her channel, the woman slowly broke their kiss and drew back. She patted Randi on the head and smiled. She withdrew her hand and brought her gag up to her lips. Randi opened her mouth to allow it to pass. The cook struggled to her feet awkwardly, her face flushed, and put the empty bowl in the sink. When she returned, she disconnected Randi's collar from the chain that led to the wall and ensconced her in her tiny cage.

Akmal came back a little later. He brought her up to the shower room and made up her face. It was late in the afternoon. He took time out though, when she was all made up and 'pretty', to have her suck him to completion. He made her look up at him the whole time so that she could display her face's new decoration. She worked at him assiduously, her hands held behind her with her new confinements, ruing her return to the estate.

As she worked the scrawny man's tool, felt it fill her mouth, ride over her lips, slide over her tongue, the heaviness of its implacable thrusting, she knew that she would do this at least a hundred more times in the days ahead, or more, hundreds and hundreds. And if it wasn't Akmal collecting his due, it would be Pan Yegor, or maybe the steward or any of a number of Pan Yegor's friend and guests. And now the cook. Would she have to service her as well? Revulsion filled her as Akmal's cock spasmed and jerked in her mouth, emptying its salty, warm load. He let her go on for a little while after, until his cock softened, and then he pushed her off. He had her rinse her mouth out and popped her gag back in.

He led her downstairs. They went directly to Yegor's den and he mounted her on the platform. As he eased the prong into her purse from behind a chill went through her. She was now prettily decorated property. She dreaded Pan Yegor's reaction when he saw her. All this had been done at his behest and with his consent. He could have ordered "FUCKFACE" tattooed on her forehead and they would have done it. What else would he have done to her? Was he finished? What had he done to the other girls? She looked into the darkened TV opposite her as she knelt there impaled and still. She could see the glittery disc on her face. It sparkled. Had the disc been created just for her like her collar was? Or did he pass on the demeaning tag from one enslaved slut to another, like the passing of a baton, or rather, as Randi thought of it, the transmittal of a terrible, communicable disease from one fuckbeast to the next.

As before, Akmal had jammed the penis-like prong in the front deep into her mouth and her gag reflex kept turning on and off making her emit every once in a while a muffled choking sound like 'ackkkk! ackkkk!' Her mouth was spread wide like she were undergoing the biggest, widest yawn imaginable. She whined and cried even though she tried not to. Her stomach went queasy and her discomfort and unhappiness produced a sickening uneasiness throughout her whole body. Like

the other days, she yearned desperately to get up and run away, pulled at her confinements uselessly from time to time and tried to fight off the explosive dismay and unhappiness she felt at being so cruelly immobilized. It was as if two opposing forces were at work boiling around inside her frantic mind, one, the intolerability of her ordeal that made her feel like she might blow apart into a million pieces, and two, the soul darkening fact that she had no other option, not even death, than to tolerate the intolerable for as long as and as often as her oppressors desired. For 2 days she had been free of this and she had forgotten how horrible it really was.

When the steward came in with the bucket of ice and the bowl of snacks, he stood a long time in front of her, staring at her. He brushed her head with his hand. He said something that ended in her faux name that she took as being something like, "Poor little Crystal." He wasn't so sympathetic, however, that he didn't reach under her and play with her breasts a while. And he gave her a pat on the head and an ironic smile when he left.

After another long, deadening, tremulous, everlasting line of soul killing minutes, Yegor finally arrived. As soon as she heard his footsteps her eyes darted sideways towards the living room. Her belly went cold and she shivered with apprehension. She hadn't seen him for over 24 hours and during her little trip the fear of him had somewhat abated as she had had other more pressing things on her mind. But here he was and she trembled all over. He was the one who had done this to her. He was the cruelest and vilest of them all. And the power he had over her was god-like. And he was so big and she was so small.

When he saw her, his face alit with glee. He came down the two steps quickly and came directly over to her. He flipped her facial disc up and down several times, relishing the sight of what passed for his coat of arms. No one could question her status as his property now, not that anyone would have before, but now it was broadly advertised. When any of his guests used her mouth they would know at whose compliments they were enjoying themselves and receiving such delightful pleasure. And who to thank for her energetic obedience and docile compliance.

He patted her on the head, smiling broadly and then went over to the credenza to pour himself a drink. When his glass was half full, he turned back to her and took a long sip. He came over to her and admired her. It was as if his eyes could not get enough of her. Rather than turn on the TV, he put his glass down on the little table next to his chair and came over and freed her. He dragged her over to his chair and pulled her up on his lap.

He held her head still by a grip on her hair and admired her collar. He ran his other hand all around it looking for the seam, but he could not find it. She was sitting on his right thigh. He picked up her right wrist and looked first on his finely



formed initials in blazing green and then admired its appearance on her, holding her wrist up and twisting it back and forth. He tugged at her bracelet, trying to slide it up or down her arm and found that it was too snug to move. He played with the ring on the underside, clicking the little tab that opened it up. He put down her wrist and pulled up her ankle and did the same.

He was extremely pleased with her appearance. He flipped the disc on her lip a few more times, and then bent her over and locked her arms behind her. He nestled her deep in the crux of his right arm, leaned her back and spread her legs with his other hand.

He worked her slowly and expertly. His hand wandered her flesh, caressing as it went, up and down her thighs, across her belly, over her breasts. It was like he wanted to touch every inch of his delightful property. He caressed her breasts, kneading them, teasing her nipples, squeezing them with his massive hand. Randi chilled as she felt her lusts rising. Yes, all this flesh was his. He could do anything he wanted with it. And right now he wanted it to perform for him, put on a little show. And he wanted to reinforce, both to her and to himself, his total mastery of it.

His hand found her quim and started teasing it. Randi moaned. She didn't bother to try and suppress it. What for? What would she prove? That she was chaste and self-possessed, in control of her emotions and her passions? There was no pretending that that was anyway true. By accoutering her in his embellishments, he had proved to her decisively who was really in control. She could no longer pretend that this was a temporary interlude after which she would be somehow freed and able to regale her girlfriends on what it felt like to be so thoroughly and utterly owned and the physical joy she found in her degrading use. How she resisted to the end, maintaining her integrity, her selfhood, her pride. That would have been a lie anyway.

He leaned over and, seizing her tuft of hair, brought their lips together and invaded her oral chamber. His hand went hyperactive on her puss, stroking and tweaking and rubbing her electrified nubbin. She felt wave after wave of lust pass through her and she abandoned herself to it. She was climbing higher, higher, higher up the mountain towards her crescendo when the hand moved on. It caressed her breasts, her thighs, her belly and all over again. He tweaked and pulled at her nipples, he crushed her breasts in his hand, all the while intermingling their tongues deep in her mouth.

The hand went back. It started to drive her higher and higher again. She moaned deeply and he abandoned her mouth and began to suckle at her teats. The hot mouth and the steady, strong suckle sent dizzying messages to her brain. Pleasure cascaded through her body and she began to yearn deeply for completion. Just as she attained the apex of her lusts, the hand moved on again, ever active,

ever stroking and prodding and caressing, encircling her throbbing lower organ but not touching its core. He squeezed her pussy lips together and she shuddered. She moaned and moaned, but he would not let her come. He commenced a *rapidamente* flicking on her nubbin, driving her into wild abandon, making her call out, “Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!”

She pulled at her confined limbs, trying desperately to separate them and somehow ameliorate the man’s rapacious and salacious assault. She tried to move her thighs together, but he just buried his hand deeper into her and then squeezed until she groaned and spread them apart again. He went on and on and on, bringing her up and down the ladder of lust.

Then, finally, he gripped her hair tighter. His hand drummed, drummed, drummed on her button, sending fierce blasts of electrical sensations all through her. She got nearer and nearer. He kept going on and on. She wanted to plead with hi, “Stop! Don’t stop! Stop! Don’t stop! Stop! Don’t stop!” but knew that words would condemn her to immediate and righteous retribution. The tension in her pussy came to a unbearable, exquisite almost painful apex. And then her pussy exploded.

She shouted out as loud as she could, “Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” Her body convulsed and her inner chamber roiled and contorted and clamped down in itself so hard that she thought it would implode.

She was out of breath. Her heart was pounding in her chest. The hand was gently caressing her puss now, coaxing out after shocks. Yegor was grinning appreciatively. His fuckbeast had performed wonderfully. She truly deserved to bear his mark upon her, would bring credit to his crest.

Akmal had been the one to bring her to his attention on the Black Watch site. He had pondered for days whether to bid on her. It was clear the bidding would be high. And the transportation costs were almost prohibitive, \$35,000. He could get a hundred desirable sluts in here tomorrow and enslave any ten of them for far less than that. He had had a slew of local girls, mostly girls picked up for political crimes, some from neighboring provinces gifted to him by fellow autocrats, and a couple of European girls, one German and the other Spanish who had been picked up on visa violations. And a very beautiful African woman from the Ivory Coast. She had been attending college in his regional capital and had been caught with a little ganja in her purse. He gifted her to the Leader when he came on his annual visit. But he had never had an American.

He sat at the screen on the night her auction was ending and watched the price go up. He was wealthy, yes, beyond most people’s hopes, but money was money and he had plenty of expenses. He had taken one last look at her videos about 10 minutes before the auction ended. They convinced him utterly, especially the part

where, after stripping off all of her clothes and stroking herself to excitement, she murmured into the camera demurely, "Please buy me!"

He bid \$120,000 and had to raise it four times as the bidding got hot. Then, seconds before it ended, he threw caution to the wind and went over \$150,000, entering a random set of numbers after the 5. When the auction ended and he saw that he was the winner he was delighted and anxious to get his hands on her. It took more than a week. He dumped her predecessor at a whorehouse he owned in the nearby regional capital and made room for her immediately.

And now she was panting and moaning in his arms, a delightful picture as her perfect, beautiful, pale white breasts rose and fell with every labored breath. Randi was wrong when she speculated about the disc in her nose. He had used rings on girls before, enjoying the experience of leading them around or chaining them up by it. No, he had had the disc specially designed for her by the wife of the man who had fashioned her confinements. The wolf was carved from a piece of blood red garnet from a special mine in the mountains. The laurels were platinum. His initials on her bracelets and her name on her collar were made from deep, dark inlaid jade. The woman had come up with the idea of placing her slave name on her collar. He would have to let her know how pleased he was. And her husband too. His skills were top notch.

He was not happy, though, that they had fucked her. One of his informants in the man's employ had passed it on. In a couple of weeks he would have the pretty, little, stuck up wife picked up and brought out to an army base where he would fuck her hard and long and then turn her over to the men in the barracks for a few days. That should teach them a lesson.

When she had caught her breath, he eased her down on the floor in front of him and slipped out his stiffened wand. The delightful girl went right to work.

Randi serviced his tool with aplomb. She was so afraid of him. And disgusted with herself at how she had let herself go. Maybe she deserved to be a slave. She could still feel his hot, hard hands wandering all around her body, possessing it. Her pussy still glowed and burned. She felt so sad. She couldn't prevent several tears from flowing down her face. But she worked the hot, thick mass in her mouth energetically, sucking and sliding, nibbling and licking, giving it long, deep strokes and short, fast ones. She couldn't help thinking about the little disc on her lip and how it marked her as a possession. And all of the things that had happened to her over the last day and a half. Her world had changed utterly when she had been brought here. She was treated with more cruelty and callousness than she ever thought possible. But now her world had shifted again and she was deeper, deeper, deeper into her embodiment. Would it shift yet again? Could she be driven deeper into obsequiousness, into servility?

Yegor had placed his hand on her head and had leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. It lay there heavily, like a portent of the cruelty it was capable of. She continued to work, work, work his salty, hot, mouth filling meat. She was going faster now. He groaned and shifted his legs. He didn't stop her. She went on and on, his cock a slug-like presence. He groaned and his cock exploded in her mouth, filling it with his hot, salty jism. She swallowed it all, miserating as the foul pollutant descended her esophagus and into her belly to mingle with her cells.

When the cock stopped throbbing against her tongue, she slowed her efforts. She could feel his tool softening. She didn't dare expel it until he told her to. If he had fallen asleep she would have to stay there where she was with his dick in her mouth until he awakened, even if it took all night. Luckily, he had not drifted off. He gently pushed her head back until his rubbery, limp appendage slid out from between her lips. He patted her on the cheek twice, pulled up her gag and restored it to its place.

He made her lie down hogtied and hooded for about 45 minutes, until dinner, while he watched TV, smoked several cigarettes and drank. From time to time he looked down at her, relishing the sight of her glittery confinements all joined together performing his will. The man at the workshop had proposed using brass, but he would have none of that. Instead he ordered a special gold alloy. It was shinier than brass and easier to work with. Besides, the girl was worth it. She was a wonderful acquisition and deserved the best next to her body.

When dinner was ready, he led her into the small dining room and she ate her standard stew from a bowl, chained to the post, while he aggressively tackled a huge plate of charbroiled ribs. As she had feared, the disc became smeared with gravy as she ate. The blond haired girl looked at it wide eyed when she saw it and patted it delicately when she wiped off her face. He had ice cream for dessert, but tonight he did not deign to give her any.

After dinner he went out and the girl brought her to the kitchen. Later, Akmal brought her up to the shower room, freshened her up and then brought her to Yegor's bed. She lay there, dreading his appearance, highlighted by the light above her head. It glinted off of her confinements. When he showed up several hours later he was a little tipsy and he fucked her with wild abandon as if having accoutered her in his raiment he found new liberty in using her. He made her come twice before he jetted his spume into her. He played with her for a while, kissing her breasts and teasing her cunt for the longest time, making her moan and squirm, until he felt his passion rising again. He had her suck him to hardness and then he plowed her rear brutally before falling asleep with her deep in his arms.

About 4 o'clock, he woke her and fucked her again long and slow, making her moan and convulse, before rolling over and bringing her mouth to his cock so she could finish him off. When he released her and chained her up again, her gag

restored, he fell back asleep quickly. Randi just lay there turned away from him, her golden braceleted wrists resting on her breasts, crying and sobbing softly until the morning light had filled the room.

It was on the next afternoon that she got her first real beating. After waiting for him for more than an hour on the platform, he dismounted her after watching the news. As on the prior days, he brought her to his chair and played with her pussy until he decided to let her come. She expected to be laid back on the ottoman or to be ordered to her knees between his legs. But this time he took hold of her collar and brought her to her feet. He muted the volume on the TV with the remote and then led her to an area behind his chair. What she saw there for the first time made her shudder. There was a chain dangling from the ceiling with a little circle of wooden planking beneath it. Whips were arrayed on the wall. There were rings in the floor.

She was already sobbing when he released her hands and affixed them over her head. He raised the chain until she was on her tippy toes. Then he approached her and stood in front of her, a few inches away, and ran his hands over her sides and down her thighs, over her belly and between her legs. He was murmuring something softly and unintelligibly. He leaned down and, circling her breasts with his huge hands, gave each of her teats a long, hard suckle that pulled at her pussy. Then he stepped back, a strange look on his face, and took down a whip from the wall. Randi moaned loudly and shook her head. She tried to beg him not to beat her, but her words were mangled. The whip had long, twisted, leather tassels and a leather wrapped handle. When Yegor let it fall out and dangled it before her, she shrieked and began to do a little dance. It made him smile.

He beat her long and steadily. She screamed and sobbed and danced and pleaded with him to stop. Fire erupted all over her body as he lashed her breasts, her belly, her thighs, her back and her rear and the rear of her legs. There was enough room for him to wander all around her and strike her anywhere he wanted. She danced and twisted around so much that he quit for a moment and locked her ankles to the rings in the floor. Then he resumed.

He halted. He looked at her sobbing, reddened, sweat drenched body with appreciation. He went over to the credenza at the other side of the room and poured himself another drink. He came over with it and walked all around her, admiring his handiwork. Randi just sobbed and sobbed.

He put the tasseled whip back on the wall and removed another. It was a long and tapered switch, straight and stiff, it's long rod wrapped in leather. Randi moaned and sobbed when she saw it and tried to pull her legs and arms from their implacable bonds. He reared his hand back and let fly, landing a blow across the front of her thighs. It felt like she had been cut with a knife and she screamed. He

lashed her all around, across her belly and breasts, her rear end, her back, everywhere, while she screamed and screamed and screamed.

Finally, he stopped. He tossed the whip aside, a fevered look on his face. He reached up and lowered her chain until she was on her knees, her hands raised above her. He took the gag from her mouth, released his stiffened wand and presented it to her trembling lips. She serviced him with terror filled ardor. He didn't take long to come, grabbing her hair and forcing her face down hard on his loins as his throbbing cock discharged itself down her throat.

When he was done, he pulled her back to her feet, reinstalled her gag and placed the black bag back over her head. He stood there for a few moments examining her, relishing in his handiwork as blood oozed in places where he had struck her especially hard. Her body was striped in red and was glowing bright pink all over from the effects of the tasseled whip. Then he went back to the credenza, poured himself another drink and sat back down in his chair. He turned the volume back up on the TV.

Randi tried to be as quiet as she could. Her body burned all over and she couldn't help every little while bursting into tears all over again. Jimmy had whipped her hard, but not as hard as this. And that was a one-off, for show, to make her more desirable. And Ma hadn't wanted her all marked up. This had been purely for her owner's pleasure. And he didn't care how badly he harmed her. He apparently enjoyed the sight of her body maimed at his hands.

And the worse thing about it was that she hadn't done anything wrong! She had been completely obedient. Akmal hadn't disciplined her yesterday or even today in the exercise room, although he had made her assume the position and wait while he smoked his cigarette, trembling at the thought of being beaten again. All the while her mind raced to see if she could remember committing any sin, examining every minute of the prior day, which was undoubtedly the point. But tomorrow he probably would. She had, in her desperation, formed words in her mouth, even though they came out mangled and unintelligible. Pan Yegor would surely report her. Speaking words was a cardinal sin.

When he brought her to dinner, she knelt there trembling and shaking. The blond girl brought out the food and Randi could see the horror in her face as she espied her wounds. The last thing that Randi wanted was to eat, but when the bowl was placed in front of her and the order given, she leaned over and hurriedly gobbled it up. When he was done with his meal and eating his ice cream, Yegor called her over and fed her several spoonfuls. Her whole body was shaking as she approached him and she had trouble swallowing it. When he had given her the third spoonful, he patted her on the cheek, smiling, and reapplied her gag.

She wasn't brought to the kitchen after dinner. Akmal brought her up to the shower room and washed off all the blood. The water made her wounds sting. He

laid her on the table and applied ointment to her lashings. He then brought her to Pan Yegor's bed where she waited for him trembling for almost 3 hours. He was especially brutal with her that night.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

She had been afraid of him before, but now her fear was ravenous. She had wondered whether anything would happen to enmesh her even deeper in her slavery, her slavishness, and it had occurred. After that afternoon, she serviced him with an eagerness that was close to fanaticism. Each day that he didn't beat her was a blessing. He didn't beat her often, usually once or twice over a few weeks, sometimes brutally like the first time, but usually just until her skin turned deep rosy red all over and she was sobbing and moaning hysterically, tears all awash down her face. On occasion he beat her several days in a row.

Not often, but often enough, for he truly loved to fuck her each night in his bed before he went to sleep, he pulled her from the bed when he got home from an outing and beat her right there in his room. When he did, after collecting his oral due from her, he left her standing there hooded at the whipping stand throughout the night. In the morning he would be especially solicitous, petting and stroking her before he unbound her, kissing her and the wounds he had made, fucking her on the bed long and slow before he took his shower, but always receiving a dutiful oral blessing from her while he sat on the bed afterwards.

She would cry and shake while he used her, not being able to differentiate the man who liked to make her groan and moan with passion from the man who liked to hear her screaming and watch her writhe and dance while he belabored her. Her pussy, however, didn't give a tinker's damn about what he might have done to her the night before and before long she would be giving out cries and moans of a wholly different character, despondent and shamed afterwards at her sexual organ's dominance.

Although he hadn't done it on her first morning, perhaps out of forgetfulness, he always hooded her after using her in the mornings before he put her in her cage. She would hear the housekeeper come in and clean up. When she was done, she always knelt by her cage and teased her a little bit before marching off to her other duties, calling her in English her little pussycat or little angel.

It didn't occur too often, but sometimes Akmal would go away. She would be left under the authority of the housekeeper. He brought her in a few days running first early in August to teach her how to let her bathe and how to make her up. The woman was reluctant at first, blushing a deep red when Akmal told her to perform



cunnalingus on her, but she did it, smiling broadly afterwards, having found a thrill in making Randi moan and writhe and convulse when she came.

When she took care of her alone, she would constantly chatter at her little sing song endearments as she performed her tasks. She would make Randi writhe and moan a long time before she let her come. Several times, on days when Akmal was away, he would leave instructions for her to take Randi to the exercise room and cane her. When Randi was on her knees, her head to the floor, her rear raised, she would come up to her and give her little kisses on her bald head, uttering sympathetic phrases before she gave her her due. Despite her sympathy, however, she performed her duty with almost excessive rigor, putting all of her weight behind the blows and making Randi scream and sob.

Randi hated it on the days she was in the housekeeper's charge. She preferred Akmal's coldness and brutality to the woman's insipid, false kindnesses. She hated following her down the hallway on her leash and being placed by her in Pan Yegor's bed at night. She would be particularly distressed when the woman mounted her in the den in the late afternoons. If she were so kind, how could she do this so happily to her, saying faux sweet things as she forced the large, red and black, veined prong in her mouth, or giggling as she lathered her channel's entrance with lubricant before she slid the prong back there home.

She always seemed to manage timing her vacuuming of the little dining room when Yegor had finished with her and left her on the frame to contemplate her whorishness. Sometimes she would sneak over, wipe her messy mons and manipulate her until she came, making her moan and shake. Afterwards she would give her a little peck on her buttocks and go back to her work.

She seemed to be always near when Akmal took her to the exercise room in the mornings, coming into the room on one pretext or another, chatting with Akmal as she knelt there with her rear raised high and her hairless vulva exposed. On the days that Akmal disciplined her, she often stayed and watched.

Randi had not ruminated much about the trauma of her doctor's visit. She had enough shameful and humiliating things to worry about as it was. But there were consequences. A few days after her visit, Akmal received the results of the examination along with all the results of the tests. They had received her medical records from the Black Watch when she had been purchased, but Akmal was always very suspicious of foreigners, especially the Americans who he thought were out to cheat the whole world. It was good to know that her health was very good and that her DNA matched the results that had already been provided. The doctor had given her a B12 shot to boost up her energy.

The pictures had come out really well but did not come up to the ones that had been on the website. Akmal had a couple of those shots blown up and posted in Pan Yegor's bedroom and in the den. He had the shot of her kneeling all forlorn

and helpless, her arms behind her, her legs spread wide, her hairless vulva slightly spread and prominent, her chest thrust out provocatively, placed over the credenza where the girl could look at it for hours and hours while she was mounted there. People almost always commented on it. He particularly liked the sadness emanating from her whole being, the glistening of tears in her eyes. He posted a particularly salacious one in his bedroom, an outtake from one of her videos. It was a close up of her face with her kneeling, Jimmy's cock in her widespread mouth, tears trickling down her face, her frantically troubled eyes glinting sideways at the camera. He placed it over the bed so that when he fucked her from behind she and he could look at it.

The real result of the doctor visit was that he prescribed a cocktail of organic vitamins for her to drink each morning. It contained her birth control medicine and some herbs that the doctor swore by and which he maintained would increase her sexual responses.

After about 4 weeks on the treadmill, she became very good and he upped her jog to 45 minutes. One day, however, soon after, Pan Yegor rang for him in the den before dinner. He had the girl on his lap, all red and sweaty from her orgasm. He pinched her side and squeezed her breasts, complaining of the volume she had lost. He made her step out in front of him and whirl around slowly. Akmal placed his hand on her buttocks and conceded that she had lost some roundness there. Yegor told him that if he had wanted a skinny little model he would have bought one.

So he cut down on her jogging to 20 minutes every day, and had the cook up the volume of her meals. She would be given a scoop of ice cream or cake or pudding every day at lunch, have fatty pieces of meat in her food and a bowl of fruit and sugared cream every night after dinner. Breakfast would be scrambled eggs and cheese with liberal chunks of cut up bacon instead of porridge.

Soon she was not fat, but just a little plump, maybe an extra 7 pounds or so from when she first arrived. Her breasts filled out again and her rear was more rounded. Yegor was pleased. Akmal placed a scale in the shower room and he weighed her every day, keeping her at an even 130 lbs. Dr. Pavlovski prescribed a tweak of her estrogen in her formula every morning. Her breast size increased another inch and went from slightly fluffy to fuller and just a little more tight.

Randi, of course, noticed the change in her diet right away. She became fearful that they were going to make her fat and huge and gross like some kind of pig-girl. But the exercise burned off just enough to keep her normal, just about how big she would be after each winter when she was a teenager and she would have to diet and exercise like mad to get herself ready for her bikini in the summer.

To her frustration, her cunt, she never thought of it as her pussy anymore, became more and more demanding as time went on. Her labial lips seemed so

much more sensitive and her passions grew and grew. Yegor had noticed it and was very pleased. Akmal told him about the herbs in her morning formula and made a note to let the doctor know how well it worked.

The days played out with some variations. Pan Yegor didn't always go out after dinner and the nights he stayed home she would be brought back to the den and mounted on the platform again. Usually, he watched TV, but on some nights he would read wearing an elegant pair of glasses, or just sit there and drink and smoke while he listened to classical music. The nights that he read were particularly long, as there was nothing to distract her, but she enjoyed the music, as much as she could enjoy anything while being cruelly pinioned and bound.

Sometimes he would fuck her on the ottoman or have her suck him off, or have her just kneel by the side of his chair, her head down and bottom up, while he idly stroked her quim as he sat there. If she moaned too loud or released any sign of distress as her pussy burned hotter and hotter, he would give her a great smack on her rear, barking a command to her to be quiet. Usually, though, she just knelt there, immobile and plundered on the platform until about 10 or 10:30. He would ring a bell and Akmal would appear. He would take her upstairs, clean off her makeup and then mount her in his bed. He would come up a half hour or an hour later. He always used her thoroughly before he went to sleep and, as often as not, woke her in the middle of the night to use her again.

She noted herself getting paler and paler. After a few months you could hardly tell where her bikini had been. And when Yegor beat her, her skin seemed to glow that much more red and the red welts left by the long, narrow, tapered switch would seem all that much brighter. Her face became almost ghost like. She blamed the lotion that Akmal put on her every day and she was right. Yegor liked his women as pale and white as snow and he mentioned to Akmal his satisfaction with the girl's progress more than once.

Sometimes Yegor would have guests. The first time was in the late afternoon about a week after she had been whipped. Her wounds, carefully addressed by Akmal, for who wanted an all scarred up slut, had mostly faded. She was mounted on the stand and he was watching TV when his friends were announced. They came down into the den, two well dressed, good looking men and a thin, beautiful, fashionably dressed, long legged woman who looked to be in her thirties. The steward came down and got them all drinks.

Yegor, of course, had to show her off and the three came to stand around her while Yegor stroked her naked back and rump and played with her breasts. They especially remarked her nose embellishment. The woman, with jet black hair and pure white skin, was especially amused. With Yegor's permission she crouched down beside her and caressed her, her back, her belly, her breasts and her thighs. She rubbed her head and said something sympathetic sounding and then laughed.

She reached between her legs and began to stroke her sex, already firmly plugged, tweaking and twiddling her clitoris until Randi began to shake and moan.

The woman turned her head to Yegor and asked him something which he answered affirmatively. The woman replied happily in a sweet sounding voice and turned back to Randi. She began to stroke her button with real earnest, mauling and squeezing her breasts with the other hand. It wasn't long before Randi was huffing and puffing at the gag in her mouth and her hips started squirming. When she came, she moaned and snorted and her whole body shook, much to the woman's amusement.

When done, she patted Randi softly on the head and said something apparently intended to be sweet and then went to sit down on the couch with the men.

They all had dinner together in the fancy dining room. Randi was, of course, tethered nearby and ate her repast from the floor. The woman sat next to her and fed her several sips of wine and tidbits from her plate. There was a big chocolate cake for dessert and the woman insisted that the blond haired girl, who was serving them, mash up a big piece and serve it to Randi.

After dinner, they went back to the den where Yegor offered the men after dinner blow jobs. Randi serviced them dutifully, on her knees between their legs. She could feel the woman's eyes burning into her the whole time. The men enjoyed her immensely. When she had sucked them both, the woman spoke up in what sounded like a protest. Yegor responded and proffered her the leash. The woman broke out into a smile and got up from her chair. She applied the leash to Randi's collar and led her from the room. She brought her to a darkened corner of the living room and sat before her in a big easy chair. She reached under her miniskirt, lifted her hips and removed her panties. She pulled up her skirt, spread her legs and raised her hips, giving Randi a stern instruction.

Randi, her mittened hands crossed behind her back, suppressed a sob and advanced on the woman's proffered pussy. Her labial lips were especially plump and her pubic hair had been reduced to two little trails on either side of her mons, like a set of black tank tracks. She licked and sucked and twiddled with her tongue as expertly as she could. The woman placed one hand on her head and slowed her down a couple of times while she moaned and sighed and squirmed in her chair. Finally, she gave Randi another sharp instruction and pressed her head firmly down. Randi accelerated her efforts, licking and sucking on the woman's rigid clit frantically. The woman began to shout, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" She bent over, squeezed Randi's head with her thighs and pressed it down harder on her womb. Finally, she released a long, drawn out sigh and pulled Randi's head back by her hair.

She lay back in the chair for a little while recovering her breath. Her right hand played lightly with Randi's head for a bit and then she tapped her affectionately on her cheek. She pushed Randi back and picked up her underwear from the floor. She used it to wipe her pussy clean of her juices and Randi's saliva and then wiped Randi's face with it. She tossed it back down on the floor. After restoring her gag, she sprung up in her chair and gave Randi's leash a tug, which she had held in her left hand the whole time. She brought her back to the den and down the two steps and announced something merrily. All the men laughed. She asked Yegor something and Yegor assented. She brought Randi over to the platform and ordered her back up upon it. She locked her limbs back in place and administered the long thick prong deep into her mouth and the prong from behind. When done, she tapped her on the head lightly and said something soft and sweet.

They sat and talked and drank for a long time. At one point they turned on the TV and watched a program as Randi knelt there immobile, trying not to cry. It was apparently a news program, or a special of some sort and it featured Yegor prominently. When it was done, the men and the woman clapped and congratulated Yegor on it. As they got up to leave, Yegor rang the bell and Akmal came to take her to bed. He made her suck him off before he brought her into the bedroom as he sometimes did. Yegor fucked her in all her places especially rigorously that night.

Akmal didn't fuck her every afternoon, but on many days he did. On days he didn't, she would spend an even longer time in the little room watching the silent TV or glaring at the pictures of her he had mounted. They always roused a strong emotion in her, either a rabid anger at what Ma and Jimmy and Gwen had done to her, or bone melting sadness over her lost innocence and all the bad things that were awaiting the girl that she saw there.

Sometimes, on what Randi assumed were Saturdays or Sundays, Yegor stayed at home all day. On some of those days he would liberate her from her cage in the small room and take her to his bedroom where he would fuck her with abandon. He had a small office down on the first floor and sometimes he worked there. Randi would be mounted to a stand much like the one by the front door and await his pleasure. He would talk on the phone or read reports, or dictate into a little recorder. Sometimes people visited him there and they would cast salacious glances at her the whole while.

Often, he disdained removing her from the stand before using her and just fucked her mouth as she knelt there. Other times he released her and had her suck him off slowly while he sat in his elegant, red leather chair, or fucked her up against the desk, her torso bent down over it, alternating between her available routes.

Except at night, in his bed, when he couldn't see her face anyway once the lights were turned off, he almost always hooded her after using her, as if he was putting her away until wanted again.

Yegor didn't have guests that often, maybe three or four times a month and she usually serviced them one way or another, some fucking her on the ottoman, or merely receiving oral obeisance. Several of the men took her up to a guest room and had their pleasure with her. She was sure that they didn't use their wives or girlfriends that way, but her obviously lowered status, and her lack of any right to object, caused them to use her rudely and hard, ordering her about curtly, slapping her when she was too slow or when she didn't understand what they meant. Yegor didn't permit them to whip her, but on several occasions he let them watch.

The woman came back quite a few times. She was the only woman who had asked to use her. The other women sometimes stroked and petted her, but mostly looked at her with disdain, as if saying, "What a slutty girl to let herself be used like that!"

The first time was during lunch about a week after the first time she came. She came home with Yegor, greeting her at the front door by tweaking her breasts and patting her on the head. After they ate a delightful meal at the table and Randi her standard stew from the floor, the woman sat and watched, drinking coffee and casually smoking a cigarette, as Yegor fucked her on the frame. When Yegor was done with her, he dismounted her and handed her leash to the woman.

The woman took her upstairs to one of the guest bedrooms and, after washing her pussy with a wet cloth from the bathroom, enjoyed her for 2 hours. Randi had to admit that she was especially good at sucking pussy and apparently took great enjoyment in it as she lathered at Randi's opening for long stretches, teasing her, not letting her come, and then forcing her to orgasm several times in a row. She made her scream when she came. Randi got better and better at it as they went on, much to the woman's delight. They would lie reversed, folded into a two backed beast, the woman always on top, and torment each other unmercifully. She always had a belted prong in her purse, a thick, veiny object, blood red with black swirls, and would use it on her, making her howl and yearn to beg for mercy.

She had small, pointed breasts, as many elegant women do, but they were very sensitive and she almost always made Randi suckle them for long periods of time. She was especially entranced with Randi's more substantial ones and liked to play with them and suckle them in return.

She would remove the mitten on Randi's left hand so that she could manipulate her pussy and replace it when she was done. Between bouts she always restored Randi's gag and she would tease her and kiss her and stroke her while issuing sweet sounding phrases that Randi didn't understand.

Yet the woman always treated her like the whore that she was when she was using her, curtly ordering her about and slapping her sharply when she was slow to obedience or desultory in her attentions. Once, early on, she had Akmal take her downstairs and give her five fierce whacks across the front of her thighs with a cane on a day when Randi had been especially lethargic, sad and depressed at her continuing plight. Randi never dogged it after that. But she was otherwise kind and Randi enjoyed it when sometimes they would just lie in each other's arms and drift in and out of sleep. She never did learn her name.

When she was satisfied, the woman would leave her hogtied and gagged on the bed while she showered, dressed and made herself back up. Then she would usher her over to the little cage in the room, giving her a little peck on the forehead before hooding her and urging her in, arms fastened behind her. She would lock the cage and leave. Akmal would come by eventually, clean her up and take her back to her little room, or if it was time or close to it, down to the den where he would mount her on her stand to await the arrival of her master.

She came every couple of weeks in the afternoons, lunching first with Yegor and watching him fuck her in the stand. Randi would try and try and try not to come with the lady watching her, but she was rarely successful. A number of times she came for dinner and stayed the night. She and Yegor would use her ruthlessly in his big bed for as long as it amused them and then lock her in her cage. Then they would do some energetic fucking of their own.

Some nights Yegor stayed away. On those nights Randi would sleep in the tiny cage in Yegor's room, peering wistfully at the empty, remote and inaccessible bed.

She would have to lay in his bed sometimes for hours in frightful anticipation of his presence before he came to her. On some nights, when he had been drinking heavier than usual, he was especially brutal. And she never got used to the size of him, feeling puny and weak in his presence, knowing that it would be the mere turning of a whim to make him decide to beat her. After he used her she would lie there ashamed of her ready submission to him and the unwanted pleasure he had brought her, her unreachable pussy still burning, or her rear still humming from its use, or the taste of his cock still in her mouth.

She never really got used to sleeping with him, sleeping lightly and fitfully, knowing that, as he frequently did, he could wake her at any moment and press himself upon her in the most outrageous and callus way. Sometimes she would lay there quietly for a long time before she went to sleep, revolted at his touch as he slept with his arm around her and not fall asleep until he eventually rolled away. Often, on the occasions when he woke her to abuse her again, which was almost every night, she would lay there with her back to him, her black mittened hands

fastened to her collar, and mourn her fate, sobbing and weeping, until well after dawn when he would arise and drag her from the bed.

He liked to come down her throat, making her gag and swoon as he held himself there afterwards enjoying the tight pressure on his cock as it detumescd. Sometimes he would fuck her for a long, long time, prolonging his enjoyment by starting and stopping and varying between slow and almost gentle strokes to hard, very hard and fast and all ways in between. The insides of her thighs were often bruised. And he used her backside often, choosing to finish himself off there after giving her cunt a thorough rogering.

He liked to have her get on top sometimes and mount him and use her pussy to jerk him off. He would loosen her wrists so she could put her mittened hands on his chest for support and he would play with her breasts while she stroked him. She would fuck him slowly, at least at first. The repeated, long, slow drag of his cock along her channel would mesmerize her and she would lose herself as the trilling of her passage wound through her. She reveled in the experience of fucking at her own pace and not at his. And, to her shame, it pleased her a bit to have him way, way up in her belly, forcing herself down on him as far as she could go. She would let herself have soft, gentle orgasms, eventually shifting to a fevered pace, building often to more than one explosive climax before he grunted and groaned and pumped his poisonous cream up into her.

Summer sped by. And then the fall. Her birthday was in early September. It passed without her being able to note the exact day. But she could see outside the windows that the leaves had turned colors and most of them had fallen away. She had turned 22. Knowing that it was almost certain that she would spend every day of her 22<sup>nd</sup> year as a sex slave made her morose and depressed, more than usual. Yegor must have complained because Akmal took her out to the back of the house where he hooded her and shackled her arms above her to the branch of a tall tree. He tormented her for 3 hours, starting and stopping again and again, waiting until she had stopped sobbing and moaning to recommence. It was bitter cold and he left her out there all the rest of the day and all through the night. He never had to do that again.

The cook had taken a liking to her. She always had a treat for her and almost always kissed and caressed her after she ate her breakfast and there was nobody else there. Sometimes she even made her come. And often, after all the others had had their dinner and Randi was locked in her cage until bedtime, she would come back to the kitchen, or wait until everyone left and sneak her into the walk in pantry. There she would sit on a box, pull down her underwear, hike her skirt and not quite order, but more or less coax her into licking her sweaty, wiry haired pussy until she came, stifling her cries of pleasure as best she could so that no one would hear them. Randi always treated it as an order since the large, powerful



woman exercised considerable authority over her and could make her life very, very difficult.

Once, and only once, while Randi had her face buried between the cook's thick, muscular thighs, the door sprung open. Randi, in surprise, pulled back and she and the cook stared up wordlessly at their discoverer. It was Akmal, who had come looking for Randi early. He didn't say anything either, but just closed the door and let them get on with it. After that the cook considered herself to have a license and a privilege to have Randi service her hairy twat, and she had her do it almost every night that Yegor did not go out after dinner and instead brought her back to his den for his amusement. She would kiss her on the mouth and tongue her gratefully when she was done, afterwards making her come as she lay over her lap, her legs splayed, and then wiping her face with her underwear before redonning it.

Randi hated it, having to address her hairy, messy sex, her juices smeared all over her face, the deep, pungent odor and musky taste. Not like sucking the other woman's dainty, almost hairless, perfumed quim at all. But she always did it with alacrity, keeping in mind that it was better to be on the cook's good side than her bad. Besides, the cook had never whipped her or struck her and was almost uniformly kind to her, the only one who was.

For the first few weeks, Randi had a hard time figuring out the role of the blond girl. From the first day, when Akmal had ordered her to unbutton her blouse, she had known that she was under some kind of compulsion, but of exactly what type, she didn't know.

The blond girl's name was Lyudmila Rostov. She had just graduated from high school at the beginning of June and had gotten a job at Yegor's Office building from which he ruled his little empire. She had been hired as a data entry clerk and her job was to enter information from tax collections around the city. It wasn't an especially exciting job, but she had been told that the chance for advancement there was good and the pay wasn't too bad.

Two weeks after she had started, Pan Yegor had come into the office where she worked looking for her boss. She was frightened and nervous to see him. He took especial notice of her. She had always been one of the most sought after girls in school, not only for her pretty, clean looks, but also, frankly because of her rack. It had embarrassed her when her breasts grew large like that. Not monstrous, but bigger than most girl's in her class.

Pan Yegor stopped looking for her boss right away. He came over to her desk and started chatting with her. She was wearing a very modest plaid skirt and a white blouse that wasn't sheer at all. She only left 2 buttons loose and no parts of her breasts were showing.

Yegor sat on the edge of her desk and started asking her a lot of questions. She tried to answer them. Where she lived? Did she live with her family? Yes. Yes. Whether she had a boyfriend. No. She didn't like to go out singing and dancing. How old she was. Almost 19. Did she like older men?

This last one flustered her and she didn't know how to answer. All the other girls in the office had taken notice and she had turned beet red. He leaned over and released one of the buttons on her blouse and told her how pretty she was. He opened the next one, which revealed a portion of her white cotton bra and asked her if she would like to come work for him.

At this, she managed to draw up some courage and said that she liked her current job very much. Yegor laughed. He rubbed a finger over her exposed chest for a moment or two. Her boss had just come in. Yegor looked at him and got off of the desk. He gave her cheek a little pat and he went into her boss's office. She went into the bathroom and stayed there for a half hour, until quitting time. She had taken her purse with her and went directly home.

There was a big debate about it that night at dinner with her family. Her mother wanted her to quit her job and never go back. Her father was worried that Pan Yegor would take it as an insult. Her younger sister, Gilda, was all excited about her meeting the regional governor and made Luda describe in detail what he looked like, what he was wearing, everything that they had talked about.

In the end, it was decided that she would go back the next day. If anything happened, then she should quit. Her father said that Pan Yegor had access to so many beautiful women that he would forget about her quickly.

The next morning, at work, things started ok. She had worn another white blouse and a modest black and dark green skirt. About 11:30 though, a man came in dressed in a tight fitting suit. He looked harsh. He stopped at her desk, gave her the once over and told her, not asked mind you, told her that he wanted to see her boss. She buzzed him and he came out and greeted the man, escorting him back to his office.

The man came out a couple of minutes later, her boss trailing. Her boss looked flustered. He went up to her and told her that she had been reassigned and that she was to go with the man. Luda didn't want to go, but the man looked scary and she was afraid to say no. She figured that when the day was over, she never had to come back.

She gathered up her purse and went with him. When they got to the elevator, they went down. Luda thought that they would go up since that was where Pan Yegor's office was. They got to the ground level and the man took firm hold of her elbow and escorted her to the street. There was a large black car there waiting for them with a driver, more heavysset, but mean looking like the first man. He opened

the rear door and the thin man ordered her in. She started to cry. The thin man ordered her more forcefully to get in. Reluctantly, she obeyed.

She slid over, expecting the thin man to get in next to her, but he shut the door and got into the front passenger seat. The driver got in and started the engine. She looked around nervously. The doors in the back had no handles and there was a glass divider between the front and back seats. The car pulled out from the curb and sped away.

It took 35 minutes of high speed driving to get to the estate. The car pulled around the back. The thin man let her out. There was a fearsome looking, scrawny man standing on the loading platform. She was clutching her purse. The thin man grabbed it from her and threw it back into the car. "You won't need that," he said sternly. The thin man and the heavyset man took hold of her elbows and walked her up the steps to the platform. The fearsome, scrawny man led them inside. They turned at the second door and went down some narrow, concrete stairs. At the bottom, the hallway was very narrow and the thin man dragged her along.

The scrawny man opened a door with a heavy set of keys. They all went in. The room had no windows. There was a table in one corner with bottles of beer and liquor on it. There were several wooden chairs. Two other resolute men were already in the room and had drinks in their hands. They were smoking. Pushed up against the far wall was a dirty mattress with no sheets. The door slammed behind her and the scrawny man was gone. Ludy was crying.

"All right," the thin man said to her brusquely, "take off your clothes."

She spent the rest of the day and the night there. When the men left, they left her naked and hogtied on the bed. Two men came back in the morning, hooded her and brought her down the hall where they looked on as she used the toilet. She was dragged back and made to eat from a steel bowl on the floor. The men started again.

She wasn't sure how long she was in the concrete room, but eventually, naked and bound, she was taken back up the stairs. They brought her to a room on the third floor and dragged her down the hall. Her wrists were untied and her hood was removed. The scrawny man was there. The other men left. The scrawny man looked her up and down while she shivered in fear. They were in a medium sized bedroom. The walls were pink and the floor was covered by a reddish rug. There were some clothes strewn on the bed. "Okay," the scrawny man said, "these are your duties...."

Crying and sobbing, she did as the scrawny man ordered. There was a bathroom off the bedroom. She showered and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. There was a toothbrush for her to use. She came out and dressed in the clothes that had been laid out for her, a short black skirt, a sheer white blouse and a pair of dark blue high heels. They fit almost perfectly. No panties, no bra. There was some

makeup, not stuff she used, but it would do. She made up her face and her eyes. She went over and looked in a mirror hanging over a cheap, pressboard dresser. She looked at herself. Her eyes were all red and swollen. She could see her bare breasts right through the blouse. She sat on the bed for a few moments. She didn't want to emerge from the bedroom, but she definitely didn't want to go down to the basement again.

Finally, she got the courage to move. She got up, exited the room and went down the hall. There were a set of servants' steps and she took them downstairs. They emptied out into a small hallway. She followed the scrawny man's directions and she found a door marked "Estate Manager". She knocked at it timidly. A voice yelled to come in. The scrawny man was sitting behind a big desk, papers strewn all over it. She lingered at the doorway, but he ordered her to come in the rest of the way and to close the door. She came over to the center of the room. He looked her over and made her turn around.

"Very good," he said. He turned his swivel chair sideways. "Now, come over here and get on your knees."

He let her call home afterwards. She stood next to the desk while he listened on an extension. Her mother answered the phone. She seemed overcome with joy. She had been worried sick. Luda explained that she had been given a job at Pan Yegor's estate. Yes, it was a good job. Yes, she was all right. Her duties were, she explained, clerical. No, she would not be home tonight because they wanted her to live there. Yes, she loved her too. Goodbye.

Akmal had her sit in a chair facing his desk for the rest of the afternoon. At 6 p.m., he led her out into the atrium where they waited for Pan Yegor to come home. When he arrived, he seemed happy to see her. She was frightened beyond all get out. He took her by the hand and brought her to the living room where he made her sit on his lap. Did Akmal explain your duties? Yes. Are you going to be a good girl? Yes.

"Good," he said. "You're so pretty I could eat you up."

He opened her blouse and played with her breasts, stroking them and squeezing them, kissing her nipples. Her eyes welled with tears. He made her get on her knees in front of him.

When dinner was announced, he took her by the hand again and led her to the table. They had a very good meal, but Luda hardly ate. Yegor asked her a lot of questions at first, but then he just ignored her. Her blouse was still unbuttoned, although its open panels shrouded her breasts. She wanted to button them in the worst way, but was too afraid to.

After dinner, there was pie and coffee. He made her drink two snifters of brandy. He got up from the table and took her hand again. He led her up the broad,

white marble stairs to the second floor and led her to his bedroom. Once inside, the lock turned, he told her to get undressed.

He fucked her for several hours, on and off. At one point he hogtied her with soft, nylon rope and left for a while. When he came back, he fucked her some more. None of the men in the basement had used her rear, knowing that Pan Yegor liked to have first dibs. She screeched and moaned while he used her there. After that, he let her use the bathroom and then left her hogtied again on the bed while he slept. In the morning, he fucked her once more and then sent her away.

They had just sent Randi's predecessor away, and so Luda got a lot of action over the next week or so. Ostensively she was to make up the guest bedrooms when they were used, help the housekeeper clean and dust and do whatever errands anybody sent her on. Since Pan Yegor had her at night, Akmal fucked her during the day in the early afternoon. Pan Yegor had some company one night and she was ordered to bring them in some *hors d'oeuvres*. Yegor had her service one with her mouth. The other took her upstairs.

When the slave girl arrived, it took a lot of pressure off of Luda at least as far as Pan Yegor was concerned. She still had to fuck him sometimes and Akmal fucked her every day, sometimes twice. She serviced guests when they came.

A couple of weeks after the slave girl arrived, Akmal ordered her to go to Pan Yegor's den after dinner. There were three men there and two women. They were drinking and there was some soft rock music on the stereo.

Pan Yegor ordered her to release the slave girl from her platform. Luda had seen her there but had never come up close to her. She was very uncomfortable with handling her, but she did what she was told. Pan Yegor ordered her to bring the slave girl to a spot in the middle of the floor in front of everyone. The girl snapped up to attention. Then, to her dismay, Pan Yegor ordered her to take off her clothes. At first, she thought she hadn't heard him right. In front of all these people, she asked herself, shocked. Pan Yegor just stared at her. Tears filling her eyes, she complied. When she was naked, he ordered her to go around and show his guests her breasts. They all felt them and squeezed them as she went around and made pleasant comments. She was doing her best to hold back her sobs.

Pan Yegor ordered her to come back in front of him. "Have you ever fucked a woman?" he asked her. She shook her head no.

"Well, you're going to get a good start tonight," he told her.

In front of all those people he ordered her to start kissing the girl. The girl responded right away. Her hands were mittened. She used them to clasp their bodies close and she slipped her tongue into her mouth. She pressed her to the floor. Luda whined, but she offered no resistance.

Pan Yegor gave her instructions as they went along. Kiss her breasts, feel her cunt. Stroke yourself. Get down and spread your legs. Now do her. When the slave

girl licked her pussy, she orgasmed twice and started to sob. When she did her, the aroma and taste made her swoon and she was happy when the girl began squirming and moaning under her. He made her mount her in reverse and they performed on each other for a long time, each one of them shuddering and moaning in their turn.

Finally, Yegor's guests had enough. The men fucked her on the ottoman while everybody watched and the slave girl serviced Pan Yegor with her mouth. Pan Yegor offered her to the women, but they both declined. He made her kneel at attention while he and the others finished their drinks, the slave girl, now hooded, gagged and bound, knelt up next to her.

The guests left. Yegor rang for Akmal who took the slave girl away on a leash. Yegor had her come over to his chair and suck him. After he discharged his gunk in her belly, he sent her away.

Randi didn't like it when she was ordered to couple with the blond girl. It didn't happen too often, sometimes with guests there and sometimes just for Yegor's amusement. It made the girl surly and mean to her for days afterwards. Randi had some measure of sympathy for her as she knew what it was like to be used like a whore, but it only went so far. The blond girl was never treated as harshly as she was and she got to wear clothes, walk around, eat, talk, do all kinds of human things. And her availability didn't seem to take any pressure off of Randi as far as Pan Yegor was concerned and she remained the center of his attentions. But it was nice once in a while to see her being led away from Pan Yegor's den, her wrist gripped tightly by one of Pan Yegor's friends instead of her.

Then the winter came, early, as it does on the steppes, big, heavy piles of snow outside the windows. She was almost always cold in the winter because of her nakedness and it was the only time she felt at least a little glad that she had somebody warm to sleep next to her.

She had no real measure of the passing of the days and had given up counting them almost right away. The only time that she knew the precise date was at Christmas. The workmen put up a tall, silver and white artificial tree in the living room, after taking some of the furniture away. She would pass it every day as she was taken to Yegor's den. She didn't go in much for artificial trees, but it seemed like Yegor, or rather, Akmal, had bought the best one that money could buy. It was all fluffy and silvery and white, with large, broad branches. It had beautiful, delicate Christmas balls on it, a variety of shiny colors and crystals. It was dark already by then when she was taken into the den, and its lights shined brilliantly in the otherwise darkened living room as she passed.

Presents piled up under it and on Christmas morning, everybody came into the living room to celebrate. Akmal had her festooned with a bright, wide red ribbon tied into a bow at the front of her collar. They sang carols in their awful, rough tongue and drank champagne. There was something for everybody, the cook, the

steward, the blond haired girl, Akmal and, of course, Yegor. Everyone oohed and ahhed as the presents were opened. The presents from Yegor were especially nice. The cook and the housekeeper got beautiful Hermes scarves. Akmal was given a new, very expensive watch, its face surrounded with diamonds. The steward received a shiny gold lighter. Only the blond haired girl, wearing, as always, a low cut, translucent, breast revealing blouse, was somewhat disconcerted with her gift. It was a silver collar with glittering faux diamonds extending on either side of a little ring. Yegor ordered her to put it on. The blond girl's eyes watered as she adorned herself with it. Akmal made sure she wore it every day thereafter.

Randi got presents too. One was from the cook. She opened it for her, stripping away the gay paper, while Randi kneeled in rigid obedience position, hands confined behind her, and placed it down before her. It was a pair of beautifully crafted, handmade bowls, blue and yellow and green swirling all over them. Her name, 'Crystal', was set on them in large red letters. One was bigger than the other, one for her meal and one for the bowl of milk she was given each time she ate. The cook mistook Randi's tears for tears of happiness and she laughed, giving her a great kiss on the forehead and a big hug.

Yegor had a present for her too. It was a pair of large, glittering diamond earrings. He had the blond haired girl stand behind her and hold them up at her ears so that he could admire them.

When the gifts were all opened, the crew adjourned to the fancy dining room where specially hired servants served a sumptuous breakfast. Randi's mashed up omelet was served in her new bowl and she cried and cried while she ate from it, homesick and miserable.

After breakfast, Akmal brought her upstairs and pierced her ears. He installed the earrings, which were on posts, as soon as her earlobes stopped bleeding and showed them to her in the mirror. They sparkled and gleamed, objects that virtually any woman would give her right arm to possess. Randi just stared at them sadly.

Guests came by throughout the afternoon and early evening to pay their respects to Pan Yegor and receive his blessing. There were men and women, dressed elegantly, and they sat in the living room, drinking champagne, or coffee or tea as they preferred, and eating fancy pastries. Randi was mounted in one of the stands, naked of course, wearing her celebratory ribbon and brand new glittery diamonds, her ears still burning. Some of the women made obvious attempts not to look at her, but would nevertheless take quick glances, their faces blushing. Some glared at her as if it were her fault that she was all naked and bound there before them. Others were fascinated by her and came over and felt her breasts or flicked at the disc in her nose with their delicate hands.

The men all ogled her shamelessly.

There was a vast dinner later in the evening to which special friends of Pan Yegor had been invited. Randi recognized a few of them as men who had used her. She ate from her new bowls the delicious, rare rib roast that Pan Yegor had cut up for her mixed with buttery, mashed up broiled potatoes and crisp asparagus which had been cut into bite sized pieces. She was given a big bowl of vanilla ice cream with hot fudge and whipped cream for dessert.

Akmal put her to bed early, requisitioning a holiday blow job first. Pan Yegor came up very late, drunker than she had ever seen him. It was the only night that he ever went to sleep out without using her, passing out as soon as he got into the bed. Randi had to sleep with the spotlight on her all night and the covers drawn down. He woke early though the next day and fucked her long and hard before he rose, chipper and well satisfied.

Spring came. And with it the Leader's annual visit. Yegor seemed nervous, and he gave her a beating like she hadn't had in many weeks. Akmal was short tempered and caned her every morning all week, even though she could not think of anything that she had done wrong. The cook was a nervous wreck and even gave up using her in the evenings after dinner. Even the housekeeper was all on end and she kept her hands of Randi for an entire week.

Something was definitely happening. It made Randi frightened, for anything that boded change or a suspension of routine was frightful. Spring had definitely come. There was a tree she could see from her little room on the second floor if she crooked her head and stared out from the top of her cage. All she could see was the top, but she could see that it had grown a smattering of leaves. The curtains had been drawn closed all winter in the den, but now they were drawn open and a marvel of new life could be seen. The days were getting long and the dawn came early through the windows of Pan Yegor's bedroom.

Every April, the 15<sup>th</sup> through the 18<sup>th</sup>, the Leader came to extract fealty from his minions and ensure loyalty in the ranks. There would be meetings and rallies, visits to factories, farms and, this year, the new underground mall. There would be judgments made and sentences meted out to citizens who had brought dismay upon themselves, cadres who had been caught extracting more than their fair share of loot, and traitors who had spoken out against the government and the party.

Pan Yegor had no reason to be concerned. He and the Leader went back almost 30 years to their days as recruits in the Soviet secret police. At the time of the breakup, the Leader had been a colonel and Pan Yegor a major. Together they schemed and planned and murdered and stole. They took over all the drug running in the former republic. They extorted the up and coming bankers. They did away with rivals. After a 2 year struggle, the Leader was elected President, in what the U.N. Security Council voted a rigged election, other than, of course, the Russian Ambassador, who voted, "Nyet", killing the resolution.



Their delegates soon threw out the old constitution and voted a new one. The Leader was 'voted' President for Life and Pan Yegor was appointed by him as governor of the county's largest province. It contained the second largest city and was the industrial heartland. Three divisions of troops fell under Yegor's direct command as well as the President's Guard, a highly trained brigade of fiercely loyal men with the ability to fly six of its crack battalions together with 2 companies of armored support anywhere in the country within 24 hours. The rest would follow quickly, if needed.

Of course, Pan Yegor made sure that the President's Guard remained loyal mostly to him, and he appointed all the officers. If he had been so inclined, but he was not, he could have deposed his 30 year comrade and assumed the presidency himself. But he disdained the capital and international relations and all the political bullshit, so he remained where he was. Still, the Leader deserved respect and at least a show of loyalty, so he was invited every year to spend a few days so that they could show the public newsreels of him and Yegor together hugging shoulders before a rally of some hundred thousand supporters, all of whom had received unrefusable invitations to appear.

Randi had been scooted away right after breakfast and taken to the shower room and meticulously decorated. Akmal cleaned her ears, cut and polished her nails, shaved her head carefully and closely. He gave her a douche and polished all her accouterments. He kept her locked up in the little room until about 10:30 when he took her downstairs and mounted her in the atrium. At 11:45, all the household staff came out. The steward had a new haircut and his uniform jacket was cleaned bright white and starched. The cook wore a brand new apron without a hint of stain on it. Yegor's driver was there in a finely appointed chauffeur's uniform. They had recruited several maids from the nearby village and they were all turned out in black maid's uniforms with lacy trim and short skirts.

Even the blond girl was all made up. Rather than her standard, translucent white blouse and black skirt, she wore a short, flouncy spring skirt covered with flowers and a teal, sleeveless blouse with panels that announced her pulchritude plainly and had a deep vee neck. Her hair, usually up in a bun, had been knotted into a long, yellow braid behind her back.

Akmal was wearing a well-tailored, black suit.

When the Leader's limousine was announced as having passed the gate, all the members of the household, except Randi, came outside to greet him. Yegor leapt forward to shake his hand as a group of photographers recorded it and escorted him to the landing outside the front door. All the women curtsied as he went up the line shaking hands and the men gave him a short bow.

Randi trembled when he stepped in the door. She did not know beans about the country's politics, but she had seen pictures of the man on the news often. He

was not as tall as Yegor, but he was broad. While Yegor maintained himself well, exercising extensively every day, the Leader had let himself go to pot a bit and was wide girthed. He was wearing a baggy suit, brown with black pin stripes; Yegor wore a well-tailored, dark blue suit with a very faint maroon plaid pattern.

Yegor lead the leader into the atrium. His eyes alighted on Randi right away. He broke out into a broad smile. Yegor invited him closer, to get a better look. The Leader leaned over and gave her breasts a mighty squeeze that caused her to squeal. Yegor and the Leader laughed.

Akmal dismounted her and handed her leash to Yegor. Yegor, with a deferential nod, handed it to the Leader. He beamed and rubbed his fat hand over the bald portion of her head. Yegor invited the Leader to come further into the house. As he followed Yegor, he gave Randi's leash a nasty yank and she scurried to follow him.

Akmal followed behind them along with a dour, hard looking man dressed in a tight brown suit and a matching fedora.

They lunched in the formal dining room. It was a sumptuous feast. Three of Yegor's top henchmen were there, men who Randi knew well, along with three of the Leader's. Randi was mounted in a stand near the Leader's elbow and she was not invited to eat. There were many toasts and much laughter. Every once in a while the leader would turn and tweak one of Randi's nipples until she groaned with discomfort.

Lunch ended and the Leader was invited to freshen up before they drove to the city for the first of many meetings. Randi was dismounted and taken up the elevator. She was waiting for the Leader as he reached the top of the marble staircase and Akmal handed him her leash. They proceeded to Pan Yegor's bedroom.

Two dark men brought in the Leader's suitcases. One was opened on the bed. The Leader took a look around the room approvingly. The dark men left. The Leader sat on the bed and pulled Randi closer to him. He tweaked her nipples again painfully and then, after joining her arms behind her, he pulled her up on his lap. He ran his hand all over her appreciatively, his face contorted into a little sneer. He suckled hard on her breasts, nipping at her teats so hard that Randi squealed. He didn't like that. He pulled her head back by her hair with his left hand and gave her face a brutal slap with his right. Randi released a sob, but then held the rest in. She was shaking and trembling.

Pan Yegor was cruel and demanding. But this man seemed like something else. He had craven brutality written all over him. He threw her down on the bed. He stood up and disrobed rapidly, as if his clothes were on fire. His chest sagged and his belly folded over his waist. His cock was wide and long and already hard.

He got onto the bed and pulled Randi over by her hair. He pushed her down on her back and set himself between her knees. He pointed his cock at her mons and forced himself in, making Randi scream. He fucked her hard and fast. She was lying on her bound arms and his weight was all on top of her and her shoulders screamed with pain. The only thing good was that he was done quickly, groaning and moaning a few times before he yanked himself out.

He abused Randi for 3 days. He beat her savagely and used all her holes roughly and without any thought of the pain or discomfort he was causing her. He would always leave her hogtied and hooded after he finished with her. When he went out with Pan Yegor to meetings or rallies, he left her in the little cage. Akmal would come in once he was gone and escort her to the shower room where he would clean her up and salve her wounds. They let her eat from a steel bowl once back in Pan Yegor's bedroom and then restored her to the cage, hooded and bound.

Randi spent most of the time when the Leader was out of the room sobbing. She had thought that her treatment was brutal before, but this was a nightmare.

On the third night, while she was mounted on the platform in Pan Yegor's den, they watched the TV coverage of their biggest rally. The camera continuously panned over the huge crowd. Randi quaked while she watched it. The Leader had gotten so much enjoyment from her, she had a terrible feeling that Yegor would let him have her when he left. He was a subordinate, wasn't he? He had to keep his superior pleased, didn't he? And what could make the man happier than a present of the creature he had taken such joy in abusing for three whole days.

That night, the blond girl was thrown in the mix. She had been fucking the Leader's aides for three days, but she definitely had the better of it since none of them beat her. Akmal brought her into Pan Yegor's bedroom when the Leader, besotted with alcohol, had announced that he was retiring for the night. The Leader was pleased with the new meat and spent half the night abusing her. The blond girl sobbed and wailed as he used her, but he paid it no mind. He brought her over to the whipping stand where he scoured her with a switch for 40 minutes.

When he had had enough fun with the blond girl, he released Randi from her cage and made them perform for him on the elegant Persian rug at the foot of the bed while he sat on the bed and stroked himself. He then put the blond girl in the cage and mounted Randi on the whipping stand where he belabored her unmercifully with a thick riding crop. He released her, made her crawl to the bed where he fucked her rear brutally. When he was done, he hogtied and hooded her and passed out beside her.

He was scheduled to leave early and when he got up to shower, Akmal sneaked into the room and whisked the girls out. He sent the blond girl to her room and told her to wait for him there. He cleaned Randi up quickly, made up her face as quickly as he could and he brought her down.

She was kneeling at attention in the atrium when the Leader came to leave. He and Yegor paused at the door. Akmal was holding her leash. The Leader looked at her lasciviously and said something to Yegor that sounded like he expected to take her. He stood there waiting for Akmal to hand him her leash. Randi whined and shook, her worst nightmare coming to life.

Akmal handed her leash to Pan Yegor. He stepped away. Randi stared at Pan Yegor, pleading inside, "Please! Oh god! Don't do this! Please! Please! Please!"

Akmal came back. Yegor, with his extended hand, the one not holding her leash, drew the Leader's attention to him. Akmal drew the blond girl out from behind him. She was leashed and gagged and naked but for her pretty silver collar. Her face was a masque of agony and she was sobbing. Yegor took hold of the blond girl's leash and drew her closer. He handed it to the Leader. The Leader broke into a wide smile and thanked Yegor heartedly. They embraced and kissed each other on the cheek. They shook hands. The Leader left, tugging the miserable blond girl behind him. When the door closed, Randi broke out into a flood of heartfelt sobs.

They more or less kept Randi in isolation for a few days. Dr. Pavlosky came out and examined her bruised and ravaged channel and prescribed a lotion which Akmal administered 4 times a day, covering a tampon with it and easing it in and out of her canal.

On the fourth day, in the afternoon, Akmal brought Randi down to the den and mounted her on the platform. Yegor was elated to see her there when he came. He gave her a powerful orgasm on his lap and then had her service him with her mouth. When the cook brought her into the walk in pantry after dinner, she hugged and kissed her fervently, crying all the while. That night, Yegor used her pussy gently, making sure that she was well lubricated before he entered her. She had some soreness, but it was not too much for her to bear and he made her come twice.

The next day, it was back to business as usual.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Months passed. It depressed her since it meant that summer was coming soon and the anniversary of her enslavement would come and go. Jimmy had taken her on July 8<sup>th</sup>. But she didn't know exactly when she had been brought to Pan Yegor's estate and had no way to keep track of the days anyway. She knew it was exactly one year, however, when after dinner, in the kitchen, after everybody had left, the cook brought her out of her cage and presented her with a chocolate covered cupcake with a candle in it. Randy saw it and burst into sobs. The cook knelt down next to her, hugging her until she stopped crying. Then she hand fed her the cupcake and gave her a big kiss.

A whole year had gone by, and she had spent it as a slave. How many would go by before she was free?

She had been naked for so long that it no longer shamed her, except when Yegor brought new guests home to make googly eyes at her, especially the women. And she had gone without speaking for so long that she had almost stopped thinking in words, thinking only in impressions and in generalities. Her past faded further and further away from her into a tiny, little dot way off on the horizon that meant nothing. She was kept in such close confinement all the time that she knew that she would never get the opportunity to escape. And who would free her? Yegor was the lawful authority around there and there didn't seem to be any one who could challenge him.

She became inured to being a slave, or actually, less than a slave because nobody treated her like a real person. Sometimes though, up alone in her little room, watching the silent TV, she would start to cry and she wouldn't be able to hold it back. She tried not to. It just made her feel worse. Although her situation was hopeless, she tried not to think of it that way. Hope was a fiction, a vague concept made up by some fool who didn't know how the world really worked. Hope didn't exist. And if it didn't exist, you couldn't be hopeless, because you couldn't be without something that wasn't there in the first place.

Although she dreaded Yegor's nightly appearance in the bed, her pussy burned each night in anticipation of its use. She would lay there and curse it, pressing her thighs together, closing her eyes and trying to make her growing need go away, and yet yearning to touch it, to stroke it, so near but so far, out of the reach of her ever confined, mittened hands. Despite her inner repugnance and

shame at her lasciviousness, she always spread her legs dutifully when he approached her and he almost always found her wet in anticipation.

When he flipped her over to use her ass, she would reel in shame as the friction of his cock along her dainty ring reverberated in her puss and made her mad with lust. Akmal had trained her ass well, using the vibrating dildo whenever he fucked her for several weeks, teasing her pussy as he rogered her rear hole, making her come before he jetted into her.

She hated it though when Yegor used her there and then left her pussy burning afterwards with need. Sometimes, if she really concentrated on the trilling feeling and let her reticence go, she learned to come that way, thinking afterwards as she lay there disconsolate with Yegor spooned against her, his strong arm around her belly, of Ma's words that some girls, dirty girls, got to like being fucked there. Now she understood why. There was something degrading and shameful about it, even though she was being used there via force and not of her own volition, that made everything around her come wildly alive. All the world came down to the man's thick cock ravaging her there and the trilling, the fullness, the outrageousness of it made it piquant, and her pussy would begin to rage the moment he gave her the order to turn over.

He never gave her oral delight. It wasn't that he didn't like it. When the woman stayed over she would watch as he bent his head between her thighs and gemaunched her for very long stretches, making her moan and cry out. But he never did her that way. Perhaps it was because her station in life was too low for him to stoop to servicing her. Perhaps it was because he was in absolute disregard of her pleasure.

Or her pain, or unhappiness, or shame for that matter, other than when it gave him enjoyment, like when her face fell as he handed her leash to one of his friends and invited him to take her upstairs, or on nights she was taken down to his game room and a party of men would come over to play cards or watch soccer or play pool. She would kneel there in one of the mounting stands, and the men would come casually by to use her mouth, some of them more than once. The blond girl, when she was still there and then, after the Leader's visit, her replacement, would be there too, serving drinks and snacks to the guests. They would fuck her on one of the couches. On those nights, Akmal would brush her mouth rigorously before putting her to bed.

On the other hand, he liked to manipulate her manually, doing it every night in his den and often in bed after he had gotten off for the first time. He would stare in her face when she came, recording her every moan and cry, the cringing of her face, her labored breaths. There was something about its manifestation of his power over her that delighted him, and her functioning like a well-oiled machine, dependable and ever at the ready. It always brought home to her the unhappy fact

of his absolute mastery over every single part of her, but especially of her disobedient, traitorous cunt, which seemed to get more and more needy and eager as time went on. She never felt more like his slave than when his fingers were trilling over her pudenda, her legs spread, her head tilted back with lust, as he coaxed out her unwanted, but inevitable climax.

The crying and sobbing mostly went away, except when she was whipped by Yegor, or disciplined by Akmal, of course. She tried not to think about the injustice of it all. Naturally, she couldn't help it sometimes. She would get sad and depressed, especially when she was alone in her little room. Or mounted on the stand in his den. Or mounted and displayed at the front door, his token prominent on her face, waiting for him to return home for lunch, sometimes with a visitor that she would have to fuck or suck. Or chained in his bed awaiting his pleasure. But Akmal's ever ready cane, and her viral fear of her master's viciousness, made her leap into attentiveness, full of obsequious energy whenever either of them came into her presence, and kept her fanatically obedient and frantically dedicated to her duties.

Her only watchwords were pain and pleasure. One was to be enjoyed when proffered, even though it shamed her afterwards. The second was to be avoided at all costs. In her mind, there wasn't a shred of dignity worth a microdot of pain. Dignity and honor and self-integrity, and all the mores she had ever been taught, were all to be cast aside when presented with that alternative.

She never did get used to being mounted in Yegor's den. Each day she would bear the unbearable and each afternoon, sitting caged in her little room with the ever silent TV, as the day wore on, she would become more and more anxious about it. As they approached the den, her scrambling on her mittened hands and padded knees at the end of a leash, trying to keep up with Akmal's quick pace, her stomach would go sour and her body shiver from apprehension. Once mounted, she would kneel there on hands and knees for what seemed forever, the time passing slowly, slowly, slowly, at the pace of a snail, often whining and crying bitterly, unless she heard somebody coming, when she would immediately stop. Staring at her own picture, the one that everybody admired, didn't help. She would stare at it for long periods, her naked, proffered breasts, her newly shaven pudenda, her anxious face, and remember what had been done to her and what a scurrilous whore she had become since it was taken.

Akmal caught her at it often, for she cried and whined there almost every day. She couldn't help it even though she knew that whining was forbidden. Akmal didn't mind her crying, and actually, she believed, took pleasure from it, as long as she did it quietly, but he always beat her viciously the next morning in the exercise room if he caught her whining or, heaven forbid, sobbing audibly. Pan Yegor didn't seem to care less whether she sobbed or cried or not, it was all the same to

him as long as she obeyed him and her apertures were wet and hot and ready to receive him. But he always seemed to report her for whining, and gave her a brutal slap as well when she did it in front of him.

She never did have to service the steward or any of Yegor's workmen, and she was grateful for that small mercy.

It was late in the next winter, two Christmases had passed, more than a year and a half after she had arrived, that she noticed that something had changed. On some nights, when he came home, Yegor would leave her mounted on the stand until dinnertime without using her. And at night, in bed, his fucking had become more or less perfunctory. He beat her more frequently, once every night for a whole week.

She knew that she was being sold when Akmal took her to a little room she had never been in before and took a host of pictures of her in every posture and position you could imagine. He brought one of the workmen in and made a video of him fucking her every which way. He had always been cold to her, but now became even more so, even as the cook became more solicitous of her.

She was wildly terrified of Pan Yegor, but she was even more terrified of where she might go next, although it was hard to think of a situation where she would be treated worse. It was the fear of the unknown and the fear that her new owner might want her just for the purposes of torturing her and abusing her until she reached death. For despite everything, she wanted to live. They hadn't driven that out of her. And here, although she was treated as if she were an animal, a fuckbeast, she was treated as a special and valuable one, was brought to climax several times a day, and that was at least something. Her new owner might make her fuck fifty men a day and care less whether she ever had any satisfaction herself.

And then something happened. The TV at night began to show large, angry crowds and police beating them back. There was a tension in the house that was palpable. Yegor stayed away for days at a time and sometimes would have 15 or 20 people over, meeting with them in the living room where she would hear angry, desperate voices. He would shout and scream into the phone and he began to totally ignore her.

Then, one day, while ensconced in her upstairs room, watching the silent TV, she heard noises like explosions and gunfire from outside her window. It went on for about 40 minutes. A man came bursting in. He was wearing army camouflage pants and a torn t-shirt. He was carrying a rifle. She heard shots from behind him in the hallway. He looked at her fiercely for a few moments and then ran off, leaving the door wide open.

Something was happening! Something was happening! Was it something good? Was it a revolution? Would they shoot her? Would they free her?



She crouched there in fear and trepidation for several hours. The electricity went off and the TV died. Finally, someone came to the door. It was a man and a woman. The man was wearing a complete uniform and had a pistol on his belt. The woman too, with long, wild black hair. They woman rushed forwards and unlocked the cage. They pulled her out and then dragged her out of the room. They brought her downstairs, not via the elevator, but by the wide marble stairs that she had never used. They brought her into the living room. The cook was there and the slender, morose, dark haired girl who had replaced the blond girl. The steward was there, kneeling on the floor, his hands confined behind him and blood running down from his forehead. Two other of the workers were there kneeling and bound like the steward was. The room was filled by armed men and a few women. She gave a quick glance into the den and saw Akmal's body lying there, blood oozing out from underneath.

The man who seemed to be in charge was older, with grayish hair. He had been about to crack open the skull of one of the workmen when he saw Randi come in. Her hands were still bound behind her and she was wearing her gag.

The man said something that indicated that he was shocked. He looked around quizzically and then he approached the steward and demanded something angrily. The steward whined something back. He came over to Randi and pulled the gag out of her mouth roughly and demanded information from her in their rough language. She couldn't answer. Not only did she not understand what was being said, but the habit of speech had been completely lost to her.

Then she heard the cook speak up. She said the word, 'Americanski'. The man turned to Randi and asked, bewildered, "Americanski?" He rattled off another quick fire question. Randi started to cry. Now that they knew she was an American would that help her or harm her?

One of the older women came up and pushed the man aside. She turned to Randi. "You are an American?" she asked solicitously.

Randi, her lips trembling, nodded her head.

"What are you doing here?" the woman asked sternly but without aggression.

Randi started to sob and began to collapse. Someone stopped her from falling and the woman shouted something out. A few moments later one of the other women came back with the table cloth from the little dining room and pulled it around her. Someone unlocked her wrists and removed her mittens. They brought her over to one of the easy chairs and let her sit down. She couldn't stop crying. One of the women unclipped the ball gag from her collar and tossed it away. She hugged and comforted her as she sobbed and sobbed.

Someone made the cook go get some clothes. She came back, under escort, with one of her housedresses. The women brought Randi into the dining room and made a scrum around her as they helped her get dressed. The dress was way too

big and smothered her little figure, but it was the first clothes she had worn in well over a year and something inside her started to realize that she had been saved.

They took her by car to a hospital in the neighboring city. She was undressed again and placed in a hospital gown. Someone brought her some underwear. The doctor kept her sedated as all she would do was cry or stare into the wall. Someone from the American Embassy came by and asked her a lot of questions, what is your name, where do you live, how did you get here, but she wouldn't answer any of them. Finally, one of the nurses, a young, kind, blond girl got her to write her name down. They passed it on to the American Embassy and they figured out who she was. The next day she had a phone call from her jubilant, tearful parents.

They arrived 2 days later to a tearful reunion. Randi was finally able to eke out a few words. Arrangements were made to bring her down to a workshop in the hospital basement and a kind old man managed, with some difficulty, to remove her confinements. When he removed her nose disc, he spat on it and threw it in the garbage.

They kept her there a few more days and then she was taken back to the States. For the trip she was given a brand new pair of blue jeans, a bra and a pullover top and real socks and a pair of Nikes. They got her a hat to cover her mostly bald head. She had given the diamonds away to the young blond nurse who had helped her.

At home, she stayed in bed for a few days but then started to get up and around. The police and the FBI wanted to question her, but her mother wouldn't let them anywhere near her. The press had hung around outside for a few days hoping for an interview, but they finally gave up.

She spent a lot of time crying and her mother would hug her and rock her and sing the songs she used to sing to her as a child.

Gradually, she began to rejoin the world. Stu came by, but she wouldn't see him. Her mother told her that Gwen had disappeared shortly after she had and no one had heard anything about her since. She was glad to hear it. Some of her other girlfriends came over and hung out with her watching TV. Randi didn't do much talking. She had nothing to say.

The months went by. Her hair grew back. She had one more semester to do in school and her mother signed her up. She started to go to classes, but her brothers insisted on driving her there and back. She started taking little walks, just around the block. Someone always accompanied her.

She thought of Ma and Jimmy and how she should do something to help the police catch them, but she was too traumatized to start talking about what had happened. She remembered what Ma had said about the Black Watch, how they never let you go, but she figured that if she didn't say anything about them maybe they would forget about her.

The only outward lasting effect of her ordeal was that she was always horny. She would go off to her room several times a day and close the door so that she could get off. She woke during the middle of the night almost every night in the midst of a powerful orgasm. She dreamt of Pan Yegor and often awoke with a start with the sensation that he was lying next to her in bed. She dreamt of him beating her and many times awoke screaming, causing her mother to come running in to comfort her.

It was about ten months later. It was one of the last really nice days of the year, the kind of day you often get in the late fall. Randi wanted to go out for a walk. Her brothers and father were both at work. Her mother was in the middle of a sewing project that was due on Saturday, a few days away, for the church bazaar. She didn't want Randi to go out, but she was adamant.

"Okay," she said, "but just walk up and down the street in front of the house so I can see you." Randi agreed.

She walked up and down the block 3 times. One of their neighbors from across the street had come out of the house and Randi went over to talk to her. She had been really nice since she came back and Randi wanted to thank her.

They talked for a few minutes and the neighbor went back into the house. A cold breeze had built up and Randi began to get chilly. She decided to go back.

Down the street, a man in the front seat of a nondescript van was watching her. Desiccated leaves were blowing about the street and the trees that lined the avenue were lifeless and bare. They had been watching her on and off for a few months. Randi had been right. Yegor had been planning to sell her and buy a brand new fuckbeast. In fact the sale had taken place two days before the revolution which deposed him. They were just waiting for someone to come and pick her up.

There were two other men in the van, in the back. The driver watched as Randi said goodbye to the neighbor and stepped towards the street. You know, the Black Watch just might have left her alone. It was nothing to them that Yegor had been overthrown and she had been liberated. They knew from their contacts that she had said nothing to the law. Yegor had been tried by a revolutionary court and hanged. It was nothing to them that he had lost the girl. Technically, she had not escaped, and that was the important thing.

But the sales price had been paid, even though it had never reached Yegor's account. As Ma had pointed out, title transferred at the point of sale. Her buyer was an immensely wealthy blood diamond dealer and tribal leader in northern Nigeria, where his word was law and the government's writ didn't run. He had a vast compound there, perfect for keeping a well-trained fuckbeast prisoner, especially a pretty, young white one.

He had fallen in lust with her when he saw Akmal's pictures and the video he had posted. Like Yegor, he was especially enthralled by the videos that Ma had

made, which were featured through a link on the sale sight. Ma never took any of the material down that she put up for her girls. It was good for business for people to see the excellence of the product she marketed and was good for the secondary market, assuring buyers that any girl they obtained from her would have a good resale price. Ma kept a record of that too. Randi was bought for \$147,295, almost as much as she had gone for originally. The Black Watch had a policy of remitting to the original seller 10% of any resale price as an inducement for the marketing of good, long lasting product.

The diamond merchant was very anxious to receive her and had started to lose patience. Naturally, he would be refunded part of his fee.

The driver started the van. He eased it into gear. Randi was stopped on the sidewalk, just enjoying the freedom of being out on her own. Her mom saw her from across the street and waved happily.

Just then the van came speeding down the street and screeched to a halt right in front of her. She looked up, startled. Her mom started to call out to her. A few seconds later, the van sped away.

Randi was still there, staring down the street at the receding van. She was holding a piece of paper that a man from the van had handed her. Word had come through that the Nigerian had canceled the contract and purchased a little, blond Swedish girl. As far as they were concerned, it was even steven.

Randi looked down at the paper. It had the Black Watch logo on it. It was bordered in black and had a red, square center. In the middle of the red square was a pair of crossed medieval styled battle axes. Over the symbol were the words, in bold italic script '***THE BLACK WATCH***'. Underneath, in big, black, bold print, it said "SILENCE!"

The End.